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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

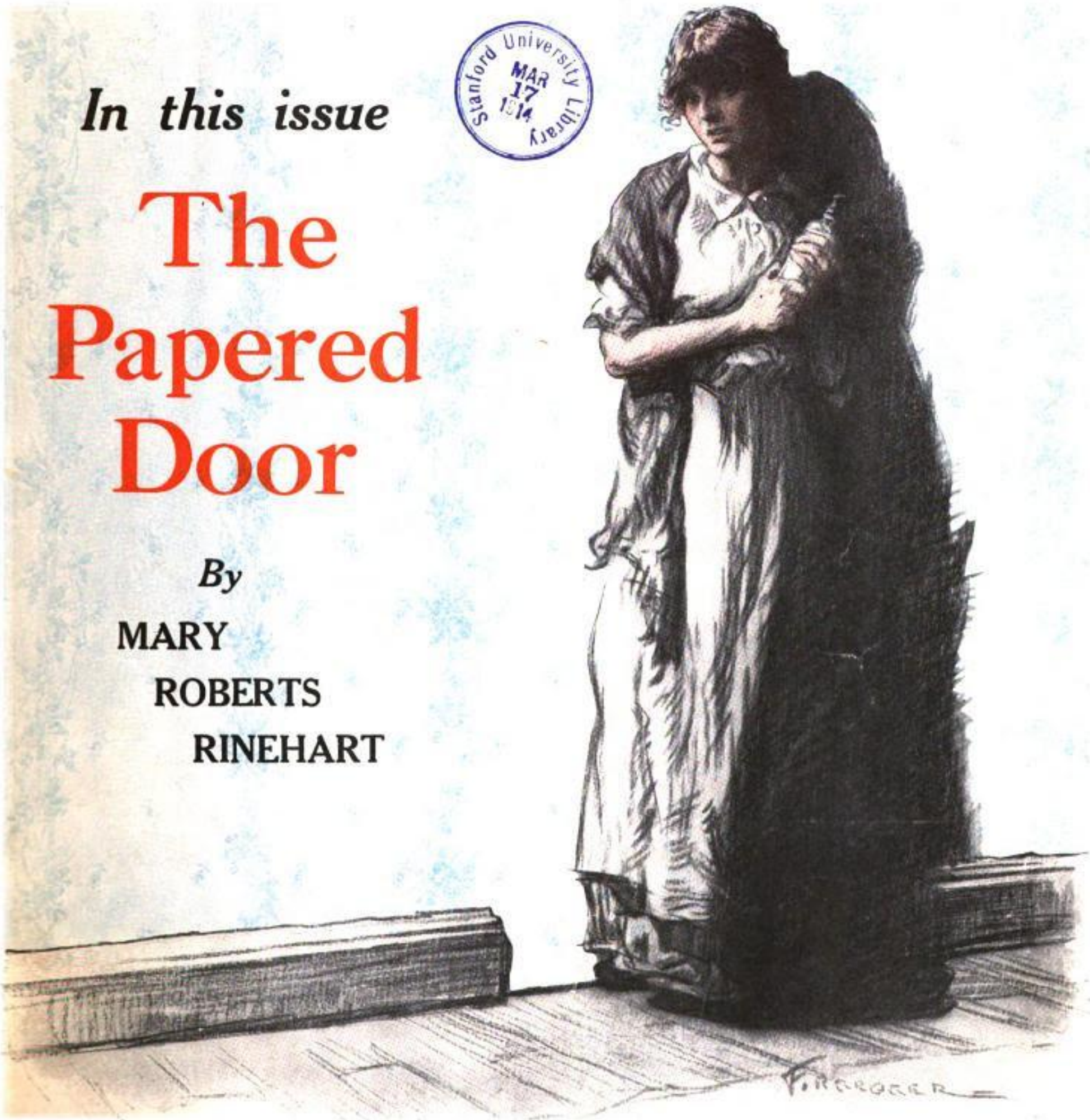
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In this issue

The Papered Door

By

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



VOL. FIFTY-THREE NO. 1

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MARCH 21, 1914

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HUDSON Six-40

The Reign of Sixes

The Hudson Six-40 brings a new realm under rule of Sixes. This $1,750 price, this lightness, this low operative cost give to this Six resistless attractions found in no other type of car.

FIFTY-FOUR out of 79 exhibitors at New York's 14th annual automobile show displayed six-cylinder cars as their best offerings.

Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

That emphasizes the swing to Sixes.

In 1905 there were 196 exhibitors, of which 68 were single or two cylinder cars. The same thing was said then against the development of the Four as some are today predicting for the Six. Yet two years later the two-cylinder exhibits dropped out completely. That, as a bit of history, to set the mind at ease as to the future.

The appeal of the Six is resistless. It is so smooth-running, so flexible, so free from vibration, so economical of tires. It rides like constant coasting. At two miles an hour or sixty in crowded streets or in climbing hills, one rarely needs to change from high gear.

Sixes have suffered handicaps. They have always been heavy and costly. Their fuel cost was excessive. But men paid the price for their comfort and luxury. And they forced the best makers—all save one—to supply their demand for Sixes.

Now the Hudson Six-40 Brings a New Day in Sixes

Now the HUDSON engineers, who always lead, bring out a new-type Six. A Six with a small-bore, long-stroke motor, such as Europe is using to minimize weight and fuel cost.

They have built a Six-40, with extra tonneau seats, which weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's four-cylinder—the HUDSON "37"—with shorter wheelbase and lesser power. And this new-type Six, which shows 47 horsepower, consumes one-fourth less fuel than the HUDSON "37."

The price is $1,750. Not a comparable car, whatever the type, has ever been sold so low.

Note what this means. A much lighter car than the best we could do in Fours. A much lower fuel cost. And a price attained by no other makers in a car of this size, class and power.

So everything now—in this HUDSON Six-40—is in favor of the Six. Men who want light weight, low fuel consumption, and the lowest price in a quality car, must come to this Six to get them.

Legions of men, to whom cost has barred Sixes, will now find this Six-40 the only affordable car.

A Distinguished Body New-Style Equipment

This car also brings out new ideals in beauty, new conveniences, new equipment features. The Streamline body—now the vogue in Europe—is shown here in perfection. Flowing lines from tip to tip, without the awkward dash angle. You will find, we think, no other car so handsome and impressive.

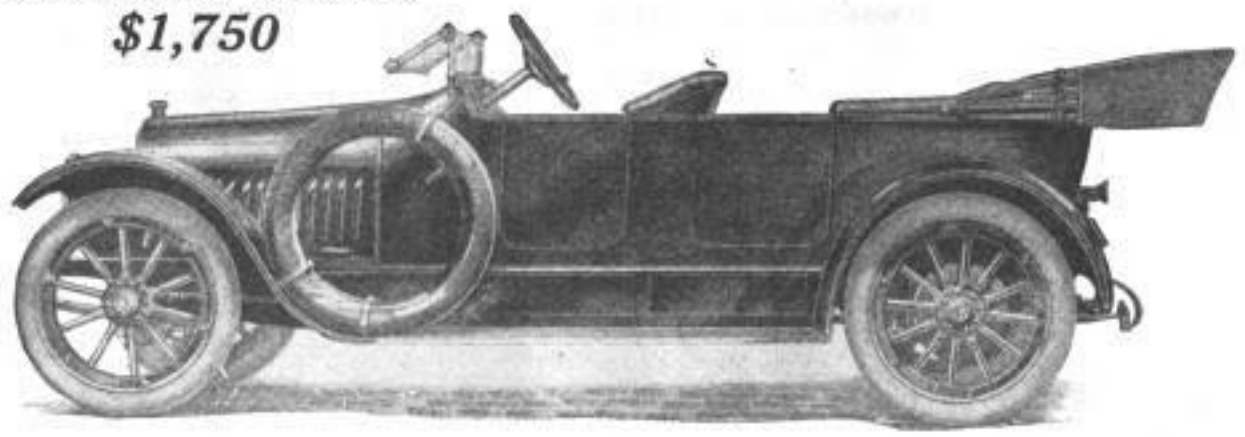
Then note the new features which we list below. Some of these attractions have never before appeared in any American car.

Our Larger Six-54

We build on the same lines the new HUDSON Six-54. In design, in finish and equipment these two cars are almost identical. But the Six-54 has a 135-inch wheelbase. It has more power. And the price is $2,250.

Go to your local Hudson dealer and see these new-type Sixes. Go early, because we are now weeks behind on orders. Even for spring delivery you should make decision now.

HUDSON Six-40
$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.

Dimming searchlights.
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Concealed speedometer gear.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.

Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, $1,750 F. O. B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, $75 extra.
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Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, $1,950.

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AS A FULL GROWN MAN PUTS AWAY CHILDISH THINGS AND TAKES A PART IN THE WORLD'S WORK, HE QUICKLY LEARNS THAT THE AIM OF MANY WORTHY EFFORTS IS DESTROYED BY UNCONSCIOUS ERROR

In the Heat Treating Department of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company, Science and not man's judgment governs every operation.

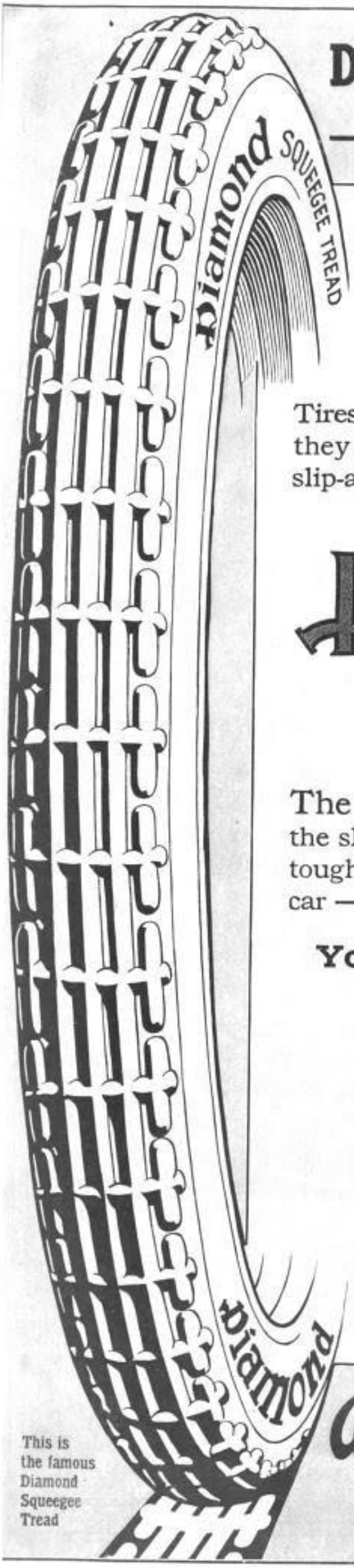
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
VOLUME 53 NUMBER 1 MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR MARCH 21, 1914

The Papered Door

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE small house was drafty. Air currents moved the curtains at the windows and billowed the cheap rug on the floor. The baby had had the croup; it had given her an excuse for being up, for the roaring kitchen fire, and lights.

Early in the evening she had sent over to the doctor's for medicine. The drug store was closed, and a curious crowd had gathered in front of it. The doctor dispensed his own prescriptions and had sent back with the bottle a kindly note:

"Dear Molly: If we can do anything, let us know. Would you like Ann to spend the night with you?"

The eight-year-old girl had trotted back with a message that she thought she could manage nicely. The thought of Ann's prying eyes made her shudder.

Then the quiet night had settled down on them. Some time after eleven, moving about the room, she had glanced out of the window and had seen glowing in the darkness a lighted cigar.

She knew what it meant. The house was being watched.

By one o'clock the baby was breathing easier. A light snow was falling; frozen hard, it beat against the windowpanes with little, sharp cracklings. In the next room the eight-year-old girl was sound asleep, one arm thrown up over her head.

SHE went to the window and looked out again; the man across the street moved uneasily, hesitated, came over and signaled her to raise the window.

"How's the boy?" he called through the snow. She knew him then—Cooper, one of the county detectives.

"Better; the doctor's medicine has helped him."

He hesitated awkwardly. "You'd better go to bed," he said at last. "There is no use of two of us staying up. I guess he won't come back while I am hanging around."

"No," she replied wearily, "he won't come back, Mr. Cooper. That was the last word he said."

The detective coughed, cleared his throat, spat.

"We are all mighty sorry," he observed, using a carefully conversational tone. "These—these things happen now and then."

"I expect you are right cold out there."

"Well, I am not warm," he replied cheerfully. "I am burning up considerable fuel, but it doesn't seem to heat much." To show his ease he lighted a fresh stogie. The match flare showed his good-humored face drawn and strained in spite of his tone.

"You wouldn't care to come in and warm your feet, would you?"

He hesitated. The village street was quiet. Owing to its semi-isolated position, he had commanded all approaches to the house from his vantage point across the street. Once inside— But then again—the house was small and lightly built; one could hear a footfall through it. A man ought to be able to thaw out now and then.

"I don't know but I will for a minute or two, Mrs. Carter," he assented, "if you'll unlock the door."

She came downstairs very soon, a shawl over her thin wrapper, and set a match to the fuel ready laid in the parlor stove before she admitted him.

She was a pretty, slender woman still in her twenties—an ultrarefined type for the village. Indeed, she had known better things than this thin clapboard house. She had taught school at the county seat before her marriage. The village had always resented her shy aloofness, the books on her parlor table. It had predicted calamity from the marriage, and now it had come.



Cooper was sound asleep in the parlor, his head dropped forward on his breast. There was a strong odor of drying wool as his overcoat steamed by the fire

THE detective eyed her with appreciation as he drew up his chair to the fire and warmed his numb fingers.

"How did it happen, anyhow, Molly?" he said at last. He had known her for a long time. "Had he been drinking?"

"I don't exactly know myself." Her tone was dreary. "I had asked him not to carry a gun—but when you ask Jim not to do a thing, he wants to right off. It was over a woman."

The detective was uncomfortable; he had known about the woman, of course. Molly Carter went to the foot of the stairs and listened; all was still. The baby still slept. So small was the house that she could hear his slightly stertorous breathing. The base-burner was glowing now. She did not sit down again. She rolled her arms in her shawl and stood looking at the blaze.

"It was the girl at Heideger's. He's been hanging around her for quite a while. Jim was sociable, you know, and lately, with the baby and the house, I haven't had much time for him. At night I was tired."

The detective nodded.

"And he went out, I suppose?"

"Well, you can hardly blame him. I guess here in the town they'll say I drove him to it. I have the reputation of thinking more of my children than I do of my husband. In the evenings I liked to read. Jim was no hand for reading."

IN HER nine years in the village she had adopted many of its colloquialisms.

"From what I gather, because with everybody talking at once I got kind of mixed up, it seems that the clerk from the drug store walked into Heideger's while Jim was there and asked the girl what she meant by fooling around with a married man. Then he told Jim to come home because his baby was sick. I'd sent over this afternoon for some ipecac. That was the start. The trouble came then."

"Then Jim came home," the detective prompted, "and after that what, Molly?"

"Then Jim came home," she repeated in a spiritless voice, "and said he was in trouble and he would have to leave town. I gave him all the money I had and got his winter overcoat out. It smelled of moth balls, but there wasn't time to air it. He put it on and went."

The detective sniffed.

"Moth balls!" he said. "That's what I've been smelling. You must have spilled them around."

There was no light in the room or he would have seen the woman grow even paler and her hands clutch under her shawl.

For a few moments there was silence in the parlor, save for the creak of the self-rocker in which the detective gently swung himself. He yawned and stretched out his legs.

"You don't mind if I smoke in here?"

"Jim smoked all over the house. Is the drug clerk badly hurt?"

The creaking of the self-rocker stopped. The detective looked hard at his stogie. "Yes, he's pretty bad," he said, after a moment. "He's—well, Molly, you will learn it soon enough anyhow—he's dead."

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She sat down on one of the stiff plush chairs. Her jaw quivered nervously. She could scarcely articulate.

"Then it's murder?"

"I am afraid so."

He made an eager attempt to comfort her, bending forward.

"After all," he said, "something of this sort was bound to come sooner or later. If he gets away, you are better without him. If he doesn't—" He threw out his hands. "He has never supported you. You have worked for him, haven't you, and for his children? What have you had out of it? Try to be sensible. Things are pretty bad just now, but—they have been pretty bad for you for the last eight years. It's been drink and gambling and other women, and I am going to tell you the whole thing straight. There is no use cutting off a dog's tail an inch at a time. He shot the girl, too. They are both dead. The sheriff is out with a posse, and there is a thousand dollars on his head."

THE real blow had fallen earlier, in that early dusk when Jim had come in, frantic, and told her part of the truth. She only winced now, went a little paler; with the increasing warmth of the room the odor of moth balls seemed to fill the house.

She was dizzy, rather. Holding to the back of her chair, she listened for the sick child above. He still slept.

"Two of them!" she said at last. "The drug clerk was a nice young man. We used to talk about books and articles in the magazines. And now—oh, my God!" She pulled herself together sharply. "It's a pity of the girl, too," she said, quietly. "She was young and the men made a fool of her. I guess she wasn't really bad."

The detective said nothing. He rose, hoisting himself slowly out of the low rocker.

"Well, back to work!" he said. "It's been mighty good of you, Molly. I am warmed through now." He yawned again. "The sister hasn't got out my flannels yet and I was nearly frozen. I wasn't expecting an all-night job."

He threw the end of his stogie into the stove, drew a revolver from his coat pocket and glanced at it, remembered suddenly that the action was hardly delicate, and thrust it back. The woman's mind was working again—a subconscious intelligence that seemed to have been scheming all the while.

"I was thinking," she suggested, "that if I leave the latch off you could come in now and then and get warm. I can leave a cup of tea on the fender. Do you want milk in it?"

"Sugar, thank you, and no milk," he said. "You were always a thoughtful woman, Molly." There was something almost wistful in his voice. Mindful of the sleeping baby, he closed the door cautiously behind him as he went out.

Only the most casual search had been made of the house. Jim Carter had been seen after the tragedy to go home and shortly after to drive fiercely out of town in his buckboard wagon headed for the mountains. No one in the village had tried to stop him. He was grim, white-lipped, and armed.

The posse had found the buckboard eight miles away at nine o'clock that night, the wagon wedged in a fence corner with a wheel off and the horse lame. There was every likelihood that Carter was in the hills.

IT WAS Heideger, the hotel keeper, who had offered the reward. It was Heideger who with German shrewdness had suggested that the house be watched. But it had been almost midnight when the detective took up his position across the street, and in the interval—

Molly Carter went back to the kitchen and lighted the lamp. The room was stifling, but the fire in the range was low now. She put in a fresh piece of wood and set the kettle over it. Then, and not until then, did she go to the wall beside the range and put her lips to it.

"Can you breathe?" she said, cautiously. The reply came with astonishing clearness through the thin wall; even the sound of a body turning in a narrow space:

"I am making another air hole. Go out and see if any chips fall out."

"I can't, Jim. Chester Cooper is across the street. Did you hear what he said? They are both dead."

There was no reply to this. In the silence she could distinctly hear the bit as it worked its way through the outer wall.

"Jim, did you hear what he said?"

"I heard," he said sullenly.

The plan had been his. He had thought it out when the horse had gone lame and he had had to work his roundabout way back home through the commencing storm. But the execution was hers, and the work was well done.

Beside the range there had been a small unlighted closet, with a flat wooden door that fitted close without a frame. Long ago the door had been papered to match the kitchen. It had been the work of only a few moments to take off the lock. After that he had gone inside and drawn the door to behind him, shutting out from her sight, to her relief, his shaking hands and death-colored face. It was done and the paste almost dry before the sheriff's officer had made his cursory search. The child upstairs had been coughing hoarsely all the time. The little girl was with him, locked in. Half distracted, she had papered anew from the ceiling to the floor over the little door and built a fire in the range to dry the paste. In the lamplight the unfaded strips did not show against the old ones. Daylight would reveal them cruelly. If she could only keep the neighbors out! They knew the kitchen. Even at that she had gained a night.

She made the tea, crossing and recrossing the little room cautiously. When she came back from placing the cup on the fender of the parlor stove, the querulous voice was speaking from the other side of the partition. "What the devil do you mean by bringing him in here, anyhow?"



She pleaded with him, went down on her knees, grew hysterical finally, and had to be taken in his arms and quieted

"I thought it looked as if I hadn't anything to hide, Jim. He'll never think you are here now I have left the latch off, so he can go in and out when he likes."

"Well, you'd better see about those chips. Wait until he comes in the next time and then slip out the back door."

"The snow will cover them. Jim, there's a thousand dollars on you!"

"Well, why don't you sell me out? I haven't been worth much to you living; a thousand dollars dead wouldn't be bad."

Her lip quivered, but she made no reply. That was what the detective had said.

"If I could get to the barn," he grumbled, "I could work around behind Shultz's fence and get to the railroad siding. Where is that fool standing?"

"He's just across. You can't get to the barn. Jim, is that sleeping stuff of yours bitter?"

HE GATHERED the meaning in her tone and came close to the papered door.

"Yes. Why?"

"Would you notice it in a cup of tea?"

"I don't know. Not with sugar, maybe."

"Have you got your knife?"

"Yes."

"I thought this way, Jim. If he comes in to get warm and goes to sleep by the fire, I will tap three times lightly. You'll be listening, will you? You won't go to sleep?"

"God in heaven! do you think I am sleeping tonight?"

"Then listen. You can slip the blade around the door from the inside and cut the paper, can't you?"

"How do you know he is coming back?"

"He said he might. I think he will. What's that?"

She turned toward the rear of the house; a pair of peering eyes were staring at her from the window. She turned her back to them.

"Jim!" Almost a whisper, but he heard.

"What?"

"Mrs. Shultz is on the back porch."

When she looked again, the eyes had gone, and her neighbor was trying the door. With a despairing gesture Molly blew out the lamp and opened the door.

"I've been in bed for three hours," explained the visitor, "and seems like I can't sleep, with you so near and in trouble." She pushed herself through the half-opened door into the room.

"I'm sorry. I guess there's nothing anyone can do to help."

"I could sit here by the stove. I can't sleep anyhow. It's a comfort, when you're in trouble, to have some one about to lean on."

There was a sort of ghoulish curiosity in her face, but there was real kindness also. She came close and lowered her voice.

"I thought you was talking to some one a minute ago."

"I was speaking to the detective. He was in. I'm making him a cup of tea."

IF THE curiosity faded from Mrs. Shultz's eyes, the kindness also left them.

"Tea! I don't know that I'd care to make tea for a man who was waiting to hang Shultz or fill him full of lead!" She turned toward the door, hesitated. "I told Shultz I was going to stay. He locked the door after me. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I lay on your parlor sofa?"

Molly was a mild woman, but now she was desperate.

"I'm afraid I would mind," she said quietly. "This is a very sad night for me. I should like to be alone; absolutely alone."

The kitchen door closed with a bang. She was alone—with the papered door.

She ran up the stairs and brought down the sleeping powders in their pasteboard box. One she emptied swiftly into the teacup on the parlor fender. The box she put into the stove and waited until it was entirely consumed.

"I've fixed it, Jim. Listen for three raps. If he doesn't drink it, or the powder doesn't work—"

She broke down. There was only the sound of the bit from beyond, creaking as it turned. She opened the front door and called across in a low voice:

"I've left your tea for you and the door is unlocked. Be sure to close it tight when you go out."

Then she went upstairs.

The baby slept soundly. She put out the lamp and, drawing her shawl close about her, sat down in a chair before the fire. She thought of many things: of the days when Cooper, across the street, had wished to marry her; of her husband; of the blond girl at Heideger's; of the papered-up closet in the kitchen and the man in it drilling madly for breath.

Her eyes fell on a small white object on the floor. That brought her back with a start. She made another painful excursion to the lower floor.

"He smelt the moth balls on your overcoat," she said to the wall. "I've got to hide it again. It's under the parlor sofa. Where'll I put it?"

"Hide it behind the wood on the back porch." The voice was muffled.

"Jim, have you got enough air?"

"Oh, I'll manage somehow."

The kitchen clock struck, a thin metallic ring. It was a very old clock, with flowers painted on the dial. It had marked in its time death and birth and giving in marriage. But never, perhaps, had it marked so tragic a night.

Two o'clock.

She went back to her chair and sat listening. The blizzard had come now. Wind whipped the window sash and roared about the house corners. Beneath the ill-fitting frame a fine line of snow had sifted. She was painfully alive. Every sense ached with waiting.

More than once she mistook a slamming shutter for the closing of the front door, only to be disappointed. But it came an hour later, when the clock with the painted dial was striking three. The bait of the unlatched door and the glow of the base-burner through the parlor window had caught their victim.

COOPER had compromised with his conscience by making a careful round of the house. At one place he stopped. In a lull of the wind, it seemed to him that there was a curious, grinding sound. Then the gale rose again, caught his hat and sent him running and cursing. When he came back the noise, whatever it was, had ceased.

He stamped cautiously on the low porch and opened the door. A homely odor of tea met him, mixed with comforting warmth. He turned up the lamp and took off his overcoat. It was his best overcoat and shabby at that. If he had any luck and the storm drove Car-

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ter back, he'd be able to buy a new one. He dusted it off with his hands before hanging it over the back of a chair to dry. On one shoulder a few grains of sawdust caught his attention. He looked at them with speculation, but without suspicion. He had a sense of humor."

"Ha!" he said to himself. "Even the sky has gone in for adulteration. Sawdust in the snow!"

He smiled at the conceit and sipped the tea. It was not very good, but it was hot. Overhead he could hear the slow rocking of a chair.

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor little girl—all this for that damned skunk!"

He effected a further compromise with his sense of duty by getting up every few minutes and inspecting the street or tiptoeing through the kitchen and pulling open unexpectedly the back door. Always on these occasions he had his hand in his revolver pocket.

Three-thirty.

The storm had increased in violence. Already small drifts had piled in still corners. The glow of the base-burner was dull red; the rocking overhead had ceased.

Cooper yawned and stretched out his legs.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "Poor li'l girl! And all for the sake—all for sake—"

He drew a deep breath and settled lower in the chair.

MOLLY CARTER bent down from the top of the stairs and listened. The detective had come in and she had not heard him go out. It would not do to descend too stealthily for fear he were still awake. As an excuse she took down a bottle of the baby's to fill with milk.

Cooper was sound asleep in the parlor, his head dropped forward on his breast. There was a strong odor of drying wool as his overcoat steamed by the fire.

Still holding the bottle, she crept to the kitchen and tapped lightly three times on the papered door. There was no reply. Her heart almost stopped, leaped on again, raced wildly. She repeated the signal. Then, desperately, she put her lips to the wall.

"Jim!" she whispered.

There was absolute silence, save for the heavy breathing of the detective in the parlor. Madness seized her. She crept along the tiny passage to the parlor door, and working with infinite caution, in spite of her frenzy, she closed it and locked it from the outside. Then back to the kitchen again, pulses hammering.

The bottle fell off the table and broke with a crash. For a moment she felt as if something in her had given way also. But there came no outcry from the parlor, no heavy weight against the flimsy door.

She got a knife from the table drawer and cut relentlessly through the new paper strips. Then, with the edge of the blade, she worked the door open.

JIM half sat, half lay, in the bottom of the closet with closed eyes. Drink and fatigue had combined with stifling air. She reached in and shook him, but he moved under her hand without opening his eyes. With almost superhuman strength she dragged him out, laid him prone on the kitchen floor, brought snow and rubbed it over his face, slapped his wrists with it to restore his pulse—the village method.

He came to quickly, sat up and stared about him.

"Hush," she said, for fear he would speak. "Can you hear me, Jim? Do you know what I am saying?"

He nodded.

"Cooper is locked in the parlor, asleep. You can get away now. My God, don't close your eyes again. Listen! You can get away."

"Away from what?" he asked stupidly.

"From the police. Try to remember, Jim. You shot the clerk from the drug store and—the girl at Heideger's. The police are after you. There's a thousand dollars on your head."

That roused him. He struggled to his feet, reeled, caught the table.

"I remember. Well, I've got to get away. That's all. But I can't go—feeling like this. Get me—some whisky."

He needed it. She brought it to him, measured out. He grumbled at the quantity, but after he had had it his dull eyes cleared.

She had gone to listen at the parlor door. When she came back, he was looking more himself. He was a handsome fellow with heavy dark hair and dark eyes, a big man as he towered above her in the little kitchen. His face did not indicate his weakness. There are men like that, broken reeds swinging in the wind, that yet manage to convey an impression of strength.

HIS wife brought the overcoat and held it out for him

"By Shultz's fence, you said, Jim, and then to the railroad. There's a slow freight goes through on toward morning, and if that doesn't stop, there's the milk train. And—Jim, let me hear about you now and then. Write to Aunt Sarah. Don't write here, and don't think once you get away that you are safe. A thousand dollars reward will set everybody in the country looking."

He paused, the overcoat half on.

"A thousand dollars," he said slowly. "I see. When I'm gone, Molly, how are you going to make out?"

"I'll manage somehow; only go, Jim. Go!"

"I don't know about this going," he said after a moment. "They'll grab me somewhere. Somebody'll get that thousand. You'll manage somehow! What do you mean by 'somehow'? You'll get married again, maybe?"

"Oh, no; not that."

He cared a little then—in spite of the girl at Heideger's!

If he would only go! This thing for which she had schemed the whole night might fail now while he talked.

"You can't stay here," he said slowly. "You can't bring the children up where everybody knows about their father. They can't run any sort of a race with that handicap."

FOR answer she held out his overcoat. But he shook his head. Perhaps it was his one big moment. Perhaps it was only a reaction from his murderous mood of the afternoon. For now quite suddenly he put his arms around her.

"I am not worth it, Molly," he burst out. "I am not worth a thousand dollars alive or dead, but if they're offering that for me, if you had it you could go out West somewhere and nobody would know about you.



A pair of peering eyes were staring at her from the window. She turned her back to them. "Jim!" almost a whisper, "Mrs. Shultz is on the back porch"

You could start the kids fresh. That's about the only thing I can do for you—give you a chance to get away and forget you ever knew me."

She did not understand at first. When she did she broke into quiet sobbing. She knew his obstinacy; the dogged tenacity of the weak. Now when every second counted to have him refuse to go!

SHE pleaded with him, went down on her knees, grew hysterical finally, and had to be taken in his arms and quieted, as he had not quieted her in years. And still there was no sound from the parlor.

"They'll get me somehow," he repeated over and over. "And I—I would like to feel that I had done one decent thing first. That red-eyed ferret in the parlor will get the money if you don't. For the children, Molly; they've got a right to ask to be started straight."

That was the argument that moved her finally into a sort of acquiescence. There seemed nothing else for her to do. He even planned the thing for her. He would hide in the barn in the loft. The swift snow would soon fill the footprints, but in case she was anxious, she could get up early and shovel a path where he had stepped.

When Cooper wakened she could say she had thought the thing over, that she needed the money, that she would exchange her knowledge for the reward.

"Only you get a paper for it—get a paper from Heideger. He'll bluff it out if he can. He was stuck on the girl himself."

"Jim, did you—care for that girl so much?"

His face hardened. "I thought I did; for a—for a little while. She made a fool of me, and I—showed her! But all the time I loved you, Molly."

He kissed her solemnly as she half lay in his arms and went toward the door.

"Good-by and God bless you," he said. "And kiss the—"

He choked up at that and made his way out through the drifts on the porch to the little yard.

SHE closed the door and fastened it behind him. Then very carefully she unlocked the parlor door and opened it. Cooper was still in his chair, sunk a little lower perhaps and breathing heavily, the overturned teacup on the floor beside him.

She went back to the kitchen and filled a fresh bottle for the baby.

As before, it served as an excuse for her presence; with it on the table near at hand she trimmed carefully the rough-cut edges of the papered door. The inside of the closet was a clear betrayal. Still listening and walking softly, she got a dust brush and pan and swept up the bits of wood and sawdust from the floor. The bit she placed on the shelf, and, turning, pan and brush in hand, faced the detective in the doorway.

He made a quick dash toward the closet.

"What have you got there?" he demanded shortly.

But now, as through all the long night, her woman's wit saved her.

"Don't jump at me like that. I've broken one of the baby's bottles and I am just about to sweep it up."

She stooped and swept the broken glass on to the pan. He stared into the empty closet.

"I'm sorry, Molly—I didn't mean to startle you. That tea and the heat of the stove put me to sleep. I've been half frozen. I guess it was the bottle breaking that wakened me. I thought you said you would go to bed."

"I couldn't sleep," she evaded, "and about this time the baby always has to be fed."

She took the bottle of milk from the table and set it inside the teakettle to warm. Every vestige of suspicion had died from the man's eyes. He yawned again, stretched, compared the clock with his watch.

"It's been a long night," he said. "Me for the street again. Listen to that wind. I'm sorry for anyone that's out in the mountains to-night."

HE WENT into the parlor and, putting on his overcoat, stood awkwardly in the little hall.

She faced him, the child's bottle in her hand.

"I guess you know how I hate this, Molly," he said. "I—I—this isn't the time for talk and there ain't any disloyalty in it, but I was pretty fond of you one time—I guess you know it, and—I am not the changing sort. I have never seen anybody else I liked the same way. It don't hurt a good woman to know a thing like that. Good night."

Before she went upstairs she took a final look out the back door. Already Jim's footprints were effectively erased by the wind. An unbroken sheet of white snow stretched to the barn. By morning, at this rate, the telltale marks would be buried six inches or more.

She blew out the kitchen lamp and went slowly up the stairs.

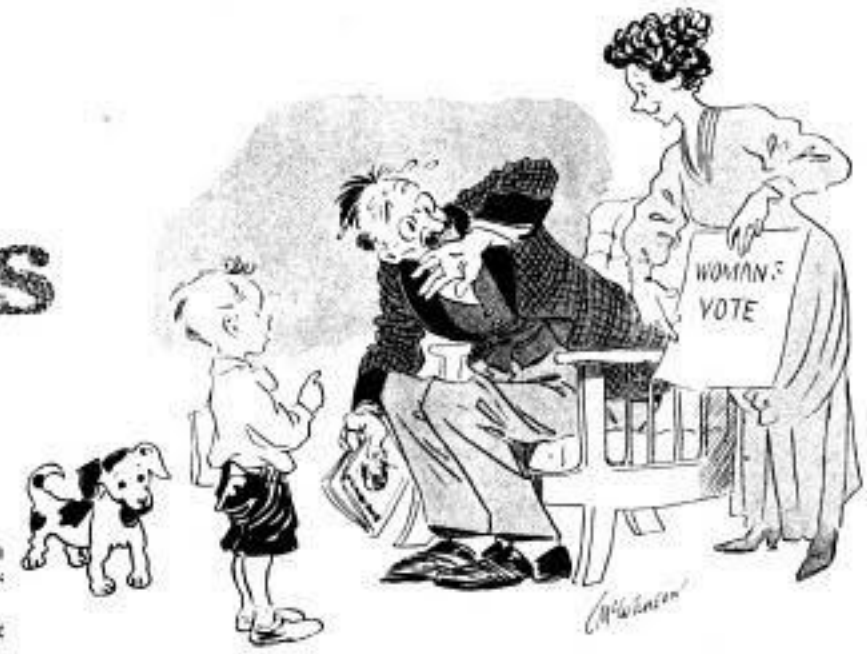
The baby cried hoarsely and she gave him his bottle, lying down on the bed beside him and taking his head on her arm. He dropped asleep there and she kept him close for comfort. And there, lying alone in the darkness with staring eyes, she fought her battle. She had nothing in the world but the cheap furniture in the house. Her own health (*Concluded on page 22*)

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Ventilated Opinions

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



IN VARIOUS parts of this country a most embarrassing situation has arisen. It is all on account of woman suffrage. The soprano and alto vote is coming so fast in the United States that, far from being able to handle it, man is having difficulty even in getting out of its way.

Almost two million women have been enfranchised in this country within the past two years. What has been the result? In two million homes—less proper deductions for those women who have to fill their homes entirely by themselves—wives, daughters, and sisters are sitting down with their husbands, fathers, and brothers and are asking to have politics explained in a few brief words, such as a woman



trained only in domestic science, art, literature, child welfare, and kindred subjects of no importance can understand.

Give a young man of twenty-one an automobile and he will not rest until he knows how the timing gears are silenced and what kind of spark plugs are used. But give him the right to say to a President: "Pack up and skip. Your work is too coarse for me," and he bears up under the gift with a magnificent lack of curiosity. Men are several times more solidly poised than women.

For the Lady Voter—Recommended

WHAT is needed by the women in suffrage States, and even more pitifully by the men thereof, is a glossary of political terms and expressions. The dictionaries fall down in this matter with a distressing thud. They are too oblivious to the whole subject, so to speak. We pity the woman who opens her bright new dictionary and tries to glean therefrom a few hints as to the true inwardness of the many terms which freckle the general conversation during a campaign year.

If there is anything more discouraging than a husband and father regarding politics it is a dictionary. You couldn't run a missionary society election on the information extracted from the best dictionary published. In the cowardly silence of the whole dictionary-making profession we are moved to contribute the following definitions for woman in her dark hour of uncertainty:

Candidate—A man who loves all the people.

Campaign—Open season for loving same by candidates.

Campaign Pledges—Unsecured notes given by candidates in exchange for votes.

Election Day—Expiration date for above pledges.

The Voter—A king (or queen) on one day a year and a three-spot on the other 364.

The Platform—A common carrier used by parties for transportation purposes.

Plank—Special car provided in a platform for a doubtful faction.

Chairman—A near-sighted man who can only see his own friends in a caucus.

Caucus—A method of handling party business by absent treatment.

Primary—A school in which a lot of bosses have learned their first lesson in popular government.

Boss—The owner of a large or small section of a political party.

Voting the Straight Ticket—Throwing the brain out of gear while marking a ballot.

Reform—A universally desired improvement in politics.

Reformer—An impertinent busybody.

Republican—A man at a way station yelling to the train to come back for him.

Progressive—Man ahead of the train building track.

Democrat—Man in the engine cab wondering how to run the blamed thing.

Socialist—Man trying to trade the train for an aeroplane.

Jacksonian Democracy—Chronic stage of democracy.

Stinging Rebuke—When the other side wins by 100.

"Magnificent Indorsement"—When our side wins by 100.

"Personalities"—Criticism of our candidates by opponent.

"Playing Him Alice"—Discussion of opponent by our candidate.

"Signal Honor"—Appointment of friend to office.

"Got in on the Pie"—Securing of office by political opponent.

Statesmanship—Securing of post-office building by Congressman.

Record—Something that requires more explaining than theology.

The Mob—Us.

We Dubs Must Organize

FROM the four corners of the nation letters from Class Q golfers are pouring in, bristling with enthusiasm over the proposed revolt from the thralldom of the present golf rules.

The eagerness of the writers is as intense as the stories they tell are pitiful. "I have been playing with three friends for several years, a ball a hole," writes a New York golfer. "Recently they told me that I was to play henceforth with three other friends, because they wanted to take on a new man. In the course of a couple of months I learned that I had been sold by the first trio to the second for a sack of clubs and three months' dues. That shows the respect in which we dubs are held. We are little better than slaves."

"I want to join the dubs' revolt," writes a Philadelphia man. "At present I am conducting one by myself. I will not employ a caddie unless he consents to a fine of five cents for every time he laughs."

"Your rules are admirable," says a member of the celebrated Onwentsia Club of Lake Forest, "but they only go part way. I favor a rule which will allow a player to repeat a stroke in case he has forgotten to keep his eye on the ball. If golf is a game of memory, well and good. But if it is a game of skill, it should not be made to depend so much on the memory. When I can remember to keep my eye on the ball I am a slashing good golfer."



We had not intended to carry this idea further, but the demand seems overwhelming. It would be pure philanthropy to give a few general instructions in the perfection of a bad game of golf. There is, for instance, the drive from the first tee. This is one of the dub's greatest embarrassments. No matter what he does on the rest of the course, he would like to step up in front of the crowded club porch and bang out a respectable drive before a critical audience. It is the one weakness which none of us can overcome. We can become hardened on the rest of the course to a three-hundred-yard ambition, which results in a forty-yard trickle, but when fifty people at the first hole utter an "Oh!" composed of disappointment, surprise, disgust, and amusement in equal parts, after we have displaced the ball a few feet with a back-breaking swing, that "Oh!" hurts.

One dub we know of makes it up with a brother dub to create a tremendous disturbance back of the tee, during which the first dub drives hastily when no one is looking and hunts for his ball later on about 250 yards down the course. But this involves the deliberate abandonment of a ball, and besides officious friends are likely to pick it up as it stares at the world thirty yards from the tee and shame you. There is a better way. It requires imagination and fortitude, but it will work. It is this:

Take your stand carelessly on the driving green. Tee your ball in an offhand manner. Then take your mashie and, fixing your eye on an imaginary putting green thirty yards ahead, play a careful approach. Nine times out of ten you will get a good hundred yards and avoid disgrace. Later on when you have actually arrived within thirty yards of the real green, you can approach neatly and often dead to the hole by driving with all your might.

Another time we shall take up briefly the subject of driving in general.

The Invasion of Keokuk

AT KEOKUK, IOWA, an enterprising firm of capitalists built a dam across the Mississippi River and set the peerless Daddy of American Waters to work running the trolleys, lighting the streets, and turning the washing machines in a hundred towns and cities. It was a tremendous job of work which involved the wiping out of farms and villages and railroads, the rearrangement of a hundred square miles of scenery, and some minor changes in climate; and, as usual with gigantic enterprises, it produced some unexpected results.

For one thing it brought huge numbers of young engineers to Keokuk. They had worked all over the world on water powers, usually in spots well concealed from civilization and well insulated from feminine charm. Then they came to the Keokuk job, where fifteen minutes from the roaring rapids were the homes of Iowa's finest families, full of young women ready and willing to admire the wild, free life of the engineer. The result was over a hundred weddings in two years, and when the dam was completed and the young engineers moved on, they took with them the young women of Keokuk en masse.

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Where Dollars Are Neighborly

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHILE John Jones, the average American farmer of the Middle West—and, for that matter, any other section of the country—is haggling with the local usurer to obtain a loan of $100 at high interest rates to replace the loss of a work horse, his Jewish agricultural colleague, Moses Levy of New England, New York, or New Jersey, can negotiate the same transaction on the easiest terms by telephoning to the treasurer of his Credit Union.

John Jones, under ordinary conditions, must buy his seed, implements, and fertilizer at the nearest store and at prevailing retail rates, but Levy, if he is a member of the Federation of Jewish Farmers, can supply most of his farm needs through a central purchasing bureau, which not only gives him ample credit and carload prices, but a standardized product.

To carry this comparison just one degree further, when John Jones's wife falls sick, his bread is likely to go unbaked, his children untended, and his household uncared for. But Levy can send a hurry-up call to the Jewish Ladies' Auxiliary of his district, and the members flock in and keep the domestic wheels from getting clogged.

Here, in a nutshell, you have a striking and, perhaps, little-known contrast between the high price of individualism and the profit of cooperation in the activity which leads world industry and touches more people than all others combined.

What does it show? Simply this: that while our native farmers have gone a long way toward perfecting the science of farming, their Jewish brothers of the soil have developed the *business* of farming, thereby showing a practical path for the economic salvation of the man behind the plow.

Schooled to communal defense through generations of oppression, it was natural for them to turn to self-help as the agency toward a conserving end.

The net result is a cooperative machine that has solved, among many other helpful things, the whole pressing problem of rural credits so far as the small, short-time loan is concerned.

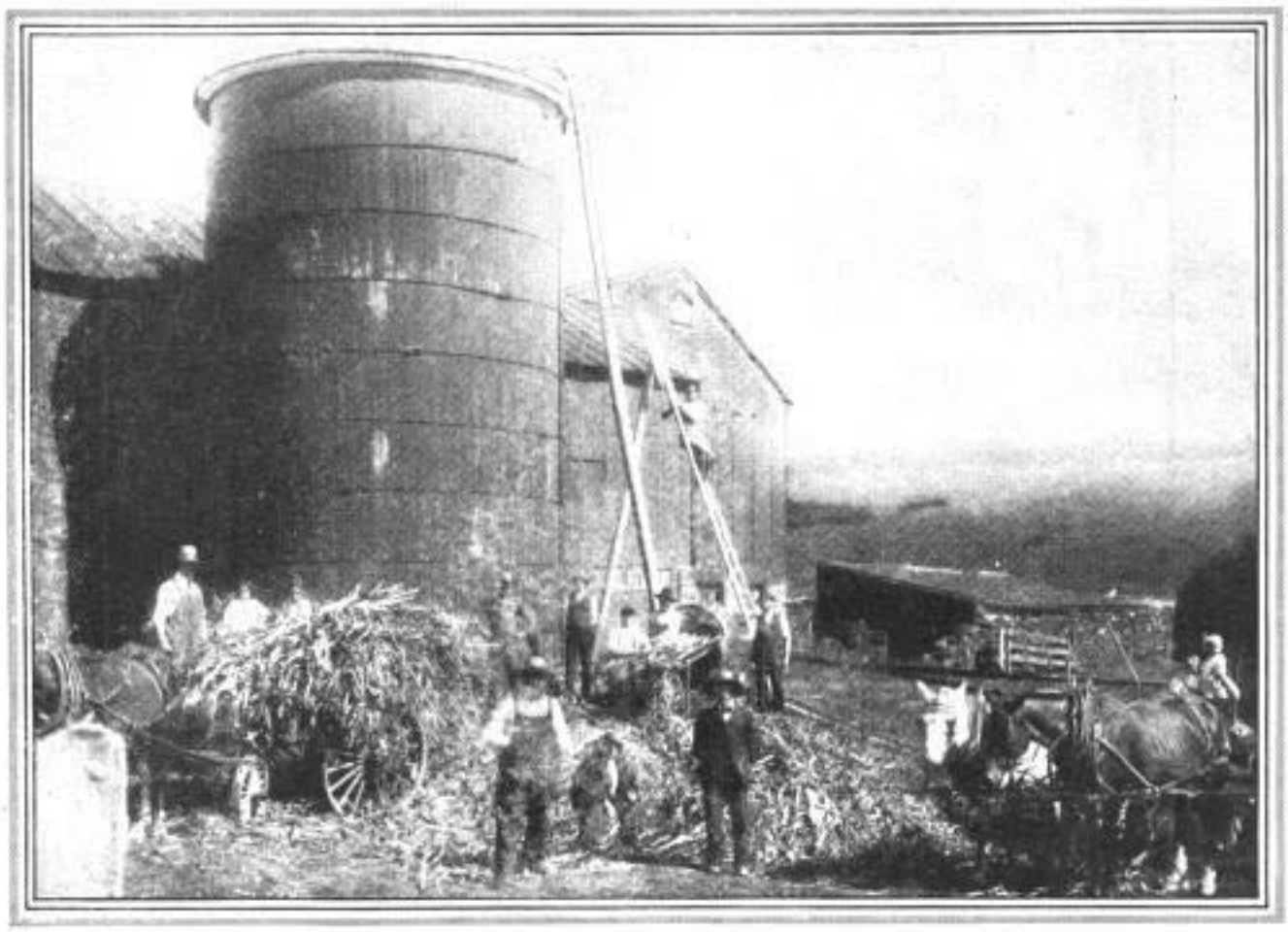
Here is the story of a picturesque emancipation from the thrall of those petty financial annoyances that have distracted the farmer, impeded his progress, and labeled him the most unbusinesslike of all our workers. Nor is it without the glamour of a certain romance, because the men who wrought it—refugees from Old-World tyranny—link the present with that other and far-away Jewish pastoral day when David dwelled amid his flocks on the hills of the Holy Land.

The Jew as a Farmer

THERE is no need of rehearsing here at length the succession of dramatic events that literally planted the Jewish husbandman in American soil. Bitter persecution drove him originally from his vine and fig tree to segregate in the congested city.

So, too, by a curious repetition of history did the same lash force him back to it on an alien but friendly shore.

The everyday American is hardly apt to associate the Jew with farming, save perhaps with a peddler's pack. The more familiar background of Hebraic movement is the hiving battle ground of trade. But, as a matter of fact, more than five thousand Israelites, scattered from North Dakota to Connecticut, attest to a conspicuous ability to make the good red earth produce with profit.



Refugees from Old-World tyranny link the present with that other and far-away Jewish pastoral day when David dwelled amid his flocks

Jewish agricultural activity in the United States was sporadic until the late eighties, when a great exodus from Russia forced the American coreligionists to devise some organized means of finding sanctuary for the refugees. Hence came the Baron de Hirsch Fund, whose scope covered every activity that would make the Jew self-supporting and self-respecting.

To locate the immigrant on the farm was part of this altruistic task. So readily did he adapt himself to the land—and, what was more important, stick to it in the face of all hardship—that the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society was formed as an adjunct to the fund charged with the special work of encouraging and aiding the Jewish farmer. With its formation the whole Hebraic drama of rural cooperation, now to be unfolded, was made possible.

The society found the Jewish farmers living in struggling communities or as isolated individuals. Those who labored alone were doubly isolated, because they spoke a foreign tongue and were for the most part ignorant of the rudiments of farming. This made them the easy prey of the grasping and the unscrupulous.

Many needed money, and the first important function of the new organization was to make them loans at 4 per cent, secured by mortgages on their land or chattels.

Very early it was seen that if these farmers were to make permanent and definite progress they must be taught to work together.

The Man Who Could Help

ABOUT this time a keen-eyed, big-visioned man, Leonard Robinson by name, came to the society, first in a humble capacity and later as general manager.

I speak of him early in this narrative because, more than any other one man, he has helped to shape the cooperative destiny of the Jewish farmer in the United States.

Himself a Jew, he trod the thorny path of the persecuted immigrant. At fifteen he landed from the steerage in New York, alone and penniless. He worked his way through Harvard, studied law, and had served as teacher before he was called to the work for which he proved to be peculiarly fitted.

When he took hold the society was lending money at long range to Jewish farmers who, with few exceptions, were without training or adequate experience.

With swift perception he realized that what these men needed more than money was training. He set about making them efficient. But he did more than this, as you will later see.

The First Cooperative Step

HOW was he to reach quickly this scattered host of land toilers who only had two things in common, their ignorance and their knowledge of Yiddish? The best medium would be one that reached their hearthstones, so he founded the "Jewish Farmer," the first and only agricultural paper published in Yiddish in the world. An editor was found who seemed born for the job. He was Joseph Pincus, son of one of the pioneer Russian immigrant farmers in Connecticut, who had been graduated from the State agricultural school there and from the Jewish farm school at Woodbine, N. J. He made a fitting work fellow for Robinson, for he expanded from editor into an inspired missionary of the new agricultural order, bringing the word of science to the very doors of the backward.

Pincus said to the Jewish farmers: "Make our paper your forum. Tell me your troubles and I will try to help you." He translated Government reports so that the farmers could get the last word in Uncle Sam's investigations; he showed them by word and picture how to plant crops, fertilize their soil, manage their farms. Soon the farmers began to contribute: they asked questions; they told of their experiences. The message of print went home.

But Pincus did not stop here. He became an itinerant teacher, going from farm to farm, teaching always the gospel of the new farming. He aroused the desire for knowledge (the Jew is an innate thirster after fact), and he stirred their social consciousness. He asked the isolated farmers if they knew their neighbors. When they said they did not, he inquired the reason why.

"We are too busy working," they answered.

"But what would happen if you or your family got sick?" he would say. There was no reply. So his slogan became: "You must organize."

Initial Troubles and Failures

UNDER his direction the farmers of various sections got together and formed Jewish farmers' associations. They correspond to the Gentile farmers' institutes, but they developed into bigger economic proportions, for they formed the foundation on which a whole new epoch in the financing of the farmer has been created.

These associations had a stimulating effect, for they brought together exiles who had a common spiritual and material heritage and who were now joined in a kindred cause.

It was fertile soil in which to drop the rich seed of cooperative effort.

The next logical step was a union of all the associations (they now number sixty-two) into a Federation of Jewish Farmers. Here at last was a far-flung and united agency with which to consummate some of the dreams that beckoned before the vision of the transplanted Ghetto dreamers.

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Though the Jewish farmers were now united, they wrestled with the troubles that naturally crowd thick upon the stranger working in a strange land. To begin with, many were literally "green." They had either left Russia at the bloody high tide of pogrom or had escaped from sweatshop to find health and comfort in the open country. Even if they had some knowledge of farming, they were at the mercy of the dealer who sold them seeds or implements.

Often, when the Jewish farmer went to the storekeeper and asked for credit, he would be met with the statement: "You are green and won't stay on the farm. I can't afford to trust you."

When he did get what he asked for it was often inferior. He got sand for fertilizer and trash for seeds. When they put this inferior stuff in the ground there was no harvest. Complaints began to pour into the "Jewish Farmer." Whereupon Pineus said: "What is the good of teaching these farmers how to farm if they do not get the right kind of materials to farm with?"

Credit

HENCE came the inspiration to form a central cooperative purchasing bureau for the benefit of the Jewish farmer. The main purpose was to make him independent of the trickery and the misrepresentation of the storekeeper, to enable him to have trade credit to meet his farm needs, and to get the best possible result out of his labors. Cooperation was to be given its first supreme test.

The bureau was organized on a definite business basis. A membership fee of $5 enables any Jewish farmer to buy his supplies through its assistance. When a farmer is unable to pay for a full share, a first installment of $1 is ample to make him eligible for benefits.

What is the result? If a farmer wants to buy a silo, a harrow, or an incubator, and the amount is more than he can spare, the association guarantees payment to the manufacturer, and the farmer can pay it off to the bureau on easy payments. In other words, the agricultural implement seller looks to the bureau rather than to the man for his money. The bureau sees that the purchaser does his part. If he wants reasonable extension, he gets it. So, too, with the purchase of seeds and fertilizer.

Pitfalls

NOW the important part of this procedure is that the farmer gets just what he wants, because the implement and the seed dealers cannot fool the experts of the bureau. The case of fertilizer—a common need—will illustrate the extent to which this Jewish buying has been standardized.

As I have already pointed out, the isolated Jewish farmer was often deceived about fertilizer. He had to take what the dealer gave him and be satisfied. Frequently it was of the poorest quality, entirely lacking in plant food.

The bureau, by careful investigation, has become agent for high-class fertilizers, and in order to be sure that its clients get what they buy, the material is packed in bags which bear the Jewish Federation stamp. On these sacks is printed in large letters the exact proportion of plant food in the fertilizer.

Nor is quality the only end gained. By shipping a group of farmers a carload of fertilizer they get it at wholesale prices and save in the transportation charge as well. It is estimated that the farmers have saved from 15 to 20 per cent by this cooperative buying of fertilizer alone.

Now take the all-important matter of seeds. A concrete illustration will show the way the bureau safeguards the farmer. A Jewish agriculturist near Syracuse bought 200 pounds of alfalfa seed through the central office at 16 cents a pound. As in all similar cases, the source of this seed supply had been carefully tested and found to be adequate. But the farmer was short fifty pounds, so he bought this supplemental amount at a local dealer at 18 cents. What happened? The seed that he bought through the bureau sprouted successfully, but not a blade came from the extra fifty pounds. If he had bought all his seed at home his crop would have been a failure.

Expert Knowledge Available

THE bureau also censors the purchasing of farm supplies, and by this stewardship has saved many a Jewish farmer from loss or failure. Here is a case in point: A farmer in New Jersey wrote in for enough seed to plant five acres of early tomatoes. Mr. Pineus wrote back asking if he had any hotbeds. The farmer replied expressing great surprise that hotbeds were needed. "A neighbor told me it would be a good thing to raise them," he added. The plain facts were that without expert advice this man would have gone ahead and wasted his time, his seeds, and the use of five acres for a product that, without adequate equipment, would never have appeared. It is needless to add that Mr. Pineus advised against this venture in early tomatoes. But he showed him how he could use the ground to profitable advantage.

The Farmer's Chief Problem

IN FACT, one of the functions of the bureau is to print, through the medium of the "Jewish Farmer," advice and counsel in planting. At regular intervals during the year appear the statements: "Now is the time to plant corn, or beans, or wheat." The Jewish farmer has come to look upon the bureau as his friend, philosopher, and guide. It has never failed him. You get some idea of the extent to which this work has developed when I say that last year it purchased $43,102 worth of material for the Hebrew agriculturist. Of this sum $20,000 was for fertilizer alone. More than $11,000 was spent for seeds.

But this system of cooperative purchasing, admirable as it is, did not supply one urgent need felt by Jewish and Gentile farmer alike. Stated in its simplest terms, this need was for some cheap and convenient form of rural credit which would place in the farmer's hands, and without delay, a sum of money with which to meet an emergency or fill some pressing want.

In the case of the Jewish farmer, this form of agricultural credit is of the utmost importance. With the approach of spring he is often at his wits' end to find the wherewithal for seeds, fertilizer, or general spring work. If he is delayed at this season he not only loses that time, but is handicapped for months to come. He may lose a work horse in the midst of the early plowing; a good cow may die just when her milk is in greatest demand; a payment on a mortgage is likely to come due. Even in buying through the central bureau a cash deposit is often required. How is the farmer to raise the money without loss of time or annoyance?

Emergency Money

UNDER ordinary circumstances the farmer—regardless of race or creed—has been forced to depend for his working capital on the none-too-ardent generosity of his neighbor, on the tolerance of his storekeeper, or, last and worst of all, upon the cupidity of the usurer.

Early in its efforts to finance the Jewish farmer, the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society faced this need. But its loans were for long terms and secured by mortgage. Yet from all parts of the country came appeals for quick funds for working capital. Much as it desired to help the immigrant farmer, the society could not respond. It was too far from the source of want to make an investigation. Even if it did elect to look into the case, so much time would elapse that, before aid could be sent, it would be too late. Besides, the interests of the society prohibited the lending of money on personal credit.

The Solution

NATURALLY this situation disturbed a good many people, for it applied to all rural quarters. Statesmen and economists talked and investigated about it, but did nothing. But Leonard Robinson did some thinking and produced a remedy which not only gave the Jewish farmer a unique economic distinction, but established a precedent that is little short of historic.

As he pondered over the plight of the Jewish farmer in the matter of the small urgent loan, he asked this question: "Since the farmer has learned the value of cooperation in buying, why shouldn't he apply the same thing to borrowing?"

Mr. Robinson knew that Europe was full of cooperative credit banks, such as those operated under the well-known Raiffeisen system in Germany, by which the farmers syndicate their savings and lend to each other on character. Here was an idea to be translated into banking terms in America. He outlined a Credit Union along similar lines to be adopted by the Jewish farmers.

At first it was decried and discouraged. The familiar adverse argument against it was: "How can you make a solvent union out of a group of insolvent people?" But the European experience had proved the efficacy of the plan. After vainly waiting for two years for the cumbersome machinery of legislation to grind out relief for the oppressed farmer, Mr. Robinson decided to take the initiative. In 1911 he established the pioneer cooperative agricultural credit bank in this country under the auspices of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society. It was a voluntary, unincorporated organization that set a new mark for cooperation and blazed a fresh path for the farmer (Continued on page 30)



The Heart's Own Day

By MADISON CAWEIN

THIS is the heart's own day:
With dreaming eyes
Life seems to look away
Beyond the skies
Into some long-gone May—

A May that cannot die;
Amid whose hills
Youth's heart goes singing by
'Mid daffodils,
With Love the young and shy:

Love of the slender form
And elvish face,
Who with uplifted arm
Points to one place—
A place of old-time charm—

Where once May lilies grew
For Love to twine
With violets, white and blue,
And columbine
Of gold and crimson hue.

Gone is the long-ago—
Gone like the wind;
And Love we used to know
Sits dumb and blind,
With locks of winter snow.

And by him Memory
Sits sketching back
Into the Used-to-be,
In white and black,
One flower on his knee:

One rose, whose crimson gleams
Like Youth's own heart
And fills the day with dreams
And is a part
Of the old love it seems.

And touches into tints
Of Fairyland
This day, and makes a Prince
Of him whose hand
SHE holds—his Princess since.

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WILSON AND MEXICO

THE criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy which is set down on this page should not be confused with that other kind of criticism of which the end and purpose is intervention or some sort of war with Mexico. *This latter kind of criticism, which looks to intervention and hopes for it, is a very deplorable incident of current political discussion.* It comes partly from men and factions and newspapers that think war would be popular; partly from others who represent property interests in Mexico which they think would be helped by intervention; partly from others overeager to criticize anything that flows from a Democratic Administration. But the fear of being confused with these critics should not prevent free expression of a more disinterested criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy. *This criticism is based precisely on the fear that our present Mexican policy will lead us ultimately into intervention.* War with Mexico or some other active use of our American troops is the logical end of our present attitude. This should be prevented. It should be prevented, if necessary, even by a certain amount of "backdown" on the Administration's part.

Of course, to say now what thoughtful observers generally acknowledge—that President Wilson's Mexican policy has been a mistake from the start—is a matter of hindsight. President Wilson, in adopting his Mexican policy, could have had the benefit of a wise statesman familiar with diplomacy and international law at the head of the State Department. He did not have this aid. It is only fair also to say that at the beginning of his Administration, at the time Wilson adopted his policy, men experienced in international law were shocked, and predicted the very muddle that has now come to pass. The Administration's foreign policy at the beginning could fairly be summed up in one sentence: "Huerta is an assassin, and I do not like assassins." Let us all admit that at the time most Americans praised this policy and were rather proud of it.

Morals—Private and Public

LET us be fair to Wilson. He refused recognition to Huerta because he believed Huerta was an assassin, and he wished to express his disapprobation of a government founded on assassination. To take this position was the highest kind of personal morals. But to act as if this were the whole of a foreign policy had drawbacks. It failed to take into account a multitude of considerations which trained diplomats would have remembered. In addition, it failed to take into account the special nation we are dealing with in this case, and the special moral standards of that nation—standards very different from our own. All Mexican politics is a matter of factions and leaders. Some of the rebels in the north call themselves Constitutionalists. This is a joke. There are about as many real Constitutionalists in Mexico as there are monarchists in the United States. Few persons in the United States, the Administration least of all, seem to realize the composition of Mexico. There are less than half a million whites, less than one in thirty. About a million and a half are of mixed breed; the remaining thirteen millions are Indians. What the United States most needs in Mexico is a government that will maintain order. The way to secure this would have been to give a guarded recognition to the man who had a government and an army and was maintaining order. That Huerta has been able to do so well under the appalling handicap of our disapproval shows what he could have done if we had recognized his as a government de facto.

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He Doesn't Understand the Language

McCutcheon, in the Chicago "Tribune"

The Cost of It

IT MUST be admitted that a year of Mr. Wilson's mistaken policy has cost some things that can never be recovered. Of course, if we should reverse it or modify it now, we might be able to avoid the intervention which is the logical end of such a policy. But, even so, a certain number of Americans have lost their lives in Mexico who would have been living to-day if Wilson had adopted a better policy. For the Mexicans themselves, civilization has been measurably set back by the turbulence which would have been restrained if Wilson had dealt differently with the de facto government which he found there when he came into office. Most serious of all, we have forfeited the confidence of Latin America as far south as Cape Horn to such a degree that we shall not be able to win it back until another generation grows up. They have seen us adopt toward Mexico a policy of which the logical end, to persons who know the situation, is intervention. Can they be blamed for suspecting—what is in fact preposterously untrue—that the policy was adopted in order to bring about intervention?

Patriotism

THERE have been few things finer in recent American politics than the manner in which two standpat Republicans, Senator Lodge and Senator Root, uphold the President's foreign policy. They are both men of high skill and experience in international law and in diplomacy. Necessarily they know that during the past year the conduct of our foreign relations under Secretary Bryan has been pretty deplorable, but they never criticize it. More than that, when other Senators, less restrained, attempt to criticize, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root hasten to the defense of the Administration. Such a bearing must rest only on the highest sense of patriotism. The same obligation to be patient with the Administration and support it rests in equal degree upon all thoughtful commentators.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Moore

THERE can be no doubt that the resignation of John Bassett Moore, counselor of the Department of State, has called public attention to a situation in our State Department which has been less pleasant than any other aspect of the Administration. Close observers at Washington have known for a long time that our foreign affairs are not well conducted; that too many of our diplomatic appointments have been personal and political, and that the machinery within the State Department has been very badly run. The resignation of Mr. Moore has merely called public attention to it. In such an office as Secretary of State no amount of good will or high purpose can take the place of intelligence. Moreover, nothing can excuse the partisan and personal character of some of Mr. Bryan's appointments.

Simple Honesty

THE clause in our treaty with England covering the building of the Panama Canal reads as follows:

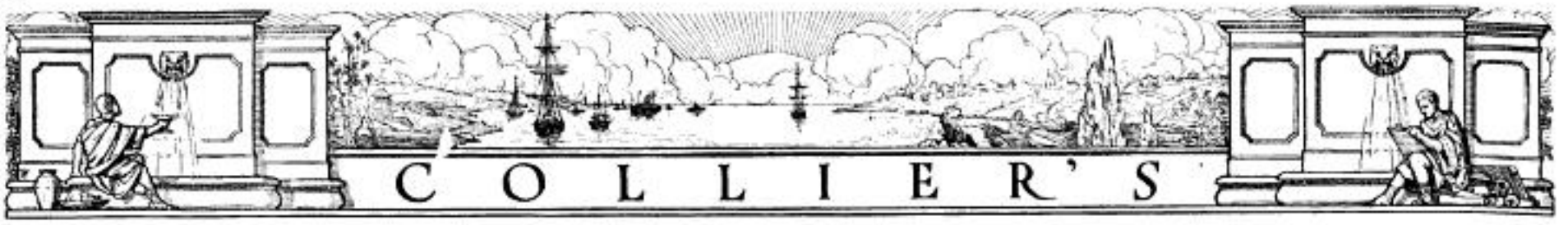
> The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

The clause in the law we passed concerning tolls in the Panama Canal reads as follows:

> No tolls shall be levied upon vessels in the coastwise trade of the United States.

Any person able to understand the English language who reads these two clauses and then refuses to admit that we are in the wrong proclaims thereby his own personal moral status. No statesman was ever on stronger ground than Wilson is in the matter of canal tolls.

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The Basic Service of Railroading

ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHTS of our time is that from a wagon bridge over a four-track railroad. You may be a day's walk from the nearest city, but the fact of the city's existence is plain in the endless movement of goods and people. It is plain also that the railroad is not so much a business as a gigantic underlying service. This service moves human beings and things from place to place. We get used to it, depend on it, and in time come to shape our actions very largely by what the service makes possible. It follows that the cost of this transportation becomes embedded in thousands and thousands of prices. It is desirable, therefore, that its cost to others be stable, so that passengers and shippers can be sure of their plans. Furthermore, the railroad must be made to feel that success depends on doing a good job rather than on taking advantage of the public's necessities. Mr. BRANDEIS has given this point the clearest and most dramatic of statements in his famous aphorism about the "Million Dollars a Day" which efficiency ought to save for the railroads. Our whole accepted policy of regulation and public control hangs upon these facts. The public must have real power over rates and capitalization, over dividends, and over purchases of other lines and utilities, or else the monopoly power of the railroad will be used in many cases for private gain and to the disadvantage of the community. There have been too many instances of this.

What Do We Want?

IT IS NOT A MATTER OF BARGAINING with an independent power. It is a matter of deciding what we want to get out of a certain service. These railroad corporations are creatures of the State, and most of them realize it very clearly nowadays. It is the economic facts that are obdurate, and it is our own social purpose that is vague. Do we want to use the railroads so as to accentuate and emphasize the present dominance of the Atlantic Seaboard in the business life of this country? Or do we want to use the railroads so as to get a spreading of population and industry over our entire area? What towns and regions should be given a comparative advantage when rates are readjusted? There is no benefit to be had from merely throwing a bone in the shape of higher rates to those who own the railroads as property. What we must do is to strengthen and extend the railroads as a gigantic fundamental service, no matter how owned. This is the only control worth while, and to accomplish it will require the handling of the problem from the broadest standpoint of constructive industrial statesmanship. It will not be done by figuring dividends and costs. We must have a national plan. What, in the long run, do the American people want from their railroads?

The Selling of Drugs

A FIRM OF RETAIL DRUGGISTS in New York prints this advertisement:

RIKER AND HEGEMAN DRUG STORES DO NOT SELL

Narcotic Poisons or Habit-Forming Drugs, excepting upon the written prescription of a registered physician. We are in advance of all laws that pertain to the safety of the purchasing public. We believe that Cocaine, Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Codeine, Heroin, Chloral Hydrate, and other Narcotic Poisons should be used only . . . by the advice of your Doctor, and we do not sell them otherwise. . . .

We notify our sales people in every store that this rule must be rigidly enforced.

The family Doctor is our authority in these matters, and we must have his written and signed Prescription before dispensing anything of this nature.

We take off our hat to these druggists both for their policy and their business acumen, and hereby give them this advertisement for nothing. It is a bitter commentary on our laws that the druggist himself (if he is shrewd) can volunteer such an announcement. The law has piteously left this to his discretion. Even in Mantua—that is to say, in SHAKESPEARE'S day—ROMEO'S "wondrous needy" apothecary announced:

> Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
> Is death to any he that utters them.

The law at all events was sound, though ROMEO got the drugs—by means of that gold that is

> Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
> Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.

The druggists of to-day, many of them, have no more character than the wondrous needy man of Mantua, upon whose back contempt and beggary hung.

We Are "Materialists"

SOME ONE COMPLAINS that our editorial "The Cost of Intervention" is materialistic, because it figures in money and men the tax a Mexican war would entail. We are, then, materialists, since "idealism" means the sacrifice of 260,000 of our fellow countrymen. On one condition, however, we are prepared to welcome armed intervention. We unreservedly declare for it provided the army of occupation be made up of American and British oil magnates and mine owners—excluding neither Standard Oil nor the PEARSONS. Notice, however, that we say "magnates" and "owners"—not employees. These forces should form three great army corps—led, respectively, by the Hon. BOIES PENROSE of Pennsylvania, the Hon. ALBERT B. FALL of New Mexico, and the Hon. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST—all three on the firing line. One trouble with the wars that have been fought in the past is that the heaviest price has not been paid by the interested magnates and mine owners. It has been the employees who paid.

Victories of Peace

MOLE TEQUOP ("the man who talks with his hands") has a record of victory extending over thirty-five years. In the early spring of 1878, as a Second Lieutenant fresh from West Point, he overcame the Cheyennes in the Black Hills. The Crows were conquered at Mizpah Creek the same year. Other encounters, all uniformly successful, were with GERONIMO'S Apaches, with the Navajos and Utes of the Four Corners country, the Hopis beyond the Painted Desert, the Moros of Sulu in the Philippines, and, more recently, with the Navajos on the Beautiful Mountain. The names are sufficiently romantic. The Government saved a lot of powder on these "battles," for not a shot was fired. At most of them no troops were present. Success came because General HUGH L. SCOTT (that is his real name) prefers to know and study people in place of shooting them. He found out the feelings and grievances of the Indians, and dealt with them in honesty and fairness. The results were honorable, permanent, and inexpensive. Can we say as much for war after some four thousand years of recorded experience with it? War is merely the deadly and extravagant purchase of fear. Why not train a few disciples of General SCOTT for our diplomatic service? Unless this is done, it may some day be the epitaph of our modern civilization that it used civilized methods in dealing with the savages and savage methods in dealing with the civilized.

And Speaking of Hens

WE SANG THE HEN only the other day as an economic force and productive agent. But perhaps we didn't do her quite justice as an intellectual Titan. Our attention has been caught by a scientific and intellectual hen—really intellectual, not merely highbrow, like the hens at the afternoon tea in "Chantecler." This hen has a knowledge of physics. What is more, she applies it. Listen. The shed which she made her headquarters was warm and cozy. Thus she had no reason to worry about the temperature. But one day, when her owner was going off to church, this hen was locked out. Shut off from her well-heated quarters, she was forced to deposit an egg in a convenient snowdrift, where her owner happened to find it on his return. Naturally he supposed it to be frozen. Yet such was not the case. Investigating, he discovered that that hen *had laid an egg with a double shell having a vacuum between the inner and outer layers.* The hen had sized up the problem and solved it by the means used in every vacuum bottle to husband heat or cold. We take our hat off to this hen. She is entitled to a Ph. D. in physics. And we know the tale must be true, for (*a*) there are no snowdrifts in the silly season, and (*b*) it happened neither in New Jersey nor yet on Long Island.

The Higher English

THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON has a school of journalism, and an Eastern professor to teach it. The students of the university publish a paper, the "Oregon Emerald," from which we get this gem concerning certain changes at the University of Washington:

"Not only was hazing done away with, but the push-ball contest, the annual tie-ups, and all class scraps were abolished from the university in order that the new student council may start its work with a clean slate," declared the professor. These customs may be reinstituted, according to the faculty, but they will be done by the student council, and will if they are.

No wonder some old fogies have been invoking the referendum on the university's appropriation. The professors ought to polish that "Emerald."

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From St. James's to Broadway

THE EVER-RESPECTABLE New York "Evening Post" cites in a recent book review:

> The command laid on the dramatist, CRONE, to write a masque for the young Stuart princesses in the form of "a clean, decent, and inoffensive play on the story of a rape."

This was some 225 years ago or more, but what a market CRONE would have in our latter-day books and plays and movies! And how they have democratized the "literature" of royalty!

Street and Morgan

DESPITE OUR HOPES AND EFFORT, JULIAN STREET and WALLACE MORGAN will not be able on their present tour to visit the South. But may we say to our friends there that we are already planning for a second tour that is certain to include them? This undertaking has been something of an eye opener to us. The invitations are still pouring in by the hundreds. We are proud of our popularity—humble in the thought of our deserts.

Fashion Note

MR. C. W. DELYON NICHOLLS, authority on etiquette and fashion, and Governor General of the Society of Colonial Cavaliers, announces that his society is opposed to woman suffrage. Somehow we should just naturally suppose as much—even if he hadn't called attention to it.

Laughter

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Saturday Review" holds laughter to be "always vulgar and offensive." With thoroughgoing British disapproval, he quotes the stanza:

> Let us have wine and women,
> Mirth and laughter;
> Lemonade and soda water
> The day after.

"Laughter is profane, in fact, where it is not ridiculous," is the absurd conclusion. Just as if wine were the only laughter maker! Mirth may be ribald, cruel, profane; just as children may be heartless young savages. Laughter is a purifier. If the empty laugh declares the vacant mind, the laugh of resonance bespeaks the man of health. There is as much difference between the laugh which is only a noisy discord and the laugh which is an explosion of the comic spirit as there is between a barroom joke and a comedy by MOLIÈRE. In our modern sophistication too few of us know how to laugh at all. We can only grin, giggle, or snicker. A hearty laugh does the body good, and what is really good for the body is generally good for the soul too. "He who laughs," said GOETHE'S mother, "can commit no deadly sin."

One Woman's Wit

VERY CLEVER PERSONS put together the magazine called "Current Opinion," but they show a quaint lack of literary understanding when they head an article about JANE AUSTEN: "Is the Greatest Humorist in English Literature a Woman?" Of course they must know better. JANE AUSTEN is, if you like, the most charming of British humorists, in some ways the most delightful commentator and dialogist of *all* writers in English—but she herself would have been the first to cry out: "Greatest nothing!" In her pages, as one reads in "Current Opinion" itself, "the seven deadly sins fade into one—ill taste." JANE AUSTEN is not to be measured in greatness, but in consummate, delicious, and quite perfect littleness. Those who echo MACAULAY'S comparison of her characters and SHAKESPEARE'S generally miss the point of the British essayist's remarks. Hers is the "Little Theatre"; her characters, most of them conventional to a degree, are nicely little in proportion. In the novel of JANE AUSTEN religion is represented by formalism; passion by cordiality; every great emotion by its diminutive. Do we regret the lack of the reforming instinct in JANE AUSTEN? Not in the least. This author's place is unique. She understood the country gentry of her times as no one else who wrote understood them; and people of to-day, too, can find themselves reflected in the mirrors of "Pride and Prejudice," and "Emma," and "Sense and Sensibility." Yet it is absurd to use the word "greatest" or "great" or "greatness" in discussing the creator of ELIZABETH BENNET. Literary distinction she has, this kindly satirist of men and manners and the marriage market; delight she brings to the fireside reader, but greatness—would you speak of the greatness of a miniature or the greatness of a Pekingese?

"The Lethargic Public"

TO OUR MIND the one sure mark of a tuppenny critic or "pote" is this talk about "the lethargic public," which means in plain words: "These people are dull and mean since they do not listen to *me*." We doubt it. There never was a time in the whole recorded history of the world when so many were reading, thinking, alert, and responsive to new ideas as now in this year 1914. Some of our most characteristic practices in business and politics are coming to be founded on this fact. But the world cannot listen to every mouse squeak of egoism. There isn't time.

Safety

FRANCE'S leading tourist aviator, M. CHAMPEL, has been carrying passengers from Port Aviation for some three years. He has taken up 1,772 different persons in that time—once 52 in one day—without an accident. Here is an incident in the history of civilization which many of us read without being stirred, while we get thrills out of reading something much less striking in GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The Coming of Spring

JOHN BURROUGHS is seventy-seven years old, God bless him, but when a man has passed seventy-five the years don't really signify. One is grateful to JOHN BURROUGHS for a great many things; one of them is the wholly unaffected love for nature and his fellow men that he has proved during all these years. Opening one of his books the other day (it happened to be called "A Year in the Fields") we found it asking the question: "From what fact or event shall one really date the beginning of spring?" And then one finds the answer:

> The little piping frog usually furnishes a good starting point. One spring I heard the first note on the 6th of April; the next on the 27th of February; but, in reality, the latter season was only two weeks earlier than the former. When the bees carry in their first pollen, one would think spring had come. Yet this fact does not always correspond with the real stage of the season. Before there is any bloom anywhere, bees will bring pollen to the hive. Where do they get it?

The coming of spring is indicated to us in more ways than one—in city or country. For instance, there is that yearning we have to cut loose and desert the ship of state and the markets and the magazine office and to spend our days afield. Sometimes we yield to that instinct—and break off in what is really only the middle of the editorial paragraph.

The Why of Immorality

EVERY SO OFTEN some person with an unoccupied mind rises up to argue whether dancing, drink, cards, or what not is "the greatest cause of sin." This is the old excuse of the scapegoat, the old refusal to see that every mature human being is a responsible chooser of good or evil. To all these evasionists we can only recommend this saying, attributed to the Founder of the Christian religion:

> For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders.

Manners and Marriage

ONE OF THE MORE UNRELIABLE New York morning papers quotes this observation:

> "At least three nights a week," says a European suffragist, "a husband ought to utterly forget that he is married, throw aside every thought of domesticity, and go forth to battle with his fellows for another woman's smile."

Very likely nobody ever did say just this, but it is sap-headed enough to have emanated from the feminist fanatics, and it does make indirectly a very important point. One of the worst things about family life is the way in which people get to take things for granted, to presume and impose on the kindness of those who should be nearest and dearest to them. Suppose we really felt all the time that we had to try for the favor of those we care about? Getting married even does not give anyone a permanent tenure of the other person's good will. It is a stock incident in our fiction that relatives are apt to be on terms of ill will and suspicion. They may never have engaged in active hostilities, but they have bumped and rubbed one another sore: their present relations are the logical result of hundreds of small acts of rudeness, selfishness, and neglect. What they need above all else is an intensive politeness, a strict observance of one's manners *within* the family circle. Why should not the married man battle for his own wife's smile "at least three nights a week"?

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World's-End

Chapter XVII
The Guilt of Queen Guinevere

By Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

A WEEK after Richard's departure Owen took Dempsey to join her chaperon at Hot Springs, and Mr. Nelson and Aunt Charlotte returned to Nelson's Gift.

"We three lone women roam about this house 'like mice in a cathedral'—as Sir Oliver Lodge says that electrons do in atoms," remarked Mary, as the last carriageful of guests drove off. She slipped her arm about Phœbe, who was standing on the lowest front step, where she had gone to give her father a last good-by kiss. "Poor little grass widow," she said, "you mustn't look so forlorn. What can we do, Sally, to cheer her up?"

"I'm a rather broken reed for cheerfulness myself," said Sally dryly. "I am going to the last resource—duty—for comfort: to write some letters that I've long neglected." And she ran off to her own room.

"What shall we do, mouse?" said Mary, feeling a little vexed with Sally. She thought that Phœbe looked very pale, and she didn't like those purplish shadows under her eyes. She was beginning to think that Phœbe's persistent idea of Sally's dislike for her was not all imaginary. "Shall we walk, or ride, or have a game of tennis?"

"You're *so* sweet to me, Cousin Mary," said Phœbe in her old, girlish way, leaning her cheek against Mary's arm. "But I feel so tired somehow to-day. If you don't mind, I think I'll just go and lie down in my own room for a little while."

And she, too, slipped off.

Mary stood, looking after her, and determined to advise Owen as soon as he returned to ask Charles Patton to have a look at Phœbe. "The child's dreadfully run down," she thought. "She's such a sensitive thing, though—I wonder if Sally's attitude toward her has anything to do with it? What a dreadfully complex thing 'family life' is!"

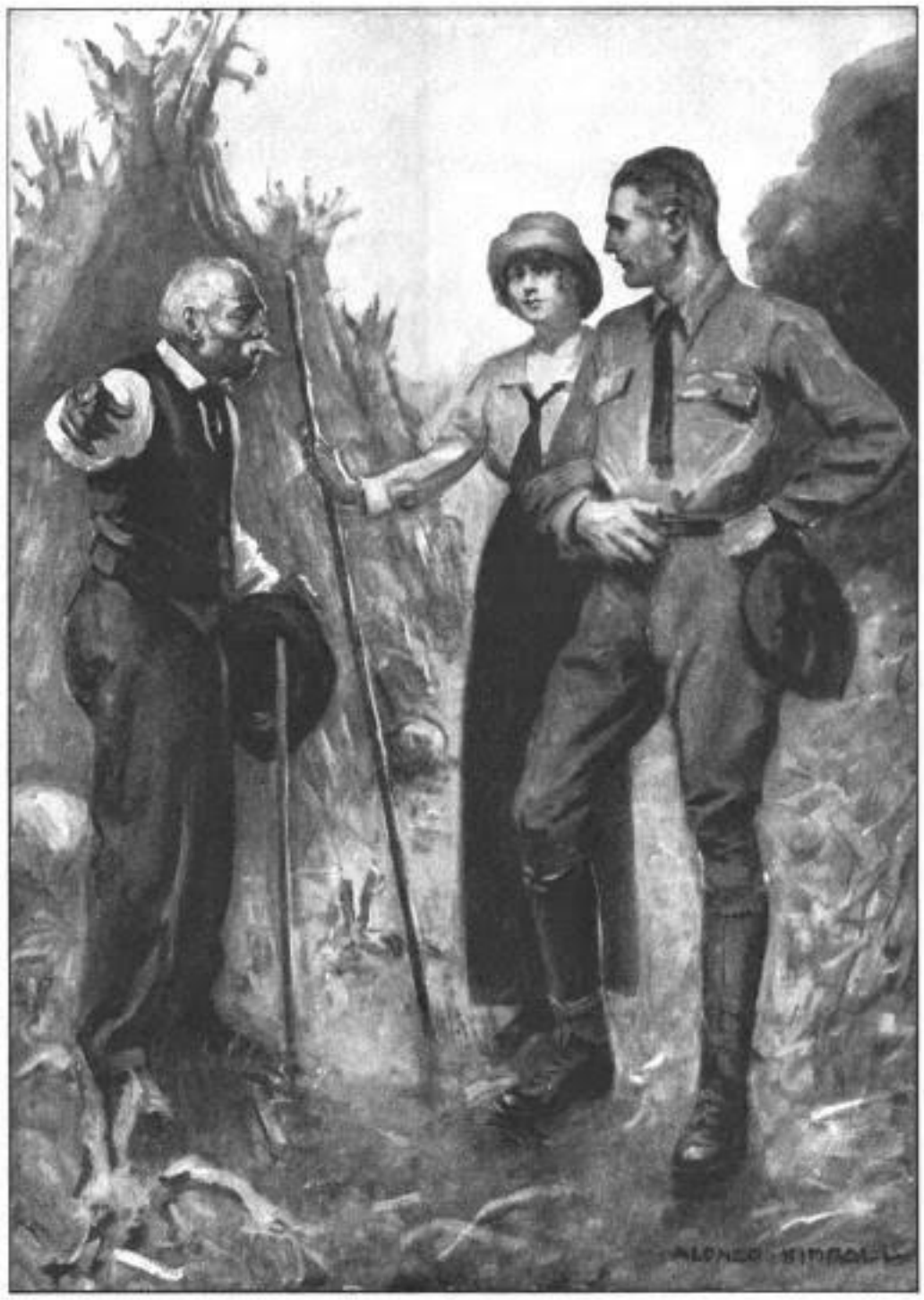
PHŒBE, lying listlessly on the lounge in her bedroom with the little lace pillow pressed against her cheek, was gazing absently at the gray, flower-filled cornucopias on the old carpet, and wondering how often she would be called on to bear the horror of Richard's presence—whether, indeed, she could bear it more without going out of her mind.

It seemed to her that her head had felt very queer and empty ever since he had come. All the past joy lay on her heart like the withered leaves on the autumn paths outside. Only there was no gardener in her heart to sweep away these leaves. And she seemed to see her heart, a little feverish red ball wrapped in moldering leaves. She turned over and brushed the hair from her face, holding it back with both hands, and staring up now at the ceiling. One, two, three—four flies. She thought all the flies died on some mysterious date in October. How had these come there? Probably the warmth of the wood fire had brought them to life again. She counted them over, then back again—now straight across, now diagonally.

"How stupid my mind is!" she thought. "It's so tired, yet it goes working over a silly thing like counting flies. Now, if I told him—if I got him to come here in this room—all alone—the moment he comes back—and told him everything—how would that be? It might be better than this feeling I have all the time now—all the time—even in dreams. Yes—suppose he turned me out of the house—the poor baby and me—at least I would feel honest. This horrible, slimy feeling of hypocrisy would be gone. But then—"

"Well—you see," she said aloud, as if addressing some one, "I would so much rather be dead than be without his love." The sound of her own voice speaking in the empty room gave her a scared feeling, and, strange to say, a feeling of the room's not being empty but filled with some silent, inimical presence. "It's as if we were never really alone," she thought, her heart beating faster. "As if there were—witnesses."

She turned over again, and again fell to staring at the gray cornucopias. What would he say if I told him? And suddenly her ears seemed ringing with vile epithets uttered in Owen's voice. She lay quite still, her heart beating faster and faster. She imagined him looking at her with a hard, jeering stare, cool as glass. She even imagined him striking her!



"Yes, suh, Marse Owen, dat's sho' Logan's tree. My gran'paw is ben tend' on yo' gran'paw whilst he wuz confabulatin' wid ole Logan hisse'f onder dat ve'y tree"

"Then what would I do? I would get down close to his feet like a dog—and kiss them—and perhaps he would kick me. No, no! I am going crazy!—I'm not thinking my own thoughts—something, *not me*—is thinking them in me. It's that thing that's in this room—watching me—hating me—"

SHE spoke aloud again before she knew it, sitting up and holding back her hair from her hot forehead with both hands.

"Well—you see," she said, as though addressing that invisible thing, "the wages of sin is death. But suppose death doesn't come? What pays sin, then?"

Her voice did not startle her this time. "What pays sin, then?" she repeated, frowning and looking at the wall before her, as though she expected an answer. She waited a moment and then said, still aloud:

"If death doesn't come, one can go after it and fetch it and pay oneself—yes, that must be the way. Is it the way?"

She waited again as if for the answer. It seemed to come from somewhere, for she lay down again with a heavy sigh, murmuring:

"Yes—of course—that's it. But it's very difficult to find death. It sounds easy in books—but really it's very—very difficult."

Here some one softly opened the door (she had forgotten to lock it), and Mary slipped in with a little tray on which was a glass of sherry and bitters and some delicate sandwiches.

Phœbe lay looking at her, still with the little pillow doubled against her cheek.

"I couldn't—I couldn't, Cousin Mary," she began murmuring, shivering with repulsion. But Mary came and knelt beside her, speaking with quiet determination. She knew the master key to Phœbe's will.

"Listen, dear," she said, "do you want to meet Owen when he comes back to-morrow, looking like a blue-and white ghost? Do you want to be sent to some horrid place for your health, with domineering nurses bullying you from morning till night? Very well then—take what I've brought at once. I've been watching you. Owen asked me to. You haven't eaten a morsel, that *I've* seen, for nearly two days. Come, Phœbe—I assure you that Owen and Charles Patton, between them, will certainly pack you off to a sanatorium if they find you looking like this."

PHŒBE swallowed all the wine and ate a sandwich and a half with perfect meekness. Then she suddenly rebelled and pushed the plate from her with petulant disgust. "Not another mouthful—not if they sent me to prison," she said, half sobbing, half laughing.

Mary put down the plate, and, sitting down on the sofa, drew her into her arms as though she had been a baby.

"There—there—there," she said, rocking her gently. "Do you know, Phœbe, I believe all this is more mental than physical. I believe you've got something preying on your mind. Yes—I believe I know your secret, you little ostrich—*Phœbe!*" she called the next instant. The girl hung limp in her arms. She had fainted dead away.

Dreadfully frightened, Mary laid her flat on the sofa and rang for America on her way to the washstand for a wet towel.

Then as she knelt by her, trying to restore her, she thought suddenly:

"I wonder—I wonder if it could be—*that*."

But by "that" Mary only meant that she wondered if Phœbe might perhaps be going to bear Owen a son.

AS SOON as he saw her on his return from the Hot Springs next evening, Owen was struck by the sudden change in Phœbe, just as Mary had been the day before. It was as if some deep-seated inner illness had suddenly sent its painful signal into her pale face and heavy eyes. But when Mary spoke of this to him, and asked if he did not mean to have Dr. Patton see her at once, he said no, that he thought Patton was not needed just now, and this confirmed Mary in her own secret thought of yesterday.

Owen, standing alone over his study fire, mused deeply and painfully. Some way must be found out of this impasse. He could not leave her to sit alone in the dark jail of her thoughts, like the poor wretch in Poe's story on whom the walls closed inch by inch every day. Yet how—how? In some way—by some means he must manage to impart more clearly to her his views on certain questions—on the general question of sin and the forgiveness of sin. In a general way she knew his opinions on that subject—knew that he held no narrow, harsh views of women whom the world called "disgraced" or "lost"; but from the very closeness of the subject to her own piteous case he had never ventured to speak more than casually on such topics. Now the time had come when it would be a kind cruelty to wound her by direct allusions to instances of a like nature, and by so doing clearly and emphatically to make known to her his own attitude toward them. Yes, he must make her see

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once and for all that in his innermost thought it was by bad faith she had chiefly wronged him—not by a fault committed before she loved him, but by her silence in regard to that fault—her lack of truth with him. He felt sure that once he had expressed himself fully, clearly, strongly in the matter, she would speak out as he knew that she longed to, and her heart would be freed from the load which now seemed eating into it like a cancerous tumor, that, long torpid, has suddenly, under some hidden stimulus, renewed its deadly florescence. She would see how, when he knew all, he could still love and honor her for all that was loveworthy and honorable in her, clean forgiving and forgetting the wrong that she had wiped out by confession. She must realize that he was one who left the dead past to bury its dead—and that in his view the woman who has yielded unwisely to love has not by that one act shut herself out from all other love and the respect of those who obey a larger commandment than that written on the tables of the pharisaical.

AH, how well he understands how it all happened with her—poor child, so young, so undisciplined—not half sensing where codes and conventions are weak and where strong; then slowly, as we all win our souls, coming little by little to the knowledge from within as well as from without, that bad faith is at bottom the crime, the core of all crime. How well he divined the sense of cowardly hypocrisy that was gnawing her—the remorse for the lie that she had acted to him—and the fear, the dark, dreadful fear that were she to tell him now he would turn from her with scorn and loathing.

"If I can't ease that sweet heart of hers, and bring her to confide in me wholly—I'm no man, but a straw image," he thought grimly.

THE next day was clear and mild, though the blue haze had increased till the mountains looked like scenery in a dream.

"Let's go wandering, dear," said Owen to Phœbe, as they stood in the south portico after luncheon, watching the gardeners raking up the short grass from the lawns which had just been shaven. "You won't even need a hat—just put on boots and gaiters so that we can go into thickets and 'brier patches' if we like—and then let's explore the whole farm."

"Oh, I'd *love* to!" said Phœbe, a timid joy stealing into her shadowed eyes. "It always makes me happy to go over the farm with you."

She ran off and was back in ten minutes in a short skirt and stout little boots and shooting gaiters.

"We'll take in the stables on our way out," said Owen; "I want to have a look at that foreleg of Paternoster's."

He took some apples from a basket on one of the hall tables, and they went across the western lawn toward the stables.

THE mellow October sun flooded the world, softly, clearly, like a great, golden sea whose bed was the arable soil tilled by little mortals. Against the vague blue hills and distances the autumn woods hung like an arras of lovely faded tapestry, with now and then the more vivid accent of some frost-reddened tree spreading the great posy of its branches against the vaporous azure.

On every side man, tiller of the soil, was at his labors. Here the great fields of maize, their tassels twelve to fifteen feet above the dark red earth, were beginning to go down beneath the gray blades of the corn knives; there, a spike team—two milk-white Clydesdales and a gray—plodded soberly, slanting forward in the strain of plowing—along the shoulder of a hill where wheat had been harvested in June. The rich, share-sleeked clods—violet brown in this fat "bottom" fell, slowly turning like a sluggish, heavy wave in the wake of the plow. And that freshest, sweetest, most mysterious of all fragrances, the scent of newly broken earth, floated dank and cool into the sunlit air.

HIGH in the dreamy sky a buzzard—ignoblest of birds, noblest of aeronauts—sailed on moveless wings as though dozing, in its assured, contemptuous flight above a world that creeps and clambers.

And softly, rhythmically, like the beating of the day's heart under its blue gauzes, the regular "rap-rap, rap-rap" of the apple packers' hammers sounded from the distant orchards.

As they stood on the flight of stone steps sunk in the turf near the box hedge that divided the western lawn from the paddocks they could see the little Green-Flower, stained (*Continued on page 26*)

The American Savage



By Edith Orr

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

NONE of the other Americans at the Prince de Galles knew Mr. Frank Connor of New York City.

We told our French and English friends that he was not the kind of American we were in the habit of meeting. We said it frequently and passionately; for the longer an expatriate remains away from home the more firm and uncompromising is he as to what a "nice" American must not be.

Our French and English friends listened to us politely and went away to speak of Mr. Connor not merely as an American, but as "*the* American."

Some of us grew heated, as tales of his exploits got about, and descended from phrases of lofty contempt to terms quite unpleasant and unmistakable, as "bounder," "sweep," and "apache."

It was rumored that he was a professional gambler; and that his knowledge of chances had enabled him to break the bank across the bay. Certainly he had broken it, for he boasted of the adventure and others had seen him in the act.

The hotel was full of Russians of a more or less doubtful cast, and Connor was constantly to be seen with them. It was said that he was teaching them our national game of poker and had won from them fabulous sums.

He used to swagger every night into the café of the Casino, seat himself at one of the little drab iron tables, and, if the waiters were not immediately attentive, beat upon it with his big right fist.

HIS clothes were the evening clothes of civilization; the difference was in the way he wore them. His hands played about impatient of the restraining cuff; his neck jerked fiercely against the collar; his shirt bosom creaked. He had a tremendous jaw, a challenging eye, and a shock of thick, black hair. When he walked or moved his right shoulder went first.

"Bring me a silver fizz," he would say in a lordly and contemptuous tone.

And when a waiter mournfully thought that they had not a silver fizz, he would want a gin rickey, and when the gin rickey was not forthcoming and Scotch or rye was suggested, he would wearily command the one or the other and look about for sympathy at being stranded in a benighted land. If the waiter was not quick enough he would ask what was the matter with him and had he the sleeping sickness.

MY COMPATRIOTS said no one ever acted like that at home; but sometimes it seemed to me that I had not been so refined before I left America. Anyway it was not long before I was the only American at the Prince de Galles who knew Connor.

He was "with" a firm in New York, and had been sent abroad to buy goods. Having accomplished in two weeks what was expected to take a month, he was treating himself to a holiday. Connor was quite frank in his general condemnation of the whole continent. He objected to the absence of anything you could really call breakfast and the invariable presence of diplomat pudding at dinner. He considered the business methods of Europe antiquated and pictured the whole Old World slumbering on in happy and ridiculous obsolescence.

HE HAD been particularly disappointed in the gambling arrangements of Europe, to which he had looked forward, I gathered, as to some new enchantment of the senses.

He had expected scenes of lurid abandonment; beautiful women laughing feverishly as they swept into their laps great piles of gold and notes, desperate characters watching the last Napoleon fade away and going out to shoot themselves. He himself had accomplished the great adventure, and it had left him cold and unsatisfied.

"I broke the bank. Sure I broke the bank. But it took me a week to do it, and all the good it did was to put one table out of business, while I ambled over to the next and lost the last red I'd made."

I mentioned the game of poker. Connor grinned. I was on the right track here. He admitted he had a regular class in poker, including one Belgian count, a French prince, a German baron, and Russians uncountable.

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He blurted it out—the fatal truth. "What do you know about this? The old lady asked me what my intentions were "

"Show a man with a handle to his name a legitimate business proposition and he'll act like it was the cholera; show him a phony game of chance and he'll buck it every time. And not men only, mind you. Inside of three days, if you'll believe me, I had a lady sending me messages and begging to be let in!"

"Did you let her in?"

"No, it wasn't the place for a woman, not even a Russian. She was a Russian, a Russian princess. I got up a little quiet game with her, her nephew, and an old sport they call the General."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know what her regular name is. They just call her Tatiana Alexandrovna when they speak to her. I don't know *what* to call her myself."

"Good loser?"

"Fine. Seems to like to lose. She's a queer old party—and a *princess* too, mind you!"

THE old Princess Tatiana Alexandrovna—known in French simply as Mme. Makaroff—was a familiar sight to all frequenters of the Casino. She came every year before the season had really dawned and left only when the plane trees had come into leaf. It was currently rumored that she brought with her always 50,000 francs in gold, which, with careful husbanding, saw her through the season. The rest of the year she spent on her country estate far from Petersburg, where, in pitiful economies, she made up for the ravages of the past year and prepared for the glories of the next. She was old and fat and her face was pear-shaped, like that of Louis Philippe or a Chinese idol, and day after day she was the first at her favorite roulette table and the last to leave. She always sat at the right of the croupier, just in front of Rouge, her white jeweled old hands crossed behind her piles of gold and silver.

She had a last remaining daughter, or rather stepdaughter, with her that year. Her own daughters she had succeeded in marrying off years before. She had a dame de compagnie for the young girl, who was never seen in the Casino, and very seldom with Mme. Makaroff at all.

CONNOR accosted me one morning and asked me if I were going to the ball at the Cercle Nautique that night. Some one had sent me a card, but the doubtful glories of a club ball had not fired my imagination.

"Come on," urged Connor mysteriously.

"You going?"

"Sure. Taking a lady friend. Come on. *I'll introduce you to her.*"

Something in the words or his manner piqued my curiosity. I went. The cotillion was at its height when I entered the ballroom.

Connor, his mighty arms flung high in air, came sliding the length of the polished floor, while all in his path scattered to cover.

The favor for that figure, a rope of flowers, he curled like a reata in spirals about his head. Coming abreast of the hapless chosen one, he shot it out to fall about her shoulders. Her he straightway grasped and whirled into the maze in a step reminiscent of the café dance of that season.

I thought I might have to save him from lynching; but Connor was the hit of the evening.

"He is amazing, splendid, that big savage there."

"They are all like that, the Americans."

His neighbors shrugged their shoulders and looked approvingly after the wild American, as if applauding a new and eccentric vaudeville turn.

As Connor passed on in the dance he favored me over the head of his partner with a long, slow contortion of the face, beginning at the left eye and traveling downward. So I understood that his partner of the moment was the "lady friend."

With the next revolution I saw her face. It was a surprising face. She was a girl, almost a child, slight, fair, exquisite. She had yellow hair, a skin like milk, and slanting Tartar eyes. Her frock was perfection in simplicity. She had an indefinable, untouched, hothouse look that went very badly indeed with Connor and a ball at the Cercle Nautique.

Connor swaggered up to me when the figure was over.

"Some class to that little girl, what?"

I pretended to congratulate him; but suddenly I felt annoyed with Connor and sorry that I had come.

"They ain't used to real men over here." His complacent vanity was magnificent.

"Who is she?"

"The old lady's stepdaughter, just out of a French convent. She hasn't really made her début, but seeing it was me they made an exception. Come along; I'll introduce you, and you can have the next dance with the little girl."

"Have you asked permission?"

"Have I asked permission? Why, man, I *brought* her here! Brought the old lady along because she threw a fit about me taking the little girl alone. What would I ask permission for?"

His face expressed such amazement that I forebore to press the question.

THE little girl did not seem to be so happy as a fledgling ought to be at her first ball. As we bore down upon her, she shrank farther into the shadow cast by her ponderous stepmother and looked down at the fan in her lap, which she was nervously opening and folding again.

The old princess, blinking her inscrutable eyes, was very cordial in a spidery kind of way. She assured me she found it enchanting to make the acquaintance of a friend and compatriot of our dear Mr. Connor.

"Indeed my little one will be very glad to dance with you. You must be patient with her. She does not dance very well yet, do you, chérie?"

"But, mamma," said the girl in French, very low, not looking at anyone, "I cannot. I promised this one to Stepan—to Lieutenant Scribin."

An immaculate youth, whose shoulders and bearing suggested gold lace and buttons, was at that moment hanging his hands and drooping his neck in a bow just beside her.

"My cousin was to save this for me," he said sweetly.

I was rather glad to get out of the affair with honor and was about to make way for the young Russian. But I had reckoned without Connor.

"What d'you mean?" he cried, turning red down to his collar. "You can't butt in on us this way, Lieutenant. She's here with *me*. I brought her. If I bring up any friend of mine, I don't care who it is, I expect him to get a square deal."

"I promised the dance to my cousin," murmured the girl, gentle but very obstinate.

CONNOR turned to her with heavy and jocular gallantry. "But you hadn't any business to make promises, young lady—see what I mean? You've got to leave promises to me. Ain't I right, ma'am?"

The old woman took us all in appraisingly from under her heavy, white lids. There was a look of sinister amusement on her face as at some joke she was sure no one but herself was clever enough to see.

"Be a good boy, Stepan," she croaked. "Let the American gentleman dance with Marya—"

Just what happened after that I do not exactly know. I seemed to myself to be apologizing and about to take myself away. Marya was thanking me with a shy look, and about to put her hand into that of her cousin. There was a rush as of a rocket mounting into space, and the young Russian and I were left staring at each other, while Connor whirled his "lady friend" on his fiery way.

Lieutenant Scribin turned very red and then very pale, put his heels together, bowed, and strode significantly out of the room.

"Oh la-la-la-la!" observed Mme. Makaroff quite comfortably. "How droll these young men are! Sit down, monsieur, and amuse an old woman."



"You can't butt in on us this way, Lieutenant. She's here with me. I brought her"

I sat down beside her. Of course it was not right to talk to her as I did, but a mature and sane American objects to being drawn out by a wily Continental as if he were a simple child. Besides there is something in the sound of French from my own lips that intoxicates me and makes me want to tell lies.

I WAS an old friend of Mr. Connor's? she began.

Of course I was. Oh, very, very old. We had gone to school together.

Then surely I knew his family. It was distinguished, one could see that, in his native land.

Most distinguished.

His father had been a merchant, he had told her.

Perfectly.

In America all merchants are rich—was it not so? Of course—Cresuses.

We had such extraordinary ideas of riches. Such imaginations—staggering! Now what would I call rich?

I? Oh, I wouldn't call anything wealth under 25,000,000 francs.

Mr. Connor?

Had doubtless the same ideas.

The old Princess blinked her eyes like a sleepy boa constrictor. She did not go on. She did not want to go on. She remained where she was and mentally wallowed in the gorgeous idea of 25,000,000 francs in heaps of gold around her.

I left her, politely I hope, and went for a walk along the sea front, feeling very much disgusted with everything. The waves broke, pounding on the beach, and the scent of the mimosa mingled with the sharp smell of brine. I wished I were a Russian and in love with a young slip of a cousin.

THE band played merrily away the next morning in its little round bird cage. The sun shone cheerfully. Promenaders chatted and were gay; dapper little Frenchmen, sputtering Germans in Tyrolean hats, actresses from Paris, handsome Jews from Vienna, swarthy Turks draped in their own wares of laces and tinseled scarfs, straight-haired English children with their prim governesses, priests with green-lined umbrellas.

Alone on a bench sat Connor, his Panama hat drawn down over his eyes, his great hands dangling between his knees. He lifted his eyes heavily as I spoke to him and they were red and bloodshot.

"Say," he began. "It's no use—I got to go home and get out of this."

I seated myself beside him.

"What's wrong, Connor? You were the 'belle of the ball' when I left you last night. Does Lieutenant Scribin want to fight, and has he sent a friend to wait upon you?"

"Him? No, I ain't laid eyes on him. He's the least of my troubles. He's sweet on the girl, I guess, but I don't think he'd queer my game much." He puffed out his chest at the thought, and the action seemed to restore his usual complacence.

"It ain't the Lieutenant. It's the old lady—"

"What's she up to?"

He turned red: "You saw what I did last night—I was sorry to turn you down, being a friend, but it was a case of Russia against the whole United States."

"That was all right."

"Well, they can't make me see I did anything but what any gentleman would do in defense of his rights—I took her to that party and no one else had any

(*Continued on page 23*)

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Miss Pearl Vogel "swearing in" Coxey volunteers

Coxey's Second Army Opens the Spring Campaign

THE first division of Coxey's Army to start on the march to Washington—2,000 unemployed men who were enlisted in San Francisco—did not have far to go to engage in battle. In Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, 250 policemen armed with rifles routed the army, put it on street cars and shipped it to the railroad town of Richmond, ten miles north. In Richmond the army amused itself with an attempt to demolish a storage building, so policemen arrested a few of the leaders and temporarily dispersed the rest of the army by charging it with clubs.

Our photograph above shows Miss Pearl Vogel, journalistically described as "a second Joan of Arc," swearing in Division One in a San Francisco public square.



Wrecking Freight Cars to Provide a Dike

WHILE the East and the North were struggling in snow, southern California was being drenched with damaging rains. The snapshot above shows one of the emergency measures taken in Los Angeles to control the waters of Los Angeles River. Five freight cars were shunted into the river to prevent the swollen stream from eating farther into the bank and destroying warehouses.

In the neighborhood of Los Angeles six lives were lost and the flood damages exceeded $3,000,000.



LAVA-HEATED WATER, *which made sea bathing possible in February, was a small compensation granted to the survivors of the volcanic eruption that devastated Sakura Island, Japan*



BY SAWING OFF *the two highest branches of a pine tree and nailing a crosspiece on their stumps, Howard Tyrrell, a forest guard in the Klamath National Forest, California, has a lookout seat 100 feet above ground. He sleeps on a platform in the limbs. A trapeze, shown above, saves him time in descending*

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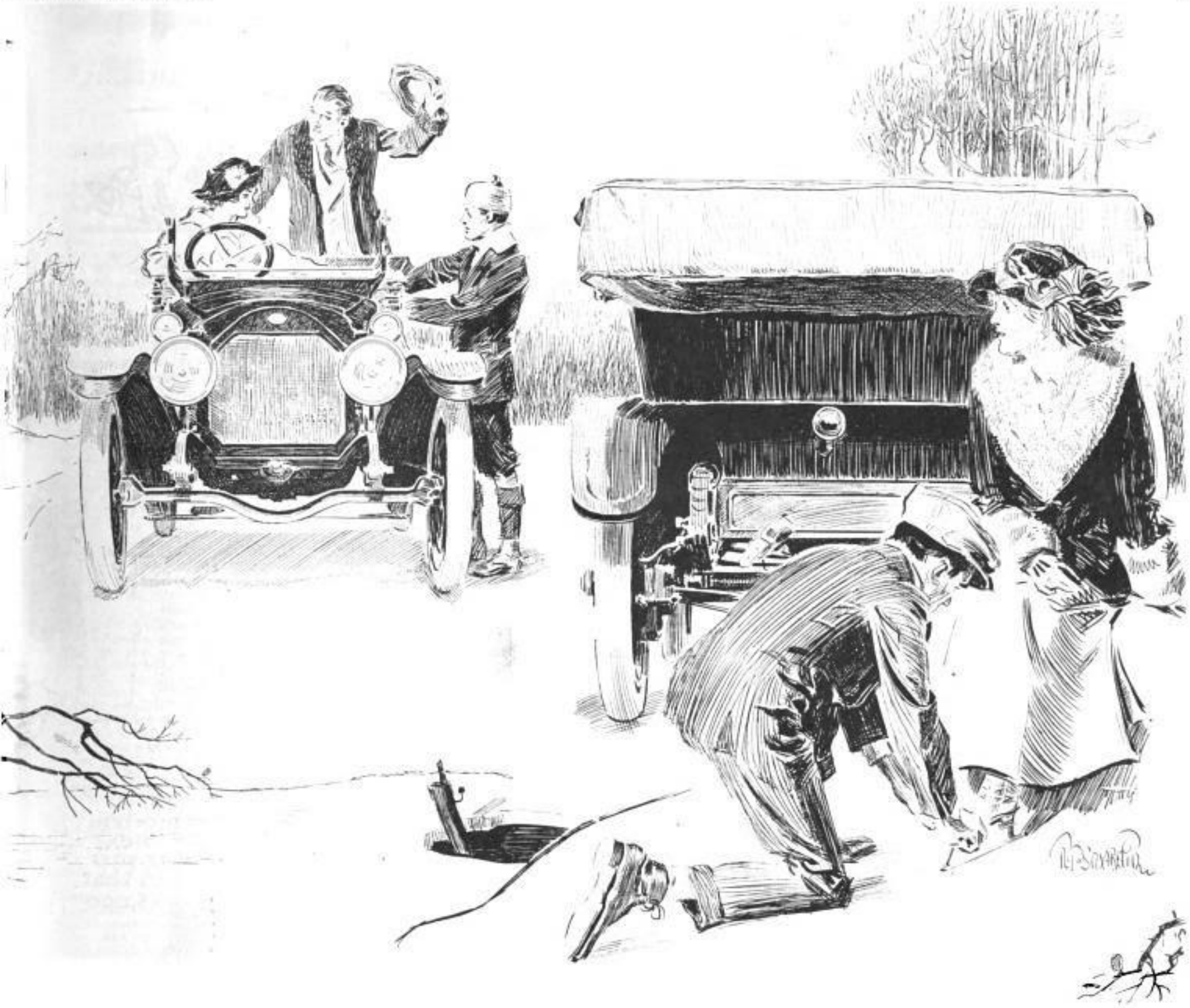
From the standpoint of *power*—the Overland is a big powerful smooth running 35 horsepower car; economical to operate; easy to drive.

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Pickups

By Grantland Rice

The Duffer's Dream

With any necessary apologies

ONE night a Duffer dreamed that he had died
And that his wretched, balky soul had skied
To Heaven's gate, where, finding it was locked,
He clamored "Fore" and hammered, rapped, and knocked.

"Who comes," St. Peter cried, "with all that din?"
"A Duffer," cried the soul; "please let me in."
"And what is that," he heard the good saint say,
"That you should hear the golden harps at play;
What have you done upon that earth so drear
That you should mingle with the angels here?
Put me adjacent to a Duffer's fate"—
And this reply came drifting through the Gate—

"A Duffer's fate? I pray you lend an ear
And be prepared, O Saint, to shed a tear;
For thirteen years the ancient green I baffled,
Sliced, hooked and foozled, topped and smeared and schlaffed,
Spending my days in bunkers, traps, and worse,
Dividing time between a sob and curse;
Losing each time I struck a swinging blow
A new white ball at sixty cents a throw,
Until a wreck, with tangled nerves awry,
I had naught left except an alibi.

"A Duffer's fate? To work your soul apart
And then get worse each time you make a start;
To be ashamed at any time or place
To look your anguished caddie in the face;
To know your friends, each time that you alight,
Are diving swiftly from your anxious sight;
To get an 'eight,' a 'seven,' and a 'ten,'
A 'nine,' a 'six,' and then an 'eight' again;
To flub your drive and take three putts or more,
While those behind are loudly yelling 'Fore'—
To know each year the selfsame bitter lot—
You have the facts—do I get in, or not?"

"Here is the key," St. Peter said. "Come through—
Heaven, I think, was built for such as you;
Choose any harp among these scenes of mirth—
O blighted soul, you had your Hell on earth."

In Warning

AS THESE death-defying phrases are being propelled to press, word comes to us that the demand for colored wigs will soon be abundant and that the two favored fashion tints will be purple and green.

Less than a hundred years ago the most appealing outdoor sport among a good many Indians was to rush upon their prey, first tomahawk their victims and then tear their reeking scalps loose with savage yells of exultation.

We have never tomahawked nor scalped a lady in our life, as far as we can remember, but if we ever meet a dame attached to a purple or green wig and there is a tomahawk, hatchet, ax, baseball bat, or brick in quick reach, we state flatly right here that



we will not be responsible for what may happen. We have an iron will, one that is under wonderful control, but after all there are certain limits.

The Turkey-Trot Variety

Lives of dancers oft remind us
How to work the jamboree,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Finger prints from neck to knee.

Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a proud dame who wore the long, dangling earrings so highly esteemed in Fifth Avenue and Fiji Island society.

The aforesaid attachments to the punctured lobes of her shell-like listeners increased her good looks and generally attractive appearance by at least 47 per cent. In fact, they looked good on her.

Moral—Munchausen and Ananias never dreamed of one like this, even in midseason form.



The Revised Version Being—

THE time I've spent in wooing,
In courting and pursuing
The Tango Glides
And Maxixe Slides
Have been my soul's undoing.

Though teachers oft have sought me,
I smeared the lore they taught me,
And twisted pegs
And tangled legs
And woe is all it's brought me.

Panning the Pessimist

A CERTAIN morose pessimist remarked lately that the present era had become entirely too swift—that old-fashioned decency was no longer part of the parade.

After a thorough investigation of the present status of things in general, we are glad to be able to report that he was entirely out of focus. Outside of an indecent tendency in our popular songs, our dances, our drama, a good part of our literature, most feminine apparel, and a section of our political life, the situation apparently is fairly well arrayed in cleanly garb. But you can't persuade a pessimist to look in this direction. Benighted wight that he is, he still insists that there is room for a trifle more decency in a few sparsely scattered spots. Which, of course, there isn't.

Mack vs. McGraw

WITH full realization of all the bizarre wrinkles and kinks that might assail expected developments through seven months of baseball, it is difficult to see how any outside stymie will be able to prevent Mr. John J. McGraw of New York and Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy of Philadelphia from meeting in their fourth world-series clash this coming fall.

Neither machine is old yet, except in victory. Both have added to their 1913 power, which was strong enough then to suppress all pennant competition. And in both circuits the Federal array has come handily to their aid, weakening competition by heavy raids upon the Phillies and the Cleveland Naps.

So it is that Giants and Athletics still look to be the class of the field, and, by all the laws of the dope, October will find us again watching Messrs. Mathewson, Marquard, Tesreau, Demaree, etc., endeavoring to ascertain just what peculiar variety it is that Messrs. Baker, Collins, etc., can't hit beyond the confines of the lot. All in all, it is a trying ordeal for Manager McGraw. By winning he will have achieved the distinction of being the first manager in over thirty years to attach four successive pennants in one of the Main Corrals. But by winning he must also pay the price of meeting that Mackian Avalanche again, a consummation devoutly to be spurned.

Have a Heart!

***Being forty years old, with seventeen big-league seasons already behind him, this will likely be Hans Wagner's last year.*—Baseball Note**

TELL us, Dear Time, in accents dire,
Caruso hours before the Fates;
Say that T. R. will soon retire
As Prexy Wilson abdicates;

Say that Maude Adams' day is through,
That Sothern fades behind the wings;
Or whisper Kubelik is due
To strum no more the living strings—

Take whom you will from any part,
If Fame's brief line-up you must rob;
But set some limit—have a heart
And leave that Dutchman on the job.

The Story of the Rose

SHE cut me loose from my swaying stem
In the sweep of the silver dew;
She took me away from my garden home
And the old-time friends I knew;
Away from the fold of my crimson clan
Through a hallway, dark and cool,
Where she buried my thirsty, drooping lips
In the depths of a crystal pool.

She brought me forth in the twilight's shade
With a smile, as her red lips pressed
Against my own, and her eyes were bright
As my head leaned to her breast;
And together we wandered forth again
Where the moon danced through the trees,
And the breath of my clan came back to me
On the drift of the twilight breeze.

Our pathway led to the garden gate,
When out through the moonlight clear
Another came up the winding road
With an old-time song of cheer;
And side by side on the rustic bench
They sat where the stars shone dim,
And when he left for the road again
He took me away with him.

. . . . . .

He opened the dusty book one night
Where I had lain through the years;
And his eyes, half closed in the lonesome room,
Looked down through the mist of tears;
And he held me there till the gray dawn swept
The shadow away with its gleams—
"Ashes of roses—" I heard him say—
"Ashes of roses—and dreams."



How It Worked

WITH the initial filing of the Income Tax we discovered only two classes that had any lusty roar to make by way of general complaint.

The first kick came from those with incomes large enough to be soaked. The second growl came from those with incomes too small to be considered. The citizen paying a tax of $35,000 on a $500,000 income was considerably peeved. The citizen with an income of only $1,000 was equally depressed because he didn't have the $500,000. Beyond which, income conditions appeared to be eminently satisfactory to the universe at large.

The Coat and the Lining

"WE PREFER the coat to the lining; the game to the score."—Theodore Andrea Cook, British delegate to the Olympic Games International Committee.

This is well enough as far as it goes, Mr. Cook, but does it travel the full distance?

It would be sap-headed folly, of course, to put the lining above the coat or the score beyond the game. But why not both the coat and the lining—the game and the score together?

As a matter of fact, in spite of theoretical dreams to the contrary, this is precisely what England does do, as well as America and every other red-blooded country which sends its entries to the field.

There are two main ingredients attached to any game—the first, to play cleanly and fairly; the second, to play hard to win.

The coat is a grand little institution. But the warm lining of victory has its place here and there to ward off the harassing chill of defeat.

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Getting Off on an Ocean Liner

By HOMER CROY

EVERY time I get on an ocean liner to go anywhere I feel frightened. The ship is so big and there are so many people and so much confusion that I feel as though I ought to be at home with the nurse.

I always wonder why they left the ship so far out at sea, for even though I ride to the end of the car line, or as far as the car will take me, my trip to the dock has just begun. It is always a long jaunt from the beginning of the covered dock to the ship. A person feels that he has been traveling a long time even to get to the liner. Somebody has always been there ahead of me and piled the wharf building high with boxes and barrels so that at every step I have to dodge a wharf worker to keep from being run down by a hand truck. The truck workers always seem to know the ship I am to sail on and get out in my path.

DURING the morning I arrive at the gangplank, but when I start up the guard tells me it is the wrong entrance. I have to walk back to the gatekeeper to ask where my gangplank is. It always seems that somebody with a low sense of humor has hidden my gangplank. No person with the instincts of a gentleman would do this. The gate guard looks at my stateroom number, points up to another deck, and motions off into the morning—I have been trying to get in with the third-class passengers! I walk through the littered wharf house again, dodging other truck handlers, and in the course of the morning arrive at another gangplank.

I START up, but a uniformed official stops me with a question. I converse with him until he feels that it will be safe for me to go aboard. I take a few more steps when another man thinks up a question and stops me. As I put my feet on the deck another guard is seized with an idea and comes up and asks a question.

With a suit case in each hand I start out to hunt for my stateroom. I decide to drop into my stateroom, leave my things and come up on deck to welcome my friends—it sounds so easy. I start down a companionway, struggling along in the dim light with my grips. In the narrowest passage I meet the fat man. On every ship there is one fat man who likes to linger in the narrow aisles.

I TRY to decipher the numbers over the doors, but the stateroom is in hiding. My key says C17 and it seems only natural that it should be near B18, but it is not. They have secreted C17 somewhere on the ship, but they shall not placate me. I don't want any of their placates, so I go on hunting for the stateroom. In peering along at the numbers I step off on a lower floor and bite my tongue. This makes me think even less of their placates.

Something within me struggles for expression, but the companionway is full of ladies. I go on the upper deck to find a member of the crew to get a clue to my stateroom, but all the crew seem to be on the gangplank asking questions. At last I see a uniformed man coming and step over to ask him the question, but he dodges out of sight down a stairway. I wait and wait until another comes by and step up to him with the words on my lips. He waves me to another man and hurries on. I gather from his actions that the ship wouldn't get off unless he personally superintended it. I am sorry that I stopped so important a man until I glance at his uniform and see that he is a deck hand with a regular income of $16 a month.

ANOTHER of the ship's crew comes into sight and I make for him. Although he sees me coming, he does not try to get away. After all there is one gentleman aboard. To him I put my question as to where C17 was last seen. He does not quite understand, so I repeat my question slowly and carefully. The man shakes his head and goes on—he doesn't understand English!

Bent and bowed with my suit cases, I stumble on, hunting for my stateroom. At last the number glistens above the door, and I eagerly fit my key into the lock. But the door opens only part way. I put my shoulder against the door and finally wedge in. The stateroom is full of grips, suit cases, and handbags of my traveling companion. I have not yet seen the person who is to share my stateroom with me, but already I have my opinion of him. The other man always has the most luggage. I kick his grips into a corner, put mine in the middle of the floor, and hurry out to look for my friends. I had told them to meet me on deck, but it hadn't occurred to me that there was a whole school of decks. At last I spy my friends and rush at them, but just then the whistle blows, and with a farewell wave they have to rush off.

AFTER the mate has hurried the last person off and drawn up the gangplank, I stand there waiting for the ship to pull out. My friends go down to the other end of the pier. The boat does not move. It does not offer to move; not a tug tightens. I spend the time in puzzling over the mystery of why they draw up the gangplank so far ahead of time and still make no move to be off. I sit down and wait awhile; then I stand up to see if that will hurry them. At last the boat finally gets going and we sail past the end of the pier and out into the bay and I wave and wave at my friends—without feeling quite sure that I recognize them.

Wanted

The Words of an Old-Time Song

Collier's is endeavoring to recover the words and music of a song which dates back to the original conquest of the Alleghenies. It is described in

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A Serial by

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"Pleasing both the eye and the taste, it combines a fresh *natural* color and flavor with a satisfying richness peculiar to itself. It is a delightful and appropriate soup-course with any dinner which is not extremely heavy.

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"Ahoy! Navalle-soups ne'ered
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Just bring me but some Campbell's kind
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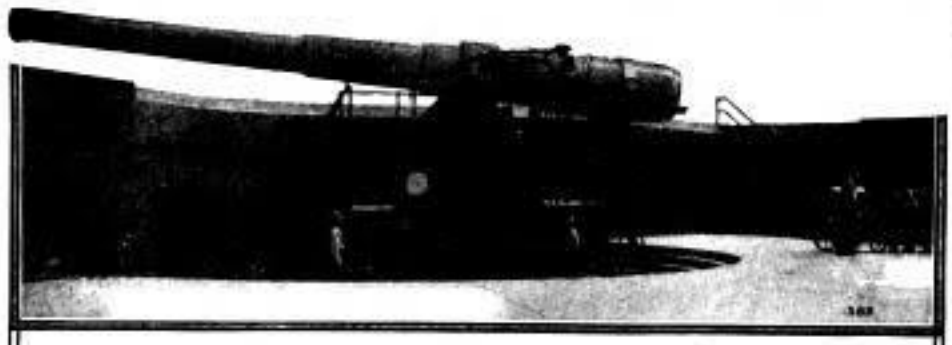
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Seventy-eight 8-horsepower Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors were ordered and specially built for the United States Government to operate 12-inch disappearing guns used in various fortifications along the sea coast.

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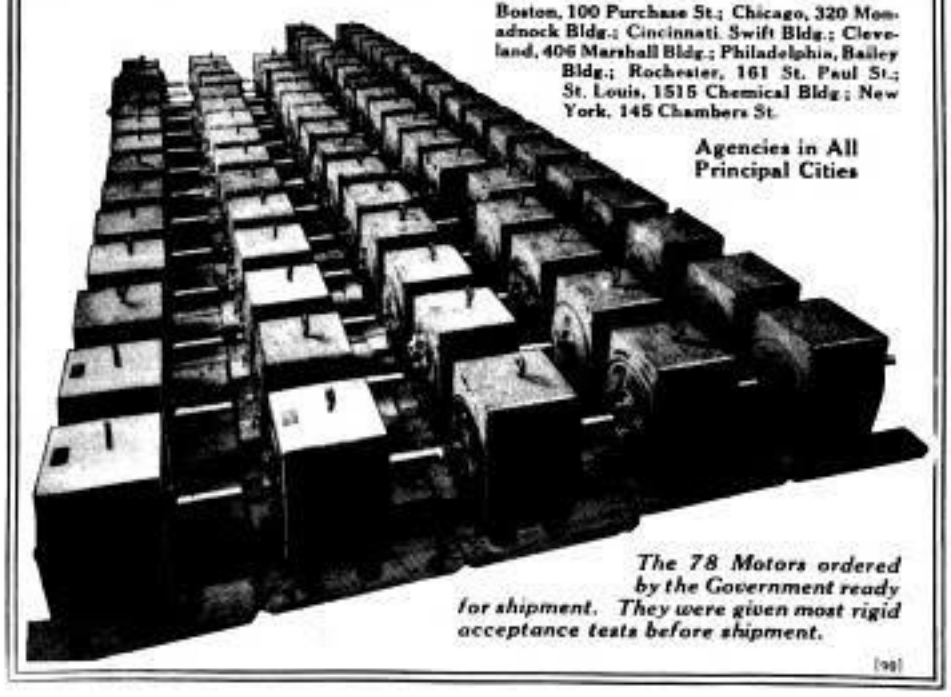
We invite the opportunity of aiding *you* in your power-problems as we are now aiding thousands of others.

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The 78 Motors ordered by the Government ready for shipment. They were given most rigid acceptance tests before shipment.

[99]

Round the Calendar with the Dope

THE patent-medicine quack and his lies are nothing new. He has been spreading the same snares ever since human nature existed. Even the device of using the season to tempt you to purchase nostrums is not fresh. "Max Adeler," an almost forgotten humorist of forty years ago, tells of an advertisement he read one winter:

The excessive moisture and the extreme cold and continuous dampness of winter are peculiarly deleterious to the human system, and colds, consumption, and death are very apt to ensue unless the body be braced by some stimulating tonic such as Blank's Bitters, which give tone to the stomach, purify the blood, promote digestion, and increase the appetite. The Bitters are purely medicinal and contain no intoxicating element.

Spring came, bringing all her blessings; and he read:

The sudden changes of temperature which are characteristic of the spring, and the enervating influence of the increased heat, make the season one of peculiar danger to the human system, so that ague, fever, and diseases resulting from impurities clogging the circulation of the blood can only be avoided by giving tone to the stomach and increasing the powers of that organ by a liberal use of Blank's Bitters.

When summer came he hoped for a respite. On the contrary:

The violent heat of summer debilitates and weakens the human system so completely that, more easily than at any other time, it becomes a prey to the insidious diseases which prevail during what may fairly be called the sickly season. The sacrifice of human life during this dangerous period would be absolutely frightful had not Nature and Art offered a sure preventive in Blank's Bitters, which give tone to the stomach, etc., etc.

"Nature and Art," as sponsors for patent medicine, is good. But autumn came at last with its life-giving breezes. Now he was confronted with this wisdom:

The miasmic vapors with which the atmosphere is filled during the fall of the year break down the human system and destroy life with a frightful celerity which is characteristic of no other season, unless the stomach is strengthened by constant use of Blank's Bitters, which are a sure preventive of disease, etc., etc.

THANKS to "Max Adeler" for his cycle of dosing! There has been no wiser or brisker comment on the way poor old Nature is made a stalking-horse for dope.

The Papered Door

(Concluded from page 7)

was frail. It would be a year perhaps before she could leave the children to seek any kind of employment.

The deadly problem of the poor, inextricably mixed as it is with every event of their lives, complicating birth, adding fresh trouble to death—the problem of money confronted her. Jim had been, in town parlance, "a poor provider," but at least she had managed. Now very soon she would not have that resource.

To get away from it all! She drew a long breath. From the disgrace, from the eyes of her neighbors, the gossip, the constant knowledge in every eye that met hers that her husband had intrigued with another woman and killed her. To start anew under another name and bring her children up in ignorance of the wretched past—that was one side.

BUT to earn it in this way—that was another. To sell out to the law! All her husband's weaknesses and brutalities faded from her mind. She saw him—with that pitiful memory of women which forgets all but the good in those they love—only as he had looked in the one great moment of his life an hour ago. Once again he was her hero—her lover: once again he held her in his arms. "I would like to feel that I have done one decent thing."

The battle waged back and forth. She no longer cried. There are some tragedies to which the relief of tears is denied.

Four o'clock.

She slipped the baby's head from her arm and got up. Cooper was still across the street, huddled against a house, stamping to keep warm and swinging his arms. In an hour the milk train would come in and wait on the siding for the express. That would have been Jim's chance. If he could get away, he could start all over again and make good. He had it in him. He was a big man—bigger than the people in the village had ever realized. They had never appreciated him—that was the trouble. Why should *she* have a fresh start? It was Jim who needed it. She moaned and turned her face to the pillow.

Five o'clock.

The milk train whistling for the switch. It was still very dark. She crept to the window and looked out. It was a gray dawn with snow blowing like smoke through the trees. The cold was proving too much for Cooper. He was making his way cautiously across the street through the snow toward the house. Once in the parlor again, she could get to the barn. The freight waited on the siding ten minutes sometimes, and tonight, with the snow, it might be longer.

She leaped off the bed and hurried down the staircase. Just before the front door opened to admit the detective, the kitchen door closed behind her. She was out in the storm.

She stumbled along, sometimes knee-deep, holding up her thin cotton wrapper.



"Don't jump at me like that. I've broken one of the baby's bottles and I am just about to sweep it up"

THE barn door was open and she slipped in.

"Jim," she called. "Jim!"

She was standing at the foot of the loft ladder, all her heart in her voice.

"I can't do it, Jim. I can't sell you out, even for the children, Jim!"

There was no sound from above.

She climbed up, trembling. The loft was dark. She would not believe the silence, must creep around to each corner.

"I can't do it," she said over and over. "I can't do it, Jim!" He was gone.

She felt her way down through the darkness and staggered to the door of the barn. Cooper was standing there quietly waiting for her.

From the railroad came the whistle of the express as it raced through, and the slow jangle of the milk train as the engine took up the slack.

"He's gone, Molly," said the detective. "He went out by Shultz's at a quarter to five. I guess he'll make his getaway." There was shame and something else in his eyes.

The freight had gathered way. As they listened it moved out on to the main track.

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The American Savage

(Continued from page 16)

call to butt in—but you can't make a foreigner talk sense or see reason—"

"Well?"

He blurted it out—the fatal truth.

"What do you know about this? The old lady asked me *what my intentions were*—"

I could not help it. He looked so helpless and bewildered, and the situation was so inane. When I had recovered from my mirth he was looking at me out of his blue eyes like a beaten dog.

One had to be serious. "Well—what are your intentions?"

"What are they? I ain't got any—never thought about having any. Don't think I want to tie myself up to a *foreigner*, do you? What would my poor old mother say?"

"But the girl, Connor. You must think about the girl. What do you suppose is her attitude?"

HE merely turned red, shook his head and rumbled in his throat.

"Say, honest, is the old lady stringing me? She says my attentions have been so conspicuous as to compromise her daughter—"

I thought a moment—it was hard to know where to begin.

"Their ideas are different from ours," I ventured.

"I should say they *was* different! Why, it ain't even decent, the way they look at things—why don't they wake up and learn better?"

"Perhaps they think we should learn better. See here, Connor, do you mind my asking a few questions?"

He growled out shamefacedly his willingness.

"Where did you first meet Mlle. Makaroff?"

"At a kind of tea party the old lady had—tea and wafers. Asked me to come in for the 'five o'clock,' so I went."

"You talked to Mlle. Makaroff?"

"Yes."

"Remember what you said?"

"Well—I told her she ought to come to New York and I'd give her an ice-cream soda and a box of good American candy every day of her life."

"Oh, you did!"

"Of course I did—why not? And then just to show I wasn't a four-flusher I sent up to Paris for ten pounds of American chocolates. Why, where was the harm in that?"

"Ever send her any flowers?"

"Yes. Two or three times—Roses and things. I was making enough off the old lady to afford it."

CONNOR was able to summon up a smile.

"And you took them to a ball and publicly insulted the girl's suitor?" I added mildly.

"I tell you I didn't insult him! He butted in. I invited the girl to that ball. If I took her there I had a right—"

"Certainly, Connor," I agreed in haste. "Of course you had. Every right. But you must remember they're on their own ground here and you aren't. I am credibly informed that in many unprogressive sections of European society a mere bunch of roses is equivalent to a declaration. I am afraid Mme. Makaroff was quite within her rights and not at all on the side of indelicacy in inquiring about your intentions."

He groaned. "Well, I'm on the level, and I don't want to treat any woman bad, even if she is only a Russian, but upon my soul I didn't mean a thing, any more than I'd have meant it at home. You know how it is with us. We ain't so afraid of a few roses or a few pounds of candy that we can't give 'em away unless we're ready to follow with a house and lot.

"Fact is," here Connor looked very sheepish, "there's a mighty fine girl back in little old New York I've done a heap of thinking about since I came over here."

"You haven't told that to Mme. Makaroff?"

HE blushed a blush of protest and righteous indignation. "It wasn't any of her business—a man ain't going around talking of a woman he really cares anything about to a gang of foreigners. You must think I'm all right!"

I thought of the innocent face of little Mlle. Makaroff and smiled. It is a funny world. Of course Connor was right according to his standards; it was merely a case of being right in the wrong place.

"It's mighty good of you, just the same," said Connor awkwardly. "It's none of your funeral."

THAT roused my sleeping conscience. It suddenly seemed to me I had not been behaving very well. I was particularly ashamed of the conversation I had had the night before with Mme. Makaroff.

So I talked to Connor like a father. I pointed out to him that there was no use sacrificing himself from a mistaken sense of honor, for a convention in which he himself did not believe—I touched on the absurdity, the impossibility from a practical point of view, of any such alliance. I told Connor I thought him justified in using any means whatever for squirming out of the trap. I came out strong on what seemed to me the key to the whole situation; namely, Mme. Makaroff's fond conviction, born of her own greed and fostered by Connor's generous habits and my irresponsible patter of the night before, that Connor was a millionaire.

I told Connor what I knew of the itch of the European palm for American gold and pointed out to him, as delicately as I could, that since like most of us he was *not* a millionaire, he had probably only to make that fact perfectly clear to Mme. Makaroff to find himself released with honor from the entanglement.

NOW Connor had assured me that he wanted to get out of it. He had even hinted that his heart was otherwise engaged. I showed him a perfectly respectable method of escape, one that razed the air castle to the level of everyday life. And he didn't like it. He didn't like anything about it. He *wanted* to close his eyes and walk into the trap.

The plain truth was that having once walked in the splendor of borrowed plumes Connor could not bear to strip himself of them. He could not face the thought of having Mme. Makaroff and her set know him as neither high born nor rich. He wanted to believe himself desirable because of the charm and prowess of his native manhood; but he had not the courage to put his faith in himself to the test.

That was the way I interpreted these simple words:

"Oh, I couldn't tell her that! And it wouldn't make any difference if I *did* tell her!"

So I gave him up.

And soon it became a familiar sight to see the savage led about in golden chains. Connor, looking sheepish but far from unhappy, attended the Makaroffs on the morning promenade, at luncheon, and at tea. Whether anything like a formal betrothal had taken place, I had no means of knowing, for my new-made friend avoided me from that time on; but current gossip made him out an accepted suitor. It seemed to be one of those things that couldn't possibly happen and yet there it was happening before one's eyes.

IT was toward midnight of a chilly day in April that there came a tremendous knock on the door, and to my surprise the knock was followed by Connor.

"Come in!" I begged him, and pushed the whisky and soda in his direction.

Connor still wore his morning clothes and there was a happy light in his eyes.

"Going to be married?" I asked him.

He grinned. "Nothing like that. I came to say good-by. Little Willie sails from Cherbourg the day after to-morrow. Just listen:

"I suppose you watched me playin' the kind-faced old cow in the midst of that Makaroff herd—things to all appearances going as merry as a wedding bell, and the bells themselves getting ready to ring. Some of the time it looked that way to me and then again it didn't. My feelings was various and mixed. For one thing I didn't take to the little girl really as I'd ought to have.

"Then the old lady had a lot of fool ideas that made me sore. Wouldn't leave us alone, and when I came around with the ring, took it all right, but wouldn't let the little girl wear it. Then Marya herself— Well I had reason to think I wasn't used right.

"You've seen that young Scribin feller around. Lieutenant Scribin, Marya's



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Every day, on the average, 400,000 housewives serve a Van Camp dish.

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All because our chefs produced a dish of Baked Beans which nobody ever matched. Then they applied the same skill to other things you like.

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PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

This Dish made these kitchens famous. The Chef who prepares it used to be a leading Parisian chef.

The Beans for this dish are picked out by analysis. The Sauce we bake with them has remarkable tang and zest.

Steam Ovens are used to bake them, and in very small parcels, so every bean comes out mealy and whole.

This Dish is supreme, and millions of people know it. No home can bake anything like it. No rival brand compares with it. Even the chefs in the finest hotels do not attempt to approach it.

Countless restaurants and lunch rooms, famed for their Baked Beans, serve nothing but Van Camp's. There are more than 500 in New York City alone.

Don't try to duplicate this Dish. It has never been done. And Van Camp's come to you with the fresh oven flavor—mellow and nut-like and zestful—at a cost of three cents per serving.

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FIFTY NINE YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

"I'll Quit Before I Make Panic Clothes!"

When "Hard Times" had become most acute, in 1893, when Almighty Dollar was sulking in his strong box, a delegation of Stein-Bloch salesmen called upon Nathan Stein, founder and upholder of this house.

"The public cannot afford to pay the prices asked for the clothes we are turning out," they said to him. "The only way to keep this business going is to make clothes that cost less."

Nathan Stein listened patiently. When the salesmen had finished, he sprang to his feet and fairly shouted the words quoted in the heading above. The meeting stood adjourned.

Some years later, when manipulation of cotton in clothes fabrics had become a fine art, and when it was difficult to obtain absolutely all-wool cloths that could be put into popular-priced suits and overcoats, this same Nathan Stein was importuned to lower his all-wool standard in order to meet competition.

"That isn't competition," he declared. "That's plain stealing. I won't talk about it. Good day."

These two incidents show how straight the Stein-Bloch trail has been through all the years—how straight it is today—how straight it will continue to be.

And they show why it is that clothes made by this house are *character* clothes.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

New York Chicago
Boston

This label marks the smartest ready-to-wear clothes



cousin, the one we had the little argument with at the Yacht Club ball. He used to come around pretty regular to my poker classes, and it was through him that I first met the old princess, my mother-in-law that was but is not to be. Well, I knew all along that he was crazy about Marya; and being an excitable feller, I was kind of surprised he took it lying down. He didn't treat me cordial exactly, but he didn't give up poker either.

"One night, after a protracted session, as the bank was locking up, he looks at me kind of queer and says: 'I'd like to have a word with you, Mr. Connor,' he says.

"I told him to go ahead.

"'I've been in doubt for some time,' he says, very quiet, 'whether to slap your face in public, or to talk to you like a friend.'

"'Think it over good,' says I, getting ugly.

"'Don't tempt me,' he says, 'because it would be much more sensible to talk it over calmly.'

"'Talk what over?' I wanted to know.

"'Your engagement to my cousin,' he says.

"'You must be aware,' he says, 'that long before we had the pleasure of your acquaintance I had asked my aunt for my cousin's hand.'

"Well, I didn't know that, not definitely, and I told him so.

"'I had asked for my cousin's hand,' he says, 'but my aunt refused it, although there is nothing whatever to be said against me. My position, my prospects, and my income are not below what my cousin has a right to expect.'

"Well, he told me a long story about the way the old lady had been carrying on. According to him she loses most of her income regular in gambling. This year it's been worse than ever—on account of my little poker game, maybe. Scribin claimed she'd already lost a good share of Marya's 'dot,' or whatever they call it; besides pawning some tiaras and necklaces, and so on, that came to the girl from her own mother. That was the real reason, he said, the old lady had turned him down; not that *he* cared, he said, whether Marya had a full-sized dot or not; but his father is one of the girl's guardians, and the old lady knew what would happen if the girl came up to the scratch shy her dot and all that jewelry, particularly if his own son was to lose by it. He says his father is an old Tartar, just like the Princess.

"Well, I looked the proposition over and it seemed to me from what I know of the parties that what he said was probably true enough. Only I couldn't see any reason why I should get out of the way just because he'd been turned down, and I told him so.

"'But,' says I, 'if you can prove to me you're the favorite with the lady, I'll throw up the race.'

"He turned red at that. He's a pretty decent chap at bottom, Scribin is.

"He says: 'That's something I'd rather not say anything about, especially to you. But so long as the life happiness of so many people is concerned I will ask you to go to Marya and put that question to her. I promise to abide by the result.'

"That was fair enough and I agreed to do it. The first chance I had—and it didn't come right away, on account of the old lady being so vigilant—I put it to Marya straight. It was in the Casino; the only way you can shake the Princess is when she's playing.

"'Is it true, little girl?' I says.

"She looked me square in the eye. She's a good-plucked one, that little girl is. 'Certainly it is true,' she says. 'I love my cousin. I have always loved him. I have no wish in life but to marry him.'"

CONNOR left his narrative to muse. "Seems queer, don't it? Little feller, he is, don't come up to my shoulder, waxes his mustache and speaks soft and gentle, just like a girl. Well, they've got their own peculiar tastes, I suppose.

"Well—I saw it was time for me to make a gallery play. I told Marya that whatever might be my own regret, I was willing to stand from under and let the best man win. I said I didn't want any woman to marry me feeling she'd made a mistake.

"She smiled at me kind of queer and shook her head. 'It isn't so easy,' she says. 'You don't wish to marry me and I don't wish to marry you, but that will not satisfy my stepmother.'

"And then she told me the same story Scribin had—about the old lady gambling away her dot and hanging up the jewelry. By this time I began to take quite an interest in that story and in the young folks. Seemed as if they was in such a mess and so helpless about it.

"'Just leave that to me,' I says. 'I'll tackle your stepmother.'

"Marya looked pretty scared and begged me not to do it. But naturally as I'd said I was going to, I *was* going to.

"So I interviewed her that same afternoon. Say, what do you think? She thought I'd got wise and was putting up a holler on my own account! So she denied the whole thing; said the dot was all right and the jewels too. Then, when I made my position clear, she turned right around and threw herself on my mercy. Said it was true. The dot was $5,000 shy, and she'd pawned some pearls for $5,000 more. Such a loss meant nothing to a rich man like me, she says, but if it was found out it meant ruin for her.

"'Well,' I says, 'see here. If I get you out of the scrape, will you sign a paper agreeing to let your daughter marry Lieutenant Scribin without any further objections?'

"Of course she claimed she'd sign anything. And she would have."

"Do you mean to say, Connor," I put in, "that you were willing to pay $10,000 to get out of marrying Mlle. Makaroff?"

"Get out of marrying her nothing," returned Connor with some heat. "I thought I explained that I wasn't paying to be let off! I was trying to make the young folks happy. I tell you I was sorry for 'em!"

IT was useless to split hairs with Connor, or to express a hope that Mme. Makaroff had seen the situation in the same light.

"Then you really paid the $10,000?"

"Sure I did—or almost. I went with her myself to see the old pawnbroker she'd pawned the jewelry to, and it came out she'd made a little mistake in the figures."

"Surprising!"

Connor was imperturbable. "She only owed him $4,000. I paid that and gave her a check for the other five."

"You did! You gave that old harpy a check!"

"That's what I did. Why, I could afford to. I've made twice that since I've been here; some of it out of the old lady at that."

"But you played a straight game of poker?"

"Of course I played a straight game."

"If they had done *you*, they wouldn't have made it up to you."

"To *me*? Why, of course not. That's foolish. I wouldn't have taken it."

"But don't you know, Connor," I said in a last feeble effort, "that Mme. Makaroff is congratulating herself on having 'done' you? Don't you know that because she thinks you're a clever chap, she thinks she's twice as clever at having got ahead of you? Don't you know she probably pawned the pearls all over again when your back was turned and is now gambling away your $10,000?

"Don't you sometimes have cynical moments when you suspect that perhaps Scribin was Mme. Makaroff's partner rather than her enemy? That perhaps she put him up to confiding in you? Else why should he have swallowed your insult at the party and said nothing till luck was against him? Don't you even sometimes wonder if innocent little Marya—"

Our princely Savage put his hand gently on my arm to stop me. On his face was a look of genuine concern. It was blank, too, as of trust and confidence withdrawn.

"Say, old man, why don't you come home, too? Your mind's getting rotten over here. There's no use explaining things to you. You just don't see them right."

He was very kind. Our last few moments were full of surface cordiality. Connor was almost boisterous. We shook hands warmly and promised to look each other up in New York. But I felt that I had disappointed him and was rejected.

THE other Americans thanked Heaven that he was gone, and said it was a shame that other nations should judge us by impossible persons we would never meet at home.

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CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

This monogram stands for all you can ask in a motor car

"Sixes" vs. "Fours"

DURING the past few weeks big newspaper space has been used for the purpose of defending the high-priced four-cylinder car. We are not surprised. Any four-cylinder car selling for more than $1800 certainly needs defense.

Whenever a tight shoe pinches, the wearer makes a wry face. And high-priced, four-cylinder shoes are pinching a number of feet pretty hard this season.

Let us examine the real situation of "Six" vs. "Four."

Three years ago there were eleven builders of "Sixes" in the United States. Last year twenty-five companies produced "Sixes."

In 1914 thirty-seven of the forty-two leading manufacturers of motor cars build "Sixes."

Can such development be due to a fad or whim, as the builders of high-priced "Fours" say?

High-Priced Car Builders Found "Sixes" Superior

Seven years ago the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company built "Fours" only—"Fours" that were above reproach. Six years ago they added "Sixes" because the "Six" was demanded by those who wanted the utmost in a motor car. For five years the Pierce-Arrow has been building "Sixes" only. Not because the Pierce-Arrow "Four" was not good, but because the "Six" was proved better.

For years the Packard Motor Company built only "Fours." Today Packard cars are built in "Sixes" exclusively. Not because the Packard "Four" was not good; for there were no better "Fours." But because Packard engineers and Packard owners found the "Six" mechanically superior to the "Four"—and the Packard Company had the courage to build the car which was proved best.

The Peerless Company abandoned "Fours" for "Sixes" exclusively, because those who paid Peerless prices demanded the superior smoothness, flexibility and silence of the "Six."

Seven years ago the Winton Company predicted the growth and popularity of the "Six." Since 1908 Winton cars have been built in "Sixes" only, because Winton found the "Six" superior to the "Four."

There is no question now about the Winton prediction being right. Because this year practically every prominent maker, except one, selling cars above $1250 is building "Sixes."

Public Demand Forced the Development of the "Six"

The admitted mechanical superiority of the "Six" over the "Four" and the demand for this superiority on the part of those who are willing to pay any price for the motor car luxury forced these builders of high-priced cars into the six-cylinder field.

Practically all successful builders of "Fours," such as **Locomobile, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Stevens-Duryea, Winton, Peerless, Buick, Hudson, Oldsmobile, Marmon, White, Studebaker** and **Oakland,** have been forced into the six-cylinder field.

None of these companies changed their designs or spent thousands and thousands of dollars for new machinery and to market new types of cars just to satisfy a whim.

Through sheer merit the "Six" has conquered.

Practically every well-known company this year building a car of $1250 or over, except one, builds "Sixes."

Is it possible that all these admittedly successful companies are wrong? Isn't it logical to suppose that the majority is right?

Isn't it conclusive when practically all makers above $1250 are devoting their brains, money and energy to "Sixes"?

Is it reasonable to suppose that the one company which dissents should be right against such overwhelming evidence?

It has been our experience that, price being equal, people want the greater smoothness, silence, flexibility, lower upkeep, and superior mechanical luxury of the "Six."

They want it now and they always will want it.

Pretty nearly all present owners of "Sixes" have at some time been owners of "Fours." Ask them which is the better car—"Six" or "Four"?

Did you ever know of a driver of a "Six" to go back to a "Four" of equal price?

Drivers of "Sixes" will tell you that there is something inherent in a "Six" that makes it better than a "Four," just as there is something inherent in a thoroughbred that makes him better than a horse of common blood.

Outside of the companies that have over-priced "Fours" to sell the little talk there is against the "Six" comes from people who never rode in a "Six." To all such we say—Ride 50 or 100 miles in any good "Six," not only the Chalmers, but any good "Six."

Until you have made such a test reserve judgment. We have no doubt of your judgment if you will only take the ride.

Don't Buy a Near "Six" When You Can Get a Real "Six"

The best known builder of high-priced "Fours" this year admits the superiority of the "Six" by using a mechanism which it is **claimed** will give to the "Four" some of the recognized superior qualities of the "Six."

How consistent of those with "Fours" to sell to decry "Sixes" in one breath and in the next tell you they have a device that makes a "Six" of their car—nearly!

The superiority of a "Six" over a "Four" exists in the motor—and can be obtained only through the motor. It can't be obtained through the transmission or the rear axle.

The last resort of the four-cylinder advocate is that the "Four" is more economical than the "Six."

Positively, **it is not.**

It costs less to own a Chalmers Master "Six" a year, or to drive it 20,000 miles, than to own a "Four" of equal size and power an equal length of time. We have had in the Chalmers factory every well-known "Four" of $1800 or over. We have run them side by side with the Chalmers "Sixes" and here is what we have learned:

Because of its steady, uninterrupted flow of power, the "Six" is easier on tires and easier on every moving part than a "Four."

The most prominent "Four" in the same price class as the Chalmers "Six" has less power and weighs more. In the Chalmers the labor of moving that weight is divided among six cylinders: in the "Four" each cylinder does more work because of the greater weight carried by four cylinders.

Don't you see that in the "Four" each cylinder must be doing more work all the time?

In other words, the four-cylinder motor is forced to work at full capacity more of the time than the "Six." It is always working harder than the "Six" and that means shorter life.

"But a 'Six' burns more gasoline," say four-cylinder builders.

Again we say, that is not true.

For any considerable distance the Chalmers Master "Six" can be run on as little gasoline as any "Four" of equal motor displacement and with equal car size. This is not merely an advertising claim. We have proved this by actual tests.

Power and Performance Considered "Six" Is More Economical Than "Four"

The fallacious statement that the "Six" burns more gasoline than a "Four" originated in the fact that in the past four-cylinder cars have been compared with six-cylinder cars of nearly twice as much power. Compared on an equal footing, as to power and car size, the economy argument is all in favor of the "Six."

While six-cylinder builders are working toward greater fuel economy all the time, builders of "Fours" are going the other way.

The Chalmers Master "Six," for instance, has only a 4-inch bore and a 5½-inch stroke. A few years ago six-cylinder cars of equal power had bores of 4¾-inches to 6 inches. In the Chalmers Master "Light Six," which sells for $1800, the motor is even smaller—only 3½-inch bore. Yet this motor has developed 53 horsepower. All engineers admit that small bore and long stroke make for greater fuel economy. So builders of "Sixes" are at least on the right track.

Four-cylinder designers, on the other hand, are forced constantly to increase the size of their motors to get enough power adequately to handle cars of increasingly greater weight.

The high-priced "Four" grows each season to be more extravagant in fuel, while the well-built "Six" becomes more economical.

A leading builder of high-priced "Fours" has announced through the newspapers that he "has no intention of building a 'Six.'" We believe this must be a welcome announcement to a great many intending buyers who had already finally made up their minds to buy a "Six" and had, perhaps, been wondering whether this particular manufacturer would build one.

Now they have only to pick out the best "Six." They need no longer hesitate, anticipating that this particular builder may produce a "Six." Such statements of policy do much to clarify the public understanding of the motor car situation.

Chalmers Policy Is to Build Best Cars Possible at Chalmers Prices

As in the past, the Chalmers policy shall always be to build the most efficient, most up-to-date quality cars to sell at medium prices. The design of Chalmers cars shall be changed whenever adherence to that policy shall make changes necessary.

We are proud of the changes that have been made in Chalmers cars. For all progress is change. To keep pace with the advance of science it is necessary to change. Every change we have ever made in Chalmers cars has given our customers higher value, more comfort, greater safety and more beauty.

The Chalmers Company always builds the best cars human ingenuity, painstaking workmanship and fine materials can produce to sell at Chalmers prices. It introduces new and good things as they are discovered and proved worth while.

It is in pursuance of this policy of advancement that, having proved the "Six" superior to the "Four," the production of Chalmers factory is now being concentrated on "Sixes."

We predict that within two years all cars selling above $1500 will be "Sixes." Even those who now decry the "Six" will be building "Sixes" within two years or building a "Four" at a great reduction from their present prices.

Cars selling above $1500 belong to the six-cylinder field as much as the cars selling below $1000 belong to the four-cylinder field.

It is just as impossible to stop the trend toward six-cylinder cars as it would be to dam the Niagara Falls. One builder of "Fours," in the $2000 class, claims more sales for his car than all makes of "Sixes" combined. This is positively exaggeration. There are being sold today **three** times as many "Sixes" as "Fours" at $1500 or over. Crying against the "Six" won't stop it—it only increases the desire for an investigation and a comparison of the relative merits of "Fours" and "Sixes." That is all that we as makers of "Sixes" ask.

When You Buy a "Six" You Get the Newest Style and Best Investment

To you who are contemplating the purchase of a car this question of "Six" or "Four" is vital. We believe that only in a "Six" can you get a car which will give you the greatest satisfaction combined with safe investment. Why sink money in a car already out of style and bound to become more so each day?

When you buy a "Six" you buy on a rising market. When you buy a "Four" you buy on a declining market.

Our proposition is simple. We say ride in "Fours" and ride in "Sixes."

Ask your friends who have "Sixes" if they would go back to "Fours." We are sure you will want a "Six" after making such a test. And having reached that conclusion we ask you to ride in all the different "Sixes."

Then take the Chalmers Road Test. After this we are sure your purchase will be a Chalmers Master "Six." We invite comparison, with even the highest-priced cars.

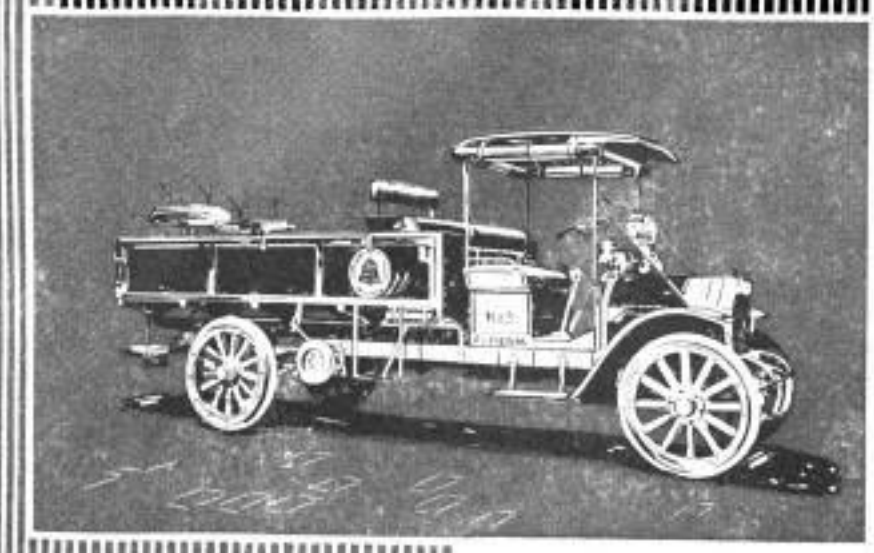
Any Chalmers dealer will give you the Chalmers Standard Road Test. It is proof positive of every claim we make. Judged by the measure of this rigid test, we know that no car within $500 of the Chalmers price can even approach the Master "Six" in power, quietness, absence of vibration, flexibility, comfort, beauty, convenience and luxury.

That is a sweeping claim. But it will cost you nothing to prove to yourself that we are right. Don't buy any car until you have done yourself and us the justice of investigating the Chalmers Master "Six."

Chalmers Master "Six," 2, 4, 5-passenger . . $2175
Chalmers Master "Six," 6-passenger body . $2275
Chalmers Master "Light Six," 5-passenger . $1800
Chalmers Master "Light Six" Coupelet . . . $2050

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

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One of the many Federal trouble-trucks in use by the Bell Telephone System

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It Takes More than Money To Buy a Federal

Here are four cardinal points of the Federal selling policy, adopted as much for our own protection as for yours.

1. You cannot buy a Federal unless you can use it profitably. We will investigate your haulage problem and your present costs. The investigation must demonstrate conclusively—to your satisfaction and ours—that there is a saving in cost or a gain in efficiency, or we will not sell you a truck.

2. You cannot buy a Federal unless we are permitted, through our Traffic Department, to suggest any necessary readjustment of your routing or hauling arrangements designed to promote greater effectiveness.

3. You cannot buy a Federal unless we are prepared, through proper co-operation in your locality, to render you the most efficient service after purchase—for without such service you would be handicapped from the start.

4. You cannot buy a Federal if a larger or smaller unit would better fit your business. In that case we will frankly tell you so.

Thousands of Federal trucks have been sold on this basis; and each year sees a steady increase in our output.

We have made a special study of traffic problems in many lines of business—yours, probably, among them.

We would welcome an opportunity to investigate, without obligation on your part, whether or not you can use motor-trucks profitably.

The investigation will be thorough, fair and conclusive.

Write us to-day.

Public Utility Corporations Find Much Greater Efficiency in the Federal

A large number of Federal trucks have been installed by public service corporations as trouble and repair wagons, as well as for general uses. Most of these installations were made after a thorough investigation which demonstrated to the satisfaction of the buyer the inherent superiority of the Federal in the elements of durability and dependability.

We have some interesting facts and figures along this line

Federal Motor Truck Company

100 Leavitt Ave. Detroit, Michigan

World's-End

(Continued from page 15)

blue by the sky's caress, chuckling in its sleep as it drowsed gently to the sea, bearing with it gay flotillas of red and yellow leaves.

Owen looked from the lovely scene to the little face beside him. It was very rapt and quiet. The big eyes seemed searching the hills for some answer to deep, deep questions. He put out his big hand and took the small one next him, and instantly the slight fingers curled tight about his (almost as little Di's had done that first day when he touched them), and his heart yearned to her, quite as a mother's to her child in grief. But neither said anything. Silent and hand in hand they went on to the stables.

PATERNOSTER was found standing calmly on the feverish member, which during the night had become as cool and firm as a well-conducted pastern should be, so they bestowed apples right and left, and passed on through the old orchard, now fallen on senility, with its quaint, gnarled trees that bore Leather Jackets and Lady Apples and Bellflowers, and under whose branches the horses were allowed to regale themselves on all the windfalls that they could manage.

"Shall we go and see them cutting maize?" asked Owen, and she said: "Yes. Let's do that. I love the smell of the cut stalks and to see them building the shocks." They stood for some time talking to the men and watching them at their work. Being in among the tall stalks was something like being in a jungle of bamboo, and the light air, stirring the leaves that were already turning brown, made a soft, incessant rustling like the sound of women passing on light feet in gowns of silk.

"I should think you might get lost in a cornfield, mightn't you?" asked Phœbe, gazing about her at the ranks of green and tawny canes growing so densely and regularly.

"You could indeed," he said, and he told her how an old slave had assured him that a cornfield was a surer hiding place than a forest.

"How good it smells!" said Phœbe. "And how fast they work! They have almost built another shock since we've been standing here. I've always loved the corn shocks in autumn. They look like little wigwams standing about over the red fields. It makes me think of the days when there were Indians here—friendly Indians, weren't they?"

"Yes—fine, friendly tribes. Do you see that old silver fir?"

HE pointed to a splendid old tree whose top had been torn away, giving it a Japanese look.

"That was where the first Owen Randolph used to sit for powwows with the chiefs—it's an old landmark. 'Logan's tree,' it's called. That's Logan's tree, isn't it, Uncle Eben?" he asked, addressing an old negro.

"Yes, suh, Marse Owen, dat's sho' Logan's tree. *My* gran'paw is ben tend' on *yo'* gran'paw whilst he wuz confabulatin' wid ole Logan hisse'f onder dat ve'y tree."

"And now," said Phœbe as if to herself, "the tree is just the same, but they are changed. They are dust now, but the tree is as green and strong as ever."

"No sad thoughts, please," said Owen, drawing her hand through his arm.

"Indeed, indeed, I wasn't sad!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I was only thinking how it all ends that way—everything—in quiet—in rest—"

"Well, do you consider that a very cheerful reflection?" he asked, smiling.

She still gazed earnestly and wistfully at the dark, tranquil tree, out of whose quiet branches a bird had just flown.

"Rest is such a beautiful thought," she said softly.

"Isn't joy as beautiful?" She gave a little start and colored slightly.

"Yes, it's all beautiful," she murmured.

THEY took a path across the fields toward the new orchard, as Owen wanted to speak to Downer. The brambles grew very thick near a bit of quagmire beyond which ran Logan's Creek, and he went ahead to hold back the long thorn-armed sprays for her.

Looking at his tall figure in the old shooting breeches and light cotton shirt that disclosed the splendid muscles with every movement, Phœbe's heart swelled with love, pride, and pain. She thought:

"If he knew—if he knew—he would not trouble to hold back the briers for me." An absurd idea intruded itself as so often in our moments of keenest misery. She gave a little, involuntary, bitter laugh. It was so unlike her usual laughter that Owen turned.

"What is it?" he asked. "Can't I share the fun?"

But the look in her eyes worried him, and all at once the thought of that day when he had overtaken her on her way to Thunder Mountain gripped his heart.

"This must stop," he thought. "I can't have her suffer like this. God knows what she might do."

"Well," he said aloud, "what was your joke, dear?"

She looked half shy, half reckless.

"I was just thinking that if I were to be very wicked you wouldn't hold back the briers for me—you would 'teach' me with them as Gideon taught the men in Succoth. Don't you remember? Gideon went out and got him briers, and with them he taught the men of Succoth."

Owen laughed with her.

"I dare say all that Gideon taught them was a proper fear of Gideon. I don't believe one can teach much more than that with briers."

PHŒBE walked behind him in silence for a few moments. Then she said in her low voice: "But you think wickedness ought to be punished, don't you?"

He answered over his shoulder, without looking at her.

"There's so little wickedness—it's nearly all ignorance. In fact, it's *all* ignorance, in my philosophy."

The low voice came again after a moment or two.

"But you would punish bad ignorance, wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't 'punish' anything. I'd help it to see better if I could."

Silence again for a little. Then the voice grew lower than ever, almost inaudible:

"Don't you think King Arthur—in Tennyson's poem—was *too* good to—to Guinevere? Men aren't really ever like that, are they?"

He laughed out, walking steadily on in front of her along the narrow, brambleset path.

"Too *good!* I think he was a bally prig! The most sugary, conceited ass that ever wore a helmet!"

He heard a sharp little gasp behind him.

"I—I don't know exactly what you mean," she faltered.

Now he turned round.

"My dear girl," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Just think the thing over for yourself. Have you read the 'Idyls' lately? No? But you remember them clearly enough, I dare say. He might at least have spared her that bifalutin' interview in the convent. Think of the picture of that sanctimonious prig, standing there in full armor, while the poor woman groveled at his feet, and, holding forth about her golden hair, 'now lying in the dust,' and about how in heaven she would come to her senses and love him (why, pray?), 'not Launcelot nor another'! . . . You can't really admire that royal he-prude, Phœbe. You don't really think he was 'too good' to poor Guinevere, do you?"

PHŒBE had stood through this, her color changing from white to red, from red to white. It was so wildly, improbably strange to hear Owen thus defending the royal adultress against her spotless husband.

"But—but," she stammered finally—"but she was wicked, Owen. She deceived him—she deceived her husband."

"Not in the vulgar, everyday sense, Phœbe. She had been married by proxy to Launcelot when she was a young, ignorant girl. Night after night during that long, false bridal journey they lay side by side with his bare sword between them. But swords can't divide hearts and thoughts."

He took a step toward her in the narrow path, and, framing her face in his hands, raised it so that he could look into her eyes. He held her to him an instant, then released her.

"You may be very sure of this," he continued, resuming his walk ahead of her: "that no matter what you had done, I shouldn't let you crawl about the floor while I preached to you from the heights of my self-righteousness."

Phœbe walked behind him dumbly, her thoughts all in a bright, confused tangle like the particolored ribbons that issue from a juggler's mouth. She was too

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bewildered to take real comfort from his words, yet there was a balm in them that soothed that steady, bitter pain in her heart. And, presently out of the bewildering, snarled brightness of these thoughts came one clear and golden—a ray of hope piercing her darkness like a magic blade. He had found excuses for Guinevere! Maybe—maybe— But no. It was impossible. He could judge Guinevere with leniency because she was so far apart from him—but for his own wife—the woman who slept on his heart—who might some day bear his son! He would not be human if he did not have for her another judgment. And then, besides, the child—the child that he thought his! The child that he thought his! No, Guinevere had not been as false as she, Phœbe, had been. She had not gone to the king soiled and stained, letting him believe her pure—letting him by marriage with her assume the fatherhood of a child not his. There it was—the unforgivable, the inexplable—the awful falseness on which she had reared her brittle palace of joy. What had she and joy to do with each other? She had snatched at the cloak of what she thought passing happiness, and it had come away in her selfish, feverish grasp, disclosing the stark figure of vain Remorse barring her way.

SUDDENLY Owen sprang aside and pressed in among the twigs of a thicket near the creek, which they had now reached. She followed him to the edge of the tangle, wondering what it was that he had seen.

When he came back—from between his big fingers, carefully hollowed, there peeped the sleek, tiny head of a field sparrow—with its scared eyes so like blackberry seeds.

Owen opened his fingers slightly and showed her one little chafed claw.

"It was caught in a forked twig," he said. "If I hadn't happened to see it, it would have starved to death."

"Oh," said Phœbe, her eyes suddenly full of tears, "how kind, how *kind* you are to *everything*."

Owen smiled at her over the bird's timid, bright-eyed head. "You talk of Guinevere's 'wickedness,'" said he. "This poor little mite was 'wicked' enough to get itself caught in a forked twig. All young things that 'go wrong,' as they say, are just birds in forked twigs." He opened his hand, lifting it toward the sky with the little fluff of feathers quivering on it. An instant's doubting pause—then, like a shot from a magic sling—away—out—up sped the tiny life.

THEY entered the orchard by the southwest gate, and walked toward the sound of hammering along aisles of trees already stripped for the market. And these young trees, so vigorous and symmetrical, on which, only here and there, hung reddish fruit too small and poor to be worth gathering, seemed very sad to Phœbe. Patient dryads they looked to her, from whom all their rosy offspring had been taken away.

"It was so gay and cheerful in here a week ago," she said, "and now the poor trees look so sad in their dark green dresses with all the apples gone."

Owen stopped and took a graceful bough in his hand. "Yes," he answered, "but think of the magic secret that each of these bare twigs knows. Thousands of blossoms hidden here—thousands more of apples— We shall be here next spring, please Providence—and you will see these sober things in bloom—each a tent worthy of Pari Banou and her lover."

But in Phœbe's heart was the sick thought: "Can I stand it till the spring? This pain, all the time—all the time?"

"It must be wonderful," she said aloud. "I'd love to see them. But all these—" she stooped and picked up an apple from the pile of discards near which they stood—"they look so fresh and sound. It seems such a waste to leave them—"

"Look carefully," he said. "No matter how sound they seem, they have each their secret, too—a dark little secret this time."

"How?" she asked, turning the glossy, scarlet fruit in her hands and gazing at it.

HE took the apple from her and showed her a tiny, dark speck near the stem.

"It's only a speck," he said, "but it goes to the core. Wait—I'll show you."

He twisted the apple in two with a turn of his strong wrists. "There! You see?" he said.

And Phœbe saw that the one black speck ran in a little groove to the heart of the fruit.

"Just one cheeky worm," he smiled,



"Here comes an Indian—the machine that evolved motorcycle electricity"

OF all departures made by the Indian for motorcycle development its 1914 electrical equipment has received the readiest and most extensive recognition both in America and abroad. This does not even except the famous comfort feature originated in 1913—the Cradle Spring Frame.

Behind this success is a story of more than twelve months engineering endeavor—research—deliberation—selection—test—and costly experimentation without end. Not until the Engineering Department had stamped its final O. K. on every minute mechanism was the following announcement made:

Indian Motocycle

for 1914—all standard models equipped with electric head light, electric tail light, electric signal and two sets of high amperage storage batteries.

The Indian electric lighting system, especially, qualifies as the most advanced mode of illumination today for the motorcycle. In its mechanical principles it is soundly based on all the electric lighting experience which automobile engineers have worked out. The fact that over 95% of all automobile manufacturers have adopted electric systems is sufficient indication that the trend in motorcycle design and appliance must likewise be an electric one. The Indian electric system has been proven at all the cardinal points

—powerfulness —convenience —wear —economy —reliability —accident resistance

Each battery is ample for 750 miles of night riding—cost of recharging is very small. The total electrical mechanism is protected against vibration and shock by the Cradle Spring Frame and Fork—devices which play a large part in the successful application of motorcycle electricity as evolved by the Indian.

2,500 Indian dealers throughout the world are ready to demonstrate the electrically-equipped Indian to you.

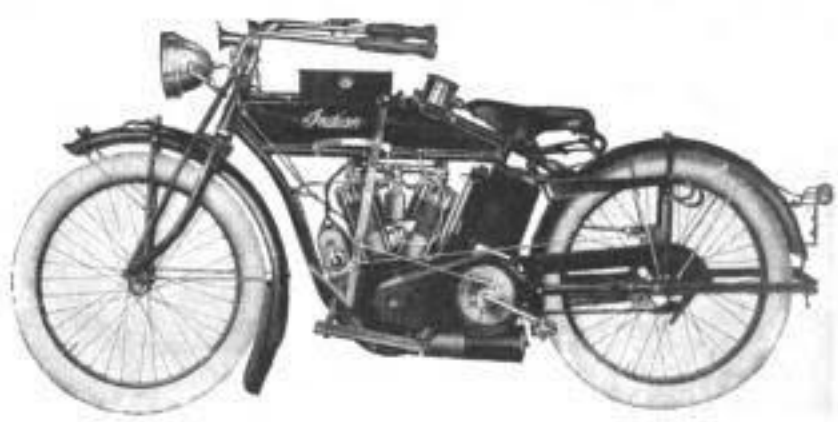
Prices: $200 to $325 f. o. b. factory.

SEND FOR 1914 CATALOG

Hendee Manufacturing Co., 802 State St., Springfield, Mass.

Branches and Service Stations:

Chicago Denver San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Kansas City Melbourne London Toronto



Two-Sixty Standard Model, with full electrical equipment, $260.00, f. o. b. factory

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throwing away the halves, "and the whole fruit's good for nothing but pigs or bulk." The blood rushed suddenly into her face.

"But all the rest was good!" she cried passionately; "why do you throw it in the dirt?"

SHE stood gazing at the broken fruit, now smeared with red dust, and her dark eyes had a pained, almost angry, protest in them. He knew so well what she was thinking! He raged inwardly at his cruel, momentary forgetfulness.

"Of course the rest was good," he said lightly. "It's only that for the winter market they don't keep when they're like that. Apple merchants ask far more than philosophers. They won't be satisfied with anything short of perfection."

"It seems cruel somehow—" she said, all pale and listless again. "But, of course, they're right—it went to the heart— If it had only been on the outside—"

He put his arm about her as they went on. "You mustn't talk so woefully, as if apples were human beings," he said, smiling. "Sometimes a worm at that strange thing, the human heart, only sweetens it. I can't imagine a more deadly companion than a flawless human being, dear Woebegone."

"But just faults are different from a black spot in the heart—"

"Even that apple didn't have a black spot in its heart, Phœbe. Downer and I are far too proud to allow that to happen. That worm just took his selfish fill from one tiny corner. A black spot at the heart would come from some disease of the apple itself, and we don't have that kind at World's-End."

"But you threw it in the dirt."

"I did it without thinking."

"Yes—just naturally. It was blemished—men don't like blemished things."

"Your knowledge of men is, of course, beyond question," laughed Owen.

"I know that much," she said with dreary obstinacy.

"What you might call 'blemished' women have been loved more perhaps than any others."

"How could that be?"

"Because sometimes they have the most lovable natures and the warmest hearts."

"Suppose a man found it out—afterward?" Owen gave that soft laugh again.

"From your awe-stricken tone," he said, "I suppose that you fancy him slaying her, or crying 'Avaunt, wanton!' in a terrible voice, and turning on his superior heel to leave her forever to remorse."

PHŒBE walked on blindly for another moment, clinging to his arm, through which he had drawn her hand. Then she faltered: "Well—what would he do?"

"If he were a real man," said Owen, striking with his stick at the drooping boughs, "I should think he might be so devilish sorry for her that he'd love her all the more to make up to her for all she'd suffered."

"Oh! It's turning black!" cried Phœbe, and she fell against him, grasping with her other hand.

He sat down on the warm, dry earth, and laid her with her head upon his knees. When he saw that she had recovered and was not going to faint he said:

"You know, Phœbe—Mary's been telling tales on you. It seems that you don't eat enough to maintain a mosquito. Now, while I've got you so entirely at my mercy, you've got to promise me something. Either you promise that from this time forward you'll eat properly or I phone for Charles Patton as soon as we get back to the house."

"Oh, I promise—I do promise—" she said. He pulled her up into his arms, holding her jealously.

"You little imp!" he said brokenly, "to dare go fretting over things you won't tell me of—you wicked child! Don't you know me yet?"

(To be continued next week)

A Number of Things

The Swallow Chasers

PERSONAL property taxes have been a stale joke in this country for some years now. Nevertheless, Tax Commissioners Fackler and Agnew of Cleveland, Ohio, have found some provision in the 1914 tax laws under which (according to report) they will levy on John D. Rockefeller for $35,000,000, or $6,000,000 more than the famous near-fine of a few years ago. Preparatory to this unique feat in the annals of the bureaucratic vaudeville which taxation often is, the commissioners have shut themselves up in their office with an adding machine, and are handicapped in their work, we are told, because the machine adds only five columns of figures. Our guess is that Messrs. Fackler and Agnew must be intentionally contributing a comic relief to our muddle of taxation, for we know that Mr. Fackler at least has an intelligent insight into the fundamental principles of this science.

Local Color

AN American who is going to England to manage a railroad says:

"There are 32,000 employees of the Great Eastern Railway, and I am sure there are several competent men among that number. I shall make it my business to get personally in touch with the staff and help along those who have merit."

One seldom sees anything so ineffably and complacently British. How popular he will be over there!

It's Different in England

APROPOS of this same man's job, the accurate "Evening Post" (New York) makes some observations which go to the heart of our transportation problem:

"When the shareholders of the Great Eastern hold quarterly or annual meetings, Thornton will be called upon to answer all kinds of leading questions regarding his operating methods. And he will not have two or three high-priced lawyers at his elbow to answer for him or rule the shareholder out of order. There a chairman would not dare to order his shareholders 'to vote first and discuss the matter afterward.' At the annual and quarterly meetings the shareholders are the owners, and not the servants."

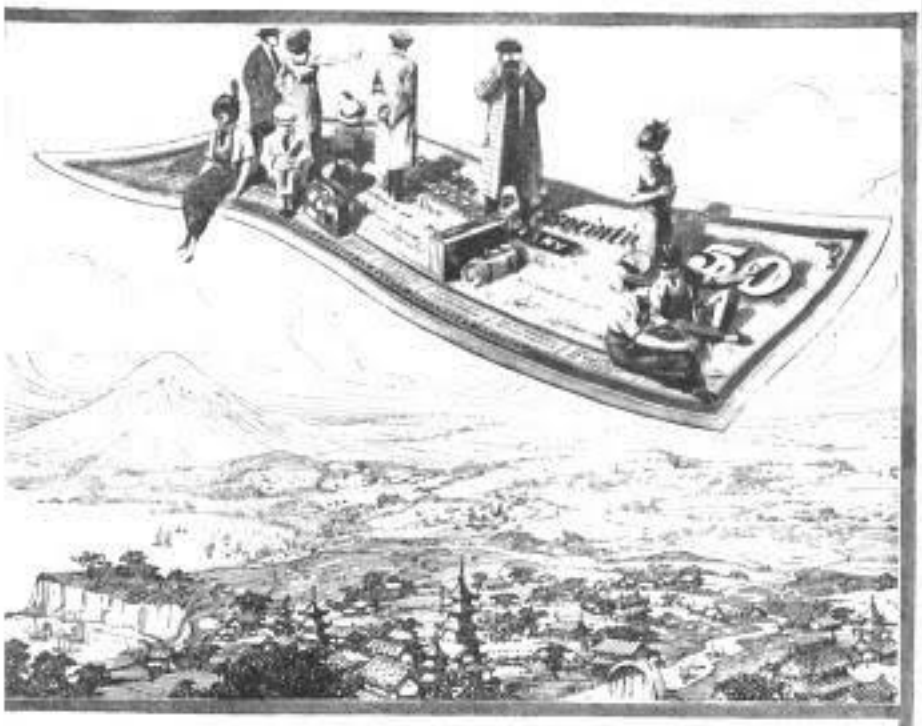
How different things would have been with the New York, New Haven & Hartford if Mellen had had to stand up to this sort of treatment! Hadn't we better domesticate a few true-blue British shareholders for some of our utilities? One of the facts which are being ignored in our present discussion of the New Haven Railroad and other corporations is that an appreciable portion of the blame rests on the small shareholders who never go to the meetings.

A Pinkerton for the Sun

WE like these almost disembodied souls who write "defenses of monogamy." We hope they will find time to defend health, honesty, and the composition of water as now constituted. What would become of civilization and the well-filled columns of our magazines if it were not for these custodians of the innermost? It was the White Knight in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There" who had his horse wear anklets round his feet to guard against the bites of sharks. "An invention of my own," as he proudly observed.

Warnings

A FREQUENT headline in the conservative press is this: "A Warning from Mr. Taft," or "William H. Taft Warns Against Present-Day Dangers." The range of subjects runs all the way from altruism to whisky. Being somewhat in the warning business ourselves, we sympathize with this activity; and yet Mr. Taft himself is a very notable warning to those interested in forward-looking politics. His career warns us that a statesman must plan and lead and control. He must read the purposes of his generation and must not be turned from his projects by merely legal precedents or by interested pressure masking as public opinion. Mr. Taft does a service in cautioning people against various dangers. His career warns us how we must deal with them.



Travel on "A.B.A." Cheques

They will relieve you from the risk of carrying large amounts of cash. They will simplify your calculations in foreign currency. They will free you from the annoyance and expense of exchanging money at frontiers.

"A.B.A." (American Bankers Association) Cheques will make your money matters as simple as though you carried $10, $20, $50 and $100 bills engraved with their exchange values in the moneys of the various nations. They are as safe to carry as your personal check book, because your countersignature (which identifies you) is required to make them good and because they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

They are accepted exactly like currency by hotels, railway and steamship lines generally, and by the best shops in every country. They may be cashed by 30,000 banks throughout the world.

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If your own bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write us for the booklet and for information as to where the cheques may be obtained in your vicinity.

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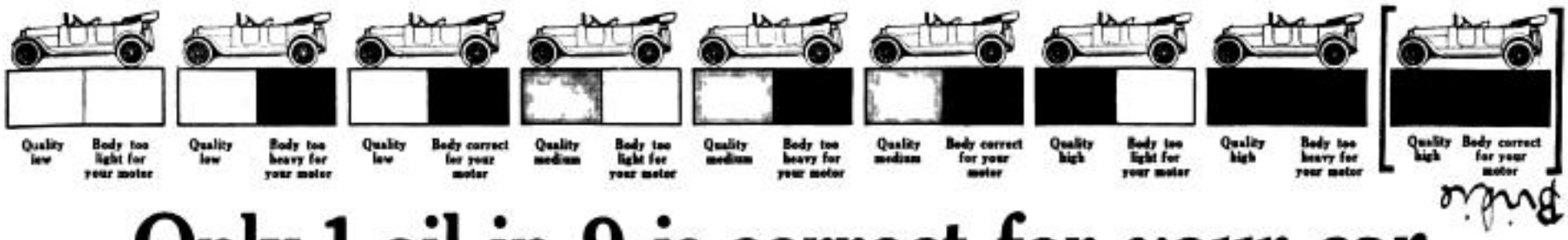
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Only 1 oil in 9 is correct for *your* car

That is conservative.

There are two vital factors in automobile motor lubrication. One is the oil's *quality*. The other is the fitness of the oil's *body* for your type of motor.

There are many variations in the *body* of oils.

Only one is correct for *your* motor.

There are also many variations in *quality*. But, under the heat of service in your motor, only one *quality* will show maximum lubricating efficiency.

What if your oil is below the highest *quality* or incorrect in *body*.

Loss of power or undue friction, or both, must result. Repair bills follow.

Consumption of gasoline and oil mounts up.

Two motor demands

You may "want" correct lubrication. But you will seldom get it by chance.

It is of the utmost importance that you find the oil whose *body* suits your motor and whose *quality* offers the highest protection after the oil has been distributed.

It is now generally known that oil of correct body for your car can be determined only by detailed motor analysis – backed by scientific lubricating experience.

How friction hides

We are sometimes asked why incorrect lubrication does not always show up quickly in a motor.

That is an interesting question.

Some years ago motor parts were more exposed. Cars were often under-powered. Noise, overheating and loss of power gave the motorist timely warnings to investigate his lubrication.

But today most motors are amply powered and are largely closed in. Loss of power may not be noticed. Sound is deadened beneath metal jackets. Parts are frequently out of sight and hearing.

It is much like smothering an alarm-clock gong under a pillow.

The *noises* of friction are now partly smothered. But the *friction* still exists.

There is only one safeguard against undue friction—*correct lubrication.*

The solution

As a fundamental step in producing the oils specified in the Chart below we analyzed the motors of every make of automobile. We found widely varying conditions.

Correct lubrication for every type of motor demanded several grades of oil.

Keeping before us the special requirements of gasoline engine lubrication, we manufactured these grades from selected crude stocks.

In our lubricating Chart we then specified the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each car. Every year by fresh analyses and demonstration, this chart is brought up to date to cover the models for that year.

This Chart, printed in *part* below, for a number of years has been a standard guide to correct lubrication. Our *complete* Chart will be mailed you on request.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car. Make sure that you secure it—buying preferably in the original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five-gallon and one-gallon cans, marked with the red Gargoyle.

Then there can be no doubt that your oil will be scientifically correct for your car in both *body* and *quality*. You will use the "one" oil essential to the longest life of your car and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL CO.
Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

BRANCHES: DETROIT Ford Bldg. BOSTON 49 Federal St. NEW YORK 29 Broadway
CHICAGO Fisher Bldg. PITTSBURGH Farmer's Bank Bldg. PHILADELPHIA 4th & Chestnut Sts.
INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS Plymouth Bldg.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Carterear	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Case	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Fiat	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Ford	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Com'l	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
G. M. C.	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Havers 6-42	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Havers 6-60	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
" "32"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	A	B	A
" (water)	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A	...	...	...	...
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Kelly	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
King	...	...	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
Mack, Jr	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Mitchell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Moline Knight	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige Detroit	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Com'l	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Regal	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc	B	Arc.	A	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	B	A
Stearns	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	...	...
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie 9-45	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie 9-50	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Walter	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (Gas)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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Another World's Record

The record score, 1154 out of a possible 1250, was made January 1, 1914, by the Springfield Team in Match No. 6 U.S.R.A. Indoor League, using S. & W. 22 Single Shot Pistols.

Mechanical perfection and accuracy

The same mechanical perfection and accuracy that have made the Smith & Wesson Revolver the *superior* revolver, are embodied in the new

Smith & Wesson Automatic

"The gun that makes you think"

Unintentional discharge is impossible

You *have* to think before firing. The automatic safety is operated *not* by pressure of the hand in grasping the butt—*not* by the finger that pulls the trigger—but by a *double* motion of the *middle* finger, which necessitates a *definite intention* to fire.

Accidental discharge is impossible

No fall or blow could operate the trigger *and* the automatic safety—and this *must* be released *before* the trigger can be pulled. And what is more, if you set the *non*-automatic safety (on the rear of the butt) it locks the trigger *absolutely, regardless* of the *automatic* safety.

Five-fold superiority

Ease of cleaning, ease of loading and the *.35 caliber*, which automatically protects you from cheap or unsuitable ammunition, are other exclusive features. These three, with *double safety* and *mechanical perfection and accuracy*, give the Smith & Wesson a *five-fold* superiority in the automatic field.

Ask your dealer about the Smith & Wesson Automatic. Write for free catalogue.

SMITH & WESSON, 717 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

For over 50 years makers of Superior Firearms



Build This "V" Bottom Model—It's Easy

The popular model that's so seaworthy, speedy on low power, and simple to build. We send all parts with full size patterns and directions.

Brooks System Saves You 2/3

Write for our free book showing this and five canoes, motor boats, sail boats, rowboats, skiffs, etc., that you can build and save ⅔ boat builder's profits. Address Brooks Mfg. Co., 5433 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

ZIG ZAG AUTOMATIC STROPPER

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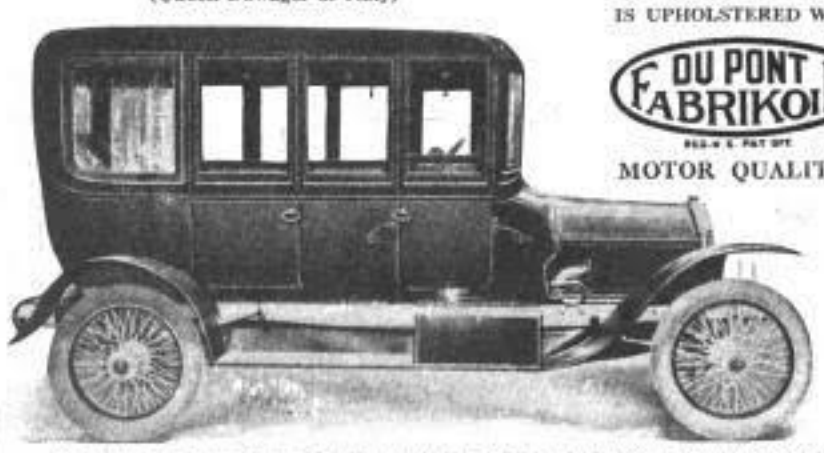
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Where Dollars Are Neighborly

Continued from page 10

struggling to free himself from debt and usury.

Now what is a Credit Union? In the terms of one of the many Jewish organizations it is a group of twenty or more farmers living within a short distance of each other who form an association to lend money. The assets consist of the proceeds of the sale of shares which cost $5 each. Each member only has one vote regardless of the number of shares he owns. Thus the administration becomes purely democratic. Loans, ranging from $1 to $100, are made on their personal notes with one or two indorsers. Each application for a loan however must state the specific purpose for which the money is to be used. The four principal officers constitute a Credit Committee which passes on all loans, which are only made for productive purposes or urgent needs. The notes may run for six months with privilege of renewal and at the rate of 6 per cent a year. Only one member of a family or one partner, when the farm is owned by several individuals, can borrow from the union at the same time. Membership in the organization is only open to members of the local Jewish Farmers' Association in good standing. Thus one cooperative benefit leads to another. In order to encourage the Credit Unions at the start, the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society lends each one twice its initial assets and charges 2 per cent interest.

The profits on loans are divided among members in proportion to their holdings of shares. Most of the unions, however, have preferred to keep the net earnings in the treasury. It is worth adding that in thirteen months the original seventeen unions rolled up a net profit of $1,317.93, which was at the rate of 13 1-4 per cent on the capital employed.

To-day in the eighteen places where Credit Unions are in operation (they include nearly 600 members and have loaned out $73,000) you find the Jewish farmers economically independent. With this emancipation has come freedom from the anxieties that so often clog the progress of their Gentile neighbors. By becoming their own bankers for working capital they have developed a larger faith in themselves and thus they strengthen the stability of the whole section. In a word, these Credit Unions represent the very essence of cooperative effort.



On these sacks is printed in large letters the exact proportion of plant food in the fertilizer

The Example of Fairfield County

LET us now see, in the concrete terms of one community's prosperity, just what this amazing system of cooperation can achieve. Take Fairfield County, Connecticut, where one of the oldest Jewish farming settlements is located and where a pioneer Credit Union was set up. Here, within a radius of a few miles of Bridgeport are nearly fifty Jewish families.

All refugees from oppression, they have reared a commonwealth that provides sanctuary and sustenance amid the friendly hills.

The beginning of this colony was typical of many of its sisters. A sweatshop worker down on the East Side of New York, weary of the bondage of the needle, bought an abandoned farm. Then another Hebrew with health ravaged by Ghetto congestion followed suit and so on until there were a score.

Now the striking feature of this colony, as in all others, was that so long as these Jewish families remained isolated units they did not completely prosper. For one thing they were at the mercy of avaricious land agents who palmed off sterile stretches of rocky waste as "productive farms." The traditional resource of the Hebrew faded before the aggression of the stranger whose speech and customs were foreign.

But as soon as a Farmers' Association was started the settlement got a rebirth of progress. Men who had passed each other on the highways came together in social, religious, and economic intercourse; their wives became friends; no longer could the land agent foist off a worthless and unproductive area. Why? Simply because the newcomer had colleagues of his own kind to consult and, what is more interesting, they were not willing to stand by and see him duped.

The Right Way to Buy

HERE, as elsewhere, the operation of the Central Purchasing Bureau has not only saved the Jewish farmers money but wrought a benefit for the whole community, as this illustration will show: The Fairfield farmers bought several carloads of feed at wholesale prices. They could not use all of it themselves so, upon request, they disposed of the balance to their Gentile neighbors at a slight advance on what they paid. But what happened? The Bridgeport dealers, seeing good business slip away from them, reduced their prices to meet the rates established by the Jewish farmers. Thus the Israelite became good angel as well as good neighbor.

The work of the Credit Union at Fairfield is merely typical of what all the others are doing. With twenty-nine members who own 108 shares they have loaned nearly $7,000 in less than three years. These loans (the average is well under $50), tell an impressive story of uplift and advance. Each one represents an emergency met or a needed increase in productive machinery. It may have been the interest or an installment on a mortgage, a cow, horse, or silo.

The big fact is that without the ready and reasonable aid of the union hardship might have been worked or prosperity impeded.

So highly developed is the spirit of cooperation among these farmers that it is a sort of instinct among them, manifesting itself in various significant ways. Here is an example: A newcomer in the vicinity bought a farm and started a small dairy. Naturally his first act was to join the Farmers' Association and subscribe to the Credit Union. But almost before he was elected his barn burned and all the contents were destroyed. At one swoop fate had wiped out his whole source of income. He had exhausted his modest capital in buying the farm and he was destitute at the beginning of winter with a family on his hands.

As soon as his plight became known his Jewish neighbors assembled. All have telephones and are easily accessible. "What can we do to put this man on his feet?" was the question that occupied them. In less than an hour the victim of the fire had $250 to his credit and was able to start all over again. The Credit Union loaned him the limit which was $100, and the remainder came from the surplus of the Farmers' Association which may be employed in this way in rare emergencies.

Cooperative Milk Hauling

LAST spring another farmer was busy plowing. One night his best horse died. Unless it was replaced at once his work would stop. He already owed the Credit Union $100 and under its laws could borrow no more. But this did not prevent him from having cooperative help. Once more the neighbors got together, raised a fund and bought him a horse, the cost of which he is paying back in small installments.

Now take another angle of this cooperative effort. Most of the Fairfield Jews

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are dairymen and they live from three to five miles from a milk station. If each man had to haul his milk every day it would cut a big hole in his time. So they agreed to syndicate the hauling. There are six farmers in every agreement and each man hauls the milk for the entire group one day in the week. This enables the rest to remain home all day and stick to their work.

Then, too, there is the religious side. The Jewish farmer is a devout man and feels the need of a regular place of worship. As a result the Fairfield colony is to build a cooperative synagogue. One farmer gave the lot and a dozen others each subscribed enough to make a worthy little edifice possible. The basement is to be used as a schoolroom for the children and a place of assembly for communal work.

Even the women have felt the inspiration of the get-together mood and formed a Ladies' Auxiliary which meets at the various houses and discusses domestic science, the care of children, and farm sanitation. When the wife of a farmer falls sick there are half a dozen women in the community ready to take up her work and care for her babies. No phase of all this cooperation has a deeper or more lasting significance than the part contributed by the women.

A Transplanted Slice of Russia

I WENT among these Jewish farmers to see just what they had done for themselves. I found a vivid slice of faraway Russia nestling in the snows of rural New England. In the living rooms of the farmhouses stood the brass samovars that had steamed in Continental ghettoes; there were the tall candlesticks that gleamed on the Sabbath-eve tablecloths; on the doorposts were the sacred scrolls, universal hall-mark of the pious Jew. Here, as everywhere the world over, was the orthodox Jew maintaining the integrity of his faith supremely indifferent to environment.

As I drove along the icy road a huge white barn loomed up before me. I asked my guide who owned it.

"That's about the best in the county," he replied. "One of those Jewish farmers owns it."

I went inside and found Morris Nussbaum, who, like his Biblical ancestor Ruth, stood "amid the alien corn," only in this case the corn was being ground into fodder in a cutter operated by the most approved gas engine. The place was a revelation. On one side thirty cows chewed their cud contentedly; on the other were half a dozen horses. Both upper and lower floors groaned under the weight of almost every modern implement that added to the convenience and profit of the farmer. Even the cows were milked by machine. And in the midst of all of it was an upstanding giant of a Russian with the face of a Tolstoy, only beardless, who greeted me warmly in broken English and stopped to talk occasionally while his Yankee helper paused to breathe.

"Hard Work and Cooperation"

THE story of Nussbaum is merely the duplicate of many of his neighbors. Eleven years ago he was a prosperous timber merchant in Minsk. When persecution got too hot for him he disbanded his household, sent his family to the country, sold his business at a sacrifice, and landed in New York with exactly $1,000 in his pocket. He had seen something of farming in Russia, but he had no practical experience. He heard that the Jews were successfully operating dairies in Fairfield County, so he put the remnant of his small fortune into an eighty-seven acre place near Bridgeport and started life anew.

He found a battered farmhouse, a decrepit barn, a stony area that almost defied cultivation, and a few head of live stock. For months he slept on a straw pallet in the kitchen where he cooked his own meals. But he was a prodigious worker and he had a cooperative machine behind him. Before a year he was able to send for his family. I found him installed in a comfortable new house; I have already described the barn. The nucleus of a few cows has grown to a considerable herd. His place is so sanitary that he gets more for his milk than any of his neighbors. He would not sell his farm for $14,000.

I asked him what lay behind his success. He replied with true Russian brevity:

"Hard work and cooperation."

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"How did cooperation help you?" I asked.

"In many ways," he replied. "First and foremost was the Credit Union. I keep no money ahead, because I put all my profits back into the farm in the shape of improvements. I have had many chances to buy good cows cheap, so when these opportunities come I simply borrow from the union and increase my equipment. I buy feed through the purchasing bureau and save $50, for example, on a carload of alfalfa."

Mutual Helpfulness

I WENT on to the farm of Jacob Puzinsky, a refugee from Wilna. When he arrived in New York he was penniless. After working in a grocery on Ludlow Street near Hester (in the heart of the East Side) he drove a milk wagon. In eight years he saved $3,000. With this he made the first payment on a farm about a mile from Nussbaum's. At the start he had one horse and a dozen cows. When I saw him he owned twenty-five cows and four horses and had a plant that he would not sell for $15,000. His wife and children, rescued from the congested city, are rotund and rosy, and he is a cheerful and contented citizen.

Then there was Solomon Rose, who, like Nussbaum, fled from Minsk. Curiously enough, these two men who had known each other in the Fatherland met by accident after a long lapse on a Fairfield country road and found that they lived within five miles of each other. Rose ran a dyeing establishment in New York, but the reek and fumes were too much for his health. In Connecticut he not only found vigor but abundant prosperity.

So too with Harry Garder, who broke down under the tumult and sordidness of the grind for existence in New York and started farm life with his savings of $800. Now his place is worth eight times that much. Unlike his associates, he has gone in for fruit raising. In the summer he keeps boarders.

None of these men, and the many others that I could cite, could have achieved success without the benefits that have come from close cooperation and the spirit of mutual helpfulness that characterizes this whole booming community. I can pay its prosperity no greater tribute than to say that within ten years this coterie of Russian refugees have built up a total investment of a quarter of a million dollars in land, live stock and general working machinery. What has happened in Fairfield County has been duplicated in Ellington, Conn., in Rensselaer, N. Y., in Colchester, Conn., in Hurleyville, N. Y., in Woodbine, N. J., in Attleboro, Mass., and in a dozen other places. Everywhere the Jewish farmer has marched ahead under the banner of cooperation.

Some Picturesque Cooperative Effort

THE Jewish farmer might well rest on the achievement that all this cooperative effort has produced, but he has gone farther, as the instance of the Cooperative Fire Insurance Company of Sullivan and adjacent counties shows. Like most Hebraic progress it was bred out of some kind of discrimination.

Up in Sullivan and Ulster Counties in New York State the Jewish husbandmen had great difficulty in obtaining insurance on their properties. One reason was that ancient prejudice that the Hebrew is a "fire bug." When they did get insurance it was at prohibitive rates, some farmers paying as much as $4 a hundred a year. An acute situation developed.

These farmers had enjoyed the benefits of cooperative effort, so in this new emergency they got together to find a remedy.

"Why not apply the Credit Union idea to fire insurance and have our own company?" was asked.

The result was the formation of a company which solved the whole troublesome business. Like the Credit Union it represents the highest self-help. No surplus is carried and losses are paid out of assessments based on the amount of insurance carried by each member. The company charges $2 for membership policy and survey. Insurance is written at the average rate of ten cents a hundred dollars. A farmer can get $1,000 insurance for three years for $5; $2,000 for the same period for $8 and so on.

Even a Mutual Insurance Scheme

AT the end of nine months the company had 206 risks and had written $654,000. The fire loss during the first year was less than $1,000. It is estimated by the officers of the company that the saving to the Jewish farmers, so far, by those directly insured in the cooperative scheme and by those who have benefited by the general reduction of rates that has followed throughout the region is not less than $25,000. Here, as I have pointed out in other instances, a whole section has been helped by cooperation among a group.

Two more instances may serve to round out these annals of a really notable progressive advance. You have already had one example of the enterprise and resource of the Jewish farmers of Sullivan and Ulster Counties. Here is another:

Many of them keep boarders during the summer, and this means that they use up practically all the milk and butter they produce. But when the vacation season is over they must find a market for these products. Last fall when they started to ship they found the buyers arrayed against them. "If we can't get your milk and butter all through the year, we won't handle it at all," was the argument.

Once more the sons of Israel got together. It is instinct in time of trouble. The fire insurance history simply repeated itself, because a cooperative creamery was started. "We will send our butter direct to the consumer in New York," was the slogan. And it has worked out successfully.

An old mill near the railway station at Hurleyville was bought and converted into a creamery.

An agency was established in New York which receives the product fresh every day. The butter is sent out in sanitary packages bearing the device of the Federation of Jewish Farmers and the motto "From the Producer to the Consumer." Eggs also are shipped.

The Consumer Shares in Profits

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Just unwind American Seed Tape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced inside paper tape and fastened with glue fertilizer, insures a quick, sturdy growth, because the paper attracts moisture to the already fertilized seed. Sprouts week earlier than seeds planted in soil. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. You save time and back breaking labor.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. *each of White and Red Radish, Boston and Curly Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beet, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Seeds.* 500 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. *NO AGENTS.*

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The largest dahlia growers in the world want every copy of the limited edition of their handsome, new catalog to go to a known flower lover. To avoid curiosity inquiries, they offer **13 packets** of fine seeds, worth more than a dollar, for 25 cents. One packet each of finest varieties of **Double Dahlias** (mixed); **Cactus Dahlias** (mixed); **Single Dahlias** (mixed); new dwarf **Cosmos** "Dawn"; Truffaut's French **Asters;** double **Larkspur** "Rocket"; choice mixed **Nasturtiums;** mixed **Verbena;** double **Zinnia;** new **Marigolds; Scarlet Sage;** and **Cockscomb** and **Cornflower.** *Flowers continuously till frost comes.*

Sent prepaid for 25c (send stamps or coin).

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If you are thinking of buying an incubator or brooder you should send for our big 1914 catalog at once. Describes many new and exclusive improvements in this year's

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

Also contains about 60 pages of valuable poultry information—how to feed, rear and breed; treat diseases, poultry buildings, home grown winter feed, etc. Just out—a postal brings it FREE. Write today—now. (1)

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Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. It's FREE, send for it.

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H. H. GREIDER, Box 13 Rheems, Pa.



55 BREEDS Pure-Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, also Incubators, Supplies, and Collie Dogs. Send 4c for large Poultry book, Incubator Catalog and Price List.

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MUSHROOMS. WHY??? Because MEN and WOMEN can grow them for big profits at home in cellars, stables, sheds, barns, etc., all the year. Experience or capital unnecessary. Crop sells for high prices. Big demand. Markets waiting. Learns all about this great business. Write for big FREE booklet.

NAT'L SPAWN CO., Dept. 54, BOSTON, MASS.

HOW TO MAKE A LAWN

A twenty-page booklet telling what to do and how to do it. Also a 180-page catalog **FREE.** Will help you beautify your home. Write today.

IOWA SEED CO. DEPT. H DES MOINES, IOWA

five to a surplus fund to meet emergencies. Inspired by the example of the up-State New York farmers, their brethren in Fairfield County, Connecticut, are planning a similar enterprise.

Final evidence of this "all for one and one for all" campaign is the Cooperative Live Stock Insurance Company organized among the Jewish farmers of Carmel, N. J. Twenty-five of them contribute $2 each to a fund. When a member's horse or cow dies, his loss is made good. If the fund is inadequate, a small assessment is levied.

Leadership Rather Than Legislation

WHAT then is the real significance of this amazing lesson in cooperation among an alien people who, beginning life anew in a strange land, have established at the same time, a whole economic order? First and foremost it shows the efficacy of collective effort as applied to a multitude of common needs; second, it proves beyond doubt that the whole harassing problem of rural credits does not need legislation as much as it needs real leadership.

In its purely human side it means that for the tired and oppressed city worker, whether refugee or native, the journey "back to the land" is the road to cheerfulness and content. The concrete illustration revealed here indicates that in farming, as in all other activities in which he joins, the Jew is well worth watching and heeding.



" Don't give 'im all the peanuts, Eddie; you'll spoil his dinner "

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

Volume 53 Number 1 — March 21, 1914

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers.* Robert J. Collier, *President;* E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager;* J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer;* Charles E. Miner, *Secretary;* A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department,* 416 *West Thirteenth Street,* New York City

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Question:

Do They Actually Prevent Skidding?

Answer:

For three years now we have sold these tires on our widely advertised guarantee that they will not skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price—

Never a challenge of this guarantee from a user.

There's no limit to their skid-resistance—the heavier the slewing force, the stronger grows the multiple suction hold of the heavy-walled Vacuum Cups. The rolling tire lifts and releases the cups edgewise without drag on the forward speed.

And what tires can match their service? Guaranteed for 4,500 actual miles—with many records of 12,000 to 15,000 on heavy cars and great excess mileage always the rule. ***Absolutely oilproof.***

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A STYLE FOR EVERYMAN

Boston Garter

Fitted with the Famous Velvet Grip Rubber Button Clasp

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

Lisle, 25c. EVERYWHERE Silk, 50c.

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POPULAR WITH THE HOSTESS

Because her desire for something a little different from the ordinary, is gratified in

MAPLEINE

It gives a differently delicious taste to the every-day desserts, as well as to the special dainties, icings for cakes, home-made candies, etc.

Send 2c stamp for recipe book and if your grocer cannot supply you with Mapleine, send us 35c for Parcel Post order.



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PAINT made of Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy linseed oil makes a guaranteed pure basis for any color of paint. It protects, beautifies, lasts.

Send for Paint Adviser No. 74 telling of best wearing and best looking paint; how to estimate possible cost, etc.

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New York Boston Cincinnati Cleveland Buffalo Chicago
San Francisco (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
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MINT Marks S-O-CC-D or C WANTED. Examine all coins. I pay from $1 to $1500 premium on thousands of rare Coins, Mint Marks, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Get posted and make money quickly. Illustrated circular free for postage.

VONDERGEN, Dept. 9, BOSTON, MASS.

PATENTS of value secured by Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D. C., and New York City. Estb. 1861. BOOKLET FREE.

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HERE YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK TO AN APPLE ORCHARD. YOU CAN GET VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION ABOUT MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES BY READING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

Real Estate

The Gold Coast Of Florida. The Groves Of grapefruit and oranges laden with golden spheres bring real gold to the growers. You cannot make the metal here, but groves returns are annually and handsomely the deep rich soil, under a winter sun, ripening products in midwinter. Celery yielding 500 to 1000 crates the acre—Cabbage yielding 500 crates to the acre—Strawberries continuous in bearing November to June—There is gold to be had by intelligent effort on these soils. We will tell you how. J. A. Price, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 761, Norfolk, Va.

Facts About The Southeast. Farm Lands Aver- age less than $15 per acre. Beef, pork, dairying and poultry make big profits. Large returns from alfalfa, cotton, corn, truck, fruits and nuts. Good local and nearby markets. Ample rain, mild winters, enjoyable summers. Industrial openings everywhere. The "Southern Field" magazine and state booklets free. M. V. Richards, Land & Ind. Agt., Southern Ry., Room 16, Washington, D. C.

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VIRGINIA

Cattle Can Graze In Virginia Almost Every Day in the year—little snow—abundant rainfall—ideal soil made for dairying, stock, fruit or general farming. Good farms $10 to $25 an acre up. Write for information. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., Norfolk & Western Ry., Room 215 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Collections

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Baby's First Shoes Cast In Bronze! Each Little wrinkle forever preserved. We cast baby's shoes in bronze and mount for your approval. Write for booklet. Western Bronze Statue, Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco.

Plantation Candy, A Delicacy Famous "Before the War." Clean and wholesome. Large package sent anywhere prepaid for 25 cents. Columbia Food Products Co., Dept. A, Lock Box 250, St. Paul, Minn.

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Stamp Collecting Is Interesting, Instructive And profitable. Only 5th cents starts you with 100 all different stamps, including Rhodesia, Jamaica (Waterfalls), China (Dragon), Malay (Tiger), etc. Big lists and $1 Coupons Free. We Buy Stamps. Hussman Stamp Company, Department L, St. Louis, Mo.

Watch Your Change. Many Rare Coins Worth 20% premium and More circulating. Right now we pay $1.50 DOLLARS for 1853 quarter, $50 for 1804 dollar—Send only 4c. for our Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. L, Fort Worth, Texas.

Pianos, Musical Instruments

Used Pianos Offer Biggest Values; We Sell Many great Bakes from $125 up; delivery free, anywhere; easy terms; the "Free" proposition is unique; 50 years guarantees satisfaction. Write for bargain list. Fraser Piano Factory, Leggett Ave., Bronx, New York.

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Typewriters, Office Supplies

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc., ½ to ⅓ manufacturers' prices, many less—rented anywhere—applying rent if desired. Four class machines—rent one and judge on the most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium, Extab. 1893, 31-35 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

This Month $100 No. 3 Oliver Visible Type- writers $49 direct; special price. Terms $3 a month—3 days' Free Trial—completely equipped. Guaranteed same as if regularly costing $100 with part. United States Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 242, Federal Life Bldg., Chicago.

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Cigars

Cigars—High Grade Hand Made Havana Cigars. Private trade a specialty. Goods guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Brands, El Granada, Lancaster Belle, Sultanola, Brower's Real, Steyer-Lauge, A. S. Lauer & Son, Mfrs., Lime & New Sts., Lancaster, Pa.

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Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Kleister School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Show Card Writing

Learn Show Card Writing. My Course, Complete in 12 easy lessons, makes you an expert. Scholarship free. Daily, 100 Bath Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

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If You Are Not Earning $5,000 A Year, If You possess energy and brain enough to speak and English clearly and logically, write us. If you have spare time you want like to turn into money, write us. We have a successful, thoroughly-tried-out orchard selling proposition, on which a few men are making very good incomes. We want to get in touch with a few more men of the highest class. If you have had no selling experience, but possess the natural requirements mentioned, we will train you. It is possible for you to make a very large income if you work hard, using the wonderful materials prepared by us. State age and experience. Only high grade men need apply. Lamb & Company, 209 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Are You Satisfied With Your Present Income? Would you like to represent a large manufacturer? There is a demand for our goods. You can sell them at a liberal profit. We will supply you with free printed matter and selling instructions. Before you decide on any other line of work send for our Free Offer. It will interest you. Kimo Mfg. Co., 100 Kimo Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

Metal Specialties Manufactured; We Will Make dies, tools, patterns, etc., and manufacture any quantity of any specialty, invention, or article according to your specification. Right prices. Write us today. E. A. Laeck Co., Enterprise Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Start Mail Order Business. Responsible Corpora- tion supplies best mail getters. Factory prices. Quick returns guaranteed. Consolidated Products Co., Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 61 E. 9th St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

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Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dia- logues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Make-Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 44, Chicago.

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You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Rotech" duplicator. Complete, booklet free. W. F. Darkin, Reeves & Co., 120 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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We Can Find Out Anything You Want To know here or any place. Famous detectives 5 years. Detective Bureau, 31 Broadway, N. Y. City. Drawer C.

JOBS

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

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Agents—Cremey Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors In Collapsible tubes give 50 drinks; 30 sales to the set; make steady customers. Ten times as strong, sweeter, richer and better than common extracts. Also pleasant line toilet products. Fine sample case furnished workers. Exclusive territory. Big profits. Easy work. Different from all others. Write us now for full particulars—a postal will do. Chas. Morrissey Co., 341-59 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents, Would You Take A Steady Job With regular weekly income to start and chance to work up to big yearly profits? No experience required. Great new managers' proposition. We manufacture. Monthly profits saved.—Get posted on our 1911 exclusive territory —business-winning money-plan. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Pres., 851, Davis Blk., Chicago.

We Have A Big Opportunity To Offer A Few live men selling Pure Aluminum Cooking Utensils and Specialties. We are oldest manufacturers. Goods guaranteed 10 years. Our free sales course teaches you. Choice of territory given first applicants. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., (Est. 1892) Div. X, Lemont, Ill.

We Furnish You Capital To Run A Profitable business of your own. Become one of our local representatives and sell high grade custom made shirts, also guaranteed sweaters, underwear, hosiery and neckties, direct to the wearer. Write Steadfast Mills, Dept. 26, Cohoes, N. Y.

Agents Send Money Order 65 Cents Quick For greatest book on Panama Canal ever printed. Beautifully illustrated; many editions; complete story of Col. Goethals' great work. Sells for $1.50. Live agents make big money. Special inducements. Great proposition. Act quick. Address National Bureau, 196 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fenny Mfg. Co., Dept. B-61, Muncie, Ind., wants a few good general agents for Fenny Vacuum cleaning machine. New exclusive type; unequalled in power, sells at regular price; good contract with exclusive territory. Answer today.

Agents—New Low-Price Portable Oil Gas Stove for Cooking, Heating & Baking. Light as weight—compact. A possible customer in every home. Sells every season of the year. Get particulars of our unparalleled offer. The World Mfg. Co., 1125 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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Agents Make Big Money Selling The LaPlexio Massager. Every man and woman needs one. Costs less than others. Costs nothing to operate. No complicated parts. Anyone can use it. Carries strong commendations, guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Write for special Agents proposition and free booklet "The Story The Jiffies Tell." The Aplavac Company, Dept. C, 111 Fifth Ave., New York.

We Will Pay You $120.00 To Distribute Religious literature in your community. Sixty days' work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for permanent. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 926 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

Agents—Make More Money. Handle The Im- perial Self-Heating Iron. Oldest and best. Every home a safe customer. Exclusive territory. Write for interesting proposition. Imperial Brass Mfg. Co., Dept. 950, Chicago.

Agents Wanted To Sell Our Celebrated H. & R. Medicated Skin and Scalp Soap. Perfumes and Toilet Articles. Cash commission. Goods guaranteed. Hoge Gee & Roth, 209 S. Second St., St. Louis, Mo.

Sign Men—Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Brand patented. Anypersons required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. N. Y. Sign Letter Co., 141 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Get The Habit. Others Have. Earn Extra Money in spare time or entire time, selling my window sign letters. Always in demand. No experience required. Samples and particulars free. Chas. Goodman, 111 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

Manufacturer Of Ladies' Sweater Coats, Shawls, Scarfs, etc., wants good live agents to distribute his products direct to consumer, using ladders and retailers' credit. J. Schanzer, 918 Monastery St., West Hoboken, N. J.

The Safety Steerer—Removes The Back Lash from Ford cars. Enthusiastically endorsed by nine out of ten users the past ten months. Address J. S. Harris, Div. A, Waverly, Ill.

Agents—Greatest Value Ever Offered. With Ev- ery sale of Duraan Polish. Sells a $2.50 Gold Plated absolutely free. 200 cents profit on each sale. Many sales daily easily. Duraan Bros., 2815 Grand Ave., Chicago.

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Agents Sell Guaranteed Hosiery, Underwear, and Sweaters for largest manufacturer to wearer. Easy work. Big pay. Complete outfit free. Write Nimrod Mills, Dept. 18, 500 Broadway, New York City.

Are You In A Salaried Rut? Earn More Money selling our postal card book records. Play on any machine. Mail sample to person. Gladson Co., 114-116 Portland Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

Agents, Sell Money-Making Books! Build Up A dignified, paying business in your town. Profits about one-third. Two or three hours each day or evening should show handsome returns. Men or women equally well. Our plan is new, simple, unique. Two big new sellers just out. Write. Small, Maynard & Co., 14 Beacon St., Boston.

Both Sexes Keep Half—Postage Paid. Lightning Silver and Jewelry Polish. Every woman, hotel and restaurant a silverware buss. No rubbing. Positively harmless; absolute guarantee. Chance to make steady customers. Lightning Metal Polish Co., 180 A, B way, N. Y.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $25 death, $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents: Secure Exclusive Territory For Kleanol Specialties. Quick repeaters. Large profit. Monthly bonus payments extra. Get full information from The Kleanol Co., 87 Taylor St., Springfield, Mass.

Agents—Here's A Fast Selling Article. New Low- Priced Self-Heating Iron. Easy sales, large profits, unusual exclusive. Write Today for Money Making Plans and how to obtain Free Sample. A. Brown Mfg. Co., 305 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Cost 3c, Sell 15c To 25c. Homes Buy 12 To 40 Sets; needs hundreds. Free samples. American agents, Gilding Cakes. Save carpets, furniture. Carried in pocket. Agents earn big money weekly. Evergrip Co., 581 Warren St., N.Y.

Household Necessity Recently Invented Sells readily at 25c. Costs distributors 2c. Nothing like it on the market. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get your territory now. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 36 Huntley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. Three sizes and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Brass Novelty Co., Batavia, Ill.

Agents Wanted. Sell Latest Vacuum Cleaner. Every woman wants one. Guaranteed. Special trial offer. Many other simply household articles. Big profits. Write Jos. C. Barnett Co., Manufacturers, Riverside, Iowa.

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Agents, Men And Women, Sanitary Article, easily sold. Extra large profit. Virgin territory, no competition, every home and store possible customers. J. A. C., 431 Congress Street, Portland, Maine.

You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves $5. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Thrift & Co., 115 Reid St., Newark, N. Y.

High-Grade Salesmen

Managerial Opportunity. A Real Opportunity, managerial, to open to a man with a successful record as a manager and director of high grade salesmen. An eastern life insurance company, in business sixty years, wants a manager for a new field, to be opened in connection with its development plans. The right man will be trained, liberal salary, at the home office and will be given a share in the profits of his office in addition to his regular remuneration. Address Box 10, 416 West 13th Street, New York City.

We Pay You $6, $4 Or $2, On Each Order. You can average a number of orders each day. First month on commission. Guaranteed salary after first month to producers. We sell to physicians on easy credit terms. Under-writers now quick. Wm. Wood & Company, Dept. R, 31 Fifth Ave., New York. 110 years in business.

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Salesmen Wanted—Residing In Or Making Small towns. Take orders on our special plan showing fabrics of staple goods. Makes quick easy sales, $4.00 commission on each order. Write for packet outfit today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sears St., Chicago.

Salesmen Who Know They Can Sell Meritorious land that will stand investigation. Splendid contracts for men who can make good. Cash or allowed purchasers. Palm Beach County Land Co., Box 312, Stuart, Florida.

Be A Detective—Earn A Large Monthly Salary; easy work; we show you; open to all. Experience unnecessary; full particulars mailed free. Write Wagner, 121 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 202.

Man Wanted To Advertise And Solicit For Rogers Silverware. Good salary and commission. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 901 Rogers Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates and Information

We Maintain A Department To Co-Operate with advertisers. We will prepare copy or help you in any way possible. Questions gladly answered and complete information supplied on request. We solicit suggestions as to ways in which to improve this page.

Smallest copy accepted—four lines. Cost, $5.00 a line. 3% discount for cash with order; 5% discount on six consecutive orders. Total discount deducted from sixth insertion. The next six classified issues are: April 18, May 2, 16, June 6, 20, and July 4. Rate for all issues after September 26th, 1914, $5.50 per line. An average of eight words to each line of space. Forms close three weeks in advance of date of issue (for example, forms close for the April 18th issue on March 28). To eliminate bookkeeping, check must accompany order unless placed by a recognized advertising agency. Address Advertising Office, 1119 Westminster Building, Chicago, or 416 West 13th St., New York City.

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Come "Evinrude" With Us

Do you know what "Evinruding" is? It is not a **new** sport because too many thousands are "Evinruding" to call it new. Dictionaries should describe it as making a motor-boat of any rowboat in less than one minute—of realizing all the pleasures of row-boating with any rowboat or canoe. The

Is Vibrationless, quiet and smooth running.



Is powerful enough to tow several other boats.

IT WEIGHS ABOUT 50 POUND) CARRIES LIKE A SUIT CASE

You Don't Need to Own a Boat

if you have an "Evinrude" because the "Evinrude will attach to any boat whether rented or owned ar its simplicity of operation enables women and childre to enjoy the pleasures of "Evinruding" everywher

In designing our 1914 models we have made them th most modern achievements in gasoline motor constru tion. To add to their well known, great efficiency w have installed another exclusive Evinrude feature, th

Built-In Reversible Magneto

ich eliminates the carrying of 15 or 20 lbs. of batteries essary with similar motors. This magneto starts motor with one-twelfth turn of the fly-wheel in er direction; is not affected by water or dampness.

e motor drives the average rowboat 8 miles an hour may be slowed down for trolling. Speed with a oe 12 miles an hour. The "Evinrude" has been opted by twelve governments and is used universally.



Call at your Hardware o "Evinrude" or write for

g Goods Dealer to see the ustrated catalog sent free.



EVINRUDE MC R CO., 158-F Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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San Francisco, 423 Market Street Portland, (Jacksonville, Fla., Foot of Main S

arth Street Boston, 218 State Street New York, 69 Cortlandt Street

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

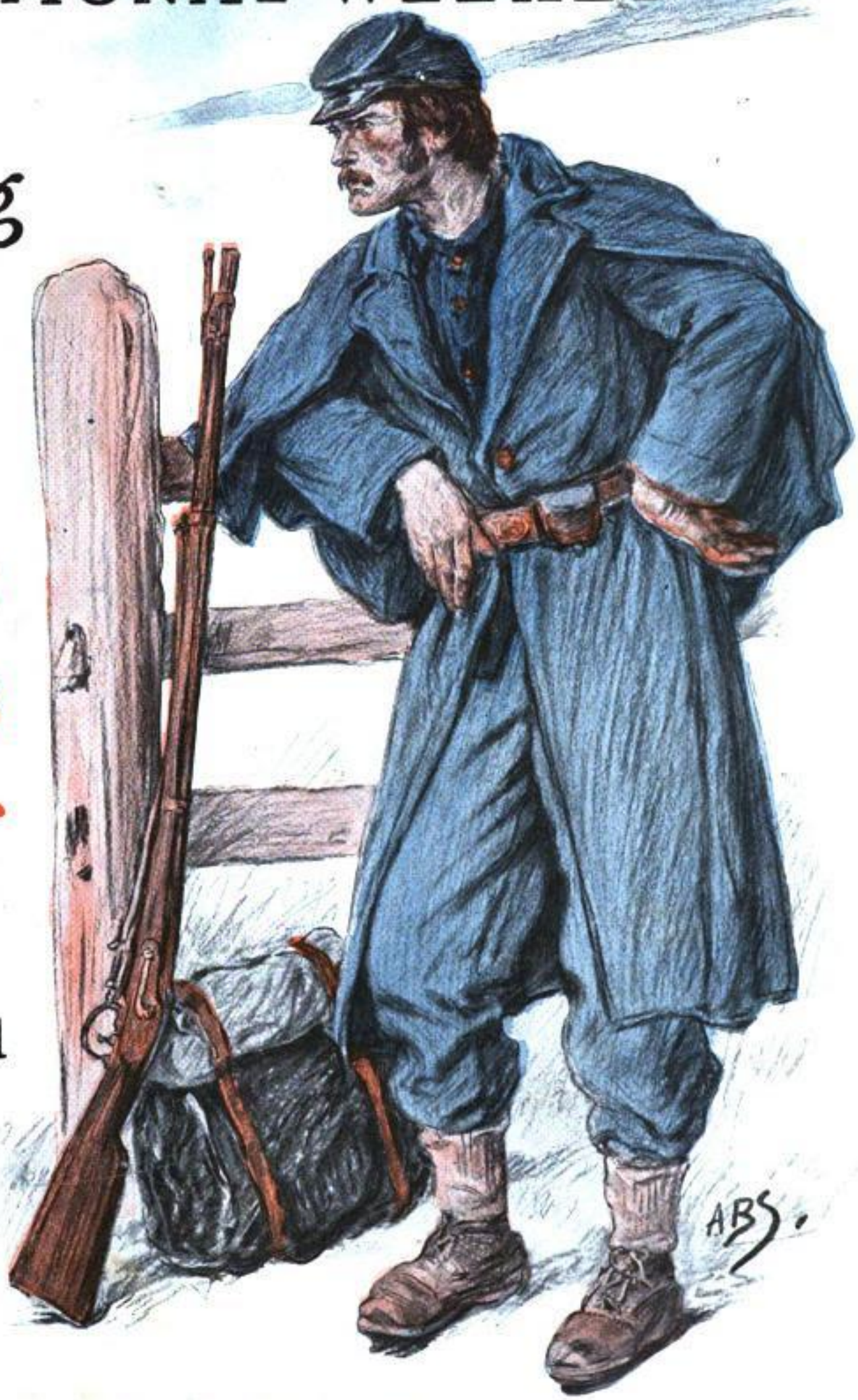
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Beginning

A Son of the Middle Border

BY

Hamlin Garland



VOL FIFTY-THREE NO 2

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A Son of the Middle Border

A Personal History—By Hamlin Garland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IN writing this story I have not only had the advantage of a somewhat similar life in the West; I have also enjoyed the use of a voluminous mass of manuscripts called "An Abandoned Autobiography," from which at critical points I have freely quoted. In this way I have been able to retain something of that intimate quality of utterance which comes from first-hand narration, while indulging myself in the historian's privilege of arrangement and comment. ¶ Stewart's notes, and especially certain of his letters, have been of very great service in all of that portion of the manuscript which deals with the vague world of childhood and the almost equally mystical region of early youth. ¶ "It is now over a quarter of a century," he states in his foreword, "since I began to write of the West, and here (midway on the trail) I am minded to pause and look back on the long, hard road over which I have trudged, eager to make a final record of my joys before they escape me, and in order that I may preserve to my children some few of the intimate details of a life which is already passing if not completely vanished." ¶ He says: "The truth is I take a curious pleasure—an illogical pleasure—in reliving, reshaping, and continuing the days of my youth. I love to grope and wander about in the misty half-forgotten paths of my boyhood with some part of the mingled pain and joy a man experiences when in returning to his family homestead he finds it swiftly falling into decay beneath ancestral elms. I am certain that something dies out of our souls when the memory of what we loved and suffered fades from our brain cells, and I, too, would catch and imprison all the significant hours of my past if I could!" ¶ And yet, as a conscientious historian, I must warn the reader against believing that this writing contains the whole truth about an author. It is not even the whole truth about a man. It is indeed the study of a family and an epoch. The Middle Border as herein depicted is not the West as others saw it but as Lincoln Stewart saw it, and the pictures drawn are truthful only in the sense that they present conditions as he remembers them and contain characters as they appeared to his youthful eyes. Even when most precise the narrative is not exact, for no man can write of friends and neighbors unreservedly and certainly no man writes of himself without restraint. ¶ In the spirit of Lincoln Stewart's own philosophy I have made use of the materials at my disposal.—HAMLIN GARLAND.

I—Half Lights

IN BEGINNING this story of Lincoln Stewart, I am almost wholly dependent upon the man's own words in order to account for his boyhood. He says: "All of this universe known to me in 1865 was bounded by the wooded hills of a little Wisconsin coulee, and its center was the house in which my mother was living alone with her children. My father does not appear in the vision, for he was away in the army.

"As I project myself back into that mystical age, half lights cover all of the valley, the road to the village begins and ends in vague obscurity—even the Widow Green's cottage at the fork of the road stands on the very edge of the earth, in a sinister region sparsely peopled with menacing forms. Beyond this point all is darkness and terror."

THE emergence of an individual consciousness is, after all, the insoluble mystery of human life, and I should like to spend all of this first chapter in groping about in the luminous shadow of this child's world because, deeply considered, childish impressions are the fundamentals upon which one's literary expression is based; but to do so might weary my readers at the outset, although I count Lincoln most fortunate in his boyhood, which was spent in the midst of a charming mid-Western landscape and at a certain heroic and splendid era of settlement.

On this point he insists: "The men and women of that day loom large in my memory, for they were not only pioneers; they were warriors." Aside from the natural distortion of a child's imagination, I am quite sure that he is right in this judgment. The pioneers of 1850 had something broad and fine in their action—something which tallied "with the broadcast doings of the day and night."

"The earliest dim scene in my memory," his notes go on to say, "is that of a soft, warm evening. I am cradled in the lap of my sister, who is sitting on the low doorstep of our house. It is midsummer, and at our feet lies a mat of dark green grass, from which a frog is croaking. The stars are out and above the high hills to the east a mysterious glow is lighting the sky.



"He often took us to his knees of an evening and told us vivid stories"

"The cry of the animal conveys to Hester's mind at last a notion of distress, and she rises to peer closely down into the weeds. She starts back with a cry of alarm, and my mother comes out. She, too, examines the ground, and then points out to me a long, green-striped snake with a poor little shrieking tree toad in its mouth. The horror of this scene fixes it in my mind. My mother beats the remorseless serpent with a stick—the mangled little victim hastens away, and the curtain falls."

LINCOLN must have been nearly four years old at this time, although there is nothing except the absence of the father to determine the precise date. "Our home, a small frame cottage, stood on the side of a low ridge and faced eastward across a meadow which seemed wide to me.

"In the middle of this field was a marsh filled with crawling things and a pool from which the toads trilled night by night. Beyond was a wooded mountain.

"The doorstep seems to have been a favorite evening seat for my sister, for I treasure many other delicious gloamings. Bats whirl about in the dusk of the scene. Nighthawks whizz and boom, and over the dark forest wall a prodigious moon miraculously rolls. Fireflies are shining in the grass, and in a lone tree, just inside the fence, a whippoorwill sounds his querulous note. Sweet, very sweet, and very wonderful are all these memories.

"This marsh, even by day, was a marvelous place to me, for there (so my sister Hester warned me) dragons lay, eager to bite runaway boys. 'If you should step in the mud between the tufts of grass you would surely sink out of

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sight!" she used to say, and by night this teeming log became a place of dread and horrid mystery. Bears and wolves and wild cats, as well as blue racers and black snakes, were reported to inhabit the dark woods just beyond. Only the dooryard and a small section of the road seemed safe for little men—and even in this country it was well to have a grown person within call.

"Every child of my generation breathed in a mingled air of romance and sorrow. All through those first years of my life the words *Lincoln*, *Grant*, *Sheridan*, and *Sherman* rang in my ears like solemn bells timing a majestic march. All letters, papers, and messages spelled battle and death. What the war meant to my mother I shall never fully know. Her side of those long months of waiting was never delineated, for she was natively very reticent and markedly shy of emotional expression; but piece by piece in later years I drew from her an elliptical tale of her long vigil—some faint hint of the anguish of her suspense after each great battle.

"It is very strange, but I cannot define her face as I peer back into those heroic times, though I can feel her strong arms about me. She seemed large and middle-aged to me, though she was, in fact, only a handsome girl of twenty-three. Only by reference to a rare daguerreotype at the time am I able to correct this impression of her face and person."

THE Stewart farm lay well up in what is called a coulee (that is to say, a little valley) just off the road which runs along the north shore of the Neshonoc River in western Wisconsin. It contained one hundred and sixty acres of land, which crumpled against the wooded hills on the east and lay well up on a ridge to the west. "Only two families lived above us," continues Lincoln, "and over the ridge which bounded my world to the north certain red people lived, and small bands of their hunters used occasionally to come trailing down across the hillside on their way to and from La Crosse, their immemorial trading point."

Lincoln makes much of these visitors. "Sometimes they walked into our house without knocking," he says. "But, then, no red man knocks at a wigwam of his neighbor, and we were not afraid of them, for they were Chippewas and friendly, and our mother often gave them bread and meat, which they took (always without thanks) and which they ate dry with much relish while sitting beside our fire. Their failure to say 'Thank you' seemed very curious to us, but as they were accustomed to share their food and lodging with one another, they accepted my mother's bounty in the same matter-of-fact fashion.

"Once two old fellows, while sitting by the fire, watched Hester and me bringing in wood for the kitchen stove, and smiled and muttered between themselves thereat. At last one of them patted me on the head and called out admiringly to my mother: 'Small pappoose, heap work—good!' And I was very proud of the old man's praise.

"OUR grandfather, Ronald Stewart, lived with us one winter—perhaps while my father was away—and is a sharply defined figure in my vision. He was a small man with white, even teeth, keen gray eyes, and a stern expression of the lips. He was very austere in manner and extremely pious. His church was his club, his theatre, his commercial center. Whereas my mother's father, Hugh McTurg, was an 'Adventist,' which seemed to us something very, very strange. His accent was a mixture of Scotch and Irish, and appealed to my ear with peculiar pungency. Large of frame, slovenly of habit, roughhewn of feature, he nevertheless held high respect by reason of his essential inward grace and his love of prophecy. And as I remember him now, it seems that his place of worship was as insubstantial as a dream—a cloud-built temple of the mind.

"The prayers of Grandfather Stewart were pieces of elaborate oratory, but those of Grandad McTurg were lyrical chantings of the nature of poetry and awed me while they pleased me, and his sons and daughters filled a large place in my childish world.

"My father's mother, Harriet Stewart, a tall, thin, pitifully emaciated woman of almost Christ-like charity and patience, comes into my world before my father. She was an invalid, as I remember her, always seated in one corner of her room, the walls of which were covered with little shelves and pockets so arranged that she could reach out at any time and secure her materials without rising, and she was always able to discover in some one of these receptacles a piece of candy or a stick of 'lickerish root' for the children who came to call upon her.

"OUR visits to Grandmother McTurg's house carried us in the opposite direction—that is to say, to the eastward, around a high hill and over a wooded ridge into the valley of the Neshonoc. One of our trips into this memorable and unknown territory took place just before my father's return from the war, and has enormous significance to me. It was like an exploring trip into an entirely new world—like penetrating the upper regions of the Nile.



"She hurries little Owen into his wagon and, telling Hester to bring me, sets off up the road as fast as she can draw the cart, voiceless, almost breathless with excitement"

"In those days people did not 'call.' They went 'visiting.' They took their knitting, and stayed all day and sometimes all night. In this case gran'pap must have sent for us. We rode in a heavy farm wagon with Uncle David and mother sitting high on the spring seat before us, while we jounced up and down on the straw behind or clung to the back of the seat while riding on our knees.

"BEYOND the hills which bounded our small universe all the landscape lay in luminous mist, and in this diffused light, in this prismatic alluring landscape of hills and trees and shining streams, the figures of my young uncles and aunts come and go, radiant and joyous. The McTurg homestead always swarmed with glad people. I can hear their laughter and their songs, but I cannot define any form and face except that of gran'pap.

"We never called my father's father anything less than the full and proper term, 'grandfather,' but we always addressed Hugh McTurg, who was a gigantic and picturesque figure, as 'granpap' or 'grandad.' He alone among all those flitting figures holds definite place. I can see him seated in his old-fashioned straight-backed chair, smiling with genial humor upon the noisy household. I cannot recover his speech, and he does not join in any active sense in the merriment, and yet he appears to be a part of it, and his occasional nods of approval or his widening smile would indicate a responsive humor.

"I cannot quite describe Grandmother McTurg on this first visit, for she was busy cooking and I was very busy climbing trees and wading in the brook. Indeed, we scarcely saw her at all until we came swarming in to dinner like a drove of hungry pigs squealing for their porridge. The children always ate in the kitchen with 'gran'ma' to wait on them, because the table in the main room was completely filled with grown-ups. How they all slept in that small house I cannot understand at this time, but it did not trouble me in those days.

"IT WAS on this day that I listened to the tragic story of Jowler's mysterious death. Jowler, the farm dog, it seems, had wandered away into the acrid, sweet, cool deeps of the bottom-land forest, never to return. He had been poisoned. On this day, too, I heard for the first time the story of a relative who had been in the New Ulm massacre and had escaped from the Sioux, carrying her little son. For days she fled, living on berries and roots. The climax of the story to me was that part wherein she told of hiding all night in the cellar of a deserted house while the pursuing warriors camped above her head. In order to keep little Tommy quiet, we were told, she had permitted him to stick pins into her. It did not occur to me at the time to say—as it did later—that if Tommy took delight in sticking pins into his mother, he might very properly have been surrendered to the Sioux.

"Gran'ma waited on us as usual that day—poor, patient, tireless old soul—but I do not recall a single remark of hers. She just beamed on us while we chattered, and smiled silently in the midst of the tumult which her sons and daughters always raised when they were together.

"She was the mother of seven sons—everyone in perfect physical health, all but one standing six feet or more in height—and six daughters, almost equally gifted in physical beauty. All of them were natural musicians of a high order, and I never think of them without hearing the sound of singing or the wail of the violin. They could all play some instrument, and some of them could play several instruments. Naturally they fill a large place in my youthful universe.

"Edith McTurg had very little learning. She could read and write, of course, and she made pathetic attempts now and again to find the time to read a paper or her Bible. But her days were crowded with duties. She was born in Maryland, but not of aristocratic lineage, and her children knew very little of her pedigree.

"GRAN'PAP' was at this time a large, gaunt man with a thick shock of perfectly white hair. His eyes were gray-blue and deep set. He was both mystic and poet, and, notwithstanding his roughhewn frame and his lack of education, carried himself with singular dignity and repose. He was like Paul—a dreamer of dreams. He loved the Bible, especially that part of it which contained prophecies and lamentations. The poetry of Job's curses, the whirling visions of the Apocalypse, formed his emotional outlet, his world of imagination. Absent-minded, careless of dress, he was forever drumming on his chair (keeping time to some inaudible tune), or with faintly moving lips repeating for the hundredth time the impassioned lines of Hezekiah or John or Job. He was at this time about seventy years of age, but to me he seemed contemporaneous with the limestone ledges of the hills.

"Grandmother (as I learned later) did not fully share her husband's belief in the second coming of Christ, but on her fell most of the work involved in the hospitalities which gran'pap gladly offered 'the traveling brother.' I think she loved him with a love that never wavered or grew less, and yet I do not remember ever to have seen him caress her. He never spoke harshly to her, and, so far as he thought of it, I imagine he was kind to her. With eyes turned inward, with imagination filled with the visions of Daniel and Darius, he perceived but dimly the endless drudgery of her days, and this thoughtlessness was shared, in a measure, by all her children. Although too old to work in the field, he often drove the reaper or the mower; but at this he was a poor hand by reason of his absent-mindedness. He usually forgot to oil the machine, and often burned out a 'journal.' He would stop in the midst of the wheat to state the basis of his faith. He firmly believed that the end of the world had been fixed and that the time of the fulfillment of prophecy was near.

"GRANDMOTHER was cheerful in the midst of her discomfort, for who else had such a crowd of noble boys and handsome girls. They all loved her—that she knew—and she was perfectly willing to sacrifice herself for them. Occasionally David or Frank or Rachel remonstrated with her for working so hard, but she only put their protests aside with smiling gesture and sent them back to their callers—and when the girls were at home the horses of their suitors, tied before the gate, would have mounted a small troop of cavalry.

"It was well that she was rich in children, for she had little else. I do not suppose she ever knew

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what it was to have a comfortable, well-aired bedroom even in childbirth, which came to her fourteen times. Her dresses were faded and poor. Her home was small, poorly furnished, without pictures and without art, save music—her sons and daughters gave her glorious music. She was practical and a good manager, and she needed to be, for her husband was as weirdly unworldly as a man could be. He was indeed a sad farmer. Only the splendid abundance of those early days and the manual skill of his sons, united to the careful management of his wife, kept them fed and clothed. 'What is the use of laying up a store of goods against the early destruction of the world,' he argued. And twice at least, in my recollection, he believed the day had been set when 'the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll.'

"THE next scene ineffaceably etched on my mind is the remembrance of my father's return from the war. I was only five years old, and the impressions on my childish brain are commingled with words which came long after, so that I cannot now be quite sure which events are truth and which imagined, but the picture as a whole is still very vivid and very real.

"It must have been Sunday, for my mother and her three children, Owen, Hester, and myself (all in our best dresses), are visiting at the home of the Widow Green, our nearest neighbor, a plump, jolly woman whom we all loved. The house swarms with her stalwart, laughing sons and buxom daughters. The table is heaped with the mangled remains of a farmer's midday feast. The women are 'telling fortunes' by means of tea grounds. Mrs. Green shakes a cup in her hand and, pouring out the tea, turns the cup bottom side up in a saucer, whirls it three times to the right, then three times to the left, and at last lifts it and studies the inside of the cup, while we all wait in breathless silence.

"'A soldier is coming to you,' she says to my mother. 'See!' And she points into the cup. I crowd near and perceive a stem sticking up from a leaf, like a rifle over a man's shoulder. 'He is climbing to the rim—he is almost home,' she goes on. Then, turning dramatically and waving her hand toward the road, she exclaims: 'Why, heavens and earth! There he is now!'

"We all turn and look toward the road, and there, indeed, is a soldier clad in blue, carrying a knapsack, wearily plodding his way up the low hill to the north! He is too far away for my mother to call him, and, besides, she is not entirely sure of his identity. Trembling with excitement, she hurries little Owen into his wagon and, telling Hester to bring me, sets off up the road as fast as she can draw the cart, voiceless, almost breathless with excitement.

"OF THAT walk I recover little. My next vision seems to be that of a soldier leaning upon the rough rail fence, studying with sorrowful, intent gaze our empty cabin. I cannot, even now, precisely divine why he stood thus, sadly contemplating his silent home—but so it remains in my mind. His knapsack is lying at his feet, his musket is propped against a post on whose top a cat is dreaming, unmindful of the warrior and his instrument of war.

"He does not hear us until we are close upon him, and even after he turns, my mother remains in doubt, so thin, so hollow-eyed is he. 'Duncan, is that you?' she quaveringly asks.

"His worn face lights up. His arms lift. 'Yes, Belle! Here I am,' he says to her. 'Home at last.'

"Nevertheless, though he took my mother in his arms, I could not relate him to the father I had heard so much about. To me he was only a strange man with big eyes and careworn face. I did not recognize in him anything I had ever known. Perhaps Hester did (she was two years older than I), for she went to his bosom of her own motion, but I submitted to his caress rather for the reason that my mother urged me forward than because of any affection I felt for him. Owen, however, would not even permit an embrace. The gaunt and grizzled stranger quite terrified him.

"'Come here, my little man!' my father said. '*My little man!*' Across the space of forty-seven years I can still hear the reproach in his vibrant voice. 'Won't you come and see your poor old pap when he comes home from the war?'

"'*My little man!*' How significant that phrase was! The war had in very truth come between this patriot and his sons. One had forgotten him—the other had never known him.

"OWEN creeps beneath the rail fence and stands there, well out of reach, like a cautious kitten warily surveying a doubtful dog. The soldier stoops and draws from his knapsack a big red apple, and, holding this toward the staring babe, confidently declares: 'Your, I guess he'll come to his poor old pap.'

"My mother apologizes. 'He doesn't know you, Duncan. How could he? He was only six months old when you went away. He'll go to you by and by.'

"Owen advances toward the shining lure. The soldier catches him, despite his kicking, and hugs him close. 'You little rascal,' says the soldier laughingly, 'now I've got you!'

"Then we all go into the little front room and the soldier lays off his heavy army shoes, and my mother brings a pillow and puts it under his head, and so with infinite content he stretches out on the rag carpet, the better to rest his tired, aching bones.

"'Oh, Belle!' he says in tones of utter content. 'This is heaven! I've dreamed of this a million times. I shall never leave you again.'

"Owen and I grow more friendly and begin to tumble about over him while our mother hastens to cook something for the soldier to eat. He asks especially for 'hot biscuit and honey and plenty of butter. I haven't had a real meal since I left home,' he adds.

"How mystic, how marvelous, this hour. And yet I can language but little of it. The afternoon glides into evening while they talk, and at last we all go out to survey the farm. I hear him ask about the crops, the renter, the neighbors. The sun sets behind the ridge. He leads the way back to the house, carrying little Owen in his arms. He is a strange man no longer. Each moment his voice sinks deeper into my remembrance. He is my father—*that* I feel ringing profoundly through the dim halls of my consciousness. I cling to his hand in perfect knowledge and confidence. The trundle-bed is pulled out, we children clamber in, and I go to sleep to the music of his resonant voice still recounting to my mother the story of the battles he had seen and the marches he had made."

THEREAFTER Lincoln's childish world possessed a ruler, stern and incisive. Naturally Duncan Stewart was a heroic figure in the eyes of his sons, for he brought back from his two years' warfare under Sherman, Thomas, and Logan the temper and the habit of a soldier. He taught his sons the manual of arms. Even Hester carried a broomstick and pounded on a dishpan in imitation of a drummer boy.

"Father's canteen," says Lincoln, "made an excellent water bottle for the men in the field, and his long blue overcoat sets a vivid spot in the midst of the landscape as I look back upon it. You will see my first impressions of life are martial. All my memories of those days are permeated with the haze of battle, and my father's scheme of discipline impressed itself upon me with instant terror, for the reason that we had fallen into rather free and easy manners under maternal government. Mother was too jolly, too tender-hearted, to engender fear in us even when threatening us with the application of a switch or a shingle—but the soldier's promised punishment (we soon learned) was swift and precise in fulfillment. We did not presume a second time on his forgetfulness or tolerance. And yet we knew he loved us, for he often took us to his knees of an evening and told us vivid stories of Grant, McPherson, and Thomas, and chanted war songs for us. He was an excellent story-teller, and his vivid phrases brought to us (sometimes all too clearly) the tragic litter of bodies on the battle fields around Atlanta and Nashville. 'You could walk for half a mile on the dead bodies,' he said. To him Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, and Sheridan were among the greatest men in history, but he had no hate of the South and its leaders. On the contrary, he loved to tell of their valorous charges over hopeless fields of carnage."

DUNCAN did not intend to be a hard father, but his own boyhood had been both hard and unlovely. Born in Oxford County, Maine, his early life was spent on farms in and about the Little Androscoggin, with small chance of schooling. Later as a teamster, and finally as shipping clerk, he had enjoyed three mightily improving years in Boston. He loved to tell of his life there, dwelling with especial joy and pride on the actors and orators he had heard. He could describe many scenes from plays and repeat many lines out of Shakespeare, and the roll of his deep voice as he declaimed, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York," thrilled his sons with something far-off and wonderful.

"Next to his stories of the war," says Lincoln, "we loved best to have him tell of 'the pinery' of his early years in Wisconsin, for he had been both lumberman and raftsman, and had many delightful tales of wolves and bears and Indians, wherein he imitated the howls and growls and actions of the wild animals with startling realism. All his narratives were full of unforgettable phrases like 'just below the Jinny Bull Falls,' 'circling Old Mosinee,' and 'running the whirlpool rapids.'

"As we grew older he told us how his father and mother came West by way of the Erie Canal and a steamer on the Great Lakes, and how they had landed in Milwaukee with Sarah, their twelve-year-old daughter, sick with the smallpox; of how a farmer from Monticello had carried them in his big farm wagon all the way westward to their future home. And it was with deep feeling that he described the reception they had received from the village.

"IT SEEMS that the citizens in a panic of fright against the pest had risen up angrily and were all for driving the Stewarts out of the town, when old Hugh McTurg, big and gray as a grizzly bear, put himself between the leaders of the mob and its victims, and said: 'You shall not lay hands upon them. Shame to you!' And such was the power of his arm and the look in his face that no one went further with the plan of casting them out into the wilderness.

"'He established your grandfather in a lonely cabin on the edge of the village,' said my father, 'and he took care of your aunt and your grandmother, nursing them with his own hands until they were well. And that's the way the McTurgs and the Stewarts first joined forces. But the name of the gentle and generous man who carried them in his wagon on the long way from Milwaukee to Green County is entirely lost to me.'

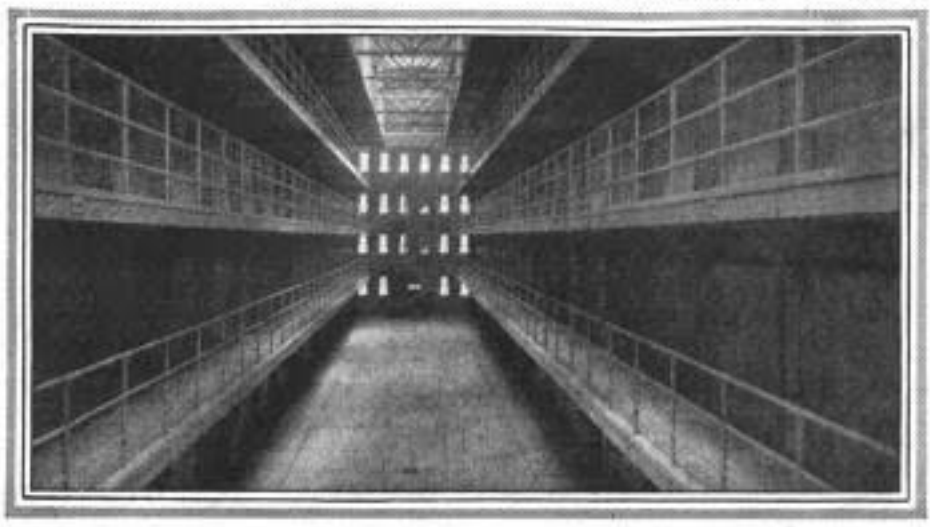
"I cannot understand why Sarah did not die on that rough journey over the terrifying roads of Wisconsin, and what it all must have seemed to my gentle New England grandmother I grieve to think about. Beautiful as the land

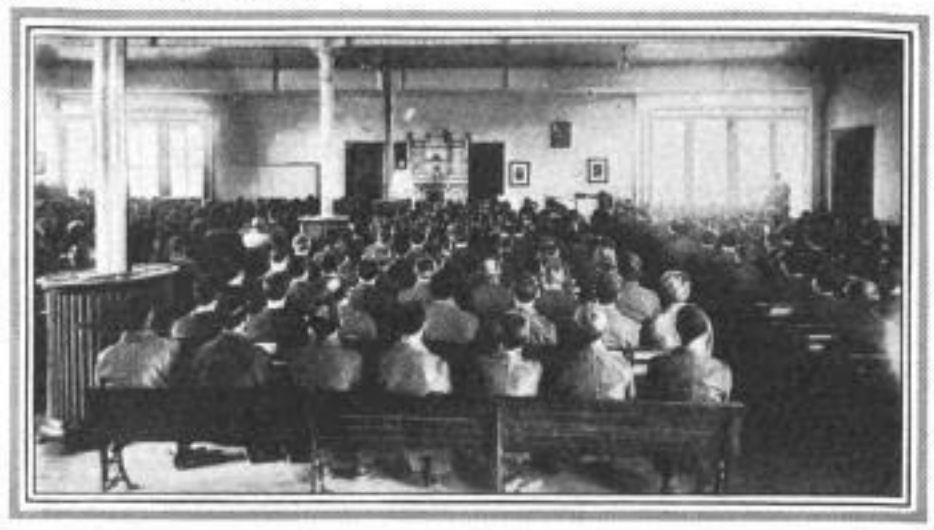
(Continued on page 22)

"The children always ate in the kitchen with 'gran'ma' to wait on them, because the table in the main room was completely filled with grown-ups"



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A Professional Jailer

An Unassuming Everyday American

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

EVERYBODY knows about him—a little—yet few but convicts who have felt the touch of his hand upon their shoulders, or looked into his eyes in some moment of supreme stress when the issues of life were at stake, have sensed the secret of his power. For John L. Whitman has power, and that over turbulent souls in their most turbulent moods. Indeed, it is his profession to control people who have proved unable to control themselves. Long ago some one called him "tamer of men," and that phrase is apt if you look only on the outside of the man's influence; but it is likely to give an impression of Whitman as a man with a mesmeric eye who dominates by the sheer force of superior will, which is exactly what this jailer does not do.

There are two classic stories which they tell to show his power over men, and which, if not examined carefully, tend to support this erroneous impression. Each harks back to the early days of Whitman's life as a guard at the Cook County Jail in Chicago. A prisoner who was at liberty with two or three hundred others in the exercise corridors had refused to respond to a summons to the office. No brace of armed guards in the institution dared attempt to take him from among his fellows. Whitman went. Divesting himself of his weapons, he locked the iron gate behind him and disappeared among the two or three hundred men. Armed guards in groups gathered on the platform which overlooked the scene, charmed and awed by the daring of one of their number. Something between an eddy and a knot that shifted sinuously in the throng marked his progress. He was following the man, persuading, arguing, and appealing. Minutes passed. The wait seemed interminable. A hush fell over the mob. It might be the calm which precedes explosion? On the contrary, it marked the victory of intrepid courage. Whitman was coming out—bringing his man!

The Secret of His Mastery

THE other story is of a fight. There was much race trouble in the prison in those days, with ugly, bruising battles which, if not checked, sometimes enlisted many combatants and broadened into sanguinary conflicts. Whitman looked up one day from his work in the bundle cage, with a sudden sense that something was wrong. The tones of voices in the exercise corridors had changed. He heard the telltale scrape and shuffle of feet which proclaimed that a fight was on. Dashing into the corridor, he called two other guards to join him, but they declined to risk their lives in the human whirlpool of excited, half-maddened men who surged about the storm center. Again Whitman unhesitatingly plunged in alone. The swirl of the crowd struck him and flung him head first under the stairs. He leaped to his feet and began resolutely to tear his way toward the center where a white man and a giant black were fighting. Progress was slow. Whitman was continually carried out of his course by the ebb and flow of the human tide, but kept working toward the center. Presently he heard a low, tense voice behind him say:

"Don't you hit that man! Don't touch him!" After a minute or so he heard it again: *"Don't lay a hand on that man. On your life, don't do it."*

Whitman knew from this that his life was being threatened and that some unknown and unsuspected friend among the prisoners was protecting him; but at the moment there was no more time to heed protector than menacer. He must press on, and did, at length wrenching his way in between the combatants, who, at the touch of his hands, and after one look of amazement, surrendered weakly and were led below to the solitaries.



John L. Whitman has power, and that over turbulent souls in their most turbulent moods

Again, unquestionably, this looks like the triumph of intrepid courage. But there was another and supremer quality. It was not Whitman's courage which made the first man follow him out of the crowd, while a dozen ugly-mooded demons gathered round and urged: "Don't go—we won't let him take you." Nor was it his courage which made some unknown protect him from assault in the milling mob about the fighters. It was the presence in Whitman's character of something different, something much more commonplace—*mere human sympathy and the disposition to be kind.*

If the reader will watch Whitman's career for a moment, he can see that quality distilled out of experience into the man's own character, and thereafter working outward, transforming prisoners and prisons and giving impulse to the whole new humanitarian movement now invading our penological systems.

Man Tamer

EARLY in his present existence Whitman became acquainted with the need of kindness. He saw a good deal of cruelty around him. Some of it was practised upon persons he loved, and he fell quite naturally to compensating what they suffered from others by an excess of kindness and consideration from himself. He had entered the world with a high initial velocity. At seventeen he was a contracting painter and paper hanger in a small Illinois town; at eighteen he was a husband; at nineteen a father; at twenty, through the neglect of others and the generosity of his own nature, we find him supporting, in addition to his own family, his grandparents, his mother, and his three younger brothers. This was a heavy burden, but he did not shirk it nor grow irritable under it. Instead, he "stood the gaff." His heart had grown with the load. There appeared no limit to his sympathies; but there was a limit to his strength. His magnificent physical organization began to totter.

But this only softened his spirit a little more, so that at twenty-four years of age we see a young man with heavy responsibilities, whose health is seriously impaired, who has endured some sorrows, but who has learned to view life broadly and reflectively and acquired lastingly the art of being kind; who, in fact, deliberately made up his mind to create as little friction as possible upon his own account and to pour water and oil on hot bearings wherever he found them. Out of this spirit was bred the great man tamer.

Why Incur Hatred?

WITH life plans badly fractured, Whitman drifted into Chicago and upon the conductor's platform of a street car—lots of open air, you see, to give his health a chance to build up. One day an incident occurred which, in the light of later events, seems to have been prophetic. Whitman's car was blocked by a funeral procession. Some one among the irritated passengers asked whose funeral it was, and another, more irritated, answered: "Jailer Foltz of the Cook County Jail," adding with a vicious snap evidently born of some personal contact with the deceased: "There's a blamed sight more people glad than sorry."

This not entirely unnatural remark sank deep into the reflective heart of Whitman. As he says to-day: "It made an awful impression upon me, some way or other. I thought, why need a jailer incur the hatred of his fellow men?"

Now, by a singular coincidence, when Whitman resigned his street-car job to get a better location in life, his brother-in-law developed just political pull enough with the newly elected sheriff, James H. Gilbert—that was in 1890—to secure for the ex-conductor a position as guard at the Cook County Jail, Chicago.

The jail was a dark, gloomy structure, filled with prisoners of every type, from the novice and the accidental lawbreaker to the most desperate and confirmed of criminals. All were in a more or less highly temperamental state, for it is notorious that men merely on detention are much more prone to ugly mood and vicious temper than after they are tried and convicted.

The Crying Need of Kindliness

THE gentle-hearted Whitman—a lamb among wolves—was immediately assigned to duty in the bundle cage, the situation and function of which he was entirely ignorant of, although he soon discovered it to be a sort of nexus between the outside world and the inside hell. His duties were to receive the bundles which were daily brought there for the prisoners by their friends, to examine them carefully for drugs, weapons, or contraband of any sort, and thereafter to pass them on to the persons for whom they were intended.

The young man went out to the bundle cage timidly. He looked at the restless mob in the corridors and up at the tiers filled with a sort of creature that he had never known before, and was greatly disturbed. He found himself going to work with a kind of illogical, chilling terror in his heart, feeling the stab of a hundred peering, baleful eyes. Yet he soon perceived the helplessness of the prisoners, how hungrily they watched him, and how gruffly the guards dealt with them, so that by and by terror gave place to pity. They were human beings, and in distress. They stood in very great need of kindliness. In every contact of the day, and there were many, he treated them with sympathy and consideration.

On the prisoners' part, watchful eyes perceived that he stole nothing from (*Continued on page* 31)

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Birdie, the Strikebreaker

By Frank X. Finnegan

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MISS BIRDIE McMULLEN, the queen of Halsted Street, sat in a sagging, red plush-covered chair in the parlor of Father Clancy's rectory and looked about her with observant eyes. She made note of the fact that half of the red cabbage roses were worn off the carpet and the sag of the chair on which she was sitting did not escape her. Her pretty brow was furrowed with the problem of refurnishing the parish residence, when Father Clancy came smiling into the room, both hands outstretched.

"My mother tells me you want to see me, father," Birdie said with a little smile of greeting. "I don't know what it's about, but I'll plead guilty right away."

"Aha! I knew I could depind on you, Birdie!" he exclaimed. "Sit down, child. 'Tis fine ye'er lookin', with the new throlley pole on your hat. Well, if it wasn't for having something left up to me that I don't know what to do with at all, at all, I wouldn't think of bothering you. But whin I was pacing the floor, racking my brains for an answer, and the poor woman coming back this evening for her advice, I thought of you all of a sudden.

"'Birdie McMullen!' says I to meself, 'she's the very one that'll know what to say to her!' And with that I stopped in and left word with your mother, asking you to come over. And here y' are!" he concluded, seating himself and beaming at her across the little marble-topped center table.

"Well, you've certainly got the welcoming hand out, father," Miss McMullen returned; "I've got to give you that. But the rest of your opening address doesn't stir me up to any hip, hip, hurrah! I can see myself from here dipping into somebody else's troubles and trying to grab whoever it is before she goes down for the third time. What's on your mind, father? I might have known it wasn't anything you wanted for yourself—that's always the least of your worries. Which of the eight or ten thousand poor women in the parish is it this time?"

"It's Mrs. Haskins," the pastor explained, with a little frown for his own helplessness. "She's a good, well-meaning soul, and since she's taken Jimmie Ferris to raise, I knew you'd be anxious to help her if ye could. You know, whin Haskins—the Lord have mercy on his soul!—died here a couple o' months ago, all unexpected though it was, the widow got twelve hundhred dollars insurance money from the Foresters. And a couple o' days ago, woman dear, but didn't she come to me to tell her what to do with it!"

"She was taking an awful chance," Birdie smiled. "If I ever got hold of twelve hundred in one bundle and you found it out, I wouldn't want to be in the same ward with you. It would be just like you to take it all away from me and blow it in on a new carpet," she added, glancing at the worn floor covering, "you're such a fiend for interior decoration."

Father Clancy's gaze followed hers to the floor a bit ruefully, and he almost blushed.

"It is pretty bad, isn't it?" he said. "Ch, well, 'twill do all right a while longer. Do you know how long that carpet's been down there, Birdie, with the feet of half my parish thramping over it day in and day out? Seventeen years. 'Tis no wondher it looks a bit ancient and thravel-worn."

"Seventeen years!" Miss McMullen repeated; "and you've had a good many of 'em in on the carpet in that time, father."

"FAITH, you may say that," he returned. "But I'm able to do a little something for most of them, thank God, and that's a dale more important than the carpet."

"You can't get up any argument with me about that," Birdie said cheerfully. "But don't ever get the idea that I'm crazy to horn in on these little mix-ups that keep me stepping around the parish between meals like a female tenement inspector. They're wished on me. When things are put up to me I do what I can to help out, but, believe me, I'm not going around looking for odd jobs as Little Miss Fix-It. What's the big idea about the Widow Haskins and her twelve-hundred-dollar bank roll?"

FATHER CLANCY leaned back in his chair with a little sigh.

"Well, she came to me for advice about buying some sort of a little business with her money that would bring in a living for herself and Jimmie Ferris," he said. "She doesn't want to give up. I was thinking," he added, almost timidly, "that since you were so much inth'rested in Jimmie Ferris and his future, you might have an idea for Mrs. Haskins that would keep thim together."

He looked over at her expectantly, but Birdie's brows were puckered in a frown.

"The best anybody ever gets for that kind of advice is the worst of it," she declared after a few moments. "No matter which way things go, there isn't a chance on earth to get credit for what you intend. If you ask me, the best thing she can do with that bundle is to put it in Holzmeier's bank and draw it out a five-spot at a time. And if she'll buy a new hat once in a while and keep a little powder on her nose, maybe Nick Feldmeyer, the butcher, would marry her after a year or so. He's been mooning around after three or four good-looking widows since his wife died, but none of them had money in the bank."

FATHER CLANCY chuckled softly. "But you must admit 'twould be placing the poor woman's little lump of money in serious danger to take a chance on Feldmeyer seeing things in the proper light at the right moment. No, we'll have to think of something safer than that, and I've been counting on you to do it. She'll be here with Jimmie almost any minute now—I'm glad you came in time to give it a bit of thought."

"If it wasn't for Jimmie I wouldn't think of handing any advice to that mournful old female," Miss McMullen returned. "This is a case where you're sure to lose no matter how it goes."

"But see what you did for Heidelmeier whin he wanted to get rid of his moving-picture place," the pastor urged anxiously. "That turned out all right, child. It was that I had in mind whin I sent for you. You've done so well, taking one thing with another, I'm thinking of turning the outside work of the parish over to you, Birdie."

He laughed at the suggestion, but the next moment added with a little sigh: "'Twould be a Godsend to me if you'd undhertake it."

Birdie looked over at him with more gravity than usually rested on her bright young face.

"I'd go a long way to help you out, father," she said quickly. "I'm not quitting on this Haskins proposition now, but just to keep the record straight I wanted to declare myself."

The doorbell jingled.

"Here they are now, belike," the pastor ventured, and a moment later the housekeeper ushered the forlorn Mrs. Haskins into the parlor with Jimmie Ferris close in her wake.

Father Clancy met her at the threshold with a beaming smile that found no reflection in her lugubrious countenance. From beneath her trailing widow's



"Everybody in the ward knows you have money in the bank, and if you play it right you can have some party hooked, strung, and hung over the side of the boat in no time"

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weeds Mrs. Haskins looked out upon a world which she was assured had entered into a grim conspiracy to steal her inheritance and consign her to the poorhouse to end her dismal days.

"Good evening, father," she wailed; "I'm sorry to be bothering you again, and I hope I'm not too much trouble altogether, though the goodness knows I don't want to be, but it's along of my being left all alone. Oh, good evening, Birdie. I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

JIMMIE sidled into a seat in a corner and grinned cheerfully at Miss McMullen.

"Not at all—not at all, Mrs. Haskins," his reverence heartily assured her. "You know what they say about speaking of the angels. 'Tis only this minute that your name was in my mouth. I was just telling Miss McMullen about your looking for an investment of some kind and hoping she might have an idea that would fill the bill. You know, Birdie has quite a name for helping people out of difficulties, Mrs. Haskins."

"Yes, I know," the widow dolefully admitted, turning toward Miss McMullen with a wan little smile. She had seated herself in a creaky rocker, and when she discovered that it made a dismal noise, she settled back in satisfaction.

"When I think of all that money being mine and how easy I might lose it some way," she went on, "it just scares me to death."

"I don't see where a good-looking young widow like you has any license to be fretting about the future," Birdie interposed; "you'll probably be married again in a year or so. Everybody in the ward knows you have money in the bank, and if you play it right you can have some sturdy party hooked, strung, and hung over the side of the boat in no time."

Mrs. Haskins waved the idea aside grandly, though not without a sad smile in recognition of the compliment.

"No, indeed, Birdie," she sighed, "I won't never marry again. That ain't a thing that poor Thomas would have me do, I'm sure, though the subject wasn't never mentioned between us. But of course I realize I can't go on living on this insurance money and have it last, and that was why I come to Father Clancy—to see if he could think of some business I could put it into. I've thought of a millinery and I've thought of a delicatessen and a school store, and nearly everything a woman could do by herself, but people tell me there's such chances in all of 'em. And I've got Jimmie to think of, too. Since poor Thomas took him to raise, I wouldn't want to give him up now, and if I lost all my money there would be nothing between us and the poorhouse."

"Oh, the Lord save us! It's not as bad as that!" Father Clancy exclaimed.

"Don't fret about me," Jimmie Ferris suddenly piped from his corner; "I want to go to work anyhow. I'm tired of goin' to school."

THE others turned on him in a body.

"You can cut that stuff right there, young man," Miss McMullen advised. "Didn't you promise me to go to school and study hard and learn how to be an alderman when you grow up?"

"That's why I don't want to go any more," Jimmie declared. "I was talkin' to Alderman Lawless the other day and I asked him what collidge he graduated off of, and he told me he graduated off of Magee's livery stable down in the old Fourth Ward."

"Yes, and he looks it," Birdie asserted. "If Magee put a blanket on him and tied him up in a stall, the other horses would be talking to him inside of five minutes. He isn't the kind of an alderman I meant, Jimmie. I guess you'd better not head for the council chamber after all."

"Since we've been hearing so much about the moving pictures," the widow observed after a little silence, "I've been thinking how you got Abe Jacobs fixed up with a moving-picture theatre, Birdie, that time he was looking to buy one. They tell me he's making money hand over fist."



"And you think these people would jump their jobs and go out hunting free lunches just to help you get your raise, eh?"

"I'm glad to hear it," Father Clancy declared; "he's a well-meaning little man. Abe is, and he's had a hard row to hoe, with sickness and bad business and the rest of it."

"And the best of it is, if he gets a few dollars he knows how to plant 'em so he'll have something to dig up the first time there's a heavy rain," Miss McMullen added. "You won't find Abe buying any six-cylinder car this year. If he can keep a four-cylinder gas range going he'll be tickled to death."

"You'll be surprised when I tell you what I was thinking," Mrs. Haskins went on, looking bashfully down at the remnants of the red roses in the worn carpet. "I—I was wondering if it would be a good idea for me to try to buy out one of these theatres—just a little place, you know, that would bring in something right along for me and Jimmie."

"Sure! And I'll run the lantern!" Jimmie exclaimed enthusiastically.

"What?" Birdie exclaimed incredulously, looking for traces of a smile in Mrs. Haskins's doleful countenance and failing to find them. "You don't mean that you've really been thinking of going into the show business! Why, I didn't think you'd ever gone past the gate at one of those places!"

"Oh, yes. Thomas and I used to go often," the widow admitted, "and especially after Jimmie came to live with us—Jimmie is so fond of the movies. But, of course, I don't know the first thing about how they're run or anything like that—I was only thinking because I'd heard that all around about Jacobs, and how easy his money was coming in. There's a good many picture theatres owned by women, ain't there?"



"Say, Billy, it doesn't take a mental mastodon to run one of those movies and get the kale, does it?" she asked

"Yes, but not by such thoroughly domestic fowls as you are, Mrs. Haskins," Miss McMullen returned. "After all, though, I suppose they all had to start and take a chance. If you have any idea you could get away with it, I'll be on the watch for a show shop for you—they're changing hands all the time along Halsted Street."

"Will you, now?" interposed the pastor, who had been listening in surprised silence to the new turn of the conversation. "That'll be grand, Birdie! I never would have thought of that in the world, but the way women are moving along these days there's no telling what they won't be into next. If you could fix up Mrs. Haskins in a nice little theatre, bringing in an income that would sort of put her mind at rest, 'twould take a load off my shoulders. It would, indeed."

Birdie rose and prepared to go. The conference seemed to be at an end so far as she was concerned.

"I'll see what I can do," she said; "but if I keep on putting over moving-picture theatre deals I'll have to charge both parties a commission like a regular little broker. Good-by, father. My poor mother will be notifying the police if I don't get home pretty soon."

"Good-by—and God bless you," Father Clancy returned, clasping her hand warmly. "I don't know what we'd do without you, child. The more I think of it, the more inclined I am to make you assistant adjuster of parish difficulties."

"IF YOU do that, you'll have to hand that plate around twice on Sundays," Miss McMullen declared. "I'd expect to be on the pay roll and half of what you get would never do for me. Good night," and she hastened away, leaving Mrs. Haskins to continue her mournful dissertation on the world and its woes as viewed by a lone, lorn widow.

Billy Sheehan called that evening, it being one of the five or six evenings of the week that he accorded himself that privilege.

"I was talking to Anton Novak on my way over here," he said as he comfortably settled in his favorite chair, "and it looks as if that bunch over at the police station were certainly going to give him the gate. It's too bad, because he's got a nice business at that little one-horse-power theatre of his."

"What's the matter?" Miss McMullen asked idly. "He's got sense enough to come through once in a while, hasn't he? Captain Price has had five birthdays that I know of in two years, and he must have enough chests of silver and fur-lined overcoats to start a pawnshop. They tell me he was very much Busy Jimmy down at the auto show, looking at the new cars, I suppose he's framing to pull off another birthday pretty soon or a fifteenth anniversary or something like that—kindly sign the inclosed subscription list."

"No, it wasn't collections," Sheehan said. "I guess he's been all right there. But it seems the captain's tough son, Eddie, got into Novak's theatre a couple of weeks ago with his private, personal gang and tried to break up the show. Anton's got a bouncer over there—a big Bohemian who hasn't been in this country more than a month, is about half out of the language, and doesn't know Cap Price from a rabbit. All he knows is that Anton told him to throw out anybody that tried to pull any rough stuff, and as a thrower-out he's got a lot of records.

"This big Hun tossed Eddie and his mob into the middle of the street car tracks without bothering to put on the soft pedal, and when the captain heard about it he gave Novak two weeks to get out of the district. You know Price has always stood behind Eddie and kept him out of the penitentiary—so far."

"Yes—so far," Miss McMullen observed; "but they might as well begin making Eddie's little gray suit right now. He'll be along there all right one of these days, looking for a free hair cut and a steady inside job, room and meals included."

"Well, they've landed Novak seven times since then," Billy went on. "Price keeps a copper on duty around there all the time looking for a chance to get him. Now they have started in to do the censor stuff on his films—making him take off everything the police don't happen to like—and Novak says he's done. He's ready to quit and beat it while he has all his eyes and ears. Of course he doesn't expect to get a decent price for the place, but he's simply got to sell out."

MISS McMULLEN'S busy brain suddenly switched from the troubles of Mr. Novak to those of Mrs. Haskins. Sheehan's narrative dovetailed so well with what had been unfolded in Father Clancy's parlor that when he spoke of the beleaguered Novak's selling out she interrupted him.

"Say, Billy, it doesn't take a mental mastodon to run one of those movies and get the kale, does it?" she asked.

"I guess not," Billy admitted. "I never heard any medals jingling on Novak."

"What would you think of Mrs. Haskins sitting in behind the ticket window at Anton's place and grabbing the nickels?" she pursued. "Wouldn't that make the neighbors take a couple of quick looks as they went by?"

(Continued on page 24)

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World's-End

Chapter XVIII
The Dreadful Day

By Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

OCTOBER passed on its swaggering, golden way. November came and went, with its pale crown of Indian summer and veil of wood smoke from forest fires, through which peered a sun colored like a Jacqueminot rose. December rushed on World's-End, frost-nipped and cheery, with the "weather glim" of icy gold and violet belted about its horizon, and the sound of axes ringing from the mountain woods.

And this long chaplet of wonderful, vivid days—never had there been such an autumn and early winter, said the old folk—this jeweled rosary of time, Phœbe told with the feverish fervor of a nun, whose convent might be sacked by nightfall, telling her heaven-insuring beads. For it had been understood early in November that Richard could not come again to World's-End until Christmas, and then only for a few days. He was simply overwhelmed with work, Sally had explained. Sylvia Beresford wanted him to decorate the whole lower floor of her town house, and Mrs. Pierce-Hull had commissioned him to paint ceilings and walls in the big hall of her country place on Long Island.

So Phœbe lived, as was her ardent wont, with might and main during the precious respite that Fate had accorded her.

Owen felt sometimes as though he must break through the thin veil that still hung between them, and tell her to be utterly at peace—that not even for a few sinister days need she ever see Richard again—that he, Owen, knew and understood, and took her part against herself, so that not even in thought must she be disloyal to her truest self—the self that was her own and his—that should be inviolate of anything so low and disintegrating as vain remorse.

Perhaps Life, Master of Irony, never arranged a situation more to his gusto than the arrival of Richard at World's-End on Christmas Eve. Laden with gifts he came, and of course everyone (even Phœbe, to whom Owen had made a present of the present that she was to bestow) had gifts for him, neatly laid away in tissue paper, sealed with little Red Cross charity stamps, and tied with ribbon decorated with holly. No—it is impossible that irony ever had more toothsome nourishment than when Richard was handed by Mary, as distributor of Christmas-tree fruit, a volume of Villon in a marvelous old binding, the gift of Phœbe to her nephew-in-law; while Phœbe received a real "yellow jacket" of royal Chinese weave, with buttons of solid gold—the season's offering from Richard.

SHE got America to light a huge fire in the laundry later in the day, and, slipping out (the laundry was a brick building by itself), locked the door and laid the lovely robe on its last bed of coals. It writhed feebly before it caught, as though sentient, and she watched it shuddering, her hands gripped together and her heart beating fast. Very slowly it burned, and some of the gold buttons were melted and some escaped among the ashes; these last, America fished out afterward and had set in a gorgeous bracelet, which she never wore, however, until safely out of sight of her mistress.

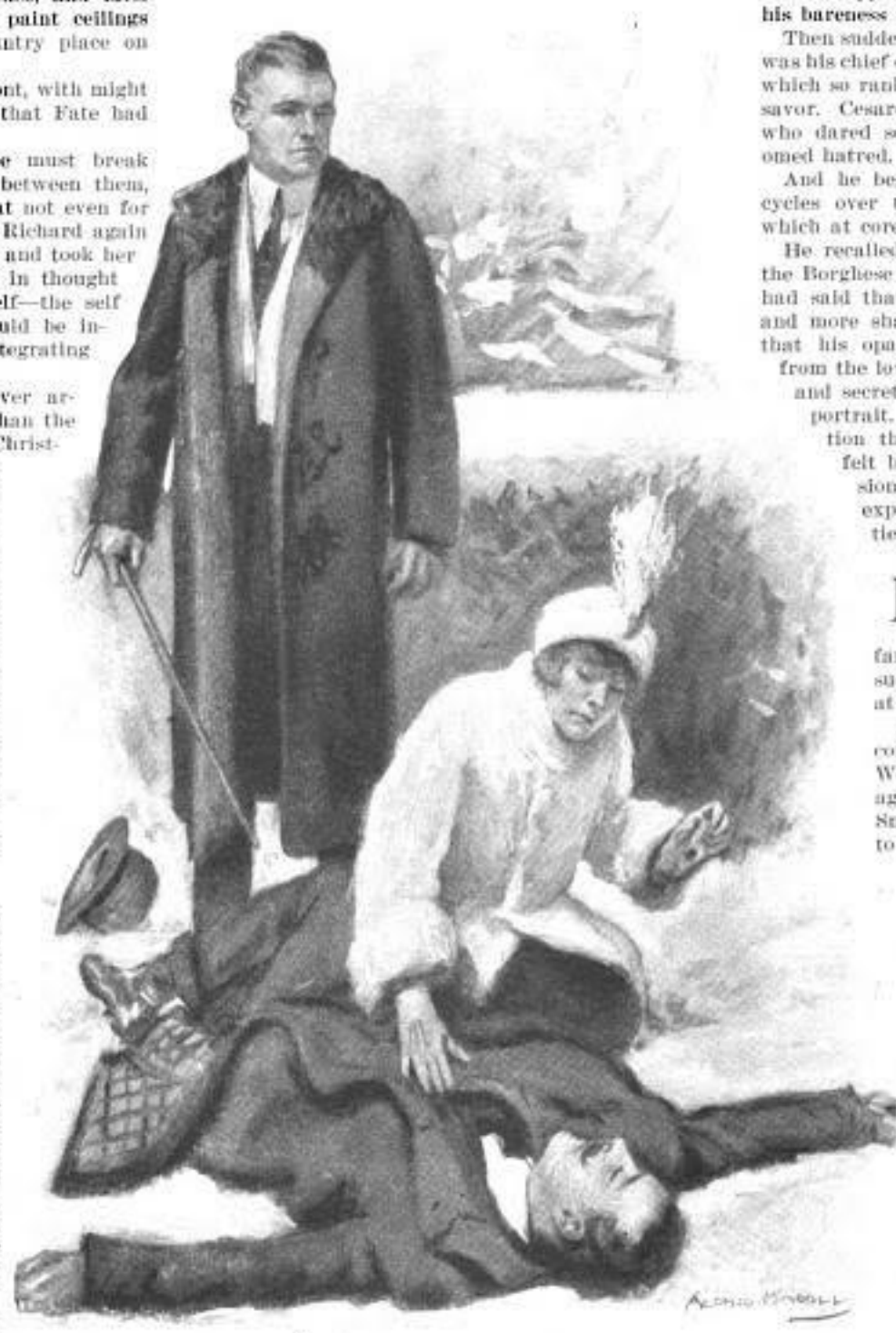
Then, still pursuant of this great ironic play, custom must needs compel Richard to go with the little company that, headed by Phœbe and Owen, went first to Downer's house to preside over the "Christmas tree" held there yearly for the laborers and their families; then down to the servants' dining hall at World's-End, where a like tree was erected for the negroes and pickaninnies and a noble feast, including roast pigs and turkeys, spread for the retainers and their friends. He had to stand by, smiling as best he could, while the old servants drank the healths of the family one by one, name by name—and called Heaven's blessings on the "l'il mist'iss" (meaning Diana) and hoped that Owen's seed would be like Abraham's—"as the sands of the sea." And, at Hannah's request, he had to play the small organ that was Owen's Christmas gift to them (being the only musically endowed member of the family, there was no escape), fitting horrible, commonplace chords to

"Dere's a star in de East on Chris'mus morn.
Rise up, chillun, an' follow."

And to the old plantation hymn, oddly out of place to the Caucasian mind at such a festival:

"God's gwine set dee worl' on fire!
He's gwine raise dee heavens higher!" etc.

And, also, Richard had to play "Nearer, My God, to Thee," while the rich, thundering chorus of throaty negro voices rolled about him and he could see (without looking at it) Phœbe's face, hard and cold and white as a heart-shaped pearl, close to Owen's shoulder.



Owen stood like a figure of stone staring down at him, but Phœbe dropped on her knees beside the blood-smeared form, wildly searching for signs of life

When Sally would have drawn him into her bedroom for a good-night talk that evening, he shrank back, saying in a stifled voice:

"Not to-night, mother—I'm not fit to be with anyone but myself to-night."

AND he went off to his own room, and shutting the door with a violent jerk, was suddenly aware that his eyes were wet with tears of rage. Yes, it was as he had said to his mother that autumn: the edge of his helpless, base anger against her whom he had injured only grew keener with time and occasion. Hateful desires wrung him.

To hurt her—to hurt her in her dearest nerve, secretly, cunningly—that only would assuage this cold fever that devoured him. But he knew well that madness lay that way. He must endure as best he might. Yet here she and her child were lapped in luxury—and he constrained to this vile hypocrisy unless he would be beggared of everything.

He stood at his window, staring out at the lovely lawns and fields wrapped in winter moonlight, and a shrilling shimmer of sound told him that the sheep were running after the bellwether from some imaginary danger. The sound brought back all childhood and boyhood. He remembered how once, when a tiny lad, he had asked his mammy, sitting up in his crib to listen, "What's that funny noise?" and mammy had said: "Go to sleep, little master, dat's only the sheep bells. H'it's only your own sheeps running to fold." And when he had asked, "Are they really all my sheep, mammy?" she had said: "Well, dey's as *good* ez yo' own sheeps—same as dis whole place is good as yo'n—ef Marse Owen don't never marry."

And now it had all slipped from him forever like some bright, teasing dream. And she and her child would have it all. Yes—she had taken everything from him—stripped him naked—yet she must needs blister his bareness with her steady, unrelenting scorn!

Then suddenly, with that curious perverseness which was his chief characteristic, he realized that the emotion which so rankled in him was one of rare and peculiar savor. Cesare Borgia might have felt toward a woman who dared scorn him just such a poignantly envenomed hatred.

And he began to muse on the power of different cycles over the form assumed by human passions, which at core are so unvarying.

He recalled the portrait of Cesare, by Raphael, in the Borghese gallery at Rome, and how several people had said that he resembled it. His face was longer and more sharply modeled, but he could see himself that his opaque, black eyes, slightly swimming up from the lower lids, and his mouth, small, composed, and secretive, were much the same as those in the portrait. Yet, though this biting, poisonous emotion that now corroded him might have been felt by that other, pang for pang, his expression of it in the fifteenth century and any expression that could be given it in the twentieth must necessarily differ in all essentials.

IT BROUGHT him a grim diversion in his sore, exasperated mood, unmedicined by even the hope of retaliation, to fancy what course Cesare might have pursued with a woman who presumed to look at him with a very nausea of loathing.

As the days of the week which he was compelled by circumstances to spend at World's-End went by, his pent, sullen anger against her bit ever sharper and sharper. Small incidents were continually happening to exacerbate this feeling. The skill with which she avoided ever addressing him directly without seeming rude was really amazing. Never once, since his first visit in October, had she spoken to him, except in the casual way demanded by her position as hostess. When she did speak, she looked between his eyes. Once chance so arranged it that they met face to face in the woods of World's-End Mountain. He had gone out with his gun, though the legal date for shooting was past, having sickened of hunting and the long, aimless rides that formed the only alternative. Phœbe, seeing that Borak was not in the stables (she was very careful to inform herself of Richard's probable whereabouts) and ignorant of the fact that a groom had ridden him to Crewe, had gone to the winter woods for refuge.

They met face to face. Richard, standing by a great bowlder in the dry bed of a stream, saw her coming long before she saw him. His first thought was to turn back, then a savage impulse fixed him. He stood watching her, his small mouth just touched by a smile.

Phœbe was walking with her head bent, her eyes fixed on the dead leaves which rustled ankle deep about her. Growing warm with the steady climb, she had thrown her jacket over one shoulder and rolled her gloves into a ball, which she tossed absently in her hand as she advanced. When she was about a yard from him she looked up with a start like one rousing suddenly from sleep.

Her face went white and her eyes black. The gloves fell on the dead leaves between them.

Richard stooped and handed them to her. She took them mechanically, then, turning short, went away from him between the gray stems of the trees. When she had gone about ten paces he saw her hand open and the gloves fall at her side. She walked rapidly on and soon the gray aisles hid her from him.

A blaze of wrath scorched Richard.

"She dropped them as if they were filth, just because I'd touched them," he thought, staring at them. His jaw set with an ugly clench. As he passed the gloves,

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on his way down the mountain, he kicked them aside among the underbrush.

That afternoon, when tea was being served in the rose room, Mary ran in with the baby and sat her on the carpet.

"Just watch her!" she cried, laughing. "She'll be toddling before we know it. She pulls herself up on her little feet by anything that's handy."

RICHARD saw Phœbe's eyes dilate as they fixed themselves on little Diana. As once before, the baby was crawling straight toward him, pausing now and then to hammer with her little feet on the carpet and gurgle joyously. In her eagerness she had taken her small underlip entirely under her daisy-petal teeth, and her small chapped chin glistened like a pink shell with the tension.

Phœbe half rose from her chair, then sank back again. She was just pouring out a cup of tea for Sally. With a hand that shook slightly she carefully dropped in the four lumps that Sally always took with her afternoon tea.

Richard, with a cruel joy at his heart, watched the baby's rapid advance toward him. This was her chiefest treasure. He would grasp it in both hands and she could not cast it from her afterward as she had cast her gloves because his touch had soiled them.

"Isn't she *too* darling with Richard!" Mary cried, delighted. "See her lifting herself up by his leg! Don't be frightened, Richard—she won't hurt you," she ended, laughing.

"I'm not at all frightened," said Richard.

The baby, with both dimpled arms clamped about his leg, was slowly but surely, amid a series of earnest little grunts, dragging herself on to her bronze-shod feet.

"Pitty! Pitty!" she shouted, succeeding at last and having resource to her latest accomplishment in words to express the triumph of her soul. And bobbing and dipping slightly in her effort to maintain the perpendicular, she gazed up into Richard's face, her arms wrapped about his leg.

HE BENT forward and, gripping her by either arm, lifted her suddenly upon his knees. Still gripping the small arms fast, he held her there, staring at her with what he meant to be a smile, but which was more like a grimace of pain. And he gripped her tighter and tighter, a savage desire to hurt overmastering him.

"Bravo, Richard!" called Mary. "He's really scared to death—" she smiled in an aside to Owen, near whom she was sitting.

But now the baby, who almost never cried, was getting the oddest look on her little face—half like one who courts a coy sneeze, half that of a woman who is afraid of cats and senses one in the room. Her delicate eyebrows made a sudden "V" on her forehead—her underlip thrust out like a wee cherry—then suddenly the finest, most piteous wail came plaining up from her little breast.

PHŒBE swooped like a hawk. Her eyes were the panther's that sees its cub maltreated. She caught the baby to her heart and stood glaring at Richard, trembling from head to foot.

"You hurt her!" she spat at him. "You hurt her! How dare you!"

"She's a little coward," said he coolly. "Fancy my hurting her—"

"You are the coward—to hurt a baby!" cried Phœbe, beside herself.

Sally's voice slid in like a sliver of ice beween flames.

"Owen, I must really ask you to speak to Phœbe. She seems quite out of her head—"

Richard rose and strolled to a window. He did not wish his face to be seen just then.

Owen, putting his arm about Phœbe and the baby, who was now catching her breath in a series of little half-comforted, hiccupy sobs, led them from the room.

"He hurt her! Coward! He hurt her!" Phœbe kept saying, shaking so violently that he was afraid she might let the child fall. (*Continued on page 27*)

The Final Escape

By Marianne Gauss

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



All winter the outlaw hid among the rocks

IT BEGAN to be thought that the last of the Black Knobber gang had escaped; as the sheriff put it one day at the county seat: "Either Ally Spencer's dead er he's got clean away out'n the kentry. He never were knowed to keep still this long sence he were alive." But the sheriff was mistaken. All winter the outlaw hid among the rocks, in caves and holes, near the summit of Black Knob. As he watched in the spring he thought much of his three friends—also members of the gang—who were under sentence to die in April. In the latter part of February a warm wind took the snow from the sides of the mountain, and roads became impassable with the black Missouri mud. Bright redbirds darted among the walnut branches. The earlier trees tasseled. There was a thunder of bees on the warm air, and huge knobs of them swarmed in the woods. Then maple trunks were wet with sweetish sap; ferns unrolled; groves took on a cloudy pink from red bud. The abundant life of another year was bursting bounds everywhere on the mountain.

The outlaw knew what were the signs of spring at the county seat: garden making, gay new cotton dresses on the streets, children chasing fireflies in the long dusk. In at the jail windows would be drifting an odorous, smoky wind from the woods. And all those who were expecting to witness the summer would be unusually happy—in that expectant mood which is the uplift of April.

AT LAST came the appointed Friday. It was raining when he crawled out of the cave in which he had slept, with wind and occasional lightning. It would be very muddy at the county seat, "where his three old friends awaited their fate in the jail."

The Governor, who had not been heard from, would send a night message. About nine o'clock the sheriff would leave his house, next door, and come across to the jail through the rain, in one hand a torn envelope, in the other a sheet of yellow paper with damp, violet writing. The jail would be just as always in the morning—a distant rattle of cooking vessels, the odor of food, a negro, taken up for vagrancy, mopping the stone corridor. When the sheriff came in the negro would stop mopping and listen—his eyes prominent, his mouth open.

The sheriff would stand outside the cells, at the grating, and read the message to each condemned man separately. And as soon as he had heard the news the negro would resume his noisy mopping of the floor.

As to what the message would be, the outlaw had no doubt at all. It was as certain as his own fate in case he were caught. He had killed a deputy sheriff in that last battle between the county and the gang; and killing an officer in those outlaw counties of Missouri was a crime never condoned—the man who did that must die for it.

All day it rained, so that he was able to see but a few yards from him through the thick mists of Black Knob. His wife had reported seeing one of the Holt family on the west side of the river which separated his hiding places from the farming country below; and as all Holts were his relentless enemies he was keeping away from the hut in which he was accustomed to visit her.

AFTER the hour set for the execution, his restlessness gave way to depression, which lasted all of the next day. Late in the afternoon of Saturday the rain ceased and the clouds changed from gray to crimson, then blew away in the dusk.

Sunday, on the newly washed mountain, was a glorious day. He heard the first mocking bird of the year mimicking a sound of bells blown from some church in a far-off mountain valley. In the afternoon the outlaw ventured to visit his wife.

"Waal, Ollie," he said as he sat in the doorway of his hut, "hit's all over fer the boys. They're in the yother world, gittin' used to it by now." He mused a moment. "It'd sholy be somethin' to go through: one moment here, the next off wher' nobody could follow 'em—lak a squirrel escapin' up a tree."

Viola broke in with a correction. "Thar's a *river* to cross over, Ally. You-uns ain't hearkened to Brother Bee Cole lak you'd ought to. When y' come thar y' kep' a-gapin' all over meetin'—must ha' ben gapin' after that Rody girl." Her dimples played coquettishly.

"I never gaped after no *Rody* gyurl!" avowed the outlaw.

"Then I cayn't see whar you kep' yo' mind. But thar's a river to cross!" Viola continued with the firmness of the orthodox. "It's lak a cloud someway, pow'ful misty—thar's a picter of it in Brother Bee Cole's book, en two men crossin' over. Hit ain't no ways at all on the yother side till thar y' come to the city gates. Might be some further than shows in the picter—that ar picter of 'Bo Holt's store—looks lak the river run plumb again' the street. But hit ain't no walkin', to speak of, till y're thar."

A huge dog, bushy around the head, like a wolf, and very silent, rose from beside her, walked out of the hut to a gap among the sheltering vines, and snarled as he smelled the wind. He had caught the smoke of a gun fired by a deputy sheriff.

Viola sat thinking, one foot on the cradle rocker.

"I keep a-steadyin' about th' yother world," she resumed. "Them thar golden streets, now—looks lak, to me, ef that ar gold hed been het up some way en poured over 'em, lak es not some o' th' meltin's would drap onto th' yearth en sink plumb down in—en thar's how gold come to be found in the groun'."

"I don't know, Ollie, mought be. I cayn't say fer sure, lak Brother Bee Cole would. He's so shore o' gittin' thar he's read up. En I reckon he 'lows I won't see no golden streets."

HIS black eyes laughed again. He was superior in intelligence to Viola—though a wild life of nearly two years had somewhat altered him. At one time, while in his teens, he had seemed to show an aptitude for civilization, so that a bookish man down at the county seat interested himself in his education. For a year or two the incipient outlaw did really attend school. He read a number of books and wrote some verses—his patron said he was a poet. But the student phase rapidly passed, and he was again to be found galloping over the mountain or entertaining delighted groups of his neighbors with his mimicry of those not present. If a poet, he belonged to the old-time minstrel type. His language, which had altered under the influence of his teachers, became again the vernacular of back counties in Missouri. He courted and married Viola Meighton, the daughter of an outlaw; he joined with her brothers in the Black Knobber gang, and moved swiftly in his course till he had committed the crime for which he must some day die.

The silent dog came back to lie beside him, lifted his head, and growled reminiscently as he thought of the gun smoke on the wind. His master paid no attention.

"Ollie—I keep a-steadyin' 'bout that ar Sunday Brother Bee Cole baptized you."

That Sunday, from horseback, he and his wild companions had watched her go down into the stream. Baptizing had fascinated him always: the blue and gold shimmer of a river; the smell of summer hills; the singing voices, which were harsh indoors but sweet as birds' when blown across water by the wind; the mystic emotions of the people, crude perhaps, like their voices, but infinitely sweet in the shadow of great things, like birth and death.

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He looked from Viola's face to the baby in the crib. "I 'lowed to Bud Spencer that Sunday they baptized you. 'Bud,' I 'lowed, 'that ar preacher, he'll sholy have me cut out now. Ollie won't spend no thought on a godless young man lak me.'"

"That ain't no kind of talk fer a baptizin', Ally Spencer—en you know it!" Her eyes met his a moment; they were a kind of greenish blue, like dragon flies, and sparkled enticingly. But she returned them resolutely to a large volume that lay open on her lap, so that the man could see only their lashes, thick, fair, powdery, like the stamens of flowers. She did not expect a man to observe the Sabbath. "Looks lak the good Lord won't hol' 'em to account," she was accustomed to say. "They cayn't help them actions, they have so many temptations—'less'n, of course, they're preachers, lak Bee Cole."

BUT if Viola was a saint, she had also been a great belle on Black Knob. She had certain tricks of the dimples in her cheeks; her calico gown was turned in artfully to show a very white, soft throat, and a string of blue beads, of which Brother Remas Cole could not have approved, was wound in the voluptuous gold braid which went around her head. She glowed in the dimness of the hut. It was built well within a very large old grapevine, which formed almost a perfect shield as the woolly young leaves came out, and blossoms shedding a faint, penetrating perfume. Light came in at the front, from which the sky could be seen, almost an indigo, except where the wind had blown a drift of cumulus clouds that gleamed frostily in the sun. There were no windows at the rear; a door there opened into a cave, from the darkness of which the outlaw might fire tellingly on his enemies. But he had been so long let alone, he began to think the world had forgotten about him.

"What's that noise? Es it a-thunderin'?" asked Viola.

"Naw, hit's this yere pesky dawg jawin' at us. Wolf, quit yo' foolishness!—a-growlin' en a-goin' on lak y' see a deppity sheriff. Ther ain't nobody comin'. Is ther, Ollie?" He laid his hand suddenly on her lap. "Looks lak to me you-uns has read yo' Bible pow'ful long to-day!" he complained.

"That ar's the Wo'd of God, Ally," his wife answered, reproving him.

"Y' cayn't read a line of it. Give it hyah."

"I know I cayn't read," she admitted, "but thar's a holy peace comes over me ef I jes' tetch a Bible with my hand."

AGAIN the black eyes sparkled delightedly. For the book was "Vanity Fair." The library of the Meightons—a Bible, three medicine almanacs, and an arithmetic—had become confused years before with that of a school-teacher boarding at the cabin.

"En I know it helps me to read it!" insisted Viola.

"That ar's the Wo'd of God to you, Ollie," he replied. "All human hearts es a-waitin' en a-listenin' for that wo'd—only, down in town, cayn't none of 'em hear.

"En they tuk me down thar to town en 'lowed I should go to school—en I done it. En sech a jawin' a-goin' on I couldn't heah myself think noway, so I come back hyah to the mountain. Why cayn't they leave me be, wher I like to live? I ain't askin' the county fer nothin'; I can git plenty squirrels to live on. Is it the county's business what I do? I ain't never pestered nobody; never fired a shot at no man tell they 'lowed I was a outlaw, en sent deppity sheriffs after me to kill me. Cayn't I defend myself noway?"

"Hit's jest them-all's crazy foolishness," Viola replied. "Looks lak to me them that makes the laws cayn't jedge no reasons. Less'n them voters picked a bunch o' plum lunytics, sholy they never noticed what they writ in the books."

"I know no law but the law of Almighty God!" cried the man. The child heard him, started, and clenched a tiny fist against the whiteness of the breast on which he lay. Viola had taken him into her arms. It was sunset. Crimson and gold—flashing stars—burned through the vines to her.

THERE was silence till the child, happy and fed, pulled himself to his feet on her lap. He was a strong, wiry boy of ten months; his eyes were black and his wits keen, like the outlaw's. Presently he found his father's hat—wide, black, much battered by winter rains—fumbled a while with it, and awkwardly set it over Viola's ear.

"Ef a girl gits on my hat I can kiss her!" The outlaw announced an immutable social law of Black Knob.



"I know I cayn't read," she admitted. "but thar's a holy peace comes over me ef I jes' tetch a Bible with my hand"

"Ally, this hyah's the Sabbath day." She got up primly and set the child in his crib.

But while she struggled in the man's arms her dignity vanished. She laughed aloud; the gold braid slid down around one shoulder, the revolver fell from his pocket, and was not discharged, but bounced toward the open door. The child crowed aloud. But the dog remained morose—walked to the door that looked down the mountain, smelled once more of the wind, and snarled again.

The gold mass came out of braid—Viola hid her face in it till it was wrenched from her by force. Her fair flesh reddened under her lord's kisses, so that the pale gold freckles disappeared. But her dimples stayed very white in the scarlet. Outside the mocking bird repeated her laughter.

"Thar now!" she condescended. "I reckon you-uns es suited—plum fool of foolishness, lak you always wuz. Looks lak to me, Ally Spencer, you-uns'd hate to give sech a pattern to a yar-old baby—a-breakin' the Sabbath day! I cayn't see how in yearth I'm to git him raised."

"Give me over to the sheriff, that's whut y' can do!" cried the outlaw. "Sen' wo'd to Sam Hope I'm a pow'ful noosance to hev 'round, en he can git me by callin' fer me."

AT HIS mention of the sheriff, Viola's eyes became almost black; she looked like her father, or like that brother, the Black Knobber, who did not shoot and so went to prison instead of the gallows—he did not shoot because his powder was damp. "That ar Sam Hope!" she cried, "ef I meet up with him, I 'low I'll name him fer whut he is to his face."

"You-uns es liable to see him 'most any day, Ollie. He'd lak pow'ful well to pay me a visit up hyah." He spoke thus to play on her heart. It was instantly vibrant, the music he could make on it amazed him. "Ally," she whispered; "Ally—"

He stooped a little; her arms went around him, warm and soft against the sinews of his neck, but clinging savagely, like all wild things. "Ef that ar sheriff comes to my do' I'll stand hyah with the rifle," she resumed; "en—'Sam Hope,' I'll 'low to him, 'you-uns es come to 'rest a man whut never done no crime; he only shot to save his life, lak any yother man would. Yet y' won't leave him be, y' God-forgotten skunk! Y' keep atter him tell he—cayn't—take no—rest! En he lays out in the rain when he's wore nearly to death with yer runnin' of him.' En—'Sam Hope,' I'll tell him, 'I reckon y'd shoot a woman same es a man; but come a step nigher my do' en I'll fill yo' hide plum full o' laid, lak a squirrel.' Oh, thar's Bible for that, Ally. The Good Book 'lows: 'Ef yer enemy hunger, feed 'em; but ef y' cayn't stop 'em so doin', heap coals of fire on thar haid.'"

"You leave the rifle be, Ollie," warned the outlaw. "I don't aim to have y' mixed up in no shootin' scrapes lak a man."

There was a heavy thud outside the hut. In his wolflike silence the big dog had leaped on a man who approached the place, and the man had knocked him senseless with a club.

WITHIN, unheeding, Viola went on: "Ally, I wisht y'd take the boys' plan. Let 'em git y' down yander to the railroad, to a p'int whar nobody never see y' before—they can do it under a load o' wood on thar wagin. En yo' hawse'll bring money fer a ticket clar away. En when y' git safe away y' can send for me."

"I druther stay up hyah, Ollie—with you. I reckon, down thar in town, they've furgot us. They won't pester us." Suddenly he stopped and pushed her arms aside. Some one was near the door of the hut.

An instant later, in the doorway, against the sky—all gold by this time, with open gates in it—appeared a thick-set, reddish man in town-made clothes. There was an instant's silence.

Then the outlaw laughed oddly. "Howdy, Sam Hope?" he asked.

"I come to 'rest y', Ally," replied the sheriff. "Ef y' feel lak shootin', go ahead; but the minute you tetch yo' hand to a gun you drap where you stand."

The outlaw dived for the revolver on the floor; but he was not quick enough, it was snatched away by one of the men who accompanied the sheriff. Among them the prisoner saw his old enemy, Ebenezer Holt, saying nothing, but grinning triumphantly.

In the shadow of the vines behind him stood another of the Holt family. "I 'lowed we'd git Ally Spencer within the week," muttered this man. "I 'lowed it es I stood by the jail when them yother Knobbers was hung. It wuz las' Friday mornin', en rainin'—en Eb hearn me say that."

THE sheriff produced handcuffs. As the outlaw put out his wrists, ducked his head a little and laughed, he said: "Hit ain't no use, Sam, doin' me this a-way. I'm plum done fightin'. I know the court'll tu'n me loose nex' week—mought as well hev a trial right away."

As the posse poured into the hut the outlaw's child sat staring with round, black eyes. He had always supposed his father the only man in the world; this influx of spurred, noisy beings was disturbing to his preconceptions, unsettling to his faith. He began to wail shrilly.

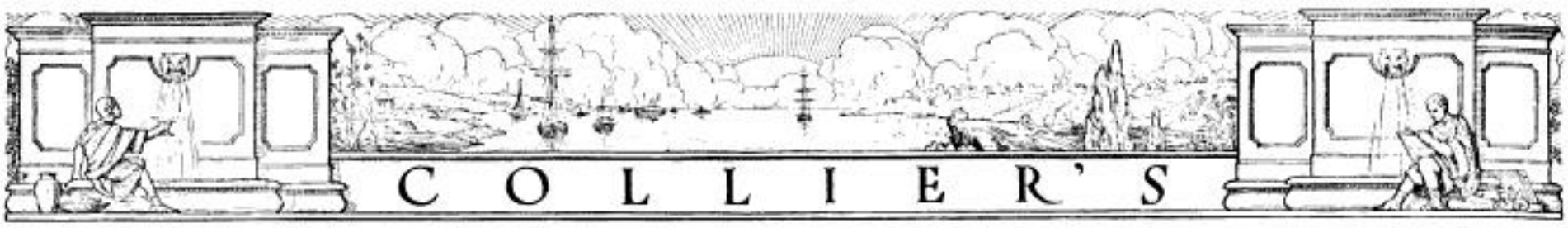
"I reckon, ef you-uns come to 'rest Ally, we-all cayn't do nothin'." Viola's voice was gentle, but she had stepped backward to the wall against which a rifle rested.

"Ollie!" her lord commanded—"Ollie, you drap that gun!" The sheriff sprang to wrench it from her grasp; and she was saved from the crime for which her husband must die. She smiled.

But when they had taken him away she flung herself against the wall, sobbing so that he heard her from outside the hut.

For his last ride down the mountain he was put on a spotted pony with a red eye, which turned inquiringly to see what was going on. For the first few miles he did not speak to any of the posse, and none of them spoke to him. (Continued on page 31)

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The Samaritan Religion

THE PHILADELPHIA "NORTH AMERICAN" has sent to a number of persons letters, the gist of which is the following questions:

1. Does your observation of the present time lead you to believe that some sort of spiritual awakening, or upheaval, or fresh expression, is impending or imminent?

2. If so, what form, in your judgment, is the revival, or experience, or manifestation, likely to take?

Some of the answers published have been rather hectic, to say the least. But one, the letter of CHARLES W. ELIOT, president emeritus of Harvard University, is worth reproducing if only because it presents (in fewer words than anyone else could put them) the state of mind of many Americans to-day:

A new religious sentiment seems to me to be gradually spreading throughout the world, and especially among young people in the United States.

It is a sentiment which takes small account of ceremonies, rites, sacraments, creeds, and dogmas, but inspires an enthusiasm for the service of family, neighbor, and society at large.

Guided by the modern scientific spirit, this sentiment is developing a new kind of Christianity, based on the ethics taught by Jesus, and particularly on the command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and the parable of the good Samaritan.

In their youthfulness of spirit these three sentences are worthy of their author. Though Dr. ELIOT's religion is not orthodox, it is sincere. Dr. ELIOT is, incidentally, our candidate for the biggest man now living in America. Hardly a week goes by but we get, out of some of his public utterances or activities, a fresh conception of the loftiness and breadth of his view of our contemporary civilization and the things that are necessary for its richer development.

By the way, accepting Dr. ELIOT's definition, about the most irreligious feature of present-day life is the spectacle of some men growing rich through inducing other men to consume alcohol.

W. W.'s Conviction

WE ARE INDEBTED to Mr. CLARENCE SACKETT of Newark, N. J., for one of the best epigrams we have seen concerning the present political situation in Washington. Mr. SACKETT says the epigram came originally from the Boston (Mass.) "Transcript":

None of the Democrats in Congress have the courage of their own convictions—but they all have the courage of Mr. WILSON's convictions.

Bunk about "Honor"

THE MAJORITY of the Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature have voted resolutions that begin like this:

Whereas, National honor, dignity, and integrity demand that American coastwise vessels be given the privilege of passing through the Panama Canal exempt from any toll charges.

We don't know just how much the Democrats in the Massachusetts Legislature had to do with digging the Panama Canal, but one Colonel GEORGE W. GOETHALS—not, we believe, a member of the Great and General Court—is quoted as saying:

I do not believe in exempting any vessels from paying for the use of the canal.

Somehow we are a lot more impressed by what the builder of the canal and the President of the United States say on this subject than by the ludicrous resolutions of the Massachusetts Democrats and the arguments of disingenuous hairsplitters.

Training for Congressmen

A MUCH-NEEDED IMPROVEMENT in our National Government is the provision of adequate training in finance and in accounting for our Representatives and Senators. These subjects are of prodigious importance, and something like clear understanding of them is absolutely necessary if constructive national legislation is to go forward. One of the great factors in President WILSON's leadership is his grasp of these subjects and his ability to get expert advice when his own information is not complete. The average Congressman, on the contrary, is at the mercy of his credulity. He will believe and repeat in debate almost any absurdity, provided only it is sufficiently dramatic in quality and discreditable to large financial interests in some distant city. Hardly a week goes by but the "Morgan crowd" is the target for some acrid nonsense which never would have been uttered if the speaker had had even the slightest idea as to what is the work of modern bankers. A conspicuous example was Senator BORAH's assault on GEORGE W. PERKINS with reference to some imaginary six million dollars. Mr. PERKINS's cool explanation left the Senator looking rather silly. We will not get anywhere by favoring corporations in the style of the Hannaized Republican party or by holding jamborees over the money devil in the style of the late Populist party. To deal constructively with American business one must understand the facts and not rant about them. It is greatly to the credit of many Congressmen that they have studied law in preparation for their legislative work. What the United States needs from now on is legislators who have mastered the principles of finance and accounting so as to be able to judge economic facts.

Attention, Mr. Hearst!

APROPOS of the Mexican situation and the lies, direct and indirect, that are being told about it, we dedicate this definition, from the Washington (D. C.) "Star," to WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST:

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a jingo?"

"A jingo, my son, is a man who devotes his time to thinking up opportunities for other people to go out and be shot at."

New Politicians for Old

ON THE THIRD OF MARCH, this year, HIRAM C. GILL was elected Mayor of Seattle, Wash., by a majority of 14,000 votes. This does not seem so wonderful until we note that this is the same GILL who was elected Mayor in 1910 on an "open town" platform, recalled in 1911 largely by the newly enfranchised women's vote, and defeated in much the same manner in 1912. This time the rejuvenated Mr. GILL ran on a platform calling for strict enforcement of the laws! He got his majority in the residence districts which had beaten him before, and was supported by former opponents but opposed by former supporters. If 14,000 votes is any evidence, it is a clear case of political rebirth or conversion. This is a very encouraging result of the new spirit in our politics. The aptitude and experience of men who have taken naturally and successfully to political life are assets that we cannot well afford to lose. Good government is not always to be had from untried enthusiasts. It will be better for us if we can make the more capable fellows choose and hold the right courses. Of this seemingly improbable state of things, HIRAM C. GILL is so far a shining example. May there be many such.

We Strive to Please

From "Truth," Boston, Mass.

To whale patent-medicine fakers and frauds and assail the evils of alcoholism may do good; but these things at their worst are hardly as bad as the activities of HAYWOOD and MOYER, the evangels of the I. W. W. and the Murder Trust, for whom COLLIER'S appears to have a profound regard. Recently PETER MACFARLANE, a belated and sentimental muckraker, has striven hard to make a case for the Murder Trust—the Western Federation of Miners—as against the Calumet and Hecla Company, and the many good things done by the copper concern to improve the social and industrial conditions of its employees, its broad generosity and sense of responsibility, are as nothing when the violence and vicious methods of the Murder Trust are to be condoned. For pure rot and unadulterated slop commend us to MACFARLANE and COLLIER'S.

From the Fort Worth (TEX.) "Record."

COLLIER'S WEEKLY was a radical labor newspaper. It has changed. Now it is a conservative. ROBERT J. COLLIER has made way for MARK SULLIVAN as editor. MARK isn't a radical. He is just the opposite. "The Issues at Calumet," by PETER CLARK MACFARLANE, is a new departure. PETER takes the side of the copper kings. He tells the reading world that General Manager JAMES MACNAUGHTON has "a great record for efficiency." This is true. His mining company has paid $125,000,000 in dividends and reinvested $72,000,000 in its property, all upon an original investment of $1,500,000. Give MARK SULLIVAN full swing and Saint MACNAUGHTON's name will appear in the holy calendar. . . . 'Tis fitting that MARK SULLIVAN should be the editor of their publication. When it comes to "bunk and guff" newspaper creators MARK SULLIVAN leads the profession.

Wouldn't it be amusing to hear a joint debate between these two?

The Marvels of Chance

OUR FRIEND, Mr. C. G. CARVER of Sharon, Pa., calls our attention to the most wonderful series of coincidences which have ever been brought to our attention. On February 29, 1912, the House being in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, the Hon. EVERIS A. HAYES of California made a speech lauding to the skies his fellow citizen, Mr. LUTHER BURBANK, for his really great achievements as a plant breeder and creator of new varieties of fruits, flowers, and field crops. In this speech he gave a rather full list of these creations, including the unfortunate "wonderberry" which has been con-

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

demned by such authorities as the "Rural New Yorker" as nothing more nor less than the ordinary black nightshade and the "spineless cactus," which is said by some to be nothing better than the wild spineless cactus. But Mr. HAYES, and friends of Mr. BURBANK generally, are not inclined to join in assaults on the work of a man which is so good in so many incontestable ways. We are not now discussing BURBANK, but coincidences. Mr. HAYES's Burbank speech has been sent out under his Congressional frank, and helped to swell that postal expense which is so bemoaned when the second-class mail privilege is debated. One of these speeches reached Mr. CARVER under an envelope in which his name is misspelled, "CARBER." Afterward Mr. CARVER received from the Luther Burbank Company, "Sole Distributor of the Burbank Horticultural Productions," a catalogue setting forth the beauties and excellences of the fruits and flowers in which they deal for good hard cash. This also came in an envelope in which Mr. CARVER's name was misspelled "CARBER." Remarkable coincidence? But wait! In the catalogue of the Luther Burbank Company are found descriptions of the Luther Burbank creations, which are word for word reproduced in Mr. HAYES's speech. If it should turn out that Mr. HAYES of California is interested in the Luther Burbank Company, the series of coincidences would be complete. Anyhow, the Luther Burbank Company may now advertise its wares, "wonderberry," "spineless cactus," and all under the Congressional frank of the Hon. EVERIS A. HAYES—and seems to be doing so. We seek in vain in the catalogue for a description of the political peanut.

For the Farmer

TO THE DESK of the writer of this paragraph there comes in the course of a month something more than a ton of printed matter. Among the few periodicals which command friendly and interested reading is the "Farm Journal," published by Wilmer Atkinson Company of Philadelphia. It has old-fashioned charm, sincerity, piquancy, occasionally a militant sword for fraud and chicanery, and throughout an atmosphere which breathes the desire of service to its readers. Its charm starts with its title piece at the head of the first page, an old-fashioned stone farmhouse of the kind that is common in the Quaker and Pennsylvania Dutch parts of Pennsylvania, surrounded by little pictures of typical farm life: a mother and two daughters making pies in a farm kitchen, a boy bringing eggs, a stalk of corn, and some climbing roses. About the first printed matter in every issue of the paper is this standing notice:

FAIR PLAY

We believe, through careful inquiry, that all the advertisements in this paper are signed by trustworthy persons, and, to prove our faith by works, we will make good to actual subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be deliberate swindlers. Rogues shall not ply their trade at the expense of our subscribers, who are our friends, through the medium of these columns. . . .

This notice has appeared in every issue of the "Farm Journal" since 1880. We think it antedates by twenty years the movement for clean advertising in periodicals generally. When this guarantee first appeared in the "Farm Journal" nearly all farm papers were primarily vehicles for the purpose of helping swindlers cheat the farmer (a great majority of the farm papers still are that). The "Farm Journal" has kept a charming and attractive old-time quality and appearance, while it has adapted itself to all that is useful in the modern science of agriculture. We know no publication so sure to inspire and instruct any person with a real affection for the soil as the "Farm Journal."

Interior Decoration in 2014

OUR FORBEARS used to fill the warming pan with live coals and thrust it between the chilly sheets for a few minutes before retiring. Now, brightly polished, this same humble utensil decks the drawing room. We are impelled to a query about the dim future. Will the hot-water bottle of to-day adorn the parlor walls of our great-great-great-grandchildren?



Puzzle: Why Does the Donkey Stay on the Job?

Her Majesty's Umbrella

THREE HEARTY BRITISH CHEERS for the illustrious MARY, Queen of the English! She deserves to live forever in the hearts of her subjects. Ever since she ascended the throne, it has been one of our avocations and chief delights to attend her, through the medium of the illustrated prints, on all of her public appearances. In the very beginning we made an odd and interesting discovery. She never stirred abroad without an umbrella. This discovery gave a definiteness to what had been a mere pastime. At corner-stone layings, at the opening of new hospitals, at cattle shows, at horse and dog shows, at the races, on a stone bench in the gardens of country houses, at presentations of colors, at reviews of troops, at visits to coal mines, at the Lancashire mills, at the ceremonies attendant upon investing the young Prince of Wales with the Order of the Garter, in India, and at sea, every photograph of the Queen showed the umbrella in the foreground and firmly grasped, usually with both hands. Then the object of the game became to discover a photograph of her Majesty in which one of the royal parasols or umbrellas did not figure. It was obvious that she did not carry one as a protection against the elements, for by no possible chance could she be exposed to the rain on any of her public appearances, and certainly habitually carrying an umbrella indoors is the height of something or other. But now we know that the quest is in vain. We gave up hope when we read in the newspapers the other day of an adventure that befell this most British of British queens when she went with the Bishop of Norwich to visit the Norwich Castle Museum. The gate attendant did not recognize his Queen and refused to admit her unless she relinquished her umbrella and deposited it in the rack provided for that purpose. She stubbornly refused to surrender it. The attendant was equally stubborn. It began to look like an impasse until the Church intervened and disclosed the identity of the lady. Of course they let her umbrella in then. If we were English royalty, desirous of holding our subjects' love and respect, this is the sort of story that we would have our press agent disseminate.

Class Consciousness

A TWICE-DIVORCED WOMAN, temporarily retired on an alimony of $20,000 per annum, explains the whole mental layout of her kind in a few brief sentences:

It's too early to talk about marriage. I'm living alone now, but just remember this: I don't intend always to live alone. The main thing that is interesting me now is not marriage, but the New York Dog Show. I have ten dogs entered, and I'm going to stay here until it is over.

The society editors try to gloss these people over, but that is what they are. Twenty thousand dollars a year is a good deal of money.

What One Woman Did

IN 1910 there were 1,152 illiterates in Rowan County, Kentucky. Now, says the Berea "Citizen," there are 23—as follows:

Too stubborn to learn, 4; confirmed invalids or sick during campaign, 6; defective eyesight, 6; idiots, 5; moved in during closing days of campaign, 2.

The "campaign" referred to was started two years ago by the County Superintendent, Mrs. CORA WILSON STEWART, and its object was to wipe out illiteracy in Rowan County. No other community in America, rural or urban, has made such a record as this. And there are some persons who still say that women are untested as public servants, and incapable, under existing conditions, of rendering effective public service.

Asking Congress for Work

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE that two thousand unemployed men left Point Richmond, Cal., on February 27 to march to Washington, D. C., and petition Congress for work. If we know anything at all about the United States, they will pass over two thousand jobs before they get to the Mississippi River. What are they really looking for?

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT WOULD be difficult to say which is the more important aspect of affairs at Washington just now—our Mexican problem or the Democratic retreat on the trust question. The Mexican situation is undoubtedly very formidable, and grows more so. At any time between the writing and the printing something may happen to make this difficulty less tolerable. It is not to be doubted that not only our Mexican problem, but our foreign affairs generally, have been handled with less efficiency than anything else which the present Administration has touched. One of the most capable and detached observers of events in Washington is Mr. Arthur Willert, the resident correspondent of the London "Times." One of his dispatches to his paper, dated last month, contained the following words:

American external relations, since last week's conference between the President and the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, have been discussed with unprecedented keenness. It has been discovered that never before has an American President been faced with so many diplomatic difficulties. There is much truth in the assertion.

The "Times" correspondent then went on to prove his point by the following analysis of the President's diplomatic difficulties:

The action of Mr. Taft and his Congress in passing a Panama act which Great Britain contends breaks the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by exempting from the payment of tolls American coastwise shipping.

The action of California in raising last summer in an acute form the Japanese immigration question and the graver questions that underlie it.

The abrogation by Mr. Taft and his Congress (under pressure from the Jews) of the Russian Commercial Treaty because of Russia's domestic regulations about Jews.

The failure of Republican Congresses to compensate Colombia for the loss of the province of Panama, which she alleges became autonomous by the help of the United States.

The consequent distrust of American altruism aroused in other Latin-American countries, especially in Central America.

The possibility of being obliged to take strong measures to end disorder in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

The possibility of having to do the same on a vastly larger scale in Mexico.

Serious disorganization of the State Department under Mr. Bryan and his spoilsmen.

This correspondent lays the blame chiefly on Secretary Bryan. Because this observer writes with the European background of insight and experience in international affairs, his analysis has much weight:

The President had much ground to clear before he could hope to tackle the difficulties left him by his predecessors. In this he has been extraordinarily active and successful. Burdened by a Secretary of State who, for all his great qualities, is anything rather than a diplomatist or thinker on foreign affairs, he came into power a year ago at the head of a party trained in anti-imperialism and exclusiveness, and utterly ignorant of the pressure of modern-world commerce on politics. He himself was as untried in diplomacy as in national politics. Seldom has a statesman had a better excuse for vacillation or even for the downright subordination of his views to party tradition and prejudice. The excuse has not been taken. In Mexico he has assumed responsibilities which may well lead to armed intervention. In Haiti and Santo Domingo he has proved himself ready to assume them. In Central America he is eager to forward a policy of something tantamount to a series of American financial protectorates of a type more advanced than even the Republican authors of "dollar diplomacy" or the Republican wielder of the "big stick" ever contemplated.

For Latin America, which for the present must remain infinitely the most important field for American diplomacy, he has outlined a policy which, if it matures, will make the significance of the Monroe Doctrine more real than ever before.

Possibly our Mexican problem may work out well. One of the most pleasant aspects of contemporary American history is the earnestness with which public men uphold President Wilson's hands, although they believe his Mexican policy has been unwise from the beginning, and is likely ultimately to lead to intervention. Among public men at Washington the suggestion of intervention is resisted almost universally. There is at Washington practically no response to or sympathy with the jingo call for direct action that occurs in some newspapers. It is just because they think Wilson's policy is likely to lead to intervention (little as he wishes it) that many earnest men deplore the course he adopted.

The Goat

A WISE and witty observer of the present Administration says:

It's a cinch for the Democrats. When the Administration does anything good, praise Wilson. When it does anything bad, blame Bryan.

The Democratic Retreat

AS TO the antitrust bills, the Democrats are in the position of a man who has "walked right in and turned around and walked right out again." At the present moment they are considering deeply whether they shall enter again. If they do, it is likely to be in a new pair of shoes acquired from the Progressive party—whether by theft or donation, as the case may be. The fact is that at the present moment, with respect to trust regulation, the Democrats are a little less advanced than they were at the beginning of the present session of Congress last December. All of this is interesting and important, and will be the subject of extensive discussion in early numbers of COLLIER'S.

Mr. Wilson and His Ways

PRESIDENT WILSON has not been able to maintain the policy of the "open door" to his private office which he announced before he came to Washington. He thought then that he would sit at his desk with no barriers between him and the anteroom. He had done this at Trenton as Governor, but he did not suspect how many more persons desire access to the President of the United States than to the Governor of New Jersey. It did not take him long to find out and shut the door. Now Washington complains that he is more inaccessible than any President since Harrison. So he is to those who have no legitimate demands upon him. He guards his time closely and serves it out in doles to those who can advance good reasons. He is very fair about it. A man having a five or a ten or a fifteen minute appointment is sure of that many uninterrupted minutes to present his case, and he is also sure of the closest attention to what he says. Mr. Wilson is an admirable listener. But he detests bores and persons who do not come to him prepared to say what they have to say.

Only two days are given over to general appointments at the White House—Mondays and Thursdays. Tuesdays and Fridays the President has Cabinet meetings and receives members of the Cabinet singly by previous arrangement. He sees no one else. Wednesdays are given over to conferences with committees of Congress having pending legislation in hand in which the President is directly interested. Saturdays the President is not in his office. Members of the House and Senators are given appointments on Mondays and Thursdays in the order in which they apply without recourse to the President, but applications for appointments made by citizens of the world at large must be approved by the President before they are put on the list for the day. The President maintains this strict routine of engagements he has established. He receives visitors between ten o'clock in the forenoon and one o'clock in the afternoon. They are supposed to present themselves on the minute, and Mr. Wilson sees to it that they bring their business to a conclusion on the minute. Mr. Wilson does not see one-third the number of persons President Roosevelt received. He gives the impression of not liking to have people come in and talk to him. Many of his visitors complain of his deferential coldness.

But even in this matter of receiving visitors the President's method has the qualities of definiteness and finality that are his most marked characteristics. The human quality is subordinated to precision and efficiency. Simply, it is Mr. Wilson's way of doing things, and callers who do not like it might just as well complain to the Interstate Commerce Commission about the time-tables of the planets.

Farms for Sale by the Government

THE United States Reclamation Service has a number of irrigated farms for sale. These are located in Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. The Reclamation Service has compiled data concerning these farms which are of much interest to prospective settlers. These data deal with the climate, soil, elevation, and crops of these reclaimed lands. This service to the public is entirely without charge. For full information, write to Collier's Washington Bureau, 902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

COLLIER'S maintains an office at Washington which will give the record of any member of Congress on important roll calls, or supply information concerning Congress and the Government. The service is entirely without charge. Address Collier's Washington Bureau, 902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

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Des Moines Register | Washington Star | New York Sun | Philadelphia Inquirer | Associated Newspapers | Phila. Public Ledger | Indianapolis Star | Baltimore Evening Sun

Wilson Among the Cartoonists

By McKee Barclay

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was nominated at Baltimore the cartoonists, regardless of age, sex, color, or previous condition of political servitude, rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Champ Clark's face had possibilities but called for no enthusiasm from the caricaturists; Oscar Underwood's photographs showed a smooth face with no color contrasts and none of the whiskerial adornments or incongruities of anatomy that are so dear to the cartoonist's soul; Judson Harmon offered a face which baffled even the most talented of the caricaturists. Woodrow Wilson's physiognomy, however, had, from the cartoonist's point of view, not even a single fault. His lantern-jawed, long-chinned, sharp-nosed face promised unlimited possibilities.

So the men of the craft proceeded with great gusto to experiment with the Wilsonic countenance. Soon there followed a laying aside of pencils and a great scratching of heads among the men employed by the papers that were opposing Wilson, for however they might distort the candidate's features and however amusing the result, the face produced was still the face of a strong man, likable and worthy of trust. It was a situation calling for expert psychological analysis. No matter how the laws of comparative measurement and interrelation were disregarded, if the caricature was a success as a caricature in every other way, somehow the handicraft of the anti-Wilson cartoonist lacked the punch needed in an iconoclastic pictorial attack. It was so in the days of the Civil War when the caricaturists tackled the rugged ugliness of Abraham Lincoln. Even John Tenniel, "Punch's" master cartoonist, who died this very month, aged ninety something, failed to make the rail splitter's face ridiculous. Likewise Bernard Partridge, who to-day occupies old Sir John's place on "Punch's" staff, unintentionally idealizes the Lincolnic visage of Woodrow Wilson. Herbert Johnson of the "Saturday Evening Post" and J. N. Darling of the Des Moines "Register and Leader" and Fontaine Fox of the Chicago "Post," who probably make the most laughable and most exaggerated caricatures of the President, produce what are certainly not viciously damaging likenesses.







Even the camera has an inclination to caricature the Wilson features. The Uncle Sam likeness in the center was achieved merely by putting chin whiskers and long back hair on a photograph

Wilson's Funny Bone

STILL, whatever the difficulties, the cartoonists of the country are learning how to take liberties with the President's features, and some of them are decidedly amusing without transcending the ethics of good taste.

Joe Tumulty has organized a bomb-proof wall of protection around President Wilson that gives our chief public servant more personal liberty than was ever before enjoyed by any President, but the White House scheme of selection and rejection allows whatever is worth while in the way of editorials and cartoons to filter into the presidential inner sanctum. The result is that Mr. Wilson is enabled to keep in intimate touch with newspaper opinion and no man in public life gets more enjoyment out of the shots that are aimed at him by the humorists of the pen and pencil. He has a keen appreciation of clever cartoons and paragraphs and his saving sense of humor has prevented him from ever wincing at any sort of good-natured fun making at his expense.

View the Wilson face from whatever angle you choose and some characteristics will appear that will, to use a favorite expression of the caricaturists, "give a fellow something to hang his hat on." Speaking of "angles," you will notice that every line and corner in a Wilson portrait makes for character and strength. Strange to say, even the camera sometimes seems to have an inclination to caricature the Wilson features. The profile views and three-quarter portraits show a head slightly bald at the crown, hair tinged with gray that swings from the temple back of the ear and hangs long and straight from the crown—or as near the crown as it starts—to the nape of the neck.

In the Wilson face note the fact that the eyebrow is decidedly darker than the average tone of the hair. This is a feature of great good fortune to the artists, for it means that all-important thing, "color contrast." The upper crease in the eyelid is hidden by a flap of skin that runs down to the southeast and scatters in half a dozen wrinkles. Those who have seen the President at close range know that some delightful effects in crow's-feet are shown as one watches the play of expression on Mr. Wilson's face.

Chin—Chin

THE nose, straight and thin, sticks out straight unless drawn back by the risible muscles when something tickles the Presidential funny bone, for when its owner laughs he gives the cartoonists just excuse for presenting him with a hooked nose. The Wilson mouth, like its neighbor, the nose, is, in repose, very different from the same mouth in action. The side-view portrait which was used so extensively as a newspaper cut during the campaign is one of those which shows the face in ordinary repose—that is, in contradistinction to grim repose and the Mona Lisa species of repose. In this portrait there is a straight drop of the upper lip from the nose, a little swing inward to the line of the mouth, a slight protruding of the lower lip, and a chin that drops back of a perpendicular line from the upper lip. Now no one would accuse Woodrow Wilson of having a receding chin, and yet, in spite of the seeming immobility of his features, the camera insists that, at times, he has. Let a look of determination come to the owner of that chin, however, and the lump of muscle in front of the lobe of the ear tightens up, the hinges of the jaw swing forward and lock, the chin sticks out, and it's time to raise your guard and side-step. The lines of that jaw, by all the rules of anatomy as laid down by students of physiognomy, are decidedly deceiving when there is neither physical nor literal tension. From the wide-open and rather large ear it sweeps down with a sort of convex curve, and entirely lacks the outward hook which we are accustomed to suppose must go with a character of determination and fixedness of purpose.

All of which, when corroborated by other insistent features of the Wilson face, goes to show that in spite of anatomical laws and phrenological charts it is the ensemble and not the details that indicates character. Compare with the grim Wilson face the portraits that show him laughing. Study the twinkling eyes and the teeth that out-Teddy Teddy himself, and you will conclude that one view of a face will often fail to give an infallible index to its owner's character. In other words, more important than an analysis of the individual features or even a survey of the ensemble is the cinematographic play of the change of mood and expression on the face that is the subject of study. Who doesn't remember Woodrow Wilson's favorite Limerick?

For beauty I am not a star:
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it!
It's the people in front that I jar.



New York Herald | Seattle Post-Intelligencer | Minneapolis Journal | Phila. Press | St. Louis Post-Dispatch | New York Journal | Balt. Morning Sun | Phila. North American | New York American

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Unsober Second Thoughts

By George Fitch

DRAWINGS BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

IN CHICAGO the overworked citizen has to vote for 144 different public officials, and the objection to this cumbersome proceeding is approximating a revolt. No human being, it is claimed, can keep track of the candidates for these positions and choose from them intelligently.

This is too true to be argued about and Chicago is entitled to relief. The average man can hardly keep track of the batting records of 144 big-league baseball players, let alone the records of 144 public officials.

The Dub Golfer's Corner

The Only Space in the World Devoted to His Interests

THE ART OF DRIVING. Much has been written on this subject and all of it of no account to the hopeless golfer. Driving, for the dub, is not a matter of grips or position or footwork or balance, but of intelligence. Grasp the problem firmly with your own mind. If this involves violence toward your expert companion do not hesitate. Your drive may be a poor one, but it is your own child. Adopted styles will desert you in your hour of need and bring you to scorn.

Choose your own style and make it a principle. Principle is everything in golf. If you wish to drive thumbs down and left leg up, arm yourself with a vocabulary and defend your theory. Tell what you habitually do and make it not less than 250 yards. What is 200 yards of exaggeration in this country of magnificent distances? Quote Vardon on the subject. Be offensive. Be arrogant. In other words, meet your expert companion on his own ground and back him off it.

As for the driving itself, remember the first principle of the good golfer. You must always be off your game. If by any chance you get 200 yards, be gloomy. If you get 150 yards, be disgusted. If you get your normal 75 yards, be furious. Leave the other fellow nothing to say. Say it all yourself. And never be satisfied. If you should drive to the green and hole out in one, be merely mollified and bring up the offenses of fortune against you on the preceding holes. It is really no trouble at all to be a good golfer between strokes.

A few simple directions about driving should be effective. Always drive for the hazard. Aim directly at the woods to the right or the creek in front. Study carefully how to put a ball in the bunker 50 yards ahead of you. Achieve so real an ambition to do this that you will be unspeakably disappointed when you dub the shot away over the bunker and miss it by 50 yards.

Tee Your Ball on Your Watch

NEVER drive twice the same way. This is very important. Study carefully a new position each time. By so doing you will adopt unconsciously some other position—your natural one—whereas if you were to fix your mind on your natural position you would overlook it every time.

As for the club, you will probably find that your lofter will get a long, low ball of good distance. If so, use it and announce that you paid $10 to an Eastern professional for the secret. Some dubs drive best with a putter, but the position necessary is cramped and awkward. Except in desperate work, such as pitching out of ravines or over swamps, do not resort to this club. As for teeing, most dubs top their drives, leaving the tee undisturbed. This can be easily remedied by teeing your ball on your watch. Use a durable gun-metal watch. It will last for several rounds.

In an early issue we shall take up the problem of approaching.





The Listener

WHEN the bright grate sings alto to the gale,
The patient listener, with longing sighs,
His slothful body from the armchair pries
And drags it forth, far, far from comfort's pale
To some chill hall where, to unfurl his tale,
A speaker struggles with heartrending cries
And o'er rose-tinted clouds of wit to sail
On warped and stuttering gobs of English trite;
Praise me no more, Demosthenes the wise,
Nor Bryan's tongue so thickly silver-plated.
'Tis not through speech alone they chanced to rise
And into deathless fame perambulated,
Sing me the listener with leaden eyes
And bulging ears, with eloquence o'erfreighted.

Beacon Lights of Obscurity

WUGG, ADAM, Denver; Scientist. Mr. Wugg has discovered a use for a hitherto waste product. He has papered his house with mining shares bought for five cents per square yard from discouraged investors.



PELEG SNODGRASS, West Boston; Philanthropist. Mr. Snodgrass owns a home valued at $3,000 and two $1,000 bonds, on all of which he pays full taxes. Mr. Snodgrass thus helps provide electric light, police protection, and city conveniences for a large number of neighbors who pay no taxes at all, including a millionaire who schedules each year on $25 worth of household goods.

JAMES J. CARMODY, Chicago; Educator. Mr. Carmody, who is a street-car conductor and weighs 190 but does not look like it, has taught politeness during the last six years to more than twenty-five young men without expense other than hospital charges.

The Manly Art

IF THERE is anything which fills us with a drowsy desire to crawl off somewhere and rest for several years it is the custom of calling prize fighting "The Manly Art of Self-Defense."

We say this in all kindness to the occupation itself, which has its good points, notably in the line of finance. At taking awkward young boys away from the trolley controller, the meat block, and the blacksmith's anvil, and making out of them knobby young plutocrats with incomes greater than that of our country's President, nothing can excel prize fighting. But as a means of self-defense it is a hopeless and depressing failure.

We have recently talked to several men who spend each year hundreds of dollars on the noble art of self-defense. They have followed this art carefully for many years, devoting as high as three evenings a week to it. Without exception they are pessimistic as to the results. One man says that enduring the atmosphere of a fight carnival has made the stuff they serve up as air in the street cars of his city less offensive to him. It has hardened him to poor ventilation, but that is all. Another claims that struggling for the unreserved seats in the back of the hall has developed his agility to some slight extent, but that it has cost him more in clothing than it has been worth. Another declares that he goes to prize fights for mental protection—that prize fights do not soften his brain as fast as the modern sex drama would. But outside of these results none of the many earnest devotees has been able to discover any advance in the art of self-defense.

Sitting on a pine seat all evening yelling for blood does not develop the shoulders or the chest muscles, and, considering the quality of air which must be inhaled in order to do the yelling, it can't possibly improve the pupil's wind.

Watching a thousand face-massage matinées would not improve the watcher physically as much as sawing one cord of wood. As a mental rest, watching two men hashing up each other's features is unexcelled. But the trouble is the rest is far too likely to become chronic and incurable.

The Cauliflower Ear

AT THIS point we can hear a storm of murmurs to the following effect: "Chump! Prize fighting doesn't develop the watcher. It develops the fighter."

We have examined a good many prize fighters as we have inspected spotted leopards and large, sleepy tigers—at a safe distance. They are impressive beings who fit their clothes as if they had been blown up inside of them, but they have most peculiar imperfections. Their noses slant in all directions. Their teeth do not all answer to roll call. They have scars over their eyes, and their jaws are warped and irregular. They also, now and then, have ears shaped like early June tuberoses. They look exactly like men who have been operated upon by muscular surgeons armed with sledge hammers.

If that be the art of self-defense, no art for us. It is too dangerous. It is too much like getting run over by a street car in order to harden oneself against railroad collisions.

Prize fighting is purely financial, like trust making, the many contributing to the prosperity of the few. And as such let it be classified. Any effort to preserve it as a means of cultivating the art of self-defense should be frowned upon in the interests of manly beauty and the uncauliflowered ear.

Curt Conclusions

IT IS *as hard to admire some old families as it is to admire old eggs.*

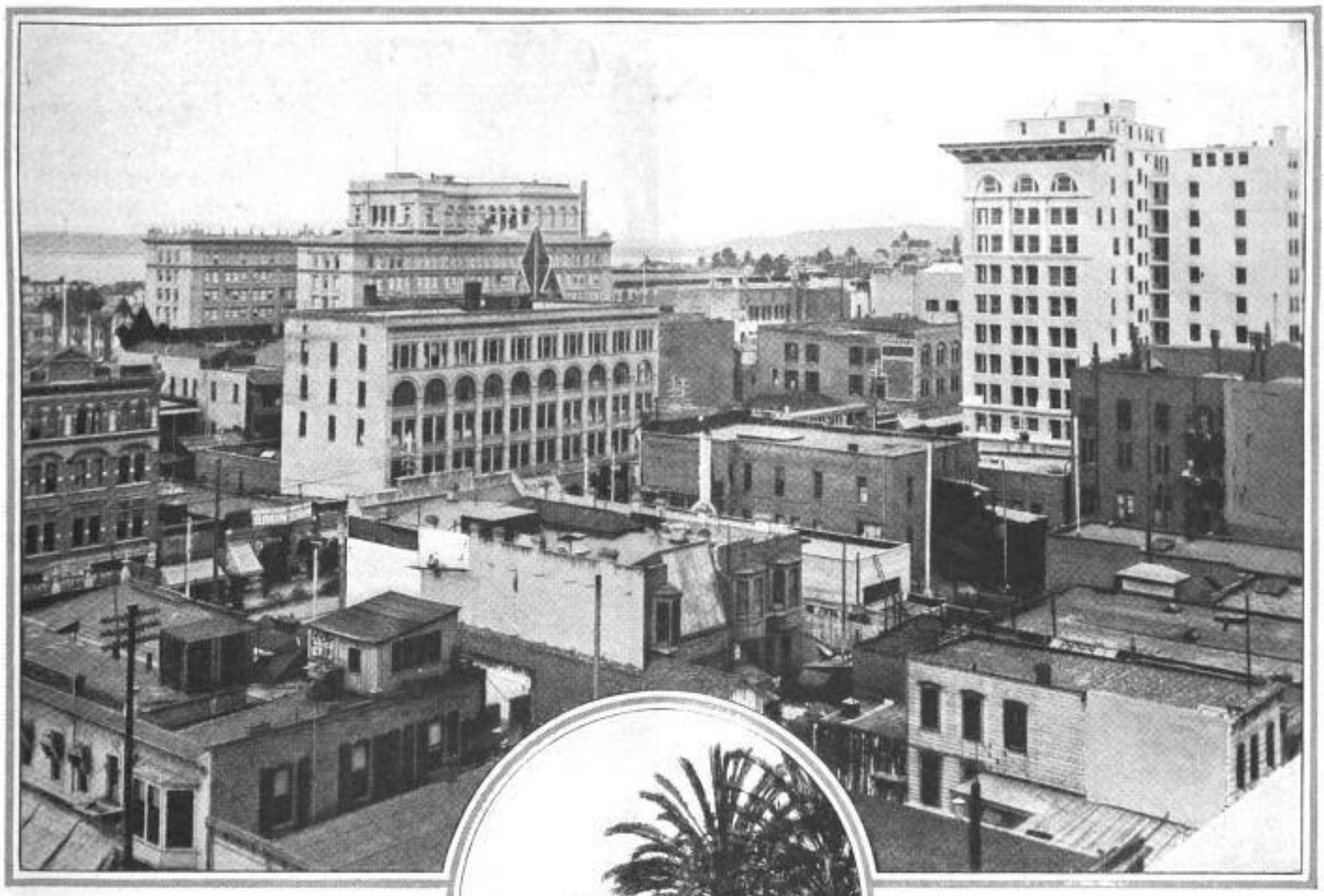
Economy is the science of getting along happily without anything that you want.

The best epitaph most of us could hope to accumulate would be the fact that some one outside of the immediate family cried when we died.

In spite of the vast strides made by our music conservies one must still go out in the fields to hear the birds sing.



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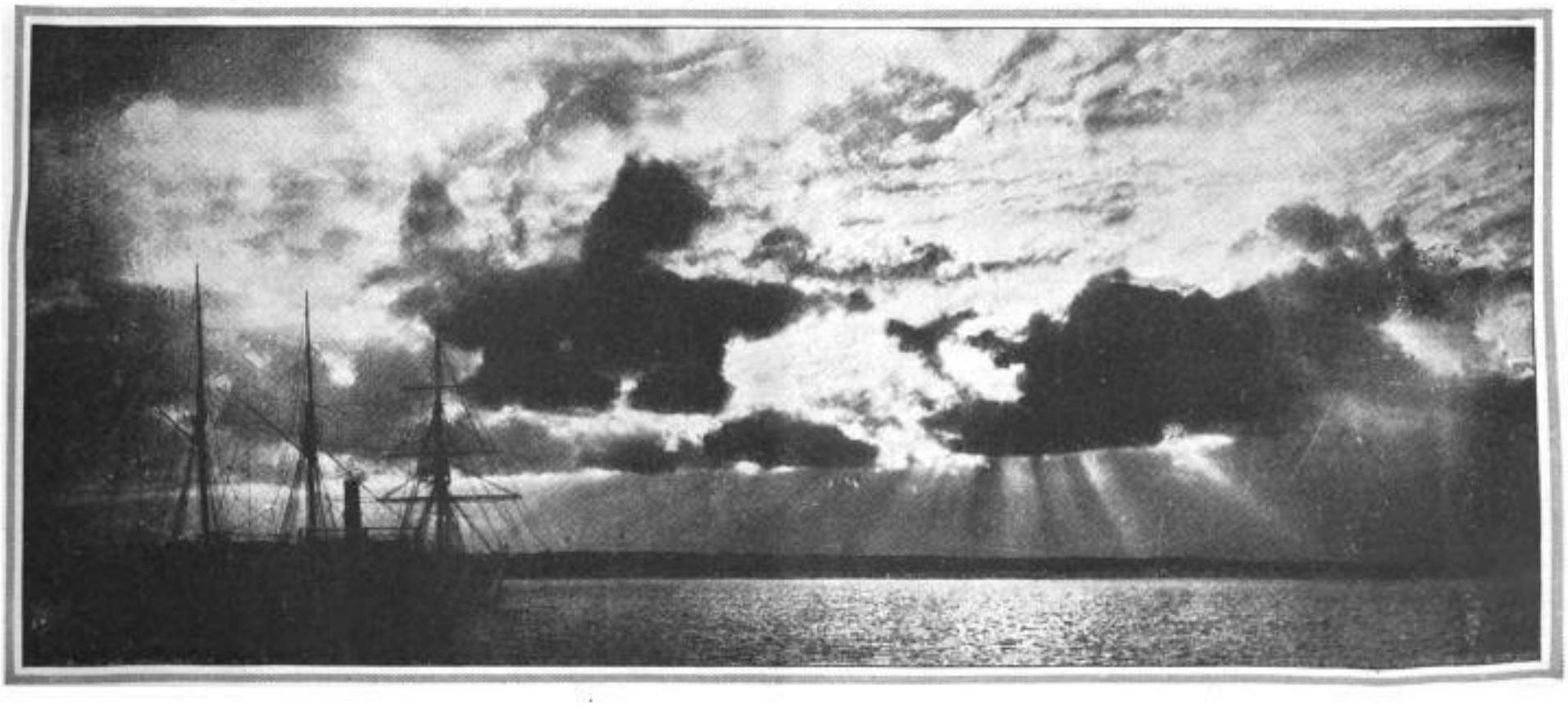


PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARLE HARRISON

Unconventional Portraits of American Cities—San Diego

HISTORY rather than civic architecture, commercial activity, and scenic beauty is embodied in these typical features of San Diego's entity. The tall buildings in the upper view are the sky line of a city that has been built within the last decade—a city of more than 80,000 population since the last census of 39,000; the medallion contains the Mission of San Diego, founded by Padre Junipero Serra in 1769; the lower picture is the harbor of San Diego in the glory of an unrivaled (no duplicates issued!) southern California sunset. The low buildings in the upper picture are relics of "the boom of 1888," before which San Diego was chiefly famous on the Pacific Coast for its "bay and climate." It was in San Diego, at Old Town, two miles from the present site, that the first settlement of white men was made in California; the palms in the middle picture were the first trees planted on the western coast of America and are 144 years old. San Diego Bay was discovered by Juan Rodriguez in 1542 and named by Sebastian Viscaino, who moored his caravels there in 1602. Here was the beginning of California's stirring history, when Serra and his devoted Franciscans founded the mission that afterward gave a name to what will be the first port of call north of Balboa on the west coast of the United States when the Panama Canal shall be opened to the commerce of the Pacific. From the parapet of the Presidio in the Old Town of San Diego have floated the flags of three nations—the banner of Castile and Leon, the eagle and cactus of Mexican sovereignty, and the Stars and Stripes. This history and the promise of high destiny as the great outport of the Southwest will be commemorated in San Diego by the Panama-California Exposition, beginning on January 1, 1915, and closing at midnight on December 31 of that year.

EDWIN H. CLOUGH.



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A regiment of President Huerta's Rurales on parade in Mexico City. The Dictator has garrisoned in the capital a Federal force of nearly 6,000 picked troops



A WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS

Mrs. Eva M. Murphy of Goodland, Kas., is unopposed for the Progressive nomination in her district

Huerta's Word for It: A War Is on in Northern Mexico

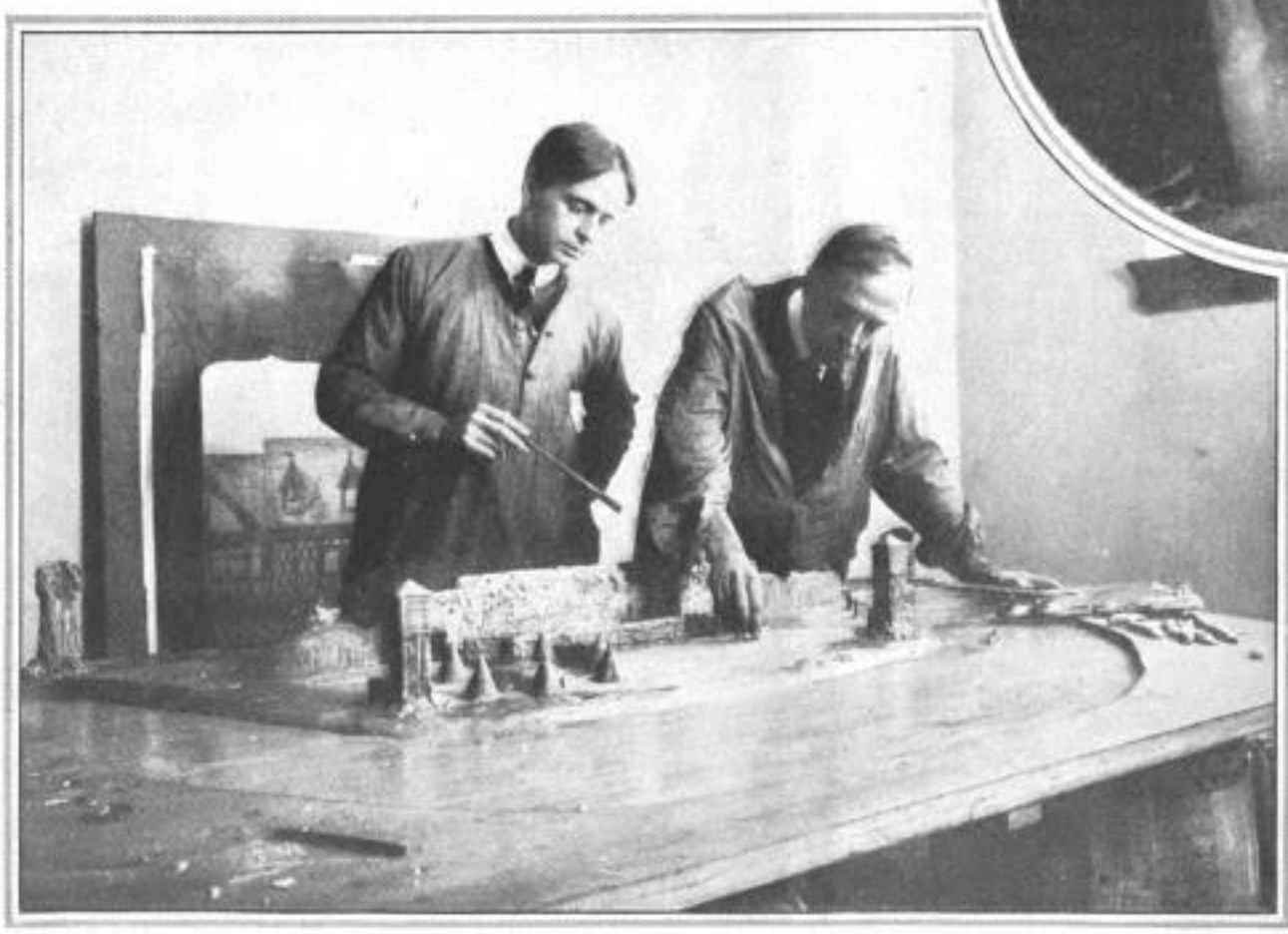
THE big series for the championship of Mexico—Huerta's Federals vs. the Sockless Constitutionalists—opened March 9. There is Huerta's word for it. The Dictator picked the date: "To-day the Federal Government begins a campaign against the rebels of the North." We are to assume that the little affairs at Ojinaga and Juarez were only practice games.

How many men the Provisional President has available for his big campaign is not accurately determined, but trustworthy authorities agree that it is much less than Huerta's advertised "250,000." Apparently, "Huerta's word for it" is not quite the same thing as a guarantee of veracity. The lowest estimate of the number of troops now under arms in Mexico is that shown in a census gathered by American officials and other reliable correspondents and printed in the New York "Times" and the Chicago "Tribune." This found a total of 83,000 soldiers, of whom 40,000 were Federals. In Mexico City the count showed a number not larger than 6,000.

In its comment on this news the "Times" came to the conclusion that Mexico's present warlike aspect was revealed as somewhat superficial—"less than one-third of one per cent of its population is actively concerned in its present troubles, except in the character of unresisting sufferers."



WORK BEGAN *on Chicago's new Federal League park March 4. It will be completed by May*



Thomas Wood Stevens (at the left) and Joseph Lindon Smith at work upon a model of the stage for the St. Louis pageant

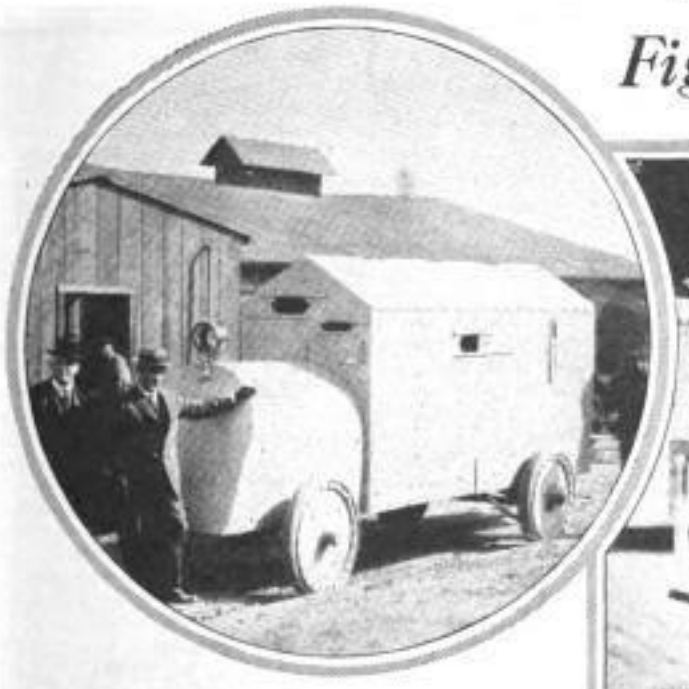
Count 'em—7,500!

ST. LOUIS is to celebrate her 150th birthday in May with a party to hundreds of thousands of guests. To entertain them a cast of 7,500 is to act in a historical pageant and a masque in a natural amphitheatre in Forest Park.

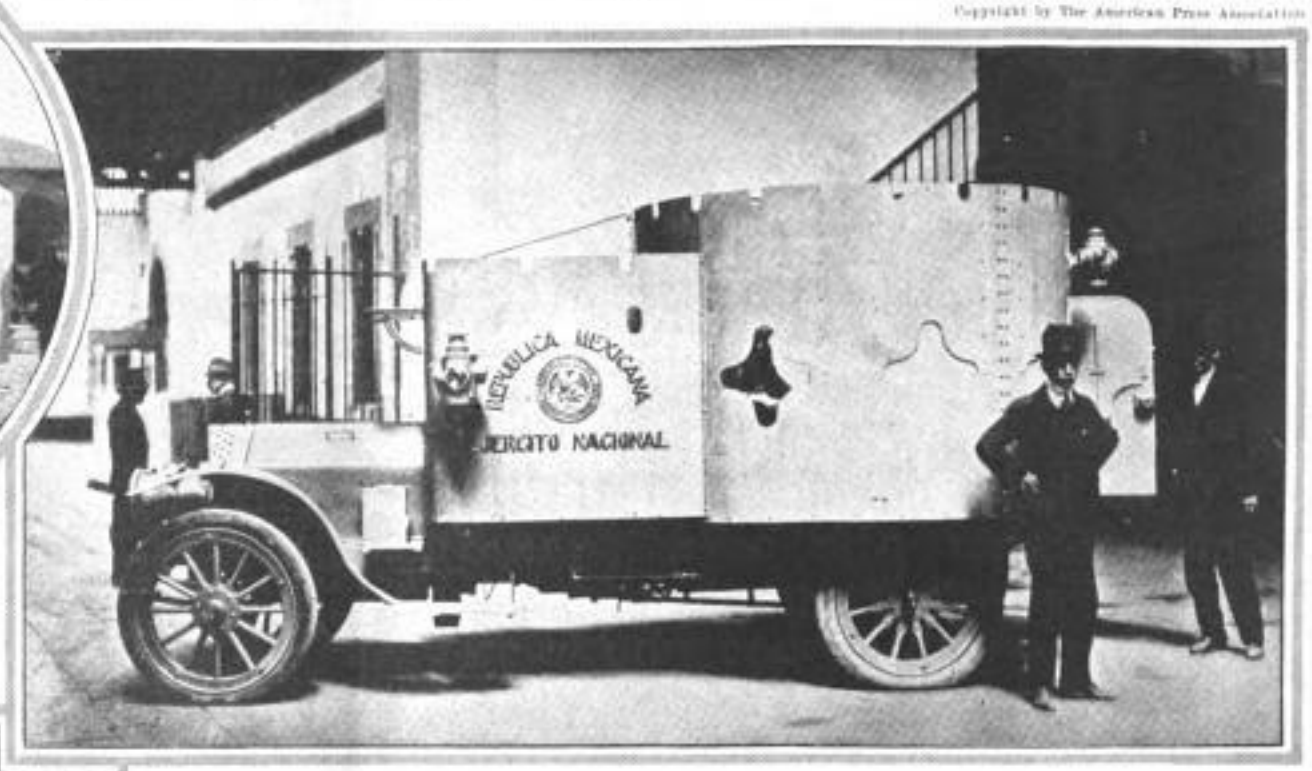
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Fighting Fire, Freight Rates, and Bullets

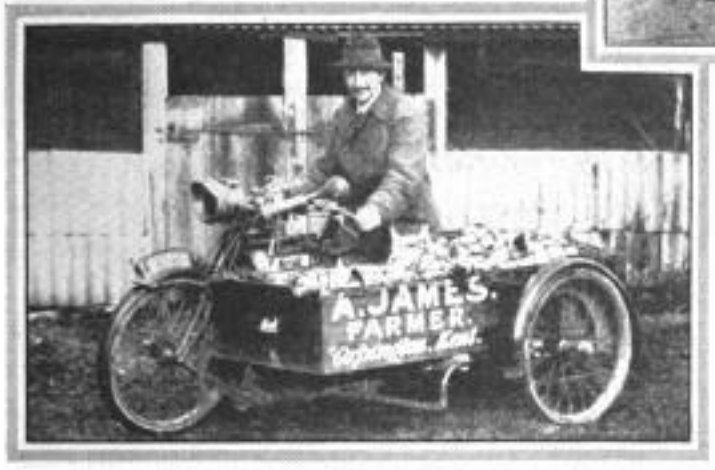
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VILLA'S *preference in armored motor cars is a type which, with a change of wheels, can run either upon ordinary roads or upon railway tracks*

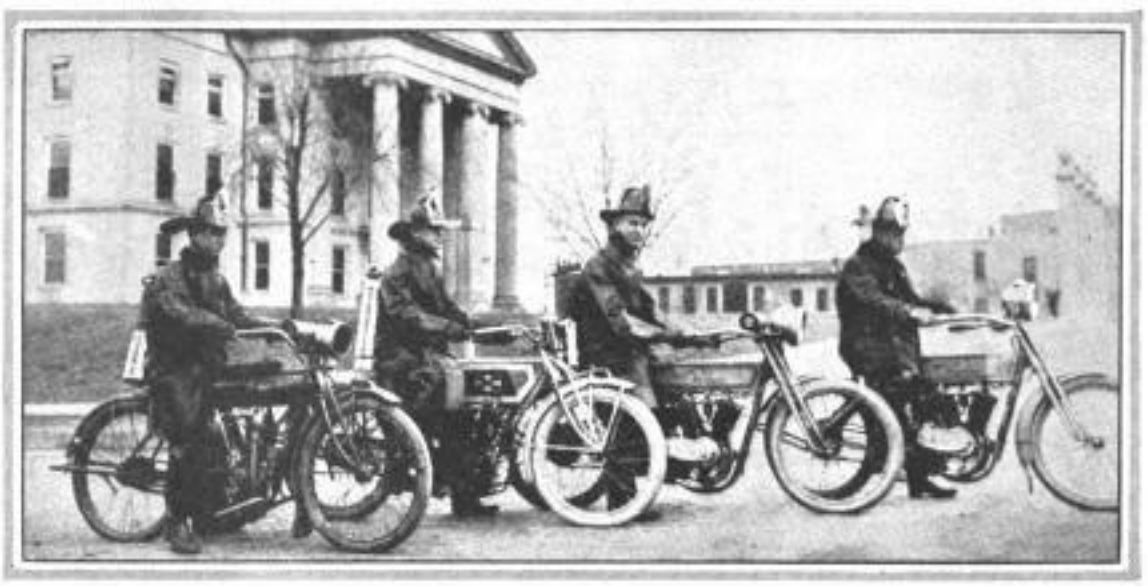


DICTATOR HUERTA *has given his word for it that 500 "land battleships" manned with Mexican Federal soldiers are to be dispatched next month against Villa and Carranza. The car shown above is the type*



A Gasoline Tricycle as a Stock Train

THOUGH it does not run on railway tracks, as two other vehicles shown on this page are able to do, the gasoline tricycle pictured above does the work of freight or express trains. A. James, a farmer of Orpington, England, has found that with good roads and a motorcycle delivery wagon he can reduce his freight bills to the cost of gasoline and can ship in small lots and at his own convenience. Our snapshot shows him transferring a freight of pigs from one of his breeding farms in Grove Park to Orpington, Kent, to be fattened for the market. His savings on freight charges have repaid the original outlay.



FOUR SPEEDY MOTORCYCLES, *which transport firemen and chemical extinguishers to a blaze even faster than motor trucks or galloping horses, are the latest additions to the fire-fighting equipment of Columbia, Mo.*



BY REMOVING THE RUBBER TIRES *from a light runabout and refitting the automobile with iron flanged wheels, the Forest Service in the Sierra National Forest, California, was furnished at a minimum cost with a speedy gasoline fire patrol wagon. The car pictured above, with a forest ranger at the wheel, easily "negotiates" the 5 per cent grades and sharp curves of a mountain railway, sometimes carrying, in addition to its own weight, a load of 3,000 pounds. The photograph here reproduced was taken by the Forest Service*

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Steamed Beans or Baked Beans

Which Do You Prefer?

IT'S only a question of what you want. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers *steamed* beans—or with the grocer who sells them—or with anyone who wants to buy them.

The Government permits no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that are really baked may be labeled "Baked."

Steamed beans cannot lawfully be labeled "Baked." So, to be sure of the kind you are getting, you must *read the label on the can.*

Heinz Baked Beans

are labeled "Baked" and they *really* are baked—in great ovens under intense dry heat; not simply boiled or steamed like most canned beans.

They come out of our ovens brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with all that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be *brought out* by any other than the baking process.

That's why Heinz Baked Beans are preferred by all who understand the difference between steamed beans and baked beans—why they are today the largest selling brand on the market. They have no equals.

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style.

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian).

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Try Heinz Baked Beans at our risk. If you do not prefer them to any other you have ever eaten, your grocer will refund full purchase money.



Others of the famous "57": Heinz Spaghetti, cooked ready to serve; Preserved Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Cream of Pea Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Cream of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Prepared Mustard, Olive Oil, Olives, Peanut Butter, etc., etc.

H.J. Heinz Co.

—57 Varieties

More than 50,000 Visitors inspect Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Every Year

A Son of the Middle Border

(Continued from page 7)

undoubtedly was, such an experience should have shaken her faith in Western men and Western hospitality. But apparently it did not, for I never heard her allude to it with bitterness."

IN addition to his military character, Duncan also carried with him the odor of the pine forest and the skill and training of a lumberman, for in those early days nearly every young man who could get away from the farm or the village went north early in November up into the pine woods which covered the entire upper part of the State, and Stewart, who had been a raftsman and timber cruiser ever since his coming to the State in 1853, continued even after his marriage to boss a crew of woodchoppers somewhere on the Wisconsin or Chippewa Rivers. It was a rough life, but not vicious, for the men were nearly all of native American stock, and the young farmer was none the worse for his winters in camp.

As a result of all these experiences in the woods, he was almost as much the hunter and woodsman as the soldier in his talk, and his knowledge made him very wonderful in his sons' eyes. "According to his account (and I have no reason to doubt it), he had been exceedingly expert in running a raft, and could ride a canoe as well as any Indian.

"As I remember him on his coulee farm, he was slender, sinewy, deft with an ax, sure of hand and foot, and able to hold his own with any man of his inches. He was a little stooped from carrying a knapsack, and he walked with a soldier's swinging stride. Amid much drinking he remained temperate and, strange to say, never used tobacco in any form. While not a heavy man, he was tall, deep-chested, and broad-shouldered. He knew nothing of fear. 'God forgot to make the man I could not follow,' I once heard him say. The quality which defended him from attack was the eaglelike blaze of his gray eyes. Terrifying eyes they were at times, as I had many occasions to note.

"As he gathered us round him at night before the fire, he loved to tell of riding the whirlpools, of shooting the rapids, of spending weeks on a raft with the water up to his knees, or sleeping at night in wet clothing, sustained by the spirit of reckless adventure. His endurance even after his return from the war was marvelous."

IN all of these early records which Lincoln Stewart has laid before me, I find frequent, almost worshipful, mention of his uncles David, Luke, William, and Franklin McTurg. They seem to have been almost equally wonderful in his eyes, and they fill larger space than any other of his relatives or neighbors. He says: "Frank, the smallest of all the seven sons of Hugh, was not what an observer would call puny. He weighed nearly one hundred and eighty pounds, and, so far as I know, never met his match except in his brothers. William could outlift him, David could outrun him and outleap him, but he was more agile than either. He could turn a somersault like a circus man. His muscles were prodigious. The calves of his legs would not go into his cavalry boots.

"I have heard my father say that once, when the tumbling in the little country circus seemed to be not worth the price of admission, Frank sprang over the ropes into the arena and went around the ring in a series of flip-flaps and somersaults to the unrestrained delight of the spectators and the rage of the ringmaster. I did not see this performance, I am sorry to say, but I have witnessed other of his acrobatic tricks. He was always smiling, but his temper was fickle. Anybody could get a fight out of Frank McTurg by simply hinting at the desire for it, and to call him a liar is still equivalent to contracting a doctor's bill.

"HE loved hunting, as did all the McTurgs, but was too excitable to be a very successful shot—whereas William and David were veritable Leatherstockings in the skill with which they used the heavy, old-fashioned rifle. They were dreaded competitors at every turkey shoot, and were not infrequently barred out of the contest.

"William, who was over six feet in height and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, was a veritable giant. He was black-bearded and shock-haired, with laughing eyes and a fine nose set slightly awry. To us he seemed a monstrous but perfectly gentle black bear, and we firmly believed he could master any man in the world—even Uncle David—if he chose to do so. We never expected to see him fight, for we could not believe anybody would be foolish enough to attack him. Such a man did develop, but not until the giant was gray-haired with age.

"But even then it took two strong young men to engage him fully, and when it was all over—and it lasted only a few seconds—one assailant could not be found and the other needed a surgeon to piece him together again.

"William did not have a mark. *His* troubles began when he met his quaint little old wife. She had heard the rumpus, and in some strange way learned that he had been fighting. She gave him the worst rating of his life. 'William McTurg!' said she severely. 'Hain't you sense enough to keep your temper and not go brawling around at your age in a school meeting?'

"William hung his head and replied: 'Well, yes, but I guess my dyspepsy has kind o' made me irritable.'"

DUNCAN was the historian of most of these exploits on the part of his brothers-in-law, for he loved to exalt their physical prowess at the same time he deplored their lack of enterprise and system. Certain of their traits he understood well. Others he was never able to comprehend, and I am not sure that they ever quite comprehended themselves.

Says Lincoln on this point: "A deep vein of poetry, of sadness, ran through the entire family. It was associated with their love of music, and was for the most part wordless. Only hints of it came out now and again, and to this very day my father still expresses wonder at the curious combination of bitterness and sweetness, sloth and energy, slovenliness and exaltation which made Hugh McTurg and his children the puzzle and the admiration of those who knew them best.

"Undoubtedly to their definite, practical, orderly, and successful New England neighbors the McTurgs were merely a good-natured, easy-going lot of fiddlers, but to me, as I grew old enough to understand them, they became a group of potential poets, a family of bards and dreamers, struggling to adapt themselves to border conditions which were alien, harsh, and barren. They all fell easily into dark, sad moods. Even Frank, the most boisterous and outspoken of them all, could be thrown into sudden melancholy by sweet music or poetry or beautiful color."

The point of all this—if the point needs to be stated—lies in Lincoln's acknowledgment of indebtedness to his mother and her family for much of the mystic joy of his childhood. "Nearly all that I possess in the way of musical feeling or love of poetry is derived from my mother's strain, which was Celt in almost every characteristic."

DUNCAN was a natural orator and a lover of prose. He admired warriors and politicians almost equally, and though he enjoyed certain kinds of music, he could not sing a tune. "So far as I am aware," writes Lincoln, "he never read poetry if he could help it, yet he was naturally refined of speech and manner. His mind was clear, positive, and definite, and his utterance fluent. He was orderly and thorough as a farmer. To him William McTurg's disorderly habits shaded upon the criminal, and David's lack of push, of business sense, was deplorable. And yet he loved them and respected his wife for defending them.

"To me, at least in those days," adds Lincoln, "the agricultural shortcomings of my uncles were more than compensated for by their skill with rifle and violin. All our neighbors were living in log houses and frame shanties built beside the brooks or against the hillsides, and Uncle William's small, unpainted dwelling seemed only another fact of pioneer life.

"My grandmother McTurg's death came

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soon after my father's return from the war, and I have no memory of the event, but my mother often described it to me. The setting of the scene was humble. One of the younger daughters was washing clothes in the yard and the silent old housewife was getting dinner. David, glorious young giant, came in from the field, and Samantha left her work and joined him in the sitting room to rest a few minutes and to chat.

"DAVID, looking toward the kitchen, said: 'Isn't there some way to keep mother from working so hard? She doesn't look at all well to-day.'

"'You know how she is,' replied Samantha, a lovely young girl. 'She has worked so long I don't suppose she knows how to stop. I try to get her to sit still, but she won't.'

"David was troubled. Something he had observed in his mother's face worried him. 'She'll have to stop some time,' he said. And then they talked of other things, hearing meanwhile the tread of busy feet.

"Suddenly grandmother appeared at the door, a strange look on her face.

"'Why, mother! What is it?' cried her daughter. Grandmother pointed to her mouth and shook her head, to indicate that she could not speak. David leaped toward her, but she dropped before he reached her. He lifted her in his strong young arms and laid her on her bed and hastened for the doctor. All in vain! She died in a few moments without a word of farewell.

"She fell like a soldier under arms and in the ranks. She had served uncomplainingly up to the very edge of the noonday resting time, and there she stopped. I find something fitting and splendid in such a death. To have lived on into helplessness would have been for her an intolerable punishment.

"As things are generally reckoned in this world, Edith McTurg did little. Her narrow field lay between the cradle, the washtub, and the stove. She was unlettered, untrained in anything polite or beautiful, and yet she shows favorably in comparison with the highest—the conditions of her heroism being taken into account. To have given birth to fourteen handsome sons and daughters, to have served faithfully as a pioneer wife and mother, is as worthy of high honor, in my eyes, as the killing of a thousand warriors or the conquering of a walled city."

The next installment, "Following the Sunset," will appear in an early issue



Ambitions

By WALT MASON

Illustrated by Rodney Thomson

AH, ONCE, in sooth, in days of youth, I longed to be a pirate; the corsair's fame for deeds of shame — all boys did once desire it. At night when gleamed the stars I dreamed of sacking Spanish vessels, of clanging swords and dripping boards, and bloody scraps and wrestles. Then "One-Eyed Lief" the pirate chief my hero was and model; in dreams I'd hold his stolen gold till I could scarcely waddle. But father took his shepherd's crook and lammed me like tarnation, till I forgot that sort of rot for milder aspiration.

And still I dreamed; and now I seemed to be a baseball pitcher, adored by all, both great and small, in wealth grown rich and richer. My dreaming eyes saw crowds arise and bless me from the bleachers, when I struck out some pinch hit lout and beat those Mudville creatures. I seemed to stand, sublime and grand, the idol of all fandom; men thought me swell, and treasured well the words I spoke at random. Ah, boyhood schemes, and empty dreams of glory, fame and riches! My mother came and tanned my frame with sundry birchen switches, and brought me back to duty's track, and made me hoe the onions, dig garden sass and mow the grass until my hands had bunions.

In later days I used to raise my eyes to summits splendid. "I'll hold," I'd swear, "the White House chair, before my life is ended." The years rolled on and dreams are gone, with all their gorgeous sallies, and in my town I'm holding down a job inspecting alleys.

Thus goes the world; a man is hurled from heights to depths abysmal; the dream of hope is golden dope, but waking up is dismal. So many dreams, so many schemes, upon the hard-rock shiver! We think we'll eat some sirloin meat, and have to dine on liver. We think we'll dine on duck and wine, with garlands hanging o'er us, but when some dub calls us to grub, stewed prunes are set before us. And yet, my friends, though dreaming ends in dark-blue taste to-morrow, build airy schemes! Without your dreams, this life would be all sorrow.



Anastigmat Advantage

At No Sacrifice of

Kodak Simplicity

Superior speed is the real advantage offered by the modern anastigmat to the hand camerist. While high speed is necessary in arresting extremely rapid motion (as shown in Graflex focal plane shutter work), the appeal to the average amateur lies in the fact that it enables him to make slow snap shots on days that are too dark for such work with the ordinary lens; to shorten his indoor exposures, and to make snap shots on bright days, with a simple shutter, in from 1-200 to 1-250 of a second.

There is also an improvement in sharpness that becomes especially apparent when enlargements are to be made. In the very small sizes—such, for instance, as the Vest Pocket Kodak—it is not so much for a gain in speed, as for increased sharpness that such lenses are used, because the pictures are so often enlarged.

Kodaks in nearly all sizes are now furnished with the finest anastigmat lenses, at prices no higher than prevailed but a few years ago, for cameras for the same size pictures, when fitted with ordinary lenses.

The Kodak advantages lie, not only in their simplicity, superior workmanship and absolute reliability, but in the fact, that *Kodak films that fit* are on sale the world over.

Kodaks with Anastigmat Equipments.

Vest Pocket Kodak, pictures 1⅝ x 2½, with Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.8, - - - - $12.00

Do., with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.9, - - - 22.50

No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures 2½ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed $\frac{1}{100}$ second, with Cooke Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, - - - - - - - - - - - 37.00

No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak *Special*, pictures 2½ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed $\frac{1}{100}$ second, with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3, - - - - - - - - - - - 46.00

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed $\frac{1}{100}$ second, with Cooke Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, - - - - - - - - - - - 39.00

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak *Special*, pictures 3¼ x 4¼, Compound Shutter, speed $\frac{1}{100}$ second, with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, speed *f*.6.3, - - - - - - - - - - - 48.00

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32x3½	16.75	18.10	36x4½	35.00	37.10
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MR. F. J. SPLITSTONE, Managing Editor of Leslie's, has been rushed to the hostile camps of Mexico. He does this in accordance with Leslie's policy of giving its readers an accurate and vivid account of things as they are.

Mr. Splitstone writes from the field and tells in words and pictures a vivid story of what we hope are the closing days of this brutal contest. He has free access to the leaders on both sides and is securing interesting facts and unusual photographs.

His first article appears in the current issue of Leslie's.



GENERAL VILLA WITH THE SPOILS OF WAR

Birdie, the Strikebreaker

(Continued from page 10)

"Yes, but it wouldn't help much if they went by," Sheehan observed. "The big idea is to make 'em come in. What's the joke about Mrs. Haskins?"

"It seems as if this ought to be just what the old girl is looking for," Birdie said after telling the tale, "and there's a good chance for her to make some money without taking much risk. Here she's got those twelve hundred iron men loafing and Novak would sell out for half that—it's a cinch."

"It certainly listens all right," Billy admitted. "She could learn the business end of it from the lantern man as she went along—there's nothing much to leasing the reels and all that."

"Well, believe me, I'm going to put it up to her," Miss McMullen declared. "You happened along at the right minute with your neighborhood chatter this time, son. And if Captain Price tried to get gay around there after I put this thing over, I'd have him detecting prairie fires inside of a week."

IT required but little of Birdie's finesse to bring the deal to a successful termination the next day.

"I am leaving you a good crew to run the theatre, Mrs. Haskins," Novak said when the papers were finally signed and the farewells were being said, "and I hope you don't have any trouble with those lowlifes of police."

"Leave 'em to me," said Birdie with convincing finality. But it was not police, but internecine troubles, that developed, and that within a week. Of course, Mrs. Haskins came weeping to Birdie and hunting for more advice.

"It's that piano player of mine," she explained. "There's no doing anything with her. Mr. Novak told me he paid her nine dollars a week, and here she is asking me ten and a half, and she says if I don't pay it she'll have 'em all go out on a strike—the lantern operator and the door tenders and all. She told me she could close my place up like somebody in the family was dead—those were her very words, Birdie—on account of her bein' secretary of the Amalgamated Moving Picture Theatre Musicians, or something like that."

"The idea is that she isn't earning any ten and half—is that it?" Miss McMullen asked.

"She was willing enough to take nine dollars from Mr. Novak," the widow wailed, "and she doesn't have to work a minute longer or a bit harder for me than she did for him. It's just because I'm a poor, helpless woman trying to make a living—"

"All right," Birdie tersely announced. "It's a hold-up, and they've got to get us with a forty-four at the mouth of a dark alley before they get by with any hold-up stuff."

MRS. HASKINS looked at her blankly. "Birdie, do you know, sometimes I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," she confessed.

"Don't worry about that, Mrs. Haskins," the girl blandly returned. "President Wilson and I both have that to struggle with right along. What is this fairy's name?"

"Pansy Miller."

"Pansy, eh?" Birdie repeated. "Pansy, the piano pounder. I'll bet her poor old father called her 'Lena' when she was wanted to wash the dishes four or five years ago."

"She wouldn't be so brash about it, I'm sure," Mrs. Haskins volunteered, "only her and Nolan, the operator, are goin' together and he'll do anything she says. So you see it makes it kind o' bad for me, Birdie, to have her set against me and talkin' about a strike. I don't know what I'd do if they walked out on me next Saturday, the way she says."

"Don't cry. It makes your nose red and it never settled any strikes," Birdie advised. "Since I lured you into this game it's up to me to stick around with you until the riot is over."

"I was hoping maybe you could think of something," Mrs. Haskins faltered; "you do so many things."

BIRDIE smiled, but it covered a little sigh of resignation.

"Yes, I'm a bear at doing stunts where I'm not on the pay roll," she said.

She took Billy Sheehan into conference as usual that evening. Not only was Miss McMullen in a way morally responsible for the safety of the widow's investment, but as the details of the deal had been widely disseminated throughout the neighborhood, its failure would be a serious reflection upon her judgment.

"Nothing is deader than a moving-picture house that's been closed up for a while," Sheehan declared. "People seem to get a jinx on it after a while and they sidestep when it's opened again. We'll have to flag this Miller person somehow before she puts anything across."

"I think that union stuff of hers is a lot of noise at that," Birdie returned. "Jobs aren't sitting around on the corners in that business waiting to be picked up. But there's no use taking any chances. I think I'll step around and have speech with Pansy in a day or two."

"Where do I kick in?" Sheehan wanted to know.

"Well, I can see a couple of places for you to stir around and act like a plain-clothes man," she returned. "First of all, to find out how strong the enemy is it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to get a line on this union Pansy's been babbling about. If it's the real article she might be able to make a muss that would spread all over town. And then there's this fellow Nolan, the lantern operator. Mrs. Haskins tells me he's trailing around with Pansy and the kid figures she can make him sit up and beg. If I could get something on him I might be able to call her off."

"Now you've got it!" Billy declared admiringly. "I was afraid the whole business would be up to you, but if you want some sleuthing done, I'm there."

SHE looked at him reflectively a few moments.

"That looks better to me the more I think of it," she said. "Suppose you do rubber around among the movies along Halsted Street and see what you can land about the Amalgamated Musicians, or whoever they are, and about this Nolan. You ought to get the story of his life in an hour by squandering five or six cigarettes. I'll be looking for some big information from you before I go into action."

The next afternoon Sheehan called Miss McMullen on the telephone, bristling with news and importance.

"Well, you've got to hand it to me for being there with that secret-service stuff," he said. "That union of piano pounders is down and out. The treasurer of the outfit is about three jumps ahead of a couple of coppers and they expect to have him chained in a couple of days."

"What's the idea?" Birdie demanded.

"Oh, it's the old stuff," Sheehan explained. "A couple of wise gillies among these piano players got tired of beating the ivories to death and went out after some easy money."

"I can guess the rest," Miss McMullen interrupted.

"Sure you can," Billy said.

"But the second verse of this little ballad is just as good as the opener. It's about Nolan, the operator. They tell me he's a married man."

"Fine work, Mr. Burns," she returned. "Where did you get this?"

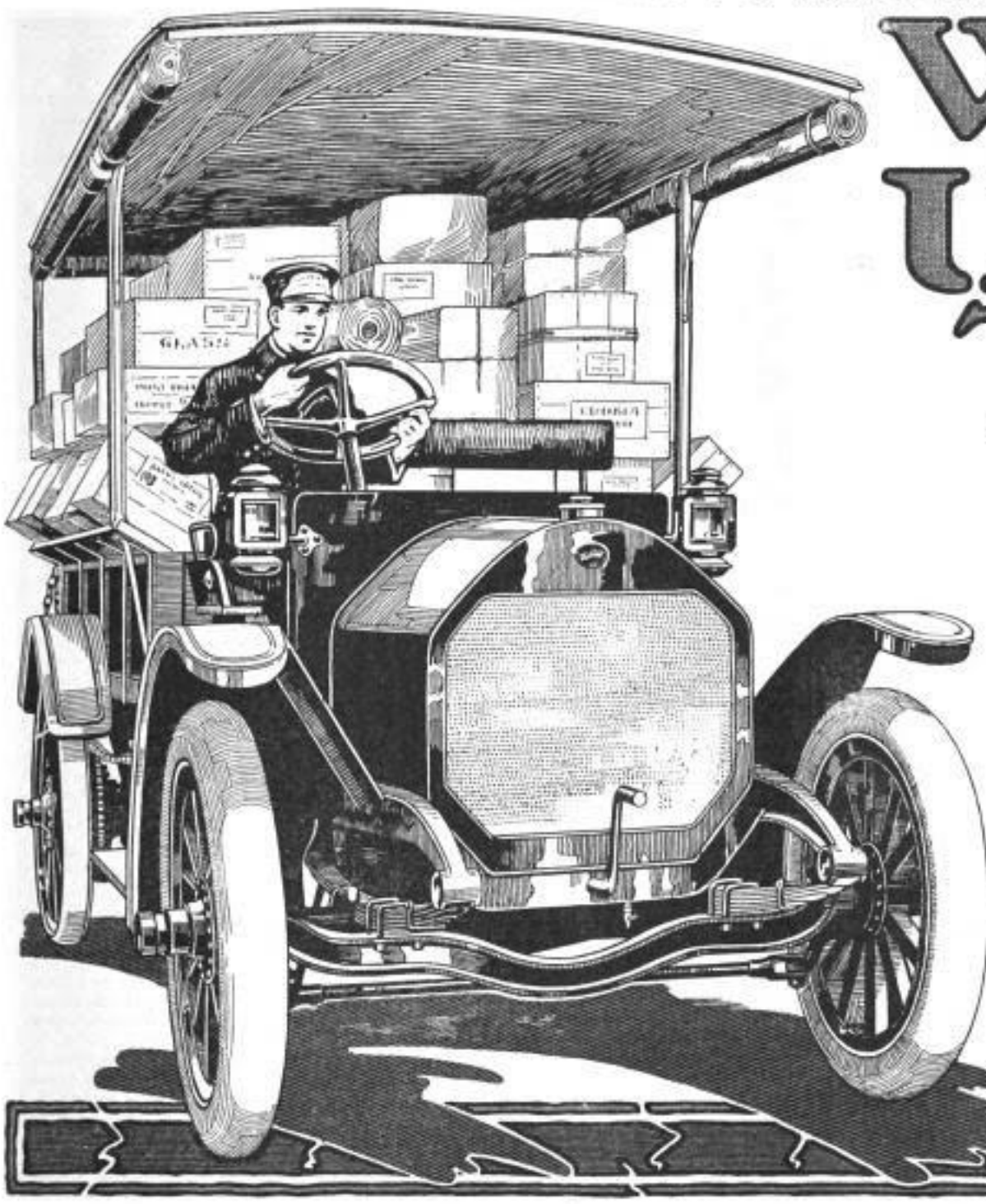
"Oh, a lot of the operators along Halsted Street know about it," Billy explained. "It's one of those secret things, but of course it got around in the show business. He ran away with a girl named Helen Wolnitzky, or something like that, about six months ago, I understand. She was afraid to tell her people about it and she's been living at home, but these fellows tell me they see him around with her every little while—he doesn't seem to be keeping it under cover very much."

"But he's holding out on Pansy, all right," Birdie declared. "He's like the rest of the sassy heartbreakers—he wants to have something in sight in case the marriage doesn't take. I guess all this inside dope may keep Pansy rooted to the spot. I'll have to hand her a little social gossip for her own good."

BEFORE the doors were opened for the show that evening Miss McMullen tapped at the door of Mrs. Haskins's little office. The time and the place had been carefully selected. Pansy usually came early to practice at the piano, while Nolan was inclined to slip into his sheet-iron coop at the last possible moment.

"You'd better tell her I'm a sort of partner of yours or she'll close up on

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me," she suggested to the widow. "I've got to have some license for giving her the third degree."

Accordingly Mrs. Haskins, flurried and apprehensive, bore down upon her rebellious employee with Birdie in tow and introduced her tremblingly.

"Miss Miller, this is Miss McMullen," she quavered; "she's interested here with me in the theatre—she wants to talk to you a little."

Whereupon she fled to the shelter of her office and left her champion to face the music and the musician.

"What's all this I hear about more wages and strikes and so on?" Miss McMullen plunged in at once. "You were getting nine a week from Novak right along. What's the idea of the big boost all of a sudden?"

Pansy twirled on the piano stool and faced her. "Say, listen, Miss Mac," she said; "honest, I gotta get more money outa this dump. The cost of things is gettin' somethin' fierce and I been standin' it as long as I can. As I was tellin' Mrs. H., I was just ready to put it up to Novak that he'd have to come across with a little more jingle in the envelope, when he got out. Now of course the new management has gotta face it."

"You think pretty well of yourself," Miss McMullen interposed. "Suppose the new management went out and hired a new piano player—do you think you could grab off ten and a half at the first movie you came to along the line?"

MISS MILLER tossed her head and adjusted her delicate waist line with both of her capable hands.

"Say, listen. Far be it from me to toss any bluffs, Miss Mac," she returned with a smile; "but lemme tell you somethin'. You're new to this business and I s'pose you don't know. But it's as I was tellin' Mrs. H. If she tried to give me the gate because I asked for more money, I'd have her lights out in twenty minutes. You don't know what an organization we got, Miss Mac. It's somethin' surprisin' for a union only three weeks old. I could keep this place closed up the rest of the season if Mrs. Haskins refused to gimme my raise—and you know what that would mean if you've got any money invested here."

Birdie smiled down on the confident musician quite as knowingly as Pansy had smiled up at her. "And you think these people would jump their jobs and go out hunting free lunches just to help you get your raise, eh?"

"They sure would," Miss Miller declared. "Anyhow, the operator would, and you know as well as I do, Miss Mac, you can't run a picture house without a licensed machine operator."

"Yes, I know that," Miss McMullen returned, "and I know a lot of other things that haven't got around to you. When does your union hold its next meeting?"

"To-morrow night," Pansy proudly declared; "we meet every Wednesday night after the movies has all closed up."

"Well, you needn't break any speed records getting around there to-morrow night," Birdie advised. "There won't be any meeting."

"What do you mean?" demanded the planiste.

"Only that your friend Mr. Woods has faded away with all the money you people poured into the treasury and there are thirty-seven detectives on his trail right now. Brother Dagenthal, the happy little soul who got the thing up, is foaming at the mouth because he didn't get a split of the coin as he and Woods had agreed, and the Amalgamated Musicians aren't going to amalgamate for quite a while to come. You get it, don't you? Your union has blown up."

Pansy stood up, one thin hand pressed against her bosom, her eyes dilating with amazement as she listened.

"She was right, then!" she whispered. "There's six dollars gone up the flue!"

"Who was right?" Miss McMullen asked curiously.

The girl sat down weakly on the piano stool, her elbow striking a harsh discord on the open keys.

"One of the girls. She telephoned me to-day that she'd been tryin' to locate this fellow Woods and nobody knew where he was. He'd jumped his job at the Palace Nickelette, and she says to me—just by way of a joke, I thought—she says: 'Wouldn't it be fierce if he'd ducked out with the union's money?' But I never thought another thing about it."

"You've got a couple of long, steady thinks coming to you now," Miss McMullen suggested. "There's plenty of time for you to get it all good and straight between now and Saturday night—when you're figuring to walk out on us. That nine-dollar envelope will look awfully fat compared with an empty one."

"Say, listen, Miss Mac," Pansy stammered, putting a timid hand on Birdie's arm, "that was only a lot of talk. I wouldn't think of walking out of here and leavin' Mrs. H. flat like that. But I thought if I *could* get a little more money—"

HER voice broke and she turned to the piano, playing chords absently to hide her tears of disappointment and chagrin. The strike was over.

"By the way, there's another thing you ought to know about," Miss McMullen went on after a tense moment; "you said something about Nolan, the machine operator, sticking to you if you quit. Mrs. Haskins has told me about you two trailing around together, and I think I ought to divide up a little information about him that comes to me from parties that ought to know." A frightened look flashed across the girl's painted face as she whirled about on the stool. "What is it?" she whispered.

"Why, this fellow Nolan is a married man!" Birdie continued. "He ran away with a girl named Helen Wolnitzky a little time back and married her—they're around every place together."

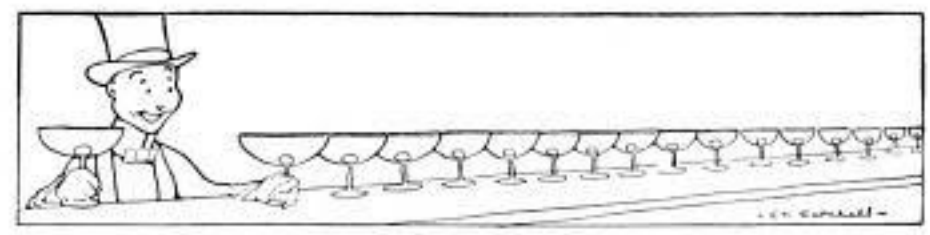
"Say, listen," Miss Miller interrupted eagerly, "you ain't got it straight. Lemme tell you somethin'. I'm Helen Wolnitzky—or I was before me and Henry Nolan got married. That's why I'm tryin' to get a raise. Pansy Miller is only my professional name. Me and him was married nearly six months ago, but I didn't dare let my folks know—my father woulda broke my back! But now I—well, now I'm—we're goin' to tell 'em—and Harry and me are goin' to get a little place somewhere and start. And, honest, livin' is so fierce these days—he only get's ten a week himself and—and—"

Again her voice quavered and the eyes she lifted to the other girl's were bright with tears. Birdie leaned over and patted Mrs. Nolan's shoulder consolingly. This was different. Birdie faced about with truly Irish ease, grace, and completeness.

"It's all right, girlie," she said, "somebody gave me the wrong number. You just quit fretting and play that old music box to a fare ye well and the management will try to dig up that raise for you if they have to pull off a benefit or something every week."

IT was the hour for the opening of the theatre. The lights flashed up suddenly, the door was thrown open, and the crowd that had been waiting outside began noisily piling into the seats. Pansy turned hurriedly to the piano, and as Miss McMullen walked up the aisle she was followed by the crashing chords of that young woman's favorite overture. It was "Somebody's Coming to My House." Birdie was smiling softly when Mrs. Haskins came lumbering out of the office to meet her.

"You needn't worry about that strike. It's all off," she said. "But you'd better slip Pansy that extra one-fifty a week after this—she'll need it."



The Great White Way—A Definition

Where the irresistible thirst confronts an inexhaustible supply

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World's-End

(Continued from page 12)

"He hurt her! He hurt my baby! I could kill him! I could kill him!"

It was a long time before Owen could quiet her.

THREE days before the New Year the weather turned bitter cold; the roads became like iron and the little Green-Flower was stiffened from bank to bank in a mail of gray ice.

"If this continues for a few days longer we shall have skating," Owen had said at dinner that night.

On the second morning, however, the thermometer suddenly dropped: thick, yellowish clouds heaped themselves along the horizon and, as twilight gathered, a feathery snow began to fall.

All night it snowed, and dawn broke over a white world.

On that morning, although it was the middle of the holidays, Owen had an engagement in Charlottesville with his attorney. There were some last matters to go over before his new will could be put in its final form, and he was very anxious that Sally should have a copy of it at the earliest date possible. Perhaps, in the softened mood which would result from Sally's knowledge of the inheritance with which he had provided Richard, he might be able to suggest to her that on account of the evident antipathy which existed between him and Phœbe it would be better that he should not come to World's-End in the future while they were stopping there. He thought that he could make her see the reasonableness of such a proposition, merely by referring to the painful scene which had taken place only two days ago in the rose room, when Phœbe had thought that Richard purposely hurt little Diana. Owen himself, while all one ache of sympathy for Phœbe, had not for a moment shared her opinion in the matter, although he did not let her see this. But in one way or another she must be shielded from such suffering, and the sooner the copy of his will was in Sally's hands the sooner he would be free to make some move in that direction.

PHŒBE drove with him to Crewe, wrapped in the white fox furs which had been his Christmas gift to her, and which Sally had told Mary were absurdly inappropriate for anything but evening wear.

"What difference does it make here in the country?" Mary had replied. "She looks such a darling in them—like a lovely little Mrs. Santa Claus—and she won't wear them in town except to the play or a dinner."

Sally said contemptuously: "He decks her out as if she were a doll."

And Mary demurely retorted, thinking of Phœbe's pounce on Richard in the rose room: "She's rather a lively sort of doll, I must say."

"A little like the Iron Maiden of Nüremberg," Sally capped it.

Mary said to herself: "Phœbe is really right. Sally detests her."

Returning from the drive to Crewe, Phœbe made David stop at the stone bridge and got out. In spite of her fur coat, she was chilled by sitting motionless for all those miles, and she turned off along the river to lengthen the walk. She would go around by the boathouse and so up through the rose garden—quite half a mile more than if she had followed the avenue from the bridge.

AS she passed the boathouse and turned into the narrow path between box hedges that led through the garden past the maze called "Queen Charlotte's," she saw Richard coming toward her.

Her first impulse was to turn back. Then, as every form of cowardice was hateful to her high-spirited nature, she went quietly on, that white, still look which the sight of him always brought freezing her face under the soft snow of her cap.

When he was directly opposite, she pressed herself among the stiff box leaves for him to pass, but he stood still, looking steadily at her.

FROM this point the columns of the west wing were hidden by the huge mass of box that walled the garden from the lawns; only the chimney stacks were visible and part of the railing of the roof and south portico. They were as much alone in the winter garden as though the walls of pale blue air had been marble.

When she had waited for a moment, Phœbe said in her lowest voice:

"Let me pass, please."

Her eyes looked levelly past him, and he could see that she was holding her inner lip between her teeth.

In a smooth, monotonous tone he replied:

"Do you think it wise on your part to show your feeling for me so very openly?"

It had not seemed as if her face could grow whiter, yet it did so.

"Please let me pass," she said again.

"Pardon me—I confess that concern for myself mixes with my motive, yet concern for you moves me too."

She stood perfectly silent, but one nostril trembled slightly. It was the quivering of the muscle which marks contempt in a human face.

"You may sneer," he said with sudden violence. "But I suppose that you have some sort of regard for my uncle."

SHE put up her hands and jerked open the fur at her throat with a startlingly quick, mechanical gesture. He saw her swallow, once—twice.

"Don't dare to speak of him," she said, still in that very low voice, scarcely moving her lips.

His narrow eyebrow lifted like his mother's—those opaque black eyes of his swam a little more toward the upper lids.

"Really—" he said in a dry tone. "I am not to be allowed to mention my own relative?"

She repeated in exactly the same voice and cadence:

"Don't dare to speak of him."

Richard gave his short laugh.

"Come," he said, "this is going a little too far. He was my uncle, you know, before he was your—husband."

Nothing could exceed the insolence with which he uttered this last sentence.

"Don't dare to speak of him! Don't dare to speak of him!" she said again, exactly like one talking in sleep.

He looked at her with a concentrated gaze, curiously hateful.

"And why?" he said. "You did not always count me so unworthy."

He felt as though he had stabbed a snow image.

She stood just as still, just as frozen, her eyes even did not quiver. They looked past him blank and fixed.

HE went on:

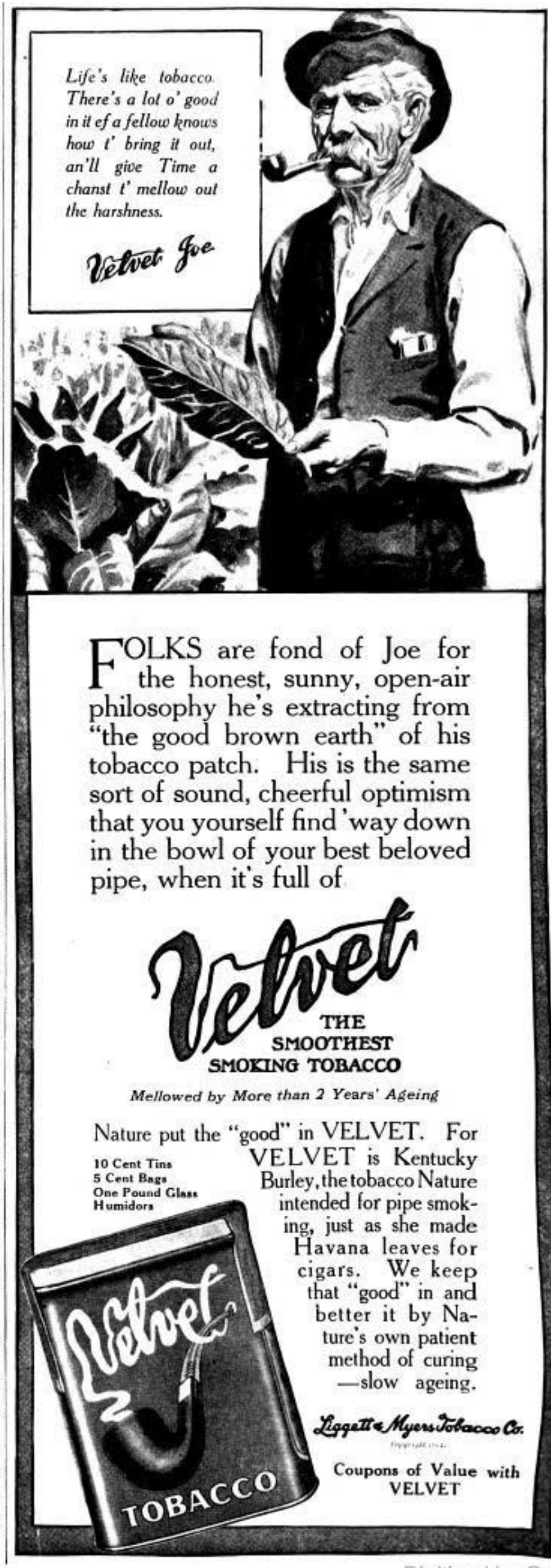
"There are several things, in fact, that I must say to you, and they include my Uncle Owen—"

At this name she leaped to life as though he had kindled resin. Her eyes blazed full on his, her breast heaved. She clenched her hands, pressing them against it.

"If I were a man I'd kill you," she said.

Richard smiled. This was a more womanly mood. He quite understood it. He felt more at ease.

"Yes—I dare say," he said. "But as you're not a man, don't you think we'd better be practical? It doesn't matter when we're alone as now—but when



FOLKS are fond of Joe for the honest, sunny, open-air philosophy he's extracting from "the good brown earth" of his tobacco patch. His is the same sort of sound, cheerful optimism that you yourself find 'way down in the bowl of your best beloved pipe, when it's full of

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we're with others, don't you think you'd better restrain the outward signs of your —a—dislike of me? Your present happiness has a frail foundation at best. If you continue to treat me as you've done—lately—" (He smiled again.) "My uncle can hardly help having his suspicions aroused, and then—"

HE shrugged one shoulder slightly, still smiling.

"Oh, coward! Pitiful coward!" said Phœbe, almost in a whisper, and her voice was like the moan of one only half chloroformed. "If he had not gone away you wouldn't dare—"

"You give me," said Richard, "no credit whatever for a possible consideration for yourself. And yet you were mine before you were his wife."

It was these words, uttered with clear deliberation, that Owen heard as he came swiftly up over the soundless carpet of snow. He had in his hand the ash stick that he usually carried, and as these words came from Richard's lips he struck him with it across the face. It laid his cheek open from chin to temple, and the blood gushed forth startling as a red flower in that winter garden.

And at the sight of that blood and the stricken face of her he so loved, Owen went suddenly "berserk."

Thrusting out his great hand, he caught Richard by the collar of his coat, and, jerking him from the ground, beat him as a vigorous wench beats a carpet.

A screamas of a snared hare came from Phœbe, and she sprang to them.

"Owen! Darling! Stop! O God! O God!"

And she clung to his arm, reaching wildly toward the hand that held the ash—sobbing—seeing nothing in her terror but rivers of dreadful scarlet—a crimson world—

Suddenly Owen's arm fell—his grip on Richard loosened, and like a doll of rags the beaten man subsided in the snow at their feet.

Owen stood like a figure of stone staring down at him, the ash still clenched in his hand, but Phœbe dropped on her knees beside the huddled, blood-smeared form, and began wildly searching for signs of life in it.

"O God! O God!" she kept sobbing. "I can't feel his heart! You've killed him! O God! O God!"

All at once Owen roused. He threw the stick from him and, stooping, lifted Richard in his arms. He went straight toward the house, and Phœbe followed, her hair fallen loose about her head—her white furs blotched with blood. More than ever she looked like some wild, soft wood creature mangled by fangs that only half kill.

BUT when he came to one of the old marble vases that stood at the head of the first terrace, he stopped and eased his burden upon it. Despite his enormous strength, the dead weight of a man nearly six feet tall was too much for him; the sweat poured from his face in the cold air, as it had done when he carried Phœbe herself from Hollybrook Wood to Nelson's Gift. Besides, he had suddenly begun to think with astonishing clearness.

She stood beside him straight and stiff—the attitude of a soldier awaiting orders. She, who fainted so easily over her own troubles, felt firm as iron to help him bear his. He was staring out at the snowy ground with bent brows. Suddenly he turned his eyes on her. His look was hard and impersonal—the look of an officer appraising the force of a lieutenant to whom he is about to give nerve-testing orders.

"Can you help me? You don't feel faint?" he said.

"No, I can do anything. Tell me."

"Then go and send Jonathan and David. Find Mary and tell her to keep Sally out of the way. Send Hannah to his room. Wait—" he said sharply, as she sprang forward. "Take off your coat." She did so. "Fold it inside out." She obeyed him deftly. "Tell Mary—tell anyone who asks—that Ironmonger savaged him." (Ironmonger was a colt that had only been handled a few times, and was feared to be vicious. Downer and Owen had put him in a loose box at the house stables, hoping to "gentle" him by constant kindness and handling.) "Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"He went into the box, and the colt got him jammed and kicked him. Tell Mary to break it to Sally. Now—quick!"

She was off like a lapwing, her hair beating loose upon her shoulders as she ran, and hanging at last in a great, unraveled knot below her waist.



"Love at First Sight"

The swinging of that bright rope seemed to fascinate his eyes—they remained fixed on it until she was out of sight. Then he looked down at the head hanging like a broken manikin's over his arm; the eyes showed in silvery streaks and a half moon of dim black under the purplish eyelids.

At first he had not struck to kill, else Richard would have dropped like a bullock—but afterward—The old human threat, "I'll break every bone in your body," came back to him. Yes—he had meant to beat that body to a pulp—he had not cared while that ecstasy of rage held him whether he took one or twenty lives. Was he dead? Was it a corpse that he was holding against the great vase as against a funeral urn? And would Sally, too, fall dead with the shock of it? In that moment he felt curiously indifferent. Glutted rage resembles at first the plethora that follows the glut of animal food. He had sent Phœbe on those precautionary errands from a motive that had nothing to do with emotion or the instinct of self-preservation. It was civilization reclaiming him. He who so lately had been a mere savage—clubbing what had maddened him with the single fury of a cave man battering his enemy with a stone—had waked with cool wits to the necessity of preventing scandal, of protecting others, of shielding Sally from unnecessary shock and Phœbe from the sinister results of his outbreak. Personally, whether Richard were alive or dead mattered nothing to him at that moment. He who shrank from wounding a bird felt a cold, aloof indifference to the shattered thing that lay there, half in his arms, half on the marble vase.

And then he saw that Phœbe was returning, still at a fleet, light-footed run over the noiseless snow, followed by old Jonathan and David, also running, but out of respect keeping a little behind her.

OWEN took Richard's body under the armpits, and the two others supported his back and legs. They walked slowly to the house, breaking step so as not to jar him more than was inevitable.

And Phœbe, in her thin blouse and skirt, her hair still loose about her,

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See page 27 of book-1

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walked close to Owen, talking in low, quick tones.

"I found Mary. She's with Cousin Sally now. Hannah is getting everything ready. I told them what you said I was to tell them. What must I do now?"

"Phone Patton. He's at Warwick. He has a motor to-day. He brought me here. Tell him life or death."

She was off again, elbows to sides, chin up, like a boy running.

THEY got Richard to his room; Owen helped Hannah to cut away his clothes and lay him in the bed. They had scarcely finished when the door was thrust open and Sally entered with Mary close behind her. Her black eyes were fixed like a somnambule's. She went straight to the bed and fell on her knees beside it. One arm curved above the stark head on the pillow, the other she stretched out along the limbs outlined by the counterpane. These arms, in their sleeves of black velvet, were like the wings of some great bird striving to cover a shattered nestling.

Mary stood quiet and still behind her, her fingers plaited together, great tears running down her face. The servants were huddled in a dark, silent knot near the door. Owen stood at the head of the bed, his face like stone. They all thought Richard dead.

"Bring me cloths and hot water," said Sally's voice.

Mary knelt down beside her and put her arm about her shoulder.

"Hadn't we better wait, dear?" she whispered. "Dr. Patton will be here in a little while. We might do harm—"

"Very well," said the impassive, slightly croaking voice. "I shouldn't like to do him harm."

Mary hid her face in her free hand, and the tears ran through her fingers.

THE door opened and Phœbe came in. "Dr. Patton is on his way now," she said in a clear, quiet voice. "What else can I do?"

"Nothing," Owen answered her. "Go to your room and try to rest."

"I can't rest," she said. She looked from one to the other.

No one returned her look, they were all gazing at that dreadfully quiet form on the bed. She stood there a moment longer, then stepped quickly backward and went out.

She went straight down the wide stairs, across the hall, and out again into the snow. As she neared the garden hedge she broke into a run. Faster and faster she ran, until she came to the place in the narrow path near Queen Charlotte's Maze, where they had been standing when Owen came on them. Dropping on her knees, she began scooping the snow with both hands over the red stains that marred it here and there. This accomplished, she looked about her with that look of a trapped, desperate hare. On every side her dark, scared eyes quested. Then she began making little rushes to right and left. At last, beyond the box hedge, in a furrow between the rose beds, she saw what she was seeking.

Pressing through the stiff twigs, she went swift and light-footed as a mousing cat, and picked up the big ash stick. As she grasped it, a shuddering fit seized her for the first time, her teeth chattered, and the blood rushed over her white face. Then, mastering herself, kneeling down in the fresh snow, so as to be less easily seen by anyone chancing to cross the garden—she examined the stick inch by inch.

Yes—there—some dark stains. Involuntarily her hands opened, the stick fell again upon the snow. Again mastering herself, she seized it and began scrubbing at those red smears with a handful of snow. They seemed grained into the wood.

After some moments of this vain labor, she hid the stick under the dark cloak that she had snatched up in the hall and went rapidly back again to the house.

SHE stopped to listen. Except for the ticking of the big clock in the upper hall, the house was still as death. She shuddered again, then skimmed swiftly and noiselessly to her bedroom. She shut and locked the door. As usual a great fire of cedar logs burned on the wide hearth. Kneeling before it, she thrust the end of the stick into the coals. It ignited slowly, the ferule becoming incandescent and the wood burning to a glow like coal. As it burned she thrust it farther and farther in. Now all was consumed but the big knob, polished by the grasp of generations of Randolphs. She thrust this, too, into the lambent mass under the bellies of the huge logs—struck it home

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with the heavy poker of wrought steel and raked the glowing embers over it.

Then only did she sink back upon the hearthrug with a long, long heavy sigh.

THE fire had scorched her eyes—her eyelids seemed to have no moisture in them. The loosened hair, hanging in heavy snarls about her cheeks, troubled her suddenly.

Springing to her feet, she went to the dressing table and began to comb and brush it. Her own eyes looked back at her, serious, almost angry, but they held no meaning to her. Her mirrored face was like the face in a picture which has no meaning save to the artist who painted it.

It was like a mask—and she felt masked to herself. She had lost her feeling of identity. She was some one moving through a play the whole of which she had never read, her own part and the "cues" were all that she knew of it. Now it was her part to make herself neat and go and sit in the upper hall in case she might be needed. Presently she knew that the curtain of the first act would fall. Her part would be over. She was only cast for that first act. What was Owen's part? She could not tell. But the play would go on without her presently and he would still be in the play. Her part was a very short one. It must be over after Dr. Patton came. When Owen had heard what he had to say, then he would spare the time to come and tell her that she must go. It was strange—long ago—in a far country—she had wondered what he would do if he ever found out—whether he would kill them both. Now he had killed Richard.

As she pinned up the last coil of her hair the chugging of a motor sounded just under the window. She looked out, holding the embroidered curtain before her face. Yes, that was Dr. Patton. He got out with a black case in his hand and came quickly up the steps, looking neither to right nor left. Once, though, he lifted his head and stared up at the blank face of the quiet house. Then he disappeared.

Phebe slipped noiselessly into the hall and sat on a little chair just behind the first archway where she could see part of the lower hall and the door of Richard's room without being seen herself.

BUT now a little regular, muffled noise on the stairway made her look up, startled. It was Wizzy, coming up with stolid, infirm perseverance, one step at a time, in search of his master. Phebe slipped to the stairs and met him. She lifted him up in her arms and pressed down his sleek, resisting head against her breast.

"Be good, dear—be good," she urged lowly. "Owen's in trouble. You can't see him now. Stay with me. Owen's in trouble."

The dog gazed up at her out of the tears in his aged eyes, and though the words were inscrutable to him, the tone he understood quite well. He stopped resisting and lay limp and forlorn within her arms.

So passed a long, long time. Hannah came and went with various things. Joe followed, bringing cans of hot water from the bathroom. A strange hospital odor of disinfectants began to steal through the hall.

SALLY came out of her room again, still with Mary's arm about her, and stood listening. Niobe must have looked like that as she stood listening for the deadly twang of the god's bowstring.

Mary, still holding her by the arm, as though she feared to have her out of touch for even an instant, reached out and dragged a hall chair nearer. But Sally merely moved a step away from it, without impatience, with a sort of fatal determination, as of one resolved to die standing.

Then Owen and Patton came from behind that door, which somehow seemed the door of Fate, and the four went again into Sally's bedroom.

Wizzy whined and struggled when he saw Owen, but Phebe put her hand quickly over his little snout, and whispered vehemently to him to be still, and again, as if by a sort of telepathy, he subsided and ceased to whine.

And now again they were coming out; this time Sally walked between Charles Patton and Mary, each of whom supported her. Phebe could see the muscles in her thin throat working convulsively, dragging down the corners of her mouth in a grimace of anguish. She was fighting with all her harsh, imperious will for self-control. Owen followed, still with that face of stone, and this time they went again into Richard's room.

Another long, long time—then Owen and Dr. Patton came once more into the hall, leaving the door slightly ajar. They walked toward the staircase. No sound came from that darkened room.

JUST as they were about to descend the stairs Phebe stole forth, with Wizzy still in her arms, and went up to them.

She fixed her big, strained eyes on Patton's face.

"Is he— Is he—" she whispered.

"He's very ill, my dear," said Patton. "Concussion of the brain. But I can't stop now. I've some things to talk over with Owen. Go and lie down. I'll come to you presently. Tell her that she must lie down, Owen."

Owen said in an expressionless voice: "Go and lie down to please me, Phebe."

"I will," she whispered, and went quickly away from them, her head bent down over the little dog, which was again beginning to whimper and resist.

(To be continued next week)



Contemplation

By RACHEL HOPE

WHEN on the fragile woodland flower I gaze,
My thoughts arise to Thee;
When to Thy starry heavens my eyes I raise,
Dear God, I think of Thee.

In all the plenty of the sunlit meadow,
Thy loving hand I see;
And, in the glory of the moonlit shadow,
Dear God, I think of Thee.

The majesty of mountains old and hoary,
The ever restless sea,
The opalescent sky in sunset glory,
Lead me, dear God, to Thee.

Why do the wonders of Thy vast creation
Draw me to Thee?
Why am I gently urged, when in their contempla-
To raise my heart to Thee? [tion,

It must be that these tokens of Thy love,
These gifts to me,
Are stepping-stones that lead my erring feet,
Dear God, to worship Thee.

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A Professional Jailer

(Continued from page 8)

the bundles, nor even looked them over covetously. They observed him patiently climbing tiers and cross-examining to see that the right man got the right goods; and made up their minds that here was a man who was strictly on the square. Indeed, it was not an hour till Whitman got his first "come back," or sympathetic response on the part of a prisoner to sympathetic treatment on the part of the guard. One of his duties was to take prisoners to the lawyer's cage. Occasionally in his haste to be accommodating he had left the door of the bundle cage unlocked while he was performing this other duty.

Nerve and Heart

A PRISONER approached and warned him that this was an imprudent thing to do. Another gave him some technical information as to how to detect contraband in the articles he was passing. From that hour a spirit of friendship, or, at least, of *entente cordiale*, began to develop between the wild men inside and the mild man in the bundle cage.

Nor was it necessary to prove to these men that Whitman, while gentle, was not weak; that he had "nerve" as well as heart. Somehow they sensed that instinctively, and, when occasion arose, were not surprised to see him step into danger, not brazenly nor foolhardily in braggart fashion, but coolly with a kind of wide-eyed courage. If any did doubt the presence of this quality, they were convinced when Whitman, alone and unarmed, went into the crowd that time and brought out his man, and again when he wrestled his way to the fighters and led them like shamed children to the solitaries. In fact, no man has ever seen John L. Whitman in a place so tight that his head was not cool and his nerve like steel. Yet there are jailers a-plenty of whom this can be said who are hated with a passion as hot as the flames of hell, while Whitman is respected and even loved.

The secret of Whitman's power, then, utterly aside from that dominance which proceeds from great physical courage, lies in the fact that from those twenty-year-gone days in the bundle cage down to this present he has been able to give the clear impression in every contact that he desired the prisoner's good above his own convenience. That was why the man in the crowd came out with him. Whitman persuaded him that it would be better for his case. "He's come at me right and I'm goin' down—see!" was the man's own explanation of his surrender to his fellows who still incited him to resist. That was why the voice from behind had saved his life when the fight was on. "Mr. Whitman," his protector explained. "I have been in prison a great many years—more than half my life—and in prison we so seldom come across a man that's on the square that, when we do find one, we don't want to see him hurt."

In those times there was much brutality in dealing with prisoners. Men were clubbed and beaten daily. It was supposed discipline could not be maintained otherwise. But Guard Whitman never laid a violent hand upon a man, and he thought he noticed that he had as good discipline as the sluggers.

Kindness Is the Key to Hearts

AN election rolled round and James Pease became sheriff, yet Whitman's record, as he gradually rose in the prison to assistant chief clerk and then to chief clerk, had been such that Pease appointed Whitman jailer. The apostle of kindness had now an opportunity to put his theories into practice broadly, to make his personal principles the prison principles. But this could not be done by the writing of an order. It was a problem in human equations, and this time the equations were not prisoners but keepers. Summoning these men, the new jailer made them a speech, saying:

"Although jailer, I can accomplish little without the united assistance of all my guards; they are just as necessary to the success of my ideas in the management of this jail as my own acts. . . .

"Always keep in mind that *kindness is the key* to all human hearts, and sympathy the password to good fellowship. Men imprisoned here are human, and are entitled to every consideration they can consistently receive at our hands. *Never strike a blow, never abuse an inmate.* Rather give a kind word, a little sympathy, and the necessity for harsh treatment will soon vanish. Get the men to believe that you are their friends and not their natural enemies, and that you are here merely to do a plain duty as kindly as it can be done. When you will have done this you will have done everything."

There is a speech almost Lincolnian in its unfrilled dignity and sympathetic force. I think that speech marks simple-hearted John L. Whitman as a great man.

Violence Gave Way to Discipline

WITH the cessation of violent punishments, to the surprise of all but the jailer, discipline, instead of deteriorating, improved 100 per cent. Yet this, in a sense, was a negative remedy. Whitman was contemplating something positive. Holidays, in prison, are always blue days. As the Fourth of July approached, Whitman decided upon an entertainment for the men. This practice, now becoming quite common, was then a daring innovation. Excitement ran high. Never had it been the custom to allow more than half of the prisoners out of their cells at one time; yet it was apparently Whitman's purpose to have them all in the schoolroom at once for this entertainment. Some of the prisoners even came to him with the warning that this would be a dangerous thing. Finding him determined, they offered to organize themselves and police the meeting; but the jailer declined this also. "They will not take advantage of me," he said, "when I am doing something for them."

His judgment and faith were confirmed. Six hundred men enjoyed that first entertainment and their conduct was above reproach. At its conclusion the jailer stepped forward and called for three cheers for those who had helped entertain them. The men hesitated, they could hardly believe their ears, that they were to be allowed to express themselves like free men, but Whitman's manner reassured them. They made the iron bars reverberate with the mighty shout raised, and then added three hearty rounds for Whitman himself. That was the beginning of a new era in the jail, one in which the prisoners began to rediscover themselves both individually and socially. Soon entertainments were being held almost weekly, and the jailer saw to it that many of them had an educational value.

Without Attending Ceremony

PRESENTLY there was a request from among the men to organize something to be called "The John L. Whitman Moral Improvement Association of the Cook County Jail." Whitman consented, and named a committee of ten men, one from each tier of the new jail and two from the old jail, to draft a constitution and by-laws. The governing body was a committee selected like that on organization from the tiers. From a pamphlet written in the jail by a prisoner to give a history of this association, and in which the speech of Jailer Whitman to his guards, quoted above, was found, I clip a few lines.

"The committee [governing] has power to exercise their own discretion in selecting speakers and talent for their meetings, and they act just as any other deliberative body. The absence of a guard or keeper of any kind during deliberations of the committee gives these meetings the same complexion of meetings of societies of any kind the world over. After meetings the committeemen return to their respective tiers without attending ceremony." *Without attending ceremony!* Did you get that? "Without attending ceremony" is a euphemism. It means: "Without a guard."

And isn't this pride in honor conduct rather a fine thing to have been developing in a prison nearly fifteen years ago?

Sometimes the program of these meetings was provided entirely by "home talent," and this did not prevent it from being of a high order. Extremely talented people find their way in considerable numbers into jails. Sometimes a debate was the special order. The theme for one of these was: "Is birth or association responsible for crime?"

Human Entertainment

FREQUENTLY no guards were present and a sergeant-at-arms named by the association, marshaled the prisoners in and out and attended to the lockup. Of one of these meetings a daily paper said: "There could have been no more





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perfect order had there been an armed guard to every man."

These weekly meetings not only broke the monotony of prison life, but were valuable as a means of discipline. To forbid a man the privilege of attending the entertainment which his fellows were enjoying was a punishment more condign than to smash him on the jaw, as would have been done in the old days.

A Spirit of Cooperation

WHEN in the course of time he was transferred, or promoted, one might call it, from the County Jail to the House of Correction, he had to deal with 3,000 men instead of 600, and with longer terms and a consequently more settled state of prison society; but aside from this the general conditions were much the same and the same remedies were required. The prison body social was in a sullen, desperate mood. Various industries were carried on in the prison, but tasks were grudgingly rendered and slightingly performed. Suspicion, enmity, craft, and cruelty were on every hand. Sunday was a day of rest—and torture, because the guards took a vacation and the men, perforce, were locked in their cells. By three o'clock in the afternoon, confinement and enforced idleness had begun to tell; men became moody and ugly, so that the solitaries were always full on Monday.

Whitman abolished violent punishment and discipline improved as it had at the jail. He provided Sunday entertainments and the Monday morning line-up for punishment became the shortest of the week. He enlisted a spirit of cooperation among the men, actually developed something like an esprit de corps in behalf of the institution that confined them. He made the prison as happy a place as it could possibly be for those who had to live in it.

A Hospital, not a Jail, in Many Cases

WHEN a new cell house was to be built, the plans, under Whitman's direction, were prepared by a prison architect, and provided for a big, light, airy, almost cheerful-looking place, with a long courtlike area in the center upon which the cell tiers on two sides opened; and they painted the whole inside a joyous white instead of the dismal prison gray. This was contrary to the then accepted rules of prison construction. Whitman was warned that the men would shout and whistle across the areas at each other, that pandemonium would reign and culprits be impossible of detection. Nothing of the kind resulted. The place is as quiet as the reading room of the Boston Public Library.

Here, too, as in the County Jail, Whitman gets an unbroken series of "comebacks" from the men.

"Do you think I'd throw that guy? A square 'screw' like Whitman?" was one desperate criminal's explanation of his childlike tractableness under the kindly one's handling.

Hardened as are the majority of these men, all are subject to impulses that are highly sentimental. At one of the Sunday entertainments a singer rendered "The Last Rose of Summer," using a splendid American Beauty by way of illustration, which later fell upon the floor near the front of the platform. As the convicts were filing out, one suddenly reached over and plucked a petal from the fallen rose. This action was instantly repeated by the next man behind, and the next, till the petals were all gone, when others began to take the leaves, and finally even the stem was broken into bits and carried away like relics from a shrine.

Frequently the singing of a song by the whole audience, or the rendering of a musical number will leave the men in a rarely good mood. Whitman is extremely tactful in seizing these strategic moments, when imagination has been kindled or hearts have been softened, to sow the seeds of better impulse. Here is one of his little homilies slipped in at just such a time:

"You are in a happy mood for men in confinement in prison. Now while you are in that mood just you think along lines that might be of lasting benefit. If you have any idea of making anything of your lives in the future you can prepare for it here. You can make a resolution to do right, and be prepared to keep that resolution; and you can use every minute of your time in here to strengthen yourself to live correctly when you go out. As you are in a happy mood, now keep that mood."

Good common sense, that, unembroidered but forceful!



"And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me"

At the House of Correction Whitman had trouble, at times, getting his board of directors to agree with him. Once he had to offer his resignation before they would open the doors for some of his reforms. But his sincerity conquered. Subsequent results have made some of those opposing directors his most loyal advocates.

He had trouble with his guards, too. It is hard to teach an old guard new tricks. Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no head cracked or convict's blood to run, seems to have been their motto. "Don't put yourself on a pedestal. Get down among your men," Whitman had to say to them repeatedly. To the prisoners he was always passing the word: "Be quiet; keep clean; obey orders."

One of the older methods of punishment was to give a recalcitrant a more difficult task, and if he continued rebellious to increase the tale of bricks and take away the straw; but the result was not always happy. Whitman reversed this and tried giving the man an easier job.

Almost invariably the response was an upswelling gratitude that softened the man surprisingly. Quite obviously this practice is one to be followed with discrimination, but it shows the efficacy at times of cracking a man over the heart with a club of kindness.

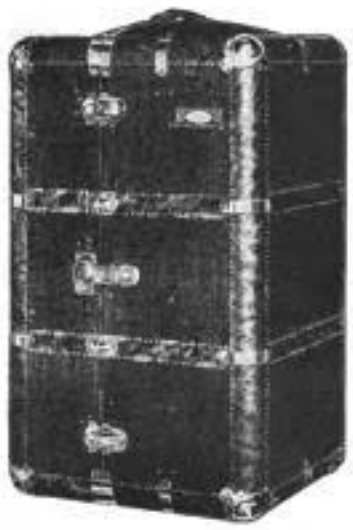
"Sixty per cent of them," the superintendent said to me, "need a hospital and not a jail anyway when they come in here. They are sick or run down physically, and their moral character has deteriorated along with their bodies. Most of these men are here because they have not learned sufficiently the lesson of self-control. You can get them into such a mood that they cooperate with you in everything that they do, and my object is to maintain such discipline that while cooperating with it they remaster this necessary lesson of self-control."

Little but hard sense in that, is there?

Get Down among Your Men

NOW, of course, it costs to be kind—just as it did when, twenty-five years ago, Whitman was supporting two or three families besides his own—but the man pays the cost unwhimperingly. His family must live in a house with 3,000 criminals; and that is not nice; but it is necessary. "Don't put yourself on a pedestal. *Get down among your men!*"

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The Final Escape

(*Continued from page 13*)

It was quite dark when they crossed the river at a ford. Not far from this place was the thicket into which the Black Knobber gang had dragged Eb Holt years before, to flog him for beating his wife, who had been a Spencer. And the words of the victim that night had remained unforgotten by Holts and Spencers alike: "Ally Spencer, I 'low the day will come when I stan' thar under the gallows in town en see you hung. En I cayn't take no rest tell that day is here."

IN crossing the ford the outlaw found himself for a moment at Holt's side. A whisper reached his ear: "Three year ago, Ally Spencer, I 'lowed to come even with you. En I ain't took no rest since."

"Hit ain't time for you to rest yit, Eb," replied Spencer. "They ain't got no han'le on me fer this hyah crime. Maybe they'll fix the next again' me—when I git atter them that guv me over to the sheriff they *mought* hang me."

He knew perfectly that his case was a hopeless one, but the assurance he assumed struck his enemy silent. He had the satisfaction to see Eb Holt fall behind him in the posse and ride without a word to anyone—frightened and preoccupied—toward the county seat.

By and by the moon rose, revealing a mist white and delicate as a spider web, which rested on the woods. Most of the trees were buttonwoods, and their saplings—slim, white, nymphlike—could easily be mistaken for naked figures fresh from bathing in the river. An old ram rushed from a thicket. As one looked back through the mist, he seemed to show a laughing, bearded face below his horns.

Upon this bewitching night the outlaw turned his back—forever. They left the woods and approached the county seat.

The road by which they entered the town became a street, with board walk and cobblestones. It ran before the jail, which they reached as it grew light.

THE horse of one of the posse reared suddenly, and they all paused in alarm. The outlaw noticed Sam Hope's hand—thick, stodgy, covered with reddish hair. It trembled on his bridle rein, as if from guilt; as if, in doing his work of three days before, he had been a murderer. For the alarm had been caused by three shadows, which had seemed to leave the jail by its front door and move across the bare, dusty yard against the high board fence. They came as far as the place where that sinister framework of boards had been, and it was gone—the sheriff had knocked it away on Friday. Here they appeared to huddle together in bewilderment. Then they disappeared.

In the quiet of the chilly morning a man's teeth knocked each other audibly. But the sheriff recovered himself. "Them's shadows of men out somewhar with a lantern," he asserted. "Shadows fling pow'ful far this time in the mornin'."

He unlocked the jail and took the outlaw to a cell. A man without imagination, he had no cruel intent in placing his prisoner. But the outlaw recognized a tobacco sack in one corner of the cell. He sat down—on the cot in which one of his friends had slept the night before his death—and smoothed the scrap of cloth on his knee.

After a time sunlight reached the grating above his head. He heard various sounds from the town streets, and, in the jail itself, the rattle of cooking things and escaping steam of food. A mop knocked noisily as a negro washed the stone floor of the hall.

THERE was a circus in town that day. Many of the mountain people would come in to see the parade; and, if any should remain overnight, there was the possibility of a midnight rescue. For the outlaw was a man of magnetism and great popularity. The sheriff decided to take him to the jail at Springfield; and before noon put him again on the spotted pony, to ride to the station.

It was a beautiful first of May. Along the river were wild crab-apple blossoms, one cloud of pink, like a sunrise. The town itself was an orchard of white fruit bloom; the wind was blowing petals, brown and curled at their edges.

The sheriff, his deputy, and his prisoner turned into Main Street. The outlaw rode jauntily, in spite of his handcuffs, now and then nodding to an acquaintance in the crowd. As a figure of interest, he rivaled the two sickly

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elephants just turning a corner below the station. To see him thus was drama. He appeared in a lurid light—of his fate. Laughing and calling out to his friends, he moved on the other side of such a line as separates a stage and an audience. But he was somehow more real than they.

As the circus parade approached, the sheriff halted before a dry-goods shop.

THE outlaw twisted his arm, that one of the handcuffs—which, by a deft manipulation of the wrist, he had prevented the sheriff from locking—should not slip from about it. Then he sent a careless glance into the dry-goods shop, which was a one-story shack, with its rear door open into an alley. Looking away, he spoke to a friend of his. And just then the elephants turned another corner.

The sheriff's horse snorted indignantly. Again the prisoner glanced into the shop at the long counters covered with calico, coarse shoes, and straw hats trimmed with blue and pink cotton satin. His hand tightened masterfully on the pony's bridle; but he made no move in the direction of liberty.

The sheriff's horse began plunging about the street, and the deputy lost control of his brown mare. There followed a general riot among the animals: women screamed, babies cried, wagons bumped each other and locked wheels; a team of mules plunged up Main Street with reins dangling. But the spotted pony remained docile, for the outlaw was one of those men who have their way with horses. He suddenly turned his mount toward the dry-goods shop, dashed across the sidewalk, and rode in at the open door. There were screams from the women and children gathered there to see the parade. Hats and shoes were trampled under the pony's hoofs. Frail wooden boxes crashed as the fugitive rode out by the alley door.

Escape was impossible—thus through a crowded town, in which the feeling was very strong against the Black Knobblers. The docility of despair was the intelligent course. No civilized man would have attempted to get away. Still, there was no one in the alley to stop him. He turned a corner and rode up an almost deserted street, still unmolested. At last he reached the Methodist Church, which stood opposite the jail. Here a bullet went by him, to strike the cobblestones of the street, and a voice cried: "Halt!"

HE urged his horse on toward the bridge which crossed the river at the town. On the other side of the stream were overgrown paths leading up the mountain; could he gain these he would have a faint chance of escape.

But the bridge was, of course, guarded; two men were waiting, ready to seize his bridle; and he took instead a road that ran alongside the river. Three or four men from the town went by a short cut to intercept him at the Fork. Seeing that his capture was a certainty, the rest lagged in their pursuit.

It was a lovely road down which he galloped toward capture. The bank beside him was blue with violets, and at his other hand, in a thicket, grew dogwood as white as lilies. The air was bright and cool; it was one of those days when the blue sky and gleaming white pillars of cloud are scarcely dense enough to conceal God.

As the outlaw rode, something struck him in the back; and he wondered what it was—but especially, in case it was a bullet, that it did him no harm. Thus he came to a bend in the road where a spring was and a path going down to the river.

Unexpectedly he found himself sliding from the saddle and was not able to regain his place. He fell to the earth.

THE spotted pony paused obediently, but at sight of a great deal of blood galloped on in fright. Soon the sheriff and his deputies came up with the prisoner.

Everything by this time was becoming misty and uncertain for the outlaw. Sam Hope's big body wavered before him. "Y're a plumb fool to try en git loose that a-way, Ally Spencer!" Hope began.

But he stopped abruptly as he perceived the truth. And a great change came over him. With his deputies he stood awkwardly silent, abashed and awed by the evident nearness of death. "Well, Sam," said the outlaw, "I reckon I'm shot." The men began doing little things for him; and two of them went to the spring for water.

Soon after this the outlaw fell to watching that gap among the trees across the road and the path which led down to the river. It looked as if it might offer him a chance of escape from pursuit. While he looked Viola's face floated before him, and he thought she said: "Ally, thar's a river to cross over."

So he decided he would get up and go down to it. He tried and could not. But very soon he did make his way into a river—he knew it was another and different one, but that seemed to make no difference at all; it was a way of escape. He found the water quite cold and, as Viola had said, very misty. Soon he was struggling in the deep places.

At last it began to grow shallower toward the farther shore; he stood and looked back. And he could realize that what he had crossed over was impassable by the others. He could still see Sam Hope's face—but dimly, as if a long way off. None of them were even trying to follow him. He had escaped.

Then, suddenly, he seemed to comprehend what was happening—had indeed happened to him. He turned his face the other way, and he saw!....

Eluding an Adjective

By C. J. MANNING

IN THE offices of the penny "yellows" professions have their set adjectives. The contractor always is "wealthy." He cannot escape the term, even if the news item deals with the bankruptcy courts. The physician is "prominent," though starving until his first patient shall arrive. The attorney is "rising" and forever threatening the limits of altitude. The country editor is "poverty-stricken." He was impoverished long before the day of the "yellows," because fiction had named his title. Therein is ground for protest. Country editors throughout the land are backing a demand that fiction and the city newspapers shall drop the adjective "poverty" as a qualifier for the noun "editor."



It no longer is the vogue for the country editor to come breakfastless to work, a profane prayer on his lips that a sale bill may turn up during the day, thus helping to pay for lunch and dinner. It is no longer is the custom for the editor to feed on contributions brought by the folks of the countryside, as a modest exchange for the newspaper he gives them. Introduction of the perfecting press, the linotype and the gas engine in the country newspaper offices has taken from the business the haphazard methods that marked its early day. The veteran "print," who wandered from town to town, establishing newspapers that flourished a few short weeks, has written "thirty." His class is extinct.

Among the "home folks" the editor is not considered "poverty-stricken." His automobile takes him to and from work. His income is rated equal to that of other professional men. A change in administrations has given him opportunity to refuse post-office appointments and embassies that would take him from his lucrative field.

From his pedestal of affluence it is quite natural that the country editor should find much that is objectionable in his own pet adjective, "poverty." Also it is natural that he should seek, through his own channels of publicity, to let the public know that: "We (the editor and his wife) drove our machine to the county seat Tuesday and later attended the opera."

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Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address

COLLIER'S
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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Brickbats :: & :: Bouquets

LOWVILLE, N. Y.

I LIKE your political page in COLLIER'S. This week's analysis shows pretty clear vision of a very clouded situation. Your page makes deeper my conviction of the necessity of the Progressive party. You do this in a very inoffensive way.

O. B. PHILLIPS.

✚

Mark Sullivan's political romances.—Waltham (Mass.) *Free Press-Tribune.*

✚

One of the most noted political writers of the country is Mark Sullivan, who is the author of the series of articles that have appeared in COLLIER'S WEEKLY for many years under the head of "Comment on Congress"; and while others may differ with him on many questions of policy, none have questioned his facts. He praises or criticizes without fear or favor.—Montgomery (Ala.) *Journal.*

✚

Some of the folks who look at the pictures in the current COLLIER'S will be surprised to learn, doubtless, that the Hetch-Hetchy affair has nothing at all to do with Oriental dancing.

—Johnstown (Pa.) *Democrat.*

✚

LANSDALE, PA.

I am, and always was, an admirer of your drawings and writings, but I wish to commend your picture in the recent issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. I studied the picture, and recognized two of my former officers before I noticed the description of the article. Anyone who has been shipmate with Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow and Lieutenant Rufus F. Zogbaum, Jr., will recognize them at a glance. I always admire your writings, as you see things from the viewpoint of the sailor in its reality instead of by hearsay in the wardroom and mess hall.

ROBERT J. HULSHOUSER.

✚

COLLIER'S is a great paper. Its habit of talking right out in meeting and giving names and dates when it talks about patent-medicine fakers, fortune telling, and other grafters and fake advertisers in general, is refreshing and admirable. It would seem that it would be compelled to follow its own rules. And yet in a recent issue it earns a few dollars by publishing such stuff as this: "Be a detective; earn a large monthly salary; easy work; we show you; open to all; experience unnecessary," etc.

—Newman (Cal.) *Index.*

✚

PERTH, W. AUSTRALIA.

There is something wrong in this office, and, after making investigation, I find it is due to COLLIER'S no longer being received here. Can you suggest any remedy? N. W. BURKE,

American Consular Agent.

✚

It is the first time that I have felt impelled to write to an editor, but I wish to thank you for giving me an opportunity to read that enchanting tale, "Their Story's End," so wholly original, so full of charm, and told with such economy of effort, and to beg, if possible, for more from the author, quite unknown to me.

May I add that your serial announcement is itself as full of promise, and that I have heard several comments on your pictures lately that were very favorable?

M. LOUISE NIXON,

Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Madison Avenue and Forty-sixth Street.

✚

NEW YORK, N. Y.

You may not be interested at all to know—but I feel I must tell you—that "Their Story's End" is about the biggest short story I have ever read. It is remarkable in its simplicity, beauty, and purity. For the sake of the reading public that story should have been announced from the housetops, and I shall do all I can—in my small way—to pass it on, and I know many will share my opinion that it is a pearl of a story. Thank you for publishing it.

CONSTANT HOLLY MACRAE.

✚

BRADFORD, PA.

There is enough of the true American citizen and patriotism in me to stir me to shout aloud over the article in your issue of January 3, 1914, by Isaac F. Marcosson, "Business-Managing a City." It is so well written and so inspiring to a hungry soul, struggling and fighting for the uplift and betterment of the people of our urban communities! Surely Dayton, Ohio, has arisen from her ashes and will be a gleaming light and a profound example, a source of encouragement, to all those cities which are struggling for municipal righteousness and honest administration of public affairs. I wish most heartily to congratulate Manager Henry M. Waite of Dayton, Ohio, sincerely wishing him and the citizens of Dayton prosperity. And to COLLIER'S I would offer sincere praise for the grand and noble work being done in the cause of the rights of the people. Your hand, heart, and brain are always in the foreground in the fight for progression and right. I wish for you many happy new years. SPENCER M. DEGOLIER, Mayor.

✚

BELGRADE, MONT.

I suppose it will do no harm to tell you that I enjoy greatly the stories by George Weston which you are running; especially the last one, "Madame's Doctor." I think them the best you've had in a long time. Indeed, if you would "dump" Roosevelt and cease from your treacherous little under-the-belt jabs at President Wilson through Bryan, I believe I could give COLLIER'S my entire approval as a subscriber of ten years' standing. WALTER AITKEN.

✚

SOUTH TACOMA, WASH.

The article or story, "America Expects This Day—" I enjoyed more than any other of my Christmas presents. It is worth to me the price of COLLIER'S for at least a year, and it balances that magic ring and other impossible stories. Give us *more* of the former and you will get *more* subscribers. A. W. MALMSTROM,

✚

"Their Story's End" is the best story that COLLIER'S has published in many a day.—Paducah *News-Democrat.*

✚

I congratulate you on the change you have wrought in COLLIER'S fiction.

S. A. VAN PETTEN.

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Volume 53 March 28, 1914 Number 2

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers*

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416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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No Breakfasts Like This

In the Days When We Were Young

No Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

No bubble-like grains, thin, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

No cereal foods with a taste like confections—with the flavor of toasted nuts.

And no whole grains were made wholly digestible in those days of long ago.

We never knew grains that would melt in the mouth, into almond-flavored granules.

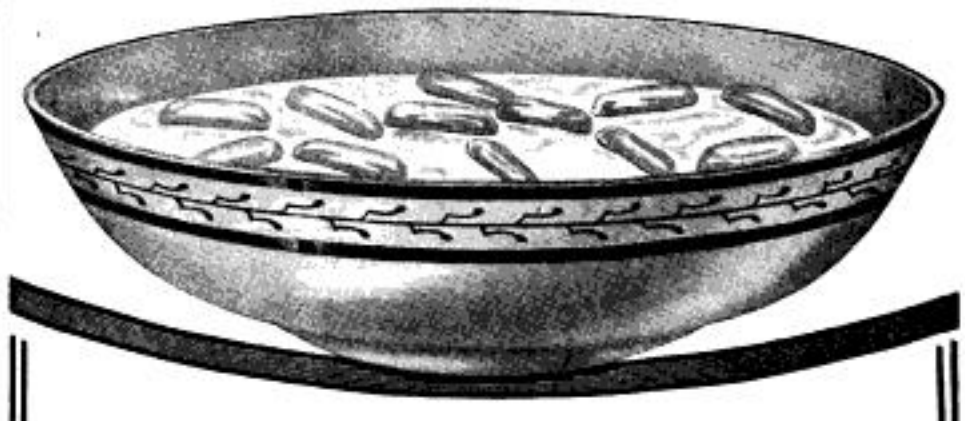
We never had grains to use like nut meats in home candy making. Or to eat like peanuts when at play. Or to mix with fruit to give a nut-like blend. Or to greet us on the morning table, served with cream and sugar.

For, though wheat and rice had been known for ages, nobody knew how to puff them. Nobody dreamed that the moisture in grain could be turned to steam and exploded. And that every food granule could be blasted to pieces, so digestion could instantly act.

All this came a few years ago, when Prof. Anderson discovered a way to shoot these grains from guns.

Puffed Wheat-10¢ Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West



No Suppers Like This

In those days, frequently, our supper dish was crackers or bread in milk. And neither was made of whole grain.

Now we have whole wheat or rice. Dainty morsels of grain, thin, toasted and crisp, and four times as porous as bread.

These grains float in milk. They have an enticing flavor. And never before were cereal foods made so easy to digest.

Now, at a million meals or more each day, folks serve these delightful dishes. But there are countless children today who don't get them, just because mothers forget.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(523)

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You'll make the children happy with Welch's at the party

Every mother whose child comes to your house for a party will be glad if she knows you are going to give the children Welch's. You get Nature's best AT its best in

Welch's

"The National Drink"

This pure, unfermented juice of the finest Concords is pressed from the full-ripe grapes and is hermetically sealed—all by the exact sanitary Welch process. Thus Welch's is a most agreeable and healthful beverage for children and grown-ups.

Book of games for children's parties, free

We have compiled a book of jolly games for children of all ages, and are glad to send it to any address free upon request. It will make many a happy day for the youngsters.

For a children's party, serve Welch's in the individual 4-oz. bottles, or in this deservedly popular Welch Punch—

For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange, one pint of Welch's, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. If desired, all or part charged water may be used. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold.

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say WELCH'S and GET IT!

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The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N. Y.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL W

for April 4, 1914

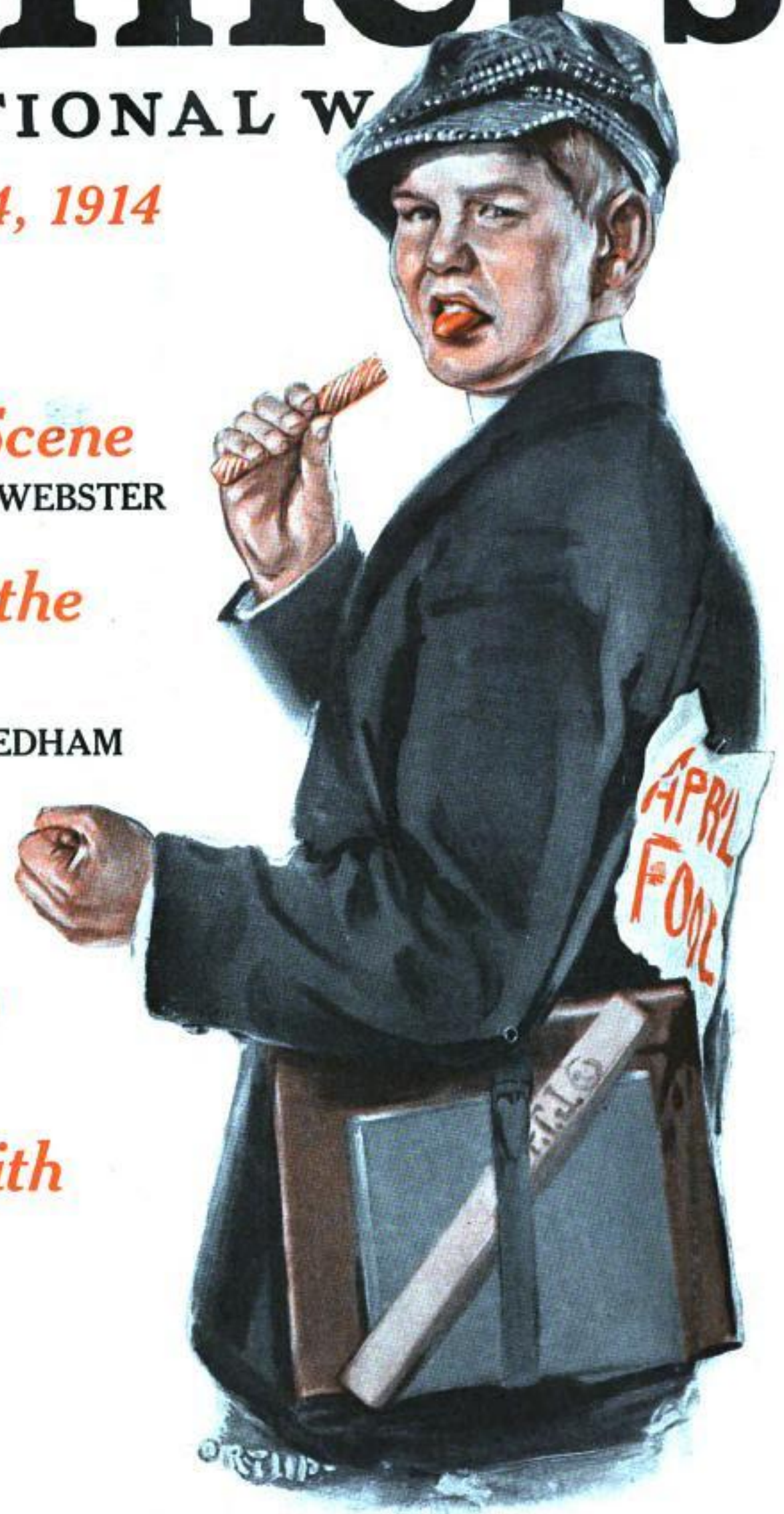
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By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

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By GEORGE WESTON

Joy-Riding With Progress
By GEORGE FITCH



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Testing Dynamos



Chief Tester



Testing Motors



GRAY & DAVIS, Inc. DYNAMO SYSTEM

Serial No. 21573 Type G1 Date 12-29-13

Dynamo run 3 hours at full load 4750

Load in for 3 minutes 4750

Clock speed 3200 Dynamo Speed 1500

TIME	DYNAMO VOLTS	BATTERY VOLTS	AMPERES
12 30	7.6	none	11.6
3 30	7.9	"	9.5
5 30	7	6.5	9.5

Temperatures: Armature normal Armature normal Dynamo hot

Working governor OK

Directions of rotation

Conditions of brushes and commutator OK

Drop in series 4 Volts at 8 Amperes

Compounds 7 Amps. Shunts 3.2 Amps.

REMARKS

OK

Tested by Mr Barker

Fac-simile of tester's report on dynamos

Your Final Safeguard Is Provided by the Gray & Davis Corps of Testers



STARTING MOTOR

Fac-simile of tester's report on Starting Motor

WHEN purchasing a car equipped with the Gray & Davis starting-lighting system you have the satisfaction of knowing that *this* system has been put through complete tests, far more drastic than actual service in the hands of the car owner.

Nothing is left to chance, nothing is taken for granted in the Gray & Davis factory.

The system is designed with the experience gained during 23 years of dynamo and motor construction. It is manufactured to outlive the car and to give absolute satisfaction under all conditions. It is built in the largest factory devoted to starting-lighting systems.

After each Gray & Davis starting motor is finished, it is given a minute mechanical examination. After the inspectors pass it, the motor goes to the testing rooms. Here an expert puts it through its paces. He proves the speed, torque, and voltage. He is but one of a squad of men who give their whole time to determining motor efficiency.

Each dynamo is similarly inspected and tested for hours at a speed of over 1000 revolutions per minute without stopping. The machine is also tested for output and defects, so that any dynamo surviving the gruelling ordeal will generate its full quota of current.

Finally comes the O. K. of the Chief Tester and a review of the records of each unit. The system has then proved its ability to meet every road and weather condition.

That is one reason why the Gray & Davis system occupies a distinctive position and the *big* reason why you should demand it on the car you purchase.

Press a pedal and the engine starts. A simple switch on the dash controls all lights. Occasional lubrication and replenishment of the battery with distilled water are required—that is all. 63 Service Stations stand ready at all times to assist our users or give advice.

Send for the Gray & Davis catalog, which gives full information.

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STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEM



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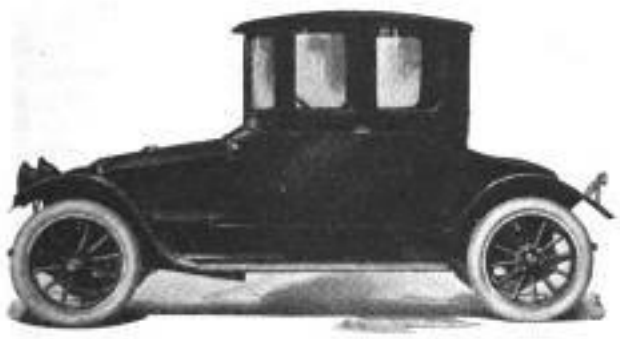
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Six-Thirty Touring Car. Weight 2725 lbs.
Price $2300



Six-Thirty Roadster. Weight 2630 lbs.
Price $2300



Six-Thirty Coupe. Weight 2788 lbs.
Price $2950

Lightest of all Sixes
The Six-Cylinder 30 Horse Power
Franklin

The touring car weighs 2725 pounds, the roadster 2630 pounds and the enclosed cars are proportionately light. Light weight means economy and comfort, and economy and comfort are demanded by experienced motorists. Heavy weight adds nothing to comfort and safety but does add to expense.

Tire Mileage, Gasoline Mileage and Upkeep

can be reasonable only when the car itself is reasonable. The great success of the Franklin is based on the fact that it is a reasonable car, a car anyone able to buy a good car can afford to run.

Any Franklin dealer will weigh the car for you.

Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Catalogue sent to any address.

Note: Orders for enclosed cars, early fall delivery, accepted now.

Franklin Automobile Company Syracuse N Y



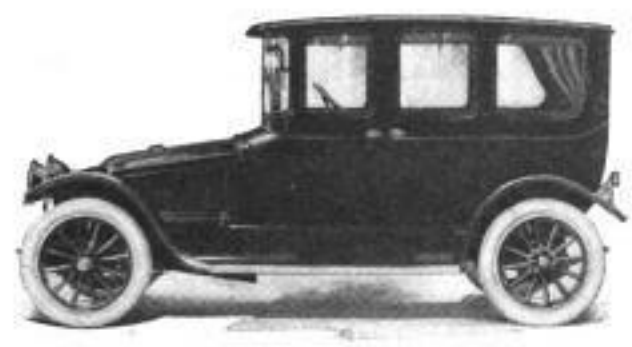
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Interior of Roadster



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2725 pounds, 4½ inch Tires

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Here is a business that achieves the very front rank of a great industry on the sheer merit of what it has to offer.

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Your Kuppenheimer clothier believes in success through service. You are pretty sure to find that both he and his salespeople are practical clothing men—who know they can rely on the clothes and on the co-operation of the House that is back of them.

Our book, "Styles for Men," sent upon request

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 3 APRIL 4 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Painted Scene

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER GOLDBECK

THE beginnings were conventional enough: not very edifying, not in the least worth telling the story of, if they had gone on and led to what such beginnings generally do. But because, at a certain point, there came a difference, I am going to ask you to bear with me patiently while I get the rather shabby and shop-worn preliminaries out of the way, and get down to the point where the difference began, as briskly as I know how.

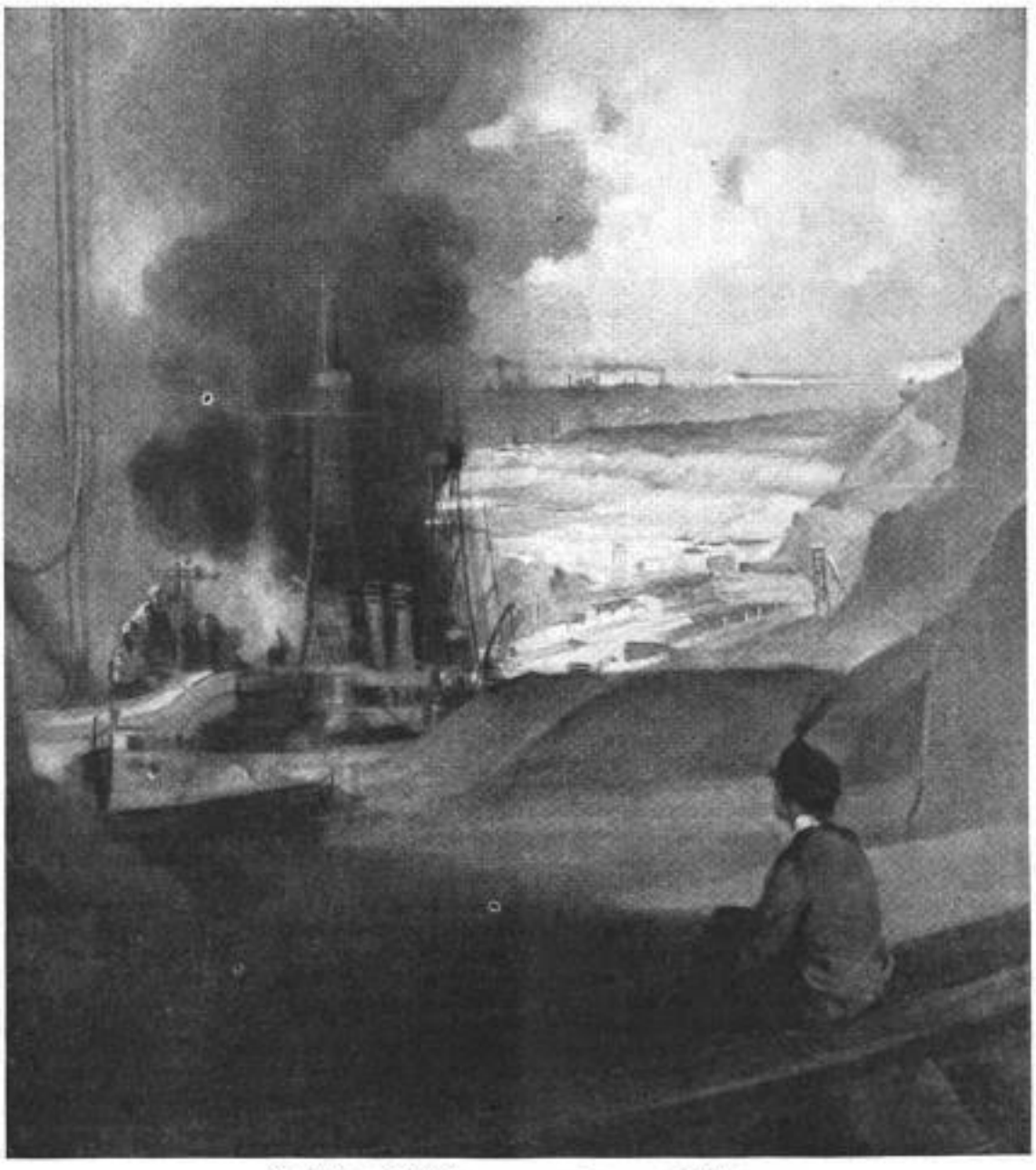
She was a chorus girl in a show which we will call, to avoid being unpleasantly personal, "La Revue Folle," a vividly orchidaceous dramatic entertainment which flourished annually on Broadway. She was the one—if you care about particulars—who came out in the first act with apparently nothing on but a hat, a feather boa, and a large muff. A second glance corrected this impression, to be sure.

As for him, he was a young man—thirty perhaps—and he sat in the front row. At the end of the first act he found out, from an adequately tipped usher, that her name was Daisy Reddesdale, bought a bunch of orchids at the hotel florist's around the corner, and sent them back to her with a note to the effect that he was lonesome, that he was sitting on the aisle in the front row, and that wouldn't she please glance down that way and see if she liked his looks?

SHE slanted a half-defiant and, perhaps, a little contemptuous nod at him during the second act—enough so that he came around to the stage door. And he lifted his hat and said "Good evening" when she came out. And she said, to make it seem a little less raw somehow: "I *thought* I saw you out in front." And a taxi driver, with an eye on the cop at the Broadway corner, came swooping up on the wrong side of the street, knowing a sure-fire fare when he saw one. Then the young man, about thirty, put Daisy Reddesdale into the taxi and took her to one of the regular restaurants and ordered the regular supper, including a quart of the regular champagne.

The conversation halted and creaked more or less while they were waiting for the champagne to come and really start things. She said New York was a great little old burg, wasn't it? And he said it certainly was. And she asked him if he lived here, and he said no—she was the only person in the town that he knew. Then she asked him if he had got that coat of tan (there is something very classy about tan in winter) down in Palm Beach? And he said no—he was just up from the Zone.

Right there is where things began to get different. Because she didn't say, as would nine out of ten chorus girls with a bitten-down yawn: "Oh, yes, of course," and change the subject. Nor, as would the tenth chorus girl: "What's the Zone?"



As I have said, Daisy was mooning around at large when this was tried out for the first time. It caught her eye

She said something that made him set down his just-filled glass and stare at her.

The first of the series of happenings that made the difference was the discovery by the producer of "La Revue Folle"—a discovery not made until rehearsals were in full swing—that he was shy a climax for his first act. The next thing was the submission to him, by an extraneous song writer, of a really cracking tune called "Panama." The producer heard the tune and decided that Panama was good dope. So he ordered a new set of costumes and sent for the head of the scenic studio that had built the production, telling him what he wanted in a few well-chosen words, and urging him to cut loose and hustle.

With the intermediate processes we have nothing to do, the next fact that matters to us being that Daisy Reddesdale, who had not been nicknamed Moony for nothing, was wandering at large on the stage when they ran down the new back cloth, which represented, more or less, the entire Isthmus of Panama, with a fleet of battleships going through the canal. The scenic artist had followed instructions and cut loose, and no important feature of the big job was omitted. By a miracle of perspective, you were able to see the Gatun Dam, Gatun Lake, Culebra Cut, and, as I said, a fleet of white battleships with practicable searchlights steaming through at eighteen knots or so an hour. The upper part of the stage was built up on parallels, and by this means one of the locks was presented on the stage itself; the vessel, steaming in at the low level, showing only her masts and funnels, was locked through and out again at high level—all in less than thirty seconds—a record which may well overwhelm Colonel Goethals with despair.

AS I have said, Daisy was mooning around at large when this was tried out for the first time. It caught her eye. It, as it were, hypnotized her, and she stood at gaze until somebody in authority wanted to know what in blazes she was doing there and ordered her out of the way.

She was always doing things like that. In nicknaming her—half in affection and half in contempt, which is the regular formula for producing nicknames—"Moony," her associates had characterized her pretty well. "Nosey" wouldn't have done at all, although she was always asking questions, because they weren't inquisitive questions. The swift-running current of dressing-room scandal was never troubled by her oar.

Daisy's questions generally began with "Why," like those with which a small boy poses his father, and they were generally received with shrieks of derision.

This never troubled Daisy, who, as a rule, stood by her guns until somebody had been found who, between amusement and exasperation, would give her an

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answer that satisfied her. It had occurred to her to wonder, for instance, why a spot light "stayed little"; why the pencil of light shot from the back of the topmost gallery consented not to spread out. Somebody told her this was because it had to go through a hole; whereupon Daisy punched a hole in a shoe box and demonstrated, with a single incandescent light, that it didn't work that way. She kept the question alive for two weeks, until it was finally laid to rest by the chief electrician, who drew for her a diagram of a hyperbolic paraboloid reflector and expounded the matter to her.

When anything big happened in the world, like the sinking of the *Titanic*, for instance, Daisy was unbearable for a month.

This capacity of hers for wonder—an excellent, almost an essential, thing in a poet—is not precisely one of the qualities demanded of a chorus girl, and the absence of mind, and the trick of losing herself to all mundane considerations which went with it, would have lost her her job a hundred times had it not been for the fact that she had an infallible sense of rhythm, that she could sing in tune, and that she had a shape which was simply a producer's dream. These assets made her one of the Old Guard—that small battalion of chorus girls who, though shows may come and shows may go, are never out of a job and never leave New York; whose world is bounded by One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street on the north and Herald Square on the south.

BUT, though she was never out of a job, she gave up more of her weekly salary in fines, I suspect, than any other member of the battalion, and was bawled at oftener by irate stage managers. Her absent-mindedness was one of the reasons. The other was—can I find a polite way of putting it?—that she was not brought to the theatre in a motor car.

There was, of course, a certain fatuity in fining a girl a dollar when she had a thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her fingers at the moment. And, besides that, she might get sore and make things really unpleasant if you did. You had to keep up the appearance of discipline somehow, so it was natural to make a girl like Daisy the goat.

Why she had neglected to supply herself with the perquisites of her position is perhaps a little hard to explain. She wasn't conscious of any great moral superiority to her more luxurious sisters. All she had to offer was the statement that she couldn't be bothered. The fact remained, anyhow, that she went on living pretty exclusively on her thirty a week, and that it was by her own election that she did so.

Well, there you have all you need to know about Daisy to account for her rapturous absorption in the contemplation of the new back cloth which they unrolled at rehearsal for the first time that day, and of the practicable lock which the carpenters were building upstage; also, for the extreme discourtesy of the stage manager's request to know what she was doing out there in everybody's way, and his order that she move on.

She didn't get sore and say anything fresh; withdrew meekly enough, but simply to another point of vantage, where she could go on gazing at this new wonder. She was fined and otherwise remonstrated with on numerous occasions during the next two or three days—and all of that before she ever asked a question. But when she began—when the flood broke loose—you simply had to stand from under.

The other chorus girls drowned her out in derisive shrieks as soon as they heard the word "why," and her friend, the chief electrician, who began incautiously by admitting that he knew all about it, soon was fleeing her as if she had the bubonic plague. Then somebody, trying to be funny, picked up a steamship folder somewhere that advertised a special cruise to Panama—devoting a page or two to the wonders of the canal—and presented this derisively to Daisy.

SHE ignored the derision and took it in good faith, and other literature of the same sort followed. The effect of all this had not been foreseen. It simply provided her with new and more unanswerable questions. When she was heard asking what a suction dredge was, and how a steam shovel worked, people realized that the joke went a good deal deeper than they had thought.

One of the simplest forms of humor in the world (there is only one simpler, and that consists in laughing at people who are getting hurt, tortured, hanged, and so on) expresses itself in laughing at people who, bodily or mentally, are different—the dwarf, the witol, the lunatic. If you want a sample consider the court fools who used to amuse the barbarous kings and barons of the Middle Ages. Well, my notion of Daisy's associates in the chorus of the "Revue Folle" is that if you could set them back a thousand years into the court of one of those barbarous barons, most of them, after a momentary gasp of astonishment, would find themselves quite at home.

Anyhow, with a nudge here and a grimace there, the suggestion was passed around that Daisy was—well, of course, not a lunatic, nor even what is meant by a nut, but—an alien—that's the word I want.

Anybody who has lived or spent much of his time in a small, compact society—a college fraternity or a business office will do for an example—will remember that while nobody was immune to jokes, there developed, in course of time, the tradition of making some one person the special target for them—the butt. You all felt that that one person was more different from all the rest of you than any of the rest of you were from each other. Tacitly, there was a ring drawn around him, which he inhabited all by himself.



She came out in the first act with apparently nothing on but a hat, a feather boa, and a large muff. A second glance corrected this impression

Probably you never gave any serious thought to the matter unless you happened to be the person within the ring. In that case, if you were a reflective soul, you indulged in the consolations of philosophy and told yourself that you had been paid a compliment. If you were not, you just felt lonesome and unhappy and wondered why.

However, living with a ring drawn around you is a wonderful cultivator of reflections.

WHAT Daisy Reddesdale did was not to stop asking questions, but to begin asking them of herself instead of other people. And mostly they began, as before, with "Why?" Don't think she made a tragedy of it. She was no sensitive plant shriveling at an unfriendly touch. And the fact that her vocabulary of introspective terms was strictly limited saved her from going very far. The upshot of her reflections came to about this: that she and her companions in the chorus, and the principals and the audiences out in front, were a bunch of shines. Not very real and not very important. There were real people in the world—people who did things that mattered. But her world didn't touch theirs at all.

Certainly the front of the house was no better than the back. They wanted—out there—precisely the sort of thing that she and her colleagues on the stage were giving them. One was a perfect complement to the other. Those people in the first four or five rows, whose faces she could distinguish—people who had paid five dollars a pair for their seats in order to be close enough to be sure of seeing everything there was to see—were acting really, just as much as anybody in the show. Each of them was almost painfully anxious to convince his neighbors that he was wise all right—nothing was getting by him. But she and her companions had nothing to feel superior about. They were trying their best, all of them, to give those imitation rounders what they wanted.

Occasionally, of course, her eye picked an exception—somebody out in those five front rows who looked as if he didn't belong. And the most striking of these exceptions was the deeply tanned young man about thirty, who one night sat on the aisle. She saw him in a minute, and it wasn't very long before she was aware that he had seen her. What the devil had he come here for? she wondered.

Well, at the end of the first act she got his note. And she gave a harsh little laugh and shrugged her bare shoulders and asked herself: "After all, why not?" What was the use of being lonesome and asking questions and letting them draw a ring around you?

Have I accounted for that half-defiant, half-contemptuous nod she slanted down at him when she first came on the stage in the second act? I don't know. She never explained it to me. I have just pieced it together from scraps too fragmentary to be called confidences. But I imagine it was something pretty much like that. Anyhow, I know that she did nod to him, and that from that point things went on just as I have told you.

When he told her that he was just up from the Zone, what she blurted out, with a sudden stare of incredulity and a setting down of her own glass, was: "My G.wd! What are you doing here?"

BUT she didn't give him the time he needed in his astonishment to answer the question. She flushed, bit her underlip, and, catching up her glass again, nodded at him across the rim.

"Here's luck!" she said.

There was a bit of silence. He hadn't found his conversational feet yet.

"Been working down there on the canal?" she asked. The question came out with something of a rush, as if she had not meant to ask it and then had done it anyway.

He released a rather explosive sigh. "Four years," he said. "And I struck New York this afternoon."

"Kind of funny," she said, "that you should come to our show and see it again first thing."

"See it?" he echoed rather blankly.

"Sure," she said. "The canal and the lock with the battleships going through."

"Oh, yes—yes. Sure," he said vaguely.

Because, the gospel truth was, he hadn't seen it at all. His seat was over on the right aisle, and he had been looking at Daisy in her flesh-colored tights and her tunic of American flags that came up only over one shoulder.

She looked very different now, across the table from him, in her little round hat with its high interrogation-point feather and her simple little V-necked blouse. It took a certain effort of mind to realize that she was the same girl. It wasn't so much her clothes, either, as the way she was looking at him.

"I wish you'd tell me something," said Daisy. "Why—" She hesitated and glanced around. None of the company was within earshot. "Why do they have locks and gates in the canal? Why don't they have it all open, so a boat can go straight through?"

The question made her seem more different a girl than ever. He didn't answer it at once—stared across at her a little blankly, and once more set down his glass—blankly and, though the feeling didn't show in his face, almost resentfully.

He didn't want to talk about the canal. At least he would have told you with a good deal of confidence that he didn't.

He had lived four years in a lattice workhouse with a galvanized-iron roof with six or eight other bachelor engineers and got his meals in the "gold" side of a commission hotel. He had spent his days in the big resonant repair shop up on the brink of the Culebra Cut. Strenuous, fierce, exhausting days they had been, because when a thing breaks down it's wanted again in a hurry, and as it always breaks in unexpected ways you can't be sure of having the right material at hand for repairing it. The tension of the big job—the tension that never slacked—drew up unexpected expedients out of your mind, made you a better man than you had any right to be, got more—oh, ever so much more—than your regular horsepower out of you.

IT WASN'T a thing you romanticized about. You hadn't any spare energy for that, and, besides, it was against the traditions of the place. Nobody wore an oriflamme or carried a motto on his shield. You grunted and swore, knocked the incompetents, wriggled your shoulder into as comfortable a position under the load as you could find, and pushed. That was the day's work.

When it was over, you sat around in the veranda with your six or eight messmates and talked about the job. Or else you went over to the Y. M. C. A. and played pool on the crooked table—and talked about the job. And then you went to bed—and dreamed about the job. On Sunday, perhaps, a married friend asked you to dinner down the line somewhere, or

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there'd be a ball game, or a concert by the Commission band. But you found it a little irritating to have nothing to do, and when you talked about the job, your comments had more acid and pepper in them than on week days. Because, of course, whether at your friend's table, or at the ball game, or in the veranda at the Tivoli listening to the band, the job was still what you talked about.

So you can imagine that it wasn't to talk about the job that this young man about thirty, who sat in an aisle seat at "La Revue Folle," had flagged Daisy Reddesdale and asked her out to supper.

He had reached New York, as he had told her that very afternoon, at the end of six days of passionate hurry—he had to hurry, you see, even in a deck chair—six days of consulting the chart and the log and counting the revolutions of the screw in an eagerness to get back to what he had for four years been calling God's country. Then New York—New York that didn't know him (he lived out in Ohio) nor care a curse about him; New York that, after all his eagerness, terrified him with its strangeness, its newness, its complete absorption in its own affairs. There wasn't a friendly, casual word to be had out of anybody. He had tried to get into conversation with a man on the roof of a Fifth Avenue stage, and the man had changed his seat as if he had suspected him of being a pickpocket.

Writing that note and sending those orchids around to Daisy had been rather a last resort. He had never done anything just like that before, and when it was done he was seized with a feeling not far from panic. He almost didn't go back to his seat in the front row at all. The slanting nod of assent she gave him was the first communication he had had from anybody, because you can't count the fixed smile of the hotel clerk, nor the "Thank you, sir," of the bell boy whom you have just given a dime.

A MOCKING devil in his ear suggested that Daisy's greeting was of the same order, but he managed at first not to pay much attention to it. It kept on making itself heard, though, in the taxi, and began again in the restaurant while they were waiting for the champagne. After they'd drunk enough of that perhaps he'd be able to forget it altogether. Perhaps even she would, too.

Well, the champagne had come and they had had one look at each other across the rims of their glasses, and then—right then—just when things were starting, she had asked him—what a lock was for!

I don't wonder he looked blank. A very little would have made all the difference. If the girl's voice had rung a little flat, if the interest and concern in her face had looked a little meretricious, why then he would have laughed and said: "'What are locks for?' Why, to make little girls ask questions." And he would have reached out to change glasses with her.

But as he looked at her—blankly, as I said, and at first a little resentfully, for queering the game just as it was getting started—he realized all at once that the eager question in the girl's voice and eyes was not something that he had paid for. Her interest in locks and gates was not any part of any contract implied.

Somewhat to his own surprise, he smiled at her—a smile of rather a different quality from that with which he had greeted her at the stage door, too.

"Why," he said, "the locks are just a flight of stairs that the ships go up on. Three steps up on one side and three steps down on the other. They go up thirty feet at a step—higher than the ceiling up there. Big ships—liners—battleships."

"What do they have to go up the stairs for?" demanded Daisy, and he told her that, and she said "Gee!" and her eyes fairly shone as she looked across at him. There was no champagne about it either. After that first sip she hadn't touched her glass.

His own eyes kindled, too, as the potent lure of her eagerness drew him on. A stronger lure it must have been than the insolent loveliness of the girl in the feather boa and the large muff, because it made him forget all about her. About, I mean, the girl to whom he had written the note.

HE TOLD her why they had to build the great dam clean across the lower end of the valley, and how they had wondered whether the soft, treacherous land would hold; of the frantic rages of the Chagres River, and how they had tamed and harnessed it; of the deadly fever that had conquered the French, and how, under Gorgas, they had learned to smile at it. Finally he told her of the work of biting out the backbone of a hemisphere—the cut through the Continental Divide at Culebra; and of the cold, slimy malice of the monster Cucaracha, whose first veiled threat had brought despair to the engineers under De Lesseps; how, after lying apparently asleep for weeks, it would come crawling down into the canal overnight and bury a train of cars and a battery of steam shovels. How Gaillard had fought the thing week by week, month by month, year by year, with the only weapon there was—an indomitable patience that never yielded to panic. And how, finally, he had died, as truly in battle as if he had fallen leading a forlorn hope under the colors.

He told her how, when they had had to withdraw the steam shovels to let water in, the monster had come sprawling down in his insolence clear across the cut, and how, with a swarm of dredges like angry bees, they had attacked it all over again—eaten a channel through what, for its inertness, dynamite could not touch. How they were going on—how they would go on—biting away at it until the last ton of slimy clay that could slide had slipped to its position of final repose.

IT WAS a queer place to be telling that story, there in the regular restaurant, with its regular habitués all around applauding the regular music, laughing at the regular sort of jokes. And she was a queer little Desdemona to tell that sort of a tale of conquest to, leaning forward there with her elbows on the table and the regular champagne going flat in its glass beside her hand.

But Desdemona herself never listened to the Moor's stories with a wilder wonder in her eyes, though I'll admit a doubt as to whether Desdemona, when the tale was told, said "Gee, that's great!" and gave her head a hard little shake in an unsuccessful attempt to recover the present again, as Daisy Reddesdale did.

He was lighting a cigarette with the same end in view, and there was silence for part of a minute. Finally:

"What did you do?" asked Daisy. "Did you run one of those dredges?"

HE SHOOK his head. "Repaired them when they broke down," he said, and then he flushed a little as it occurred to him, somewhat unaccountably, that he hadn't yet told her his name. It hadn't been signed to the note that went with the orchids. It seemed almost as if they couldn't both be real—the man who had written that note to the girl who had acknowledged its receipt across the footlights with that slanting, half-contemptuous nod, and the man who now fumbled for his pocketbook and drew out one of his cards and handed it across to her.

"That was what they called my job down there," he said a little awkwardly.

She looked at him very straight and rather intently before she read what was on the card, and when she did the color had flushed up into her cheeks, too. But something in what he said caught, a little tardily, her attention.

"'Was?'" she questioned. "Do you mean you've quit?"

"I don't know," he said. "I've earned a three months' leave. I swore when I left Colon that if I could get any decent sort of a job up here I wouldn't go back."

The girl gave an incredulous little laugh. "That's funny," she said. "If I'd 'a' had a job like that, you couldn't have pried me loose. It's none of my business," she went on apologetically and rather embarrassed, for he was looking at her intently with a frown between his brows, "but I should think you'd want to stay right there until you'd put that hunk of mud on the everlasting blink. Somebody'll stay there, I suppose, till it's done, but—well, it won't be you." She looked away from him and laughed rather nervously. "That's a real job," she concluded. "Gee!"

THEY flickered the lights just then as a hint that it was one o'clock; and the waiter was demonstratively waiting to be asked for the check. But the abstraction into which her last comment had thrown him was too deep to be broken, even by paying it. He would, indeed, have handed over his watch to a regular highwayman without paying him the compliment of full attention.

"It's easier to see that," he said at last, "when you get away from it than when you're right down there in the ditch. Down there you know the grind that begins every day at half-past six, and you know the heat and the wind that comes roaring down the cut all the time and never stops. And you know that you're trying to deliver a little more than a man really can. You feel a long way off—feel that life—a regular white man's life—is going on without you; that nobody knows what you're doing and nobody cares. And at night you get frightened—lonesome."

The word rang a bell somehow. He didn't know why. He'd forgotten that he had used it in the note that went with the orchids, but it waked him up with a jerk—brought him back to the restaurant where the others were making up for their diminishing numbers by an increased hilarity—brought him back to the champagne bottle in its bucket of half-melted ice, and to what had long ceased to sparkle in their glasses.

He thrust back his chair a little abruptly.

The girl had sat back a little, too, but there was no relaxation about her attitude. Every line of her was drawn taut, and her hands were gripping the sides of her chair.

"I mustn't keep you up any longer," he said. "You've got a job, too. And you aren't on leave. I'll get a taxi and send you home."

Still he didn't move to rise and neither did she. But she leaned suddenly forward with wide eyes and parted lips. He was looking at his hands, which showed so brown against the white table edge they were gripping.

"And to-morrow," he said; "to-morrow, if I may, I'll try to say thank you for—for having held out a hand to a fellow that needed it."

"Oh!" said Daisy.

IT'S a funny world, to be sure, and the morals of things are obscure and hard to find. You would hardly have picked her out at first glance for a good Samaritan as she came out on the stage in her feather boa and her large muff. Nor, for that matter, the man in the first row, writing his note and sending his orchids. Yet that is what each of them turned out—so far as the other was concerned—to be. And without in the least meaning to. There must have been a spiritual prophylactic somewhere in the situation.

They didn't waste much time on the puzzle—had something better to think about, I suppose. But ever since I heard the story I've been wondering.

It seems absurd to give the credit to the scene painter. And yet—where else?

The question made her seem more different a girl than ever. He didn't answer it at once — stared across at her a little blankly, and once more set down his glass



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Baseball and the Briton

By Henry Beach Needham

***KNOWING** that the Giants and White Sox were to conclude their world tour in London by displaying America's national pastime before the English sporting colony, Collier's sent Henry Beach Needham to find just what impression baseball would make upon the British mind. The American players and their game had been received with vast delight in China, Japan, and other parts of the world. Baseball over this wide realm had been acclaimed as a wonderful sport, but England, with her greater and deeper sporting tradition, and her greater and deeper exclusiveness, was more of a guess. And England was waiting grimly for the test—to "be shown" that baseball was a greater game than cricket. The Americans furnished London a wonderful game. They came—they were seen—and Mr. Needham tells who conquered.*



"Bleacher talk" put this smile on King George's face. "That's right, kill him," yelled an American fan as a batter ducked a wild pitch—and the smile came

WE GAVE the English too fast, too exciting a game! They simply couldn't make out what baseball was all about. Bewildered, puzzled as to what to criticize and how to frame their criticism, yet obliged in self-defense to condemn, they could only repeat as if by rote: "It isn't cricket." No, it isn't. By this time every fan in America is familiar, through the press reports, with the game of baseball played before the King and 27,000 people. From any angle it was a great game, and if one considers it from an inside standpoint the contest—it was not an "exhibition"—was nothing short of marvelous. The teams had been on shipboard from Alexandria to Naples, and had been nineteen days ashore—a week in Paris!—with but one afternoon's practice at Nice. The ground was soft and the ball slippery. Yet these handicaps (scarcely mentioned by the British "critics") had practically no effect on the play. Except for the failure to field a couple of bunts—due to the treacherous turf—which did not affect the result in any way, the game was perfectly played. Indeed every man was keyed up to championship form by the presence of loyal Americans, by the big crowd, and by the interestedness of the King of England.

The King's a Fan—He "Doubted" the Umpire

HIS Majesty sat directly back of the home plate, and when a man scored or a batsman returned to the bench or the men raced in from the field, they could study his face and, seeing plainly that he was absorbed in the play, find that inspiration for superior effort which the home fan ordinarily supplied.

The King came well prepared. In general he understood the game. But he wasn't content with his rudimentary knowledge. "Why did they do so?" or "What's the meaning of that?" were questions he fired at Irwin Laughlin, First Secretary of the American Embassy, who acted as Keeper of the Royal Score Card. This interest was constantly reflected in the King's face, and his approval he showed unmistakably. Also, the humor of the "bleacher talk" did not escape him. When "Buck" Weaver dropped to the ground to avoid a wild pitch, and an American yelled: "That's right—kill him!" the King laughed heartily. Later when Weaver got his base on balls, the King remarked: "Well, he deserved something."

But, most pleasing of all, his Majesty took exception to a ruling of the umpire! A slow, tantalizing ball toward the second baseman was stopped by the pitcher, who slipped on the green turf and got the ball to first well, a little late, "Gus" Axleson of the Chicago "Record-Herald" and I agreed. The King concurred.

"I should doubt that!" he exclaimed to Mr. Laughlin. Thus was the judgment of Bill Klem questioned by George the Fifth.

Notwithstanding the fact that the game in London was on foreign soil, the players suffered not at all from the absence of the fan. True, there were American fans present—the whole American colony of 'em!—and they reeled off the fan's vocabulary from "Play ball!" to "Kill him!" But it is no bit of idle compliment to say that it was the King who nerved the Yankee ball tossers to play better than "condition" and the state of the diamond warranted. In so far as the players themselves were concerned, the King acceptably filled the place of the American fan.

Henceforth, in listing the virtues of his Majesty George V., let his Boswell conclude: "—a true sportsman and a real fan."

An Eleventh-Inning Finish—and They "Didn't Get It!"

BUT the missing fan had the effect of checking the enthusiasm which the exciting contest naturally generated. We Americans found ourselves internally moved to jump up and yell, but externally constrained from such undignified behavior. England saw a game of baseball that would have set the Polo Grounds or Comiskey Park crazy—and England retained its sanity to the last half of the eleventh. Think of the climax!—or let me tell it again in an incident which emphasizes the sudden turn in the tide of victory.

Every American in London, including the players' consorts, demanded a souvenir of the game—a baseball that was actually in play. Three dozen baseballs, no more, remained of the reserve stock. These were put in play in rapid succession, for one reason because the soggy grounds soon made a ball heavy, but more particularly to supply the demand for souvenirs. In the last half of the tenth inning, with the Giants two runs ahead, a White Sox on second, and one man out, Tris Speaker came to bat determined to pull the game out of the fire. All White Sox rooters expected him to do it. Unlike the renowned Casey, Speaker did not dent the London fog thrice and sit down; but he failed to hit safely. Two out!

At this point "Bud" Callahan, son of James J., but more particularly mascot of the White Sox, could not keep back his tears. "Bud" is a fine mascot, therefore a poor loser. As his father remarked: "With nine players like Bud you'd never lose a game." Naturally, Callahan, junior, takes some of his fighting qualities from his dad, who holds the reins over the White Sox, but on this occasion the father of Bud, his hand still tingling from the hearty grip of his Majesty, therefore unwontedly sane, was ready to quit. Yes—Jimmie Callahan was ready to chalk up that game, on which hung the baseball championship of All England, to the Giants' credit. Let the Irish in the vicinage of White Sox Park blush for him!

Tactful is James J. Callahan—he made a speech in London second to none, and he was thinking of the souvenirs he had promised to members of the American colony. So with two out and the Giants two ahead, he grabbed the reserve balls, every one, and passed them out to the relic hunters. Then came the unexpected—that turn of events which makes baseball so unlike cricket. Big Sam Crawford lofted the horsehide into the bleachers of left center, scoring Weaver ahead of him! Think, for one moment, of the effect that would have been electrically produced at any ball park in America. Then turn to this picture: Buck Weaver waving his cap as he crossed the plate, White Sox jumping around in delight, Americans indulging in denatured cheering, the King applauding in kingly fashion—and the English as stolid as the reactionary delegates in the act of renominating Taft! It was the humiliation of a great moment.

The British Enjoyed the Game Anyway

NOW, I don't mean to say that the Englishman didn't show a semblance of real feeling. He did. Although completely encompassed by British avoirdupois, I felt the general tensity of the situation when Speaker and Crawford faced the Giants' pitcher in the tenth. If we eliminate from our conclusions the legion of experts and the vast army of cricketers, each with a slab of oak on his shoulder (which I admit considerably reduces the attendance) the "re-sid-u-um" consisted of good-natured Britons looking for amusement and surely finding it. They didn't know the game and made no bones about it; they asked questions freely, regardless of the incidental display of ignorance. They laughed merrily at the effort of the pitcher to catch the runner napping at first, and at the latter's slide back to the bag. Moreover, they grasped the meaning of a double play, observing: "They got two that time, didn't they?"

As for the center-field "bleachers," Mike Donlin's opinion is truly expert. Mike, you know, was the idol of the bleachers at the Polo Grounds—before the theatrical bug got him. He caught on in less than three innings with the half-shilling bleacherites, and they cheered him every time he returned to the field.

"What were they like, Mike?" I asked him.

"Just like at the Polo Grounds—no different. Except," he qualified, "they lacked the wit of the home bunch. But they don't know the game—nor the lan-

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guage," he added in excuse of his center-field English admirers.

Right here, before we pass to the lofty experts and the cricket cranks, is the place to observe that if it were not for tradition, precedent, and a haughty egotism which would have brought the blush to Cæsar or Napoleon, baseball would have an even fighting chance in England. As it is, it's an uphill fight, with the promoters of baseball heavily handicapped in one important particular. The game, certainly the game played by major-league players, is too fast for the English mind. To take the sting off this—remember that mental caliber and quick thinking are not necessarily synonymous. Dr. Johnson may have been a fair cricketer—I don't recall—but he never would have "made" a fast ball team, simply because he couldn't think quickly enough.

Before the game at the Chelsea football grounds, I might have ventured to opine that experts were pretty much alike the world over. No—not sporting experts of Old England! For the British (using the inclusive form) journalist I have the highest regard. As news gatherers, writers, and above all, highly intelligent, thoroughly cultured men, Fred Grundy, London representative of the New York "Sun," and Hamilton Fife, the globe-dashing correspondent of the London "Daily Mail," have no superiors. Few do I know at home who are their peers. But following an afternoon spent in close communion with the experts and reporters assigned to the "match" by the London dailies, I must confess that Grundy and Fife are probably rare exceptions.

One excellent quality possessed by the American newspaper man is resourcefulness. Assign him to a cricket match or to a game of knur and spell, and although ignorant of the dominating *idea* when he sits down to follow the sport, you may be sure he will know—or give the impression of knowing—all about it in his story of the game. On the contrary, the London sporting writer, an expert in one line (baseball suffered from cricket experts!), seemed rather proud of his ignorance of the primary rules of baseball when he sat down at the Chelsea grounds. If confronted with his ignorance, no doubt he would have replied: "Of course I know nothing about baseball—why should I?"

Seeing Darkly—through a Cricket Wicket

THERE is no malice in what I am saying—merely the distressed cry of a patient soul. I was so unfortunate as to be consigned to the division allotted to the press. Except for Joe Farrell of the Chicago "Tribune," whose attention was given to writing a report in the manner of Charlie Dryden for the "Mail," I was completely surrounded by "pressmen" who saw everything through a cricket wicket—worse than through a glass darkly. I was kept busy explaining. What happened I would relate to an American fan in this way: "Remember, Davie, when you took your aunt and I took my cousin to that World's Series game 'tween the White Sox and the Cubs? Remember how carefully we explained—"

"Yes, and what fool questions they asked afterward!" he breaks in.

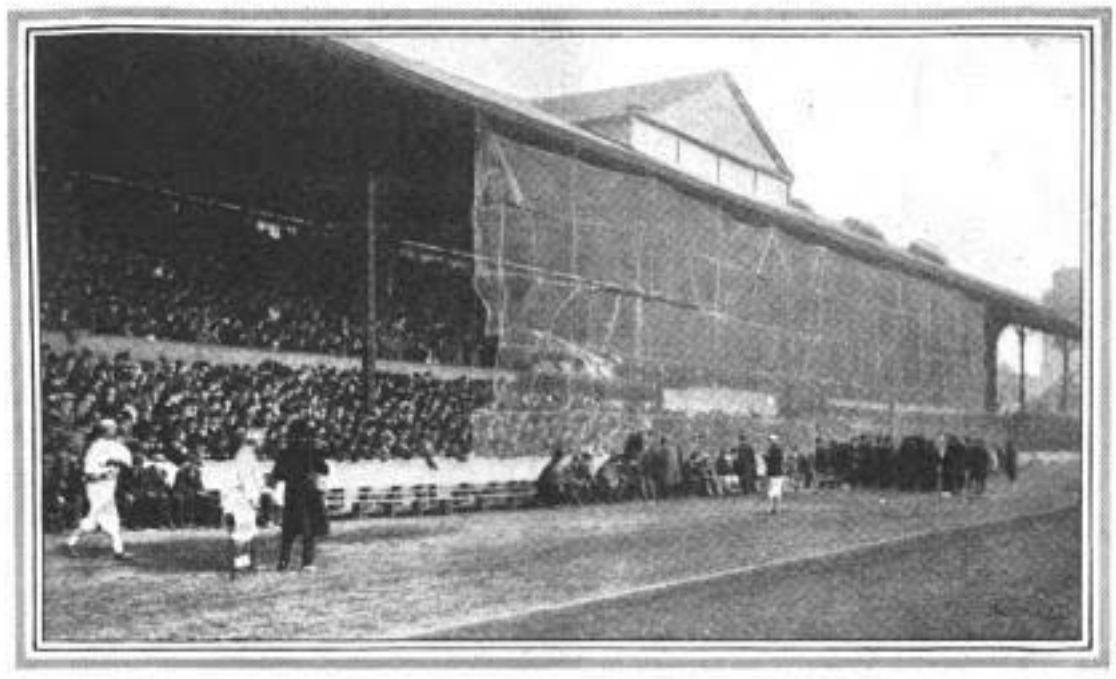
Well, I'd far rather take any American girl or woman to a ball game than sit at the side of the most renowned English sporting expert! Which, you'll admit is enough said. But let me illustrate.

Before the King arrived and the game began the experts critically examined a baseball. It was taken fresh from its tin-foil wrapper, and the red and blue stitching on the snowy white cover stood out prominently. One expert immediately discovered the "secret of the curve." He told me so plainly, and nothing I could say was sufficient to dissuade him from exposing the "secret." In his paper appeared next morning this astonishing exposure: "The ball, by the way, is about the same size as an English cricket ball, but it is white, and *seamed quite differently*. It is evidently from this fact that the players derive their extraordinary powers to swerve and curve."

This might lead an English punster to rise up and remark: "Pitching is not what it seems."

Original Observations by New Experts

STILL more remarkable was the "observation" made in print by another expert who handled that new ball. To appreciate the full humor of his deep reasoning, let the fan remember that the turf was soft, hence soon dug up by the players' spikes, and in a few minutes of play the white ball resembled the pigskin on a muddy gridiron. Yet *after* the game this expert attributed the scientific batting to the "white ball—therefore much easier to see."



The screen behind the plate made a vivid impression on the British mind, but its utility was not questioned after a few hot foul tips had smashed against it. The royal box, provided with gilt chairs and banked with flowers, was behind the protection

Like all experts the English differed as to the merits of the batting or hitting. Few thought it at all clever. "There can be little artistry in playing the ball," said one, referring to the batting. "It is a swipe with the full arm; and a neat turn of the wrist which will dispatch a cricket ball to the boundary by a crisp late cut, or the leg glide, or even the full leg hit, or cow shot, finds no place in the game."

The scientific bunt was lost on this expert.

Except for failure to field a couple of bunts, attributable to the slippery ground, the fielding was clean and fast, worthy of the Athletics' "hundred-thousand-dollar infield" in the World's Series. This is not a boast but a plain statement of fact. Therefore it illuminates two other "observations" made by English visitors. The first did not question the cleverness and surety of the fielding, but explained it thus:

"The assistance of the big catching glove [fielder's glove] was held by critics at the game to make the retention of the ball, once it encountered this artificial aid, *little short of assured*."

Could Percy "Act Catcher" to Walter Johnson?

WHICH of course explains the beautiful stops made by Lobert, Egan, Wenner, Doolan, Shaefer, and Doyle. But the best is yet to come. Because Speaker failed to hold the ball after a long run—it would have been a sensational catch had he made it—and because of the two excusable plays on bunts already mentioned, another expert declared that the ball was "frequently fumbled." But with gracious charity the expert provided this "alibi" for the Americans:

"It appeared that the players were pretty well padded, and perhaps that prevented them from stooping well to a low ball."

'Pon my word, that's a literal quotation!

The "Observer" on a religious weekly in the Fiji Islands couldn't have done better.

The "armour" worn by the catcher annoyed the experts from beginning to end of the contest. I tried to explain the necessity of it by emphasizing the speed of the pitching. No impression! Then I ironically said that the only good feature of cricket grafted on baseball, and that a very recent departure, was the wearing of shin guards by the catcher. This was received in silence. Next day in his column I got my answer from the pen of one of the authorities, Moss by name:

"An English wicket keeper would not have a chest guard, a wire guard for his face, and a left glove that practically prevents injury to one hand. I fancy Gregor McGregor or Percy Sherwell would act catcher with cricket implements."

Will Gregor kindly "act catcher" for Christy Mathewson and Percy "act catcher" for Walter Johnson—and then will the sporting writers of England please omit flowers of rhetoric?

The truth is these experts had no idea of the speed or science of the pitching. I know you won't believe this, but Charles A. Comiskey will bear me out when I tell you that a cricket authority, with a camera man in tow, came to the hotel the day before the game and seriously proposed to take snapshots for his paper of the outdrop, the jump ball, the fade-away, and the spitball. When Mr. Comiskey, hiding his smile as cleverly as a catcher conceals his signals, advised the enterprising sporting writer that this would not be an easy undertaking, it was with great difficulty that the enterprise was halted. Evidently the expert had in mind that a curved ball began to describe an are from the moment it left the pitcher's hand—something that could be photographed as readily as a balloon drifting idly down to earth. I confess I am not an expert on "bowling," but if it is anything like an English expert's idea of pitching, it's a wonder to me that a clever batsman ever retires save from fatigue or ennui.

Baseball and the Tea Interval Collide

REALLY, I don't mean to be hard on the English scribes. But after you have explained the game for fully twenty minutes, with the help of remarkable pencilled diagrams, it is rather discouraging, at the end of three innings of play, to hear the English reporter say to you:

"Why—nine men are playing against one?"

The one? Why—the man at bat.

You must not forget when you read this, that throughout the period of explanation on my part and of occult observation on the English expert's part, I was intensely interested in a thrilling game of ball. It's a fact that one may see one hundred major-league games at home without witnessing so acutely exciting a contest. Imagine therefore, if you can, my awful predicament. Lobert had just hit the ball into the bleachers, scoring a run ahead of him and tying the game. You will admit it was a feverish moment. Notwithstanding it was the precise moment chosen by the man on my left, an expert to declare in my hearing:

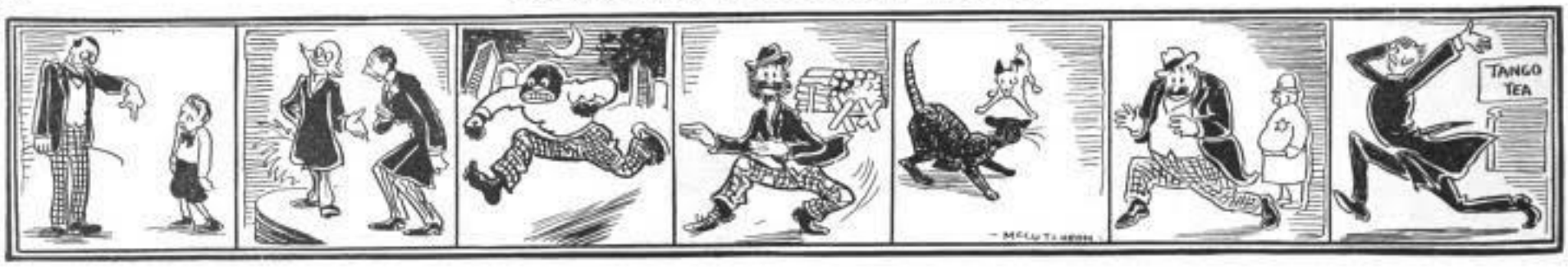
"I think there will be an interval now."

An interval? My mind was on baseball and it was with difficulty that I (Continued on page 26)

"Nothing but glorified rounders," was the verdict of the English experts upon the claims of baseball as a sport. The photograph below is that of a game of rounders. Do you find any relationship?



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Joy-Riding With Progress

"Spring Is Here"

(From the Almanac and Other Fiction)

And now comes Spring with such sweet eagerness
As fills the son who creeps, with shufflings sad,
To the stern father with the truculent pad;
As thrill the feet, snarled in a hopeless mess,
Of the pale senior rising to address
The admiring throng with his fast fading speech;
As lures the darky toward the graveyard screech
And brings the tramp, the hacksaw to caress.
As eagerly comes Spring in flowered dress
As comes the Maltese at the terrier's call;
As runs the uncaught grafter to confess;
As leaps the preacher for the tango hall.
Ah, may foul fortune dog me with such vim
As Spring displays in chasing winter grim.

Then Tammany Will Learn Manners

WHEN lovely woman gets into politics the first thing she does is to teach it manners. A Chicago girl served as election judge during the recent registration, and one of her fellow judges, not realizing the change which had crept over affairs, unleashed a little of the language which is so popular when a few strong-armed men get together to settle election details. For this he was promptly and explosively fired by the election board. We should like to see New York State adopt sexless suffrage, if only for the pleasure of watching Tammany drape its tail neatly over its paw and try to learn to purr.

There Wasn't Room

AFTER reading the list of superlatives claimed by American cities and towns, and published recently in this column, a reader of COLLIER'S who lives in Ashtabula, Ohio, rises up in indignation to inquire why there was no mention of the fact that Ashtabula is the greatest ore-receiving point in the world!

The sole reason for this omission was lack of space—which lack also crowded out Rock Island, the home of the largest fraternal order in the world; Johnsonville, Tenn., the Ashtabula of the peanut-shipping trade; Elgin, Ill., the international watch-making metropolis; Belle Plaine, Iowa, which once had an artesian well which was worse than the Dayton flood; and Greencastle, Ind., whose output of Methodist bishops through Depauw University has been unrivaled and unapproached. The list is as long as the post-office directory, but we hate to omit any worthy claimant and shall gladly give credit upon application.

Who Is Boss?

WHEN the experienced traveler passes a farm he looks over the buildings carefully and from their relative size determines whether the husband or the wife issues the ukases about the place. If the house is small and mean, and the barn is a mammoth, well-painted affair with a cupola and a rooster over it, that farm is bossed by the husband, and the woman probably gets up the dinners for the harvest hands without help. If, on the other hand, the house is large and neat and is fitted up so recklessly with conveniences that it is more comfortable than the barn, the wife in that family has a mind of her own and a method of expressing it to her husband, and of reiterating, dwelling upon and embellishing her desires, which is as likely as not to make him trade a fat pig for a washing machine to secure peace.



This is the old country saying, and, thanks to the automobile, the same method of judging the comparative influence of husband and wife in the home can now be brought into the cities. If the husband owns a rakish runabout and rams it merrily through the country as well as other things while his wife comes downtown on the street car, that home is run by the man, at least until such time as the sheriff may take it over. If, on the other hand, the wife comes downtown in one of those portable parlors known as an electric, driving it haughtily through the traffic cops, while her husband sits wearily by her side and tries to find as much excitement in the performance as he would get from swatting flies, the woman in that house is queen, general manager, judge, jury, and supreme court. There are comparatively few electric cars in this country, and almost none in Europe.





The Very Poor Golfer's Corner

THE APPROACH

NOTHING in golf is so difficult as the approach, unless it may possibly be the putt, the drive, and the bunker shot. Men who have driven 250 yards steadily without failure for months have been known to approach a difficult hole for a half dozen strokes and then to ruin a perfectly good sapling by wrapping a mashie around it.

The approach, for the expert golfer, is a stroke involving great concentration and nerve restraint. Fortunately it is not a serious business for the dub. This is because his approach is more gradual. He has three or four strokes in which to do what the expert must accomplish in one. But for all this some dubs worry about approaching, and thus lose much of the pleasure of the game. This is unfortunate and unnecessary. Quite as bad golf can be played without worry and far more amusement can be obtained.

We will ignore the petty details of holding the club. Nothing is more profitless than to spend the bright afternoons of a perfect summer matching your wits against the natural depravity of a mashie or midiron. The way to approach is to make a game or diversion of it. Forget the bare duty of approaching in a straight line to the hole. Imagine the putting green to be a hostile camp and try to approach as the Indian would—stealthily, unobtrusively, and from the least expected side.

When you have made a warrior's enterprise of the approach you will presently find yourself aiming carefully for the lower side of the hill to the left where you will be hidden by trees from the garrison at the cup; or you will be choosing the bushes at the rear as the most likely point from which to attack. And you will put your whole soul into the task of getting into these vantage points.

Perhaps you will fail. Failure will lead you to the green where you must hole out ignominiously before the whole world. But success gives you many pleasant opportunities. There is nothing more pleasant than to pitch the ball on to the green from thirty yards in the rear, and then reprove haughtily the man behind who has played up under the impression that there is no one in sight.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A. C. B., Chicago—Our course crosses two creeks and a small lake, and I have been playing in wading boots. But the golf committee object. They say it attracts attention and throws the other players off their game. Shall I stick to the boots?

ANSWER—*Counterirritants are efficacious. Try a bathing suit for a week. The waders will be hailed with relief after that.*

C. G. G., Palm Beach—When I am putting, my caddie never lifts the flag until I have putted three times. What if I should hit the rod some day and spoil a good putt?

ANSWER—*Accidents will happen, but it is best to trust your caddie. He wants to save you the mortification of missing the cup and his feet too.*

Reckless, Pittsburgh—My friend and I have an unfinished game because of a dispute. I approached under the clubhouse porch. It is not specifically out of bounds because no one has ever accomplished the feat before and he wants me to play the ball out from where it lies. Which is right?

ANSWER—*You have played the nineteenth hole by mistake. Go back and play the eighteenth.*

Those Were Good Old Days

AS THE weary-eyed seeker after truth plows through the dusty best sellers of the extreme past, he discovers much mislaid and startling information. A little journey through Saxon history recently unearthed the fact that in those early English days mild offenders were punished by being deprived of warm baths. Serious offenders were not allowed to bathe at all, while deep-dyed villains who mocked the saints and shot dice in the king's highway were compelled to take cold baths.

There was a time then, it seems, when the man who took cold baths didn't make the rest of mankind tired and sad by alluding to the fact in countless indirect and ingenious ways. There were some very attractive things about the good old times.



Overlooked

THE claim of railroad executives that this Government has not the financial genius to operate the transportation systems of the country is founded on fact. The Government itself has proved this. It is lamentably dead and decomposed when it comes to recognizing real opportunity.

There is, for instance, the tunnel between the Capitol and the Senate building. It is a Government enterprise. A car runs from building to building, conveying Senators and other

(Concluded on page 33)

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By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Madame's Mexican Mix-Up

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



He uncorked it with a great show of strength (a pleasing pantomime appreciated by none but madame)

MADAME called *him* M. Frou-Frou.

(Loud applause from the faithful, and cries of "Yes, yes! Tell us about that one!")

Merci, mesdames. And merci to you as well, messieurs. Rising, then, to a labor of love, I repeat that madame called him M. Frou-Frou because of his whiskers. And, ah, he was the bold and bullying villain with a complexion like mahogany and a beard which was the complement of Mona Lisa's smile—haunting, captivating, sinister, fascinating, mysterious: anything you like!

Every day for a week, at half past one precisely, he stalked into the Restaurant Dejoie on West Twenty-sixth Street, and seated himself at the table by madame's desk with the air of one who has sovereign rights. And every day from half past one to three, when he wasn't either eating or using the telephone, he was practicing all the wiles of man to break poor madame's heart with the beauty of his foliage. In vain croaked Doctor Faust "Good night! Good-night!" In vain M'sieur Dejoie frowned frightfully from his comptoir opposite madame's desk. Day after day M. Frou-Frou inclined his features toward madame and ogled her from behind his black lace curtains like a conquering son of a Don Juan who gloried in his power; while, as for madame, every time M. Frou-Frou uttered a particularly killing sentiment, she glanced around the dining room and winked at a secretly appreciative audience.

"But, m'sieur," she laughed upon the day in question, "how can I fly with you, when I have two hundred pounds or so to chain me to ze restaurant?"

"What? What?" demanded M. Frou-Frou, appraising her with eyes that were overbold and black. "You weigh two hundred pounds?"

"It is ze weight of M. Dejoie, my husban'!" she replied with a warning tilt to her chin.

"Bah! He!" scoffed M. Frou-Frou, heeding not, caring not. "And who is he? A restaurateur! A caterer! A cook! You compare him with me? Por Dios! Wait!"

HE LOOKED cautiously around from behind his whiskers, as a villain on the stage will sometimes peep around the edge of the portières to see if all is clear upon the scene of crime. Then from his pocket he produced a card, prettily printed in red, black, and gold. In the upper left-hand corner was a coat of arms and underneath it was a Spanish title which required two lines of a very fine script to express itself.

"Madame," said he, "my card!" And he applied himself to his coffee with a noble gesture which was evidently intended to tell upon the mind.

"M'sieur, then, deals in huile d'olive?" asked madame, looking up from the card with her innocent look. "Or in vin d'Oporto, perhaps? Or ze famous Spanish oignon?"

M. Frou-Frou nearly choked in his coffee, and for the second time looked around with his dramatic air of mystery. "Listen!" he whispered, inviting her ear to the cage. "Listen! Sh! A salesman—me? Maledictions, no! Sh! I am a secret agent!"

"Morbleu!" whispered madame.

"H-h-h-h-hem!" coughed he.

She paid him the tribute of a long, lingering look then she bent her ear a little closer, thinking: "At ze lowest, I will pump him dry!"

"I am," he whispered in accents of grandeur, "a secret agent of the Government Mexican! A secret agent on a mission of importance!—of the very first rank!"

"Que diable!" whispered madame.

"H-h-h-h-hem! H-h-h-h-hem!" coughed he.

Again she encouraged him with her eyes and again she bent her ears for more, the French in her vibrating to these whispers of court intrigue and the woman in her alive with curiosity.

"So madame perceives!" he said, fluffing his beard. "In Mexico I am one of the great most high! If the present head of the Government falls indeed, it is even I who may take his place! In that event the woman I love will become one of the grand characters of history—a Cleopatra—a Pompadour—a Du Barry, in fact!"

At this the Staten Island element in madame asserted itself, but still she preserved that innocent look like a baby's.

"But ze ladies which you mention," she murmured, "are zey not dead ones?"

"Dead ones!" protested the other. He leaned forward with such subdued violence that even his beard seemed to stand in awe of him. "If I am made the Emperor of Mexico," he whispered, "you think my wife, the Empress, would be a dead one? Ha! Listen! My mission here is nearly done! To-morrow I sail for Mexico! Come with me!"

"Ze Emperor Frou-Frou is like all Frenchmen and Spaniards," thought madame with a tolerant smile. "If zey do not make ze love, you know zey are ill!" And aloud she said: "But, m'sieur—" And, lowering her voice to a murmur which would have drawn confidences from a brass statue: "You haven' yet told me your secret!"

WHEREUPON M. Frou-Frou smiled shrewdly down his nose and made much of his beard.

"Of course, if m'sieur has no secret to tell—"

Whereupon the future emperor winked one eye.

"Or if he doesn' want to trus' me wiv it—" added madame with a sniff; and staring at his capric trimmings, she secretly cried in her heart: "Na-a-a-a-a!"

Whereupon M. Frou-Frou winked the other eye.

"On' the day you sail with me for Mexico," he slowly answered, with just that touch of condescension which causes frying pans to smite men's heads, "I will tell you my secret! But not till then! But—not—till—then!"

"But, m'sieur," protested madame again, "you forget my husban'!"

"Your husband! Bah! For me he has never existed!"

"Zen," said madame, that warning tilt more than ever in evidence, "you forget my reputation!"

"Your reputation!" stormed the other, unwisely carried away. "Madame sits all day in a public restaurant—"

At this point, fortunately, M. Frou-Frou was called to the telephone. "It is my own fault," though madame. "I might have known zat whiskers like his are not to be trust'. But to say such t'ings to me! Yes, assuredly, Marcel shall bounce zis noble emperor an'—Ma foi! What's zis?"

On the other side of her desk a long spiral of paper had been thrust forward and it was bashfully wagging away at her like a little dog's tail.

"One encourage' ze uzzer," despaired madame. "I am getting to be a regular mush sandwich!" She snatched the paper and, spreading it out on her desk, read the following spirited line:

"I will pull his nose if it give you pleasure."

THIS prospective nose puller was tousle-headed, swarthy, with a young and passionate expression, and every time he moved his head his bangs tossed to and fro.

"M'sieur address' to me zis billet-doux?" asked madame, frowning at him, and to herself she whispered: "Anuzzer Mexican! What is zis which is going to happen?"

"Ah, señorita, forgive me if I offend," he earnestly whispered, "but I saw him from my table. He is a bad, bad 'ombre. I know him from old in Mexico."

"Oh-ho!" said madame, contemplating him with growing interest. "You follow him here, perhaps?"

"I follow him; yes, yes."

"Zen you, too, are a secret agent, perhaps?"

"So he told you *he* was?" asked the young man after a pause.

"Oh, he has tol' me many, many t'ings," she answered, hastily glancing at the back of M. Frou-Frou in the telephone booth. "But what is his secret mission, m'sieur? Do you know so much?"

"DO I know!" The young man made a gesture which shook him to the bangs. "Por Dios!" said he. "He has come to New York to buy rifles and cartridges to shoot down honest patriots who are struggling for their rights!"

"Oh-ho!" said Madame again. "Then you are a hones' patriot?"

"I am here to watch him," nodded the other. "But that clever devil, he is too much for me. They sent me because I speak United States, but—"

"Yet why should you want to watch him?" she asked. "To protec' yo'ng ladies in distress?"

"Ah, no, no, no! But the shipment of arms from the United States was forbidden at Washington. And if I find out where he has them, they could all be seized!"

"An' you t'ink he has zem, all right?" asked madame thoughtfully.

"Oh, I know it! I know it so well! But he has them hidden away and, do my best, I cannot find where. And some bright day he will sneak them on to a waiting steamer, and then—"

"But—ciel!—why don't you follow him an' find out where zey are?"

"I have tried and tried—but, oh, he is a clever devil! He goes down into the subway—you know?—and stands in a car near the door. Then, when the guard is shutting the door, he springs out at the very last moment—springs out laughing in his evil, black beard!—and I am left, a fool most young, lamenting!"

"An' nobody knows where his guns an' bullets are store'?"

"Ah, señorita, that is his grand, grand secret! He has probably changed their address from one place to another half a dozen times to throw everybody off the track. And they are such innocent-looking boxes, who would suspect? The cartridges may be labeled 'Soap.' An' the guns may be marked 'Stovepipes.' Then when he has chartered his boat and is ready to sail, these innocent-looking boxes are taken to the ship, and then—Buenos noches, señorita, I assure you!"

"He sails to-morrow," mused madame.

He looked at her with a growing melancholy that you could have leaned against as though it had been a lamp-post.

"Then I have lost," he mourned in lugubrious tones, "and my poor friends, who relied on me—"

"Wait, wait, m'sieur!" whispered madame hurriedly. "There may yet be a way—who knows? Ha! M'sieur Frou-Frou hang' up ze receiver. Take care!"

Obeying her gesture, the young man quickly seated himself at the table to her right. He had just managed to hide his face behind a newspaper when M. Frou-Frou returned to his chair on her left.

"HOW can I get him to tell me his grand secret?" Such was madame's consuming thought as she alternately attended to her line of customers and bent her ear to the sinister eloquence of M. Frou-Frou. "If I could on'y hypnotize him, waving my hands before zose jet-black fringes an' making him tell me all of ever-ting!"

But here—hélas!—poor madame sighed. "No, no," she murmured. "I cannot hypnotize him—or at leas' I cannot hypnotize him *so!*"

"If I could on'y coax it out of him!" she pondered, "an' save ze lives of zose hones' patriots who are struggling for zeir rights!"

But here again—hélas!—madame at once perceived

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the futility of such an enterprise: a perception sharpened to a razor edge by that great honing stone which is sometimes called the world. "Yes, yes," she sighed. "Even if I did coax it out of him, he would tell me a fairy fiction wiv his tongue stuck in his cheek!"

Another thought presented itself. "Suppose I went wiv him to-morrow—to ze steamer—an' jus' as soon as we reach ze wharf, I summon ze gendarmes to arrest ze ship!"

But the thought retreated before the sensuous stare with which M. Frou-Frou was even then regarding her. "No, no," she sighed. "Not for one single minute could I trus' myself wiv him," and, starting on the proverb, "When one plays with tar—" she suddenly broke off: "Grâce à Dieu, I live in ze States United where ze men are clean!"

SHE disposed of half a dozen customers, chatting gayly for a minute with each, and then she returned with interest renewed to the problem which confronted her and flanked her on both sides.

"A clever devil, yes," she thought, listening to his whispers. "But, oh, how I would like Marcel to bounce him! How I would like Marcel to bounce him on his bean!"

But here once more—hélas!—there was that sorrowfully banged young patriot to be considered, to say nothing of all those other struggling patriots in Mexico as yet unshot and depending on madame to save them. And then the added attraction of conquering with her wits this black-bearded Beelzebub beside her! Ah, yes, that was an item most distinctly worth while! Besides, she owed him that.

But how? But how? "Voilà le hic!" breathed madame. Or, as Shakespeare would have breathed it for her: "Ay, there's the rub!"

She glanced at the clock. It was a quarter to three. In fifteen minutes, if M. Frou-Frou followed his usual procedure, he would depart, this time probably never to return.

He had finished his fromage Roquefort and was giving Louis his customary after-luncheon order for a pint of Riesling. Already he had taken from his case one of those black cigarettes which were madame's aversion. Ah, mesdames, if you ever smell one! Madame turned her head away to escape the first cloud of smoke and stared thoughtfully out of the window. From a truck outside a consignment of wine was being unloaded into the cellar below, and the moment madame's eyes fell upon that truck she gave a tableau vivant of those immortal lines:

"I started once, or seemed to start, in pain
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak
As when a great thought strikes along the brain
And flushes all the cheek."

And simultaneously she had slid from her stool and was hurrying to the pantry, where she met Louis coming out with a small bottle of Riesling.

"LOUIS!" she breathlessly whispered, and she backed him in again.

The prince of waiters took two steps to the rear and regarded her with that magnificent impassivity for which he is famous.

"Yes, madame?"

"That is M. Frou-Frou's bottle?"

"Au vrai, madame."

"Then wait! Get a pint of champagne—of ze best! An' pour it in an empty Riesling bottle! An' serve it to M. Frou-Frou as zo it were Riesling itself! You understand?"

"Perfectly, madame!"

She returned to her desk and almost immediately Louis followed her, bearing the false bottle. He uncorked it with a great show of strength (a pleasing pantomime appreciated by none but madame), and after he had placed the bottle before M. Frou-Frou he discreetly disappeared.

"It is very simple," M. Frou-Frou was whispering as he poured out the wine. "You shall meet me to-morrow afternoon, wherever you wish. I will have a taxicab, and—" He lifted the glass, and, placing it down again empty, he was about to resume his remarks when a subconscious sense of supersatisfaction seemed to strike him, and he rolled up his big, black orbs as an intelligent duck rolls up its eyes at thunder. "Ah!" he breathed with a rapturous sigh, and he looked at the bottle before him. "That is an excellent wine," he said, and he poured out another glassful.

"It is a new brand we are trying," said madame in a faint voice—"a sparkling Riesling. M'sieur likes it?"

"A most excellent wine!" He verified his judgment. "No, never before have I tasted such wine at twenty cents a pint. Where's that waiter? I must have another bottle of this—a quart!"

Madame's French-American sense of economy made her wince a little. "At $3.15 a quart, wholesale, zose hones' patriots t'reaten to struggle expensively," she thought.



Oh, but it was a huge affair, that hogshead, and when the young man stood erect in it, nothing was visible but his face, his joy, and his bangs so tossed with emotion

And aloud she added, almost sternly: "It on'y comes in pints, m'sieur!"

"An excellent wine for the money," he thoughtfully repeated after he had given Louis the order.

MADAME waited, breathless, while M. Frou-Frou sampled the second bottle.

"Have you," he asked in studied carelessness, "much of this wine in stock?"

"About t'ree hundred bottles, I t'ink," replied madame, with a carelessness even more studied than his.

"Ah, yes, three hundred bottles. But, of course, if I take them all, you can make a better price than twenty cents?"

"For an order so much," murmured madame, "I could make m'sieur a price of—yes—fifteen cents a bottle—wiz five dollars extra for bottles and packing, of course."

"Of course. Of course. And when could you have it ready?"

"Oh, in half an hour, m'sieur." She dropped her voice to a serious key. "But first I mus' tell you somet'ing about zis wine," she said. "It is a wine ver' sparkling, an' never—no, never—mus' it be rudely handled. If it is bump' unduly, or knocked around, ze bottles break. We have to be mos' careful!"

"It will have excellent care," nodded M. Frou-Frou. "And shall I pay you for it now, or—"

"Any time will do, m'sieur. I pride myself I know when a man can be trus'."

M. Frou-Frou closed his eyes for a moment and seemed to smile behind his natural ambush.

"Very well," he said. "My own truck will call for it in half an hour. About our other affair, I shall see you in the morning. And in the meantime—"

HE PAID his check, tried to press her hand, gave her a smile that closely resembled birdlime, and departed as the month of March comes in when it goes out like a lamb.

"Yes, yes!" muttered madame, her mouth tightening, "a clever devil! But maybe yet he will take a lesson in devilishness from Gaby Dejoie!"

And, sliding off her stool for the second time that afternoon, she turned to the young man on the other side of her desk.

"Come, m'sieur!" she briskly exclaimed, "I have somet'ing to show you!"

SHE led the way down into the wine cellar where Emile and Jules were taking the bottles from a large barrel which had just arrived from Havre.

"Look, look, m'sieur!" said madame with eyes that sparkled brighter than any Riesling. "You see ze pigshead—"

He looked at the hogshead attentively, all eyes to see, all ears to catch the meaning that already peeped out from underneath the inflection of her words.

"Your honored compatriot has jus' purchase' t'ree hundred bottles of wine. La-la-la! So I shall pack t'ree hundred empty bottles in ze big barrel, an' say it was our mistake. You begin to see ze points, m'sieur?"

"Yes, yes!" he muttered, still staring fascinated at the hogshead.

"You say his bullets an' guns are in boxes which no one could identify. But a pigshead so large as zis—ciel!—why, one could see it from ze Battery to ze Bronx!"

"Ah, señorita!" he exclaimed then in a diapason rich with rapture. "You are to me as a light in the ocean!"

"An' I tol' him," continued madame in triumph, "zat he mus' never bump ze case, or handle it too much, or ze bottles will break. An' I t'ink," she added in rare delight, "I *t'ink* he will take it direc' to ze place where his bullets an' guns are stored, for zey all go down to Mexico togevver, an' he leaves to-morrow! You understan'? You understan', m'sieur?"

"Ah, señorita!" he exclaimed again, with the air of a man who is rapidly getting his stride, "you are to me as a star in the sky!"

"So all you have to do is to follow ze barrel!" beamed madame. "An' when you see where he has hid zose t'ings, every gun an' every bullet must be seiz'. Zen zose poor hones' patriots will not be shooted, an' zeir wives an' children will not be lef' wiv no one to provide—"

"Ah, the great heart, the great mind of señorita!"

"So Rosie tol' her momma!" laughed madame, not ill pleased. "But now we mus' hurry. His truck will call in less zan half an hour. You mus' get a taxi an' follow ze pigshead at ze distance of discretion. He cannot dance ze tango in an' out ze subway wiv zis! Wherever it go, you follow it—"

"No, no!" cried the young man, his voice palpitating with inspiration; "I shall go *with* it!"

"But, m'sieur," objected madame, "such is impossible. You would be seen!"

"No, no!" he cried. "I will go *with* it—INSIDE IT!"

"Mon Dieu!" muttered madame.

"Por Dios!" cried he, and as Jules drew the last two bottles from the hogshead, he sprang over the side. Oh, but it was a huge affair, that hogshead, as large around as an old-fashioned alderman immediately after rising from an old-fashioned clambake—a hogshead of girth, of might, and of majesty; and when the young man stood erect in it, nothing was visible but his face, his joy, and his bangs so tossed with emotion.

"But will not m'sieur be hurted when ze pigshead is roll' on his side?" asked madame.

"With straw you shall stuff me!"

"An' how will you get out?"

"With a hammer you shall supply me!"

"But if it is dark in ze warehouse—"

"With a lantern you shall equip me!"

"Mon Dieu!" muttered madame.

"Por Dios!" cried he.



"Get a pint of champagne — of ze best! An' pour it into an empty Riesling bottle! An' serve it to M. Frou-Frou"

IT WAS a situation which deeply appealed to Mme. Dejoie—a situation with a note that echoed in the depths of her heart. Here were drama, movement, mystery, the salvation of struggling patriots, the triumph of virtue, and—best of all, perhaps—a swift, staggering swat for the villain. But time presses, mesdames! Tempus fidgets, messieurs! "Quick, Jules, quick! An' you, Emile, as well! Straw! Un martel! Vite! Vite! Une lanterne—"

They stuffed him carefully into place, leaving his arms free and boring a bunghole with the bung inside ingeniously equipped with a nail so that the prisoner could remove it at will whenever he wished to take the air or enjoy the scenery. And ten minutes later, when madame watched the hogshead depart on a slowly moving truck, the bunghole seemed to open and shut—once, twice, and again.

(*Continued on page* 31)

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World's-End

Chapter XIX—The Outcome

By Amélie Rives

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

OWEN closed his study door and turned to Patton: "I needn't tell you that it wasn't a horse's hoofs did that work."

"No! I saw that," said Patton quickly.

Owen looked at him.

"I did it," he said.

Patton returned his look, unmoved.

"Yes? Doubtless he deserved it," he replied as quickly as before.

"At first," continued Owen, "I didn't strike to kill, but afterward I meant to, I think. At least, I didn't care whether I killed him or not. No—" he added in a firm voice, "I meant to kill him. Will he die?"

"Sit down, old man," said Charles Patton.

Owen obeyed mechanically.

Patton went on speaking in a quiet, professional voice.

"I can't tell anything until he comes out of this stupor," he said, also taking a chair. "It may be very serious—it may only be a matter of careful nursing. By the way, did you have Miss Carney and Miss Lee phoned for? The case will need a night and day nurse."

"Yes," said Owen. "I sent Jonathan to attend to it at once. They will motor down this afternoon."

"Good. That compound fracture of the right arm is going to be troublesome. I don't think there are internal injuries, but it's all a matter of guesswork for the next twenty-four hours or so."

Owen got up rather slowly and went to the window. After five or six minutes Patton rose and followed him.

"Don't 'eat your heart,' old man," he said.

Owen made no reply. After a while, without turning around, he said: "If he dies, I shall consider myself legally answerable."

PATTON scowled to himself, thrusting out his heavy underlip and staring at Owen's broad shoulders, which half filled the window.

"Quixotism is a rum thing," he remarked finally. "It deals chiefly with the tender conscience of the quixotist and is apt to leave out other people."

"I can't sneak out of a just debt of manslaughter, Charles," said the other dryly.

Patton said: "Do you mind if I light a pipe?"

"No. The matches and tobacco are in the usual place."

Patton lighted his faithful briar and then, after several considering puffs, said slowly:

"You know there are ways and ways of bearing a thing without having recourse to 'sneaking out of it.' In my opinion, the man who bears the burden of a fault—"

"Manslaughter is not a fault—it's a crime."

"Well, say of a crime then—the man who bears such a burden in private when no good whatever can be done by accepting public ignominy—who bears it alone, rather than cover his family with the reflex disgrace of his punishment—well, in my opinion, that man is a better citizen—more a man, in fact—than the purist who gives himself up to man-made justice for the assuaging of his own conscience."

"Charles, that is sophistry, and you know it."

"I beg your pardon. I know it's hard sense."

"He was defenseless and I struck him. I had a stick in my hand that would have broken an ox. I held him up and smashed him like an eggshell—my brutal strength against his weakness. If he dies, I am answerable to the law—and I shall answer."

"There are things in law called 'extenuating circumstances.'"

"Yes. They will do me no good."

PATTON thrust back a half-burned log with his foot as though he hated it. He went on, though he knew that he might as well beat with a feather against a wall of iron. What dark, evil mystery lay behind this appalling disaster he could not even vaguely surmise, but that it was very dark and very evil he felt assured.

The circumstances that had caused Owen Randolph to break another man in pieces, not only the law but the gods themselves might well deem "extenuating."

"Look here, Owen," he said in a voice of sweet reasonableness, "as man to man—as brother to brother, I may say—tell me this: Do you honestly consider that to rot out the better years of your life in a penitentiary would really avail anything with gods or men? Do you honestly believe that—in case—well, in case of Richard's dying—that it would soothe Sally, even if she knew the facts, which mercifully she does not, you tell me; that it would assuage or comfort her in the least to know that her only brother was a convict? [He pressed it home.] And your young wife—your child. What of them? And the old name—your father's name?"



She was lying on the sofa, the little lace pillow pressed against her cheek, when Dr. Patton entered

Owen turned a dreadful face on him.

"Forgive me," he said thickly. "I find I can't discuss it."

He went quickly to the door and was gone.

Patton's teeth nearly met in the mouthpiece of his pipe. He started toward the door, then stood stock-still, scowling at it from under his shaggy brows. His face worked. He put his hand over it and stood a long time in the darkening room without moving. Then he strode forward, jerking open the door as if he were wroth with it, just as he had kicked back the fallen log, and went up to Phœbe's bedroom.

SHE was lying on the sofa, the little lace pillow pressed to her cheek, gazing at the gray cornucopias of the carpet.

Wizzy lay in the curve of her waist, and as Patton opened the door looked up eagerly, working his black nose, dry with age, in search of the beloved aroma he so yearned for.

Phœbe sat up as Patton came toward her and gazed at him with those strained, dilated eyes that he had noticed just now in the hall.

He went over to a carafe of crystal that stood on a table near the bed and, pouring out a glass of water, brought it to her with two little white pellets, which he handed her, all in silence.

She swallowed them with the sweet obedience which made her so touching in her times of trouble.

"Now," he said cheerily, "lie still a little longer. I'm going to sit here by you and pamper Wizzy till those little chaps get their work in."

After five minutes had passed, and still he sat there silent, she said timidly: "Doctor Charlie—"

"Bless me," he said, smiling and putting out his hand, "I was hoping you had dozed off."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I couldn't sleep. I don't feel as if I should ever, ever sleep again."

"You don't, eh? We'll see about that later on. What were you going to ask me?"

"About—about—Owen. Where is he?"

"I think he went for a walk," said Patton with kind mendacity.

She sank back with a little resigned sigh that struck him as piteous. Presently she said: "Doctor Charlie, has he told you? Did he tell you that I—"

"He told me about nothing but his own part in the matter," said Patton quickly.

"Ah—" said Phœbe. Her face began to quiver. She turned her head against the little pillow to hide it.

The door opened. Phœbe started violently. The desperate jerk of her whole body as it lay prone on the sofa made Patton think of a just caught fish jerking for breath on a bank.

"Hello!" he said cheerily, rising. "Here's Owen now."

He took out two more little pellets and twisted them in a leaf torn from his prescription book.

"Just take these in another hour," he said. "I must be having a look at my patient. See that she takes them, Owen."

"Very well," said Owen in his level, lifeless voice.

Patton went out. Owen locked the door, and when Phœbe heard that sound a fierce wave of mingled terror and joy broke over her.

"Now—now—" she thought, "he's going to kill me, too!"

She lay with her eyes shut, waiting, and she seemed to be swaying back and forth through space in a great swing. Then she felt his cheek against hers on the little pillow, and one of his arms went over her.

"My heart—my little heart—what have I done to you?" he was whispering.

Phœbe had a sensation as though she had fallen from an immense height upon a cushion of air that kept her from being crushed.

"My sweet—my winsome—what have I brought on you? What have I brought on you?" the hoarse, anguished whispering went on. And now his face was buried on her breast, his arms held her to him as though they would drag her back from some awful abyss.

Light struck her like a blow.

"*He didn't believe him,*" whirled the wild revelation. "*He didn't believe what Richard said.*"

ONLY at a place "run" as Owen ran World's-End could the story of Ironmonger's savaging Richard have been plausible for a moment, but during the Christmas holidays the servants there were always given an unusual amount of freedom, and on that day every groom had been absent from the stables since nine o'clock in the morning. David, after driving his master to Crewe, was to stable the bays, feed them, and then also take to himself a leisurely afternoon.

It was because he was aware of all these facts that Owen had thought of fixing the disaster upon Ironmonger. He knew that David's devotion could be trusted, and when he left Patton in the study he sent Jonathan to tell David to meet him at the foot of the western lawn.

The white man and the black man stood facing each other in the winter twilight.

"David," said Owen, "I am going to give you a proof of the entire trust that I have in you."

"Yessuh," said the taciturn negro.

"I have said that Mr. Richard's accident was caused by the colt—that he went into Ironmonger's box and the horse savaged him. Do you understand?"

"Yessuh."

"No one must ever guess that this is not the truth. I have grave reasons for wishing it."

THE negro's soft, heavy eyes gazed at him unflinchingly. There was in them a look much like that in Wizzy's melancholy gaze when he regarded his master.

"Yessuh, Mr. Owen, suh. You kin count on me."

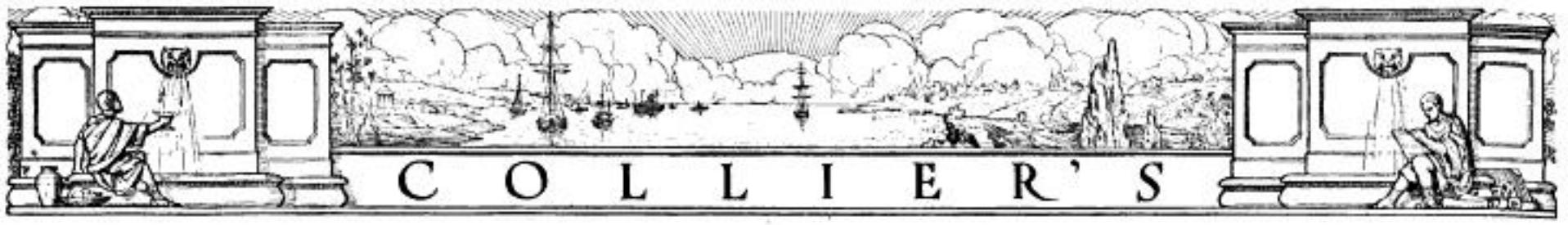
"I know that, David. Thank you."

"Yessuh. Thank *you*, suh."

"Ironmonger must leave the place to-morrow. Mr. Downer's nephew, Mat Goodeloe, is anxious to have him. Take him there. Say the horse is my New Year's gift—that I consider his present viciousness only due to his not having been

(*Continued on page 34*)

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A Bad Bill

TALLEYRAND'S cynical saying about language as an instrument for concealing thought has a fine modern example in the Bacon-Bartlett Anti-Injunction Bill now before Congress. A part of the bill, to be sure, is easy and disagreeable reading. The proponents of this bill ask Congress to provide, for example, that it shall not be unlawful for employees to make "*any* agreements or combinations with a view of lessening the hours of labor, or of increasing their wages, or of bettering their condition." It also asks Congress to provide that farmers can cheer up the high cost of living by making *any* agreement or combination for the purpose of enhancing the price of agricultural and horticultural products. The extent of the indulgence in advance given to labor organizations and farmers' associations implied in the little word "any" would put the TETZEL of LUTHER'S time to shame.

Concealed Purposes—

BUT IT IS ONLY after four or five readings and a considerable amount of thinking that one begins to appreciate the laboriously concealed scheme in this part of the bill. It starts out by declaring that no injunction shall issue against employees or farmers on account of any of these combinations, or on account of any acts they may do in carrying them out, unless they occasion irreparable injury to property or to a *property* right of the party making the application for an injunction. This seems familiar enough. Injunctions have usually issued to restrain injury to property, though we do remember a case, in Texas to be sure, where the court issued an injunction restraining an amorous gentleman from making "kissing signs" to another man's wife. Having provided that injunctions shall issue only to prevent irreparable injury to property, the ingenious gentlemen who drafted this bill then provide for a new classification of what constitutes "property" and property rights. They make a new line of cleavage between "personal" rights and "property" rights, and declare that "the right to enter into the relation of employer and employee . . . and to . . . carry on business in such relation . . . shall be held and construed to be a *personal* and not a property right." Under this interesting bill, if a mob of strikers gets in front of a factory, and by threats and violence prevents other employees from going to work, and thereby compels the owner of the plant to close down through the intimidation of his prospective employees, the owner would have no right to an injunction against the acts of the mob, since *the right to do business*, if this bill becomes law, is a "personal" and not a "property" right, and the bill only permits an injunction to restrain injuries to "property."

—And Class Privilege

THE MEASURE IS PROPOSED, we regret to say, by the American Federation of Labor. It is substantially the bill which President ROOSEVELT condemned in a special message in December, 1908. In this message, after stating that the bill provided that the right to carry on business should not be construed as a property right, that it legalized blacklisting and boycotting in every form, including the secondary boycott which the Anthracite Coal Commission unreservedly condemned, and that it took the right to carry on a business explicitly out from under that protection which the law throws over property, Mr. ROOSEVELT declared of the bill as a whole:

> This represents a course of policy which, if carried out, would mean the enthronement of class privilege in its crudest and most brutal form, and the destruction of one of the most essential functions of the judiciary in all civilized lands.

What was true of the measure President ROOSEVELT denounced is equally true of the Bacon-Bartlett bill. COLLIER'S does not believe in one law for the rich and another law for the poor even when the proposal comes from an organization which purports to represent wage earners.

A King of Men

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, one of the greatest leaders of our age, died on March 12. Many of the basic services of our time depend upon the improvements in electrical and mechanical engineering practice which his stubborn genius wrested from the hard world of nature. Before he was twenty-two years old he had served four years in the Civil War and had invented the air brake which made possible the modern use and control of high-speed railroad trains. Over three hundred patents stand to his credit, and his name is inseparably connected with electric light and power, steam turbines, air springs, and many other modern wonders. While lights flash and trains run, GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE will be remembered. His mechanical and organizing abilities brought him to the headship of corporations using capital by the hundred millions and numbering employees by tens of thousands, and yet every one of them knew that "the old man" could take the tools and do a better job. He was the first great employer in this country to put in the Saturday half holiday, and he never had a dispute or a strike in forty years. Hard work, justice, and honor were the standards of his life, a life singularly free from the vanity, greed, and deceit that mar so many able men. When he went to his grave the coffin was carried by eight gray old veterans who had been with him since the shops were started in Turtle Creek Valley, near Pittsburgh, and the many thousands employed there quit work to honor him. In all our modern world there is not a monarch fit to stand with GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.

Amateur Economics

UNDER THE PROVISIONS of the Income Tax Law a large Eastern corporation withheld $3,000 for the Government. The law is so complicated and difficult to work under that the corporation had to spend $2,800 to do this. Now, the income tax is a good measure; it should be upheld and extended, but what are we to think of the business sense and administrative ability of the Democratic leaders when they give us a law like this? The example is perhaps an extreme one, but it is also a fact. To spend 93 cents of other people's money in order to get $1 for the Government is neither just nor honest nor sensible. The Democrats must do better than this.

An Easter Anniversary

EASTER this year falls upon almost the identical date which marks the second anniversary of that terrible night when the *Titanic* sank in mid-ocean. The first thrill of horror, the first hot emotions of indignation, have long since dwindled. Perhaps some memories of them may always linger. But deeper than those are the great qualities enshrined by that awful night: the two ideals of duty and courage. Even after these twenty-four months the recollection of duty fulfilled has increased rather than diminished in beauty and inspiration. To *know* one's duty is no tremendous thing; to *do* it in a crisis is to achieve nobility of character. WORDSWORTH has told of the man,

> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
> Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
> Looks forward, persevering to the last,
> . . . . . .
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
> This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
> Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

Along with duty went courage—so great that the very quality has taken on a new glory. From a mere image of philosophers courage became a real thing. That cowardice lurked in a few quarters only renders the true quality more conspicuous. Some have long been inclined to bewail the gradual disintegration of all the finer parts of character. They have cried that so-called civilization is only a mockery, a mask to cover the aspect of dwindling virtues. To such the disaster was a lasting rebuke. After all the months, like a trumpet call to mankind, comes the piercing recollection of bravery and self-sacrifice. It has helped to restore the vision that ennobles life in this workaday world. The pain was great, but greater still has been the inspiration.

On Going Courting

IN BOSTON they talk about "limiting by law the length of courtship." A bill fixing two years as the maximum legal limit of a "courtin'" is, says the dispatch, scheduled for appearance in the Great and General Court of that great grandiloquent Commonwealth. Everyone knows that the proportion of males to females is peculiarly inadequate in Massachusetts—hence the stir on Beacon Hill over the term of wooing. "If they can't marry all of us," one seems to hear some philandering spinster explaining in the lunch room of the Industrial and Educational Union in Boylston Street, "they can anyway give each of us a turn at being engaged." It is, all the same, a grave subject. Being engaged is in some ways more serious than being married. Personally, we reckon two years rather too long a time to allow by law.

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Mrs. Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother," thinks six months long enough—"if a young man calls two or three times a week during that period." But is it possible that marriages ever result when he calls so often? It is risking a good deal—letting one's sweetheart know one that well before it's too late. But that is a side issue. Engagements were never all of man's making, and are less so than ever at the present time. Though the parental referendum has passed into innocuous desuetude, the girl in the case has the initiative nowadays, just as she has always had the recall. Perhaps the high cost of amusements may, in our larger cities, serve to shorten such courtships as it does not wholly wreck. Certainly a new law is not called for here—new light being quite another matter. By the way, at just what stage does courting begin, anyway?

A Correction as to the Railroads

IN A RECENT EDITORIAL DISCUSSION of the proposed increase in freight rates the statement was made that ". . . their earnings for the last fiscal year, both in gross and net, and the dividends paid, both in total and in per cent, were the greatest in their history. . . ." It should be noted that while this statement is correct for all the railroads in the United States, it is not correct for the railroads in the so-called "Official Classification Territory," and it is these latter (east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and the Potomac) that are requesting the 5 per cent increase in freight rates. For these railroads' net earnings were less in 1913 than in 1910, and the per cent of dividends paid was less in 1913 than in 1910 or 1912. We are especially obliged to Mr. R. M. Van Sant of Baltimore and Mr. Owen Ely of New York City for calling our attention to these facts which reinforce the argument of the editorial in question.

We're Off!

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA, are showing up—and so are the flowers of speech that bloom on the sporting page. Drama and baseball demand collaboration from all the seven parts—as you will see illustrated in that portion of Collier's which Grantland Rice and F. G. Cooper share on terms of amity. Rice has a rival, however, for our mail brings us from Boise, Idaho, a "baseball sonnet" by A. J. Priest:

Baseball, thou art my god: I do adore thee.
My soul is thrilled when I see Johnson on the mound,
Or watch the runner's spikes tear up the ground:
In good sooth thou dost stir me unto ecstasy.

Impatiently I do await the coming spring.
For basketball but poorly fills the interim,
Utterly failing to appease the fan's fond whim:
We do attend thee, baseball; we would crown thee king.

Oh, Time, thy wings are leaden. Come, make haste
And bring these winter months unto their close.
Baseball's the only sport for my nice taste.
Speed, Time, or I will yank thy wrinkled nose.

Bring on King Baseball, crowned the greatest of them all;
Bring on the bat, the glove, and last, not least, the ball.

We are as glad to print these lines as their author was to write them. Their author is a high-school boy—one of the ten million boys excited at this minute over the new season. What future shall we prophesy for him? Will he write another "Casey at the Bat," or will he live to earn a bigger salary than Tris Speaker?

The Old-Time Garden

ARE THE TIMES GROWN TOO FEVERISH to admit of our still having an old-fashioned garden? Of course there is no direct "civic uplift" in hollyhocks; sweet William doesn't help to solve the "social evil"; the ragged sailor and the millennium aren't in any way allied. And yet the riot of color—at least we thought it riotous till the era of pointillism dawned—is still a pleasant memory, and at this time of year one wishes he had planted more seed last July and August. Moreover, we have Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's word for it that "a child needs grass as much as it needs a bed"—and if the child of the "larger feminism" needs grass, perhaps the grown-up is entitled to a few flowers. Already it is time, in this latitude, to think about Canterbury bells and the annual poppies and pansies. May is soon enough for your larkspur—without whose gay blue spikes the garden would be tame indeed. Yes, in spite of the risk of seeming reactionary, we unqualifiedly declare in favor of the old-fashioned garden.

Penrose and the Saloon Interest

IN HIS EFFORT TO GET REELECTED, Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania has enlisted the support of the liquor interests. The result has been much dissension among the booze boosters themselves, some of whom do not think much of Penrose. George Mueller of Philadelphia, sometime educational manager (whatever that is) of the State Brewers' Association and later an editorial writer for the "Liquor Dealers' Journal," a man who knows the drink business from the inside, has contributed the following very complete analysis of the Penrose-Senate-saloon politics:

While I am an antiprohibitionist, I am more strongly an anticorruptionist, and I repeat that the liquor traffic deliberately aids the most corrupt political powers and backs with all its resources the most unworthy men, the most corrupt and recreant officials. Why? Because it has to ask immunity for its own lawlessness.

In the License Court to-day, listening to evidence against a prominent saloon keeper, I heard this significant phrase used by a witness: "Every streetwalker has a saloon headquarters."

Who does not know that? And every man who furnishes harboring for women and their patrons knows the facts.

Yet I, in a sense, pity the saloon man, for he is but the agent, the distributor, for the brewer, whose money backs the saloon and whose beer he sells.

Street and Morgan and the Colonels

WITH SOME TREPIDATION we are awaiting Julian Street's paper on Hannibal, Mo., the birthplace of Mark Twain. Street and Morgan have failed to report the exact happenings in that region. But the Louisiana (Mo.) "Times" informs us that

the Louisiana boys took the visitors from Colonels G. A. Mahan, J. C. Rohards, and C. M. Felty after they had gotten some Mark Twain dope and brought them to this city, where they were royally entertained at the magnificent home of Colonel Edgar W. Stark in the West End.

The menu was styled a country dinner, and it was certainly a real affair, consisting of old Pike County home cooking, Pike County capons, and other Pike County essentials, which included everything for the inner man.

Those present who fully enjoyed the delightful affair were Messrs. Morgan and Street of New York; Colonels F. W. and C. G. Buffum, John W. Matson, Dave Wald, Colonels Edgar W., L. C., and P. C. Stark, W. S. Forgey, Colonels R. H. Goodman, Clarence Buell, R. J. Hawkins, and Geo. S. Cake.

We have no quarrel with Pike County home cooking nor yet with Pike County capons. On the contrary. It is to the lasting discredit of Street and Morgan that not so much as a single wing came anywhere in the neighborhood of this office. But what do the colonels include in "other Pike County essentials"? We honor and respect our friends, but Collier's is an abstemious paper; we place full confidence in Street and Morgan at large, but we ask them herewith to report to us immediately what Pike County colonels mean by "essentials."

Vigor of Life

SO FAR AS FUNDAMENTALS GO, the Greeks left little unsaid. Thus Plato preceded Messrs. Wagner and Roosevelt in observing:

For living out of doors, and simple fare, and gymnastic exercises, and the morals of companions, produce the greatest effect in the way of virtue and vice.

From the Morning's Mail

SOMETIMES we like to yield the floor to one of our friendly correspondents:

Spokane, Wash.

I delight in your editorial references to Emerson and to the friendship of good books that have stood the acid test without tarnishing. The editorial sugar-plum seems particularly sweet after the spanking of some of your other comments. I also love to dig a fossil remnant out of the near past and to compare it to existing forms as a means of measuring the speed and quality of present-day progress. An editorial by the Rev. Davis W. Clark, D. D., in the "Ladies' Repository" for April, 1853, touches upon two editorial items of a recent Collier's:

Ralph Waldo Emerson—*We spent an hour, not many evenings since, listening to a "lecture" from this celebrated pantheist. Were peculiarly struck at the self-complacent and oracular manner of the lecturer. He seemed to regard himself as the very embodiment of all reason. This at first offended our sense of propriety. When, however, we came to reflect that this man, according to his own theory, is* God—*"a manifestation of the Infinite in finite forms"—our wonder ceased. Why should not a man who conceives himself to be a part of* God *be oracular? This modern divinity, however, does not appear to have many features of resemblance to* Jesus Christ. *We were rather pleased at the thin attendance. . . . For a long time these two men—*Emerson *and* Parker—*have been sowing "dragon's teeth" upon the soil of America. Were the result "armed men," we should have comparatively little reason to fear.*

It is good to hear from Mr. H. C. Hazelett, who sends us this letter and this quotation from the "Ladies' Repository" of sixty-one years ago. It is good, too, to be reminded of the failure many people make to recognize good encountered at first hand. All of us are broad-minded about Emerson and his heterodoxies to-day; our narrowness is, in the main, reserved for our own contemporaries.

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

THE cartoon reproduced on this page is the Philadelphia "North American's" conception of the way the Democratic party is handling the trust question. It does not exaggerate very much. Running around in circles represents about the state of mind of the Democrats at Washington. None of the leaders have any proposals which command much following among the rank and file. Some of the proposals that have come from the Administration are bitterly opposed by leading members of the House and Senate. Indeed, the evidence is pretty clear that the Administration does not have perfect confidence in its own proposals. The one thing to do about the trust question which would meet the hearty support of most of the Democratic leaders would be to do nothing whatever. But they don't quite dare think of adjourning, after all the promises and assertions, without passing some kind of trust legislation. They know the present situation is unsatisfactory and that the country can't very well go on without having something done; they know that business is hesitating and timid and will remain so until the legislation to regulate it is done and out of the way; most of all, it is borne in upon them that 435 Congressmen and 32 Senators are to be elected this fall, that the state of business and what to do about it will be the chief issue, and that it won't look well if the Democrats end the present session with nothing done after having promised so much. Nevertheless, if only they dared, there is nothing the Democrats would so much like as to go home and forget the trust question.



The Philadelphia North American's idea of the way the Democrats are handling the trust question

The Question Stated

THE truth is there is in this country at the present moment a head-on collision between two ideas as to how big business units should be treated; the Democratic view is very well understood—it is the view which has been held to be sound economic doctrine ever since the time of Adam Smith, 150 years ago. The Democrats believe in breaking up big units by prosecution and in passing laws which shall enforce old-fashioned competition, and by arbitrary legislation keep all business in small units. The opposite view is that under modern conditions a business should be permitted to grow as large as it can grow and still be economically efficient, *but that these big units shall be strictly and drastically regulated* by a commission at Washington which shall have, roughly, the same power over ordinary corporations that the Interstate Commerce Commission has over railroads. This latter view *does not contemplate the end of competition*, although its opponents frequently state that it does. One of the chief duties of this commission would be *to preserve fair competition by forbidding and preventing unfair competition*, just as the Interstate Commerce Commission now prevents improper practices. Finally, in stating this view, emphasis should be laid on the fact that *it does not contemplate industrial monopoly*, although the most frequent epithet of its opponents is "regulating monopoly." Persons of equal intellectual honesty hold one or the other of these views with equal conviction.

In the end, one of these two views is going to prevail. There isn't any middle ground, and there can't be any compromise, because the views are diametrically opposed. In the end that view will prevail, of course, which best represents the current belief of what is right, and which is most consistent with evolution, the advance of invention, efficiency, and civilization. Until one of these views does finally and definitely prevail, all of us, and especially those who are engaged in business, will have to reconcile ourselves to rather turbulent times.

Pretty Hopeless

THE most hopeless fact about it all is that the question has never been debated on its merits. It is pretty hopeless to find a Senator of the importance of Borah of Idaho, when he comes to discuss this question, descending to hurling epithets at the chairman of the national Progressive party, George W. Perkins. Senator Borah argued his side of the case by uttering an allegation that the International Harvester Company, with which Mr. Perkins is associated, employs girls at $5 a week (an allegation which, it should be stated in all fairness to the innocent bystander in this case, was promptly disproved). Why doesn't Senator Borah address his views to Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin? He has no association with any trust, past or present. Or to Flavel S. Luther, president of Trinity College? He cannot possibly be charged with having a selfish interest in the Progressive attitude toward big business. It is probably fair to state that most of the more important teachers of economics in the country believe in the Progressive doctrine, yet they are not what Senator Borah would call "trust magnates."

Don't Ask for It

PRESIDENT WILSON does not pay any heed to letters of recommendation sent to him by office seekers. Almost the surest way not to get a job under this Administration is to apply for one. The President has said, in effect, more than once, that the usual type of letters of recommendation collected by aspiring candidates for office is never read by him. Men like Jim Yarborough of Oklahoma are responsible for the disrepute into which recommendations for office have fallen. Representative Carter of Oklahoma bears testimony in the Congressional Record that "Jim is a bully fellow. He is an A 1 boy to have with you in a campaign." But let Mr. Carter tell the story as he discloses it in the Record:

Mr. Yarborough, while one of the best fellows on the face of the earth, and a good man to have with you in campaigns, is a man of strong enthusiasm and imagination, and, with all due respect to his very good qualities, sometimes handles the King's English a little bit loosely. Mr. Yarborough did state to the committee that Judge Phillips had permitted fraud and graft upon two Indians who had their estates squandered under the jurisdiction of his court. A few months ago Judge Phillips made application for the position of superintendent of Platt National Park and asked to have my indorsement. I got many recommendations in his behalf. Among others I had one from Mr. James Yarborough, the same man who testified to Judge Phillips's bad character with relation to these probate matters, and I propose now to read that letter in the Record, in order that he who runs may read:

DURANT, OKLA., January 21, 1913.

HON. CHARLES D. CARTER, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: Judge Charles A. Phillips of Durant, Okla., is applying for the position of custodian of the Platt National Park at Sulphur, this State. He is an upright, honest, Christian gentleman, and I consider him thoroughly competent in every particular to fill said position, and I will consider it a personal favor for you to use your influence in his behalf.

Your friend, JAMES YARBOROUGH.

To this letter I replied, clipping the testimony Mr. Yarborough had given before the Burke Committee with relation to Judge Phillips, making the following brief comment:

JANUARY 13, 1913.

DEAR JIM: Can't you consider this sworn statement of yours as a complete reply to your letter?

Your friend, C. D. CARTER.

On February 14 I received a letter from Yarborough in which he said:

DEAR CHARLIE: In reply to your recent communication relative to the indorsement that I gave Judge Phillips for the position of superintendent of Platt National Park, Sulphur, Okla., will say that the attached affidavit or testimony of mine is all right. It was true and correct in every particular; but, you understand, the old man is doty, and I don't believe really at heart he is corrupt. However, he allowed himself to be the tool of certain grafters that got conditions badly mixed.

Faithfully, your friend, JAS. YARBOROUGH.

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From the Battle of Sacramento: Featuring Kelly's Last Stand

THE battle scene pictured above preserves to posterity Kelly's Last Stand at Sacramento. The Pacific Division of "General" Coxey's Second Army of the Unemployed had covered barely 100 miles of its march from San Francisco to Washington when it encountered in California's capital city a small but well-generaled force of bluecoats armed with locust sticks and a volunteer battery of Sacramento firemen manning half a dozen rapid-firing hose nozzles. When the outnumbered municipal infantry failed to drive "General" Charles Kelly's troops from 2,000 comfortable positions on the springy turf, the battery of fire hose opened, and complete rout was the result. A regiment of Industrial Workers of the World, commanded by "Colonel" Walter Thorne, sat the tightest and were rewarded with the most thorough drenching.

A TOURNAMENT OF MODERN KNIGHTS, *officially known as "the First Cavalry Brigade's Competition for Horsemen," was held last month at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Our shapshot below shows their fencing armor*



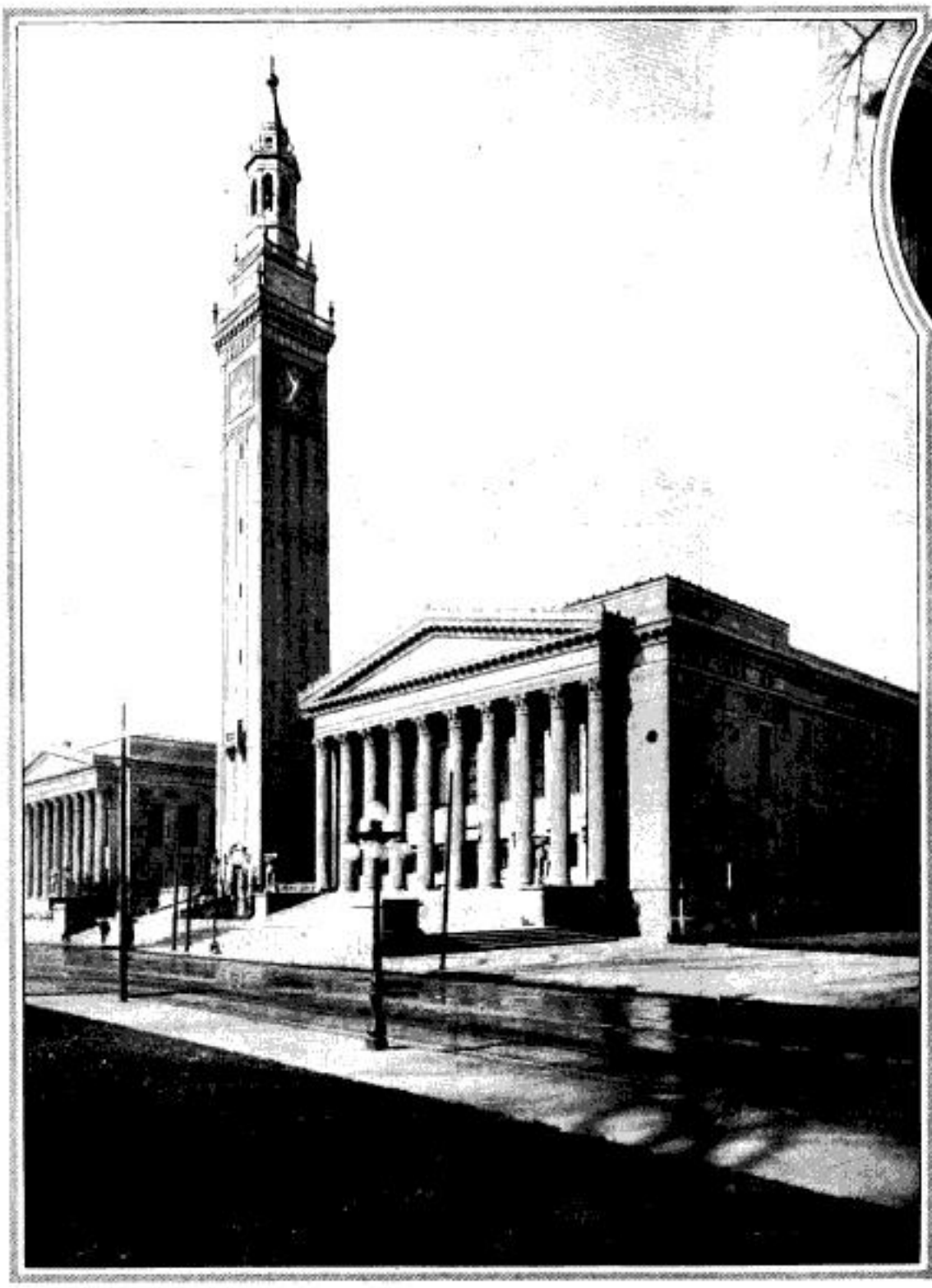
Photograph by Leiter

A Torch Adrift

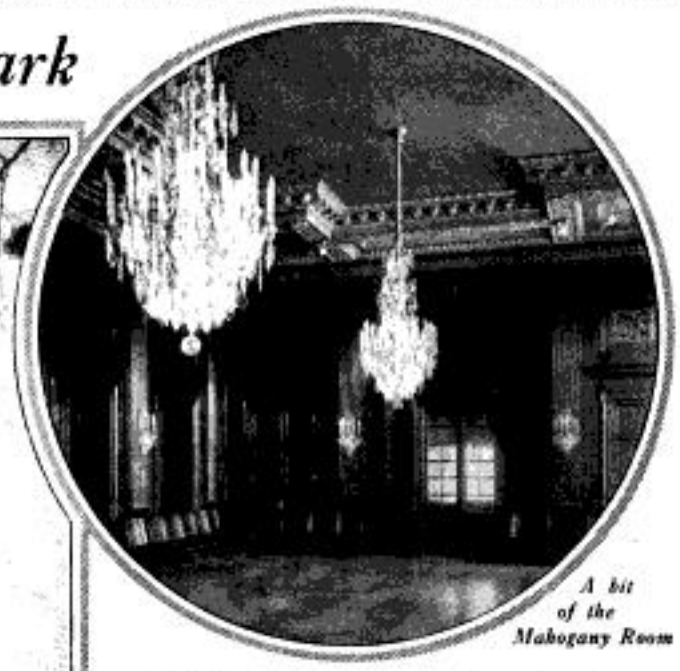
A BLAZE that destroyed two large grain docks in Portland, Ore., a few weeks ago set fire to the steamer *Cricket*, a coaster laden with asphalt, sulphur, and gasoline. The crew cut the ship adrift and leaped into the water. The burning vessel started downstream—a floating torch that started other fires wherever it drifted near the shore. Our photograph shows the stern of the ship when the fire was hottest. A fire boat kept busy as near as practicable to the *Cricket* and finally succeeded in grappling a chain and towing the blazing ship farther downstream, then beaching her where the flames could not menace more water-front property. Another ship, the *Glenrop*, caught fire, but was saved before the loss exceeded $20,000. The total damage of the conflagration to docks, grain, vessels, and a few small buildings in the neighborhood was estimated at $600,000 to $800,000.

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A City With a $2,000,000 Trade-Mark



The new municipal group in Springfield, Mass. The Administration Building is at the right. The other building contains the auditorium, exhibition rooms, and the Mahogany Room for social affairs



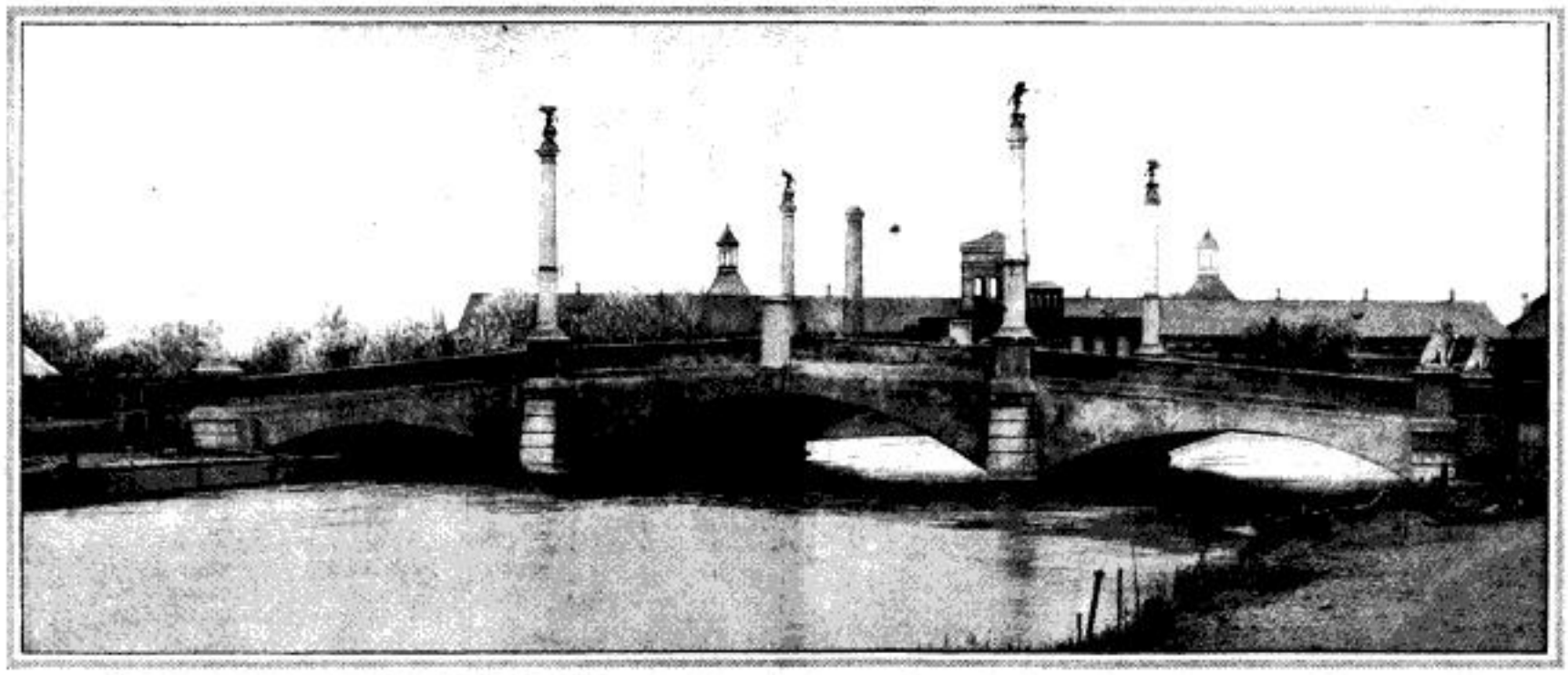
A bit of the Mahogany Room

A MONKEY, name not given, tipped over a lamp in Springfield City Hall; City Hall was burned, and Springfield has new municipal buildings as a result. The pet monkey survived the fire, which occurred on the afternoon of Friday, January 6, 1905. It was, on the whole, a good day's work.

When the Springfield "Union" told about the blaze (can't you just hear it screaming: "This fire was the most notable in the city's history"?) it declared that the city would have to spend "$100,000 at least to build a City Hall adequate to our needs." Instead the bill came to $2,000,000, yet Springfield isn't sorry. The pictures tell why.

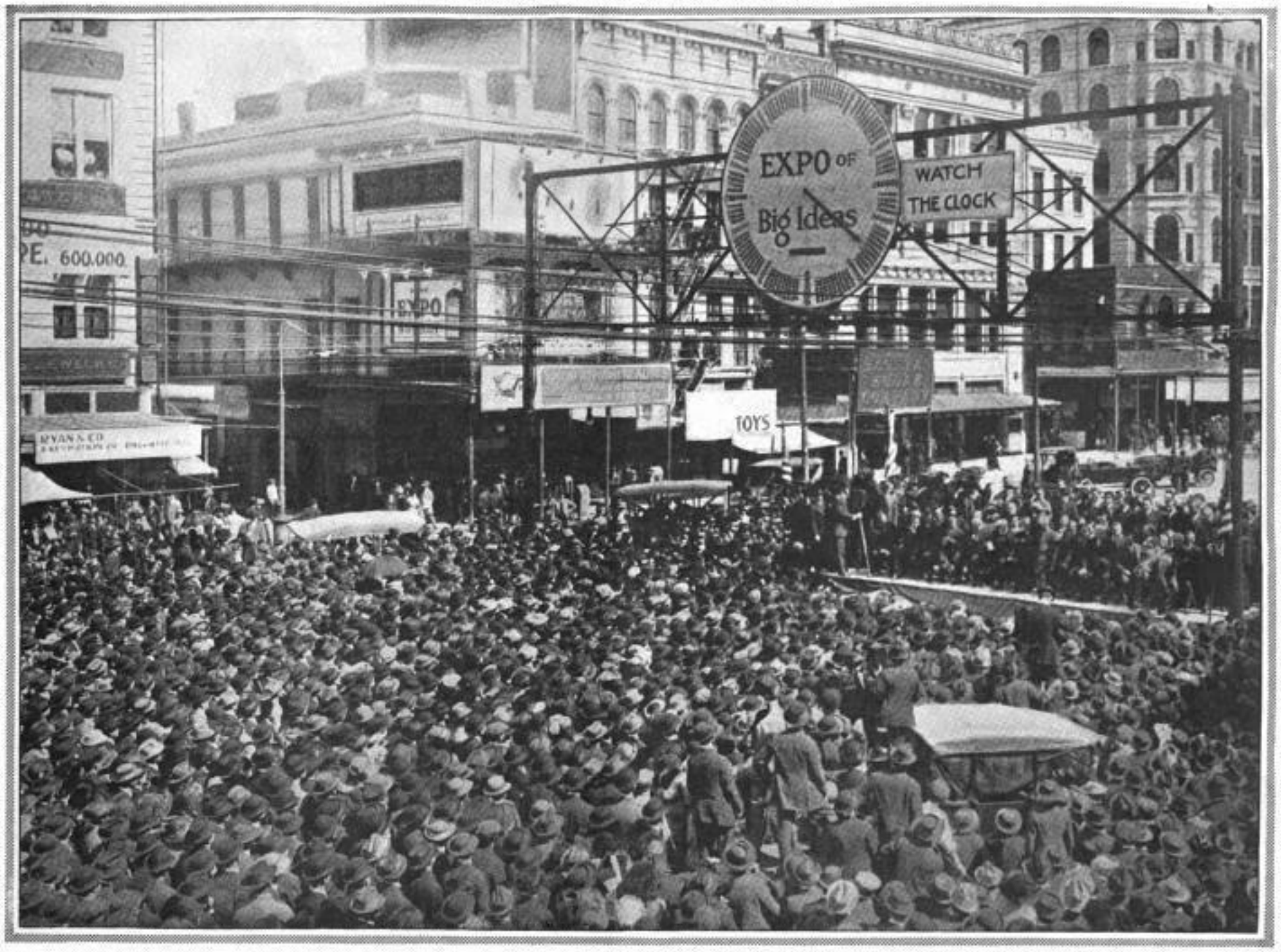
It is not just an esthetic satisfaction that the citizens of Springfield take in this group of municipal buildings. Civic pride is reinforced here by a keen sense of the advertising value of Springfield's Campanile. As the chairman of the Municipal Building Commission, George Dwight Pratt, remarked to me: "It will be the best trade-mark Springfield industries ever had." In the big auditorium, which seats 4,000 comfortably, trade conventions are almost as frequent incidents as symphony concerts. This week, for example, Springfield has a big industrial exposition by the United Commercial Travelers. There is a breezily Western booming spirit in this Eastern city to-day. Springfield has been an important manufacturing town for a good many years, though not quite ever since William Pynchon founded the town in 1636. It differs from Lawrence, Mass., in that its manufactures are wholesomely diversified. The trouble for a time was that nobody knew this. It is truly remarkable for a town of less than 100,000 inhabitants to have a group of municipal buildings unrivaled for beauty by any other public buildings recently erected in America.

W. B. BLAKE.



A MEMORIAL BRIDGE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD BUTT *is to be dedicated in Augusta, Ga., on April 14 — the second anniversary of the sinking of the steamship Titanic. Ex-President Taft is to be one of the speakers. The bridge was paid for by popular subscription. It spans the Augusta power canal*

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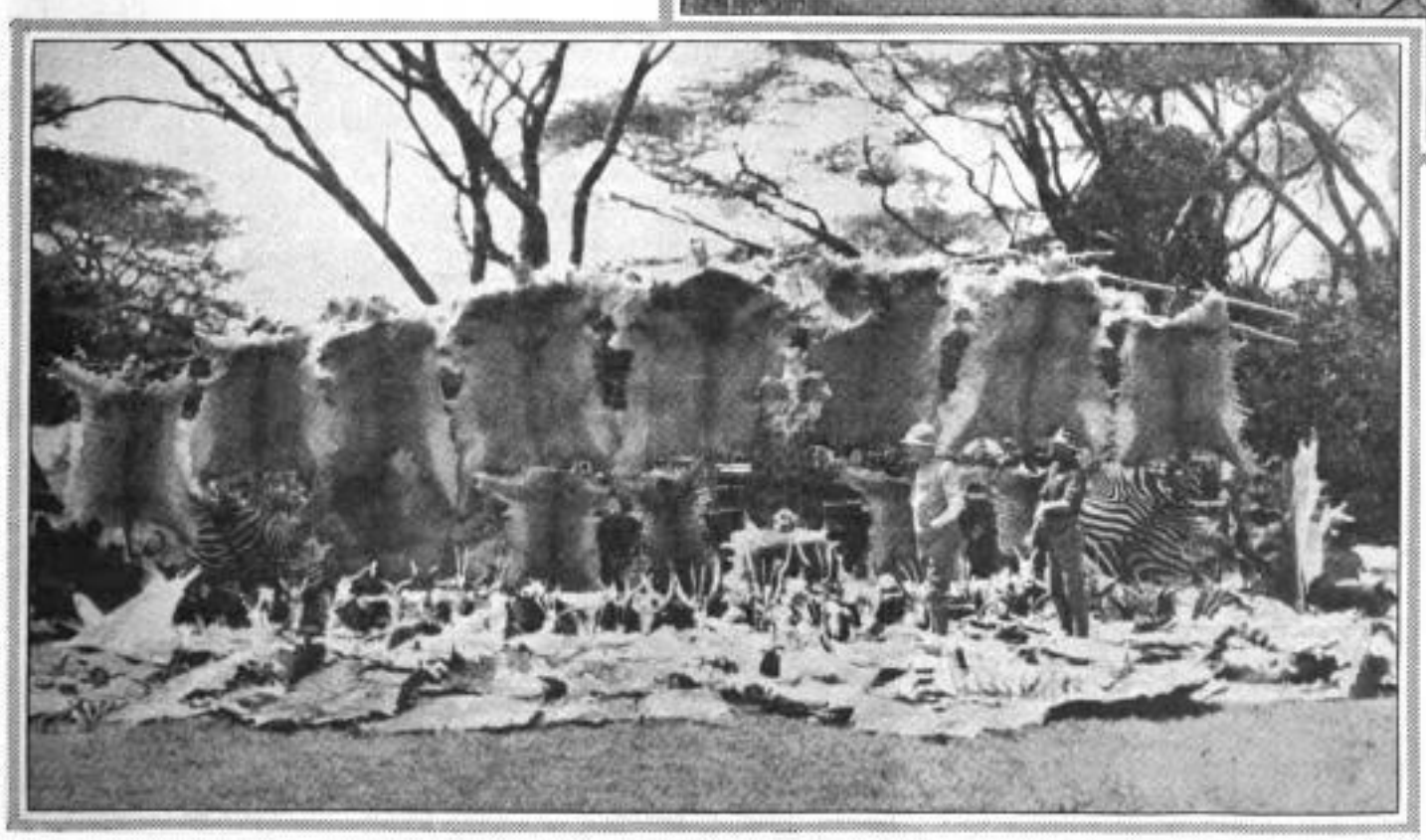


By one o'clock in the afternoon of the first day of its campaign to raise $5,000,000 to build an "Expo of Big Ideas" New Orleans had subscribed $310,000. A huge dial at Canal and St. Charles Streets kept the count

Launching Another 1915 Fair

NEW ORLEANS, as well as San Francisco and San Diego, is to celebrate in 1915 with an exposition. By the time this page is in print the hand of the huge cash-register dial shown in the snapshot above probably will point to $5,000,000. Our photograph was taken on the first day of the campaign for funds. By one o'clock in the afternoon $310,000 had been raised. The Mayor swung the hand of the clock around close to the one-third-of-a-million mark while a throng in Canal Street cheered and whistled and scores of cameras clicked. One of the local newspapers enthusiastically made the observation that the city that day was "afflicted with an epidemic of malignant expositionitis," which "caught hold of all classes, from Mayor Martin Behrman to the humblest toiler."





So Drink to Happy Days—Here's How!

OFTEN in the past it has been the unpleasant duty of this Weekly to point out certain grim and sordid features of the liquor traffic. That we may not fall under suspicion of being blind to the brighter side of the trade, we herewith reproduce two cheerful photographs. They are souvenirs of the happy days that Sir Thomas Dewar, the distiller, has been having on a hunt in British East Africa. He bagged eleven lions.

The trip cost a great deal of money, but Sir Thomas is not the man to spare expense upon himself when he goes out for a good time. He has journeyed in "every part of the British Empire, all over the Continent, United States, Japan, etc., and twice around the world." In his hours of ennui he writes books upon prohibition.

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FIFTY NINE YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

Suppose That You Were Investing in a MAN—

Wouldn't you dig a good deal deeper than his *clothes* to get your inventory?

Put clothes of character on a characterless man and he is helped a lot. Put characterless clothes on a man of character and he is hurt a lot. But find a character combination of clothes and man, and *you have found your man!*

Now, in determining what's back of clothes, one must proceed just as in determining what's back of the man in the clothes. Exterior appearances are one thing; *but what's beneath?*

We see that which purports to be right style. How long will it be right style? We see a fabric which looks all wool. How much of it would a sheep own? We see lines that are taut. How many storms will they weather? The real trouble is we don't see the *insides*, wherein is concealed the mainspring of *clothes* character.

Stein-Bloch men's clothes are fashioned, made and sold *from the inside out.* For more than half a century the ardent aim has been that no stitch shall go into them that is not an honest stitch; no thread of fabric that is not an honest thread; no line that is not a right line; no intention that is not a right intention.

That, gentlemen, spells character—*from the inside out.*

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.
New York Chicago
Boston

This label marks the smartest ready-to-wear clothes





A Good Old Rebel

By Herbert Quick

WHAT is a ballad? Any high-school girl—and even some high-school boys—could tell. But the high-school definition would scarcely satisfy the American Folklore Society. Is "The Wreck of the Hesperus" a ballad? It has the ballad form, and is very, very popular. But it is not a traditional ballad, for the reason that we know its author, and it stands as he wrote it. In the true meaning of the word "vulgar," it is not a vulgar ballad, as is, for instance, that song of Young Charlotte, who lived on a mountain side in a wild and dreary spot, who perversely insisted on going to a dance without sufficient wraps, and was frozen to death by her escort's side for her vanity. Some of our older readers remember this sad tale.

Dr. H. M. Belden of the University of Missouri, who is making a collection of the ballads of the Southwest, thinks that this definition of the vulgar or traditional ballad is a useful one, though he does not accept it unreservedly: The traditional ballad differs in style and in origin from other poetry. It has no author—at least no single author. It springs from the homogeneous dancing throng. Among its peculiarities are the absence of the personal note, of reflection, and of conscious artistry.



"And I don't want no pardon For what I was and am"

All of which leads us to remark that we have been overwhelmed by the flood of replies to an editorial request for the remainder of what we supposed was a real American ballad in which an unreconstructed rebel declares that while he had catched the rheumatism a-fighting in the snow, he'd like to take his musket an' go an' fight some mo'. That reference touched the chords of memory in hundreds who had never seen the verses in print, and were even ignorant of the fact that they were ever printed.

But, alas! the quotation is not from a "vulgar" or traditional ballad—dozens of readers have shown us that. It is from a poem written by Major Innes Randolph, a member of General J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and a native of Virginia. He removed to Baltimore shortly after the war, and was a well-known member of artistic literary and musical circles in that city. He was a poet and essayist, rather than a ballad writer; but it is safe to say that few American ballads have had a wider vogue as real "traditional" ballads than his "Good Old Rebel"—which follows:

A volume of Major Randolph's poems was edited by his son, Mr. Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and published by the Williams & Wilkins Company of Baltimore in 1898. But "The Good Old Rebel" had long before that date gone into the songs of the people. It may have been, as is suggested by Mr. Richard N. Brooke of Washington, D. C., "a bit of fun, not supposed to reflect Major Randolph's own sentiments, but to illustrate the irreconcilable spirit of the illiterate element in some sections"; but if so, it was too successful for mere fun. It so embodied the bitterness of the reconstruction epoch—a bitterness which was created by oppression—that it was sung (to the old Forty-niners' tune of "Joe Bowers") by millions who never heard of Major Randolph.

Among the numerous readers who have very kindly sent us versions of the poem, only seven had any idea apparently as to its authorship — Senator W. E. Chilton of West Virginia; Mr. H. M. Chase of Wilmington, N. C.; Mr. Brooke, Laura Lee Davidson, and Mr. C. Powell Noland of Baltimore; Mr. G. L. Franks of Shreveport, La., and Berry Lee Priddle of Huntington, W. Va. Mrs. (or Miss?) Davidson says that the song has been sung "in many a Southern parlor in the bitter days of reconstruction; and to have heard the author himself sing it is a joy to be held in remembrance." She also informs us that once the Duchess of Manchester (then Lady Mandeville) sang "The Good Old Rebel" at a London reception, and was rewarded by repeated encores from the Prince of Wales, who called it "that fine American song with the cuss words in it."

But the ballad is truly traditionalized by the fact that it has run through all sorts of forms. We are not sure that we have given the name chosen by its talented author. Some readers call it by one name and some by another. Among the various versions of it, scarcely two are alike. We have chosen one sent in by a friend who appears to have the printed form, but we are not at all sure that it is not altered. One change made in the interest of effective singing is the repetition of the last two lines as a refrain, with a sharp accent on the first word of the refrain. It has passed from mouth to ear, and not from page to eye. Mr. Frank E. Cuddy of Baltimore sends

The Good Old Rebel

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,
Now that's just what I am;
For this "fair land of Freedom"
I do not care a dam.
I'm glad I fit against it—
I only wish we'd won.
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution,
This great Republic, too;
I hates the Freedmen's Buro,
In uniforms of blue.
I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss;
But the lyin', thievin' Yankees,
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation
And everything they do;
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too.
I hates the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
And I hates the striped banner—
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mars' Robert
For four year, near about.
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Pint Look-out,
I cotch the roomatism
A-campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance of Yankees—
And I'd like to kill some mo.'

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Befo' they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever
And Southern steel and shot;
And I wish it was three millions
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no mo',
But I an't agoin' to love 'em,
Now that is sartin' sho';
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am;
And I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a dam.

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as the poem as he remembers it, having often heard it recited in his youth., Mr. W. S. Thomas of Texarkana, Tex., can remember only three stanzas from hearing his father and other old soldiers sing it. These three stanzas contain lines from all parts of the poem—showing the ballad in process of metamorphosis by oral tradition. Mr. E. W. Carr of New Orleans emphasizes the conversion of the last two lines into a refrain, and evidently relies on hearing rather than sight for the words. Mr. Arthur Bradley of Cleveland, Ohio, "never saw it in print," but sends a version dictated to him by a friend. He gives only five stanzas. Mr. Samuel N. Dickey of Marshfield, Mo., sends a version much like Mr. Thomas's and is convinced that it was written by a Missouri Confederate "who was probably vaccinated for reconstruction, but which vaccination evidently failed to 'take.'"

Passions of Long Ago

MR. JOHN WEYMOUTH of Hampton, Va., sends us a complete copy from an old scrapbook. "No author is given," he writes, "but it is supposed to have been sung with great effect by one Gregory, a sort of wandering minstrel of the Confederacy, who used to go about the country after the Civil War singing this and other songs." Here we have a glimpse of a Confederate representative of the type of singer to which Jules Lombard belonged in the North.

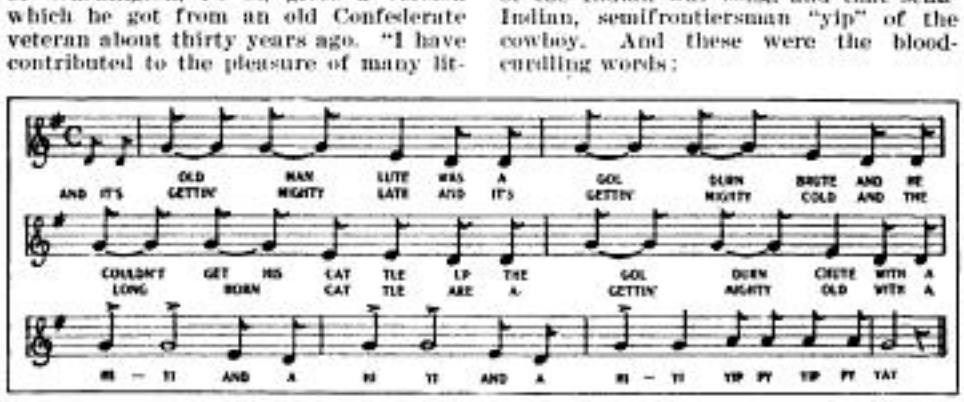
"This is the song," writes Mr. J. C. Tucker of Afton, Okla., "as I learned it from my father as I sat on his knees." Mr. C. W. Purcell of Middlesboro, Ky., draws upon the memory of his mother, "who lived in Virginia, and went through the reconstruction period." "It gives a very correct idea," says Mr. Purcell, "of the feeling which existed at that time, and which we are all happy to say has died a natural death." Mr. C. B. Lower of Washington, D. C., gives a version which he got from an old Confederate veteran about thirty years ago. "I have contributed to the pleasure of many little gatherings of both Confederate and Union veterans," says Mr. Lower, "by reciting this poem, and feel that your readers will pardon the slight touch of profanity for the sake of getting a glimpse into the heart of the genuine old unrepentant, unreconstructed rebel who gloried in the fact, and of whom there are only a few more left." We join in this hope. Surely it is worth while to look into the hearts of men—especially when these feelings were a national fact of such great moment.

The song is now a very concrete reminder of passions long dead. For instance, it was an old rebel, but a present lover of the flag, who gave the song to Major E. M. Supplee of the United States army, of Hollywood, Cal., who sends it to us. He received it at Anniston, Ala., in 1899 when he was mustering out the volunteers of the war with Spain. Mr. J. E. Wasson of Hilger, Mont., learned the song by hearing it soon after the war. Mr. Horace Kinne of New York City heard it in a Michigan lumber camp forty years ago, and through the kindness of Mr. S. M. Stowe sends us one of the most accurate versions derived from recollection. Mr. J. H. Morehead of Chicago learned the song as a student in the University of North Carolina, twenty or twenty-five years ago. One contributor to this discussion asserts that the poem was first read in the celebrated Whitechapel Club in Chicago. Other interesting versions have come from Mr. William Vizard of Mobile, Ala.; Mr. George E. Oliver of Delhi, N. Y.; P. T. Conrad of Richmond, Va.; Mr. George B. Enger of the Department of Law of the University of Virginia; Mr. J. H. Morehead; Mr. R. J. Mullaney of Chicago, and Mr. W. T. Tabb of Jersey City.

Mr. J. D. Atwood of Artesia, N. Mex., makes a point of the fact that the ballad is a protest, not a lament. "There has been only one reconstruction period," he writes, "in the history of the world. Let us hope there will never be another." Amen!

A Cattle Country Ballad

THE South is the richest field for the folklore lover; but the cattle country hasits "vulgar ballads" also. In a Missouri River town, one night, the members of a high-school literary club walked down the street at that awful hour which just precedes the departure of the last street car for the suburbs. They were making a night of it. They were full of ham sandwiches, coffee, and the wine of youth. The sleepy policeman on his beat was startled by a wild and barbaric chant. It had in it the monotonous lilt of the Indian war song, and that semi-Indian, semifrontiersman "yip" of the cowboy. And these were the blood-curdling words:



None of the boys knew where the song came from. It was their society song. It has the characteristics of a real ballad. It is of the West, Western. It has the meter which falls in with the beat of a horse's feet as he trots or paces. It belongs to the cow country—and the period after the appearance of the loading chute at the railway. Try it on your piano. Note the syncopations—and believe the assertion that when yelled into the midnight air of that Western city it was as effective a thing in ensemble singing as you are likely to hear. We place this in nomination as a real American ballad of the vulgar traditional sort, and invite additions or refutations.

Cartoon by
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



Another Chapter of Modern History

It's easy to make them strong enough to guarantee, but you want your socks to fit perfectly

EVERY well-dressed man likes to have his socks fit snug at the ankle—it gives a neat, clean-cut appearance. Bachelors' Friend Socks hug the ankles and conform tightly to the shape of the leg.

These socks look dressy, feel soft and smooth to the skin and give every possible comfort to the foot.

Bachelors' Friend SOCKS
TRADE MARK
Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada

have a genuine French welt at the top of the leg—the best welt ever knitted on a seamless sock—prevents the garter from ripping and stretching the sock at the top.

Though Bachelors' Friend Socks are priced and guaranteed just the same as ordinary guaranteed hose, it is strictly on their quality that we ask you to buy them.

Sizes, 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.

Put up in boxes containing 2, 3 and 4 pairs at *$1.00 per box*, according to quality. Every pair guaranteed 30 days.

SPECIAL—In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight guaranteed *gauze* socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, $1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future wants.

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.



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Pounding away your energy

Your strength, gained from your daily food, represents a certain amount of useful energy.

If any of this supply of power is wasted by needless strain and shock it is gone **forever**—you cannot use it again.

The *labor* of taking thousands of steps each **day is not** severe, but the *jar* of your weight coming down on hard leather heels gives your nervous system a series of heavy shocks. This consumes, in enormous quantities, the strength upon which your earning power and your success in life depend.

O'Sullivan's Heels of new, live rubber interpose an easy, springy cushion between your heels and hard floors and pavements. They save your delicate nervous system the strain which otherwise uses up your strength and energy. They add to your efficiency, your health and your comfort.



O'Sullivan's Heels cost but 50 cents a pair, attached. All shoemakers and shoe dealers will attach them to your shoes when you buy them, or at any other time. If you prefer, send us 35 cents and a tracing of your heel and we will mail you a pair. O'Sullivan Rubber Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York.

O'Sullivan's HEELS of New Live Rubber

For Men, Women and Children



All Roads are Level Roads to the

Indian Motocycle

"Rushing" a hill is an unknown experience to the Indian rider. "A twist of the wrist" silently gives the command to the motor for more power. And the power is there. It responds instantly. The rider feels that peculiar "bite"—a thrilling, assuring sensation of the answering motor!—and then the speed deftly picks up—picks up—picks up—without a moment's hesitation. The steepest grade offers no trouble to the Indian-mounted man.

Rough roads, too, mean nothing to the Indian tourist. With his machine fitted with footboards and that incomparable, inimitable comfort feature, the Cradle Spring Frame, shocks and jars are dispelled. Indian riding is smooth riding, whatever the condition of the highway.

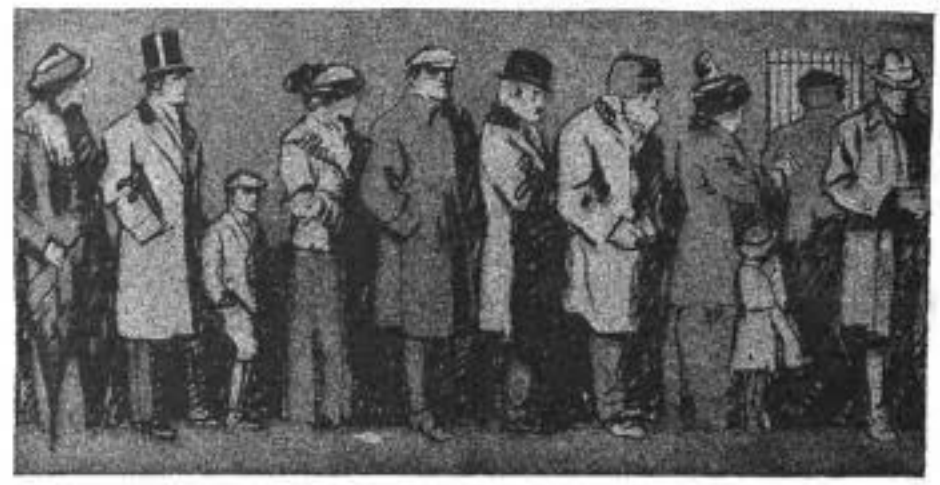
With stupendous power—with perfected comfort devices—all roads are level roads to the Indian

Write for the 1914 illustrated Catalog

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 802 State St., Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Branches and Service Stations: Chicago Dallas Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco Atlanta Denver Toronto Melbourne London



Boosting the Thrift Idea

By JOHN M. OSKISON

YOU and I and our neighbors really know nothing of thrift. Neither do the teachers in our schools nor the men and women who run the business of our country, on salary, and conduct the home—on credit. This generation has outgrown the plain maxims of Franklin's time, and as yet we have not formulated a new set of popular rules for thrift practice.

Instead, we have been educated in prodigality; we know the texture of luxury; ours is an exaggerated taste for self-indulgence; to us waste matters little. And this is true not because we are willful wasters, but because we have never heard, or have long since forgotten, any sort of thrift preaching which didn't make us tired.

Ignorant of the meaning of thrift, and trained to spend a dollar and ten cents for every dollar we earn, we attack a social system which attempts to make us pay the inevitable price of our extravagance. We search diligently for a way to override immutable economic laws, for we don't want to be made to suffer for what we haven't been taught to regard as a fault.

The Promotion of Thrift

IN 1910 (to illustrate the sad state of thrift in the richest commonwealth in this country) the Massachusetts Labor Bureau gathered statistics to show the average income, expenditures, and savings of ten groups of professional and salaried men. The first fact unearthed was that *30 out of every 100 of these men had never saved anything.* Those who did save—the 70 per cent—stood somewhere, in their saving capacity, between the express company official who put aside $250 a year out of a salary of $1,906 to the banker who saved $2,388 a year out of his earnings of $7,726.

Of course the Massachusetts report dealt with the best paid and the most intelligent class of money earners and spenders. It included bankers, brokers, professors, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, railroad, steamboat, and express company officials, and the superintendents of manufacturing plants—the sort of men you and I have a right to look to as setters of good examples.

Why are the doctrines of thrift unfamiliar? Why are its practices irksome? These questions are being asked by a lot of people who are affected by our lack of thrift—economically and morally. A nation-wide inquiry is about to be made. Up to this time we have not got far beyond vivid statements of the necessity for reform.

Three State executives, invited recently to join a movement for the propagation of thrift, have spoken urgent words on the subject. Governor Clark of Iowa says that too much cannot be done for the promotion of practical thrift. *"It ought to be urged upon the young in the home, in the school, everywhere. Thrift as a necessity, as a duty, ought to be insisted upon for everybody, in every place of public discussion. The want of frugality, the unlimited extravagance of the time is a public menace."*

Extravagance—a Contagious Disease

GOVERNOR MILLER of Delaware approached the same idea from another angle: "Extravagance becomes contagious and affects the whole community, the State, the nation, and tends to produce dissatisfaction and discontent. On the other hand, economy and thrift promote substantiality and produce happiness and contentment."

Governor Hunt of Arizona sees that "departure from simple living standards, especially by the middle classes who try to emulate the very wealthy, is having a deleterious effect upon our national life."

Thrift Can Be Made Popular Again

ONE of those invited to join the movement for spreading the gospel of thrift abroad is Professor Metcalf of Tufts College, teacher of economics, who is familiar with conditions in Massachusetts. In his letter to the promoters of the thrift campaign he called attention to a law of his State requiring teachers in the secondary schools to give instruction in thrift. "But the law is a farce," he wrote, "because *the average teacher knows nothing about the subject.*"

But thrift is to be made popular again in this country. "'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright," said Franklin; and too many bags are collapsing all about us to permit us to go on serenely indifferent to the causes of the collapse.

Of course, as yet, the campaign for the renewed popularizing of thrift is hardly under way. More than anything else, those who have undertaken to direct it want to find out about methods. They want to know how they can bring home to the average American the truth of the statement that upon individual thrift depends the prosperity of the nation. They must find a way to picture concretely the financing of wealth production by the aggregated small earnings of the thrifty millions. They are anxious to find such illustrations of the truth that extravagance and good wages can't long travel together as will appeal forcibly and instantly to the average money earner and money spender.

Still a start has been made. Thrift is mainly an attitude of mind, and the promoters of thrift believe that through a proper publicity the attitude of mind of the average American can be changed from one which welcomes extravagance and tolerates debt to that of a real belief in the desirability of spending a little less than he earns—and that is the essence of thrift.

Thrift Is Wisdom

FOR more than a year the American Bankers' Association, through the officers of its savings-bank section, has been conducting a thrift-preaching campaign. Brief sermons, in proof form, have been sent regularly to a large list of newspapers; local bankers have been urged to plant seeds of thrift in their communities—in the schools, in the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the organizations of young women, in the clubs, in the fraternal organizations, in their own literature, any way they can. In the bankers' campaign, of course, the emphasis has been placed on mere saving. In its wider meaning, few savings-bank officials can do very much to boost the thrift idea. Also, the appeal made by the professional banker is apt to sound prosy to the average money spender. Still, the campaign of the American Bankers' Association is worth making.

More recently, there has been organized the American Society for Thrift, with a Chicago investment banker, S. W. Straus, as chairman of the Organization Committee. Associated with Mr. Straus on the Organization Committee are the State chairman of the Illinois Equal Suf-

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What are You Doing to Develop Your Eastern and Export Business?

How 200 Wide-Awake Concerns Have Solved the Problem

OVER 57% of all imports entering the United States land at New York. Over 40% of all exports are shipped from New York. The total value of foreign commerce from this city alone exceeds one and one-half billion dollars a year. In fact, New York leads all the cities of the world in volume of international trade.

Do you import?—export?—sell in foreign countries? Do imported raw materials enter into the manufacture of your product?

Have you an Eastern or Atlantic Seaboard market that is capable of greater development—of lower selling cost—of quicker deliveries—of cheaper transportation—of BIGGER PROFITS?

Do you, as a manufacturer or distributor, realize that for handling your Eastern or Export business New York offers advantages not to be found in any other city in the country?—that it is the *one logical* center for a manufacturing, assembling or shipping branch? Do you know that such a plant would have 27% of the buying population of the United States within one hundred miles of its door?

Perhaps you have felt that to locate in New York is difficult and expensive. It used to be, but now it is easy, simple, economical. The magic key that unlocks the door to these tremendous commercial advantages and makes it possible for YOU to secure them RIGHT NOW, to a maximum of efficiency and at a minimum cost, is

BUSH TERMINAL

A community of large, new, modern, fire-proof buildings where already over two hundred representative concerns (some of them in the ten million dollar class) are enjoying the most up-to-date industrial quarters that engineering skill can devise

SOME of these concerns use Bush Terminal as a branch distributing point, some an assembling plant, some storage warehouses, some manufacturing headquarters. Among them are many who have moved from distant places and according to their own statements, they save enough in cartage, freight handling, insurance, labor problems, etc., to *pay their rent.*

All railroads and steamships connect directly with Bush Terminal. Incoming goods are delivered at your door; outgoing shipments are taken from your elevator, practically eliminating cartage and hauling expense.

In Bush Terminal you can get the exact amount of space you need, divided to suit your needs. You can get additional space as fast as your expansion demands it. You can have your factory on one floor or on several floors. You get just what power, light, heat and water your business requires and pay only for what you use.

Bush Terminal Buildings have maximum daylight—cheerful, ideal. They are well ventilated and are equipped with all modern, sanitary arrangements. They are absolutely fire-proof, with the additional protection of a million dollar sprinkler system. Insurance in Bush Terminal costs 10c to 20c. a hundred. How much do YOU pay?

Labor supply is plentiful. Living accommodations for help are nearby and reasonable in cost. There are express, telegraph and cable accommodations in this modern industrial city; also regular post and parcel post offices.

BUSH TERMINAL cannot afford to have a dissatisfied tenant. You want us—and we want you—only if it will *save* or *make* money for you.

For your protection, we will make an analysis of New York facilities in the light of your own commercial activities and requirements. We will give you the full and unbiased facts on whether Bush Terminal, New York, as an operating point for your own particular business, would CUT PRODUCTION COSTS by reducing overhead, by solving labor difficulties, by reducing handling and transportation expense, thus netting you BIGGER PROFITS on present business—whether it would bring you closer to your raw material markets—whether it would enable you to develop MORE BUSINESS in the eastern, export or import market and enable you to make quicker deliveries, quicker sales, and outdistance competition.

For any concern, big or little, we shall be glad to make such an investigation without charge or obligation.

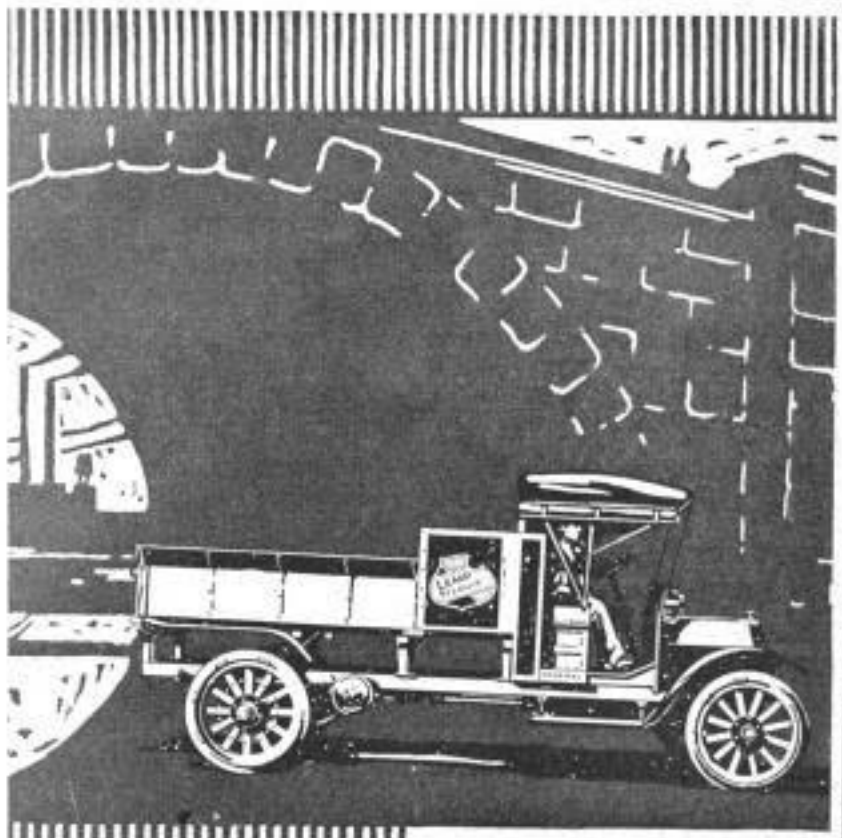
A Valuable Book, "How to Reduce Overhead Expense," Sent Free

WRITE TO US on your firm letterhead, and we will send you this interesting book on business economics, together with the names of 200 representative concerns now in Bush Terminal, and facts about the advantages THEY find in Bush Service.

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Some Glimpses of Bush Terminal Activities

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A Federal in the Service of the Lemp Brewing Company, St. Louis

FEDERAL

Not Merely *Sold* to You— But *Fitted* to Your Business

We pride ourselves upon the fact that so many concerns now using large fleets of Federals started with the purchase of one, and bought the others largely because of the assistance we were able to give them in economizing haulage and labor costs.

For instance:

> "During July, 1912, we purchased one of your Federal Trucks. After unloading from the shipping car we at once made a temporary body and started the rig on its way. With the exception of two weeks for painting last winter the truck has done daily work. Never in the last year's use have we been held up a minute. The truck has been used in hauling water from our spring to city warehouse, a distance of about four miles (round trip); roads are very poor in places in winter, but wherever the FEDERAL can get traction it will go through."—Rock Spring Water Co.

Many other bottlers, dairies and creameries have had similiar experiences with Federals.

Our advisory service—the result of years of experience in practically every line and under all haulage conditions—is free to any manufacturer. It is one of the best means of demonstrating conclusively the relative value of motor and other haulage in different lines of business.

Why not write us? One of our representatives will be glad to call; and he will not try to sell you a truck unless he has convinced both you and himself that you can use one profitably.

Federal Motor Truck Company
100 Leavitt Avenue Detroit, Michigan

frage Association, a well-known social worker, a member of the National Fraternal Congress, an officer of a big steel company, and the president of a university. Ten Governors of States and half a dozen college presidents and superintendents of education are members of the Advisory Council.

Mr. Straus has suggested the scope of the new society's work in these words:

"To promote nationally the individual thrift which is the basis of good citizenship and community prosperity, this organization, duly financed, has taken up a nation-wide inquiry to determine how best and most quickly to change the prodigal spirit of our times to the spirit of thrift."

That is the simple purpose of the new society. As to its program of action, its promoters are frankly seeking lines of appeal. First of all, they are working at a definition of thrift which shall be acceptable. Mr. Straus's own characterizations are interesting:

"Thrift is not a mere forced rule; it is a virtue and principle. Thrift is not an affair of the pocket, but an affair of character; it is not niggardliness, but wisdom.

"Thrift is not so much a matter of money as an attitude of mind. Our people, our communities, our Government, will all be better from the practice of thrift. . . .

"Thrift is creative economy—and Emerson said: 'Creative economy is the essence of magnificence.' . . .

"Thrift does not simply mean that a man shall deny himself food and clothing—no, the thriftier he is, the more money he and his family will have for these purposes."

This new society wants everybody's help to bring about the change. In the first bulletin sent out it asked for "the help of every thinking man and woman, the head of every organization of influence — commercial, industrial, financial, labor, agricultural, educational —for it will require wisdom little short of divine to make every step in the campaign an effective step and judicious."

I have said that getting a good definition of thrift fixed in the minds of the people is one of the first tasks to be undertaken by the thrift promoters. The new society, as a first practical move in this direction, offered prizes for the best short definition and also for the best short story illustrating individual thrift. The prizes were offered to the students in the primary and the secondary schools of the country.

More than 2,000 children sent either definitions or stories —and 75 per cent of them were girls! Both first prizes were taken by girls. Hazel Haag of the Warren (Pa.) High School submitted the best definition:

"Thrift is the management of one's affairs in such a manner that the value of one's possessions is being constantly increased."

Other high-school students offered definitions less striking, in the minds of the Organization Committee, but worth considering by those who want to get the essentials of the thrift doctrine fixed in their minds. Nelson Crow of St. Joseph, Mo., said that "thrift is the economical management of either business or domestic affairs. It assumes the frugal management of the resources of the family, the prevention of waste, the avoidance of useless expenditures, and the practice of industry."

That definition carries a first-class little sermon. Florence Palmer of Mobile, Ala., preached another: "Thrift—the 'eclipsed virtue'—embodies industry, frugality, prudence, method, perseverance, temperance, economy, punctuality, and ability—especially in details. Economy signifies saving, while thrift signifies both saving and increasing." Myrtle Cantwell of Ogden, Utah, defined thrift as "willingness to work, capability of earning, being industrious, planning for the future, conserving and increasing what you have by good management." Raymond Vollert of Fond du Lac, Wis., said that thrift is "economy and conservation in the home, in industry, and in natural resources. . . . Thrift is accomplished through careful study, some deliberation, and good management."

So a good modern version of "Poor Richard's Almanac" is growing. In the "Primer of Thrift," which the new society plans to publish soon, I expect to read many more attractive definitions of thrift.

Begin with the School Children

A GIRL in the Seventh Grade of the Lowell School of Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (Winifred Wilson), won the prize offered by the society for the best 200-word story illustrating individual thrift. Here is her story:

"I have observed that a boy who lives near us is a thrifty person. There are six in the family. His father works in a store and his mother does all she can to keep the children dressed neatly. This boy takes care of other people's chickens and raises and sells chickens himself. He sells newspapers after school and runs errands. He has a vegetable garden every summer and sells his vegetables from house to house.

"The neighbors all like him — I think because he is thrifty and will work honestly for them. He does not spend his money carelessly, but buys his clothes and other things he needs. He saves his money and puts it in the bank every Saturday. He dresses neatly, too, and often buys things for the home and for his father and mother. He is ten years old, and in the Fifth Grade. He has over twenty-five dollars in the bank now. I think this boy is thrifty and will be rich when he is older."

Schools and colleges, the society believes, offer the best ground for the propagation of thrift. One member of the Advisory Council, President Rovard of the University of Southern California, has suggested a practicable beginning of the teaching of thrift in the colleges. He says that the subject fits into the courses on economics, and that in his own institution "the whole matter of the prodigal tendency of Americans, in the face of high living costs, is considered and methods of meeting the difficulties are discussed."

The Possibilities

TALKS, plans, and mechanical devices for the encouragement of regular saving; legislation and specific counsel against the get-rich-quick schemes that shake owners of money from a belief in the modest earning power of money; the appeal to a man's love for his family; the teaching of thrift in the schools with the same enthusiasm and system as are shown in the teaching of other vital subjects; the distribution in the homes of thrift sermons which will be read—these are some of the possibilities which lie ahead of the promoters of thrift.

A New Serial

The Tyranny of Beauty

By "JANE BUNKER"

Will begin in the next issue of Collier's, April 11

It is the story of how Maggie McNulty turned in the twinkling of an eye into Mme. Del Mar and made a fortune. Madame is an amusing get-rich-quick artist. She does not know much about anything except what her mother wit teaches her, and she gets trouble and gets glory, gets money and gets an expensive husband all with a facile genius that makes her experience as a beauty sharp an exciting, entertaining tale. It is easy to say a heroine is clever, but Mme. Del Mar puts it across right before your eyes — you see for yourself how smart are her doings, how witty is her tongue, and how wonderful is her instinct for the weaknesses of human nature.

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A Real Stage Need

By LABERT ST. CLAIR



Illustration by Herb Roth

TO PREVENT theatrical managers from advancing a time-worn excuse for refusing to take my advice on how to elevate the stage, I vow that on only one occasion have I ever accepted a complimentary ticket to a show. That was to a one-man entertainment given by Walter Crow, fiddler and impersonator, in Nixon's Hall, our town, back in the 80's. I obtained the pass by distributing bills, and lost the pasteboard before the curtain rose. Therefore I criticize from the standpoint of a paid patron.

EXPERIENCE also entitles me to criticize. I have seen all the stars of recent years from Joe Jefferson to Corse Payton, attended Shakespearian drama in Bangor, Me., movies in Muscatine, Iowa, and vaudeville in San Diego, Cal., paid the fares of four Greek classic dancers from Atchison, Kas., to St. Joseph, Mo., and painted the chariot scene on the front drop of our new opera house.

My protest is that American managers are unwilling to aid aspiring playwrights and actors without established reputations.

Complaint constantly is made that few new meritorious plays are being written and that the only stages which most young thespians are qualified to mount are drawn by horses and controlled by foot brakes. Facts warrant no such statements.

The trouble is, managers do not seek new talent. They should go out and hunt it. How long would Connie Mack have a championship baseball team if he or his scouts, armed with nice bags of warm peanuts, did not invade the hazelnut belt occasionally in search of new hired help?

There is no reason why theatrical managers should not do the same.

I THINK the employment of theatrical scouts for bush duty only would be a good thing. Not to go to small theatres and dramatic schools to obtain half-baked talent, understand me, but to locate promising, untrained playwrights and actors in fields and villages. There are many such amateurs who need only a little training or encouragement to make them stars. Read any country weekly immediately following a home-talent play in the town of publication if you do not believe me.

Right now I recall a playwright and an actor in our town who gave up in despair merely for lack of a good theatrical scout to set them right.

Kit Bemis was the writer. At ten years she wrote a poem, submitted it anonymously to the "Weekly Friend" competition and won first prize. The award was a silver-mounted mustache cup. Thus was she convinced poetry did not pay and she turned to playwriting.

Her first play, consisting of three acts, five murders, a suicide, and a wedding, was produced at the brick school when she was fourteen years old.

I WAS then doing literary tinkering in the way of sale bills and obituary poetry, so Kit frequently came to me for advice. But one day she stumped herself and me, and that marked the beginning of the end of her playwriting. She had written a melodrama around the Dalton desperadoes and was preparing to lay siege to a manager. The first two acts ran smoothly, but in the middle of the third act she got Frank Dalton, clad in handcuffs, leg irons, and a straitjacket, in a hermetically sealed, underground cell. To make the play end well, it was necessary to get Dalton out, and that was beyond Kit.

WEEPING, she brought me the manuscript. For four days I struggled with it, and the only means of release I could think of was a writ of habeas corpus. So to save my reputation, I handed the manuscript back to Kit and told her it would be best for her to work out her own problem. Of course I admitted that I had a solution.

She called me many hard names and accused me of wanting to corner the writing market, but I remained firm. She went back to work. For two weeks she struggled without budging Dalton an inch.

Then along came the Boord boy and proposed to her. She accepted, moved to a farm, and, as far as Kit is concerned, Dalton still sits in that underground prison.

A good scout, I maintain, could have given her a little advice, kept Dalton above ground, and, perhaps, made a great dramatist of her.

Ed Day was our actor. He was very versatile. For twenty-one years hand running he was in every home-talent play we had.

He was bald and forty, but he could play anything from Uncle Tom to Sappho and do right well, considering.

IN the spring of '89 we presented "Little Orphan Annie" as dramatized by Kit.

Ed was cast for the leading male part, but at the eleventh hour "Annie" was taken ill and he had to substitute for her. He made up right well, being small, but he had difficulty remembering his lines on such short notice. In the middle of the second act he held the stage alone.

From the wings Kib Simpson, our blacksmith, was blowing a terrific wind with his second forge bellows, and from above newspaper snow was filtering down on Ed. He stood in the center of the stage and moaned:

"Home, home; I have no home!"

There he stuck. The wind blew harder and the snow fell thicker. Whispered cues gave him no aid. He advanced a step and fairly shouted:

"Home, home; I have no home!"

Further words would not come, so he sawed the air with his arms, leaned out even with the footlights, and repeated his plaint about being homeless.

SUDDENLY, down in the center of the hall, up rose Sidney Helms, our editor, and asked:

"Ed, why in thunder don't you go to the poorhouse?"

The remark not only broke up the show, but it ended Ed's stage career. He was almost heartbroken, and to this day, even though he is in the produce business and has thousands of eggs stored away, his secret sorrow can be seen plainly.

Think what a kindly word and a pat on the back from a theatrical scout would have done for Ed!

1914  ? 1915

Your car starts in trim for 1914
How will it end?

Friction is relentless.

It steals mileage that belongs to you. It means lost power, and worn metal. In the end it destroys all motors.

A canvass among New York repair shops showed that about one-half of the automobile engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

Correct automobile lubrication is an intricate, scientific problem.

Motors and feed systems differ widely. *No one lubricating oil can be efficient for all cars.*

This is absolute.

You selected a car that suits you. Now select an oil that suits your car.

Your motor has approximately 1500 parts. To reach all friction points properly your oil must suit *your* motor.

Words and claims cannot meet this condition.

Your business sense must ask:

"Who made the oil?"

"How did they determine its fitness for my motor?"

Throughout the world, the counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company on lubricating problems relating to every class of machinery is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

The Lubricating Chart, printed in part on the right, represents our professional advice on automobile lubrication. It is a result of the most far-reaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and model of American and foreign car.

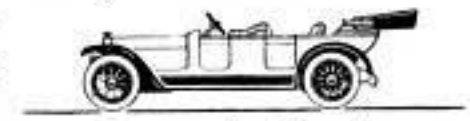
The oils specified have been thoroughly proven by practical demonstration.

For a number of years this Chart, which is annually brought up to date, has been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make sure that you get it.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.



Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1915		1914		1913		1912		1911	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	...	...
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Carterear	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
" Con't	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Case	...	...	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	...	...	...	...
Fiat	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc	...	...	...	...
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc	...	...
Ford	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" Con't	B	A	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
G. M. C.	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Havers 6-44	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Havers 6-66	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc
Haynes	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile "20"	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	...	...
" "32"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc
I. H. C. (air)	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	A	B	A
" (water)	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A	...	...	...	...
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	E	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Kelly	...	...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
King	A	...	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
Mack, Jr	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mohawk	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Moline Knight	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	K	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Moon (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Paige Detroit	E	E	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Con't	...	...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	...	...
Regal	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
S. G. V.	...	...	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" "Mead"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	B	A
Stearns	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studdard-Dayton	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" " "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	...	...
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie 9-45	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc
Velie 9-50	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc	Arc
Walter	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (Gas)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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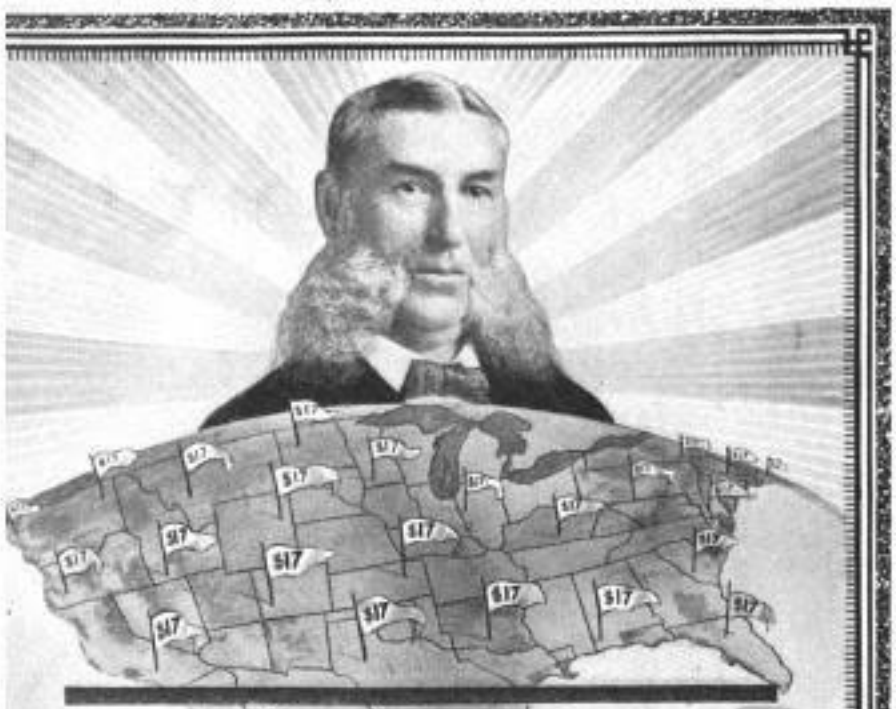
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Baseball and the Briton

(Continued from page 9)

switched to my limited vocabulary of English sports. Oh, yes—an interval was a cessation of play to pay homage to the English teapot. It seemed most absurd, but the King was present, and perhaps some concession had to be made to royalty. Therefore I throttled my subterranean expletive, and inquired simply:

"Why?"

"Because it is quite customary," he replied in a tone of finality peculiar to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The King "stopped," as they say in England, throughout the eleven innings. Yet, odd to relate, there was no "interval." This may explain why the tea-thirsty expert on my left concluded his analysis of American baseball in next morning's paper with these words:

"The game is sadly lacking in variety. Not a bad game to play, perhaps, but a little tiresome to watch after cricket, particularly good club cricket."

Who but an Englishman and a lifelong resident of England could have made that observation?

"Who Landed the King?"

THE trouble with these experts, aside from their woeful lack of preparation, was the embarrassing predicament in which they found themselves. In Paris John J. McGraw submitted to an interview at English hands on the ticklish subject of baseball versus cricket. In this interview the manager of the Giants was made to sound the death knell of cricket. As a matter of fact he was not correctly quoted, but the damage was done. When the Giants and White Sox reached Charing Cross, English cricketers—grandfathers, fathers, and sons—aided and abetted by sporting experts, were making a futile attempt to conceal their rage.

Here were a cheeky lot of American invaders with the effrontery to suggest that baseball—"nothing but glorified rounders"—was to supplant the grand English game of cricket. Indeed the invaders were themselves to force the supplanting! You can picture the average cricket-playing Briton's indignation. No—you can't. We seemed to be in for a scorching. And if a game were played, the probabilities were that the attendance would about equal that of a Monday's game in St. Louis between the tail-enders and Cincinnati.

Suddenly all was changed. In big, black type the newspapers announced:

THE KING WILL ATTEND
BASEBALL GAME

At this point of our narrative might be inserted a mystery story, entitled "Who Landed the King?" I confess I don't know. But this I do know, that four prominent members of the American colony in London, each wealthy and of surpassing social prominence, took me clandestinely aside and, each prefacing his remarks with "I don't want to boast, but—" told me how, through his influence, and that alone, the King's patronage was secured for the game. My understanding is that several other American gentlemen aspire to the same honor, and I believe that the American Ambassador would not dodge the credit if it were thrust upon him. But if you want my guess—and it is as good as anybody's "knowledge" on the subject—King George attended the game both because he is a lover of sport and because he saw in the occasion an unusual opportunity to further cordial relations between Great Britain and America.

"Rounders with a Bigger Stick"

THE King's attendance made it obligatory upon the press in general to "play up" the game. It is fair to say, however, that the "Daily Mail" did this from the very first, even before the King's presence had been assured. With his Majesty a certain spectator, and with the consequent publicity in the papers, a big attendance was almost inevitable. It is no exaggeration to say in this connection that with a week more in which to advertise the contest fully fifty thousand people would have attended on a good day—the Chelsea Grounds have held seventy-nine thousand—and the best American record would have been broken.

Next to the King, America's acclaim should go to Old Sol. After rainy Rome and watery Paris, the sun broke through the London fog and shone upon the American baseball men. It was a conspicuous finish to a notable tour.

But these rhetorical "intervals" are trying on cricketer and expert. We must get back to them. Neither an earthly monarch nor an empyrean ruler must be permitted again to intervene. They were on their good behavior, these cricketers and experts, but they did not forget their grievance. It broke forth in print and in seemingly friendly discussion after the game. Knowing not what else to say in criticism of America's national pastime, all of the experts agreed in describing it as the "old English game of rounders, played with new rules and a bigger stick." Without commenting on this relationship of baseball and rounders (something akin to the descent of man from the ape), I have asked the editor of COLLIER'S to reproduce the picture, which, insists the "Mail," shows the similarity between the two games. I can hear the American fan howl in his delight when he gets this remarkable comparison.

English Games We Borrowed

IT was unfortunate, I think, that the idea was ever suggested of trying to transplant, or better, plant, baseball on English turf. Especially unfortunate was the erroneous impression created that the purpose of our visit was to drive out cricket with baseball. That was not in any sense the purpose of Comiskey, McGraw, or Callahan. They are far too sensible for that.

Besides, it is not the American idea. Think a moment, John Bull. We took your Rugby football, introduced it into our colleges, deformed and then reformed it. We took your game of tennis, and lately have beaten you at it. We



The Sphinx and the Pyramid know that there is something new under the sun. While they did not see a game of American baseball, they heard about it from the party of world-touring players and their families — and in their age-old wisdom they knew its novelty

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took polo, and ultimately proved your victors. We seized upon the ancient and honorable game of golf. It has made our fathers young and our youngsters the peers of seasoned experts. If this strikes you, John Bull, as a trifle exaggerated, remember Ouimet and Evans in conjunction with Varden and Ray.

What I'm getting at is that the origin, the locale, of a game is no bar to its introduction into America. All games are on the free list. But with the English it appears to be different. Baseball is objected to because it is American, or, taking the rounders joke seriously, because it has been developed outside of England. More particularly, perhaps, it is taboo because there is a fear it may hurt cricket. One might gather that something like "forcible feeding"—in paraphrase, forcible playing—was likely to follow.

If President Wilson and the Congress of the United States can give assurances in any form to satisfy you, John Bull, that we are not seeking to "tie the can" to cricket, such assurances will be generously given.

Why Not Beat Us at Our Own Game?

WE know that we couldn't club cricket to death with a baseball bat, and we haven't the slightest desire to try. If cricket is to survive this changing age, it will survive. If it is not to survive, it must die a natural death—and, naturally, it will be a slow death. So far as anybody knows, ten years from now the survivors of us may see cricket-playing England completely surrounded by her baseball-loving colonies—and still fighting a cheeky American invasion!

Get this into your noodle, John Bull: The American idea is to take any good game, become expert in it, and then, out of pure devilry, beat the man who invented that game or who claims patent rights. In that spirit we'd like to have you take up American baseball, become proficient in it, and in the course of time beat us at our own game. Why?

Because it would then be all joy and no sorrow for every American fan to see the Athletics, the Giants, the White Sox, or mayhap the St. Louis Browns, win a simon-pure world's championship.

Come in, John Bull, the water's fine!

Averageboy

By LEE SHIPPEY

AVERAGEBOY is much like George Washington at times. He is particularly like George when company is present. At such times he cannot tell a lie.

If you are one of Averageboy's friends, you will appreciate an incident which occurred the other day, when he bounced into the living room to get Mother to help him put on his mittens, while Mrs. Grumble was calling. Mrs. Grumble, who does not like children, attempted extreme graciousness in greeting him, but he stuck out his tongue at her.

"Speak to Mrs. Grumble, dear," commanded Mother. "Say: 'Hoddydo, Mrs. Grumble?'"

"I don't want to," replied Averageboy rebelliously.

"Now, don't be a silly," urged Mother warmly. "Why don't you want to speak to Mrs. Grumble?"

She should have known better. Instantly the young disciple of Washington replied:

"I don't like her."

"Why, son," exclaimed Mother, in horror, "you *know* you *do!*"

"No, I don't," replied the possible future President, stoutly. "And you don't either. I heard you tell Daddy only last night she is a sour—"

Mother pounced on Averageboy just then and carried him out of the room. She remembered what she had said.

THEY returned a few minutes later, a smiling but determined-looking woman and a wide-eyed, scared little boy. The boy walked straight to the visitor, held out his hand and said:

"I'm sorry I said that, Mrs. Grumble. I was a bad little boy to say that— But it's true, just the same."

Then, turning innocently to Mother, he asked:

"Now, Mother, kin I have those cookies?"

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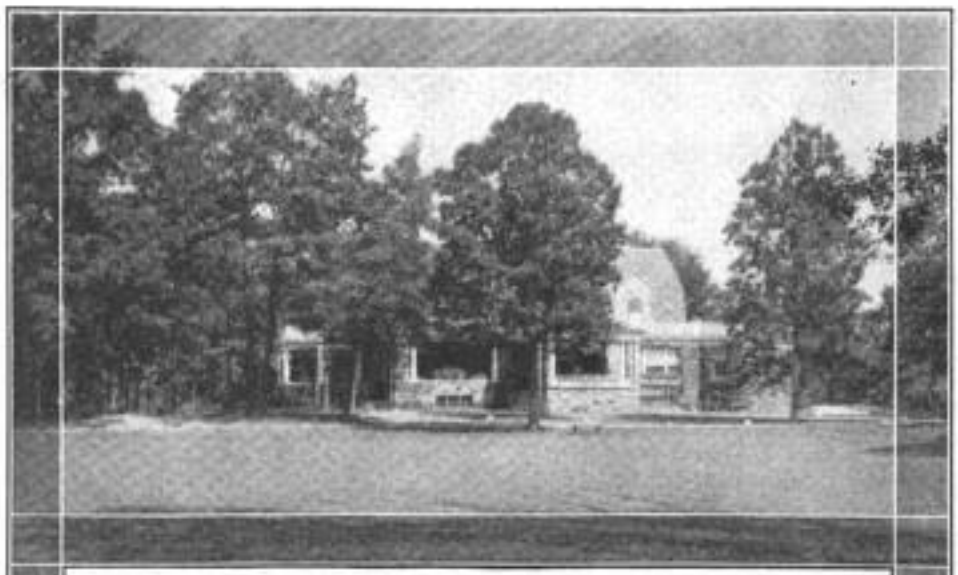
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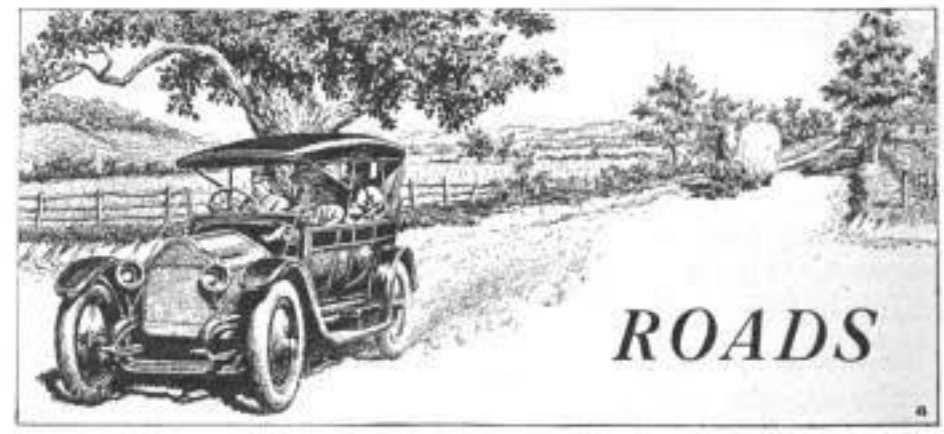
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Campaigning That Counted

By EWING GALLOWAY

HERE is convincing proof that a few earnest, public-spirited men can accomplish wonders in road promotion work in a comparatively short time if they know exactly what they want and how to get it.

The Good Roads Association of Spokane County, Washington, has been in existence for a long time, but until three years ago it was like many organizations of its kind—dormant. At that time the county had only eight miles of what could, by stretching the imagination, be classified as hard-surfaced highway. For twenty years the people had wanted good roads, but their ideas of how to get them were vague and there was an absence of real leadership.

Vigorous from the First

THE county awoke from its protracted doze when several men in different lines of endeavor realized that only by making a business of securing first-class highways could anything definite be accomplished. The old association was reorganized and about twenty-five men of the city of Spokane agreed among themselves to subscribe each year to a fund which would approximate $5,000 for such work as was needed to get results. This sum was quite modest when you consider the fact that the population of the county at that time was approximately 150,000.

W. H. Cowles, a wide-awake business man, was elected president of the association, and seven enthusiastic good-roads boosters representing as many subdivisions of the county were picked for vice presidents. Each of the vice presidents became the leader of a branch organization. Frank W. Guilbert was chosen secretary and actual leader of the association. Mr. Guilbert was eminently qualified for the job, and did not have to depend solely upon his salary for a living.

Mr. Guilbert and his associates did not begin by feeling their way; they started a vigorous campaign at once. The newspapers of Spokane and the small towns were quick to assume their share of the work, the aid of good spenkers was enlisted, and for several months good-roads gospel was dinned into the ears of all doubtful voters. The newspapers and orators argued that first-class thoroughfares were an economic necessity, and used facts and figures to prove that they knew what they were talking about.

But of course the crusaders did not have a walk-over. There was enough opposition to make the campaign interesting. A great many conservative farmers had to be convinced that they would not be burdened with a heavy tax and that the expense of keeping their horses shod all the year round would be trivial compared with the saving from decreased horse feed and quicker transportation. And this task was not always easy.

How Opponents Were Handled

THE Spokane newspapers were frequently called upon to publish letters taking issue with the statements of Mr. Guilbert and his colleagues. Mr. Guilbert made it a point to answer these letters by personal correspondence rather than through the columns of the papers. One particularly vicious attack was made upon him by a farmer named I. B. Welch. Mr. Guilbert wrote the farmer a courteous letter, inviting him to call at the headquarters of the association and talk over their differences. Mr. Welch came, and ever since that day he has been one of the county's most ardent promoters of rural highway betterment. He is also one of Mr. Guilbert's best personal friends, and every now and then makes him a present of a barrel of apples.

Noise for Noise

SOME members of the Legislature from isolated districts have always been hostile to the movement because they believe the good-roads crusaders are presuming when they invade their territory and endeavor to educate the farmers to what the association considers to be the right way of thinking.

At a meeting in a theatre at Deer Park, some twenty-five miles north of Spokane, Mr. Guilbert was attacked on the floor by a legislator who regarded the speaker as an intruder. The meeting became so heated that the audience could hardly understand what Mr. Guilbert was talking about. The secretary realized that the only way to hold his own was to make more noise than the belligerent politician, and he won.

The people in some of the remote districts had crude notions about what roads ought to be. Some time ago Mr. Guilbert motored over a township road, not far from Spokane, that had been surfaced in the old-fashioned way. The material had been dumped in the middle of the road and the overseer had trusted traffic to level it down. The thoroughfare was so bumpy that Mr. Guilbert broke the steering gear of his machine.

"Why didn't you spread that material so as to make the road smooth?" he asked the overseer.

"I didn't think of that," replied the township official. "It would have been all right had all the wagon loads of stone been the same size."

Results in Spokane County

THE actual results obtained in Spokane County in the last three years were recently summed up for COLLIER'S by Mr. Guilbert.

"*We have built,*" *he said, "forty miles of hard-surfaced roadway at a cost approximating $300,000; and we are building right now eighteen miles of first-class highway at a contracted price of $165,000. We have also provided for the expenditure of $250,000 in 1914, which should give us at least twenty-five miles more of hard-surfaced road. The standard width of our roadbed is sixteen feet, which is above the average for the country at large. In three years as an organization we have provided for something over eighty miles of so-called permanent highway.*

"The expenditures I have mentioned are in excess of outlays by the State, county, and townships from other funds. In 1914 the State will expend in this county for a permanently located and drained standard grade something over $100,000. The county road and bridge fund each year is something over $100,000, and the township levies call for a little over $175,000. *Thus in two years, 1913 and 1914, I figure, there will be expended in Spokane County approximately $1,100,000 for road improvements. A little less than half this amount will go for hard-surfaced roads.*"

The policy of the association is to get properly located and permanently drained highways, using at this time the surface which the traffic seems to demand, with the idea of laying a foundation for a surface of any width increased traffic may necessitate.

"We feel," says Mr. Guilbert, "that by

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"If we built short stretches of the costliest type of highway, we would not be giving the service, consequently dissatisfaction would arise and we would have a hard time securing from future legislatures reasonable levies for road purposes.

"*We are preaching maintenance, maintenance, maintenance; and I can assure you that at this time the county commissioners are doing more toward maintaining Spokane County's hard-surfaced roads than they have ever done before.*

"*The satisfactory things are those we come across after a road has been improved. We find that the men who were our opponents, and who fought to the last ditch against improvements, are not only pleased with their own highways, but are willing to go out and help the association better other people's roads.*

"Our activities are not limited to Spokane County. The association works for better roads throughout the State. We even take a hand in the movement in Idaho. One of the first things we appreciate is that it takes money to build roads, and in Washington we set about getting appropriations from the State, which means like appropriations from each county. As yet we have not been able to secure a good road law in Idaho."

The Spokane County Good Roads Association's success has been due to the fact that it started out with a business plan and worked systematically. One of the wisest things it did was to employ a leader who was not only enthusiastic but capable. Campaigning for public improvements does not require much money. A harmonious organization and a good campaigner are the main essentials.

Spokane County does not lead in large expenditures, or mileage, but the progress it has made in three years affords a splendid example for other localities.

Persons desiring information about highways may write to the

GOOD ROADS EDITOR
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EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE been a customer of COLLIER'S for ten years, and your book department is certainly the best ever. . . .

COLLIER'S a while back ran an editorial regarding the advertising in Mr. Bryan's "Commoner." These quacks and patents who have been advertising in the "Commoner" have been an eyesore to me for years, and I think I remonstrated with the "Commoner" once. It is just possible that Mr. Bryan gives to others the business policy of his paper, like many editors of religious papers. Lover of Mr. Bryan that I am, since I first voted for him in Helena, Mont., in 1896, I am today writing him about the frauds he is constantly advertising, and hope the letter will get past his secretary. I feel sure that Mr. Bryan does not realize the awful harm he is assisting, for there are more than six millions of voters in the United States that would ordinarily take his word against that of any man. I want to thank you for that editorial. Why not all the Bryan admirers write him about these quack and patent-medicine advertisements that his paper constantly carries, and let COLLIER'S put the proofs before him that he is, in this one respect, doing an immense amount of harm?

I SHALL take the liberty of saying to Mr. Bryan that you will present the facts of this matter to him in such a manner that he cannot fail to see, and I hope you will not fail me. (I don't mean "me," but don't fail the tens of thousands of "Commoner" readers.)

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Every sound tooth is a weapon in defending health — a builder of physical power through good digestion and assimilation—a constant aid in the maintenance of energy so essential to success. One of the greatest hygienic commands of today is

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This means semi-annual visits to the dentist and the regular night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery



A pure, velvety powder delightful in its effect—*safe to use* because it cleanses and preserves the teeth by thorough polishing.

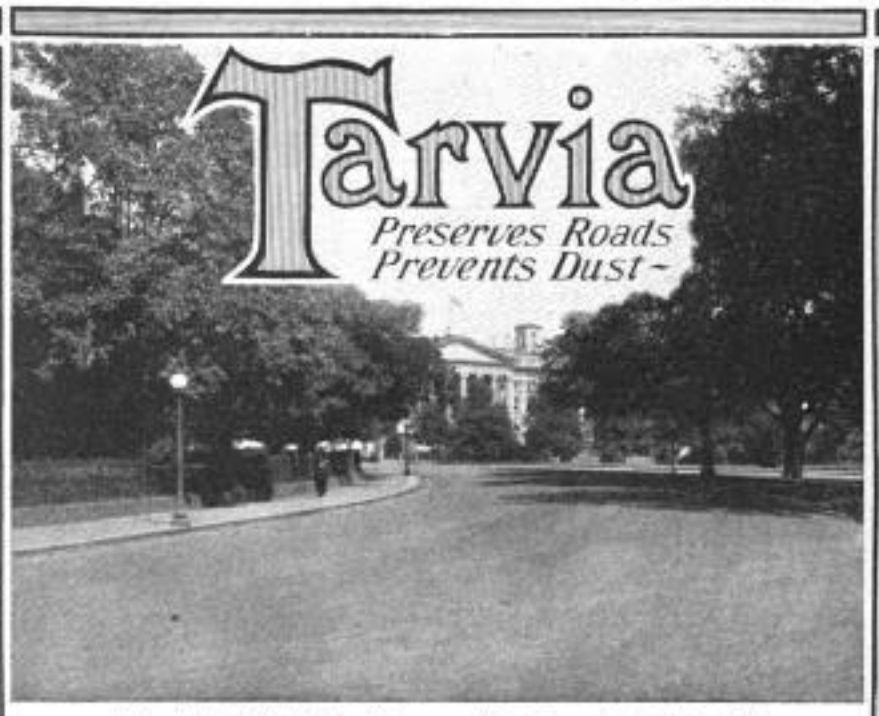
Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Hardens and benefits the gums.

Dr. Lyon's has been popular with the Navy since Admiral Farragut was active in the Service—it's the standard dentifrice of the Army. There is no walk of life in which Dr. Lyon's for three generations has not performed the great and needed work of safeguarding the teeth.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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Road south front of White House, Washington, D. C. Constructed with "Tarvia X". Showing U. S. Treasury building.

In front of the White House

THE roadways leading to the White House, U. S. Treasury and State, Navy and War Departments, in Washington, illustrated above, were constructed with "Tarvia X" in 1911.

The above photograph shows the condition of these roadways two years later. They are quiet, clean, smooth and dustless, entirely suitable for so exacting a location.

The Tarvia forms a tough matrix around the stone, holding it firmly in place. Automobile traffic simply rolls down the surface and makes it smoother.

The maintenance cost of tarviated roads is insignificant, and their first cost is only slightly higher than that of ordinary macadam. Tarvia has no odor and does not track.

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Don't rent—buy. You can own this handsome, complete 5-room portable bungalow and put it up this season with your own hands wherever you wish, ready to live in the day you get it—costs only $195.

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TAKE-DOWN HOUSES

House in picture has two doors, eight transparent but unbreakable windows, hardwood, sand-smoothed, finely finished floor, chimney, awnings, storm curtains, rustless screens, partitions, ceiling—a complete house—price $195. Other houses, one to eight rooms, $55 and up.

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$130 The Greatest Motor Boat For The Money Ever Built

MULLINS 16 foot Special Steel Launch, of graceful lines and beautiful finish, is safe as a life boat, with air chambers concealed beneath decks in bow and stern—is always dependable—Can't warp, split, dry out or rot—No seams to calk—No cracks to leak—**Absolutely Guaranteed Against Puncture.** MULLINS $130 Special Launch is equipped with 2-Cycle, 2-H. P. Ferro engines, that can't stall—Speed 8 1-2 to 9 miles an hour—One man control—Fitted with MULLINS silent under-water exhaust. This 16 footer seats 8 people comfortably—Has 4 foot beam and 11 foot 4 inch cockpit—Positively the greatest launch value ever offered. Write today for beautifully illustrated motor boat catalog, containing full particulars.



THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

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The World's Largest Boat Builders

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

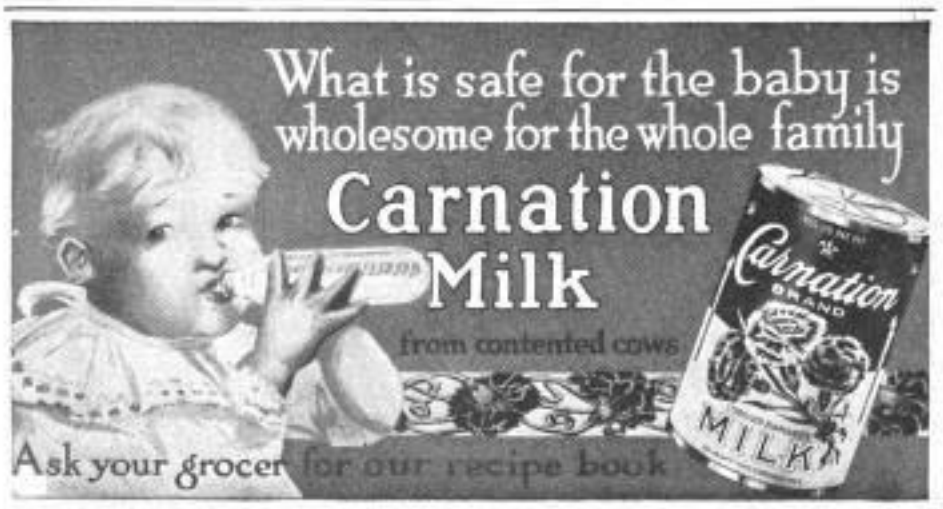
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and **Almanac for 1914** has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators**, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. **Only 15c.**

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Brickbats : & : Bouquets

ANNOUNCEMENT was made the other week that COLLIER'S has a new editor. The "new" was unnecessary—"an editor" would have been sufficient and surprise enough in itself.—*Publisher and Retailer.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has a new editor. According to announcement sent out this week by P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., Mr. Mark Sullivan will serve in that capacity hereafter. Mr. Sullivan has everything to gain and nothing to lose. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he cannot make COLLIER'S any worse than it is. He may be able to make it better. —Lyons (N. Y.) *Republican.*

✚

Mark Sullivan is the newly appointed editor of COLLIER'S. And the "Madisonian" is free to admit that Mark sometimes has the John L. punch.

—Virginia (Mont.) *Madisonian.*

✚

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

For one, I am so tired of the exploiting of a one-man cause by COLLIER'S that if I had not subscribed far ahead your paper would stop.

Why not advertise soap? Soap would be good for some of the Roosevelt clan! Most east Tennesseeans are of the opinion that if anything of a serious nature happened to the Colonel on any of his tours of "exploitation" the Progressive movement would go to the devil, too.

J. P. STALEY.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY voices the sentiment of the majority of thinking people in the country when it declares that since the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee at Washington the proposition of amalgamation of the Republicans and Progressives has been falling rapidly from par toward zero.

—Biddeford (Me.) *Record.*

✚

MEEKER, COLO.

I am a forest ranger, and I can assure you that your magazine is a good one for a busy man. I especially enjoy the editorials and Mark Sullivan page—say, why does he take a vacation and fail to give us a page now and then? Although I did not vote for him, I am a great admirer of President Wilson. However, I am proud to say that I am a Bull Mooser and hope to have a chance to vote for Teddy again, as I have done twice already. DR. W. FRANK BATES.

✚

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

I have been a subscriber to the Weekly for some years, but a month or more ago it stopped coming. I thought after the price was reduced that my subscription was extended and that it had some time to run; at any rate I received no notice of my subscription expiring. Please look into this and let me hear. I am not so keen on the Weekly except for Mark Sullivan's letter. I must have that each week. ALEX. P. THORPE.

✚

For many years Mr. Sullivan's weekly "Comment on Congress" has been regarded as law and gospel by thousands of readers. In that page he has shown the discernment, the grasp of affairs, the independence, the absence of prejudice, and the well-balanced judgment that supremely qualified him to interpret national affairs to the people.

—Kansas City *Times.*

✚

The probabilities are that the Republican party, in spite of Mr. Sullivan of COLLIER'S, will refuse to be destroyed. It has made an attempt to reform itself, and though it did not go far in this direction, it ought to be commended for what it has done.

—Providence (R. I.) *Bulletin.*

✚

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

MR. SULLIVAN:

I have read your "Comment on Congress" without missing a single article. I have been a reader of the Weekly for a number of years and have found it a source of inspiration. I can truly say that what I have seen in those columns has made me a better citizen than I would otherwise have been. I say this in all sincerity and with the request that you will convey this sentiment to the publishers; for, if I have correctly "read their minds," the statement that they have sent out through the medium of their publication has contributed toward making even one man a better citizen than he might otherwise have been will cause them as much gratification as anything that could be said. ARTHUR L. KING,

Editor, the "Progressive Democrat."

✚

During the last weeks we have been asked several times, "What kind of a paper is COLLIER'S?" Last week COLLIER'S carried some editorials that are good enough for the columns of any newspaper. So, in order to give you an idea of what COLLIER'S is, we are practically turning over our editorial columns to reprint some of their views upon questions of national importance.

—Oak Hill (Ohio) *Press.*

✚

No illustrated paper in the world can compare with COLLIER'S WEEKLY in the matter of text.

—London (England) *Tablet.*

✚

"GETTING THE WORK DONE"

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which is among the few periodicals that still print editorials worth while, says that, in business, sheer weight of money of itself seldom wins.

—*Advertising Digest* for January, 1914.

✚

TOUCHED THE HEART OF IT

COLLIER'S magazine has touched the very heart of reforms in this declaration: "The first step toward the elimination of sin is to get after the man who makes money out of it."

—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Voice.*

✚

TOWER, MINN.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY comes in bright and new like a coin from the mint.

J. A. TOBEY.

✚

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"The Jinx" is the poorest excuse for a story I ever saw in print—if you can't get anything better than that leave the pages blank. It is pure rot. I couldn't keep my opinion of the story to myself—I wanted you to know it. It was simply awful. J. E. O'ROURKE.

✚

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I read Mrs. Magruder's story, "Feud and Flood," in last week's magazine, and liked it very keenly. There is an unexampled and individual quality here, and the woman has the shory-story instinct.

FRANCIS HILL.

✚

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I must tell you how tremendously I enjoyed "Feud and Flood" in COLLIER'S.

DANA GATLIN.

✚

SCOTTSBLUFF, NEB.

I have read carefully your article in the 7th of February issue of COLLIER'S, and it is certainly a great review of "The Issues at Calumet." Now I will give my view of the above. The cause of the whole suffering is locked up in one word—"greed." Greed is called in the Bhagavad-Gita one of the three gates to hell, and I think it has proved its title clear beyond a reasonable doubt in Calumet. And, when the mine owners pay in suffering the suffering they have caused, I do not think they will do it again. They are a very silly lot if they think they can cause such misery and escape rigid justice. I will leave them to their Karma. You have my permission to print the above letter if you think proper, and it's not breaking any of our laws, over my signature and address.

ANDREW CRAWFORD, M. D.

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Is a Burglar Dangerous?

Face these facts: Burglary is increasing, as proved by leaping burglary insurance rates. The burglar is not a romantic adventurer. He is of the lowest type of foreign criminals—cruel, debased—half idiot and half brute—with a cocaine courage as irresponsible, dangerous and hysterical as the frenzy of a cornered rat. Would you temporize with a cornered rat?

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Self-contained safety—automatic safety—absolute safety. There's only one way an Iver Johnson can be fired—by a long pull on the trigger.
Drop it—throw it against a wall—Hammer the Hammer—it cannot go off.
Equipped throughout with permanent jewels, and unbreakable wire springs—reliable for a lifetime.

$6.00 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Send for this 82-page Book, bound in board covers, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.





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146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
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Shirley President Suspenders
50¢
You hardly know you have them on
"Satisfaction or money back"
Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

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and bought by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Needle Reader* and Terms Book.
R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 3, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

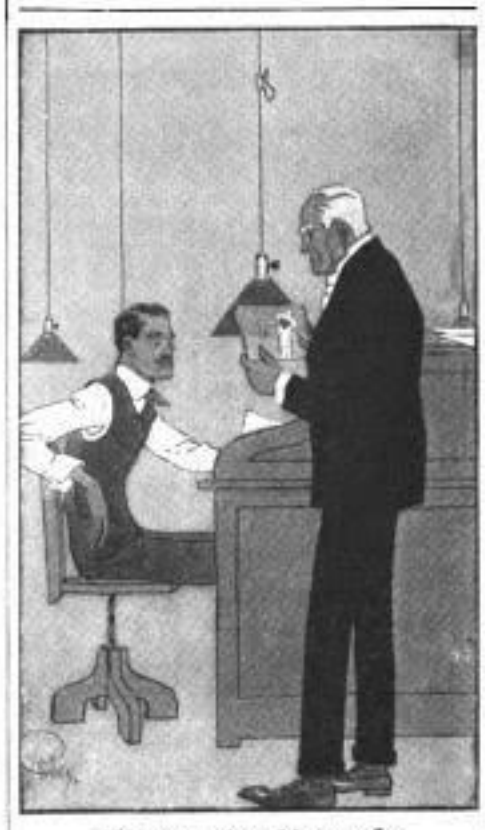
Best grade cedar canoe for $20
Detroit canoes can't sink
All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world. (152)
Detroit Boat Co., 150 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Madame's Mix-Up

(Continued from page 12)

"Ma foi!" cried madame in keen delight. "Ze pigshead wink' his eye at me!" And after she had laughed until she had to wipe her own bright eyes: "Ah, zis life, zis life—" she murmured—"it is immortal droll!"

WHEN madame reached the restaurant next morning, she was dressed like the queen of diamonds on the king's birthday. "For I," she thought, "I am ze maker of history! Du Barry made history—yes!—but she was what she was, an' she made ze soldiers fight. An' I am what I am, an' I keep men from being shooted, an' anyhow I bet me zat Du Barry never had a pigeon egg velvet like zis!" And so she had paraded around the upper deck of the Staten Island ferryboat, her nez retroussé on high, glorying in the glances which she drew from the crowded benches. "Yes, look!" beamed madame to herself. "Look your fill, good peoples! For it was I—and I alone—who have save' t'ousands of men in Mexico from being puncture' wiv bullets—I, Gaby DeJoie!"



Where the News Is

Managing Editor — *Why aren't we getting better photographs from Mexico? Haven't we a man down there?*

City Editor — *No, sir; baseball season's opened, so we sent him over to Texas to the training camps.*

She stepped upon the Sixth Avenue L like a princess entering the royal coach. For had she not received a mysterious telephone message the night before? "Tell señorita I have found them!" That had been all. But the words were still echoing through her mind like a prideful procession as she glanced through the mail which Louis had placed upon her desk.

"An' whose writing is zis?" she wondered. "Pos'mark' 'Brooklyn, 11 p. m.'"

"DEAR SENORITA," read the letter. "The truck, with me in barrel, crossed the ferry. It drove up and down deserted streets to see if anyone followed. But no one followed. At dusk we reached a building near the ships, and I was rolled gently in a cellar and placed 'This side up with care.' I waited till all was quiet and then I let myself out. The cellar was full of long boxes and square boxes. The long boxes were marked 'Whips,' and were full of rifles. The square boxes were marked 'Prunes,' and were full of cartridges. I was still looking into these things when I heard a key in the door. It was *he*—"

"Ze emperor!" muttered madame.

"I took him around the neck," continued the letter, "and he made no noise. I tied him, blindfolded him, and gagged him—"

"If I had been zere I would have shav' him, too!" madame couldn't keep herself from thinking.

"There were ten thousand rifles and two hundred thousand shells—"

"Mon Dieu!" commented madame. "So



THIS season, "the simpler, the smarter" is the decree of Fashion. The Oxford, shown above, with the *plain-stitched tip* invites attention by seeming to avoid it and has the supreme "smartness" of extreme plainness.

"ARLINGTON" Corded-Tip Oxford—$4.50

Russet Calf; semi-slender, receding toe; plain stitched toe-cap (no perforations) with raised or "corded" effect between rows of tip stitching; broad shank; solidly planted heel; invisible eyelets; English cord laces; back seam locked with an "anchor stay;" expressly shaped and steadied to clasp the ankle and hug the heel. Also available in Black Calf.

Exclusive Custom Styles
$4 *and up*

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Send for our Spring Style Book—it's free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
270 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Tire Words— Tire Deeds

THE guarantee that these tires will not skid on wet or greasy pavements—else returnable at full purchase price, after reasonable trial—is based on complete and positive, not partial and doubtful, non-skid efficiency.

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

The further guarantee of 4,500 miles actual service is for the user's protection only. It is based on years of experience proving this mileage to be a low minimum. There is involved no *expectation* of adjustment, as the average mileage is far greater, there being numerous records of over 12,000 miles on heavy cars.

The guarantee of absolutely oilproof quality still more definitely fixes Vacuum Cup Tires in a place entirely apart—in every consideration of safety and service.

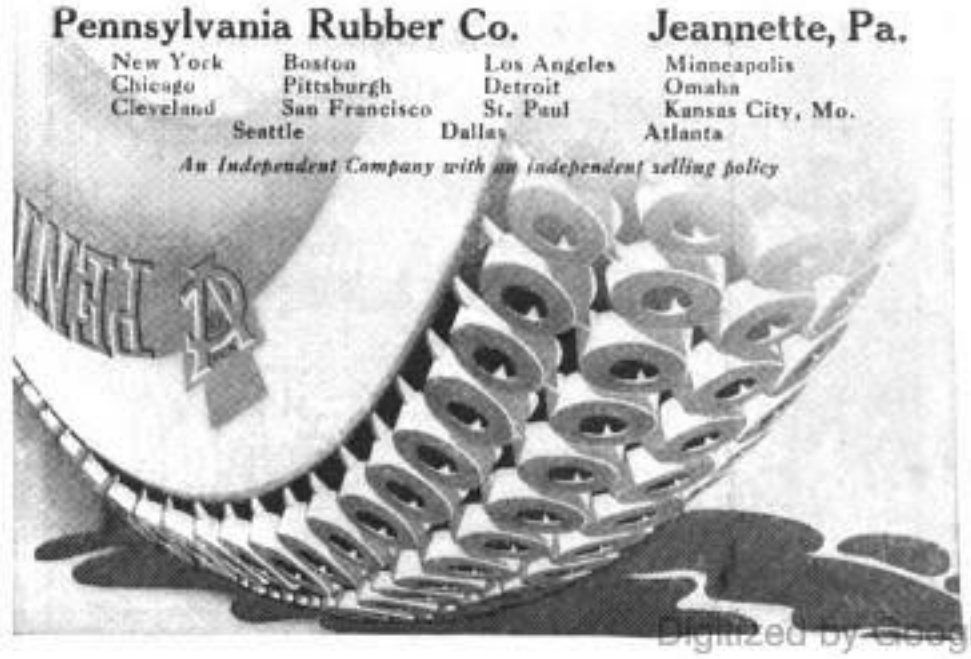
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Pennsylvania Rubber Co. — **Jeannette, Pa.**

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Zinc

To all paint from which the best results are desired Zinc should be added because it enhances everything that is expected of paint. It makes the paint whiter or makes it take the color better; it greatly increases the durability of the paint; it forms a stronger protection for the painted surface than paint without Zinc can.

Hence do not make a brush move until you have sent for the booklet, "Your Move."

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau





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HAS OPENINGS

For sons of men who read and believe in The National Weekly.

BOYS

who are desirous of doing work that means self-development can very profitably employ their time two to three days each week. Fathers can encourage thrift and self-reliance in their sons, if they will urge them to write to-day and ask for our plan.

P. F. COLLIER & SON

416 West 13th Street New York City

Junior Sales Dept.

many poor wives an' mommas can t'ank me for such!"

"There were letters in his pockets. He had hired a steamer to carry the goods to Vera Cruz. So I went to see the captain and explained that I had taken charge of the shipment. We changed the port to Tampico, where the rifles and cartridges will be forwarded to the hands of the patriots. And won't he feel sick when he reads in the paper that President Wilson lifted the embargo on arms this afternoon?"

"Lift ze embargo on arms!" gasped madame. "What is zis which he means?"

"They load all night on some of the docks," continued the letter, "so we started in right away. By the time you get this note we shall be out at sea—"

"Then he did not have them seiz'!" groaned madame, her eyes hurriedly sweeping over the rest of the letter. "An' all zose guns an' bullets will go right on shootin' lil' round holes out of a lot of poor devils who don't know what it's all about! . . . Mon Dieu! If zis is history in ze making, I do not like ze recipe, to say not'ing of having my fingers burn' at las'! . . . Well, Louis?" she asked, looking up at the prince of waiters, who was standing by her side.

"To-day's menu, madame."

SHE glanced it over thoughtfully. "At leas'," she reflected, considering the item of roast duck and apple sauce—"at leas' I have cook' ze emperor's goose! Zat is wort' somet'ing!" The sun of her smile pursued the shadows from her face, and she nibbled the end of her pen, leaning over the bill of fare: "Louis!"

"Yes, madame?"

"Less-ten! Zis 'Soupe à la Julienne'—change it to 'Soupe à l'Empereur.'"

"'Soupe à l'Empereur,'" noted Louis.

"An' change ze salad from lettuce to 'Barbe de Capucin.'"

Louis wrote it down.

"An' to-day we will have a dessert extra special—Ciel, what inspiration is zis!—'Pr-r-r-r-rune Whip! Voilà tout!"

She smiled—a knowing smile—and when two o'clock arrived and M. Fron-Fron still failed to appear at the table by her desk, madame smiled again. Suddenly above the hum of the restaurant she heard the word "Mexico." Madame bent her head and listened for more.

"I see," the voice was saying, "that General Carranza captured six guns from the Federals to-day, and lost two hundred men."

"Pooh-pooh!" thought madame, curling her nose as much as the retroussé would allow. "General Dejoie captur' ten t'ousand guns an' two hundred t'ousand bullets to-day—an' ze only man ze general lost was ze man she wan' to lose!"

A Letter from Gifford Pinchot

The following letter has been received from Mr. Gifford Pinchot with a request that it be made public through Collier's:

MR. MARK SULLIVAN,
EDITOR COLLIER'S, New York City.

MY DEAR MR. SULLIVAN:

THE question was raised in my hearing recently as to what American now in private life would be most useful as a member of the United States Senate? The subject is one upon which it would be possible to write or talk a long time. My own opinion, however, is perfectly clear, and I venture to submit it to you in the hope that the expression of it may be of use at this time.

Francis J. Heney, in my judgment, is better fitted and more needed than any other man in America to serve our people at this juncture in the Senate of the United States. His wide familiarity with the country and its needs, his thorough knowledge, gained in battle, of how special privilege works against the general good, his absolute fearlessness, his proved devotion to the public welfare, his distinguished ability and strong will—all these great qualities combine to make him an ideal public servant.

Such men are rare and as greatly needed as they are hard to find. The man who is willing to fight and die in the last ditch for a good cause is, I suppose, the most valuable kind of human being.

If I am elected to the Senate, there is no man I would rather have beside me when the fight grows hot than Frank Heney. He is all man and true blue.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) GIFFORD PINCHOT.

NECKWEAR, identified by the name "Cheney Silks" in the neckband, is being shown in pleasing variety at leading men's shops. Wash ties—tubulars, open-end scarfs and other fashionable styles and designs. Ask to see them.

CHENEY BROTHERS
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Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

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Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for memory is power. Be unsuccessful—Stop Forgetting!

The Dickson Method of Memory Training makes you "Forget Proof," develops will, self-confidence, quick thought, ready speech. Write for free book "How to Remember"—there, names, studies, also how to secure FREE, my 82 DeLuxe book, "How to Speak in Public."

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KNOX Maple Rice Parfait

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups cooked rice — 1 cup milk
½ pint cream — 1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup maple or brown sugar

Soften gelatine in the milk and dissolve in the hot rice. Add sugar and salt. When cool, fold in the cream whipped until thick, and the chopped nuts. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. Pack in ice, or in cool weather set out of doors.

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Free Lawn Book
An expert's directions for making, mowing and rolling the lawn, sent free with our catalog of Dunham Rollers.

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DIAMOND Post Card Gun
A new invention—takes full size Post Cards and Button Photos, 4 shapes, without films, plates or darkroom. Turns out 5 to 8 a minute—you sell the profit on every card of the batch.
Positively No Experience Needed
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We have all makes. Send for Catalog and address of nearest branch office.

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That's all we want to know



Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
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KNOCKED DOWN POWER DORIES
Boat for Detachable Motor $28
SEND STAMP FOR CATALOG
CORPAN CO. 99 HAWKINS ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Overheard at the "Movies"

By LEONARD HATCH

"I WONDER who thinks up all these pictures anyhow?"

"Gee, wouldn't you think the pianist would get tired! He sure earns his wages."

"I just { hate / love } these sort of pictures."

"Looks awful healthy to be starvin'."

"I've seen that feller in lots o' pictures before."

"Let's just wait for one more after this."

"See the wind blow."

"Wait till the old man finds out what's going on. There'll be something doing."

"Gee, that picture gives me a thirst!"

"The next ought to be a funny one."

"'S a cute youngster all right."

"They take all these Wild West scenes in New Jersey."

"Look how that horse stands without hitching."

"I should think those actors would get killed—trying stunts like that."

"He's a good-looking chap all right."

"He's sure got what was comin' to him."

"Served him good and right, too."

"Now he's going to kiss her. . . . *There!* What did I tell you!"

"That's 'The Rosary' he's playin' now. *Some song*, believe me!"

"See 'em grin. They know they're bein' took."

Joy-Riding

Concluded from page 10

precious perishables. This enterprise has been conducted for years, and although business has been good, the concern doesn't owe a cent.

Think of the scandalousness of the wasted situation! Think what the nation laboring along under a billion-dollar public debt could do with this tunnel if it had any real railroad financing ability! In the first place, the tunnel ought to be bonded. The assured appropriation for its maintenance each year ought to make it possible to sell at least $10,000,000 first mortgage bonds on the thing. Of course, no charge is now made for transportation, which makes it awkward. But suppose the appropriation were to be increased to provide for the distribution of books of ten-cent coupons to the Senators, and tourist cars were also run. This would provide a balance sheet and any good bookmaker could do the rest.

Was It Ever Done?

NOW, having the tunnel organized and in successful operation, the next thing is to provide feeders. These are always necessary in railway operations. Fortunately these feeders are available. There are two of them. One feeds the Senate and the other feeds the House. Congress should capitalize these restaurants for $10,000,000 apiece, and then sell them to the tunnel company at 90. This, of course, would load up the tunnel company, but to offset this a holding company should be organized with a capital of $50,000,000 preferred and $200,000,000 common to take over both tunnel and feeders. On the basis of the $28,000,000 cash assets of the subsidiary companies, the holding company could then issue $100,000,000 worth of collateral trust to $50,000,000 worth of equipment bonds, secured by a first mortgage on the tunnel automobile and the hatracks of Congress, and $1,000,000,000 worth of general refunding bonds, secured by a prior lien on the undeveloped territory of the original company lying between Congress and Wall Street.

With the money thus secured the holding company could buy up the national debt, thus freeing the nation of its obligations and giving the company a nice line of property corresponding in value to a dismantled steamship line or a $1,000,000 trolley survey. About this time the preferred stock of the holding company would become much depressed and its 4 per cent bonds would fall to $.01, thus creating severe criticism. But the country would be out of debt and the slight losses sustained by private citizens could be wiped out by reorganizing and exchanging $1.50 worth of preferred stock for $1,000 in bonds and a $2 bill.

When we see Congress slumbering loudly along with this opportunity sizzling beneath its pillowed ear, we are forced to acknowledge with humility the superior genius of private management.

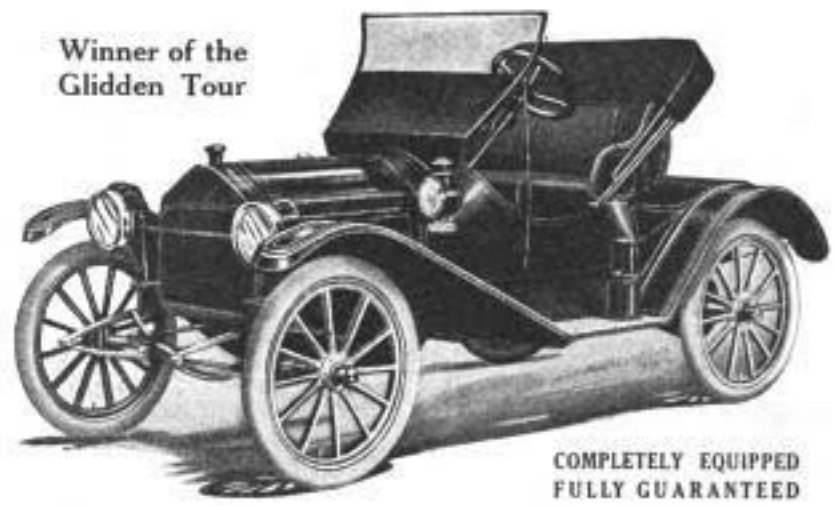
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World's-End

(Continued from page 13)

handled from a foal as we handle our colts here at World's-End. He is by Ironsides out of a Coxcomb mare. I bought him from a man named Ladd in the other valley. If Goodeloe wishes to sell him, he is at perfect liberty to do so."

"Yessuh."

"You've got that straight, David?"

"Yessuh."

He repeated Owen's instructions and stood waiting.

"Take him off by daybreak to-morrow. I am keeping the motor that Dr. Patton came in at World's-End for the present. When you come back from Goodeloe's take the colts and the light wagon and go to Warwick for gasoline. I will let you know later how much to get. Where has the motor been put?"

"In dee second ca'yage house, suh."

"Very good. That is all, David."

The cause of Owen's unexpected return to World's-End within twenty minutes of his arrival at Crewe had been the collapse of a railway embankment near Charlottesville. Despite the calm assertions of science and philosophy, there seems to be a force at work in the lives of men called variously Fate, Nemesis, Karma, Destiny.

It seemed to Phœbe that the following week was passed in another state of being. Everything looked strange, phantasmal, curiously unfriendly. She saw sinister faces in the winter branches, the shadows thrown on chairs or bed formed themselves into skulls or death's heads. The pictures in her fire were goblinlike. When she took up a book to try to divert her anxious, harrowed mind it seemed always as though a mocking chance led her to phrases and descriptions that had a horrid likeness to her own case or the ghastly events that had just befallen.

And the two trained nurses, in their bleak white linen gowns and caps, stealing everywhere through the silent house like preoccupied ghosts, added painfully to her illusion. They seemed to her like true astral bodies—clad differently, moving differently, speaking in different tones from the denizens of the familiar everyday world.

She went rarely to the nursery in those days, and when she did, it was merely to kiss the baby swiftly and go out again.

Giles had a very severe air toward her. She considered that no event less upheaving than that of the last day should interfere with all due attention to her nursling. So one morning she appeared firmly in Phœbe's room with Diana and placed her without a word in her mother's arms.

Phœbe held her a moment, kissed the top of the little hay-scented head, and then, rising, put her back in Giles's arms.

"I—I can't—Giles," she said. "I'm too miserable. I can't play with the baby while I feel like this."

"If you'll pardon me, m'm," Giles had said with grim firmness, "your child should be a consolation to you, m'm."

"Yes, yes—I know," Phœbe had said irritably, "but I can't have her now, Giles. I really can't."

With infolded lips Giles had marched to the door. Reaching it she turned.

"If this blessed lamb falls ill, m'm," she said dourly over the baby's head, "*then* you'll know *real* misery!"

And with this parting shot she went out, closing the door so softly that it was a more seething exit than a bang would have been.

If Phœbe rested badly during these feverish days and nights, Owen could not have been said to rest at all. He slept on a couch in Richard's dressing room, to be within call at any moment, for it took both Patton and himself to assist in moving Richard without giving him too much anguish.

The chauffeur plied constantly on errands of all sorts, in addition to taking Patton during such hours as he could be spared to the houses of his more seriously ill patients.

Phœbe saw very little of Owen. After the momentary breakdown, when he had come into her room, locking the door, on the day of the misfortune, he had turned again into a man of stone. Phœbe kept to her room most of the time, but now and then Patton would burst in tempestuously and drive her out for a walk. He also bullied her into taking a strong tonic. But nothing succeeded in rousing her from her pale listlessness.

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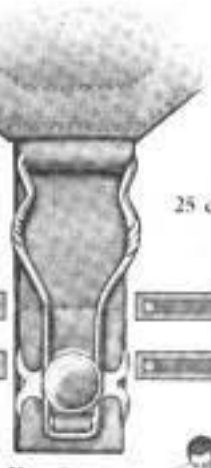
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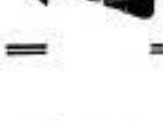
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Sally she never saw, except sometimes on her way to and from Richard's room. Mary was nearly every moment with Sally. Phœbe's only real companion and approach to comfort in those days was Wizzy, and the little dog followed her everywhere like a small decrepit shade, and slept close to her at night, wrapped in his little blanket, where he could nudge her with his hot, dry nose when evil dreams harassed him. In some dim, doggish way he certainly felt that being near Phœbe was the next thing to being near his master.

ON the tenth of these dreadful, unreal days, near six o'clock in the morning, Phœbe had just sunk into a troubled doze, when a wild, inhuman scream roused her. She sat up, trembling all over, and Wizzy started up, too, his scruff bristling. If it had not been for the dog's action she would have lain down again, thinking she had dreamed, so deathly was the stillness of the house after that one awful cry. But as it was, she lighted her candle as soon as her shaking fingers could find the matches and, throwing on a dressing gown, went out into the hall.

A low wind was making a harp of the outer door, the old clock beat immovably on. These were the only sounds. But then she saw a band of yellow light under Sally's door. As she gazed at it Miss Lee came running out.

Phœbe rushed to her.

"Can't stop now," she said, running on down the stairs. Phœbe was after her like a deer. She gasped as she ran:

"You *must* tell me. Is he—dead?"

Miss Lee was passionately breaking ice from the big lump in the refrigerator.

"No—get me a bowl, please. No—it's his mother—doctor told her—out of danger—went off like that—sorry can't stop," and thus telegraphically speaking, Miss Lee seized the bowl without ceremony, clapped the ice into it and was off upstairs again in a fleet run.

PHŒBE followed slowly. Her knees felt as though made of wet blotting paper now. She helped herself up each step by the banisters.

What seemed to her long hours afterward, Mary came out in her soft, white dressing gown. Her face was very pale but quiet, and hope stirred in Phœbe's heart. Holding Wizzy to her, she stumbled forward.

"Mary—" she called in a hoarse whisper. Mary—"

Mary turned with a start and came toward her. She took her and Wizzy in her kind arms.

"You poor dear little soul," she said. "You look half frozen. It's all right, darling. Don't shake so. Dr. Patton has pulled Sally through. It was the shock of joy after her long despair. Come back to your room, poor baby. We shall have *you* ill next thing."

SHE drew Phœbe into her bedroom and made her get into bed.

"My poor, poor baby!" she said, cuddling her. "I'm afraid you've been dreadfully neglected all these sad days. Your little patties are like ice. Are your feet cold?"

She slipped her hand under the bedclothes and felt the marble-cold feet.

"Just you wait a minute," she said, nodding and smiling.

She went quickly out and came back in a few minutes with a bottle of hot water in a crocheted cover. It seemed to Phœbe that she had never felt a more blissful sensation than the contact of that bottle's warmth with her frozen feet. Tears came to her eyes.

"Cousin Mary, you're an *angel!*" she cried, choking and dragging Mary's head convulsively down to her with both arms.

"Now—now—" murmured Mary. "Don't you be imitating poor Sally. There—there—" She patted and soothed her as if she had really been a tearful baby.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do!" she cried suddenly, straightening and putting her finger wisely to her lips. The little dance had come back to her light eyes. "We're both rather cold and forlorn—I'm going to make us both a cup of nice hot tea!"

"Oh, Cousin Mary—*dear* Cousin Mary," murmured Phœbe, between tears and laughter. "It's like when you read of good things to eat in a book and get so hungry. It seems I'd rather have a cup of tea right now than go to heaven!"

"But first, Madame Greedy," replied Mary, "we're going to have a nice blaze in this vaultlike apartment of yours. Where does America keep her kindling?"



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Wanted Men And Women Of Good Education to do outside work presenting a business getting plan to Banks, Trust Co.'s, Savings Banks, Building & Loan Ass'ns, in towns of from 500 to 20,000 pop. Must give bond or A1 references. Address Barnes Co., 29 West 38th St., New York.

District Managers Wanted Every Town To manage mail sales agency and jobbing business; repeat order article; samples, new sales plan furnished; $150 capital will create steady income. Write (no postals) Manufacturer, B-3785 Broadway, New York.

Start Mail Order Business. Responsible Corporation supplies best mail sellers. Factory prices. Quick return proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 65 E. 5th St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

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Phillips School. Personal Instruction. Story Writing or Photoplay Writing. State which. Inspirational Booklet free. "Story Market" or "Photoplay Market," 50c each. Phillips Studio, 14 DC—158 5th Ave., New York.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ rents, prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium. (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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Here's A Line Of Vacuum Cleaners And Sweep-ers in styles to suit every home and purse. The Torrington line is built by an established firm with a reputation to maintain. Big profits. Quick sales. No trouble. Write for descriptive catalog and terms to agents. Sweepcleaner Co., Box A, Torrington, Conn.

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We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

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Men Or Women: Can You Spend A Few Hours a day representing us in your community? Your income will be large if you are a willing worker and have ability. We guarantee Cyclone Sweepers and Vacuum Cleaners—many styles—against all defects. Exclusive territory to capable men and women. Liberal terms. Splendid line for window display in established stores. Write Dept. A, Cyclone Vacuum Cleaner Co., Bradford, Pa. Reference—First Nat'l Bank, Bradford.

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Can You Do What Others Are Doing? A Large manufacturer wants reliable workers established everywhere. Guaranteed hosiery sold only through agents. Liberal terms. J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

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Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavoring tubes (saving 50%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

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$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women, Ages 16 to 70. $2000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Both Sexes Keep Half—Postage Paid. Lightning Silver and Jewelry Polish. Every woman, hotel and restaurant with silverware buys. No rubbing. Positively harmless; absolute guarantee. Chance to make steady customers. Lightning Metal Polish Co., 1367 A, B'way, N. Y.

Feeny Mfg. Co., Dept. C-61, Muncie, Ind., wants a few good general agents for Feeny Vacuum Cleaning machines. New exclusive type; unequalled in power; sells at popular price; good contract with exclusive territory. Answer today.

Agents And Crew Managers, (Both Sexes). We manufacture a full line of Household Necessities, needed in every home. Big Profits and Sure Sales To Hustlers. Only responsible persons need apply. General Appliance Factory, Dept. H, Marinette, Wis.

Wanted: Subscription Men And Women To call on the Medical Profession and Drug Trade. Big commission. Need not interfere with present occupation. Romaine Pierson, Publisher, 83 Fulton St., New York.

The Fuller Dustless Floor And Wall Mop With adjustable handle, and hand duster, are indispensable to housekeepers. Sells at sight. Large profit to agents. Write today. Fuller Brush Co., 32 Hoadley Pl., Hartford, Conn.

Honest Man Wanted In Each Town To Dis-tribute free advertising premiums; $15 a week to start; experience unnecessary; references required. Address McLean, Black & Co., 148 S. Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

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Household Necessity Recently Invented Sells readily at 25c. Costs distributors 25c. Nothing like it on the market. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get your territory now. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago.

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Agents Wanted

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer; cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $9.50. Price to agents 30 cents. Wendell Washer Co., 191 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Increase Your Income. An Importing Concern wants live representatives all over the country. Different branches. Fine opportunity for men who mean business. Hagen Co., 25 Broad St., Office 431, New York City.

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Please send by mail, with no obligation to me, full information of Kleiser's Mail Course in Public Speaking and the Development of Mental Power and Personality.

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All her life long Phœbe recalled that cup of scalding tea—drunk as the gray dawn broke over World's-End on that day of deliverance—as something nectarous, ambrosial, divinely lifted above all other food that she had ever tasted or ever would taste. And she asked Mary to warm a little saucer of cream dashed with tea for Wizzy, to whom this beverage was a consolation for most of the ills of life. She got up when Mary had gone, too restless to stay in bed.

WRAPPING her warm, fur-lined dressing gown about her, she went to the window and looked out. She always slept with her shutters open, as Owen liked them, and now she saw the pale scarf of the dawn floating above the dark horizon, beyond the winter twigs, like a white signal waved by Hope it seemed to her, and yet—and yet— Oh, where was her resolution to tell him all just as soon as she knew whether Richard would live or die? If only he had believed those cruel, true words! The door opened as on that other day and Owen entered. He was very pale, but the stony look had gone from his face. He came over to the window and stood beside her.

"He will live," he said in a low voice.

Phœbe took his hand timidly—then held it to her lips and heart, and he did not seek to stay her. She did not look at him, and he, too, was gazing at the quickening east. A redbird streaked by like a flame springing from the ashen branches. Owen was speaking again—to himself now. He was speaking his thoughts aloud, muttering distinctly:

"It was those words," he said—"those words—" Suddenly, in that cold, bleak dawn, standing there actually touching the one desire of her heart, little Phœbe was caught up on that Mount of Transfiguration whose arid splendor breaks, if only once, through the dark mists of most human lives.

SHE stepped back a little from him and said in a small, still voice: "But—they were true words—"

"Eh?" he said, like a man rising confused to the surface of his own thoughts.

"What—Richard said—that day—about me—was true—"

There came a silence. She saw his hand go up over his eyes. Then he reached out his other hand behind him without turning and drew her to him. He held her so tight against him that he hurt her, but this pain was beautiful. If he would only hold her tighter—tighter—until the crushed life stopped aching—

"You—you—didn't understand—" she faltered piteously. "Oh, put me from you! It was true. I was his—"

"Don't!" he cried sharply. "There's no need—I've always known it—I knew it when I married you—and—I knew you would tell me—some day—"

HE caught her up to him in both arms now, and she felt his cheek pressed down upon her hand and the tightening of the muscles in his jaw as he set his teeth together. He caught her still closer. "Darling—darling—darling—" she heard him whispering.

"Then—it—it—was pity—" she stammered. "You—you—didn't—love me—"

"Phœbe!" he cried. He tried a second time to draw her to him. But she held him off, saying:

"No—no— Wait— It was pity—all the time it was just—pity— Oh, my God!"

And flinging herself down, she buried her face on her arms against the window sill.

Now he had drawn her up into his arms again. His voice had a sort of tremulous anger in it.

"Phœbe! Phœbe! I loved you from the first minute I ever saw you—not as I do now, but dearly. Do you think I could have married you if I hadn't loved you?" He gave a sort of broken laugh, then rushed on vehemently: "There was pity, too, yes—an infinite compassion for a lovely nature wronged and hurt, but I believed in you. I always believed in you—I knew I had only to wait. I knew the truth there was in you—the courage. I knew that you would tell me. When I married you, you were sick to death in spirit—a poor little stricken thing: but you, the real you, *my* Phœbe—you were there under it all. And for that I loved you and believed in you and waited for this precious hour. Oh, Phœbe!—little heart—don't say these cruel things to me."

To be concluded next week.

Unseen Forces Behind Your Telephone

THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

To give you some conception of the great number of persons and the enormous quantity of materials required to maintain an always-efficient service, various comparisons are here presented.

The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.



Poles
enough to build a stockade around California—12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about $40,000,000.



Telephones
enough to string around Lake Erie—8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bell-owned, which, with equipment, cost at the factory $45,000,000.



Wire
to coil around the earth 621 times—15,460,000 miles of it, worth about $100,000,000, including 260,000 tons of copper, worth $88,000,000.



Switchboards
in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, unassembled, $90,000,000.



Lead and Tin
to load 6,600 coal cars—being 659,960,000 pounds, worth more than $37,000,000.



Buildings
sufficient to house a city of 150,000—more than a thousand buildings, which, unfurnished, and without land, cost $44,000,000.



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to go five times through the earth from pole to pole—225,778,000 feet, worth in the warehouse $9,000,000.

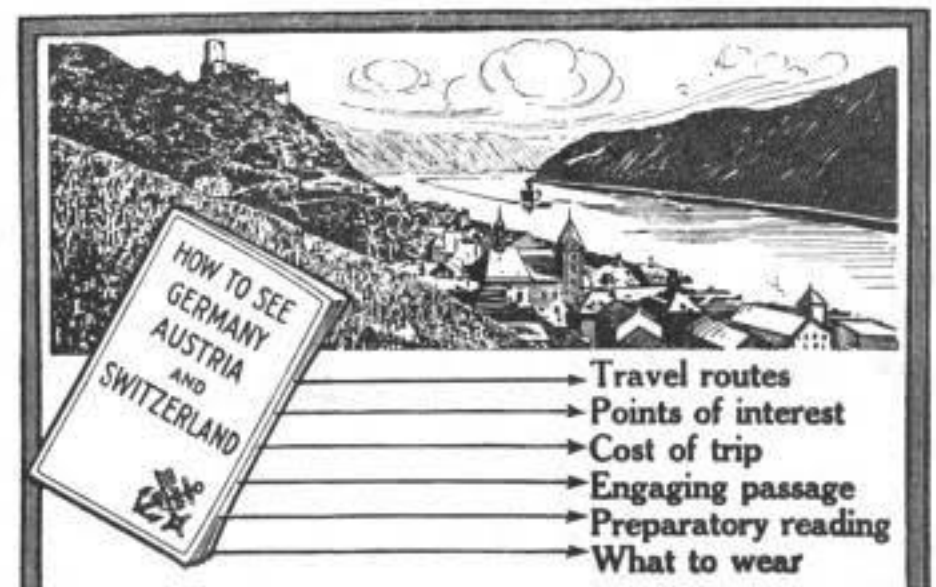


People
equal in numbers to the entire population of Wyoming—150,000 Bell System employes, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.

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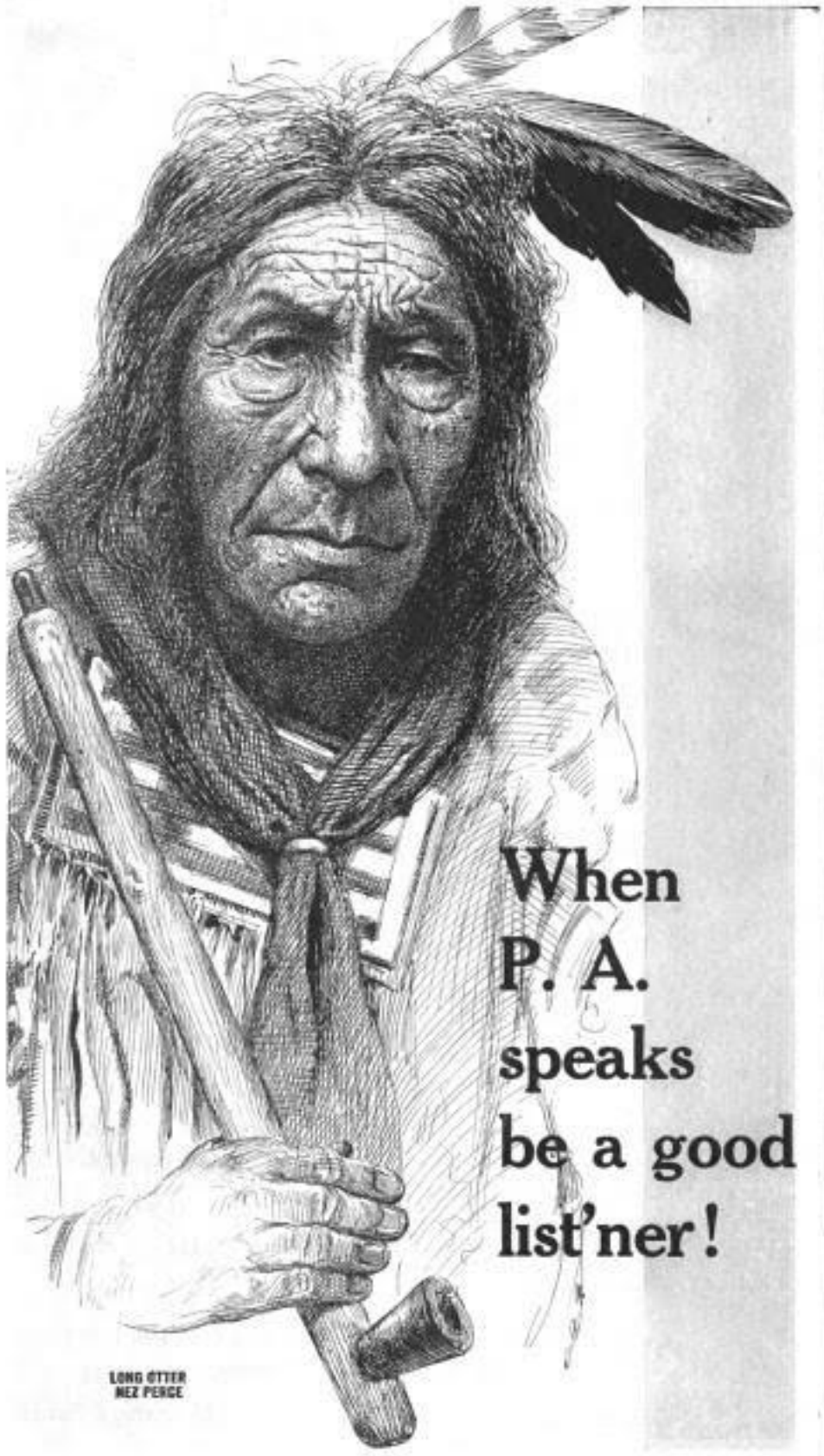
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The Humorous Side of an Earthquake

By LOUISE POND JEWELL



DURING a recent earthquake at Panama, the severest that has visited the isthmus in thirty years, the onlooker possessed of firm enough nerves or philosophic enough disposition to forget possible danger and watch his fellow human beings with a casual eye would have voted the experience one of the most amusing of a lifetime. Such onlookers are few and far between. If a house burns, there's the street to run to; if a train falls over an embankment, there's the bottom of the ditch finally to fall upon; even in an accident at sea, there's the buoyant water to intrust oneself to, as a last resort, after the big ship has been abandoned. But when the solid earth itself yawns beneath you—"Where are you?" as one frightened-eyed young woman said with a graphic, wide-armed gesture.

For example, at intervals along the line of the Panama Railroad one sees abandoned railroad box cars converted into dwellings for the switchmen and other employees to be housed between the regular villages. When the earth tremor first shook the isthmus on the night of the first of October, a workman occupying one of these improvised dwellings, awakened from sleep by the sudden jar, thought some misguided locomotive had just coupled onto his house by mistake and was about to pull it off down the track. Hastily seizing and lighting his student lamp, he rushed out of the house at full speed, waving the improvised signal madly back and forth in the air, in the vain effort to attract the attention of the erring engineer and get him to stop backing and filling in such an unseemly manner. Needless to say, the Big Engineer took His own time about obeying the signal; and when he became fully awake a half-clad man found himself standing alone in the middle of an empty track, waving a lighted student lamp excitedly back and forth—at vacancy.

A little lady living at Culebra, where the slides into the cut have been most numerous, waking suddenly, clutched her husband's arm and cried:

"We're sliding into the cut! We are on the edge! I can feel the house slipping down!"

Alert, he waited an instant, then reassured her:

"No, it isn't a slide; it's only an earthquake."

"Only an earthquake!" she cried indignantly, and with the utmost contempt that he should presume to pass upon it: "How do *you* know? I tell you it's a slide, and *we're in it;* I know!"

Another practical young matron in the same town exclaimed despairingly as she felt her house rock and sway:

"Oh, I shall die, I know I shall! We shall all die! *And there isn't a drop of whisky in the house!*"

Still another, hearing some one stumble and fall in the upstairs apartment, gasped:

"Oh, hear them all falling and dying all around us!"

THE Tivoli Hotel, at the Panama end of the line, gave many funny pictures—funny *afterward*, mind you! There were fearful and wonderful costumes in the broad, staid lobby that midnight hour, and at least one case of hysterics; and there were very white-eyed Jamaican negroes, who probably, if the truth were known, suffered most of all.

It's funny when it's all over. But in a real earthquake there are, it is safe to say, very few who do not at the time echo the quake inside. For, as the girl said: "If the *earth* goes back on you—*where are you?*"

Statement Made in Compliance with the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *of*
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published WEEKLY at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this eleventh day of March, 1914.

ALPHONSUS B. CASEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

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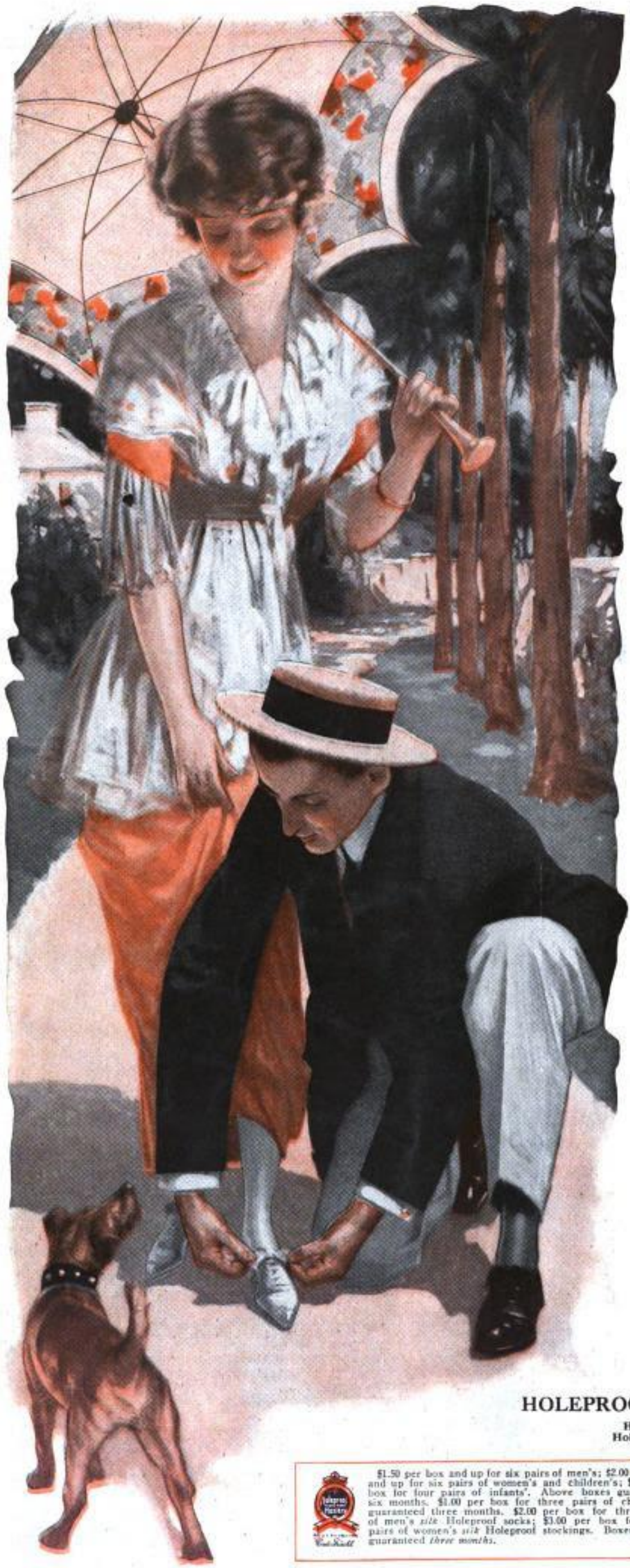
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The guarantee of six months' wear with every six pairs of Holeproof is only one of the reasons for its great popularity.

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We send for the World's finest cotton yarns —Egyptian and Sea Island. We pay for these yarns an average of 74c per lb. Common yarn in this country costs 32c.

And we have lately imported, at a large expense, a great Swiss machine to do our own mercerizing because this machine adds a beautiful lustre and 22 per cent more strength to the yarn.

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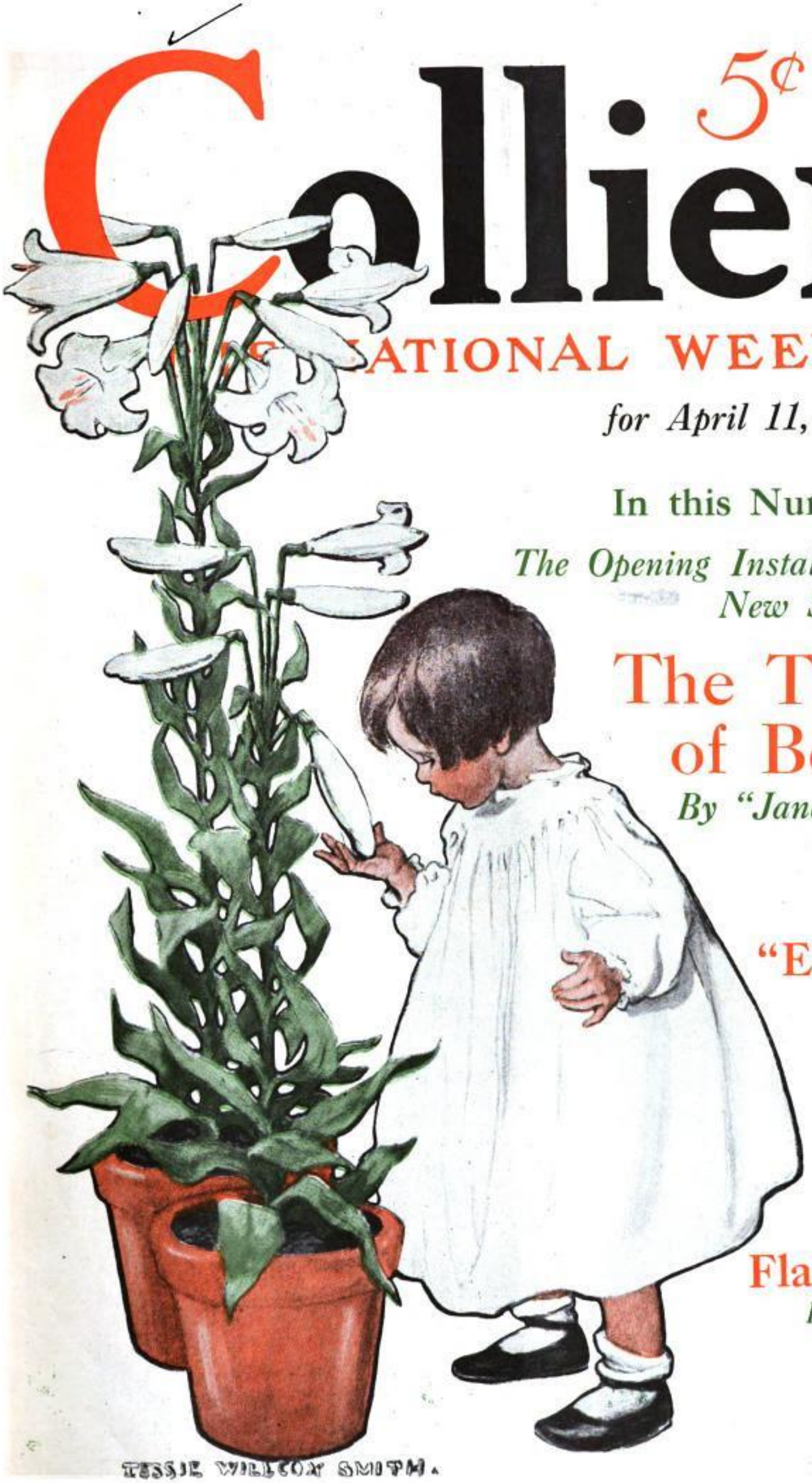
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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

for April 11, 1914

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In this Number

The Opening Installment of a New Serial

The Tyranny of Beauty

By "Jane Bunker"

The "Easy" Rich

By Isaac F. Marcosson

Picking the Flag Winners

By Billy Evans

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SAFETY FIRST

It's the Tough Goodrich Safety Tread that Prevents Tough Luck



The Goodrich Safety Tread

Five Bars and a Crosstie the "Safety First" Symbol

Just the unit-group of bars and crosstie to grip the road and distribute the jolts and strains evenly, so that the Safety Tread runs like a smooth tread and gives longer wear and service.

This picture from a photograph shows how the Goodrich Safety Tread Tires on the rear wheels overcame the skid of the smooth tires on the front wheels.

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

The thick, tough Goodrich rubber fingers of the Safety Tread dig down and grip the road. They stop the skid before it starts. They make the brake effective and steering sure. Goodrich *quality* in the tire backs up the Goodrich Safety Tread.

The extra thickness of tough Goodrich rubber in the treads at the point of contact with the road gives you longer wear and lower-cost mileage.

Here are the prices to pay for the best tires ever produced in the Goodrich factory:

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30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
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One hundred and fifty-seven thousand miles of the hardest kind of riding! It's night and day with the taxi. Always in a hurry—take the shortest road no matter how rough—anything to gain time! Pell-mell across car tracks! Rush! Make the train!

Down below soft cushions and resilient springs—down in the axles—the Timken Roller Bearings stood this rough riding for five and a half years in a Shaw taxicab.



Not only took the 157,000 miles of shock and vibration but carried the entire weight of taxi and passengers. Not a roller was worn out or broken—not a penny was paid for bearing repair or replacement.

What's more, this taxi is only one of the Shaw Company's original thirty-one taxicabs. Their average mileage record over Chicago streets is 135,118 miles. One of them is shown in the photograph below.

Here's the "*Why*" of That 157,000 Miles

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings support greater weight in proportion to their size than other bearings because they carry it along the whole length of rollers instead of on mere points—as balls do.

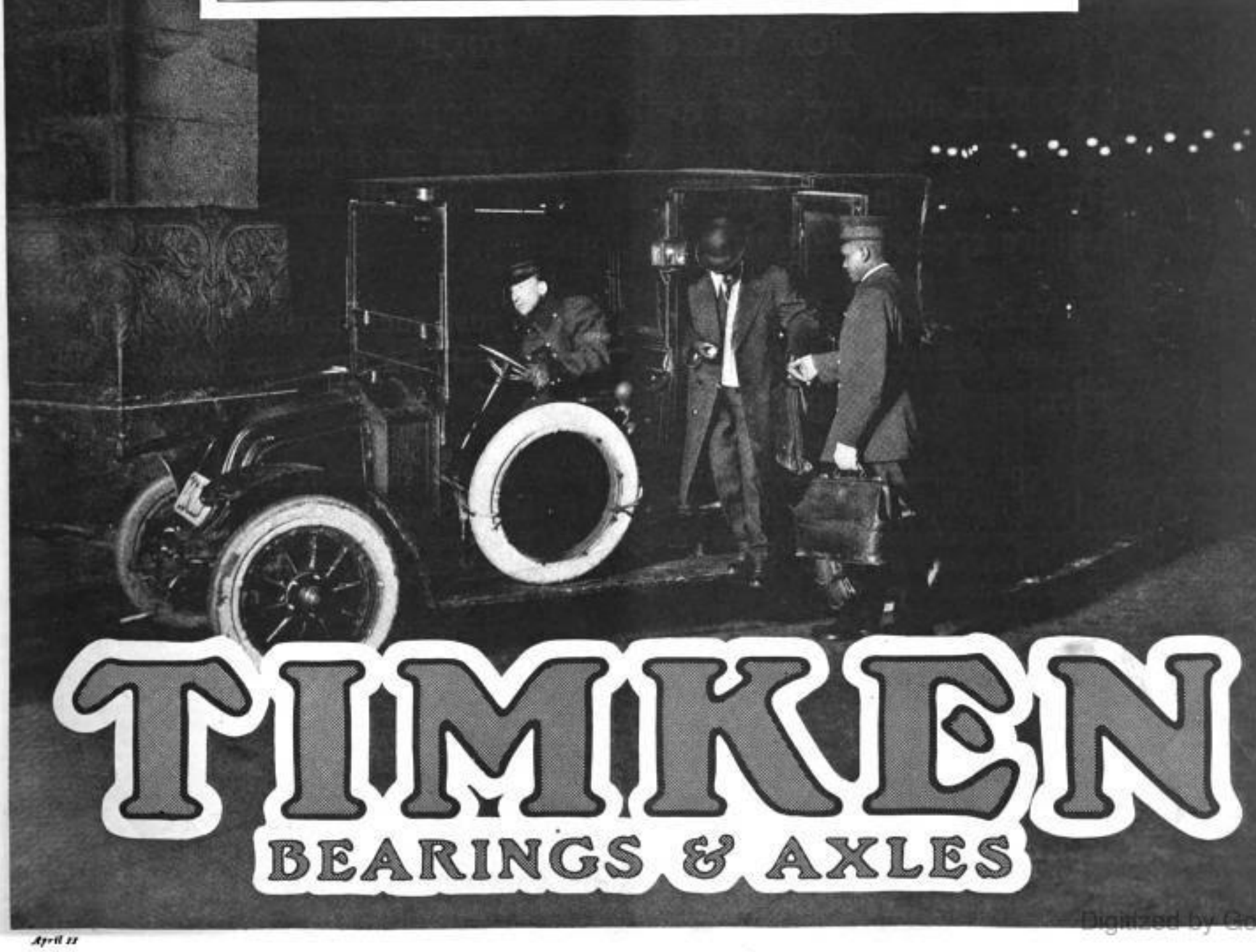
They are equally superior in meeting end-thrust (side-pressure) because the rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

This greater capacity means that they show almost no effect of wear—even after thousands of miles.

There are very real and easily understood reasons for the remarkable service-records of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings and of Timken-Detroit Axles.

These are told in a concise, interesting way in the Timken Primers "On Bearings" and "On Axles." Another booklet names the cars that ride on Timkens. Write today for the three Timken booklets. Sent free, postpaid, on request to Department B-7, either Timken Company.

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For "hard-to-fit" men

SOME men are hard to fit in clothes; some just think they are. There are certain types of figure, however—stout men, short, stocky men, big tall men—that require special designing in clothes.

We make special sizes and models for just such figures; the lines are different; such a figure could easily be made to look ridiculous by a designer who doesn't know how.

The slope of the shoulders, the turn of the collar over the short neck, the curve of the lapel and the front of the coat; the placing and spacing of the buttons; the size and shape of the sleeve; the shaping of the trousers; these are the things in which our designers are artists. You see from our illustration examples of the way we deal with such matters.

We give every man, of whatever size or shape or age, the kind of style and fit he should have; and we put all-wool fabrics and the most perfect tailoring into the clothes.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 4 APRIL 11, 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter I—The Birth of a Career

By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I HAD thought of calling this story "The Romance of a Poor but Pushing Girl," or else "The Romance of a Recipe," for it is both. But it is more—it is the romance of capitalizing woman's vanity and selling it to her in a pink jar tied with a purple ribbon and making a fortune; a simple process if you know how, by which my aunt created one of the largest commercial enterprises under the control of a woman in America—a business occupying an entire New York building and employing nearly three hundred men and women. Yet it all originated in an act of kindness that cost a dollar, urged equally by pity and vanity, and with poetic irony my aunt furnished neither the pity nor the dollar—she supplied the vanity, I the pity, my grandmother the kindness and the dollar.

This was how it happened: We lived then on the outskirts of Columbus, Ohio, and the three of us were sitting on the front piazza one afternoon when an old negro woman walked in at the gate. She said she was earning her living selling a face cream—the Zulu's secret cream for the complexion that she made herself, the recipe for which had been taught her by her mother, who had it from hers, and so on back to time immemorial in Africa; that she'd made this cream for her mistresses in the South before the war, and it was what had given them their beautiful skins noted throughout Virginia.

"Why, honey, has yo' evah saw a reelly wrinkled cullud pusson?" she appealed. "All ob us ole ones used to use dishyere cream on us befo' de wah, and de po' yaller trash, dey gits wrinkles now 'ease dey ain't got no money to buy hit. But de ole women of my time, dey ain't wrinkled. I'se mos' a hundred now, I reckon, and yo' see my face how it is! I uses de Zulu's secret cream night and mohnin'—yas'm; and I'se used hit sence I was knee-high to er hop-toad, and you-all can see de skin I got now."

She wasn't much wrinkled—we could see that in proof of her recommendation. She said: "Yo' can eat dishyere cream on yo' bread for buttah, hit's so pure; hit feeds yo' skin same as hit feeds yo' stumack; keeps de skin plump and fat, so hit can't wrinkle if hit wants ter, no more'n a baby's can't wrinkle; hit's too full er fat; hit's how dishyere cream wuks; and if you-all was ter begin using hit now, you-all wouldn't nevah have no wrinkles; so, ladies, ain't it wuf de twenty-five cents a box I charges fer hit?"

My aunt said she was "willing to risk a quarter to try it," and then the old woman came out with the real reason of her visit and all her talk—she had no cream just now because she had no money to buy her materials with, and what she wanted was to sell us the recipe and secret directions for a dollar. "And I needs dat dollar powerful bad to puht wif dishyere secret," said she.

My pity came in here, for she did look so respectable and poor, and I suggested that we buy the secret to help her along. My aunt stood out for a sight of the paper first, to see if it were worth the money. But the old woman was too shrewd for that. "If you-all can't trus' me to do what's right," she affirmed, "you-all won't trus' de Zulu's cream fer ter wuk on yo' skins like I say hit will, and yo' gotter trus' a secret er hit don't wuk right. I thought you-all was quality folks when I come in yere—de quality always knows who dey can trus'. Why, I'se refused ten dollars fer dishyere secret—yas'm, I has; and I wouldn't puht wif hit fer no money if I had a dollar to buy what's in hit to make more. Excuse me for troubling you-all," and with a look of disappointment, mingled with disdain, that we couldn't trust her and weren't "quality folks," she turned and opened the gate to go.

That moved my grandmother. "Wait, auntie!" she called after her. "Come back! Here, I ain't so poor but I can spare a dollar to help you along to earn an honest living," and she handed out the dollar and received the magic recipe for the Zulu's secret.

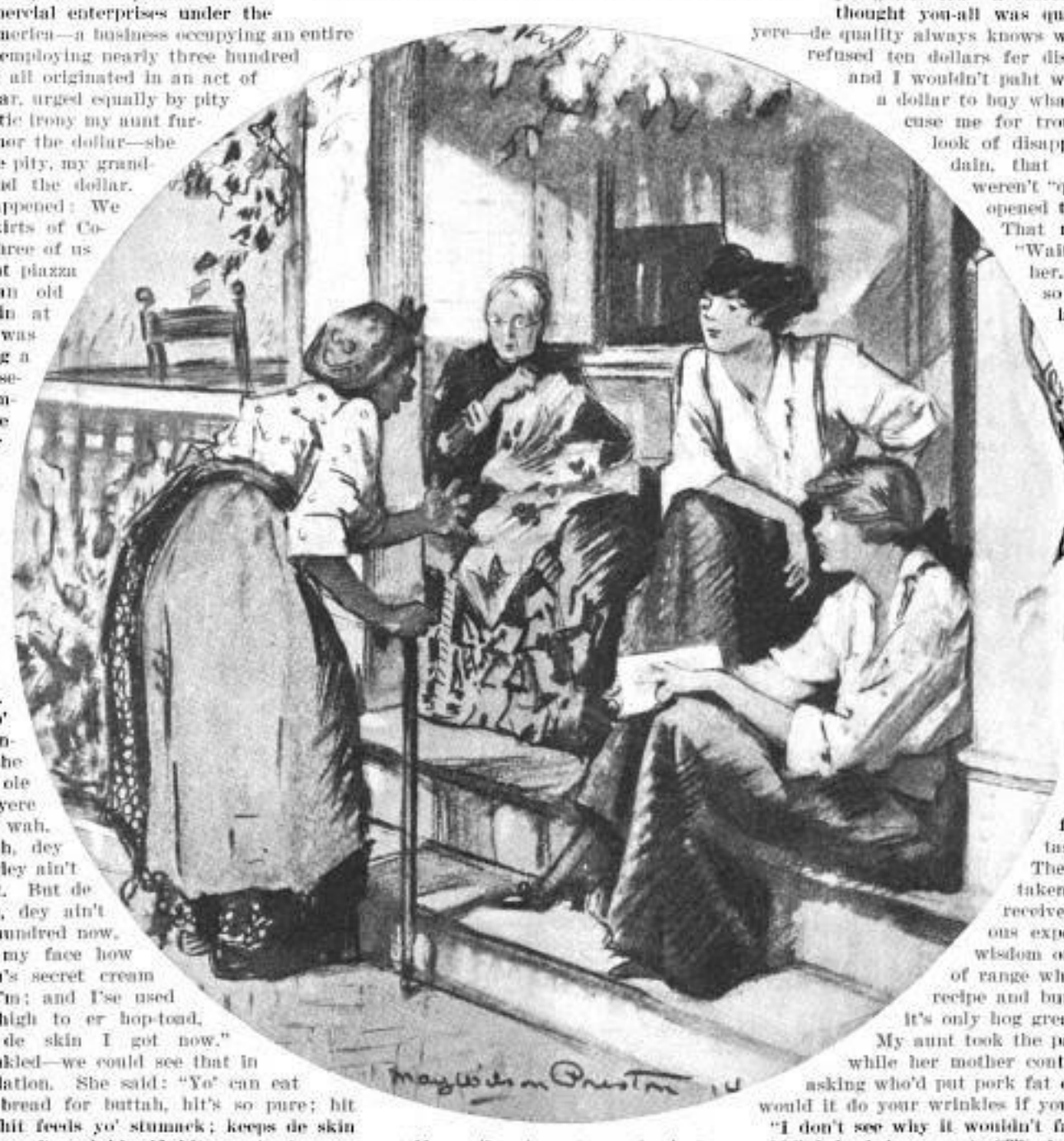
This is what it was—evidently copied for the old woman by a lady, for the writing was beautiful and the paper a half sheet of fine note: One pound of lard or tried-out pork fat; four ounces of olive oil; four ounces of water; one-half teaspoonful powdered borax; five cents' worth essence of rose geranium. Melt the fat with the oil. Dissolve the borax in the water and add to the hot fat drop by drop, slowly stirring. Stir till cold and perfectly creamed. Scent to taste while hot.

The old colored woman had betaken herself off the instant she received her dollar—perhaps previous experiences had taught her the wisdom of so doing—and she was out of range when my grandmother read the recipe and burst forth indignantly: "Why, it's only hog grease! What a swindle!"

My aunt took the paper and perused it carefully while her mother continued to ridicule the recipe, asking who'd put pork fat on their faces and what good would it do your wrinkles if you did?"

"I don't see why it wouldn't fatten your skin just like she said," defended my aunt. "The hog is the fattest animal in the world, so his fat is the most fattening—everybody knows that—no fat so fattening as pork fat; and if it can fatten your stummick, it stands to reason it can fatten your skin; and if it fattens your skin, then your skin can't wrinkle; and that's the way she said it worked. It will work. It's a perfectly good recipe, because it's got perfectly good things in it—nice clean white lard, olive oil, and pure spring water—who'd want anything better? Of course you can put in any scent you want—you don't have to use what this calls for if you like some other better—violets."

"Perfumed pork fat—the Zulu's cosmetic!" ridiculed my grandmother to me with one of her humorous, sarcastic smiles that made my aunt flare up, contra-



"If you-all can't trus' me to do what's right," she affirmed, "you-all won't trus' de Zulu's cream fer ter wuk on yo' skins like I say hit will, and yo' gotter trus' a secret er hit don't wuk right"

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dicting: "It ain't a cosmetic—it's a face food," and the trade name, "*Zulu Face Food—Not a Cosmetic*," was born.

"Well, if you want to eat it with your eyelids, you're welcome to," retorted her mother, walking into the house to avoid quarreling. She left the paper in my aunt's hand, who pocketed it and subsequently contended that her mother had given it to her then and there, in those words and by that act!

This spat, which set my grandmother against the cream, set my aunt for it, though not altogether to be contrary, for the old colored woman's talk had impressed my aunt and her own arguments were in support of a conviction already formed.

To her mother it was first a swindle, then a hoodoo to blame for what happened next. That night my grandfather had a stroke from which he never recovered, and a week later he was dead. When his affairs were settled our chief assets appeared to be our little house and the recipe for Zulu Face Food—the same being now held doubly tight by my aunt when my grandmother, declaring she'd burn the recipe, wailed: "Oh, why did I let that old swindler and hoodoo into the house? Why did I give her a dollar when we needed the money so bad ourselves?"

WE DID a good deal of hard looking at the world in the next few days, three women alone against it, our one source of income suddenly cut off, and asking ourselves: "What next?" My solution was to rush back to the business college and try to crowd four months' work into one and get a position. I was spending that winter with my grandparents studying stenography, a nineteen-year-old country girl, shy, retiring, inexperienced, deadly in earnest—a goody-goody little person, always striving to do her duty, and I thought the world a modified Sunday school for the practice of Christian virtues. So back I hastened, leaving my aunt still looking around deciding what she would do.

At what moment her eye turned on the magic cream that was to ward off the signs of approaching age and saw it as a commercial possibility for her own livelihood I do not know—she claims she "saw its possibilities the minute the old darky began to talk." All I know is that she waylaid me about a week later as I came home from school, drew me into the kitchen, thrust a saucepan at me filled with something white, and commanded: "Looka that—and temme whatcha think!" Then dipped her finger in it and rubbed it on my cheek. "It's that old woman's face food—ain't it elegant? I made all that potful for ten cents—five for lard and five for scent: the oil was in the house."

"It's only hog grease," commented my grandmother, coming in.

"Smell it," said my aunt, sniffing and holding the saucepan up to my nose, trying to ignore her mother, who spoke louder: "It's only hog grease—the smell don't change it."

"If that old woman can make money selling this, I can too," exulted my aunt. "Now I found out all you can make for ten cents."

THIS drew from my grandmother a sharp "You must be crazy, Maggie, to think that sensible women's going to put pork fat on their faces—pay you money for common lard with a little scent to it."

My aunt turned on her then: "Much you know *what* women do. They'll put anything on their faces so long as it smells good! That's all they care about it—the scent—and I think I see them bothering their silly heads about what's in a thing. And besides, how are they to know what Zulu Face Food is? This is a secret preparation—that's understood from the start. Lettum find out if they wanta know bad's all that. But they won't—smell and looks is what'll sell it by the pound."

"I can smell the lard," sniffed her mother. "You can't fool me with it and you won't fool them."

My aunt sniffed at it again. "You imagine it. This is a perfectly good preparation—a food and not a cosmetic—and I bet it's better'n a dozen brands on the market this minute. It feeds the skin, and not one of the other preparations says a word about feeding. I tell you those old darkies know a lot the white folks don't—learned in the jungle. You saw her face—not a wrinkle on it, and her 'most a hundred years old, because she used the cream night and morning—"

"You mean she said she did," corrected my grandmother.

"She did!" retorted my aunt—the literature of affirmation was already taking form in her mind. "She wouldn't have said it if she hadn't—she must have used something to be like she was, and her as old as that. Who wouldn't be glad to have a skin like hers if they could buy the food to produce it? Every woman—you watch—*every* woman. You only gotta convince her this is the food and she'll buy it."

My aunt flounced off to her room with her saucepan, and my grandmother observed to me: "I think I see myself putting hog fat on my face to feed my wrinkles! Maggie can't change a thing by scenting it up with violets and calling it another name—Zulu Face Food—nor any other food."

BUT it's what she did! And thus Zulu Face Food, the most famous of all beautifiers, was born in a little back kitchen with a saucepan, a wooden spoon, and ten cents' worth of ingredients.



"If that old woman can make money selling this, I can too," exulted my aunt. "Now I found out all you can make for ten cents"

working out a recipe sold by a colored woman for a dollar and heralded by the scorn of a passing generation.

My aunt was Irish-Canadian and came of good stock, but she had no education to speak of. She could read, of course, though she was never able to write a letter that passed muster, and she despised education for herself and women generally, though admitting it a good thing "if a girl had no natural ability for anything else." She used to ask me in smiling scorn: "Whatcha expect to get outa all your studying?"

But in affecting to despise my attainments she was plenty keen enough to perceive my possibilities as an asset to her—I could work nights for little money, write her letters on my machine, be her "private secretary," make the cream; and so it happened that being there in the house at the start, I was drawn into a partnership in the beauty business, sharing the responsibility, carrying the whole burden of the manufacturing end, doing at first all the clerical work and bookkeeping, packing boxes, then crates, shipping them, buying all the ingredients, and working day and night with never a fixed time for quitting—a partnership that worked out according to the laws of our natures. I felt unbounded gratitude at her generosity when she announced: "You'll be my partner, Lucy. There's millions in this face food—looka what it's done for my complexion already. All you gotta do is make it and sell it. You can make it right here at home, and I'll go out and do the selling."

She knew her woman! I was enchanted at the prospect of work at home, dazzled at the prospect of a partnership with only thousands in it, and thanked her fervently, and, at a salary of two dollars a week, took my first lesson in the alchemy of turning melted pork fat into solid gold.

GOOD facial cream is something like a baby—it must be brought up by hand to get the best results; it needs the human touch. I have seen mechanical mixers for turning out immense quantities of cream at once, but I can always tell their products—something is lacking in the consistency, in the feel on the skin, though I can't say what it is—machine-made creams are different, that's all. Nothing quite takes the place of the long wooden dasher backed by the watchful eye, and stirring, now a bit faster, now a bit slower, now a little more at the sides to drive the outer layer into the center, and then at the exact right minute the cream is done. The hand on the dasher seems to learn by instinct when that moment arrives and the cream is creamed to perfection; a machine never does. No two lots of cream "make" in precisely the same way. Some come faster than others, perhaps because of atmospheric conditions and temperature. The ingredients are not always alike, though bought from the same manufacturer. So a number of small differences that no machine can take account of may make a great difference in the market product.

The fats, whatever they are, must be melted first, then the boraxed water is dripped in very slowly while you continually stir, breaking the drops into myriads of tiny droplets scattered evenly through the fat—that is, the fat is emulsified with the alkalinized water. The borax preserves the cream unless the fats were rancid to start with.

THE real secrets of Zulu Face Food lay in the creaming and the scent, not in the ingredients, and my aunt's first attempt had produced a perfect product. I often wonder what would have been our subsequent history if on that first attempt she had churned the water out instead of in! But she didn't—she was an expert creamer, either by luck or instinct, and she soon taught me the trick, and then I did it all while she went out to sell. Needless to tell the gentle reader, I had much to learn when I accepted a "partnership" on my aunt's terms!

As we presently worked it out, eighty cents' worth of raw material produced filler for one hundred jars of cream, the labor, according to her reckoning, using up the remaining twenty cents of that dollar and making the contents of one jar cost one cent—which it never did. The jars themselves—one-ounce glass with covers—cost two dollars and ninety cents a gross; the gilt embossed labels with her picture in the center, a dollar a thousand, using up the remaining ten cents and bringing the finished article when ready for the trade to an even three cents. It retailed for one dollar.

In the beginning, while she was peddling the cream from house to house, she used common white jars, bought by the dozen at the druggist's; but as soon as she had enough capital she changed the color of the jar to pink, ordered a gross direct from the manufacturer, put the price up to fifty cents, and found the cream sold better. She also tinted the cream with diamond dye to match the jar. A lot of fifty pinks disposed of, she tied the next jars up with purple ribbon and raised the price to a dollar. It sold better than ever. The purple ribbon, costing an infinitesimal fraction of a cent, "carried" the extra half dollar across the footlights, so to speak, as the pink jar had carried the extra quarter.

My grandmother's predictions were refuted, as Zulu Face Food—Not a Cosmetic, in a pink jar with purple ribbon, perfumed pork fat, went with the women: for my aunt had discovered one of the profound truths of the world she'd set out to conquer: it all depends on appearances.

LOOKING back on that day now, I can see that my aunt's career and her success have been one long seeking and finding of pink jars with purple ribbons, and that her genius lay in seeing them where nobody else dreamed of looking for them. But her announcement of her final price—a dollar a jar—precipitated a domestic storm that nearly wrecked her enterprise at the moment it was ceasing to be peddling and becoming a business. My grandmother pronounced it a "clear, sheer robbery."

"Charge a dollar for a cent's worth of perfumed pork fat!" she fairly screamed. "Maggie McNulty, it's clear, sheer robbery, that's what it is, and you brought up to morality and religion in a good home! The face food alone's a wicked swindle, cheating them unsuspecting women, pretending it is what it ain't, and letting them put it on their faces when, if they knew what's in it, they wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. And then to make them pay a dollar—ninety-nine cents more'n it cost you! What would your father have said if he'd lived to see a child of his engaged in such traffickings with the devil when she could have a good, steady place in a store?"

My aunt was too much taken aback to speak. She had just come in from a round, in high feather, with seven dollars in her pocket and proof of a golden discovery—"that it all depends on looks"—and when she caught her breath she growled: "What's the good of talking to me like that?—and what does it matter to you what the women pay me for making it for them when they can't make it themselves? And they can't—so they gotta pay the one that can—that's all there is to it."

"That don't alter the principle that you're charging

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them a dollar for what cost you a cent, and that's robbery—sheer robbery of trusting women when you might be earning honest, steady money in a store," declared her mother mercilessly. "You can't make wrong into right calling a fake a food and putting it in a pink jar with a purple ribbon—that you can't! It's against morality and religion—it's against the teachings of the Bible that you was brought up in by as good a father as ever lived and was enough for him to pattern his life by and die respected. When you first started this I thought you was going to charge a quarter—that was enough in all conscience; but if I'd had the least idea that you was going to come to this—a dollar—robbery, I'd never have given my consent to it, never."

"What's the cost got to do with the price?" snorted my aunt. "If the women want it at a dollar bad—and got the dollar—it's worth the dollar to them; if they don't, they don't buy at all, so you got no grounds to worry about it one way or the other."

FOR half an hour they had it back and forth, my grandmother proclaiming the moral aspects of the case as she saw them, my aunt defending the business principles. One of her arguments was this: "Take a corkscrew—it cost a cent to make—you pay ten for it—you don't call that robbery; and if you couldn't get another corkscrew you wouldn't sell yours for a dollar—and you wouldn't call it robbery if you did sell it for a dollar. Same way with the broom—you wouldn't sell yours for ten dollars if you couldn't get another, and you'd pay ten sooner'n be without one in the house—or the dishpan—or the coffeepot—you know you would be thankful to get them at any price if they only cost half a cent."

Both of them became more and more heated and ended by my grandmother's declaring it was awful, at her time of life, to think that she'd be dragged into a swindling scheme for selling scented pork fat at sixteen dollars a pound, and she'd not be party to it by allowing her respectable home to be used for any more fake foods; and all at once she began to cry.

My aunt looked at me in despair. It was a crucial moment and everything depended on how her mother came out of her cry, for she was one of those women whom crying either softens or sets, and after the last there was no moving her.

PERHAPS it's a moral deficiency that accounts for many things later; but my aunt's argument drew me over to her side and I was ready to use my influence when she called for it. She suddenly dropped her aggressive tone and struck a fresh trail into the morass of tears: "People don't value what they don't pay for—they don't buy what they don't value—that's about all there's to it; and I gotta sell because we gotta live, mamma dear—we gotta eat same's the rest of the folks—and I want you to have a few comforts in your old age, mamma dear, and this face food looks to me like it would give them to us if it's worked right."

We detected signs of softening and my aunt signaled me to try to bring her mother round, so I put my arm about her shoulder and soothed: "It won't do any harm to let Aunt Maggie try her way a little longer, grandma—if the women think a dollar's more than it's worth they won't buy it and that will end the cream business without a fuss, and Aunt Maggie can't throw it up to you later that you made her give it up and fail just when she might have made it a great success."

I think that little touch about throwing it up later turned the tide, and though she never in so many words consented, her silence put her in a position that made her first permit, then assist in the manufacture of the cream when it was finally on the market.

I noticed then, and saw it many times later in the coming years, how when another nature clashed with my aunt's, sparks of thought flew off that became names, catch phrases, attitudes, policies; so in telling this story I feel I must say a good deal about the beginnings to make it clear that it was, after all, no fairy tale, but the logical development of lucky insights into why women buy, and policies, often suddenly conceived but subsequently adhered to with unshaken faith, bearing their just reward. These episodes, seemingly so small and unimportant at the time, gave direction to the current and saved a great amount of effort and loss of time that might otherwise have been spent in experimenting; for once she proved her theory by her facts—or thought she did—my aunt stuck to the method that had given the results and simply expanded and reapplied it.

THIS last quarrel on cost *vs.* worth to the producer was destined to have far-reaching effects. In bringing clearly before her mind the aspect of worth as a thing apart from original cost, it determined all her subsequent pricing of goods for the trade; and after that it had a still more important influence on her advertising and method of appeal. Little was ever said about the quality of the goods—that was left for granted; the idea presented was always: "What is this worth to *you*?" "Isn't it worth a dollar to remove that frown? Zulu Face Food will do it." "Isn't it worth a dollar to get a new complexion? Zulu Face Food will give it to you." "Isn't it worth a dollar to look young again?" "Isn't it worth a dollar to be beautiful?" and so on. That is, she talked results in terms of cash, not goods in terms of cash: you bought, not a little dab of cream in a pink jar, but youth and beauty! Most women with a dollar were ready to pay it for such returns.

I don't know that I can make the layman appreciate the cleverness of this form of attack on her market—almost superhuman cleverness in an uneducated woman who, without training other than she had from day to day, could evolve it out of native wit. She has been imitated since by a school of "efficiency" advertisement writers, and it all sprang into her mind from the quarrel that nearly wrecked us at the start.

BUT on that memorable day she was defending something vastly more important than a principle of price marking—she was fighting for the very existence of the business: she was about to make her plunge into "store trade" for her homemade preparation. With the secretiveness that was even then beginning to show in her character (under the influence of Zulu and the habit of springing her moves too late for her mother's opposition) she had refrained from mentioning her first *coup*—the move that took us off the peddler's level and made us manufacturers and jobbers; she was about to give her first demonstration in a department store!

She whispered the secret to me upstairs later by way of explaining her despair "when mamma broke loose and undertook to slug me with the Bible to keep me outa legitimate business"; she wanted my help in making cream, which up to this time I'd not been asked for. She had seen her opportunity in an advertisement in the morning paper—a white sale at the largest department store in our part of town—a sorry little place judged by standards we came to know later, but very complete and impressive to us in those days. "Just the time for me—the crowd will be in," she had said to herself, and posted off to the proprietor to demand space for the day.

He had been an old friend of her father's and didn't like to refuse; at the same time he saw trade he was bringing for himself drained off by a distraction he reaped no profit from, and he told her so as delicately as he could and suggested he'd be glad to favor her—in a dull season.

"Then it wouldn't do you half the good," she announced cheerily. "I'm a woman, and I know women. Now you're going to get the crowd here Sat'day and they're all coming to look, but they ain't all coming to buy—there'll be a lot will give a look and then walk out. Whatcha gotta do is keep them right in the store till they do buy—and that's what I propose to do for you—I'll give them a chance to rest their feet with their faces. Then they'll walk back and looka your goods again and see something they forgot. I'll put them in a good humor with my lecture on beauty, and they'll buy last if they didn't buy first."

HER argument impressed him. He considered; then consented.

What a "demonstration" was I hadn't an idea. "Why, looka here, Lucy," she explained, seeing my doubtful expression—I was wondering how she dared talk to more than one woman at a time—"I been figgering it out, and I see it won't cost me any more work and brains and ability to 'dope' a hundred women at once than it costs me now to get in at the front door and out again with a dollar. I can do it, even if I don't know how—I'll find out how soon's I look into their faces."

And she found out how—in about an hour. I have heard business men say *since* that she was one of the finest demonstrators the country ever produced—a genius in her way. Her way was to get the dollars then and there. "I'm there to sell goods, not show them," she used to declare. "Selling goods is how you demonstrate the sales power to the proprietor and make him put other prep'rations outa stock."

THE time was to come when she could show a proprietor the box-office receipts of a three- to six-day demonstration and tell him: "But I won't let you carry Zulu at all unless you put all other *creams* outa stock and carry only mine. It sells."

But that first demonstration—I trembled. In a mad rush we got ready a gross of Zulu—all but four jars we broke washing—with only Thursday night and Friday to do it in; and, let me tell you, it meant not only work but time in those days, for my aunt was so assured by then of some almost occult quality in that recipe she would not depart from it by so much as doubling the quantities, and as one pound of lard with the added oil and water yielded only twenty-four ounces, or twenty-two jars of cream (that was before the days of scanting when twenty-four ounces yielded twenty-five one-ounce jars), we had to manufacture seven times to get enough for the jars and the demonstration. She put some in a celery glass and served it out to the women with a plated butter knife.

But if my aunt trembled, it was with the excitement of the coming fray. She spent her last cent on a pink silk waist to match the jar, and, worn with a freshly starched and ironed white pique skirt, she seemed to my young eyes truly elegant. In repose she was not a pretty girl, but the moment she became animated her eyes flashed—blue eyes with black lashes and black hair setting them off—and her smile showed a row of white teeth flanked each side with a dimple in her cheeks. Nature had given her a priceless endowment and an Irish complexion (*Continued on page 22*)



"Ladies, looka what it's done for me in two months!" She was now exquisitely colored by her excitement. "For one dollar you can have the same—ain't it worth it?—a jar of face food"

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Picking the Flag Winners



By Billy Evans

Umpire in the American League

AFTER the most thrilling winter-league campaign ever known there are now three vital questions uppermost in the mind of every baseball fan at large. These three questions might well be summed up as follows:

1. Can the Athletics repeat?

2. Will McGraw and his Giants be able to set a modern record and win their fourth straight pennant?

3. How wide a swath will the Federal League cut by next October?

Whether the new league succeeds or not, there is no denying the fact that it has cut into the two pennant races under big-league control and has made the task that confronts John J. McGraw and Connie Mack much less difficult. In their scramble for players the Feds, evidently by agreement, have left the Giants and Athletics intact. Not a regular was lifted from either club, and so both will go to battle this April fully as strong as they were a year ago. Leaving these two clubs practically alone, their policy was to raid the next strongest clubs in both leagues, make a runaway race inevitable, and so destroy the interest which comes from nip-and-tuck battles for the flag.

So, figuring that Washington and Cleveland in the American and Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in the National had the best chance to make a flag fight of it, the Feds trained their financial batteries upon these four clubs and drove all four well below their 1913 form.

Enough good men were lifted to almost wreck one club and seriously affect the other three, unless baseball luck, of which there is a lot, comes to the rescue.

It is the hope of the new organization that a runaway race will early result, which, of course, will cause enthusiasm to wane quickly. In direct contrast, the Federal League hopes to have a very close and exciting campaign. It was planned to bring about such a condition by a pooling of players, which will tend to equalize the strength of the eight clubs. Time alone will determine the success or failure of this scheme. There must be a pennant winner and a tailender in every league, no matter how evenly matched the clubs may be.

The Call of Coin

THE backers of the Federal League insist they have an unlimited supply of money. I am fain to believe they will burn up quite a little of it before the season is over. There is not the field for a new league at present that was open to the American when it locked horns with the National and came out on top. Few people conceded the American a chance at the time, but it achieved a glorious victory. There are a lot of people who feel just the same way about the Federals. Perhaps the new organization will spring as big a surprise as the American did more than a decade ago. It must always be remembered in doping out the chances of the new league that it has no B. B. Johnson to blaze the way. It required a big man to guide safely the destinies of the American League when it entered the field of baseball. President B. B. Johnson proved to be such a man.



Progressive conditions, more than any other one feature, have conspired to make the task of the Federal League a difficult one. When the American League opened hostilities with the National, ordinary wooden stands were considered quite up to date. Now the fan is thoroughly educated to concrete fire-proof structures. It will take brilliant baseball to get him to view it from the old-style stands. If the Federal League had been successful in signing such stars as Lajoie, Wagner, Cobb, Mathewson, Speaker, Daubert, Johnson, Jackson, Alexander, Milan, Archer, Crawford, or other celebrities of that class, it would be almost safe to prophesy success. Unfortunately for the new organization, it has been able to get few players of such caliber.

There is also another feature that is sure seriously to hamper the Federals in their fight for success and recognition. It is the salary question. When the American League came into the field to buck the National, salaries were small in comparison to amounts now being paid. Stars in those days were receiving about the same salary now paid the ordinary player. An offer of $4,000 then looked to be a big figure. No longer is such an amount tempting to the average player. The new organization has been compelled to talk in even larger figures to players several degrees removed from stardom. This is a feature that is sure to play havoc with the chances of the Feds to battle organized baseball. The Federal League, I am told, is paying a certain pitcher a salary of $7,000 a year to get him away from organized baseball. Two years ago every major-league club waived on this player, believing him to be of no value. He was then sent to a minor-league club, where he received a salary of $2,100. I know that for a positive fact. The Federal League has surely been a profitable uprising for this player. Aroused by the activities of the new organization in its efforts to get star players to jump, a number of club owners granted big increases as an inducement for players to sign.

A Broadside at Cleveland

LOOKING at the American League situation, the Federals decided to cripple Cleveland and Washington as much as possible in order to end all pennant competition in that circuit. Their first attack was a raid on Cleveland, which lifted Falkenberg, Kahler, and Blanding, three of the Naps' star pitchers. This raid seemed to have bumped Cleveland off the map, but Kahler and Blanding finally jumped back, leaving only Falkenberg outside the breastworks. But the blow was still a rugged one, as the tall pitcher was the most successful on the club last year. If it was positively certain that Falkenberg would repeat this season and have another good year, the Cleveland club would be a big loser. But last year was his first big season and he has been an uncertain quantity. In any event, however, his loss isn't going to help the Nap cause.



Having penetrated the Cleveland defense and carried away Falkenberg, the Federals then went after Washington.

They got Bob Groome, the only veteran on the staff aside from Walter Johnson. Just what effect the loss of Groome will have upon Griffith's chances depends largely upon the Old Fox's ability at developing some one for his place. In 1912 Groome had the greatest season of his career. He pitched phenomenal ball, the brand he is capable of showing, although he has a tendency to be erratic. He was the main aid to Johnson in 1912 when Washington startled all fandom by swinging out from seventh place into second. If Groome had only done as well last season, Washington would have had a fine chance of beating the Mackmen out, with Johnson going brilliantly and Joe Boehling pitching wonderful ball. But Groome had a very ordinary year and his slump put his club out of it.

In the National

WHAT the Federals did to the American League was nothing compared to what they handed the National, from which circuit they carried away just twice as many players. They figured that Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were the two clubs in position to give the Giants an even battle, so they wrecked one and crippled the other.



They practically sent the Phillies to the second division from a chance to finish first. From back of the bat they first took Killifer, who jumped back after a short stay in the enemy's camp. From the box they took Tom Seaton, a star, and Ad Brennan, a dependable southpaw. These two men won forty-one games for the Phillies last season, so it can be easily seen what a rough blow was struck here. But the Feds never stopped at this point. They took Otto Knabe from second base, and after the world tourists had landed they persuaded Mike Doolan, the club's shortstop, to jump. So the heart of the infield was torn out.

Having wrecked the Phillies, the new league dashed into the Pirate lair, where they captured Hendrix and Simon, a crack pitcher and a good, steady catcher. The loss of these two will more than offset the presence of the St. Louis stars. For while the Pirates get Konetchy, Mowrey, and Harmon over last year's last line-up, from this same line-up they lose Hendrix and Simon to the Feds and Miller, Wilson, Robinson, and Butler to the Cardinals—six valuable men.

Flag Chances

HAVING outlined in part just what the Feds have done to the pennant contenders in the two big leagues, we now come to a discussion of the teams' flag chances.

Connie Mack is a name to conjure with when speaking of pennants. It is a very unusual year when the Philadelphia club is not in the running for leading honors. No more resourceful leader ever guided the destinies of a ball club.



When the Athletics beat the Cubs in 1910 and the Giants in 1911, Mack's club was regarded as well-nigh invincible, a club that would be dangerous for years, because of the extreme youth of most of the players. In summing up the chances of the American League teams for 1912, the Athletics were made an overwhelming favorite. Critics picked Mack's team to win in a walk. The race of 1912 is now a matter of history. It was a bitter disappointment from the viewpoint of the Athletics. No team ever showed a greater reversal of form.

Long before the close of the season hundreds of reasons were given for the team's failure to win. Manager Mack was about the only person who didn't have an excuse to offer. He kept his silence until near the close of the season, until the time arrived when it was absolutely certain that his club was out of the running. Then he came out of his shell and gave out an interview something after this style:

Too Much Prosperity

"TOO much prosperity is what killed the chance of my team. It is very kind of the critics to say that injuries, illness, and other things too numerous to mention put my club out of the race. All of them, of course, contributed to the poor showing of the Athletics. But, getting down to real facts, the cause of the club's failure to repeat was too much prosperity. The large amount of money received from the two world's series in which the team had taken part was too much of a good thing for some of the boys. There was a desire on the part of some to pay more attention to spending money than to winning ball games. The player who didn't have an automobile was a piker. An automobile

(*Continued on page 28*)

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The "Easy" Rich

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



One approaches a rich man who likes to be called a "book lover" and says: "I know where you can make some money quick or add to your collection." Naturally both these appeals go straight home

"WHEN I want to sell a gold brick I go down to Wall Street. I do not hunt out an unsuspecting farmer." Such was the remark once made by "Glass-eyed" Charley Henderson, a notorious confidence man of his day.

"Why Wall Street?" asked his companion.

"Because it is the most gullible place in the world," was the reply. "When you bunko a rich man he never says a word about it. Trim a farmer and he makes enough noise to rouse the whole county, and the chances are that he will chase you across the State."

Of course "Glass-eyed" Charley meant the "gold brick" in its largest sense, ranging from a fake mine to a modern antique. He was telling the truth about a little-known phase of Wall Street, strange as it may sound to the average man who regards that gilded domain as the most sophisticated of all places.

As a matter of fact, it is the very cradle of credulity—the pasture where the shears are turned upon the traditional fleecers. The resource that has marshaled many-millioned manipulations; the courage that has led the legions of trade; even the genius of organization that has created whole epochs of industry, have all fallen before the easiest of money-making lures.

This capitalization of the weakness of the rich—it may be vanity, caprice, whim, or hobby—presents a chapter of human experience that is not without its significance for everybody.

By these rich men I do not mean that shining galaxy of multimillionaires that you have been reading about in articles on "Gilded Thrift and Simplicity." Save in curios and pictures, where the best judgment sometimes fails, the canny foresight that reared the Rockefeller, Carnegie, Stillman, Frick, and kindred fortunes does not usually succumb to such wiles.

I refer to the average rich man of Wall Street and its expanding environs, whether he be successful broker or head or power in financial institution. Yet this amazing surrender to the adventurer in business or in art has no geographical section, for it is the same the country over. Cupidity, and the price it pays, are universal, like human nature.

Why the Wall Street Man Falls

LET us take up the so-called Wall Street man first. Clearly to understand why he falls for the buccaneer with an ease that is almost beyond belief you must realize that he is controlled by two strong influences that contribute largely to this fall.

First, he is perhaps the most credulous of intelligent persons; second, a man interested or allied with the shifting hazards of the stock market must keep on playing some sort of game. It is wine to his blood; the very tonic of life.

Take this quality of credulity, queer strain in the make-up of men whose daily work demands keenness of mind and swiftness of action, and find its cause. It is in the air they breathe.

Long experience has shown that anybody can make Wall Street believe anything. It is the home of the silly rumor; favorite stamping ground of the senseless and unfounded report. The wonder all these years has been that men who in a definite financial operation would resort to the most stringent investigation not only accept rumors as gospel truth but rush to act on them without the slightest inquiry.

If a broker, for instance, casually mentioned that he heard that the President of the United States had gone insane or that the Supreme Court had been corrupted or that Mr. Baker and Mr. Schiff had fought on the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, it would be taken up at once as a definite fact by a score of other brokers and before you knew it the news, as an actual happening, would be traveling like wildfire, sizzling up and down the tapes, and the chances are that prices would be affected. No one would stop to make sober investigation as to the truth of the wildest of gossip.

The skillful manipulator of the type of the late James R. Keene, whose business was to make and unmake markets, found the rumor a very useful asset. He enlisted tongue and press to gain his ends. All that he had to do was to set a report in motion; the habit of the Street did the rest. Thus you see why the Wall Street man is credulous.

Craving for Excitement

NOR does he seem to escape the speculative desire. Men who have been playing with Fortune from ten o'clock until three find it difficult to stop short when the gong sounds. Hazard beckons to them with alluring promise. It may be art or cards or anything that looks like a gamble. Hence they keep on. Being credulous and willing to take a chance, they are likely to fall for the first proposition that comes along.

I can illustrate this with an episode that, if it served no other end, would contribute to the whole literature of gullibility a classic epigram. It concerns a young Wall Street broker, now dead, who was a millionaire by inheritance and a spendthrift by instinct. He could never stop playing some kind of game. His craving for excitement was too strong to permit him to be idle on a vacation. This made him an easy victim for the professional card sharp.

Once he was playing pinochle for $500 a game with a well-known New York gambler at the old Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga. The professional had given him 400 points at the start of every game.

During a lull when the broker had been called to the telephone a broker friend of the gambler came up and inquired about the game. When he heard of the tremendous odds that the gambler had given he said:

"Great Scott, you can't win against such odds!"

The old gambler smiled indulgently and replied:

"It makes no difference what odds you give a sucker."

Before the night ended he had stripped the young millionaire of all the cash he had and all he could scrape up on the premises.

In a similar vein is the old story of a well-known Wall Street broker who went West for rest and a change of scene. He stopped over at Denver for a few days. A friend who heard that he was in town started out to find him and finally located him at a faro bank.

"Good Heavens, man!" he said, "come out of here. Don't you know that this game is crooked?"

"Yes," answered the New Yorker, "but it is the only game in town!"

Now you begin to understand why "Glass-eyed" Charley said that Wall Street was the most gullible place in the world. With credulity and a speculative instinct to work on, the vender of the more or less dubious project has easy sailing. Let us now see what the game is and how it is worked. Behind it is a lesson in one kind of merchandising.

The Barometer of the Buccaneer

THE reason for this lesson lies in the fact that the promoters of such enterprises carefully plan their campaigns and choose the psychological moment to descend upon Wall Street. They study the tape, which thus becomes the barometer of the buccaneer. When they see that a big bull market is in progress (of late they have not had much exercise in this direction) they know that the time has come to unload.

Why? Because, like expert salesmen, they know human nature; they know that at such flush times the broker or the financier or the allied business man is feeling opulent; that he is in the mood of ready money and the dealers seize this mood when it is at the high tide of expansion.

So they come with their glittering schemes or with their exquisite vases; their brilliant-hued rugs; their mysterious-looking bronzes, or their wonderfully bound books. They capitalize the plethoric mood and get two or three prices for their stuff. The eye of speculation, blinded for the moment to a true perspective of value, can see nothing but objects to be desired and therefore to be bought. It matters not if the antique has been hammered out in Hoboken; if the rug has been woven in Harlem or the book taken off the shelf of a Fifth Avenue auction room. The dealer has said that it was not only good, but a good gamble as well; and that, in most cases, was ample.

As you may readily imagine, there is more imposition on the rich in the realm of art than in almost any other direction. Much has been written about this phase, but, like some other graft, it is never too familiar to fail to convey a moral.

Naturally there are two kinds of art buyers among the rich. Big collectors like the late B. Altman, H. C. Frick, and P. A. B. Widener are seldom imposed on. The reason is that they practice in picture buying the rules they laid down in their own business. They not only investigate carefully but seek ex-



He turned and saw Mr. Morgan holding it. The great man asked the price, looked at the volume, and then growled: "Too much"

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pert advice. This is why they are rich and why they remain rich.

In his earlier collecting days the late J. P. Morgan made many mistakes; he bought the spurious and the restored. But he was usually frank about admitting his error, and you may be sure he was never caught twice in the same way. With his marvelous genius for assimilation he soon became something of an expert judge himself. That he did not always take his purchases seriously was once attested by the following cablegram he sent from London to his librarian, a brilliant and clever girl who bought most of his books and manuscripts: "Have bought ——— manuscripts. I like them. Hope you won't put them in the cellar."

The rich who bite most easily at the fake picture game are those who pride themselves on their knowledge of art. Their vanity becomes a very costly thing. Dealers know this weakness and play it for all it is worth. More than once they have taken a rich man to their show room, got him in the little red-walled sanctuary that is supposed to be reserved for the artistically anointed, and shown him a spurious Corot (William M. Chase says there are not less than 20,000 in this country), with this speech:

"Here is a Corot that I have been saving especially for you. Realizing your knowledge of art and your fine discrimination, I am sure you will at once appreciate its full value."

Naturally, the rich man falls. To be credited with art discrimination is a great compliment. If he had been buying an issue of bonds he would have made the most rigid investigation. He would have sent out engineers to inspect the property, and he would have had lawyers comb over the franchises and papers. But instead of seeking expert counsel he blandly takes something he knows nothing about and will not be advised about. For the pure emotion of being able to show off his pictures with the statement, "I selected these myself," he is willing to pay a big price.

The Ruling Passion

MANY Wall Street men buy pictures as part of a speculative game. They want to go into art and yet they cannot get away from the ruling passion. They have an ambition to discover a new artist, hoping that he will develop into another Wyant or Fuller. So they buy a lot of junk and stow it away just as they put away their securities in a safety-vault box.

An incident will illustrate. A wealthy broker, who was also an amateur in art, heard that there was a mysterious young artist working in a shack over on Long Island. He drove over in his motor, found the artist at home, and began to ask him about his work. The walls were hung with finished and half-finished canvases. They were all pretty bad.

Of course the broker knew nothing about art and he did not want to take anyone with him who did know. There was the old vanity again. He began to ask the prices of the pictures. The artist said they ranged from $20 to $75. Making a grand sweep of the hand, the broker said:

"I'll give you $2,000 for the lot."

The young artist, who had not seen a $20 bill in months, nearly dropped dead at the proposition. He gleefully accepted; the broker sent for the pictures and stored them away. That was seven years ago. To-day that artist is painting signs when he can get a job and the broker is out exactly $2,000.

The lure of big prices has been the undoing of many rich men. It is just their vanity working in a new direction. A story is told of one of the richest bankers in Wall Street which shows how this works. A few years ago he was offered a certain old picture for $20,000. With great indignation he said:

"That's too little. No picture of that type would bring such a price."

Yet last year he paid $45,000 for the same picture, and the joke is that he did not know that it was the identical canvas which he had rejected before.

E. H. Harriman Stung

EVEN so astute a speculator as the late E. H. Harriman was once badly stung on a picture deal. He liked the picture and paid an excessive price. Frankly speaking of the matter, he said:

"I'll leave picture buying to some one who knows pictures. I'll stick to railroads."

The rich, however, are not always to blame for being trimmed in the art business, as this very illuminating chapter from actual experience will attest. It was during a certain vogue in reliquaries. Two well-known art dealers entered into a picturesque conspiracy to unload a lot of their stuff on the unsuspecting plutocrats. These men were bitter rivals and were constantly denouncing each other. So they framed up an agreement between themselves by which they were to take turns in submitting objects of art to certain millionaires. If the victim protested about the price they were to refer to each other as judges. Here is an example of the way their scheme was developed. We will call the dealers A and B.

Clever Tricksters

A TOCK a beautiful enamel to the home of Mr. X. He admired the piece, but protested at the price.

"Of course if you don't take my word," said A, "you can ask another expert."

"But whom shall I ask?" queried the banker.

"Of course he is my deadly enemy and hated rival, but the one man in this country, after myself, who could appraise this is B," retorts A.

The banker pricks up his ears. He has heard about the bitter warfare between these dealers, so he asks A to leave the piece. Then he sends for B, who immediately confirms everything that A has said and, more than that, says he is willing to buy



"Here is a Corot that I have been saving especially for you. Realizing your knowledge of art and your fine discrimination, I am sure you will at once appreciate its full value"

it himself. This is all the banker needs, so he pays the price, which, in many cases, is very excessive. In the same way B worked his customers by suggesting that A be called in. By means of this plan these two dealers (who incidentally continued their hostility in public) cleaned out a whole stock of goods and made a tremendous profit. It is interesting to add that one of the best known and most famous of the multimillionaire collectors fell a victim of this clever and highly original piece of team work.

When the average Wall Street man is flimflammed in a picture game he does not lose any sleep. It is just a matter of bookkeeping and he charges it off to profit and loss, a tribute to the excess of flush times. With many of these men—those especially in the speculative game—it is a case of "feast or famine."

Easy Money in Books

FULL twin to the picture, in its easy lure of the average rich man or woman, is the book. Costly experience—much of which has been aired in the courts—shows that there is apparently no end to this kind of graft.

As in pictures, there are two kinds of book buying. Men who are interested in and who love first editions usually know something about the art, and, besides, there is a sort of standard market for the desirable pieces. When collectors like Hoe and Widener were in doubt they got experts to help them. Mr. Morgan had a trained librarian to do his buying. He paid such enormous prices that practically the pick of the whole book world was his before it was put into catalogues.

The golden harvest and the easiest money in books have to do with editions de luxe, the kind usually bought for ornamental purposes. Here the appeal is often made to vanity, and it is almost invariably successful.

The familiar scheme is as ancient as the gold-brick or the "badger" game, yet it still thrives. For its fullest and most artistic exploitation it requires two men. One approaches a rich man who likes to be called a "book lover" and says:

"I know where you can make some money quick or add to your collection."

Naturally both of these appeals go straight home. Then he produces a garish book, ordinary Number One of a "Limited Edition" of a standard set, and continues:

"I can get this set for $1,500—the owner is hard up—and if you don't want to keep it, we can sell it in a short time for $3,000. I know a man out in St. Louis who is just itching to get this edition."

Usually the man falls right away. But if he should use the most elemental precaution he will ask:

"Who is the buyer?" It never occurs to him to inquire about the seller.

The shark is prepared because he replies:

"It's Blank Jones of St. Louis. You certainly know his books. He bought that first Walton at the Hoe sale. I am sure he has heard all about your collection. You can wire him if you like."

Of course the rich man is flattered to be put into the charmed circle of collectors. The chances are that he will send a telegram, but it goes to the agent's confederate, who replies that he will be glad to buy the books in thirty days, and he sends a check for $100 to bind the sale. It looks very plausible, and in nine cases out of ten the rich man buys the set for $1,500, and all he gets is the $100 that the ally has sent to bind the "sale." Both men disappear. The rich man, who has pride as well as vanity, never tells anybody about the way he was bunkoed, and the agents can go on and work some other person.

Zest of Rivalry

QUITE unconsciously the late Mr. Morgan was responsible for much grafting in books. As soon as he went to Europe unscrupulous agents would work off sets of books on single copies to near-collectors with the bait:

"I happen to know that Mr. Morgan is very anxious to get this book and he will make a good offer at a handsome profit when he comes back." Mr. Morgan never heard of the book and wouldn't offer the most nominal price for it.

The element of speculation does not always enter into book buying by Wall Street men, strange as it may seem. They will buy on impulse as well as on vanity. A well-known broker went to a business friend, who was a bibliophile, during the famous Hoe sale and said:

"I'd like to buy some of those books that I have been reading about."

"All right," was the reply; "I am going up to-day to buy and you can come along."

During the sale a very beautiful volume was offered. The younger man told the broker that he ought to have this book and was told to bid. He started at $6,000. An agent of Mr. Morgan sent the price up to $11,000, when the bibliophile broker dropped out, saying that it was all the volume was worth. But the older broker insisted that he should keep on bidding. His friend refused and the lot went to Mr. Morgan. As they were leaving the sale the bidder asked his companion why he wanted to have the book at the excessive price, whereupon he received this illuminating reply: "Simply because I saw that some other person wanted it."

Here you see one reason why some rich people pay big prices for things they do not want.

In this connection it might be worth while repeating the real origin of one of the most famous of all anecdotes of book buying by the rich. It is a matter of record on the books of a large New York publishing house (now located on Fourth Avenue), which is also a dealer in rare editions and fine bindings.

A broker went to a friend, who was also on the Stock Exchange, and said:

"I want you to buy me some books. You know all about them."

"All right," was the reply. "What do you want?"

"Forty-two feet of red and green. My library has red rugs and a green wall and I want the books to be right."

The order was so entered on the books of the aforesaid publishing house and the library was supplied. It is safe to say that the sanctity of its shelves has never been invaded by alien hand or reading eye.

Book Collecting

THAT even the most astute book buyers among the rich may pay abnormally high prices is shown by this incident: A member of the New York Stock Exchange, who is a noted book collector, heard that a certain copy of the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler" was *(Continued on page 32)*

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The Shepherd Man

A Story for the Eastertide



By Bernice Bicknell

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

"MARIA, take this while I put up the horse." Father handed me a bundle. The minute I touched its fuzzy wool I knew it was a lamb barely two days old. The candlelight showed its tightly curled head. It nosed at my hand. The dear, sweet thing! I kissed it.

There are four of us children. None of us had a pet. I am fourteen.

Mother is dreaming of angels, for she's so like one herself—pale and golden-haired. (I'll never be an angel. I don't believe. I have black hair—unless God would use hair dye. I don't suppose God would think that was right.)

Father's hair is gray where it isn't black.

Bertha is twelve and has blue eyes. I guess mine have turned dark looking at pots hanging in the fireplace.

Jim is ten. One word he can't say plain is sugar, but he can eat it terrible when Mr. Hodkins pays father that way.

Father gives away his goods—religion.

Sadie is seven. She is going to be the wit of the family.

That's all! (U's I mean.) U. S. means United States. It also means United Smiths.

My father's name is Samuel and my mother's name is Mary—well, it's something to live up to. I wish my name had been Venus or something high. I was named for a saintly aunt. She's living.

Maybe it's selfish, but I'm going to name the lamb myself: Susannah Wesley—how will that do?

Then, as the lamb cuddled and snuggled up, I wasn't as sorry for the creature's mamma as I ought to have been.

Father came in.

"How's mother?"

"Sleeping."

"The lamb?"

I pointed to the fireplace.

"Don't forget to give it some milk in the morning. It can be yours."

"Goody! I'm a really truly matron now."

"What?"

"Matron of an orphan asylum."

How he smiled! If I could make him smile wider! He used to call me the little Apostle of Sunlight. What if I hadn't been working very hard at it lately?

It was past my bedtime. I kissed father good night. I climbed the ladder to the loft where Jim and Bertha and Sadie and I sleep.

Every time I climb this ladder I tell myself: this is the ladder of fame. Funny, isn't it for me to have such thoughts when I haven't but two nice dresses and one good pair of shoes? But thoughts—I can't keep you from coming—can I?

Wouldn't roses look sweet twining around this ladder? I do love roses. Some folks are like roses. Mamma is. Her heart is gold and the white petals are her deeds and thoughts. But she's like a wet rose now out alone in an April shower, too tender and sweet to fight the rain and wind. Her head is too heavy and she tries to hide it and can't.

WHEN I started to say this I didn't think there was so much to it. And mamma is like another rose on this prairie. The sun is too hot and there aren't many folks passing along and not many to see whether you're happy or sad—nothing but the trees, and they don't go all the way.

I don't know why they all laughed next morning when I called the lamb Susannah.

Bertha said she never heard of a lamb named such. I told her I guessed she didn't. Ever. No other lamb was good enough.

Father laughed. I was glad in my mouth. That's when I taste my heart.

Jim hugged Susannah until I thought he'd choke her. When we gave her milk she drank awful slow. And to think she is really mine—mine!

Then father thanked the Lord for Susannah—he didn't call her that. But I believe that if the Lord tells the lamb's mamma that Susannah fell among a preacher's children she'll be glad.

FATHER didn't leave that day. The afternoon went to call on the morning, and when evening came it was raining. Father was coming from mother's room. "Hush, mother is very sick!"

"Oh, my!" I whispered.

Of course the children are too young to understand sickness.

Just then a loud knock came at the door.

"Mr. Smith, come! Pap's a-dyin' and he wants a word of prayer."

Father looked toward mother's room.

"John, wife is ill and there is no one but me. It might be death to leave her. I must go back this minute!"

The young man choked up.

"You can't let pap die without a word—"

"Father," I made brave to speak. "Let me care for mamma. How far is it?"

"Ten mile," the young man said.

"No, child, you can't."

Then father's face changed.

"You can pray—you can go!"

"I never prayed for anyone I didn't know."

"You will forget yourself. Pray, dear, from your heart."

I felt afraid then.

"No, I can't. It's so dark—it's raining. The horse might slip. Oh, why can't folks do their own praying?"



"Forgive, dear Lord, this man all he's done that's wicked and all he did he thought was good. Please, dear Lord, don't be too hard on him"

"I can't leave mamma!" I cried. And Bertha and Jim began to cry.

"'God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of love and power,'" and father's great eyes were turned to me.

He needed me so badly and God did too.

"I'll go!"

THE horse was galloping off before I had a chance to take one look at my mother or father. I couldn't help feeling that maybe I would see mamma alive again. All this hadn't taken any more than two minutes. It seemed years.

The thunder roared and the lightning zigzagged and skipped the rope, and I hid my head.

That verse father had quoted! "Not the spirit of fear but love." Father was just sending me out as the Lord sent father to the frontier.

"Oh, it's grand!" I whispered.

A terrible roar of thunder came. All the fear was gone. I thought how the rains have to come so the jack-in-the-pulpits and the wake-robins, violets, and buttercups can come. Fear had to come so I'd know stronger about love.

A light was shining from a shack. The young man helped me off his horse and his hands were cold as ice. I was pretty wet. He took me to the door. His mother looked at me the strangest. I guess I was the queerest preacher she ever saw.

"Can you pray?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Hurry up! Pap is sinkin'."

I was in a room where an old, wenzened little man lay on a bed. He scarcely breathed.

"The preacher," he gasped.

"No, but hisen darter."

The boy was staring at me. I opened my Bible. But the woman stopped me.

"Pray! He don't want no Bible. Pray!"

My heart was in my mouth. I seemed to be chewing it.

"Let us kneel!"

I didn't ask what his sins were.

"Dear Lord and Saviour! I'm just Your little linsey-woolsey girl. I don't know this man but You do. You are the Good Shepherd and know Your sheep. Even if he isn't in Your fold he wants to be. Dear Lord and Saviour, we're all bad. I didn't want to come here at first, but father wants us to honor our father and mother. In that way we honor You. (Isn't that a sweet idea?) I guess, Lord, by doing the things we don't want to do we will be more able to do the things we like to do.

"Religion and money are a good deal alike. If you've got some you want more. If you haven't any—you wonder what it's good for. Father is the no-money, all-religion kind. I guess that's what you are, dear Lord.

"Forgive, dear Lord, this man all he's done that's wicked and all he did he thought was good. For maybe you two don't think the same about politics, 'Cause some folks say good is evil just like some folks say one party is good and the other is bad.

"I hope he doesn't weigh so bad in Your balances.

"Bless his wife and his son. Let them take warning and not send for a preacher the last minute.

"Bless my mamma that's like a rose.

"Please, dear Lord, don't be too hard on him, for he's old and sick. I guess he's had a hard life. And he's all shriveled up

(Concluded on page 37)

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World's-End

Chapter XX—Peace

By Amélie Rives

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

EVERYONE went early to bed that evening at World's-End. It was as if they had seen the hem of Death's sable garment trail from the threshold, and double-locking the steadfast door of the still inviolate home upon him, had said with a deep, unanimous sigh of the spirit: "Ah, now at last we can sleep in safety." Even the faithful Miss Lee was to seek slumber on this beneficent night, lying on the couch which Owen had occupied in Richard's dressing room, with the door open and a night light burning. Under the opiate given early in the evening, her patient would be sure also to sleep tranquilly until morning. Mary took Sally off to bed at nine o'clock. At half past nine Patton, yawning and stretching like a sluggish colossus coming drowsily to life, went off in search of the first unbroken rest that he had enjoyed since his arrival two weeks before. By ten the old clock was the one animated thing in all the slumber-muted house.

But by the side of Owen, now so dearly near her once again and fallen immediately into the deep, stirless sleep of exhaustion, Phœbe lay wide awake, watching the soft shadows from the wood fire play about the lovely room that seemed once more to smile upon her with a friend's countenance. Was it possible—oh! was it possible—that Death and Fear had gone, and only Love was with her? Might she not wake up suddenly to find that she had been dreaming and in her dream had said: "This is a dream"?

SUDDENLY, as if it had been a roselit slide, the present was withdrawn and she gazed back into the steep, dark caverns of the past through which with so much fear and so much trembling she had come to this wide place of refuge. She looked bravely, not shrinking, and saw herself as she had been when first Owen and then that other came into her life—a self-willed, self-centered girl—full of a wild, imperious desire for life and love, not rightly knowing and certainly not caring overmuch in what real life and love consisted. But now she knew, if only in part, something of these benign yet awful mysteries; and the new spirit in her shuddered with a sort of pity for what she had then been—for the blindness and littleness and narrow passion of it all.

And she sent her thought deeper still and drew forth the thing that might have been from those dark shadows of the past. She forced her mind to see herself as Richard's unwanted wife—a creature for all time abased in his sight and in her own—her child cast off—

Recoiling from this dread picture, another as terrible confronted her, and she saw herself again, lying there alone on the mountainside, dead by her own hand—lying there for days perhaps, until—

Vividly there rushed before her the scenes of her old father's grief and despair as they might have been when he was told of what had been found in the mountain. She dropped her head on her arms and trembled with a sick horror of the self that had been hers.

For some moments she stayed thus, then she lifted herself and gazed down at the face of the man sleeping so quietly at her side. Ah, was it strange that she worshiped him? Was she not his creation? Had he not given her a soul? If she had worshiped him before she knew, would not God Himself forgive her for worshiping him now? In her impassioned young gratitude she felt a helpless anger against the shortness of life. How was she to grow worthy of him in such a meager space of time? How fulfill that burning ideal of herself that should be—make herself all glorious within like the King's daughter?

And again the present was withdrawn; but now it was at the future that she gazed—at the image of herself as she longed to be, moving through a clear shining toward the summits of spiritual attainment. Yes, no purity would be stronger than her purity, for it would be the fruit of choice and not of chance; no compassion would be deeper than hers, because it would be born of understanding; no unselfishness greater, for her true, her real self had been given her by the selfless love of another and must be cherished only to spend itself in things apart from self—thus growing in greatness by what it gave away in accordance with Divine Paradox.

Ah, the little children that she would succor! Ah, the young girls mistaken as she had been mistaken, caught blind and willful and reckless in the bright snare of romance and springtime passion—how tender and loving she would be to them, how comprehending, even as he had been to her! And ever she would climb up and up toward those clear peaks that rose so gentle and full of a mysterious promise above the mists and shadows of the world in which till now she had been used to move. What did the great words say? That evil might exercise a stirring power—point out the path to goodness—to the inner advance of life—to the formation of a new nature. Yes, a new nature, a new life, a new world—all these she would win, because of him and of the new spirit that he had given her.

A great emotion lifted her spirit as on a rushing wind. For one immortal moment more than love possessed it, the wild gratitude of love for love, the outgush of all the spirit toward some vast, benevolent source, as it were a winging home to the heart of the universe, to give unspeakable thanks. For that moment of wild, purified ecstasy, the pagan slipped from Phœbe's soul like a frail husk, she was rapt into unimaginable heights, and all her being quivered upward like a thin passionate flame toward its source.

THE next morning, shortly after breakfast, Owen and Patton went for a long walk together.

Patton was to leave World's-End by the afternoon train, and there was a very serious and important point that Owen wished to discuss with him.

The day was cold and glittering. From a sky of light, bright blue, a small sun glared intensely as though brought to a focus by the great burning glass of the sky. The gray woods clung like smoke to the mountain sides, and like smoke clustered in the folds of the valley. The little Green-Flower lay like a torpid, silver-backed Python vainly trying to thaw itself in the winter sunlight. Here and there some fields had put on the livery of spring with the emerald plush of winter oats. There was a great antiphonal in progress among the crows—two flights answering each other, one from the hollow near the oat field, one from Logan's Wood.

PATTON was smoking his dear briar as he walked, but Owen, who preferred a tranquil, sedentary pipe after meals, had already finished his before leaving World's-End, and now walked with his hands loosely caught behind him, looking up from under his brows at the mountains they were approaching.

In their stupendous tranquillity, they seemed like a great "Credo" rising toward the suspended abyss of ether, the earth's "will to believe" made manifest. Something in him responded to their silent and immemorial assertion of an All-Seeing Unseen, as with a great shout of the spirit, only spiritually to be heard. With bare majesty the venerable words strode through his mind:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help—"

The theology of the great Hebrew book might be anthropomorphic, but when it spoke with the voice of its poets it spoke as with Divinity's own voice.

Another trumpeting of words, mysteriously great and potent, sounded its inner reveille:

"The heart that abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself in relation to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers—"

There came to him a quickening of all his spirit, akin to the ecstatic motion which had drawn Phœbe from her grosser sheath the night before, but with him it was a force of more sobriety—an answering to the vast whole with "I agree and I revere," an abandonment, in full consciousness of all the self to what is selfless yet transcends individuality, to the Supreme Paradox whose core is truth.

PATTON walked in silence beside him, feeling that together they touched the garment of a great moment and that virtue went from it to them both.

As they entered the first field leading to the flank of the mountain Owen turned to him.

"Charles," he said. "I want your advice on a very grave question. Now that Richard is out of danger, there comes the question of—" he hesitated, then went on firmly—"of my attitude to him and to Sally."

"Yes, I've been thinking of that," said Patton.

"He is certainly out of danger?"

"It will be a long time before he gets his strength, but practically he is out of danger."

Owen hesitated again and grew white.

"That arm—?" he said.

Patton looked grim. It was the look that came on his face when he had an operation to perform in a case that could only be locally anesthetized. "I can't tell you yet, old man. It may be stiff—he may pull through."

They walked in silence for some moments.

Then Owen said, with a hoarseness in his voice:

"What I want to ask you is about telling Sally—the truth."

"I see," said Patton. He pulled hard at his pipe without noticing that it had gone out.

There was another silence.

"Will he—remember clearly, Charles?"

"Not clearly, I think. But—"

He too hesitated.

"You see," said Owen in an even tone, "the first blow only dazed him. He—he looked at me—"

"He'll remember essentials," said Patton stolidly.

"I thought that."

SILENCE fell again.

Suddenly Patton said rather gruffly:

"I wouldn't go over it, old man. What's the use?"

"No use, Charles. At first I didn't care one way or the other. Then I went down—there are depths, you know—"

Acute pain twisted Patton's face for a moment, then he said quietly:

"Yes, I know."

It was he who again broke the silence.

"See here, old man. I think I've got the gist of what you want to ask me. Shall I put it for you?"

"Thanks—yes," said Owen.

"I've hammered at it a good bit in my own mind. When Richard is strong enough, the chances are that he'll tell his mother the truth. I say chances, for he *may*—" (Patton's emphasis here was very expressive of his opinion of Richard)—"he *may* out of consideration for her health decide not to speak. You know him better than I do. What do you think?"

"I've gone over that," answered Owen, "and I think that while he will shrink from telling her, the—the circumstances are such that he will feel compelled to."

"Ah, that settles matters then."

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"How do you mean?"

"I think it will be better for you to tell her yourself. If he blurts it out to her like that—lying there—"

His broken sentences were more expressive than words could have been.

Owen's teeth caught his underlip and held it.

Presently he said in a low voice:

"You don't think this second shock will be too much for her?"

"It won't be good for her, of course. But it will be better than the other way. Sally is much better than she was last winter. I doubt if she could have weathered these past two weeks then."

"Shall I tell her, to-day—while you are here?"

Patton thought hard for a few moments.

"Better wait a while," he said at last. "The boy won't be able to talk coherently for some days. You see she had one violent shock last night. It was a shock of joy, true—but it got in its work just the same. I shall have to keep Richard under opiates for at least a week more. Suppose we wait until I come to-morrow to settle the time?"

"Just as you think, of course," said Owen slowly.

PATTON stole a glance full of shy affection at the dark, preoccupied face. Then he suddenly hooked his arm in the other's.

"I say, Owen," he mumbled, "I'd knock these memories higher than a kite if I were you."

Owen smiled. It was a very sad, sane smile.

"Cockleburs are a better simile for memories than kites, Charles," he said.

"Then I'm dashed if I wouldn't chuck cockleburs, coat and all, into the fire," retorted Patton grimly.

"You forget my mind's the coat in this case."

PATTON was silent. The words "Physician heal thyself" occurred to him. Who knew better than he did that memories are not subject to the will of the man? Who knew better than he— A rigor ran through him. He withdrew his arm and busied himself with refilling his pipe. His hands were shaking.

They had reached a fence, beyond which rose a grove of noble oaks and chestnuts. Through them could be seen an old brick wall, violet-brown with age, and thickly crusted with moss and lichen.

"The old Randolph burial ground—hey?" asked Patton, glad for even this change of subject.

"Yes. Shall we take a look? The key is here under a flat stone—a queer old custom that I've never changed."

"Yes, let's," said Patton. "It's a beautiful spot. See how those wild grapevines have grown from tree to tree, making them look like one huge banyan. And the valley there at its feet. And the mountain keeping guard. They should sleep sound, those old Randolphs."

"Yes. I love the place," said Owen.

He found the big, rusty key and opened the old iron gate between its brick posts surmounted by balls of stone from each of which rose a dexter hand holding a tomahawk.

Owen pointed to them with the key. "The old explorer's crest, invented by himself, before the discovery of the famous nag's head," he said smiling.

"Fine old fellow," said Patton heartily, "is he buried here?"

"Yes. There he is. He was the third Owen Randolph, you know. He built the central part of the house that's now standing."

Patton turned about on the thick carpet of periwinkle that ran from wall to wall of an inclosure about eighty feet square. The tombstones were all very simple, of white marble beautifully toned by age and weather. On this one, which stood slightly apart with one other from the rest, was carved:

MY FATHER

Owen . Randolph

Born January 15 — 1715
Died November 9 — 1795

Ingenium nemo sine corpore exercebat; optimus quisque facere quem dicere, sua ab aliis benefacta laudare, quam ipse aliorum narrare malebat

"A fine old chap—a fine old chap—" murmured Patton again, reading over (*Continued on page 24*)

Capturing the Delegate

By Henry White

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

"VOT'S der complain' now?" queried the pants contractor with an uneasy look at the chunky, heavy-featured young man who had pushed the door open. The intruder slapped his slouch hat on a worktable and vaulted beside it. The machine help slowed up to hear, the hand sewers shifted seats to get in the line of vision, the banging of the press irons softened to a patter.

"Complain'!" mocked the chunky one after an impressive pause; "vot did I told you? I moost call a strike. Der Executive Board sat all night on it."

"Schami Yisrael!" ejaculated the contractor.

"Yes," went on the delegate, picking up a pair of shears and snipping a waste piece of cloth as a nerve steadier; "vot did I told you? For vy did you pay der green operator dot prize? Now see. Efry operator says: 'If Blumberg can pay so much to a green operator, vy not to me!' und der vorkmen call a meeting und make resolutions to demant der same prize."

"But-whose-pizness-iss-it-vot-I-pay-my-bartner's-landsman-so-long-I-pay-der-union-prize!" the contractor managed to articulate after smothering his surprise and indignation.

"Whose pizness iss it, whose pizness iss it!" echoed the union agent with a rising inflection. "You know very well, Mr. Blumberg, dot in dese times efryting iss der vorkmen's pizness. Vot are dey in der union for—yoost to pay doos, yes? I dell you, Mr. Blumberg, dot der vorkmens ain't slafes like before; no, dey knows who makes der money and dey vants to say someding, too!"

The contractor's eyes flashed, and with a bang on the table with his clenched fist, he fairly shouted: "You strike because I pay too leetle; now you strike because I pay too much! If I vant to pay a leetle extra to my bartner's landsman, for vamily reasons, you take advantage! Dot union will ruint der pizness yet!" His voice became a wail and his tense features relaxed. The delegate, eying him intently, noted this—the strike was fought and won.

"Mr. Blumberg," he remarked, getting off the table and putting on his hat, "you know our princips iss to dreat efrypody der same, joost like brodders. Yes, joost like a vamily. It vouldn't look nice vor your vorkmens to get not so much as your greenhorn landsman. It vould make dem veel bad und make drouble. Efryone should be dreated impartials. You know, too, Mr. Blumberg, dot der pizness ain't going machulla, oser nit so long as peoples vear bants."

A WEEK later the same door was flung open and the same chunky one entered. He boosted himself on the worktable as before and waited. Blumberg, busy at the far end of the shop, dropped the work in hand and haltingly came toward him. He mustered a near smile, and, with a poorly concealed tremor, greeted him. "I see, Mr. Krenkel, you nefer vorget your goot frients. Nice from you to come—very nice from you. If I vould know I vould haf schnaps und sponge cake retty vor you. Next dime—"

"Nefer mind, Mr. Blumberg," the delegate interrupted, "ve don't need sociableness in a bants shop. You know I vouldn't come to dalk vords, only pizness."

"Pizness, pizness!" gurgled the contractor. "Vy, ain't efryding all right yet? I pay der prize, I vork



"Nefer mind, Mr. Blumberg," the delegate interrupted, "ve don't need sociableness in a bants shop. You know I vouldn't come to dalk vords, only pizness"

union dime. I make efrypody pay doos. I vipe my feet ven I comes in der shop, und say 'Goot mornink' to der shop shairman."

"Vell," the delegate returned, looking away with the air of one about to say something he did not relish, "I haf no complain' mit the vorkmens. Efryding iss yoost like I vos boss."

"Ah, ha!" brightened up the contractor, "der union rools to me is yoost like der Torah. I pelieve der union iss goot ven it iss honest. I—"

"I said," interposed the delegate, "dot it iss all right mit der vorkmens, but I didn't say it vos all right mit der foremans."

"Der foremans!" cried Blumberg, bewildered; "vy, vot has der union mit der foremans to do?"

"Didn't I told you dot der vorkmens ain't any more slafes; dey vant to spheak somedink, too, yoost like der cabitalist."

"Noo, vell!" broke in Blumberg, whose tension was at the snapping point, "make hurry up; vot about der foremans, der foremans?"

The delegate pointed to a sign in red on the wall. It read:

NOTICE—*Smoking not allowed, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, or both. By order of*

——— *Fire Commissioner.*

Underneath, in Yiddish, was another sign, which read:

Anyone caught smoking will be discharged. By order of BLUMBERG & GOLDFARB.

"You discharged Josefsky, didn't you?" he said in the tone of a judge excoriating a culprit: "you discharged Gorovitz, too, didn't you? Und vy? Because dey schmoked cigarettes? No! Because dey vas goot union mans? Yes—dot vas your chance, und you dought dot ve vas sleebing! Der union iss batient und vaits. Der Executive Board gets complain' dot Schmuel, der foremans, schmokes a cigarette in der schop; der vorkmens haf a meeting und passed to discharche der foremans."

"Mine Gott!" moaned the contractor, and his collapse seemed imminent. Getting a grip on himself, he burst out: "Next you vill discharche mine vife! Understant me, Mr. Krenkel, der union pizness must got to stop somevere! Ven der union discharche my foremans, petter close up and peddle fish!"

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At this the visitor leisurely pulled out a bag of tobacco and began to spread a bit of the contents into a small sheet of rice paper held curved in the fingers of the other hand. With a deft roll a cigarette was formed. With his tongue he wetted the edge to bind it and struck a match on his sole. Lighting up, he walked slowly out, puffing.

THE firm of Blumberg & Goldfarb sat disconsolate in their deserted shop on Cannon Street. Though broad day, bundles of cut garments were piled high in a corner, half-made pants encumbered the worktables and benches, the floor was unswept. Downstairs groups of men sauntered back and forth, stopping now and then to accost passers-by. A policeman, long stick in hand, suggestive of a peaceful labor trouble, stood in the doorway. People stopped a moment, looked about, and with significant glances passed on. What was a mere shop strike to the East Side?

"Yoseph," observed the senior member, gazing idly into the street, "vats der use? Der union haf our necks der fingers arount. Principles iss all right—aber it von't make soup."

"Yes," agreed the junior partner, "principles iss fine vor der feller outside—aber it iss no use. Next week maybe der vorkmens demant a plana in der shop und der boss to blay tanz music!"

"Und cabaret, don't vorget," added the senior.

"Yes, der union vould demant dot der boss be discharched, only some von must give out der shobs," finished the junior.

GOLDFARB looked abstractedly at the wall for some time. Blumberg watched him expectant. An idea was in its birth throes. The elder had reason to respect the abstractions of the younger. He often said: "His silence was golt und his dalk prass." The stillness made the ticking of the clock sound like hammer strokes. The partners were as inert as statues.

"Mosha!" suddenly called out Goldfarb, "vot you dink! It iss no use to fight der union mit a club, yoost like to fight a black tog in der cellar. Aber you can fight der union diblomatic. Dere is nodding like diblomacy, Mosha. It pushes der moundains avay und makes der enemy ours!"

"Yes, Yoseph, dot iss so, but I don't see der point," interrupted Blumberg.

"Vell," went on the oracle with a searching look at the other as if to gauge the effect of what he was about to say, "vy not make a son-in-law of der enemy?"

Blumberg jumped up and glared at his partner. "Vat!" he also shrieked, "are you blaying crazy house mit me—vot you mean?"

Goldfarb, unperturbed, looked out of the window as if to await the subsidence of Blumberg's brainstorm. "Dink it over, Mosha," was all he said.

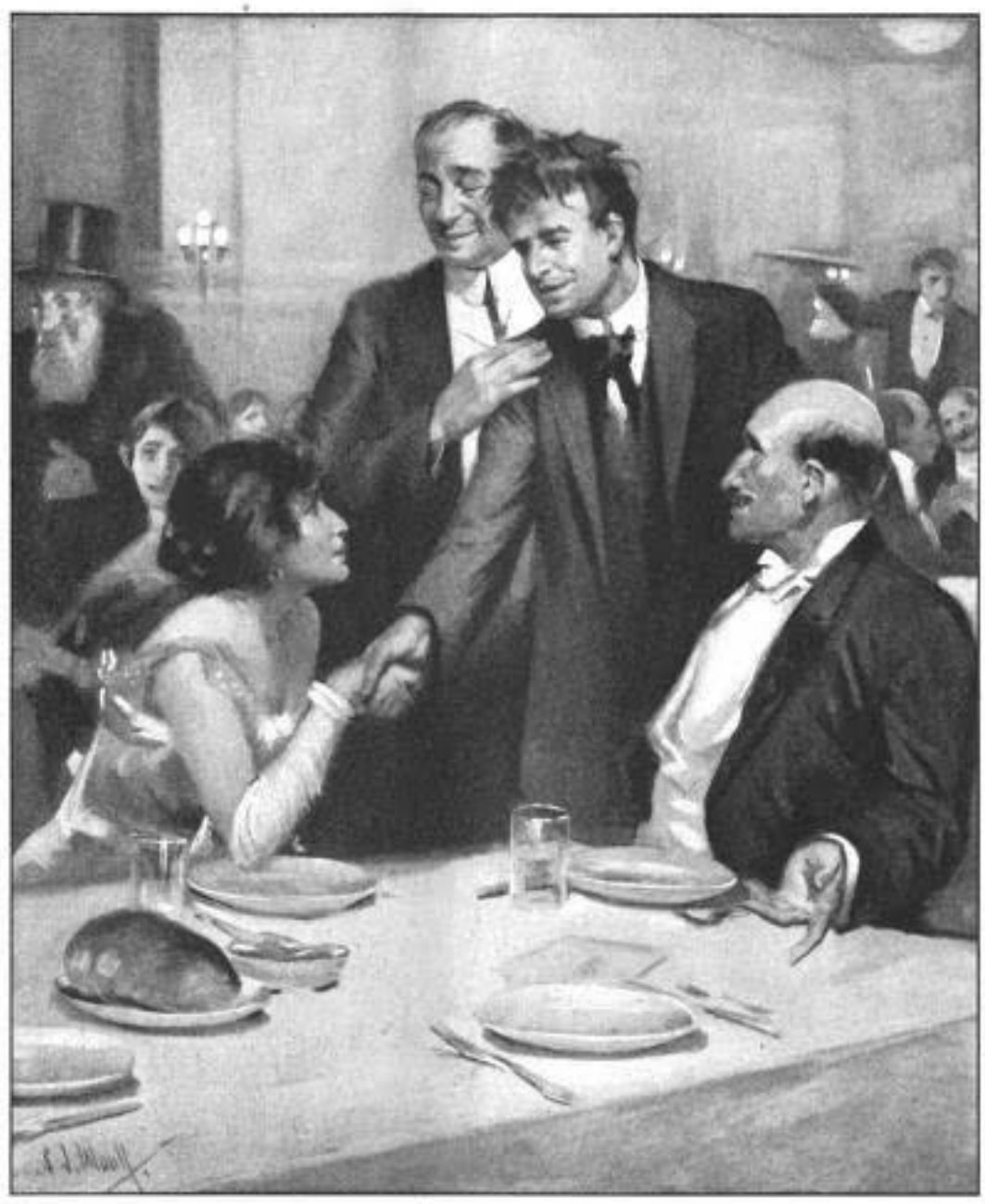
The senior partner walked nervously about, stopping now and then to glare out of the window. Several times his lips twitched to speak, but he got no further. Stopping suddenly, he raised both hands, and in an undertone, immensely more impressive than his shouting said: "You mean dot mine daughter, mine only daughter, gets married to dot loafer, Krenkel, vot makes me all dot troubles? Iss dot diblomacy—iss dot de vay to settle der strike und stop der union to squeeze der inside from us out? Iss dot your schmart advice? Shame on you!"

GOLDFARB met this without a blink. Then he smiled benignly and went over to where his partner had sat down and was moaning with his head between his hands. He patted the sufferer softly. "Now, Mosha, my frient," he started, "my goot und honest bartner! I vould not hurt your veeling vor a sign on Broadway. Yoost look der question in der eye. It ain't so awful as you dink. Yes, Rifka iss a lady, a very fine, nice lady. Aber see! You pring ofer dot greenhorn landsman, Yankel, vor a chusen. You gif dot schlemiel vork in der shop und raise der prize. Der vorkmens demant der same prize, und dot settles our brofit. If you pay Rifka a chusen, pay a real pargain—yes, a dopple pargain."

Blumberg raised his head and looked quietly at the speaker. His excitement was spent. "But dot loafer," he remonstrated.

Goldfarb cleared his throat. "Krenkel ain't so bad a yung. Supposen you vas a vorkman und der vorkmens make you delegate because you vas schmart. Dot is a pizness joost like a lawyer—like making bantz. Und don't vorget, Mosha, you vos a agitationer, too, and such a agitationer! Oye! Der vorkmens make demants. You say to der boss, Vill you zettle or vill you haf a strike? Der boss don't like you, aber nit; der vorkmens like you, aber yes—und gif you a golt vatch mit combliments inside. Krenkel iss a schmart boy; more schmart as der contractors! He makes expenses un drouble blenty. He iss more schmart as der vorkmens. He is educationed—he speaks like a rav. Und my, vot a salesman! Oye!" This last was uttered with a rise of the shoulders and a lifting of the hands, palms upward. Blumberg said nothing. All was settled, then, but the plan of procedure.

The Yiddish "Daily Ferment" printed that Blumberg & Goldfarb had settled with the union. And such a settlement! The vanquished were as tickled as the victors. Capital and labor had really embraced. Blumberg praised the gentlemanly deportment of the delegate Krenkel, and the delegate complimented the contractors for their reasonableness and good spirit. The discharged foreman, too, after a closeted time with the firm, came out smiling. Krenkel in his rounds stopped at shorter intervals at Blumberg & Goldfarb's. He was greeted with an almost family warmth and tendered the swivel chair in the office. Invariably a box of cigars, bearing marks in luscious Spanish, was brought out of the hidden recesses of the roll-top desk and handed to the delegate. With apparent reluctance he picked out one, and, when further urged, another. These he shoved into his vest pocket, mindful of the staring fire sign and the recent unpleasantness which forbade their immediate enjoyment. On one of these visits the junior partner gracefully slipped the delegate a ticket for the combined play and dance of the East Side Division of the Revolutionary Daughters, to be held in the Grand Waldorf Palace, the most sumptuous meeting place in all the Jewish quarter.



The delegate extended his hand to meet hers, and, with a grave bow, said: "I haf had der extreme bleasure pefore"

THE long-anticipated affair of the Revolutionary Daughters at last became a reality. Blumberg and his daughter sat in the lower box, a composite picture of dignity and grace. He wore a specially pressed swallowtail and she a "creation." Her charms were various besides the gown. One thing, however, was pretty clear: she was not the kind to be the subject of a matrimonial trade. She was a woman with opinions of her own. Away in front sat Goldfarb, with Krenkel beside him. Perhaps, out of considerate regard for the democratic tastes of his guest, he wore a plain business suit.

THE play, as befitting the gay occasion, was a cheerful representation of underground Russia. The most famous Yiddish artists had volunteered. The intensity of the acting, however, failed to hold the interest of the partners. To their surprise and evident annoyance, they noted their young landsman, Yankel, sitting alone in a rear seat and wearing a nobby dress suit given him for other occasions. Could it be that he was improving the opportunity and pressing his attentions upon Rifka on his own hook? They noticed him making friendly signs to the girl; they appeared to be on the most agreeable terms. The play came to an end, as even such plays do, and an intermission followed to permit the removal of the seats for the ball.

Blumberg and his daughter drifted toward the café downstairs. He led her to a table where four chairs were tipped, and, straightening two, they sat down. Presently Goldfarb sauntered by, arm in arm with his companion, and, stopping as if in surprise, exclaimed: "Ah, Mr. Krenkel, my bartner iss here und his charming daughter, too! An unexpected pleasure, indeed! Miss Blumberg, blease allow me to make you acquainted mit my dear frient, Mr. Krenkel."

The delegate extended his hand to meet hers, and, with a grave bow, said: "I haf had der extreme bleasure pefore."

THE partners could not repress a start and looked inquiringly at each other. Goldfarb vindicated his reputation for tact. "In vree America," he quickly responded, "young peoples gets acquainted mitout vormalities;" and, with a look at the girl: "Der young ladies don't stay home by der kitchen, tied mit der mamma's abron strinks."

The four sat awhile discussing the play and the players. It developed that the young people were well informed on Russian revolutionary matters and radical questions generally. Their ideas, moreover, were noticeably in harmony. This the partners regarded with undisguised satisfaction, though their own views and sympathies ran otherwise. The leaden heel of the union was not calculated to enthuse them with the beauties of radicalism. Discreetly, therefore, they remained noncommittal. A suspicion entered the junior partner's mind that the young people knew each other better than they announced, but it was merely a fleeting notion. After some time at the table the four went up into the hall, where Yankel, apparently in waiting, at once stepped toward the girl and claimed her for the first dance.

THIS was upsetting, but when he got a chance the junior partner remarked reassuringly: "Nefer mind, Mosha, Rifka iss a schmart maidel—Yankel iss a fine tanzer, und a girl vants to tanz. Aber Krenkel iss all in der het und not in der feet."

"Yes, Yoseph," rejoined the father, "dot iss all right, aber you can't argument mit girls—a yung mit fancy glothes und honey vords, mit a shilling to pay ize cream, iss more vorth ais a philosoph."

"Ah, Mosha," reproved the other, "you vorget how Sarah gif you breference over dot spitzboob, der fiddler."

"Vell," went on Blumberg resignedly, "it iss all my fault—I tell Rifka der greenhorn iss eighteen-carat golt, und maype he pe President yet, aber he vas porn in Wilna."

"Nonsense, Mosha, nonsense! Vait! Yankel gif Rifka a goot dime, und Rifka ain't voolish. She can tell a piece of glass von a tiamond."

The girl was a long time getting back. Many dances passed. She returned with her last partner flushed and radiant. All her dancing numbers were bespoken, and mostly by Yankel. The band struck up, and again she was away. Krenkel, too, was kept busy with acquaintances. More, he never inquired as to the girl's absence, and when supper arrived he forfeited the option to take her to dine. Yankel had the

(*Concluded on page 23*)

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Thoughts That Throb

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

A Suggestion to Opportunity

When Opportunity, hot-footing by,
Knocks on the door of hovel and of flat,
Sometimes he gives a gentle "rat-tat-tat,"
As soft as air—as noiseless as a sigh.
And far within some boy with bulging eye
Reads on of Presidents unstirred—whereat
Old Opp. with vigor grabs a baseball bat
And bangs the next door once—ere he can fly,
The boy within has seized him with a cry;
"Sign me," he pleads; "I'd give my neck to try
That big-league game. Just watch my spitter hop!
I've got more speed, too, than that Johnson guy.
Think of the pennants I can help you cop!"
Why can't the old chap try a louder noise
Upon the presidential brand of boys?

Beacon Lights of Obscurity

SAMUEL P. BILLINGSGOAT, New York, *Patriot*—Mr. Billingsgoat earns $5,000 a year and is the father of seven young and growing children. On the last day of February he had his wife sew a patch on his 1909 model overcoat, after which he went down to the collector's and paid $10 income tax without one sob or murmur of regret.

PETER WINGLEBORG, St. Louis, *Honest Man*—On the 4th of last March Mr. Wingleborg while reading a newspaper walked in front of an automobile and was knocked down. Upon being brushed off he assured the owner of the automobile that it was his own fault and served him right. Further, Mr. Wingleborg offered to reimburse the auto owner for the damage done to the machine's off lamp.

ANSON F. WOMBAT, Chicago, *Reformer*—Mr. Wombat, having been greatly embarrassed by a lewd joke uttered in vaudeville one night, organized a party of twenty-five and attended the theatre the next evening. Upon the repetition of the joke the entire party arose, left the theatre, and demanded their money back. That joke was cut out thereafter.

Our Highest Explosive

THE airship is the highest explosive thus far invented by man.

This fact is a great grief to inventors and scientists, who have been struggling for years to make the airship something else. Never has man landed farther from his goal than in producing a 500-foot bomb while endeavoring to perfect an aerial omnibus.

Man has fussed with airships for many years. Monkeying with a buzz saw is a "safety first" occupation beside it. Some few inventors have been content to remain on earth, letting other men take the creations of their genius into the clouds. These inventors are still alive and in good health. The rest are reverently remembered.

The airship consists of a thin skin stuffed with gas. Man has solved the problem of making this gas bag as long as an ocean liner and of pushing it through the sky at the rate of forty miles an hour. But he has not yet learned how to prevent it from exploding with a $750,000 bang while too far aloft to make fire escapes of the slightest use.

Airships have remained aloft for days at a time, cruising across whole nations at high speed. Airships have carried happy passengers in luxurious compartments from city to city on schedule time. But airships have also done so many other things of interest only to science and the coroner that they cannot as yet be classed as an amusement or a convenience. An airship is still an adventure and a deadly weapon in the hands of man, who apparently doesn't know it is loaded.

Many nations are experimenting vigorously with the airship in the hope of being able to inflict hideous injury upon a hostile country through it. This is perfectly feasible already. If Germany would lend England all its airships in case of an ill feeling between the two countries, it would strike that country a heartless blow.

Ford's Hovel and His Janitor's Palace

DETROIT has a unique sight which is always shown to visitors. It is the residence of Henry Ford, the man who pays an income tax on $9,000,000 a year.

Thousands of people have been hauled around to view this house from the exterior, and almost without exception they have been more impressed than the tourists who have viewed Senator Clark's tall, warty cliff on Fifth Avenue. The house is a plain, small affair, which would probably rent for $50 a month.



In another year one of the rival sights of Detroit will undoubtedly be the residence—not hovel—of some floor sweeper in the Ford factories who gets $5 a day. Nowhere else are the two ends of the social scale approaching a common center with such rapidity.

Getting Ready for 1992

IN CHICAGO, one of our most hustling little business places, they are still methodically settling up the affairs of the late World's Fair, which many of COLLIER'S younger readers will not recall. Another dividend of one per cent or thereabout is ready for the stockholders, and some official with a good memory has recalled the fact that at the close of the exposition a sum of money—$25,000 or so—was left in charge of the president of the Board of Women Managers. The attention of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the said president, having been called to this, she has recalled the fact herself and has discovered that the fund has now swelled to over $90,000. Preliminary discussions regarding the disposal of this monetary débris are now going on.





As the five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America is now only seventy-eight years away, it might be a good plan to leave the money right where it is and let it continue drawing interest. Chicago will undoubtedly hold another world's fair in 1992, and this is none too early to begin preparations.

Why the Sparrow Languishes

THE late Republican party overlooked very few bets in the tariff line, but it lost a great opportunity many years ago when it did not plaster a prohibitive tariff upon the English sparrow. If there had been a 7,000 per cent ad valorem tariff on English sparrows a quarter of a century ago, the thoughtless citizen who imported the first batch would have had to pay twenty-five cents apiece duty on them and this might have discouraged him.

The English sparrow is a feather-covered bundle of ill feeling, about as large to listen to as a ward caucus, but only as extensive to look at as one of the new parcel-post stamps.

He is composed almost exclusively of voice and temper. As a song bird he is less melodious than a campus quartette. As an ornament he rivals in beauty a splotch of mud on a limousine car. He is only a little more useful than the Republican National Committee. But as a fighter he holds all world's records. While a human pugilist is giving out the preliminary defiances and quarreling over terms, an English sparrow can pull off a thousand three-round bouts and emerge from them in comparatively good health.

The English sparrow makes his home wherever facilities for quarreling are good. He does not go South with millionaires and other birds in the autumn, but sticks around all winter, fighting. In the summer the sparrows fight all comers, but in the winter, owing to lack of opportunity, they fight among themselves. This is all that has kept the sparrow from crowding humanity off the planet, for, as a multiplication table, he makes the Belgian hare blush for its race suicide.

The sparrow builds his—or in this case her—nest wherever it will be most inconvenient, generally in a drain pipe or porch corner, and becomes a great-grandfather in a very short period. He is very cheerful, when not fighting, and loves to gather in great choral clubs at 6 a. m., making a noise as pleasant as a locomotive exhaust. Because of the sparrow's bravery in sticking out the long, hard winters without ear muffs or overshoes, he would be universally beloved if it were not for his disposition. But when America discovered that it would have to choose between the sparrow and peace, it put a bounty on the sparrow's head, and the small boy with his popgun is doing the rest. This should be a warning to all mankind. If we must fight, let us at least observe an eight-hour day for hostilities and not begin at sunrise.

Spring Fever

ABOUT this time of the year spring fever attacks the unoffending citizen and reduces him to temporary junk.

Spring fever is more terrible than other fevers because it cannot be cured by swallowing a clinical thermometer and running out a few yards of tongue in the presence of a doctor. When a man has spring fever he has to suffer along with the knowledge that nothing is the matter with him and that there isn't sympathy enough in the wide world to spare him one little tear.

Spring fever is so called because it removes the spring from man and leaves him a mass of helpless woe. It begins by attacking the victim's feet. These rapidly increase in weight until they weigh half a ton apiece. It then dissolves the backbone into a thin jelly, removes the muscles from the arms, and hangs lead sinkers on the eyelids.

When the fever has completed this job it sits back and watches its victim trying to work with fiendish glee.

The efforts of said victim to do a day's work look like the efforts of a slim young man to throw an elephant over a trolley wire by the tail.

When he begins to work in this condition he has an ache for every bone. (*Concluded on page 32*)

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COLLIER'S

Death the Adventure

YEARS AGO MAETERLINCK wrote a poignant little drama, "The Death of Tintagiles." Yet the play never reached the stage in New York till the other day. Probably the chief reason is that death is therein symbolized as an inexorable and frightful monster. And the world has come to esteem as more precious the poets and philosophers who have passed over the sinister side to dwell on death with resignation and even exultation. For such thoughts no time is better than Easter. It is the true Easter spirit that STEVENSON voices when he says of one who dies young:

> In the hot fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

Turn back a few centuries and listen to the similar note in JOHN DONNE'S noble words:

> The sun is setting to thee, and that forever; thy houses and furniture, thy garden and orchards, thy titles and offices, thy wife and children, are departing from thee, and that forever; a cloud of faintness is come over thine eyes, and a cloud of sorrow over all theirs; when His hand that loves thee best hangs tremblingly over thee to close thine eyes, *ecce Salvator tuus venit*, behold then a new light. . . . Though in the eyes of men thou lie upon that bed as a statue on a tomb, yet in the eyes of GOD thou standest as a colossus, one foot in one, another in another land.

There is a real bugle call of triumph in those four Latin words: *Lo! thy Saviour cometh!* BROWNING over and over spoke of death as some thrilling hazard against which the brave soul may prevail. From BROWNING to BARRIE seems a long step, but no one can forget how PETER PAN, in the play, summarized his conception of death. The rising tide was creeping up to him; he was told that he had to die. *"To die!"* he cried, and there was the thrill of anticipation in his voice; *"to die! That'll be a pretty big sort of an adventure!"*

Treaties and Tolls and Moral Tests

DID WE GO TOO FAR when we said that the man who can read the English language as used in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and still maintain that we have the right to exempt our coastwise ships from Panama Canal tolls, "thereby proclaims his own moral status"? Several of our readers seem pained by what they regard as an impugnment of their moral status, and have protested that they believe in the free-tolls law, and claim both the ability to read English and honesty of purpose. That acute ethical philosopher, WILLIAM MARION REEDY of the St. Louis "Mirror," agrees with us. "Against the simple moral proposition of the President's canal-tolls message," says the "Mirror," "all the talk about running the canal to please ourselves is mere bluster. You can't beat the Golden Rule." The New York "World" calls our utterance "a concise and correct statement of the case." What COLLIER'S said has been widely approved and not severely criticized by many people. And yet we are not inclined to stand on this record. Maybe we were wrong after all. Minds are such curious things! MARTIN LUTHER honestly believed that the devil appeared to him and he threw his inkstand at the adversary. EDMUND BURKE honestly believed that the rotten borough system of England was essential to the existence of the nation. WILLIAM of Orange believed himself to have a moral right to give away the crown lands of Great Britain and Ireland to his Dutch friends. WILLIAM PITT, under honest conviction, kept himself in power by the most gigantic system of corruption ever known. Honest lawyers argue acutely for the wrong sides of cases. Many honest people believe that we may exempt American coastwise ships from canal tolls without committing any act of bad faith. We don't.

Barnes and Root

THE NEW YORK "MAIL," in noting that WILLIAM BARNES proposes ELIHU ROOT as the Republican candidate for United States Senator next fall, itself proposes WILLIAM BARNES as Republican candidate for delegate at large to revise the Constitution of New York. "Could two men be found," asks the "Mail," "who would typify more completely Republican purposes and policies?" Seriously, where could two better representatives of the Republican party be found? ROOT in a very high and able way, and BARNES in a very low and able way, represent exactly the same things. They are the things which triumphed in the nomination of TAFT and now control the Republican national organization. By sticking to their guns and moving forward to tenable grounds of conservatism, the Republicans may build up a very useful conservative party in the United States. By masquerading as radicals or progressives, evading the issues, and sniping about in the underbrush for votes, they will lose now and forever. The "Mail's" suggestion is "writ sarkastikal"—but it is worth considering with great seriousness.

Polite Language from a Candid Friend

THE FOLLOWING QUESTION comes to us on the letter paper of the Park Street School, Milwaukee, Wis.:

> You are running the most tiresome serial that I ever attempted to read. I have not found a person whose interest has survived the fourth installment, and I have asked between twenty and thirty. It seems incredible that any editor would inflict such a monstrous dose of puerile drool upon his readers.
>
> Is it never going to end? Yours truly, H. F. WASHBURNE, *Principal.*

It ends with this issue, brother.

American Homicides and Mexican Murders

HEARST'S CHICAGO "EXAMINER" contains an amusing study in contrast. On one page of a recent issue is printed a sympathetic account of Senator A. B. FALL'S speech on the Mexican atrocities—with his list of "sixty-four men and women slain and tortured." On another page is published an article by Dr. C. F. AKED on "'Homicide' Trials and Contempt for Law" in the United States. Taken separately, each of these articles is deeply depressing; in combination they are grimly humorous. Senator FALL'S list, one should add, covers the crimes of almost four years, or a considerable part of the Taft as well as one year of the Wilson Administration. Some of the "slain and tortured" are not shown to be Americans, and some of the Americans were hit by bullets flying from battle fields near which they had, necessarily or unnecessarily, exposed themselves. We do not apologize for either VILLA or HUERTA—yet facts are facts, even when one is writing about Mexico. But let us quote the "Examiner":

SENATOR A. B. FALL

Senator FALL fairly staggered the Senate with a mass of distressing details of murder, torture, and outrages upon American women and mistreatment of children.

"We have fiddled while Mexico burned; we have seen our citizens murdered and outraged and hundreds of millions of dollars of their property destroyed," he declared.

As the Senator read from his list of atrocities, which he said were well known to the State Department, he made running comments as he went along, showing that **the State Department under the present Administration had done nothing beyond making protests that were never followed up. . . .**

"HUERTA," Senator FALL said, "was impossible as President.

"He is a murderer, yes, but if he does it he does it on a big scale," he said. "He does not kill like VILLA, merely to see his victim squirm. He at least leaves it to his underlings. . . . VILLA'S character is well known throughout Mexico and along the American border. He is known as a common, ignorant, brutal murderer, for hire."

DR. C. F. AKED

In the year 1913 9,000 persons died by violence in the United States; to be strictly accurate, 8,992. **No country in the civilized world can compete with us. . . .** A judge in the State of Georgia has declared from the bench that there are more homicides in that one State than in the whole of the British Empire with its 400,000,000 of population.

In the year 1913, when there were—as near as makes no matter—9,000 homicides [in America], there were 88 legal executions. London, with 7,000,000 of population, had in a recent year—the last for which reliable statistics are at hand—23 murders ("murders" in London). In New York, with 5,000,000 of population, there were 148 homicides. And for 148 homicides there were 13 convictions. In 1909 there were 19 murders in London.

In Louisville, Ky., with a population of less than 250,000, for the year ended August 1, 1910, there were 47 homicides and not a single conviction. **Chicago goes one better, for in a given year, with 202 homicides, it does manage to sentence one single murderer**—that is to say, a homicider.

It seems to us that both HUERTA and VILLA are pikers when compared with our own common, garden gunmen. No wonder Senator FALL and Editor HEARST are down on them! Dr. ELIOT is quoted by Mr. HEARST'S newspaper as saying: "The defense of society against criminals has broken down. The impunity with which crimes of violence are committed is a disgrace to the country." Puzzle: Does Dr. ELIOT allude to VILLA and HUERTA, and is he criticizing Mr. BRYAN and Mr. WILSON for not interfering—or is he, perhaps, speaking of our own peaceful country, where (as it is trite for us to remark) life is as safe as property itself?

Art Patrons

A PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRE who made his money in street railways has spent $700,000 for a Madonna painted several hundred years ago in Italy. The painting, which is a little larger

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than a newspaper page, has for a good while hung in a British manor house, and is called "The Panshanger Raphael." Seven hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money to be spent on art—one can't help wondering if this particular $700,000 was well spent. Of course the money is Mr. WIDENER's (didn't he make it out of Philadelphia street railways?), and so perhaps it is nobody's business; all the same, one wonders. There is no municipal art gallery in Philadelphia; less than $700,000 would build one. A good many worthy painters not yet fully "arrived" could be subsidized on the income from $700,000—and isn't it as logical to talk about subsidizing painters of real worth as to actually do it in the case of university scholars? The endowment of a great museum, preferably one already in existence, to the end that it should purchase modern works of art in *the lifetime of their creators*, would be an admirable way for some millionaire to disgorge the wealth he is a little ashamed of making at the expense of strap hangers and stock-owning widows. The purchase of art works by living artists would not only stimulate interest in the work of to-day—it would mean a great deal to the painters of this generation. Sometimes one hears loose-spoken persons mention Mr. WIDENER, or Mr. JOHNSON (the Philadelphia lawyer), or the late BENJAMIN ALTMAN, or J. P. MORGAN as an "art patron." Absurdity of absurdities! Such men are not patrons of art—only art dealers' star customers. In so far as they patronize artists at all, they patronize the great names of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Art is for them something in the shops—whereas the true art patron pays for the freshly painted canvas and makes it possible for the painter to go and paint another. What fun a millionaire "collector" could have with the work of his own time if he only had intelligence enough!

Why the Progressive Party Will Endure

From a letter written by Dr. Rigdon of 291 Gary Street, San Francisco

"I have been voting for a good many years, but when I came of age, and cast my first ballot, I failed to see even at that time any distinct moral principle that the Republican or the Democratic party stood for. It seemed to me then that both parties were dealing in the past and were not looking forward excepting in the matter of securing offices and patronage. . . . When the Progressive party was born it opened up a new possibility of citizenship. It had fairly well-defined ideas as to what was wrong in governmental affairs, and a very well-thought-out program for remedying those difficulties. But, best of all, it seemed willing to make a straightforward attempt to meet the conditions as they are, and to come to all of these questions, governmental, economic, and social, with an open mind, determined to reach a just solution. For almost the first time in my life I felt I could be a member of an effective political party and know just why I was in that party and not in some other, and it did not seem to me that it would make a great deal of difference whether we succeeded in electing our officials at once or were defeated for a time. The principles were there and we could keep working. . . . The fact that the young men and women of the United States to-day have before them a party that stands for something definite, that has principles, that has convictions upon questions of government, and are willing to stand by those convictions, is of inestimable value, I believe, to the moral upbuilding and strengthening of our people. We need just such a socio-moral rallying point to arouse in us convictions that will drive us to do things that may seem difficult and often disagreeable, but which are fundamentally necessary."

Vice Presidential Philosophy

WHILE CELEBRATING his sixtieth birthday last month, Vice President MARSHALL soliloquized to this effect:

> I keep young by not thinking about the years. I have seen a great many babies born and I have seen a great many men die, but I want to live to be in my second childhood. This is a good old world to live in.

We wish Mr. MARSHALL only what is fair and peaceful, but if he makes many more of his characteristic speeches there will be some unkind enough to say that his ambition to live has been fully realized. But it is a good old world, just as he says.

The Essential Thing

ON PAGE 210 of GILBERT K. CHESTERTON's latest book, "The Flying Inn," is a sentence worth thinking about in this day of excuses and evasions: "For she felt God's wind from nowhere, which is called the Will, and is man's only excuse upon this earth."

Wanted: A Miracle

TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO a Frenchman wrote a novel founded on this idea: CHRIST returns to earth and visits Paris. His personality has a tremendous influence upon the population, and various modern miracles are worked, notably in journalism. Newspapers crowded with news and advertisements appear next morning almost blank, for every lie contained in them has miraculously faded into blank paper. What would happen if a miracle of this sort occurred in Tacoma, Wash., and what would be left of the Tacoma "Daily News"? A reader of ours out there sends us a marked copy containing thirty-four patent-medicine advertisements, many of them making ridiculously excessive claims. Incidentally, it is a striking feature of the present day reaction against patent-medicine fakery that it is the *readers* of newspapers who do the protesting against these advertisements. When will enlightened publishers realize that it pays to be good?

Rose-Watered Smut

HOW MANY PEOPLE who go to see (and perhaps advocate) "white-slave" moving pictures realize exactly what they are doing? How many of these same people are aware that in many Latin-American cities—some of them not very far away either—frankly pornographic "movies" are open to those who care to see them? Now, this word "pornography" is derived from the Greek, which means "that which is written about harlots." Doesn't this signification come dangerously close to the "white-slave" pictures? Obscene art appeals *directly* to the animal instincts; veiled nastiness—even though it be windily heralded as reform stuff—does the same thing in a more roundabout manner. Open filth is almost always preceded by the disguised sort. If our public "movies" ever descend to the level of some of those the traveler in South America sees, it will be because the public has acquired the taste by gradually becoming inured to these craftily masked vice films. What some folks need is a strong injection against the morbidity that comes from brooding too long on the manure heap.

Putting It up to Burleson

THE WINDING UP of the United States Express Company brings out in high relief the ambiguities of the parcel-post situation. This particular express company, once the pet and pride of United States Senator THOMAS C. PLATT, typified that umbilical connection between politics and business which was the basic principle of the old Republican party at the height of its power. It is hard to shed tears over its passing. But it did give service on some 3,500 miles of railroad, and its officers (if not the stockholders) did know how things were going. The competition that has forced the United States Express Company to dissolve is tax-paid competition, and the public, which pays the taxes involved, does not know what the facts of it are. This is a very good time to insist that Postmaster General BURLESON publish all the facts about parcel-post expenses and receipts instead of merely some of them.

Certainly Not the White House

IN A WASHINGTON EVENING PAPER we find mention of "The Oldest Rubber Stamp House in D. C." Clearly the Capitol is referred to. But which wing?

Resurrection

MOST OF US ought to be keenly interested in death, for we never have been really alive. We have never reached our height, never measured up to what possibilities are within us. The proof is a matter of common observation. A big company gets into serious business difficulties, and the officials, who had been fussy, vain, and pompous, become men again, call their subordinates in and plan the campaign so that everyone goes out a hero—to win. Like KIPLING's gluttonous old Roman general, they become "young again among the trumpets." In flood time a telephone call may mean safety or destruction to many people, and a naturally careless and flippant girl becomes a heroine, sticking to her switchboard all night to send the messages through while a rising river gnaws at the building's foundations. Caught by a cave-in, a foul-mouthed old miner walks off into the gas to die alone so that his younger comrade may have what air there is and the chance of getting back to his family. Some rough fishermen stranded on a perilous reef haul down their signal of distress because they know that a small boat cannot live in that mad sea. So it goes year after year—these people might easily be thought of as ordinary, dull, and mean, the commonest human animals, but when the hour strikes life flames up within them and they rise to meet their fate with as calm a soul as one who goes to pick flowers in his mother's garden. What will this world be like when we get into the habit of living up to something near the best that is in us?

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The Conquest of Cucuracha



Six months ago the prism of the Panama Canal was blocked by the "toe" of a landslide at Cucuracha



A month later: cutting out a channel with a hose



In December dredges excavated 321,193 cubic yards



March 15, 1914: Width at the slide, 256 feet; depth, 20 feet. The final width is to be 300 feet; depth, 45 feet

New Tokens of the Progress at Panama

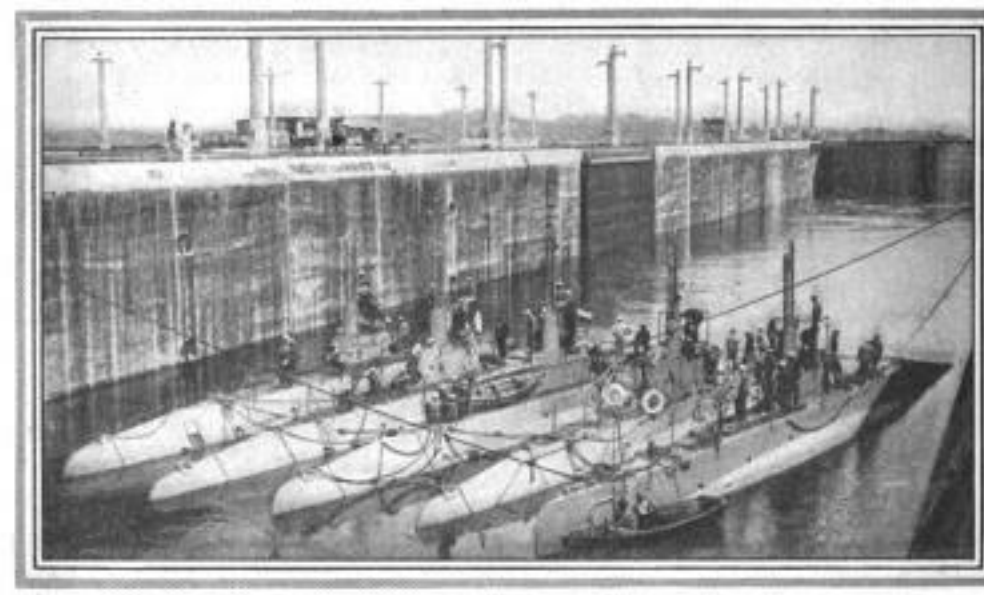


TWO LONG TRAINS *of locomotives — retired canal builders all! — stand on sidings north of Gamboa, Panama, with boilers cold and caps on their stacks. They are not doomed, however, to rust in a "boneyard." Their next public services probably will be on government railway construction in Alaska*

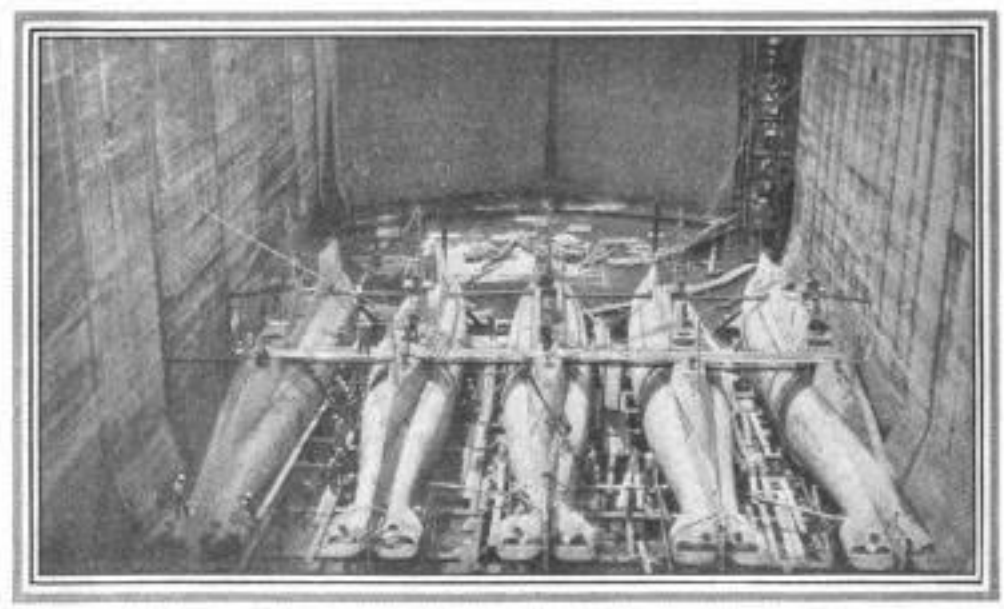


IN ANTICIPATION *of an early arrival of these locomotives, Alaska already is celebrating. The insert in the circle is a float which led a parade in Fairbanks, Alaska, February 23, when the metropolis of the Tanana Valley celebrated the passage of the Alaskan railroad bill through the House of Representatives*

A Lock Chamber Serves as a Dry Dock



FIVE submarines of the United States navy have found dry dock in one of the Panama Canal's huge lock chambers at Gatun. In the language of the Canal Zone's official newspaper, "they were lashed together in one rank, side by side, and handled in group. The movements of the group were controlled by means of four towing lines, two attached forward and two aft, each line handled by from ten to twelve seamen of the division, walking on the lock walls." The accompanying photographs show the start and the finish of the process. The boats are being overhauled.



Lock chamber after the water was pumped out. The submarines are being scraped and repainted

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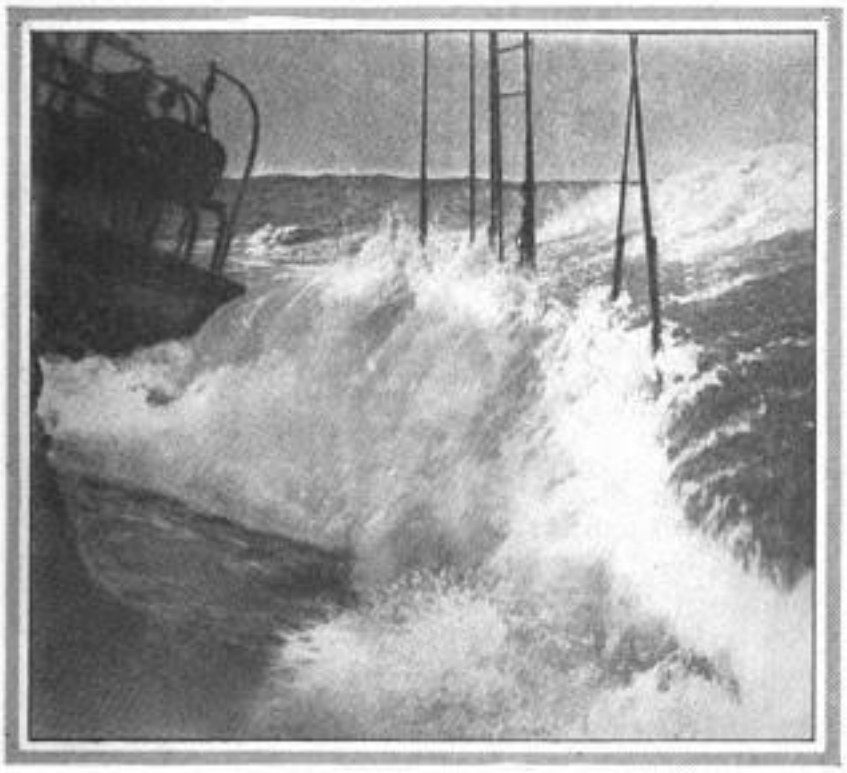
Rewrecking the Wreck of the Monroe

ACTING under orders from the War Department, the United States revenue cutter *Onondaga* proceeded to the wreck of the steamer *Monroe*, and with 1,000 pounds of guncotton destroyed all of the sunken ship but her hull. Our photograph above shows a diver descending to place the mines. In the circle at the right is a snapshot of one of the explosions. The *Monroe* was sunk by a collision with the steamer *Vanhuckel* near Winter Quarter Shoal lightship, off the Virginia coast. The wreck went down in fifty feet of water. Her mast (visible in our upper photograph) and her pilot house, deck house, hatches, and ventilators obstructed navigation. The hull lies deep enough to be no menace. The divers were unable to recover any of the bodies of the forty-one who were drowned.



Photograph by G. H. Stewart

A mine exploding



The steamer Berlin battling with an Atlantic hurricane

A Seawoman's Snapshot

THE tradition that a woman on board a freighter is good for nothing but to make trouble does not apply in the case of the wife of Captain Krogh of the Danish steamer *Berlin*. Mrs. Krogh proved her usefulness when, in a hurricane during a voyage between a Venezuelan port and Perth Amboy, N. J., she risked her life to take a picture—the one at the left—further to emphasize the necessity of better safety precautions on ocean-going ships. When the storm was at its worst she braced herself against the hand steering wheel on the after deck and snapped a huge wave as it passed over the side of the vessel. The water struck Mrs. Krogh with terrific force, but she protected the camera. Her husband kept her from being swept overboard.



MONSTER CANOES OF THE TYPE SHOWN ABOVE *probably will be used by Colonel Roosevelt's party in making the final stages of the journey through southwestern Brazil. In our photograph a canoe described as a "batalon" is being portaged past one of the upper rapids of the River Madeira*

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Billie Burke
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Fred Stone
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Da
Uses only

Again—The Warner

AS in all other circles, the most prominent members of the theatrical profession—the most notable men and women of stageland—the stars who constitute the membership of such famous and exclusive actors' clubs as The Lambs, and The Players, all use the Warner Auto-Meter on their private motor cars.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the predominating speedometer, everywhere that people of wealth and distinction congregate.

At the grand opera in all the large cities only the Warner Auto-Meter was found on all the high-priced cars.

It was the same thing at the Horse Shows. Here again the Warner Auto-Meter was practically the only speedometer being used.

The cars that continually arrive and depart from such fashionable New York places as the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, the Ritz-Carlton, the Biltmore, Sherry's and Delmonico's, are practically in every case equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter.

It is the same at all the fashionable hotels, theatres, clubs, churches, banks, weddings and all great social functions, in all the prominent cities. It is the same at all the country clubs, gol
aero clubs. It is the sam

A careful census of
ometers they carry, wh
gathers, will show in pr
the magnetic type Warn
the complete exclusion o

Automobile shows an
car manufacturers exhib
advantage. Each car is
perfection as possible.

At the Import
at the Hotel Astor
in the world were
All but one c
netic type Warner

Just one solitary ca
carried a centrifugal spee

At the New York
Grand Central Palace—

205 cars out o
netic Type Speedo



Anna Held
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Pauline Frederick
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Cars that carry the Warner Auto-Meter

Ahrens-Fox
American
Anger
Austin
Bailey
Benton
Benz
Brintwell
Buick
Cadillac
Cartercar
Case
Century Electric
Chadwick
Chalmers
Colby
Cole
Crawford
Crescent
Crow
Cunningham
Davis
Detroit Electric
Easton
Federal
Fiat
Gabriel
Great Eagle
Grinnell
Havers
Haynes
Jackson
Jeffery
Keeton
King Truck
Kissell
Locomobile
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WAR
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Executive Offices: 193
Seventeen Branches. Servic



Gertrude Hoffman
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



rfield
r Auto-Meter



Elsie Ferguson
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter



Raymond Hitchcock and Flora Zabelle
Use only the Warner Auto-Meter

Auto-Meter Dominates

bs, yacht clubs, hunt clubs, ll the race meets.

omobiles, and the speed- er the fashionable world ally every single instance uto-Meter is being used to other types.

excellent barometer. Here eir cars to the very best hed and equipped as near

Show recently held ere the costliest cars hibition)— d the famous mag- -Meter.

s otherwise equipped. It ter.

mobile Show held at the

7 carried the Mag- r.

At the Chicago Automobile Show held at the Coliseum—

205 cars out of 245 carried the Magnetic Type Speedometer.

So you can see yourself how first-class automobile manufacturers have come to completely ignore the unreliable centrifugal speedometer and universally adopt the accurate-for-all-time Magnetic Speedometer.

Right here is an interesting fact: the few car manufacturers who equip their cars with centrifugal instruments do so purely for money-saving reasons. They skimp on the equipment at the expense of the car buyers. They know the centrifugal is an out-of-date instrument, but they put it on for the sake of saving some money. The Magnetic Speedometer costs them considerably more than any other speedometer.

It is a fact that today no automobile manufacturer, who has the interests of his dealers and prospective car buyers at heart, will try to sell his cars with any other but a Magnetic Speedometer. The list below shows that the best cars all use the Warner Auto-Meter—the world's finest and most accurate speed and mileage indicator.

If the car you intend to buy has a Warner Auto-Meter, you may be sure it is a Quality Car.



Christie MacDonald
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Bessie Abott
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

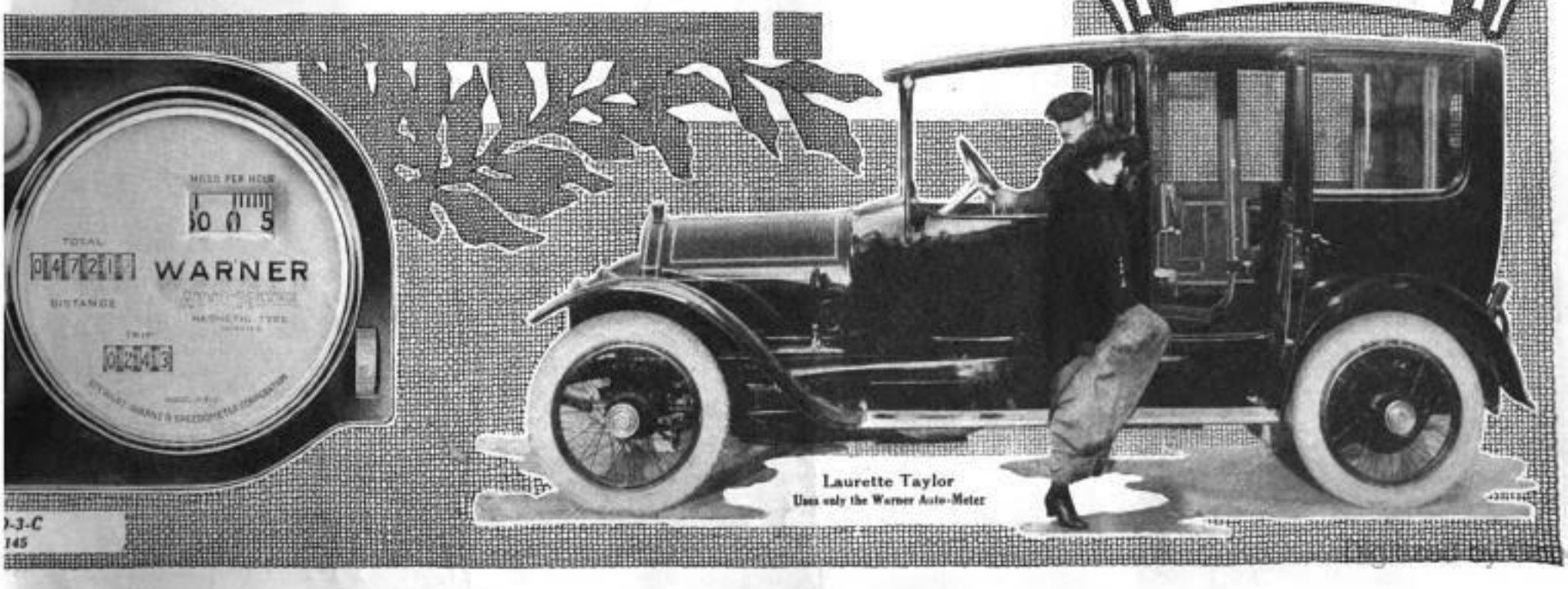
NER METER

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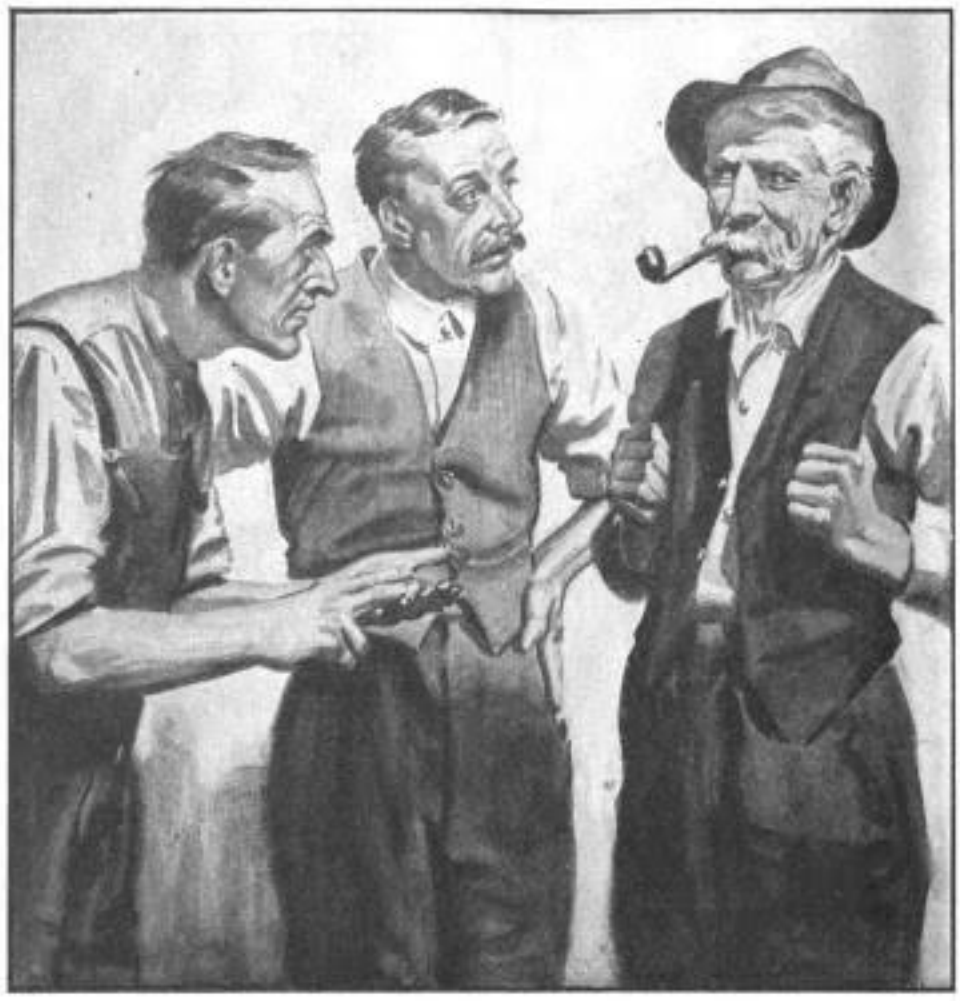
Cars that carry the Warner Auto-Meter

Marmon	Seagrave
Maxwell	Seitz
Metropol	Simplex
Moline	Spaulding
Multiplex	Speedwell
National	Stafford
Norwalk	Standard
Oakland	Staver
Ogren	Stevens-Duryea
Ohio Electric	Stutz
Olds	Tate
Packard 4-48	Touraine
Peerless	Traveler
Pierce-Arrow	Universal
Pilot	Velie
Premier	Westcott
Republic	White
Russell	Willys-Knight
S. & M.	Winton
S. G. V.	Zimmerman



Laurette Taylor
Uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

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145



When a fellow's got his pipe in his mouth he don't have to say a lot o' fool things. It gives him a chanst t' think up suthin' wuth sayin'.

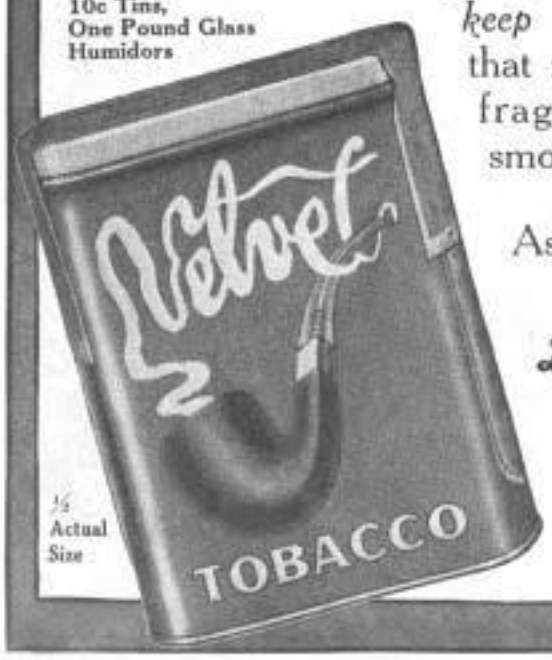
Velvet Joe

RIGHT, Joe: that's what the college president was driving at when he said that the thinkers of this country were the tobacco users. If every man considered his words for half a pipe full of good, old, slow burning VELVET, there'd be fewer words spoken, but they'd be kinder, wiser words.

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is mellowed by more than 2 years' ageing. All the richness, the flavor, and the satisfaction that has won for it the title of "Nature's Pipe Tobacco," is brought to perfection by Nature's own method—patient ageing. It's what we *keep in* VELVET, that makes it a cool, fragrant, friendly smoke.

Ask for VELVET

5c Bags,
10c Tins,
One Pound Glass Humidors



½ Actual Size

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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Coupons of Value with VELVET

The Tyranny of Beauty

(Continued from page 7)

of peaches and cream. This complexion was now her chief asset in advertising Zulu Face Food—Zulu made it! And when she got through with her women, ninety-nine in a hundred believed that Zulu made it, and, in proof, handed her a dollar for another just like it—in a jar with a purple ribbon.

SO there she stood and talked one blue streak for hours. Heavens!—what a yarn she told about the discovery and origin of her face food—not a cosmetic, but a solid cream diet for the most delicate skin! The old darky woman was now a Zulu princess, a hereditary priestess to a cult of cream that she made in secret for the tribe. The warriors came in for a share—they won their battles on Zulu cream, for they smeared themselves with it from head to foot to make their bodies supple. This wonderful secret food dated back at least to the time of the Queen of Sheba, and, according to a legend of the Zulu tribe, Cleopatra owed the charms with which she captured Antony to its use. And then came the tale of the ancient Zulu princess and my aunt herself—in gratitude for a slight favor the princess on her deathbed had bestowed her precious secret on my aunt, who, after trying it—proving it by the creation of her own wonderful complexion—had decided it was her duty to bestow the cream upon the world.

"Ladies, looka what it's done for me in two months!" She was now exquisitely colored by her excitement. "For one dollar you can have the same—ain't it worth it?—a jar of face food, not a cosmetic, that should last you, used night and morning, three months. (It lasted that way two weeks.) No, madam, this is *not* a cosmetic—it contains no chemicals or other injurious ingredients, and no preservatives. Its purity and the special process by which it's manufactured in our labbatories preserves it without change." She took a dab on her butter knife, held it under the inquirer's nose: "Smella that! You see how pure it is! Yes, one dollar. Thank you.

"Madam, if you will just push up your sleeve—" She took another dab with the knife, buttered the lady's wrist, massaged the spot a few seconds, and wiped the surplus cream off with a bit of Japanese napkin, commanding triumphantly: "There! Smella that! You see now what it will do for you if applied to the face—the only skin food, not a cosmetic, on the market! Why does your skin ever wrinkle, ladies? Because it is *starved!* Doesn't your stummick wrinkle when it has no food in it? You know it does. Your skin is just the same, only it doesn't show quite so quick—it needs to be fed same as your stummick needs to be fed, and, ladies, whadda you give your poor cheeks to eat? Soap and water! *Soap—and—water!* Think of it—SOAPY WATER!—that's what you give your faces to eat! Why, ladies, how long could you live on soapy water if you had to feed it to your stummicks? Not one day! You'd be sick in your beds if you gave it a single meal of soapy water, and yet you expect your facial skin—most delicate and sensitive part of your anatomy—most easily injured—to live on food you wouldn't dare to offer to your stummicks—or your husband's stummicks! [This always brought a laugh.] Is there any lady here who would set a plate of soapy water in front of her husband and tell him: 'There, John, is your supper—soapy water'? Of course not, and yet you'll say to your faces what you wouldn't say to your husbands, and you gotta carry those faces round with you and see them growing wrinkles, and you asking: 'Why?'

"Here's why: You don't feed those wrinkles and give them the chance to fatten out same as a baby's, and I say it serves you right. You can't expect your skin to work for you and keep you beautiful—most beautiful part of a woman is her complexion—if you're too mean to spend money for its natural food. Here, madam, just push up your sleeve—it costs you nothing to see for yourself how your skin will lap up its natural food if you give it the chance.

"What is that, madam? Has this got lanolin or vaseline in it to grow hair on the face? It has not. Grow hair on the face? Why, madam, did you ever see a negro man or woman with hair on the face? They all use this preparation—at least, all the old ones before the war. This is a facial hair discourager—it prevents the growth of hair, as you can see if you'll looka my face—do you see any hair on me?

"Madam—I mean that lady with the roses in her hat—if you don't take care of your complexion now, you'll have none to take care of by the time you're twenty-five. [The woman was forty if a day! Up she stepped and bought a jar of cream.] Madam—I mean the lady with the brown waist—what an *ex-quis*itely delicate skin you must have had when you was a young girl that it can look that way now—peaches and cream—and how you must have neglected it. [She was an ancient dame of leathern visage.] I don't say that Zulu Face Food will bring back the roses of youth, but it will work wonders for you even yet—it will cure those wrinkles and make you feel like a girl again."

I NOTICED that if ever she called attention to a woman and made a horrible example of her for the rest to see, my aunt always managed to turn a compliment and hold out a hope at the same time and never hurt anybody's feelings. That was the Irish in her. But, having made her point personally, she at once turned attention away from the victim by a general appeal: "Ladies, don't you think it's worth a dollar to be young again? To see yourselves beautiful when you look in the glass? A woman's only as old as she looks—then why look old? If your skin is young, you *are* young—any scientist will tell you that—any medical book, if you look under 'Skin' and read what it says. All you need to do is to *feed those wrinkles.* Madam, take care of that delicate skin before it is too late and feed those wrinkles!"



The fellow who used to bully the little boys returns and sees one of his former victims

I believe that a delicate skin is woman's chief vanity on earth. If she has the hide of a walrus, she still wants to be told she has a delicate skin—or had when she was a girl, which is why it is leather now—too delicate for this wicked world! Thus the talk flowed on and on, interspersed with the command, "Feed those wrinkles," shot off every five minutes. But I was more bewildered than elated. Zulu princess and "our labbatories" indeed! The back kitchen, a saucepan, a wooden spoon, and pink jars to hold

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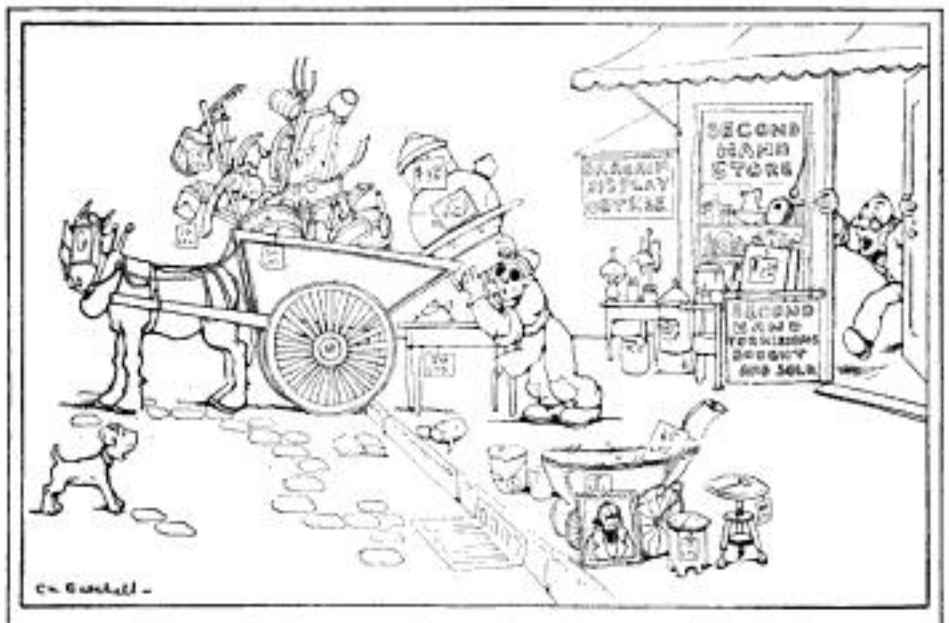
the glorified lard after we'd converted it into a heathen face food with stirring and a few drops of scent!

Never shall I forget the picture that my grandmother made off at one side in her black, respectable shawl and widow's weeds, her round, kind old face in open-mouthed astonishment and a sort of awe at the spectacle of her daughter pedestaled on a box behind a barricade of pink jars holding up that crowd of women for their dollars!—women that jostled and dug elbows to get nearer, thrusting out scrawny wrists or dilapidated cheeks to "try it" because it cost nothing to try, then reaching bony hands over heads to wave dollar bills and snatch pink jars in which they thought to find—an Irish girl's complexion!

The face food gave out before the buyers. It was a record-breaking demonstration, partly because it was a novelty to the big crowd there, though mostly, I think, because it was do or die with my aunt—she had to prove her contention—"My goods sell big!"—to make the proprietor stock them; and she did. She came home that night with a hundred and forty dollars in her pocket and an established reputation and a paying business on her hands. Barrels of money, it seemed to me in those days; and if in the background of my mind there floated misgivings as to the moral aspect of the Zulu princess and "our laboratory," in the foreground I was choked with admiration. Wonderful Aunt Maggie!

My grandmother, who had watched the show an hour, uttered no comment until after supper; then, regarding her daughter with an aged, enigmatic smile, she brought forth: "And they let you put that hog fat on their skins! Only perfumed pork grease!—and all those women tumbling over themselves to pay a dollar for what cost you a cent!" and slowly shook her head as at a world beyond her comprehension.

(To be continued next week)



The perfectly natural mistake of a near-sighted ash man on "clean-up" day

Capturing the Delegate

(Concluded from page 11)

honor. The night, for the partners, wore drearily into the morning. Krenkel rejoined them, and the trio retired to the stag room, where they quietly ate, drank, and smoked until the welcome strains of "Home, Sweet Home" filtered through from above. Yankel turned up with the girl, dressed for the street and clinging to his arm. The partners gloomily followed after. For some weeks Blumberg was troubled. He went about his routine in the shop absent-mindedly, and at times stopped meditatively before Yankel's machine. That gay young man never noticed. The contractor observed that his townsman was quickly getting Americanized. He noted his broad collar, flashy tie, heavy striped shirt, and patent-leather pumps, with gauze silk socks to match the tie. Yes, he was a ladies' man, every square inch of him; worse luck, he was just a vain, frivolous fellow given to imitating American conceits, while the other was serious and substantial. As he got to know Krenkel he liked him better, and found that, when approached in a frank, personal way, his fanaticism vanished and he would discuss matters, even the union, in a broad, tolerant spirit. His rough battling with the world, his treating with employers for masses of untutored workers, had ripened his views. The contractor had begun to value the delegate as a man. But how was he to undo his own match-making? To talk to his daughter about Krenkel after all he had said about Yankel certainly would not help.

SO matters were drifting when one morning the telephone in Blumberg's office rang loudly. Blumberg, answering, heard his wife sobbing. "Vat iss, vat iss, Sarah?" he cried. The sobs continued. All manner of possible catastrophes ran through his mind. He managed eventually to make out: "Rifka is gone!" He rushed into the shop and looked in the direction of Yankel's machine. Yankel was not there. He went back and threw himself on the sofa. "Joost as I dought—I haf mineself only to blame—only mineself," he kept repeating in anguished tones. "Dot good-for-noddings! He guessed I vanted Rifka for somebody else, und he runs avay mit her." The partner here walked in. Seeing the distress of Blumberg, he summoned the boy to run for a doctor. "No, no, Yoseph!" the stricken one moaned; "it ain't a doctor I vant—doctors can't ment a fadder's broking heart—a fadder's broking heart, Yoseph!"

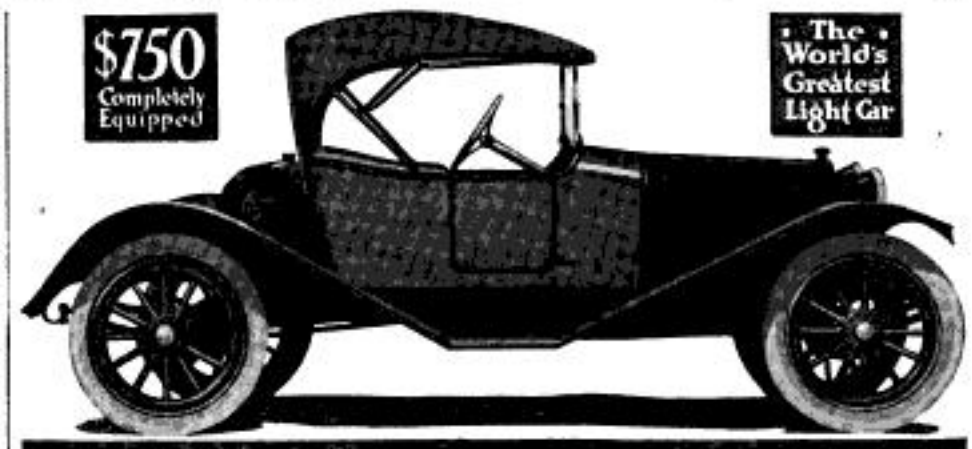
"Vat, Rifka, you mean? Rifka got married—who, vat?" ejaculated the other.

BLUMBERG got up and pointed dramatically to the spot where the landsman should have been. Goldfarb understood. He snatched his hat and made for the door. "Nefer you mind, Mosha," came back, "Rifka iss a schmart maidel." He ran to the delegate's lodgings. He had gone with a suit case and left word that he would be back in a few days. From there he rushed to the union office. Krenkel had not been seen, but had telephoned that he was going away for an urgent vacation. The partner chuckled. Back to the office he flew.

"Come down and haf a schmaps!" he cried, "I haf someding to dell you!" He led the limp partner into the private room of a corner café and ordered the best cognac to be had. He filled the glasses to the brim and ordered the other to drink with him. Mechanically Blumberg obeyed and his spirits rose. There was something in his partner's manner that was cheering. Goldfarb stood up. "Now, Mosha," he said solemnly, "didn't I dell you Rifka was a schmart maidel. She 'lopsd, yes, and nit who do you sobbose?" There was a strained pause as the speaker looked into the face of the other. "Krenkel!" Blumberg slowly got up and extended his hand. Tears freely coursed down his face. The two clasped warmly and long. "She was a schmart maidel," Goldfarb took it up again, "but she gof fooled all right. She dinks you was all for Yankel."

"Ah," cried the father, "it iss fine, aber for vy I vasted all my cigars ven he do all I vont anyhow!"

"Dot iss no reasoning, no." Goldfarb put immense emphasis into a kind of thunderous whisper. "It was, Mosha, not a double but a dripple bargain. You safes der wedding expense und der present too."



VULCAN

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PERHAPS you are one of the thousands who visited and admired the Vulcan display at the automobile shows this season. Possibly you said to us: "This is a splendid car—at a very attractive price. It has classy lines, and all the up-to-date equipment, including electric lights—with a real unit power plant—powerful and speedy. Your price of $750 for the "Speedster" is right! It is the lowest price at which a man's size car can be built and built right. The car appeals to me—but can you make deliveries? If you can, it is the car I want!"

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The building of the chassis complete (including axles, transmission, steering gear, clutch, etc.) and every part that enters into these various units is done in our own shops. We even build our own bodies. Our castings are made in our own foundry. The sheet-metal work (for bodies hoods and fenders) is done in our own shops by machinery designed for economical production.

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The most modern methods and up-to-the-minute equipment, plus quantity output, are necessary to produce this car at the minimum of labor cost and at the same time to maintain the highest degree of perfection. This is the only way that the cost of production can be reduced to a point where it is possible to furnish this high-grade car at a popular price.

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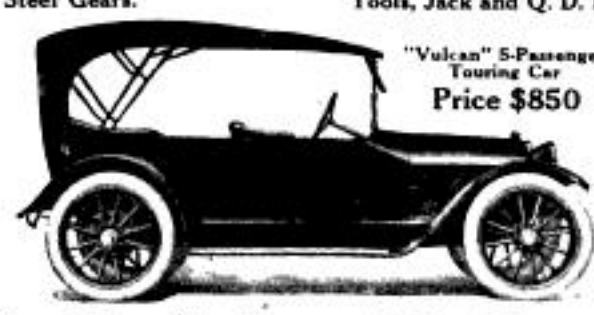
Our policy is to market all cars through responsible dealers. If your local dealer is tied up with another line of cars that prevents him from handling the Vulcan, *it will pay you to get in touch with us.* We have a plan whereby you can become our representative provided you are qualified to demonstrate and sell Vulcan cars, and do us justice in your district.

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We want a few more live-wire dealers to *sell*—not merely handle—the "Vulcan." Don't lose any time in getting our proposition. *Write or Wire Today.*

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27 Horse Power
3⅛" Bore, 5" Stroke
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105" Wheelbase "Speedster"
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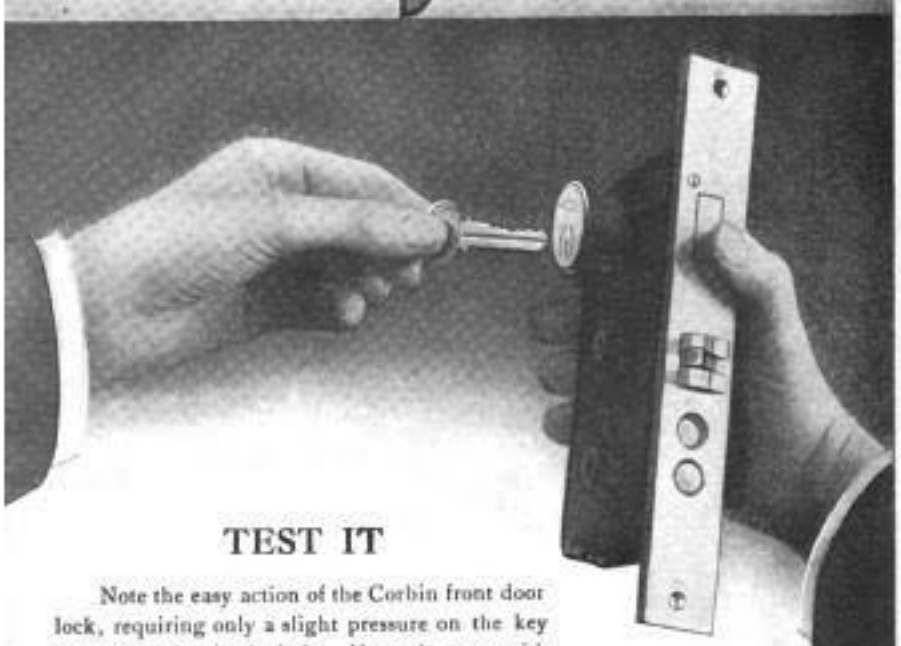


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Note the easy action of the Corbin front door lock, requiring only a slight pressure on the key to retract the latch bolt. Note the ease with which the key is inserted and withdrawn, without sticking or binding. Note the general strength and solidity; also the fact that when in use the face of the cylinder is the only part visible from the outside when the door is closed, and that the narrow, sinuous key way affords no chance for the use of picking tools. Then you will understand some of the reasons why Corbin locks are favorites with architects and house owners.

Any dealer in Corbin Hardware will show you our locks, or we will send you circulars on request.

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Two Plugs In One

Look at the smaller illustration.

This shows the mica-wound sleeve slid partly out of the porcelain shell which protects the mica from oil.

Porcelain is oil-proof, but at best is fragile. Mica is unbreakable, but readily absorbs oil.

Thus, the Blitz is doubly insulated, combining the virtues of the mica plug and the porcelain plug without the weakness of either.

Then to make assurance doubly sure, over all is placed an outer jacket of the toughest and strongest porcelain obtainable.

Even should both porcelains be broken, the sleeve of mica would still keep the spark jumping at full strength.

That is why it is known as

Blitz

"The Spark That Never Fails"



The larger illustration shows how handsomely the Blitz Spark Plug is finished.

The outer porcelain jacket—finished in rich bronze blue - gives additional strength and sturdiness—protecting the inner plug from moisture and breakage. The shell is of cold rolled steel, carefully polished and case hardened. The top nuts heavily nickeled.

For service, appearance and faithfulness, the Blitz Spark Plug is not equalled — our guarantee tag is attached to every plug — a guarantee against deterioration, against failure through defective material or workmanship.

A very good reason why you should equip your car with the Blitz now and end your spark plug troubles

Made in all sizes for domestic and foreign cars. Special type for Ford Cars. Special type for motorcycles.

Ask your hardware or accessory dealer. All styles $1.00 everywhere. If your dealer does not have them send his name and $4.00 for a set of four plugs.

THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO. JAMAICA PLAIN STA. **BOSTON, MASS.**

Makers of Jericho, "The Horn That Says Please" for automobiles and motorcycles

World's-End

[Continued from page 15]

the stately Latin words. "Did he choose that reticent epitaph himself, do you know? It would be like what I've read of him."

"Yes, it would be like him, but it was more like him not to choose any, I think. He even stated in his will that he didn't wish any laudatory words put on his gravestone, and so his son got round it rather well, I think, by quoting that bit from Sallust. It agrees so exactly with the father's views on the subject—'each best man preferred to do rather than to say.'"

"It's the old statesman in a nutshell," said Patton musingly. "Fine stock you come from, old man."

OWEN also stood musing on the simple headstone.

"They say I hark back to that Owen," he said at last. "He was a man of enormous strength and violent passions."

"Yes, so I've heard—so I've heard," said Patton hastily. "Could tear a double 'deck' of cards in two, I believe, and tie a poker round his neck like a cravat."

"So tradition says."

"Member of the House of Burgesses, Councillor of State, Commissioner for boundary lines, treaties with Indians, explorer, patriot, what didn't the old fellow do? You'll have to look lively to keep up with him, Owen."

Owen shook his head.

"I'm afraid he'd disinherit me if he had the power," he said. "Whatever he was, I'm sure he wasn't socialistic in tendency."

As they turned to go, Patton said:

"I hope you'll have a son some day to carry on the old name."

"I hope so," said Owen quietly.

They struck through a field to the left and, entering the woods, began to climb the mountain.

"That's a lovely child you've married, Owen," said Patton presently. "She's going to make a splendid woman. You must cosset her up a bit now, though. We neglected her rather badly during all this turmoil. I've an idea she doesn't feel quite as strong as she pretends to."

He gave one of his shrewd, sidelong glances at Owen, but the dark face was quite unconscious. "Doesn't know yet," thought Patton. "Just as well, too. Might get to worrying badly over what all this might mean to her."

So Mary had been right after all.

THE chief memory that Richard brought out of the dark undertow of death was that of a gigantic Face that reached from the heavens to the uttermost depths of that sea in which he seemed alternately to drown and with agony to float upward. And whether he sank smothering, or floated racked by the tossing of angry waves which seemed to be jerking his bones asunder, always that vast Face, turgid with annihilating wrath, glared at him.

It was against this Face that he struggled and shrieked, in such moments as the opiates relaxed their hold on him, and when the strong tentacles of Morphia wrapped him again, holding him numb and heavy in those black depths, it was at this Face, glaring down at him as through miles of sullen water, that he moaned and muttered feebly.

Even after he regained his senses and began slowly, so slowly, to mend, this Face, remembered, was a torture. And lying there, transfixed by weakness and the heavy plaster in which his right arm was still set, he would strive pitifully, by the hour, to recall exactly what had happened, to put into some sequence the events which had preceded his illness.

What had he said? He could not recall the words. They had been in the rose garden, the snow was very smooth and deep, she had stared at him with helpless rage as one impaled might stare at the executioner. Yes, that was the way it had begun. But afterward? Only the memory of that kind Face made hideous by fury would come to him, of that Face and the lifted stick.

And how much did his mother know? Did they all know? Had *she* told everything by now? How long ago had it all happened? What was to come next?

One day when he could bear it no longer he lay gathering his scattered forces for a long time, then just managed to articulate: "Mother—"

She was on her knees by him in a second, her face close to his.

"My precious boy—don't exert yourself. I'm here—I'm always here—"

He looked down at his bandaged arm in the cast, heavy as stone.

"How?—" he whispered.

"It was that cursed horse—Ironmonger, the vicious colt. Don't, don't think about it, my darling! Charles Patton says you will be quite, quite well again—as well and strong as ever, my darling—my own precious boy."

Richard smiled weakly at her and let his eyes close.

So that was what they had said!

He was too weak to follow it out. He fell shortly into a deep sleep.

A WEEK later Hannah brought a little note to Sally from Owen as during one of Richard's heavy, still drugged sleeps she was taking a few moments to comb out her hair, now almost entirely gray. This startled her a little. Things startled her very easily nowadays. The color settled on her cheek bones as she read:

DEAR SALLY: *I write because I want to make sure that you will come at once, and not think this only an ordinary message. Patton is with me and I wish very much to consult you about something.* OWEN.

"Where is he?" she said to Hannah, scrutinizing the little dark face to find whether it were in the secret. But Hannah knew nothing, and her face was serene and unconscious, though it looked grave, as all faces did during that time at World's-End.

"He and the doctor's in the steddy, Miss Sally," she said. "Mr. Owen said he'd like to see you right away, please, while Mr. Richard's asleep."

Sally went slowly downstairs to Owen's study, cogitating deeply all the way. Her heart had begun to beat quickly. Could it, might it be—something about that dark secret that hung over her always?

She entered and still holding the knob of the study door in her hand looked steadily at the two men who were standing before the fire.

OWEN came forward and taking her hand gently led her to a chair.

"Well?" said Sally dryly, looking from one to the other of them. "This is rather like being brought before the Holy Yehme—" Patton came to the rescue.

"The fact is, Sally," he said, "Owen has something that he feels he must tell you. There's nothing whatever in it to alarm you, but it will probably upset you a good deal. I want you to take this if your heart begins thumping." He pushed a little glass toward her. "I shall go into the library until you and Owen have finished."

He got up without more ado and left the room.

Sally had grown very pale. Her thin hands were locked hard together upon her knee. Suddenly the grayness of her thick hair framing her dark, sallow face struck Owen as terribly pathetic. It was as if she were crowned with the ashes of her burnt-out life.

He came and stood near her looking down at her. His lip quivered.

"Sally," he said at last, "we've been awfully fond of each other—"

"Why do you say 'we have been'?" she broke in sharply, her figure rigid, her heart taking still quicker rhythm. "What is it, Owen? For God's sake let me have it quick—"

He grew so white that she got up and stood close to him, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"Is it about Richard?"

"Yes."

She took her hand from his shoulder and put it to her heart.

"And—and—you?"

"Yes, Sally."

"And—"

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After 10,000 Miles

We Require Reo the Fifth to Stay New

This is why Reo the Fifth has so long held a unique and envied place.

It is built for extremes of service. Built by a man who for 27 years has been learning what cars must stand.

Test cars with this chassis have been subjected to hard usage. They are run at high speed, night and day, on rough roads. After 10,000 miles of this use and abuse we take them apart and inspect them. And we require that vital parts show little evidence of wear.

Must Stay New

Every steel formula, every specification is based on these radical tests. The question is not what will serve for one season. Not what is safe under normal conditions.

We require every gear and bearing, after 10,000 miles of reckless driving, to show up in good condition. Then we know that you won't have troubles. We know that your car will stay new.

Then, to insure this super-strength, we have steel made to formula. And each lot is analyzed twice. We have a four-story laboratory for testing every part and material. Each must meet the standards that we fix, based on 10,000-mile tests.

Our Radical Tests

Gears are tested in a 50-ton crushing machine. Springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations. Engines get five tests, lasting 48 hours.

All driving parts must stand a test for 50 per cent over-capacity. That is our margin of safety.

We use 15 roller bearings to avoid the risk of ball bearings. We use 190 drop forgings to avoid risk of flaws. In close-fitting parts we require utter exactness.

Our clutch is of a very costly kind. It avoids the clashing of gears which so ruins transmissions. The gears are shifted by a light center rod—by a three-inch movement of the hand. This easy method of gear shifting is exclusive with us.

By slowness and care and costly extremes we add 25 per cent to the necessary cost of each car. But it comes back to users, over and over, in longer service and lessened cost of upkeep.

Now We Save $220

Now all the costly machinery we built for this chassis has been charged against previous output. We enter this year with that item wiped out. This saving, with others, we deduct from our price—$220 in all.

Reo the Fifth, with electric starter, last year sold for $1,395 equipped. This year's model, better equipped, sells for $1,175. Mainly as a result of clinging for years to one perfected chassis. That a car like this can be built at this price is the marvel of the times in Motordom.

This Year's Newness

This year we adopt the beautiful streamline body, now European vogue. We adopt the best type of electric starter and lights. We give you dimming searchlights, a flush-set instrument board, and all you can wish in equipment.

We give you luxurious upholstery, perfect finish, big tires. We have made the beauty of this car match our engineering.

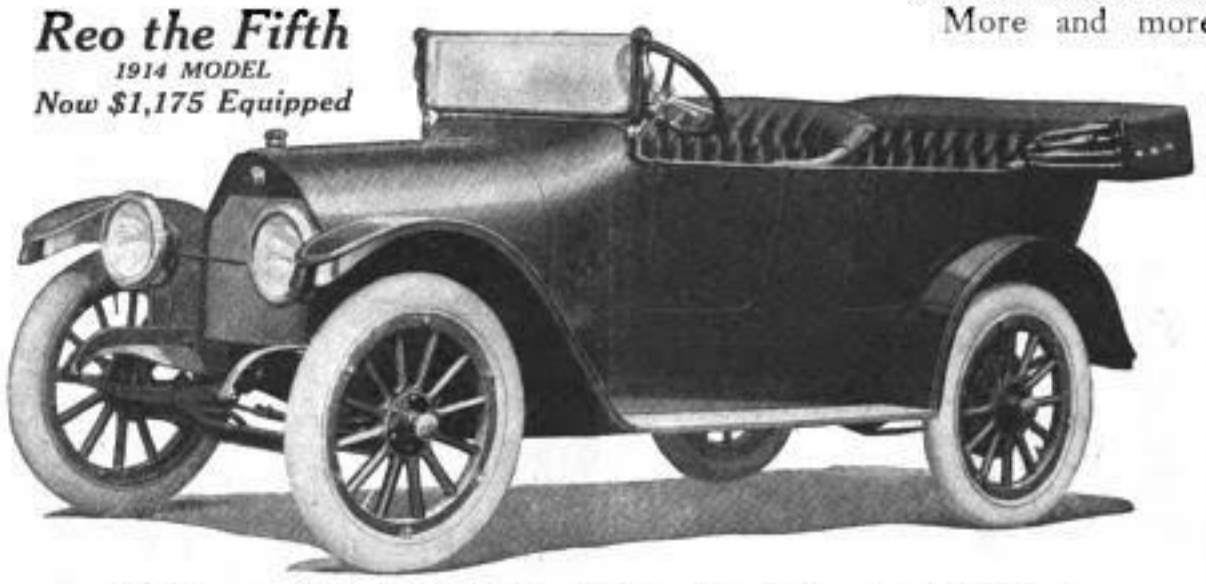
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Reo the Fifth appeals to men who buy their cars to keep. Men who want cars to stay new. The demand has grown and grown. Last year's sale exceeded all records by 30 per cent. And the evidence is that this year's demand will far exceed our output.

More and more, experienced motorists have come to demand a car like this—the utmost in an honest car—the best that R. E. Olds can do.

Reo the Fifth is sold by a thousand dealers. Name of nearest will be sent with our catalog on request. Go measure up this car.

Reo the Fifth
1914 MODEL
Now $1,175 Equipped



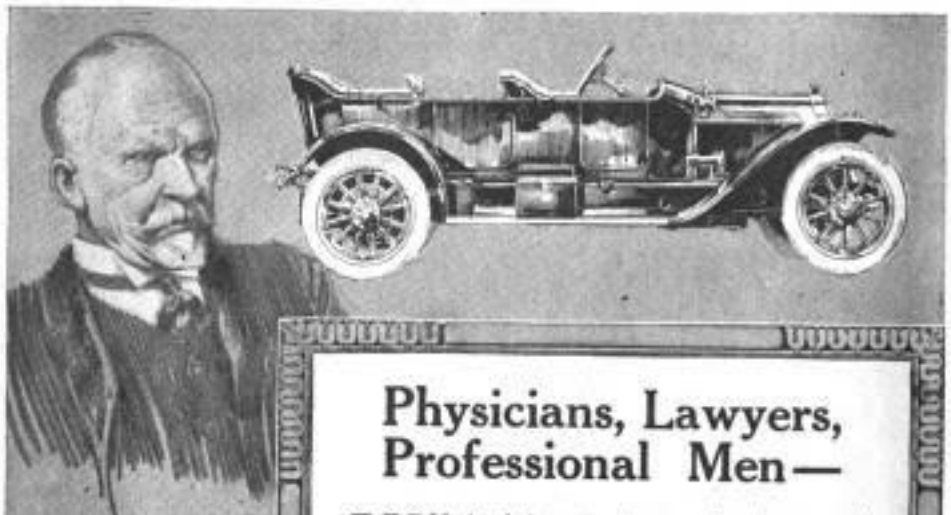
With Streamline Body—Electric Lights and Starter—Electric Horn—One-Rod Control—35 Horsepower—Demountable Rims—Tires 34x4. Also with Roadster Body.

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Los Angeles - August 9th
Santa Monica, 445.2 miles
Elgin - - August 30th
Elgin National Trophy, 301 miles
Corona - September 9th
301-450 Class Race, 250 miles
Corona - September 9th
Free-for-All Race, 300 miles

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I have marked the kinds of Insurance I wish to know about, Accident ☐ Health ☐ Disability ☐ $250 Life Certificate ☐ I am under 55 years of age. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

He spoke in a firmer tone, forcing himself to meet her eyes:

"It's about us all, Sally. You, me, Richard—" He paused. "—Phœbe," he ended almost inaudibly.

Sally dropped back into her chair as if from a blow, and covered her face with her thin, twitching hands.

She heard Owen's voice saying:

"Take this—there's worse to come," and felt the touch of the wine glass against her hand. Still keeping one hand against her cheek, she drank the medicine mechanically.

"'Worse?'" she then whispered with that little croak that intense emotion brought to her voice.

"Much worse, my poor girl—I want to tell you—I must tell you—Sally, 'Ironmonger' didn't savage Richard. He wasn't hurt by a horse— He—"

He turned with his back to her staring into the fire. He did not choose to see her face, not that she should see his in that moment.

"It was I—who did it," he said very low, but distinctly. She did not stir or utter a sound. He went on without looking round. "I've always known," he said. "I mean about Richard and—" he paused again — "and — Phœbe."

Still she did not stir or speak. He went on. "He said some vile words to her. I went mad—I had father's ash in my hand—"

HE stopped and the silence seemed muffled and roaring as when one's hands are over one's ears.

Then at last she spoke.

"I knew it," she said in a deathly voice. "I knew — it — would — come. Oh, God!" She screamed on the word suddenly as when Patton had told her that Richard would live. "My brother — my son!" Patton wrenched open the door and dashed to her. He took her bodily in his arms and laid her upon the great leather lounge.

"Go—" he said under his breath to Owen. "Go away—quick!"

Owen went out and straight to his own bedroom. He locked the door and sinking into a chair by the bed, hid his face in his arms against the pillow.

IT was not until the middle of February that Richard was strong enough to be moved. He passionately desired to get away from World's-End and Patton thought it the best thing for him.

They had decided to take him to a piney seacoast in Georgia, and Patton and Mary were to accompany them on the journey, Mary staying on to be with Sally. Miss Lee was also to be kept on until Richard was quite strong again.

Two days before they left, Owen came to the door of Sally's room.

"Come in, Owen," she said, recognizing his knock.

He entered and went toward her hesitatingly, but she came to meet him. She had been very ill after that second terrible blow and her face had that grayish look that seems like a fine dust fallen from Death's wings in passing. She came right up to him and put her hands on his shoulders. Her great eyes were inscrutable and unfathomably sad.

"After all — " she said, " — my brother—"

OWEN'S face began to twitch. He hid it on her thin shoulder. She put her hand up to it. He could feel her rings cold through his hair.

"The bitterness of death—" he heard her whisper. "Is past."

They sat silent for a long time, close together and gazing into the fire hand in hand, as when they had been children.

Then Owen stirred and taking a legal paper from his breast, laid it upon her knee.

"What is it?" she asked recoiling.

"For Richard," he said gently.

"For—?"

She took up the paper and turned it curiously in her hands.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"My will, Sally."

"You—you?"

"I have left him the estate in Florida, and some property on Broadway."

"You have— You—?"

SHE could not articulate. Suddenly she, who never wept, leaned down across his knees and cried as if her poor, sick heart would break.

Perhaps the most insupportable moment of Richard's life was that in which his mother put the copy of his uncle's will upon the counterpane and told him of its contents. One harsh exclamation broke from him, a dark flush bathed his face — then he turned it away, and even her tender coaxing could not win a word from him for hours.



Discussing the Prowess of Fathers
Sketches from Away Back

ON the eve of their departure from World's-End, about midnight, Giles, who was a very light sleeper, was roused by the gleam of a shaded candle in the nursery. Thinking that it was Phœbe come to ask her help about something, she raised herself on her elbow behind the bed curtains preparatory to getting up. Then, rather indignant and perhaps a little alarmed, she kept quite still, watchful, ready to pounce at the least sign of anything unusual. For it was not Phœbe who stood there by the baby's crib with that shaded candle, but the grim, dark lady with the bony hands and hard black eyes that Giles 'couldn't abide.' Her long dressing gown of violet velvet hung on her emaciated body and trailed out behind her like a pall. She looked, "as I'm a Christian, for all the world like a dismal coffin stood on its end," Giles told Hannah the next day. "It was like some grisly visitation to see her a-standin' there in the bowels o' the night, creep-mousin' them graveyardish eyes o' hern over the blessed lamb, and her that innocent a-slumberin' on as though a angel o' the Lord was come to kiss her."

Giles could not tell how long that solemn, ominous figure stood there; she had no watch by her, but when it finally withdrew her arm was all "pins and needles" she told Hannah.

Deep, deep in her heart, as on a sensitive film, Sally was fixing the face of her sleeping grandchild. She knew that she might never see it again, though they had assured her that with care she might live for many years. Still—

SHADING the flame with her thin fingers in which the bones showed painfully through the flesh, thus made gold and transparent, she bent over and kissed the little face. The baby screwed all her wee features into a bunch of protest, and vigorously with the back of one hand she scrubbed her mouth and budlike nose, as though a cobweb had suddenly blown across them. Then with a smiling sigh and stretch that arched her whole little body from head to feet, sucking comfortably her own lower lip, she sank again into her fragrant sleep.

Giles, on whom in her uncovered state

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a draft had been playing, here sneezed so violently that her head bobbed downward. When she looked up, the tall, violet-shrouded figure was gone.

When Sally reached her own room again she in her turn was startled by a figure that stood near the fire, and turned to meet her—a figure with half-scared, yet very brave, dilated eyes, and a long rope of sorrel gold hanging across one shoulder.

"Cousin Sally," said Phœbe in that muted voice of hers, "I—I—couldn't bear to say 'good-by' before the others. I—I—want to thank you—"

"To thank me, child?" broke in Sally, with a fierce sound that was half mirth, half misery. "You have little to thank me for, I must say."

"You—you—were kind to me—once—" murmured Phœbe, her voice shaken by the beating of her heart.

SUDDENLY Sally's face relaxed.

"We have all suffered," she said.

A silence fell.

"Would you—would you like to see the baby—alone?" ventured Phœbe, almost whispering.

"Thank you, I have just seen her."

"Then—good-by, Cousin Sally. I—I am sorry for all that—that's come on you—through me."

"There was blame on both sides," said Sally firmly.

"Could you—" Phœbe began trembling all over. "Could you—forgive us—me and—my baby?" she said, her teeth chattering.

Sally shrugged the heavy violet garment from her gaunt shoulders with a quick, dexterous movement. With her deft, nervous hands, almost in the same movement, she threw it about Phœbe.

"There—you were catching cold," she said. "Good night. There is a great deal that we can all forgive one another. Good night. Good-by."

The next morning, when the time drew near for Richard and Sally to leave World's-End, Owen took Phœbe in his arms, and told her to walk toward Logan's Wood, and that as soon as the carriage had driven off he would catch her up. She obeyed him silently.

When she reached the high field at the wood's edge, she sat down on a log to wait for him.

TO her left lay World's-End in its smoke of winter trees, and below, straight away on every side, the broad valley heaved softly to the sea. As on that terrible day, just before the New Year, snow wrapped the quiet earth. White and blue, as though dedicated to the Virgin, was the lovely day. Then Phœbe's heart checked. She put up her hands to it and her eyes grew black.

A carriage had emerged from the gateway of the southern lawn. It went at a slow, steady trot along the road toward Crewe. Strange and out of place it looked in the spotless landscape, slowly moving like some great beetle numbed with cold crawling along the soft ermine of the snow.

And yet, in that small, black, glistening box, so quaintly mounted on its orange wheels, Nemesis herself was being borne away, her dark wings crumpled, her bow broken, her shafts unfeathered.

As in a strange, white dream, on which this one blot had fallen from some ink well of the recording gods, Phœbe, hand on heart, watched the black, shining patch slowly, steadily receding over the snowy fields.

And now Owen's voice spoke close beside her. She started at her name, and sprang up. He took her hand in his, and thus, hand in hand, they both stood watching that beetlelike shape that grew smaller and smaller as it went from them across the valley.

SUDDENLY, high overhead, a buzzard came slanting down the upper strata of the air. Below him his dark shadow glided over the dazzling snow. He tacked, flying in the direction of the carriage. And these three dark objects, one high in air, one tracking the pure snow, one stealing over it, yet leaving no stain behind—all went from them toward the far horizon line.

Then the carriage disappeared into the "flat woods"—the buzzard wheeled and dropped, his shadow vanishing with him. All was white and immaculate again.

She turned and faced Owen with a tremulous, wondering smile. He held out his arms to her.

THE END



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It was a real struggle—the same real struggle that every new industry undergoes before it gets under way. But this new industry had a real champion.

Certain-teed, the guaranteed-for-fifteen-years roofing.

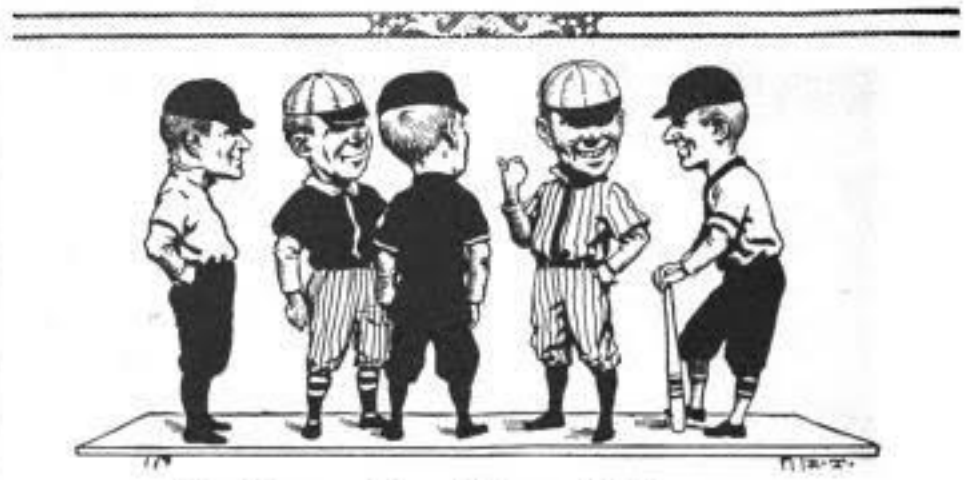
The *quality* capable of making good on a fifteen-year guarantee established the faith of the public in the modern roofing industry and set it on its feet

And *Certain-teed* roofing—with the tremendous momentum of its broadcast advertising, its aggressive sales policy, its enormous volume of production, and with the three biggest mills in the roofing industry behind its guarantee—is chiefly responsible for this great and rapid success with which the prepared roll and shingle roofing industry has met.

Every manufacturer of modern roofing—every dealer who sells roofing and every user of roofing, has profited by the gigantic success of *Certain-teed.*

Thousands upon tens of thousands of dollars have been saved by users of roofing by the success of *Certain-teed* roofing—not *only* the users of *Certain-teed* roofing, but the users of all good roll or shingle roofings. For, while we consend *Certain-teed*, the guaranteed-for-fifteen-years roofing, to be the best roofing made, we concede that any good ready roofing has many advantages over the old style roof.





Picking the Flag Winners

(*Continued from page 8*)

is a very nice thing if properly used. Ball players, however, can't drive fifty and sixty miles every day without paying the penalty. It uses up a lot of much-needed energy to sit at the wheel for that distance daily. All players need every bit of energy possible to be at their best. Some of my players for that very reason didn't show their real worth. Failure of these players to deliver eliminated the club as a factor. Critics are now counting my club out of the running for next year. They are making a mistake. The Athletics are still a great ball club. The 'Too Much Prosperity' sign will have vanished, and the players will show old-time form. You must figure the Athletics in considering the 1913 pennant winner."

Connie Mack handed out a lot of wisdom when he cut loose with that interview. The next year the Athletics came back determined to play baseball and treat all other forms of amusement as side issues. Boston, picked to win, was never in the running, three clubs nosing out the champions. With the exception of a bad slump late in the season, the Athletics played marvelous ball last year, and topped it off with a splendid performance in the big series. It was a great ball club asserting its class.

For the last three or four years, in considering the Athletics, much stress has always been laid on the pitching staff, Chief Bender and Eddie Plank, the two great veterans, are annually discussed at much length when anyone dopes out the chances of Mack's team.

This year there is another doubtful quantity, the clever Jack Coombs. It is not a question of age or service with Coombs, but a matter of illness.

The Old Guard Again

I LOOK for Eddie Plank and Chief Bender to be of great service to Manager Mack this year. Bender took fine care of himself last year, and never did the big Indian look better to me. He should continue to win with his consistent regularity, for no pitcher in the game understands the art of pitching more thoroughly than the "Big Chief." Eddie Plank is a young man at 39, but old in the game of baseball. Few pitchers are able to stand the big-league pace at Plank's age. Most of them have gone into retirement, or are back in the bushes at a much earlier period. Plank is compelled to conserve his strength carefully. He works slowly. No longer can he step along as he did years ago, but he is still a wonderful pitcher, a hard man to beat.

Digging Up Youngsters

CONNIE MACK, however, realizes that Bender, Plank, and Coombs cannot go on pitching forever, and is carefully strengthening his fences for that very happening. That he has a promising youngster in Joe Bush there can be no question. "Bullet Joe," as the players call him, surely demonstrated the fact to a crowd of about 30,000 people at the third game of the big series. In Carl Brown, Mack has another clever twirler. Like the other youngsters on Mack's pitching staff, control is the only thing Brown lacks: of curves and speed he has plenty. Pitcher Houck is the deep, dark mystery of the Athletics' pitching staff. Few pitchers in the majors have more stuff than this youngster, yet he has failed to develop as he should, considering his wonderful natural ability.

There is one member of Mack's pitching staff of whom the public knows very little, yet this young-ter has unusual promise. The pitcher in question is Wyckoff, who received most of his early baseball education at Bucknell University. That Wyckoff has plenty of natural ability is a certainty. He has one of the best curves I have ever seen, also a corking good fast ball. Last summer I was sitting on the bench with Chief Bender, discussing the young pitchers on the Athletics. Wyckoff was warming up with Ira Thomas. Every ball he pitched cracked loudly as it struck the big mitt of the veteran backstop.

"That fellow looks like a mighty fine prospect," I remarked to Bender, who was watching the youngster closely.

"He is going to be a great pitcher, or I don't know a thing about the game," he replied. "Notice that curve of his—it certainly is a beauty. When he gets control there are a lot of batters who will suffer a shrinkage in their batting averages. Wyckoff wants to learn and can be taught. Once you point out a mistake to him, he doesn't very often make the same error again. Some youngsters believe they know more about pitching when they come to the big league than the fellows who have been in the organization for years. You can't tell such fellows anything. They are liable to be criticising your work. Most of them soon drift back to the minors. Wyckoff isn't that kind of a fellow. He listens to everything you tell him, and then tries to profit by what he hears. I'm pulling for that fellow." If anyone should know a pitcher when he sees one, that person is Chief Bender. What he has to say about Wyckoff would lead one to believe Mack has a diamond in the rough.

Any way you figure the American League race, the Athletics keep staring you in the face. The famous infield should be as good as, if not better, than in former years. The outfield should show to better advantage, as both Strunk and Murphy are bound to show improvement after a year of service as regulars.

Schang, the wonderful young catcher, will be of more value to his club than last year, when he was an important cog in the Athletics' machinery.

How Washington Looks

MANAGER Griffith of the Washington club has his work cut out for him. His wonderful showing the past two years in landing his club in second place has set the fans of the National Capital wild. For many years Washingtonians had been so accustomed to having the home team finish last that it would have been regarded as a miracle to have had the club finish at the head of the second division. Two years of high-class baseball has entirely changed the sentiment of the fans. Now all that Washington craves and talks about is a pennant winner. It is a rather ticklish position for the manager. Griffith, however, has a good ball club. Its fine work in the last two campaigns has been no fluke.

Walter Johnson is of course Griffith's one best bet. Last year Griffith developed a mighty nifty left-hander in Joe Boehling. In Jim Shaw, a big right-hander who joined the club late last fall, Washington appears to have picked up a star. Built on the lines of Walter Johnson, possessing terrific speed, and a very good curve, Shaw looms up as a great possibility. I worked the first two or three games Shaw pitched and marveled at his ability. Washington will bear watching.

Over in Cleveland Manager Joe Birmingham has one of the toughest jobs on record—an assignment almost as hard as the one that confronts Manager Dooin of the Phillies. His club was well up in the running all last year. He had a great chance to overhaul the Athletics until Washington, using the old hoodoo, beat the Naps five times in a row and threw them out of the race.

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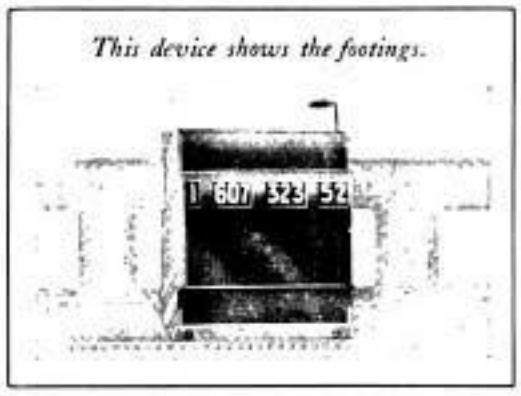
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This device shows the footings.

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(3)—always ready for both writing words and adding figures at one operation.

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(215)



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Collier's Circulation by Weeks

Issue		*Printing Order*	*Gross Circ'n*	*Net Circ'n*
January	3	683,000	670,653	660,522
	10 (Auto Supp.)	699,000	678,697	670,669
	17	705,000	688,996	681,328
	24	689,300	679,447	673,003
	31	702,600	690,542	684,608
February	7	703,000	695,167	690,516
	14	706,000	692,482	685,786
	21	706,400	698,398	694,352
	28	716,700	707,945	703,878
March	7	723,000	711,333	707,141
	14	723,400	719,124	714,911

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

H. S. Hammesfahr.

Advertising Manager

Now with Falkenberg, the club's most consistent winner, missing from the box, another blow was delivered at the Cleveland infield in spring training.

Sliding to second one afternoon shortstop Ray Chapman broke his ankle, putting him out of it for a good part of the year. Chapman like Falkenberg was a star and no club can afford to lose two stars.

Cleveland is up against a hard proposition unless baseball luck comes her way. It is about time, for luck has gone the other way from Cleveland for the last thirty years.

Will Ed Walsh, wizard of the spitball come back? The pennant hopes of the Chicago team largely depend on the form shown by the "Iron Man." Last year Walsh was of little service to his ball club. The strain of overwork and the excessive use of the spitball put the big fellow out of the running, temporarily at least. Reports from the training camp of the White Sox state that Walsh is confident he will be as good as ever. If Walsh is able to render old-time service, the White Sox are bound to be troublesome. "Reb" Russell, the 1913 sensation, will win many



Feminine Voice from Above—*"If you find anyone, John, be severe with him"*

a game through the cunning of his strong left arm. Jim Scott is conceded to be one of the greatest pitchers in the game and Joe Benz is always a hard man to beat.

Can the Red Sox Come Back?

MANAGER BILL CARRIGAN hopes to get the Boston Red Sox back into their stride after a disappointing season in 1913. Bill is of the opinion that his club was a victim of the same ailment that overtook the Athletics in 1912—too much prosperity. Injuries robbed Boston last summer of a number of its stars, prominent among whom being "Smoky Joe" Wood. He was of little use during the entire season. Taking Wood from Boston is like depriving Washington of Walter Johnson. It is needless to figure how that would affect the Nationals. If Wood is back in form this year, naturally this team will be greatly benefited. He recently was operated upon for appendicitis, however.

In Scott, secured from St. Paul, Boston has a shortstop sure to stick in the big show. Boston is bound to be stronger than last year.

Detroit, New York, and St. Louis are in the developing stages. Managers Chance, Jennings, and Rickey are making every effort possible to build up their teams through the addition of young blood. All three managers have been decidedly busy looking over a bunch of highly touted youngsters. A show of increased strength by any one of these three clubs must be brought about largely by the developing of players worth while from the recruits.

Manager Rickey of St. Louis, a former collegian, is going in strong for the college athlete. He had something like fifteen college ball players working out at the training camp of the Browns.

Watch the Giants Again

LIKE the Athletics, the New York Giants are constantly bobbing before your eyes when doping out the National League winner. In considering the chances of the Giants, one has always to reckon with the crafty McGraw. Depending on methods almost directly opposite to those employed by Connie Mack,



FOR EASTER

Huyler's as a gift carries a message more clearly than words and as delicately as flowers. Preferences in flowers differ; a box of Huyler's is universally appreciated. Its gift is a subtle tribute to good taste.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Each piece of Huyler's is made as if our reputation depended on it alone. Chocolate-covered nuts and fruits, dainty bonbons and creams, little nuggets of flavor—Huyler's is the candy word that means deliciousness.

Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from Huyler's are sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK

FRANK DeK. HUYLER, Pres.

Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Chocolate at your grocer's



Childhood Forever

Preserve the living actions of your children in

Motion Pictures

which you can project yourself.

Don't let the little smiles and joyous antics of your children become mere memories. Let Hare, the famous staff Photographer of Collier's, catch them in their various moods. How you will enjoy seeing the films in the years to come! Think of the pleasure *they* will get out of the films when they are grown up and have children of their own.

Projectors $75.00 and up

JAMES H. HARE

416 W. 13th Street, New York City

Childhood Forever

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"That Styleplus suit is simply astonishing at $17!"

To the young man above all, "impression" is a big part of the game—he *must* look well if he would win. Instinctively he chooses Styleplus Clothes $17 to give him the "making good" appearance and save him *real* money besides.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over."

"What is the sense of my paying $20 to $25, or even more, for my clothes when I can get suits like these for $17?" you will say if you visit the Styleplus Store in your town.

"Why not save $3 to $8?"

Popular with men of *all* ages and *all* occupations. Style + all wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed wear.

You can tell a genuine Styleplus by the Label in the coat, the Ticket on the sleeve, and the Guarantee in the pocket.

One leading clothier in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus Clothes. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, please write us, and we will refer you to one nearby.

Send for our book, "As Others See You."



HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.

Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.



$2.00 and We'll Ship You This Marvelous Typewriter

Think of it! Only $2.00 on this great offer. You have full ten days free trial. Our factory price is less than others ask for second-hand machines. Every sale bears our ten year iron clad guarantee. Settlement for the balance can be made on the *easiest monthly payments*. The first buyer in each locality gets a handsome leatherette carrying case free. Write today. Now.

CALESBURG WRITING MACHINE CO., Dept. 190, GALESBURG, ILL.



WATER-WEIGHT ROLLER

Make it light for soft lawns, heavy for firm sod and full weight for driveways and tennis courts. Empty it for storing away. Roller bearing easy running.

Free Lawn Book

An expert's directions for making, seeding, mowing and rolling the lawn, sent free with our catalog of Dunham Rollers.

THE DUNHAM CO.

102 First Ave., Berea, O.
47 West St., New York City.

MINT Marks S-O-CC-D or C WANTED. Know rare all coins. I pay from $1 to $1500 premium on thousands of rare Coins, Mint Marks, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Get posted and make money quickly. Illustrated circular free for postage.

VONBERGEN, Dept. 9, BOSTON, MASS.

he has been scarcely less successful. McGraw seems to be able to get every ounce of worth out of his ball club. Several times he has been able to win pennants when in my very humble opinion he had nything but the best ball club—which is some compliment to McGraw.

Much of McGraw's success has been due to the daring policy he insists on when men get on the bases. He makes his players continually take long chances. On top of this his pitching staff compares favorably with any other corps in the National League. You must always give the Giants a look-in with McGraw in charge.

Manager Clarke of Pittsburgh has a big task before him, made all the harder by the desertion of a couple of his stars. In the deal with St. Louis he lost a good southpaw in Robinson and captured a good right-hander in Bob Harmon. Konetchy with his batting ability should prove of much aid to the Pirates.

I have already shown how the Phillies were wrecked by the loss of Seaton, Brennan, Doolan, and Knabe. Dooin has a desperate fight ahead to finish fourth.

In Chicago I can see no great uplift. The Cubs lost in Johnny Evers the last of their great old-time infield quartet, and a brainy player of Evers's caliber is a big help to any club. He will be greatly missed, and his absence will leave Hank O'Day a hard assignment to carry through successfully. Yet, despite the fact that the old Cub machine has been wrecked, O'Day has some good material left in people like Archer, Saier, Sweeney, Zimmerman, Phelan, Schulte, and Cheney. These are all grand ball players and will be somewhere around the crest.

The Big Surprise

THE big surprise of the year, in my opinion, will be the Boston Braves. Two years ago this club was a wretched tailender—a tailender apparently beyond repair. Then Stallings took charge. In his first season he lifted the Braves to fifth place. Now it would not surprise me to see him finish third or better. The addition of Johnny Evers to the Braves' infield, coupled with the brilliant Maranville around second, means a hustling club. Evers and Maranville working together should set the National League on fire. Stallings has several youngsters who were under cover last year, but who are now about due. He has a fair pitching staff and a good outfield. And his club will fight to a finish. So keep your eyes on the Braves—the dark horse of the race. Wilbert Robinson should improve Brooklyn's standing and he may even get the Dodgers up around the first division. The best that St. Louis and Cincinnati can do is to battle for last place, as things look now.

But baseball is a game of "ifs." And one or two shifts in luck or a few injuries can overturn everything. Not being able to look into the future, I can only tell you how I think things will happen, not how they will actually take place.

Why He Heads the List

WE have received the following letter from a man with a real grievance, the editor of the Providence (R. I.) "Journal":

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

We greatly regret to find in a recent issue of COLLIER'S, under the heading, "Note on the Tariff," a paragraph which gives the impression that ex-Senator Aldrich has some influence or connection with the news or editorial columns of the Providence "Journal."

We feel that COLLIER'S ought to know, what all of New England knows very well, that the Providence "Journal" has not only fought, for the past eight years, all the policies represented by the ex-Senator from Rhode Island, but has been, and still is, a leader in that fight. Mr. Aldrich was in all that time, as now, a stockholder in this company.

You say that in our list of stockholders "his name leads all the rest." This statement does not seem to be quite fair in its suggestiveness when you know that the only reason for this "prominence" is that Mr. Aldrich's name begins with the first letter of the alphabet.

I am sure that COLLIER'S does not want to do us an injustice.

Very truly yours, JOHN R. RATHOM,
Editor Providence "Journal."

"Well That's Fine!!"



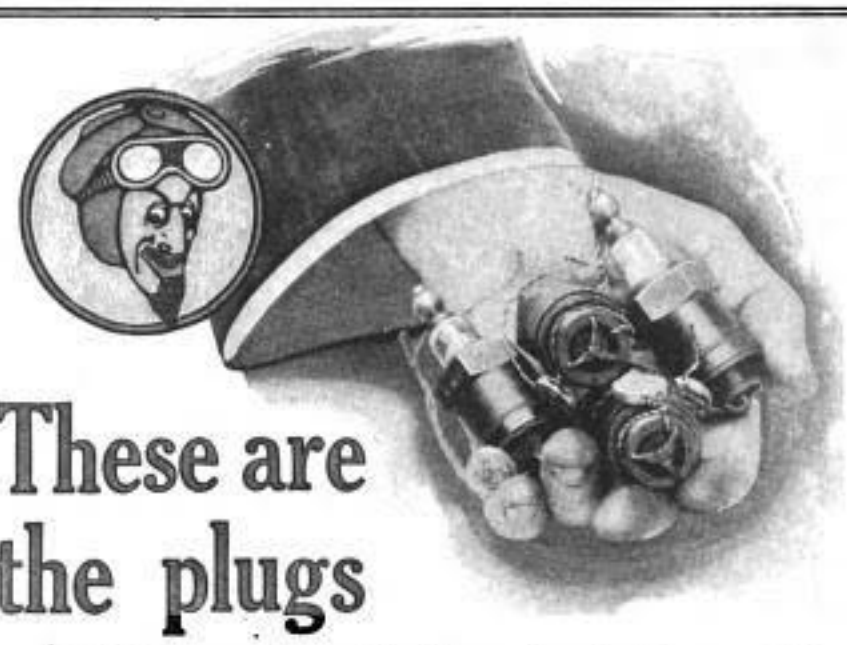
NO morning kicks or lost trains for the man who puts a *Gem Damaskeene* blade in his *Gem Damaskeene* frame and shaves—he starts right, looks right and feels right—because his razor is *right*—does this impress *you?*

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with 7 *Gem Damaskeene Blades,* in morocco case, $1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.



One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



These are the plugs

HERE are the original four Bosch Plugs used in the famous Moline-Knight Test held under the supervision of the Automobile Club of America Testing Laboratories, New York City, from Dec. 19, 1913, to Jan. 2, 1914. Official investigation proved them practically perfect after their two weeks, day and night siege.

More than 11,088,000 high tension Bosch sparks passed over the electrodes of each plug without a miss and not an adjustment was made during the entire 336-hour run—that **IS** plug service. These Bosch Plugs worked in a compression 33% higher than found in the average engine. Harder service than would be endured in a continuous tour of 14,700 miles at a speed of over 45 m. p. h. Few motorists would subject a plug to a test like this in three years of hard driving, but those who did, would find Bosch Plugs equal to the trial. Don't buy any old plug—buy Bosch Plugs.

Write for "Locating the Spark Plug," an educational booklet sent free on request.

Be Satisfied **Specify Bosch**

$1.00 Each in U.S. from your dealer, Bosch Service Stations or direct

Bosch Magneto Company, New York
222 West 46th Street, New York

160 Service Stations Serve Bosch Users in the U. S. and Canada

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That Foster Plug Prevents Slipping

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

make walking *safe* as well as comfortable—no more slipping on wet sidewalks, pavements or polished floors.

That is why they are worn regularly by thousands who have tried other kinds first.

Comfort Plus Safety

The extra quality of rubber gives a greater resiliency—you walk with a new buoyancy and lightness—and there are no holes in the heel to track mud and dirt.

Have a pair put on your shoes today. 50c. attached—black or tan—all dealers.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY

105 Federal Street . . . Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

If—

you are on your feet much—if you tend toward overweight—if your arches show signs of weakness—

then you should wear *Foster Orthopedic Rubber Heels.*

The corner of the heel extends under the shank of the shoe, giving firm but resilient support to the arch.

Conductors
Motormen
Letter-carriers
Waiters
Policemen
Floor Walkers

especially prefer Foster Orthopedic Rubber Heels because they keep the position of the foot normal and natural—and when anything ails your feet you feel it all over.

75c. attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 60c. and outline of your heel.





EVINRUDE

Make a Motor-Boat of Any Rowboat in Less Than One Minute

Any rowboat will be a motor-boat if you own an Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor. It starts with one-twelfth turn of fly-wheel—no cranking, and drives a rowboat 8 miles an hour—a canoe 12 miles. So simple to operate that women and children are "Evinruding" everywhere. Why not get one for *your* vacation?

The Famous Maxim Silencer

can be applied to either 1913 or 1914 models, and while "Evinrude" has always been practically silent in operation, this addition makes it a veritable triumph. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer. It has been added to the already long list as exclusive "Evinrude" features. There are no batteries to carry and it is the only marine motor in the world having a

Built-In Reversible Magneto

This magneto is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion. The "Evinrude" is built by the largest manufacturers of rowboat motors in the world. Capacity, 60,000 "Evinrudes". Has been adopted by twelve governments, including the U. S. A. Weight about 50 lbs., may be carried like a suit case.

For sale at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers Everywhere
Illustrated Catalog Free Upon Request

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY, 160 F Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of the



Branches:
San Francisco, 422 Market Street
Portland, Ore., 106 Fourth Street
Jacksonville, Fla., Ft. of Main St.

Branches:
New York, 30 Cortlandt Street
Boston, 618 State Street
Savannah, Ga., Stiles Ave. and W. Gaston Street

Thoughts That Throb

(Concluded from page 15)

A little later he has only one ache, but he has not improved in health. His one ache is merely all of his former aches run together.

We laugh at spring fever because it is only a temporary, though an acute, affliction. We also laugh at certain moist and fervent portions of this and other countries because of the general disposition of the inhabitants to start on yesterday's work to-morrow. But in these climates spring fever is often chronic and the starch in the human system remains permanently melted, causing a pathetic flabbiness of muscle and will. There are in addition many people who are "born tired." With them it is always spring and their desire to work cannot be detected by the most delicate reaction.

The Government is kind to these afflicted folk, giving vast numbers of them life positions in the bureaus at Washington. But this is at best a makeshift, and is besides too hard on the bureaus. Medical science should focus its attention on chronic spring fever and devise some means of relieving its victims and their victims.



Noses Manicured Here

THE doctors continue to do wonderful things with humanity. Not very long ago some Philadelphia doctors built a new nose for a man who had lost his through some carelessness or other. It was necessary to supply a new nasal bone, so the experts in the human repair shop grafted a finger nail into the nose.

The operation was a complete success until recently, when the patient discovered with pain that the transplanted nail was growing vigorously and cutting off the blood vessels in its course.

This illustrates vividly the perils of modern improvements. The overambitious nose may be properly restrained and then again it may not. Think of having to take your nose around to the manicurist once a week!

The Great National Guessers

THE women voted in Illinois elections this month because the Supreme Court has not yet gotten around to the ratification of the suffrage law as passed by the Legislature. There is a chance that it may later be declared unconstitutional because a nonexistent county office was mentioned in the bill.

The best lawyers in the State drew this law with the utmost care in the effort to make it constitutional, and the Legislature passed the bill in its constitutional capacity as a law-making body. But of course it was only a guessing contest and no one knows whether the Legislature guessed right or not. Passing laws for a State Supreme Court to review afterward is a good deal like the popular game in which one man says: "Guess a number between one and four." "Three," says the other man promptly, upon which the first man says sadly: "No, you are wrong. I was thinking of two."

Legislatures all over the country are trying to guess the Supreme Court's attitude before they pass their laws. It has become about as hard to pass a really constitutional law in some States as it is to draw up an indictment with the commas in their proper places.

The "Easy" Rich

(Continued from page 10)

to be had in London. He immediately went abroad; found the volume at Quaritch's with a price of 500 guineas (a little over $2,500) on it. As he stood caressing it with loving hands he felt a bulky presence and the book was wrenched from his grasp. He turned and saw Mr. Morgan holding it. The great man asked the price, looked at the volume, and then growled: "Too much." Then he bounced out.

The broker bargained all afternoon, and the net result was that he got the Walton, a first edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and five other good items for a total of $12,000.

Several years passed; along came the panic of 1907; the book-buying broker needed $100,000 in a hurry. So he lifted 250 books out of his collection, packed them off to London, where they realized $107,000. Now the interesting feature is that at this sale Mr. Morgan bought for exactly $6,000 the Walton that he had turned down, as heretofore described.

This episode not only shows the vagaries of book buying, but it proves that good books, when well selected, may prove an asset in an emergency. In the same way a discriminating broker, interested in art, sold his collection of American paintings for $300,000 and saved his firm from disaster after the panic.

The Loss in Security Derelicts

AT his own game the Wall Street man has been an easy mark. You discover this fact when you look at the inventories of estates filed in the Surrogate's office. The strong boxes of some of the most famous captains of capital contain many "cats and dogs," the name given in the Street to worthless securities.

These "cats and dogs" include stocks and bonds in mines, railroads, public service corporations, and companies formed to exploit "epoch-making" devices. Not even the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, or the Goulds have been exempt from this toll.

In many instances the worthless stuff was foisted on big men by old-time associates. Mr. Morgan, despite his gruffness, was a very generous person. Often a schoolmate would come to him with a subscription list saying: "To oblige an old friend won't you take some of this stock?"

In this way he and many of his colleagues became owners of good-for-nothing stocks.

Most of them forget all about it; but one had a sense of humor. He had "obliged" many old friends and around each envelope that contained the evidence of this costly kindness he had written the full history of the case. On one, for example, he wrote: "I know this is rotten, but I bought it to oblige a college chum." He was simply anticipating the amazement of posterity in general and his executors in particular.

The question arises: What becomes of all this worthless stuff? It is not always permitted to sleep the sleep that has no resurrection. With a sort of post-mortem commercialism some effort is made to redeem it. Certain men in Wall Street make a business of buying and selling the "cats and dogs." They are in a way the kindlers of defunct financial desires—the most picturesque of all dealers in securities.

The most extensive and perhaps the best known of these brokers has an office on the top floor of a building that stands within the shadow of the Stock Exchange. Here, where the sunlight streams through a dingy skylight, is a mausoleum of dead investment hopes. Housed in battered cardboard boxes, on dusty shelves and in safes are securities that represent the useless outlay of millions of dollars? If they could speak, they would tell a tragic story of broken faith, shattered ambitions, the wreck and ruin of glittering projects. Behind their gorgeous engraving lie the tears and fears and agonies of that long line of men and women all over the country who put their money into the wrong thing.

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Speed!



CONTINENTAL MOTORS · Powerful as the Nation · AMERICA'S STANDARD

Faster!—Open the throttle—advance the spark—tramp on her tail—one minute to make it!—Easy enough, with a Continental, when you want to get there and get there quick.

Yet the flash of swiftness, or the mad onrush that crashes through the smoke welter of the speedway, is really not the speed that counts; for it is a fever, not an excess of vitality. Continental speed (and this is true of every one of 1914's tens of thousands of Continentals) is that healthy speed which endures; which, as the work calls for it, be it 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 miles an hour, can be depended on for minutes, hours, days, weeks, and years.

For Speed is the daughter of Power. And unbounded power "is the dominant characteristic of the Continental Motor",—power within bounds, never creeping near the danger mark, bringing no risk.

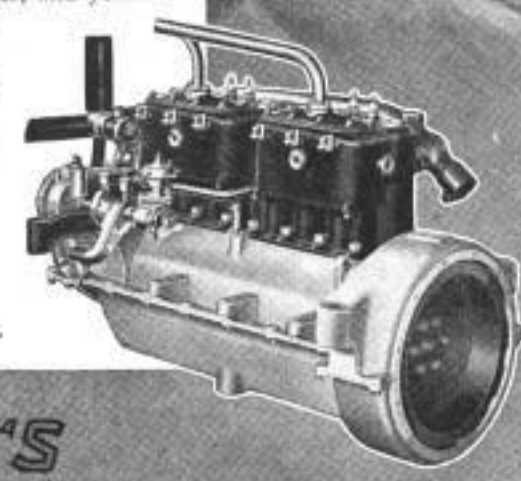
Continental speed and power are attained by superior theory, put into better practice. Continental crankshaft bearings are ground to 95% of bearing surface, smoother than a mirror; pistons are balanced to a pennyweight; connecting rods are lightened to a mathematical niceness; valves are seated-in with a faultless exactness; cylinders are polished to a flawless luster.

The foremost technical experts of America and Europe, men of the Continental and allied firms, working for ten years, have made Continental speed possible.

Let Continental speed guarantee satisfaction in the car you plan to own.

CONTINENTAL MOTOR MFG. CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Largest exclusive motor builders in the world



The Continental Certainties:
Silence
Power
+Speed
Endurance
Economy
Flexibility

Continental Motors

The Prudential

A National Institution of Public Usefulness

Assets, over	323 Million Dollars
Liabilities (Including Policy Reserve $260,000,000)	297 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	25 Million Dollars
Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over	31 Million Dollars
Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over	6½ Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly	34 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders, since organization, over	300 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force	12 Million
Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over	92 Million Dollars
Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly	18½ Million Dollars

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN



Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

New Business Paid for during 1913, over 481 Million Dollars

LOWEST EXPENSE RATE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

Over Two Billion 406 Million Dollars Life Insurance in Force

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO., OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

The Prudential Issues Life Insurance for the Whole Family. Write for Information, Dept. 27

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LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE



The Elite—Velvet Calf—tan or black—Skeleton Lined for "keep cool" comfort.

READY to wear. No "breaking in." There's comfort from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe models—all made over "Natural Shape" lasts. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

Prest-O-Lite
for Motorcycles



The *only* reliable lighting system

Prest-O-Lite spells safety—it is absolutely reliable.

It is simple and sturdy. It stands the rough and tumble work, the jolts and the vibration. Has no delicate connections or frail parts.

Your light may snap out suddenly at a critical time, if it depends on a toy storage battery or any other complicated system.

Prest-O-Lite is *the most convenient* system. Needs practically no attention, has no mysteries, and breeds no troubles.

The first cost is small. The operating expense is no greater than that of a carbide generator, and only one-third to one-fifth that of electric light.

30-Day Free Trial

You can prove all our claims for Prest-O-Lite by our 30-day trial plan. Before buying any other system, insist upon the same kind of a test.

Don't pay for poor light

Any dealer who offers you a combination of equipment, including a poor lighting system, will give you Prest-O-Lite instead, if you insist. And if you know the facts, you *will insist*. Tear off on the dotted line, write your name and address below and mail it for complete information about motorcycle lighting.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.,
730 Speedway, Indianapolis, Ind.
(Contributor to Lincoln Highway)

Please send the facts on ALL Lighting Systems to

If you wished to depart from prosaic actuality, you could find in this office a bit of Maeterlinckian symbolism. For the broker in junk securities is also an entomologist. When he cannot sell his useless stocks he mounts butterflies and bugs. Thus the insects whose gorgeous-hued wings are spread out before him represent the rosy hopes that once lay in the wares he handles; the bugs incarnate the pests that destroyed those hopes.

At one time this broker had securities in his place whose par value represented $42,000,000. Yet they represented an outlay to him of less than $5,000. You can buy them from him at the rate of 50 cents a pound. Much of this kind of junk comes from estates that must be closed up. Once, when I happened to be in the office, I saw a large pasteboard box tied with a rough cord. Upon inquiry I found that it contained stocks whose par value was $12,000,000 and they represented fully half that much in actual investment. Yet a Southern lawyer had offered $250 for the lot and was coming to get his goods.

Sometimes these junk securities have a Cinderella among their ashes. A mine long abandoned may be reworked with profit or a corporation long dormant may be revived with unexpected capital. Then the stock, sold by the pound, suddenly becomes infused with value. But it seldom happens.

These derelict securities have other uses than merely providing a grab bag for the adventurer in finance. Whenever Wall Street men want to play jokes with stocks or bonds they buy a few pounds of this junk. Here is a story that shows how a batch of it was once used:

A Gold Bond as a Souvenir

A CERTAIN member of the Stock Exchange decided to celebrate the close of a particularly successful fiscal year by giving a dinner at the St. Regis. He invited about fifty people, including all his closest friends and their wives. The date of the party was April 1, a fact which apparently escaped the notice of the guests. After a charming dinner interspersed with vaudeville the host arose and expressed his pleasure over the presence of so many of his friends. Then he added with great solemnity:

"In view of the fact that the gods have been peculiarly good to me these past twelve months, I have decided to give you a more substantial souvenir of this dinner than any recollection that you may be good enough to take away with you."

The head waiter then handed to each guest a beautifully engraved first mortgage 6 per cent gold bond of the Winona and Southwestern Railroad. The coupons had been cut up to April 1 of that year, the next interest date.

Such overwhelming generosity created a profound sensation. "We can't accept," came in a breathless chorus all up and down the table.

"But you must," insisted the host. "Put it away for the children."

The Way the Money Went

THE next morning the telephone tinkled on a dozen bond brokers' desks. A familiar question for a few hours was: "Please quote the market on Winona and Southwestern." The brokers were somewhat dazed, for they had never heard of the road. After much inquiry it developed that it had been sold at sheriff's sale some years before; the bonds were worthless and had been bought by the host from the dealer in junk for 50 cents apiece. His joke was a great success.

A still more practical market for this stuff was from men in bankruptcy. In order to show so-called "bankrupt assets" they bought up a few pounds of worthless securities and then swore that "this is the way the money went."

But whatever its ultimate use, the real meaning of all this mass of worthless securities is that it rears a sad monument to haste, heedlessness and general lack of investigation in the employment of money.

They Watch His Hobbies

THE Wall Street man, however, has no monopoly on being a mark for the unscrupulous or the designing. His rich brother everywhere falls for the same thing and in very much the same way. He may succumb at home, but he is more likely to tumble when he makes his regular visits to New York. He seems to leave his power of discrimination and his sense of value behind.



NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

$50 now buys the $70

Speedaway
Detachable Rowboat Motor

equipped with noiseless underwater exhaust, self-locking tiller and water-cooled cylinder pump.

Backed by a $500,000 organization and designed by men with twenty-five years experience, ***this motor sold at $70.00 through dealers.***

Our dealers wanted more profit, local advertising appropriations, and other concessions but the manufacturing cost of this $70.00 motor would not justify the expense so we discontinued our dealers, inaugurated the "Factory to Consumer Plan" and ***give you the dealer's profit of $20.00.***

Send your order now — $12.50 down, balance C. O. D. and we will reserve your motor for present or future shipment. ***You must write now to insure prompt delivery*** —Booklet on request.

Speedaway Boat Motor Co.
160 Chicago Street **Freeport, Ill.**

Famous Acousticon

You must not confuse the Acousticon with any other instrument. The Acousticon is the instrument you regulate instantly to clearly

Hear Every Sound

near or distant—loud or low, indoors or outdoors, under every conceivable condition. The Acousticon receives the sound by our exclusive indirect principle, and transmits it to your hearing in its original tone. Not blurred—not a single sound is harsh. The Acousticon covers

48 Degrees of Deafness

Unless "stone deaf" the Acousticon enables you to hear every sound—perfectly. Not a theory—not new or untried—but a world-known success for many years.



NO DEPOSIT
TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

Write for Special Limited Offer—no money down—not even a promise to buy. Let us prove the Acousticon in the instrument you must use.

EASY TERMS Learn how to secure an Acousticon on easy monthly payments before special offer expires.

WRITE now for greatest free book of facts for the deaf—testimonials from ministers, judges and hundreds of others everywhere.

General Acoustic Co.,
1330 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42nd St., New York City

for the

DEAF
Now Direct By Mail



An "Allsteel" Private Secretary

Keep all needed letters, cards, blanks, drawings documents and other records right at your desk for instant reference in strong, beautiful

Allsteel Filing Equipment

Increases your efficiency. You can add and re-arrange sections as needed. You never have to discard it. ALLSTEEL Units all interlock, whatever their shape or purpose. ALLSTEEL protects contents against fire, water, damp weather, rodents, sneak-thieves. ALLSTEEL comprises the most complete line of standard steel equipment in the country. Looks like beautiful wood. Gives *more* filing space—takes *less* floor space. Write today for free catalog, illustrated in colors. It will save you money.



THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING CO., 900 Logan Av., Youngstown, O.
Branches, New York and Chicago—Agencies Everywhere

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(27)

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Clicquot Club

Pronounced KLEEK-O

GINGER ALE



Drink Bubbling Clicquot Club Ginger Ale and Forget That You Are Hot

Let the little beads of carbonic jump up and kiss your face with coolness. Drink it down—it's good and pure as spring water, Jamaica ginger, purest sugar cane, can make it.

At good grocers and druggists.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
Dept. B, Millis, Mass.

Western Office, Maritime Building, Seattle, Washington. New York Office, The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson st. Chicago Office, 301 North Michigan ave.

LISTERINE

Use each day

An agreeable antiseptic mouth-wash that should invariably be used after the teeth are brushed. Listerine cleanses and purifies the oral cavity, and deodorizes the breath. Systematically used, Listerine will keep teeth and mouth in healthy condition.

All Druggists Sell Listerine.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



Gluten Flour

is prescribed by physicians as a diet for diabetics and cases of Kidney and Liver troubles, Rheumatism, Obesity, etc. The U. S. Pure Food Laws require that Gluten Flour must contain at least 35% of gluten or protein. Our Gluten Flour contains about 40% (a recent analysis showed 42%) and must not be confused with "4/7 standard Gluten Flours" which contain 20% only. To be safe insist on getting Farwell & Rhines criss cross X brand of Gluten Flour and other cereal specialties. For booklet or samples address:

FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

For Interesting and Valuable Information about

PATENTS WANTED

and bought by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Visible Results* and Terms Book. E. G. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 4, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

This leads us to a favorite but little-heralded game which consists of tapping the out-of-town rich when they are in the big metropolis. By some curious subterranean process of telegraphy the presence of these men becomes instantly known to the horde of business and other sharpers. Before the visitor has had time to hang up his hat his telephone begins to ring, inviting him to meetings or projects to separate him from his cash.

Now the amazing thing about this performance is that the habits and hobbies of many of these millionaires are known to the men who work them. They get the information by reading newspaper and magazine articles, from discharged employees, and by personal investigation.

Access to the rich is gained by various subterfuges. One of the quickest and easiest ways is to impersonate a newspaper man or a member of some fake



The **Post-Impressionist's Uncle** — ***"Well, George, that big pitcher yer paintin' is beginnin' to look like sumpthin', but, gosh! that little un' down thar is gettin' wuss and wuss all th' time"***

committee. Once in the presence of wealth, the grafter's work is over, for, as I have already intimated, the foresight of the shrewdest seems to forsake them when they get to New York. The strongest appeal is to their vanity. It pleases them to be regarded as rich or as patrons of some movement.

A Card Catalogue of Suckers

A GROUP of sharpers had this game down to such a fine point that they had a card catalogue of many of the rich men who came to New York regularly. These visitors were known as "taps," and could always be counted on for some kind of tribute.

On each card was written the man's name, his home address, where he stayed in New York. But most diverting of all was the brief explanation of the particular weakness for which he would fall.

One card had this explanation: "*Interested in welfare schemes. Will contribute to any kind of fund for social betterment.*"

A second one read: "*Prides himself on his knowledge of art. Will buy any kind of picture if you flatter him into believing he knows all about it.*"

A third had this designation: "*Strong on uplift. Will contribute to sociological schemes of all kinds.*"

A fourth: "*Immensely vain and easy to land for flattering stuff. Likes to have histories of his family written. Easiest lead is to talk genealogy.*"

And so it went all up and down the list. It was the biography of a chain of human frailty and weakness that netted the promoters a fortune in a few years. They were able to retire.

Their method of procedure was easy. Knowing just the weakness or hobby or enthusiasm of a man, they approached him on that subject. They easily invented welfare funds and created sociological movements. The easiest was the biography project, for many of the victims did not shy at being "written up." When the card catalogue indicated an "art lover," the sharpers immediately got into league with an unscrupulous dealer who worked off spurious stuff and they divided the profits.

I have in mind the concrete example

Resinol Soap

does more than cleanse the skin



Almost any soap will *cleanse* the skin and hair and many toilet soaps are pure enough to do it without injuring these delicate textures. But those who want a soap which not only cleanses but actually *helps* the complexion and hair naturally turn to Resinol Soap.

In every way an exceptionally pleasing toilet soap, the soothing, antiseptic properties which it derives from Resinol Ointment enable it to *protect* the skin and scalp from annoying affections, keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous, as soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot do. Men especially appreciate Resinol Soap.

All druggists and dealers in toilet goods sell Resinol Soap, twenty-five cents. For a guest-room-size trial cake and a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 18-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains Resinol, *making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. Trial on request.*



Best to Wear *Anywhere*

Essex Rubber Soles and Heels give the greatest satisfaction, no matter what your needs may be. When you buy shoes with soles displaying the Essex Trademark, you *know* that you are getting the *very best* grade material combined with the *highest* standard of workmanship, which is supplemented by *expert* attaching, all of which permits us to say that

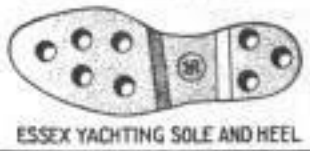
Essex Soles Finish Strongest—

last longest—whether used for golfing, yachting, tennis or any other purpose. They are made in hundreds of different styles and are used on shoes of nearly every price.

The confidence of shoe manufacturers in the quality of Essex Rubber Soles and Heels is indicated by the fact that 75% of all the rubber soles and heels worn in the United States bear the Essex Trademark.

You will find them at all progressive shoe stores, department stores, and repair shops. Specify them the next time you buy.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY, TRENTON, N. J.
Mfrs. of Essex Rubber Heels and Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions



ESSEX YACHTING SOLE AND HEEL



An Everyday Home Helper

When a bit of domestic machinery, like a food chopper or an ice cream freezer, needs oiling, use 3-in-One. When the sewing machine runs hard because its bearings are dry and gummy with inferior oil and dirt, use 3-in-One.

When furniture is dim and smoky because of long use in close rooms, clean and polish with 3-in-One.

When time comes for sweeping and dusting, use a clean sanitary "dustless duster" made with a cheese cloth and a few drops of 3-in-One.

3-in-One oil

is an "everyday home help." From cellar to garret, from front door to back, there is hardly a spot where it isn't useful. It lubricates. It cleans and polishes. It prevents rust. A consistent and persistent use of 3-in-One makes housekeeping easier.

Sold in drug stores, groceries, hardware and house furnishing stores; in bottles, 1 oz. 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. (½ pint) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans 3½ oz. 25c.

If your dealer hasn't Handy Oil Cans we will send one by parcel post for 30c. A Library Slip with every bottle.

FREE. Send for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary of uses.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42ANW, Broadway, N. Y.



Genuine Panama $1.00

To prove our wonderful maker-to-wearer values in genuine Panamas, we will send you this genuine imported Panama, like $5.00 kind, but broader weave; flexible, durable and comfortable; **sizes blocked**, boxed and prepaid for only **$1.00. Not over 3 to a customer.** Money back if not pleased. State size. **Write today** for our free sale catalogue of Mexican and Panama hats, all styles and prices.

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. C4H4, Mesilla Park, N.M.

We Trust You!



and furnish everything to start you in this big money business. We send the wonderful **Film-less Post Card Camera** at once—you pay us later out of your profits. No films, plates or dark room—a complete studio in itself. Takes 5 sizes of post cards; also photo buttons.

You can make big money weekly [illegible] people at Fairs, Ball Games, Parks, Carnivals, Summer resorts and [illegible] every day. Write today for FREE [illegible]

Filmless Post Card Camera Works
3723 W. 12th St., D. 440, Chicago

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National
SIX—$2375



This small picture shows you all you need have on your mind when you drive your *National*. It's right under your eyes—everything you run your car with. Center control, left side drive, convenient dash equipment, both front doors *usable*.



In your *National* you do not have to worry about what is happening under the hood or beneath the seat. You see here all you need to think of—the steering wheel, levers and instrument board. The rest of the car operates as we build and guarantee it to do.

Convenience, comfort, confidence

UNLESS you have ridden in or driven this new *National* Six you simply can't realize that our claims for ease of riding, graceful performance and simpleness of operation are not over-enthusiastic. If we told you all that owners say of this beautiful car you would think we exaggerated—but *the car is its own proof.*

"You don't have to raise the hood."

With your *National* car you buy confidence in its mechanism. Our fourteen years of manufacturing success warrant your putting your faith in our engineering achievements. We put the right thing in the right place; we give you *performance*, which is *better* than specifications; we give you *results.*

Our reputation and responsibility are built into *every National.* The *National* eliminates worry for *you.*

Buy a *whole* car. Don't buy parts. All the parts in the *National* work harmoniously as a *unit* of service. We sell you demonstrated results and back them up. That's why "you don't have to raise the hood." If you don't know where your nearest *National* dealer is, please write us. Write us anyway for our new booklet before you invest in any car.

National 40

This is our staple car—our highest achievement. Proved superior in tests, including International 500-mile race. Five models, $2750 to $3400, with still further improvements and refinements. Motor 4⅞x6; electric starter and lights; a most luxurious and dependable car, The World's Champion.

National Six

The new Six is beautiful, graceful in design, the most comfortable car you ever rode in—roomy, convenient, noiseless. Motor 3¾x5½; 132-inch wheelbase, electric starter and lights; left side drive, center control; complete in every detail, full equipment, **$2375.**

Write for illustrated catalog.

National Motor Vehicle Company

Department W **Indianapolis, Indiana**

Plant the TAPE

It's the Scientific Way
Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

Just unwind American Seedtape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced inside paper tape and fastened with glue fertilizer, insures a quick, sturdy growth, because the paper attracts moisture to the already fertilized seed. Sprouts much earlier than seeds planted in soil. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. You save time and back-breaking labor.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. each of White and Red Radish, Boston and Curly Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beet, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Seeds. 500 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. NO AGENTS.

THE AMERICAN SEEDTAPE CO.
1624 Walnut Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Retailers Must Ask—$45.00
Our Factory Price—$22.50

Choicest quarter-sawed Oak—54 in. top, closed—30 in. extended. A beautiful, massive design. We're manufacturers—not a mail order, wholesale or jobbing house. We make all our furniture—and sell it direct. Save you all the jobbers' and dealers' profits. It is the famous

MASTER-BUILT FURNITURE

SHIPPED IN SECTIONS ANYONE CAN PUT IT TOGETHER IN 20 MINUTES!



Dining Table No. 311

Furniture for every room in the home, club or office. All the finest quality—all sold for half usual retail prices. Write for big free book.

Brooks Manufacturing Co.
1104 East Ave.
Saginaw, Mich.



Mother Wasn't Worried

"Not at all anxious. Just pinned my faith to that little wire rope and it got us home just lovely."

Nothing like Basline Autowline to get you home when your motor won't. Nothing like it to pull a ditched car into the road or a stalled car to the top of a hill.

Basline Autowline
"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull"

makes motoring more certain. About 25 feet of pencil size, tough, flexible Yellow Strand wire rope—a flat coil that goes under a cushion. Ask your supply dealer about it now—before you need it. Sold everywhere. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, $3.95.

FREE—Fine illustrated Autowline circular. Write for it.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
819 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 764 Warren St.
Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope.

BASLINE PATENTED

of a well-known Western industrial magnate who built up a great fortune in manufacture.

Ordinarily one of the shrewdest of men, he fell for the flimsiest schemes when in New York. He became known as the real "mark" for all projects that led in any way to welfare or social uplift. He could be approached by anyone who had a scheme for the "betterment of humanity," and they usually cashed in on it.

This curious difference in judgment and caution among certain rich men at home and abroad is very much like the difference in the attitude of merchants in and out of Wall Street. The moment they step out of familiar environment the perspective seems to become blurred, the vision distorted.

Caution to the Winds in Wall Street

TAKE the case of a prosperous merchant either uptown in New York or on the main street of any other place. He lays in a stock of goods according to a definite program based on a careful diagnosis of crops, climate, and the general trade outlook.

He is satisfied, in the main, with a profit of 10 per cent.

But what happens when that merchant goes south of Vesey Street in New York, across the frontier into the domain of Wall Street? He has stepped from the legitimate channels of merchandising into what appears to him to be the magic realm of speculation. He goes into an atmosphere highly credulous—into what he thinks is the home of quick and easy money. He looks for a 200 per cent profit and he wants it overnight. This is why he loses at the speculative game, or at any of the kindred propositions "to get *richer*" quick.

If he went into Wall Street and practiced the same investigation, caution, and discrimination that he used in his business, he might get his usual 10 per cent profit. But he takes on a different point of view, and it is his undoing.

For that matter the rich can stay at home and fall for the most gullible of games. Cassie Chadwick proved this when, on the strength of a bundle of old papers labeled "securities" and a note bearing the forged signature of Andrew Carnegie, she was able to borrow immense sums of money and flourish as a social personage until her fraud was discovered.

The people who loaned her hundreds of thousands of dollars did not take the trouble to open the spurious package or get in touch with Mr. Carnegie. Yet these were precautions that the simplest and poorest mind would have ordinarily taken.

It Pays to Investigate

THE rich are often fleeced because the very qualities that are supposed to have made them independent also make them marks for the adventurer.

They are either avaricious or ignorant of the fundamentals of human nature. What seems to be rare judgment in some of them has simply been master luck. Yet they become obsessed with the idea that it is native, and as a result they fall before a superior intelligence.

The whole lesson conveyed by this revelation of the "easy" rich may well go home to every man and woman who invests money or who expects to invest some day.

It means that with the slightest caution and common sense there would be much less trimming.

It pays to investigate.

Conserve the "Ol' Swimmin' Hole"

By C. J. MANNING

IN the minds of men who take their poetry seriously there is a growing conviction that poets of America soon will be forced to form an association for the conservation of poetic topics.

Need for such an association is pressing just now. The "Ol' Swimmin' Hole" is threatened with loss of franchise as a subject of modern verse. In the "home-folks" districts there has been a very short crop of "ol' swimmin' holes" in recent seasons.

Campaigns to bring about the exchange of Christmas gifts the next day after the feast have developed the fact that books carrying standard "swimmin' hole" lyrics no longer are considered desirable gifts for the small town lad.

At one time the "ol' swimmin' hole" was a pet industry of the "home folks," fostered, it is now charged, to lure purling stanzas from the literary people and a consequent increase in patronage of city boarders. But there has come to the small town the Y. M. C. A. pool and to the country districts the natatorium of the consolidated school, so it was natural that the muddy-bottomed creek and its secretive willows should be abandoned.

There is little in the cement floored Y. M. C. A. pool or the consolidated school natatorium that lends itself to poetry with a heart interest. Lads clad in bathing trunks lack the heroic element that went with the lithe, unclad forms one found in the sunlit verses of a Riley. Locker rooms provide a burglar-proof place for clothing of the swimmer.

Hence, muscles of the jaw are not developed in the solution of knots found in the swimmer's unmentionables. Also, the custom of proceeding homeward in the hiding recesses of a barrel naturally finds a place in folklore of the early Americans.

Store towels assume the swabbing duty performed by the homemade shirt in the "ol' swimmin' hole" days.

YET no poet's voice has been raised in protest!

It is recorded that a prosaic governor of Lebanon built a big wall about the cedars, long famous in verse, to preserve them for unborn ages, possibly for unborn rimesters.

The precedent is a worthy one—one that might even attract the attention of the literary man who lives at the White House, if a campaign to conserve the "ol' swimmin' hole" were to take form under the direction of the Rileys of America.



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This Is The Spark Plug With Which All Overland Cars Are Equipped At The Factory

The "Champion O" was designed especially for this season's Overlands. For Overlands of 1910, '11, '12 and '13, ask for the "Champion Long".

In designing these spark plugs, we were required to take into account every feature of the Overland motor.

Then the factory experts tested, tested and tested, until absolutely sure that **"Champions"** gave the highest possible efficiency to their motors.

75% of American made cars, including the Ford, Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell and Metz, are being equipped at their factories with specially designed **Champion Spark Plugs.**

The high quality of these plugs comes not only from the use of superior materials, but from our own special manufacturing processes.

"Champions" are oversize. They are built to stand the grief.

Ask for the special ½ inch Champion X for your Ford car. It's 75c. The Overland plug sells at $1.

Consult with your dealer on this important subject. He will advise you as to the **"Champion"** you should use for your Motor Car, Motor Truck, Motorcycle, Motor Boat, Aeroplane or Stationary Motor.

(Licensed under the Canfield Patent No. 612,701, October 18, 1898)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
205 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio
Export Representative,
AUTOMOBILE SUNDRIES CO., 18 Broadway, New York

The House of Collier

HAS OPENINGS

For sons of men who read and believe in The National Weekly.

BOYS

who are desirous of doing work that means self-development can very profitably employ their time two to three days each week. Fathers can encourage thrift and self-reliance in their sons, if they will urge them to write to-day and ask for our plan.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th St. New York City
Junior Sales Dept.

The Shepherd Man

(*Concluded from page 11*)

and I don't believe he'll be much of a load for Your angels to carry if it isn't too far to heaven. Won't he be surprised to get in? Amen."

THERE was a long silence. The woman and the young man were crying softly. Then we all got up from our knees. The little old man was asleep with a smile on his lips—the nicest smile, just as if the angels had whispered something in his ears and he wanted to leave us some of it.

The Good Shepherd had one more sheep in His fold.

Praying isn't half as terrifying if you talk natural.

But as the boy put me on his horse he said:

"Much obliged. I know pap was easier. I never heard no preacher pray better. If I could find the little lamb we lost, I'd give it to you."

"Why, father found a lamb yesterday."

"I'm glad," he said, and that's all.

It had stopped raining by the time we reached our cabin. The door flew open. Father came out and helped me off the horse.

"The angels brought us a little boy baby while you were gone."

"Goody, goody! Oh, I'm glad—glad! My, but the angels have been busy! They carried the lamb's mamma and this boy's father to heaven and came back with the baby. I wonder how, many-sized baskets God has got? Can't I see them? Mamma I mean."

"Not to-night. It's too late. Dear, you're wringing wet."

"I'll see Susannah before I take off my dress."

SOME one had tenderly covered her by the fireplace. She was sleeping too sound to awaken. Her little curly head and soft wool and helpless look gave me the queerest kind of sad, glad feeling and I just couldn't help saying—I guess 'cause my own mamma was spared:

"Poor little Susannah Wesley! The roses will bloom again. The little brook in the wood back of the mill will dance again; the birds will come again—but your mamma won't!"

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

VOLUME 53 APRIL 11 NUMBER 4

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. . . 416 West Thirteenth Street, ... *New York City* . . . . . .

Robert J. Collier, *President*; E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*; J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*; Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*

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Barrett Specification Roofs


St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla. A. J. Klutho, Architect. Roofers, Logan Concrete & Eng. Co., Jacksonville

For Large Business Buildings

THE St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla., is built on modern lines. And like almost all first class modern buildings, its 60,000 square feet of roof are covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

The general acceptance of The Barrett Specification among first class engineers and architects is a highly significant development in the roofing trade. It is a movement which began with the leaders of the profession, who recognized its technical soundness. Accordingly, the inclusion of The Barrett Specification in full in building specifications is rapidly becoming a universal custom.

The Barrett Specification has the advantage of furnishing a uniform and fair basis for competitive bids, together with satisfactory methods for determining the quality of the workmanship and materials on the job. Our own experts are usually available to inspect the contractor's work and certify whether or not the Specification has been strictly complied with.

A Barrett Specification Roof will usually last twenty or more years without a cent's worth of repairs. It takes the base rate of insurance. It gives the most service per dollar, its unit cost being less than a quarter of a cent per foot per year of service.

Booklets on request.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods
FLY CASTING, TROUT!



The time is here. Is your kit ready? The new "BRISTOL" Fly Rod No. 29 is most popular. Weighs about 5½ oz. Length 8½ ft. Price $6.50. Also many other styles.

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE, FREE

Make your selection. If your dealer can't supply you, order from us. All "BRISTOL" Rods guaranteed three years. A rod for every kind of fishing. Only agate guides used on "BRISTOL" Rods.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
56 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

Pacific Coast Branch, THE PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.



At some time in every business that has or desires to have a national appeal, there is a place for *straight-to-the-point* advertising; in other words, for *classified* advertising.

Classified advertising may be used to distribute your catalogs, to secure salesmen or representatives, to build up a trade by mail, or to sell second-hand or shopworn articles.

Classified advertising becomes most effective when only reliable advertisers are represented. Therefore, Collier's investigates carefully and in so far as possible determines an advertiser's status before accepting him.

Classified advertising in Collier's is especially productive. The net circulation of 712,000 for only $3.00 a line, can be equaled in few magazines. The Classified Page is superbly displayed and usually opposite reading matter.

A proof of this page and complete information on rates, circulation, etc., gladly furnished on request.

Let us suggest a way in which classified advertising can "put its shoulder" to your wheel.

Collier's Classified Columns
418 West 13th St. New York City



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offer.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models, at the wonderfully low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at **lower prices** than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. P-54 CHICAGO, ILL.

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You and your family are *all* protected by the "SEAL OF PURITY"

It keeps out impurities, dampness—even the air. It's absolutely **safe,** besides beneficial and delicious.



CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Seal guarantees pure, refreshing mint juice and *pure "springy"* chicle. It's delicious aid to teeth, breath, digestion and appetite.

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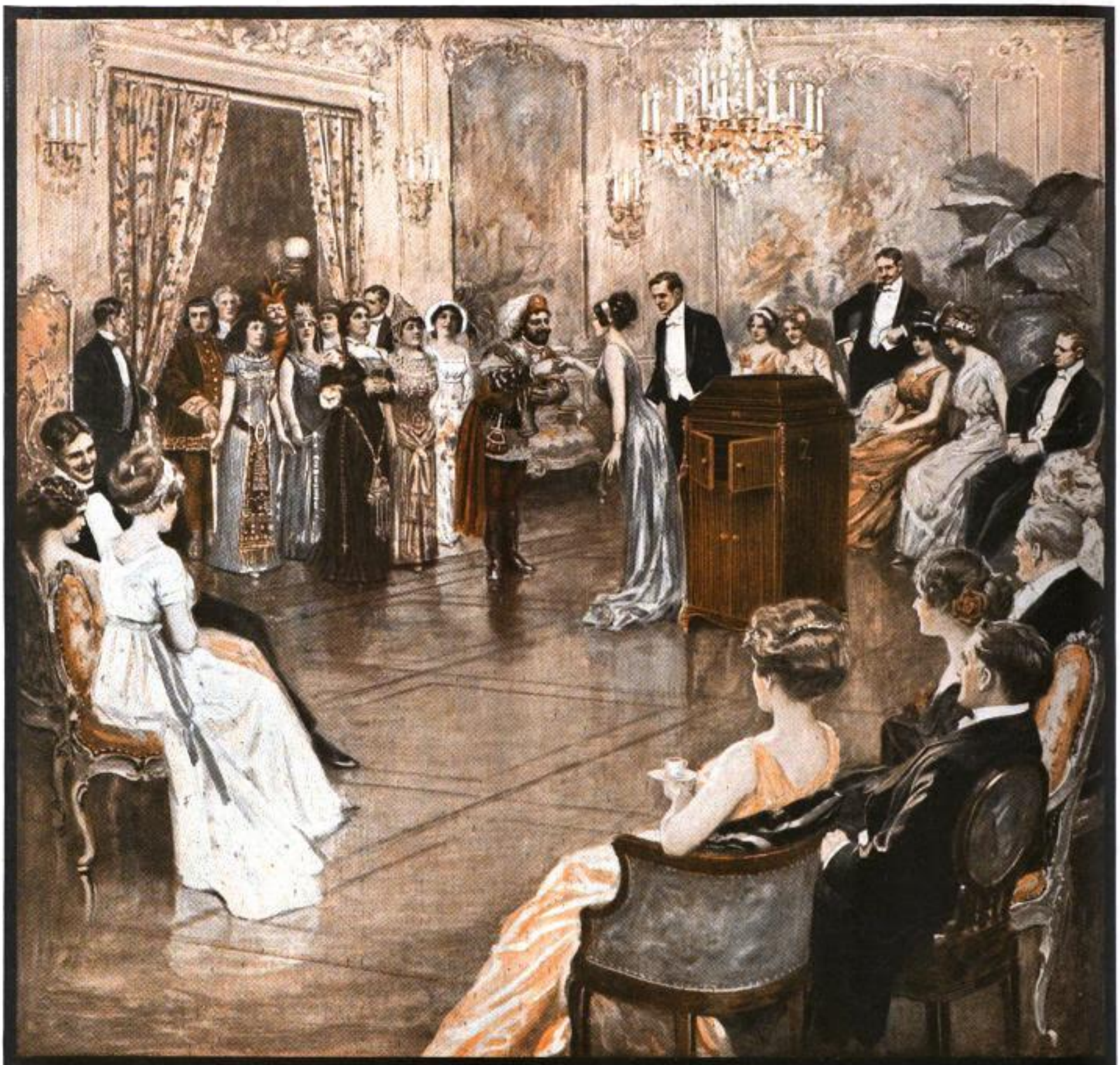
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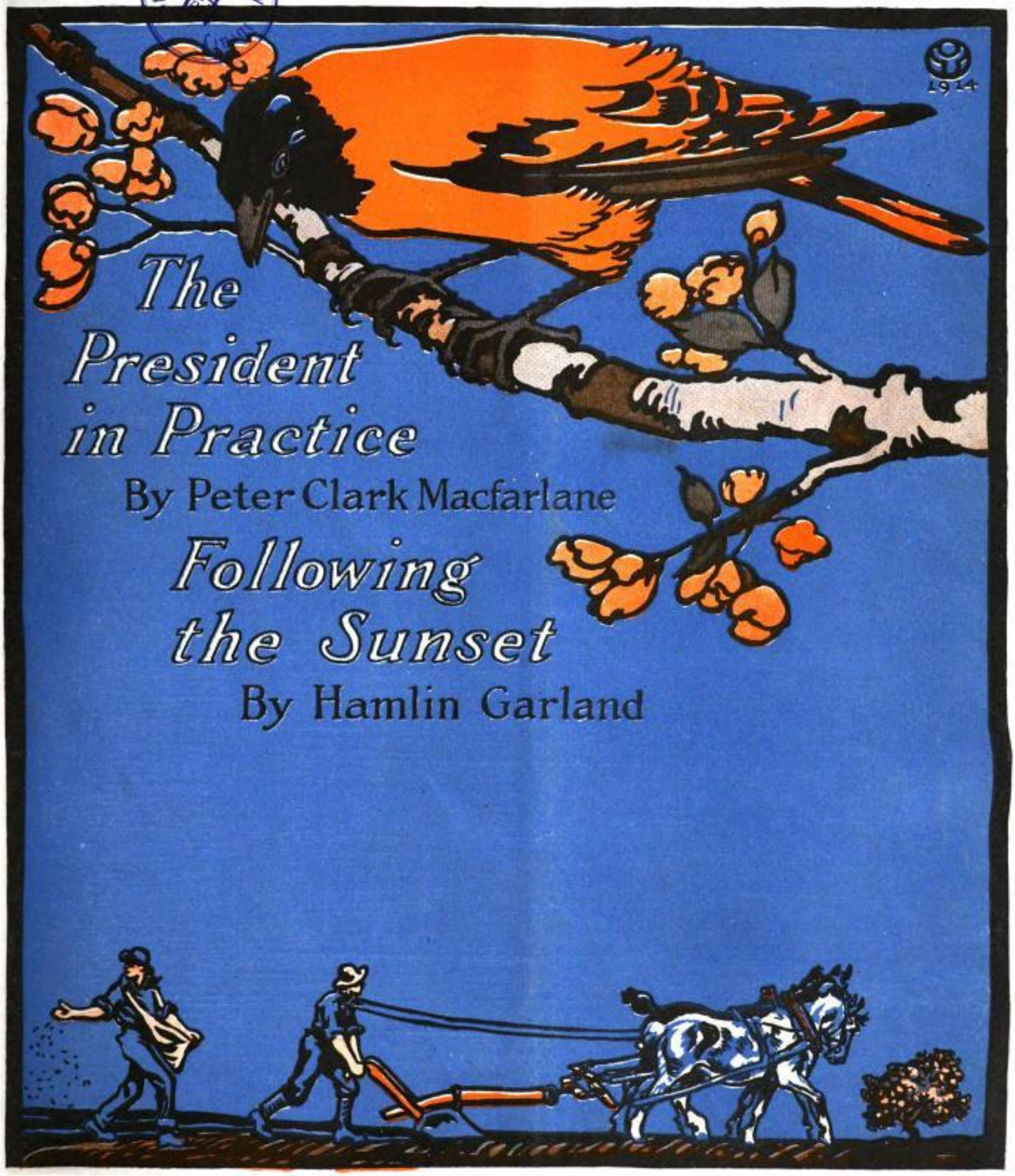
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for April 18, 1914

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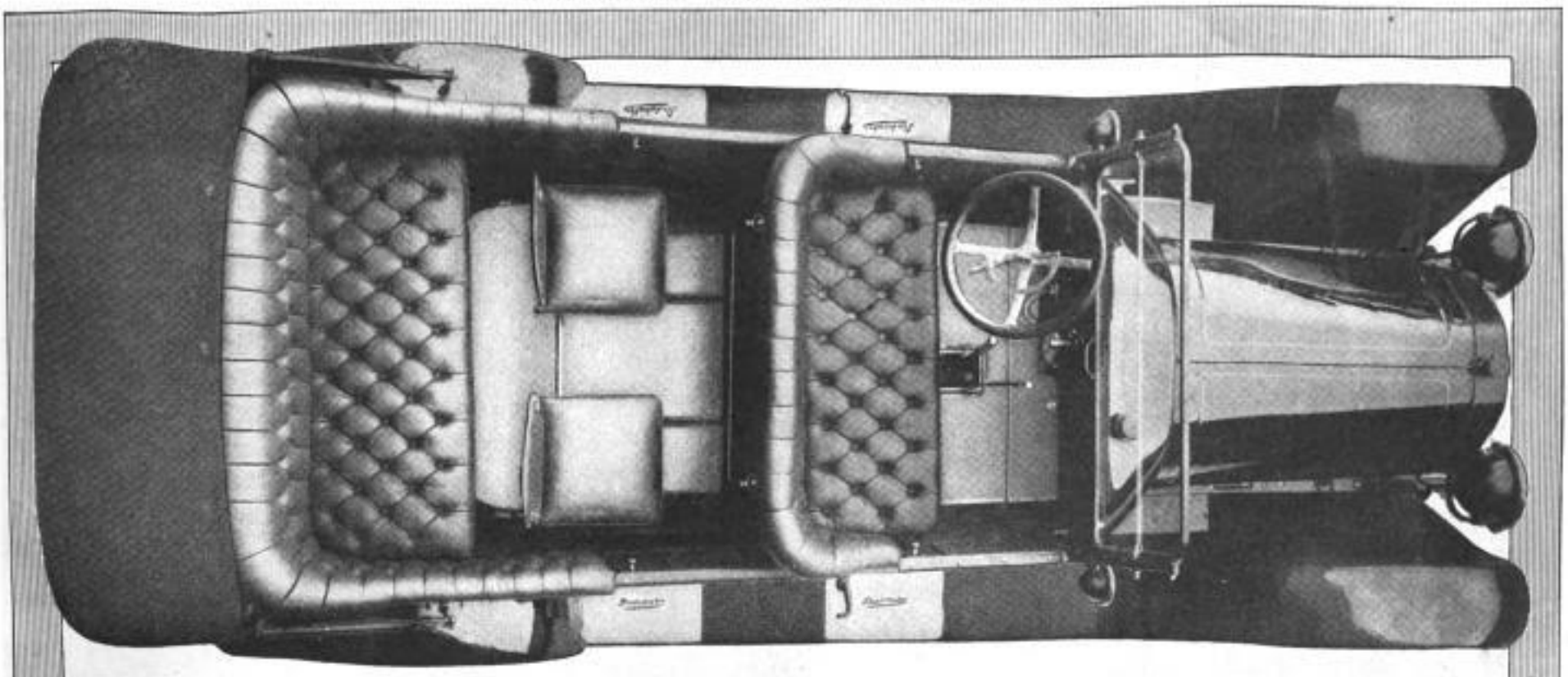
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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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The President in Practice

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

ON THE day these lines are written, Woodrow Wilson has been President of the United States for one year and fourteen days. The remarkable results are known. The question is, How did he do it?

In the "Metropolitan Magazine" for October, 1912, the writer drew toward conclusion an article entitled "Understanding Woodrow Wilson," written eight months before his inauguration, with these words:

". . . his personal platform becomes of vast importance, because, if elected, that is the platform which he will seek to build into the statutes of the United States."

His personal platform! Has the year justified that sentence? I think it has. The President has mangled the Baltimore platform as he would—enforced it, rejected it, ignored it, reversed it, passed it by.

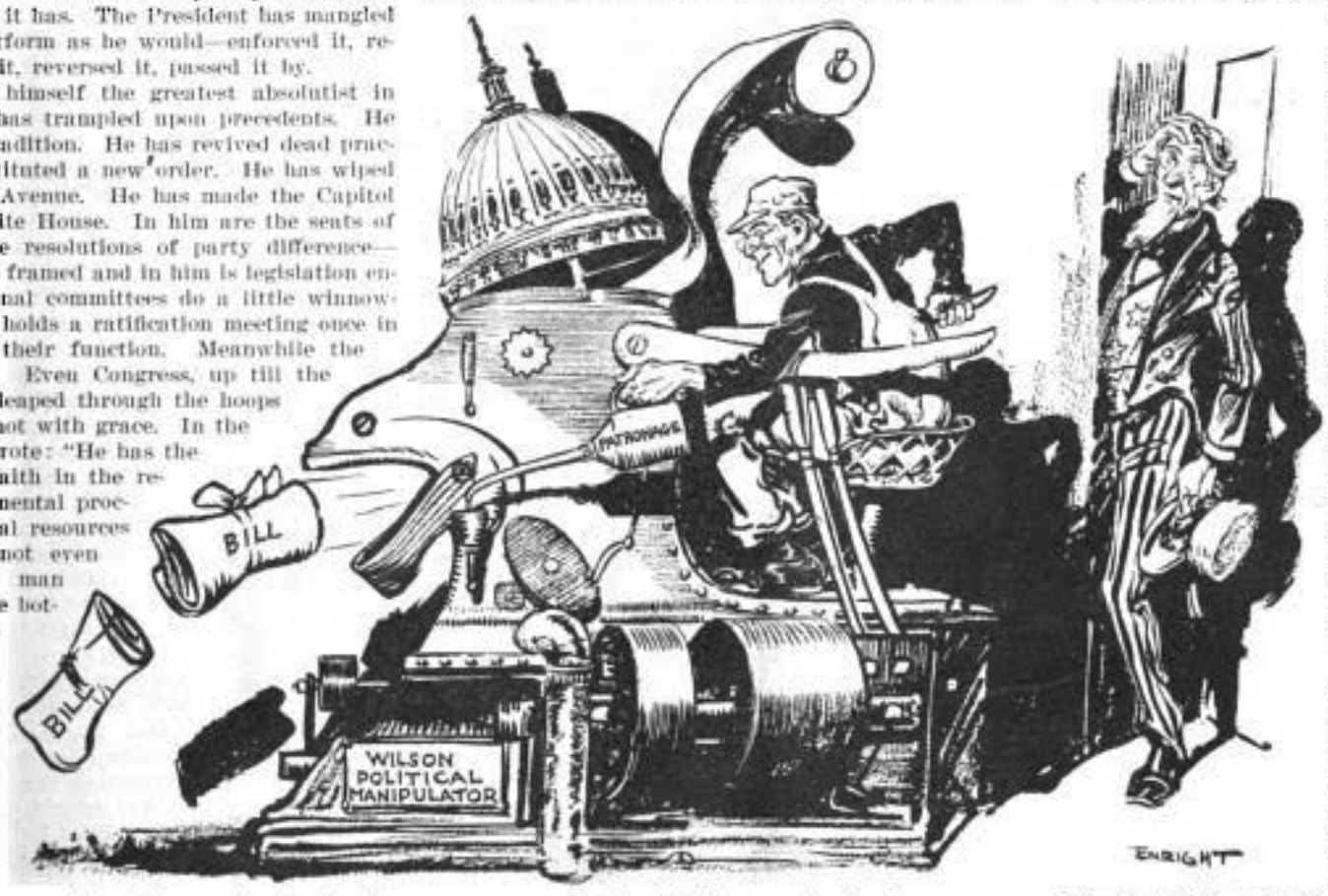
He has proved himself the greatest absolutist in our history. He has trampled upon precedents. He has broken with tradition. He has revived dead practices. He has instituted a new order. He has wiped out Pennsylvania Avenue. He has made the Capitol a wing of the White House. In him are the seats of power—in him the resolutions of party difference—in him are policies framed and in him is legislation enacted. Congressional committees do a little winnowing, and Congress holds a ratification meeting once in a while—that is their function. Meanwhile the country applauds. Even Congress, up till the tolls trouble, has leaped through the hoops with precision if not with grace. In the earlier article I wrote: "He has the most undaunted faith in the results of his own mental processes. His personal resources have apparently not even been taxed — no man knows whether the bottom of them lies just under his present keel, or fathoms deeper"; and in this connection spoke of "the spell of the cocksureness of Woodrow Wilson."

For a year the spell of that cocksureness has been upon the nation, and yet, when he was reading his tolls message, it appeared to depart. At first he seemed to have all his old accomplished ease of bearing. He stepped lightly to the reading desk, affable smiles wrinkling his features as he reached up and shook hands with the Speaker and the Vice President, then turned to face the front and paused. His hair had grayed perceptibly since the first time he had stood there, and deeper shadows were chiseled in his cheeks; but his voice as he began to read, one would have said, was entirely unchanged; there was not a break nor a hesitant word, yet toward the end a strange note entered—a note of pleading that was almost pathos, noticeable particularly as he said: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration."

"*The foreign policy of the Administration!*" What a sad thing at this moment to many appears the foreign policy of the Administration!—trembling before Japan—obsequious before England—helpless in front of Mexico! I say *appears*, for so far it is only appearance—a single ray of sunlight may lift the shadow of doubt and vindicate that policy triumphantly—but for the moment it lies under grave suspicion in many minds.

Yes, I am sure that the cocksureness was wanting at that moment when the man stood just beneath the Speaker and the Vice President and talked out over the heads of Senators and Representatives to their masters and his, the people.

But why should the spell break? Was it because of fear—because of something awesome to his soul in those secrets of the State Department which are guarded so jealously from the ken of Congress? Or was it rather because Woodrow Wilson is peculiarly a people's President, who, as he frankly says, derives all his power from a correct interpretation of the popular wish, and was he not now, for the first time, going into action without his commons at his back?



Despite all differences, the President remains the absolute master of his party. The country has never seen the equal of his political-legislative machine — fashioned marvelously and efficiently from the ancient, negative, and generally ineffective Democratic party

The Mystery of His Personality

THE mind of the people on the tolls repeal is in part favorable, in part confused, and in part a respectful withholding of judgment. Did the President know it, and was his self-confidence therefore gone? I cannot pretend to know, but it seemed that the humility of his language was the humility of his heart, a correspondence, by the way, not always to be observed in his utterances. But even if the spell did go away and a mere contest of strength result, it will return again with the added prestige of fresh victory. The sky will clear. The President will get his—and the recalcitrants will get *theirs*, for at the moment there can be no denying that our Government is personally conducted.

But still the question recurs, How does he do it? If we seek the answer in the man we find him complex and elusive. He changes—he moves—he shows another side—or turns completely about.

Washington has the nearest look at the President and the best set of standards by which to judge him. Now and then Washington thinks it knows him, and now and then concludes that it does not. To quote my former article for the last time: "It is highly important that the American people should not deceive themselves regarding Woodrow Wilson. The man is less transparent than he seems."

This seeming transparency is the beginning of the difficulty. The President in his first impression is a cordial, unaffected, high-bred gentleman, true to the traditions of the very finest American type. We observe that he bears himself simply, and that his family does the same, setting Washington and the nation an example in sensible and sober living that it is exceeding well for both to learn. We observe with satisfaction that he has taught the idle rich of the capital city the lesson of their unimportance so succinctly that all succeeding Administrations must be grateful. But to assume that the man's personality is as simple as his manner is to deceive ourselves. He is not so easily computed.

One Washington correspondent, who has had many years in the national capital and a long perspective of acquaintance with the President, and who believes in him devotedly, confessed to me the other day: "I am completely baffled. I do not fathom him at all."

The intimate friends of President Wilson laugh at the idea that he is baffling, but they may spare their cachinnations.

This mystery of his personality grows—grows until it has greatly embarrassed the President himself. Only recently he was trying to help out with an attempt at self-disclosure. The result was interesting but unimportant. He either did not try very hard or did not succeed very well.

He told the Press Club that he had veins, and with blood in them; a breast and with fire in it; and that in other respects he was quite human—all of which would have been quite unnecessary had it not been necessary. Because it was necessary you may set it down that there is some foundation for the popular impression which no confession to a press club can undo.

The simple fact is that the President is not only a many-sided man but a man of contradictory qualities. The Democratic party before has had its Hills and Gormans, its Jacksons, Jeffersons, Tildens, and Clevelands; its machine builders, its spoilsmen, its dictators, and its lofty patriots; but never before has it seen all these characteristics combined to such superlative degree in a single man. When these talents are rolled into one individual we may look out for differences not easy to be reconciled, and we shall find them aplenty.

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The Pieman—some of whose wares rather unaccountably have gone sailing over the shoulders of Wilson men to non-Wilson men behind

But we shall be better prepared for the complexities of the Presidential personality if we turn aside for a while and watch the man in action. Performance has been the virtue claimed for this Administration. The country generally is greatly pleased with that performance—both in Congress and in the departments—and more than pleased with the chief performer. But when we study the method by which performance has resulted we come upon several things which give the forward-looking mind a sudden stop.

On and Off the Party Platform

WE ARE struck first by the President's rapidly developing faculty for self-contradiction. He had revealed himself to the country as a man who thinks logically and not by haphazard. The progress of his thought from his first public utterance as a very young man in college to his inaugural address had been singularly consistent. Yet in the first year of his Presidency he has reversed himself so frequently and with such simple naïveté that we might almost call him our *reversible President*.

In his campaign he was for free tolls for our coastwise ships; in office he urges their repeal. He tells certain ladies that he cannot further even slightly the cause of equal suffrage because the platform is silent upon it! yet within a few weeks backward or forward of that possibly disingenuous utterance he recommends Presidential primaries upon which the platform is silent, an Alaskan railroad upon which the document is also silent, and an administrative trade commission upon which the platform is not only silent, but against which as an article of the Progressive program he inveighed as a candidate with what seem the most bitter and unfair sentences he has ever uttered.

But the President has reversed himself in matters of personal policy as well. He said that the door of the executive office should be always open. It is habitually closed, and the hardest to get open of any President's door in the memory of Washington. He said that pitiless publicity should be the rule. There never was a President who so shrouded his plans in mystery, never an administration which so carefully guarded its workings from the public view. How much he tells his Cabinet members is not of record. How little he tells the Senators of, for instance, the Committee on Foreign Relations, is sometimes conspicuously evident.

The other day Senator Fall attacked the President's Mexican policy. The Senator is not a man whose own utterances carry any great weight upon this subject, but his array of facts was astounding. The defense of the Administration fell to Shively of Indiana, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and a man who, while having no great length of perspective in the field of his committee, is generally respected. But his defense was lamentably and obviously weak. The reason, whispered about in cloakrooms and corridors, was that he had no information; the Democratic chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations was not in the confidence of his own administration.

His Foreign Policy!

FOR a year the country has been disturbed by the vague menace of threats or demands from Japan. There are men in the Senate and on the Committee on Foreign Relations who have either supported or carefully avoided embarrassing the President in his foreign policy, whose long years of service have proven both their patriotism and their wisdom in such matters, but who have never been accorded the slightest hint as to what it is that Japan asks with such embarrassing insistency.

Such furtive secrecy from an administration which continually proclaims that it has nothing to conceal is in itself a ground for wonder and confusion.

Of course, most of these reversals, big and little, are perfectly explainable on natural if not always on high grounds, but so many changes of front are nevertheless a bit disillusioning. They seem to indicate that, as a campaigner, our President had a certain capacity to woozle, to talk bravely of that whereof he had thought but little nor thought that little long.

But perhaps the most striking characteristic of the President in action, and to some the most surprising, is his vigorous partisanship, which is as deliberate and intense as any of which American history speaks.

Time had been when to be regular was to be right. Within short memory the act of a Republican in voting for a Democratic measure, or of a Democrat in voting for a Republican measure, had been regarded as treason; but for twenty years in the country and for ten years in Congress had been growing a nonpartisan spirit. Men forgot to ask what party fathered what bill. They voted on their judgment and the folks at home approved. But Woodrow Wilson has checked and douched that spirit of nonpartisanship. He has lifted *party* regularity to a place that is sublime. He has taught his party, and they have all but learned the lesson, that to be irregular is to be unpatriotic. He has put the party caucus upon a plane of dignity it never had before. *Vox cauci vox Dei*, says Wilson.

Sacking the Progressives

NOR, in this connection, is there anything more laughable than the disillusionment which has overtaken the Progressive contingent in Congress. The Progressives came up to this Congress greatly admiring the President, and quite a number of them believing in him rather sympathetically as a prophet of their own order. They have been bewildered, saddened, shocked—if you can shock a Member of Congress—by the intensity of the President's partisanship, by his resolute determination that nobody shall have credit of his works but the Democratic party, and very least of all the Progressive party.



When the money bill was passed, the Executive, in a moment of almost exuberant happiness, expressed gratification that Republican votes had been cast for it, but said nothing of the fact that Progressive votes had also been recorded in its behalf, although it was but a minority vote of the Republicans and a majority vote of the Progressives which had supported his bill. At times the attitude of the President and his Administration toward the Republican party seems to be tolerant, a sort of sympathy for the sick; but there is no sympathy for the Progressives. They are distrusted and perhaps feared. They find themselves avoided, shunted, blanked—not personally, you understand, but politically.

The sole function which the Progressive party is permitted to serve in the present Congress is that of a spur to prick the side of Democratic intent, and as a feeder of good ideas—Alaskan railroads, Presidential primaries, interstate trade commissions, and the like.

However, let me hasten to forestall the first bad impression by giving assurance that the President is not narrowly and pettily partisan, but patriotically and sublimely partisan. His partisanship springs not from blind prejudice, but from carefully reasoned statesmanship.

The President has long admired the English system of cabinet government with its rigid party responsibility.

Woodrow Wilson believes party irresponsibility to be one great weakness of our method. He cannot reconstruct our Constitution and give his Cabinet seats in Congress, but he can draw the lines of party program very sharply and distinctly, and that is what he has done. Instead of shirking or avoiding responsibility, either for himself or for his party, he courts it for both.

Nor is it the President's mistake if people have misunderstood his intentions in this regard. He has been telling them all his life what he would do. The same may be said of those surprised and pained Progressives. Surely no one of them has other than himself to blame for supposing Woodrow Wilson to have been a prophet of his order. That gentleman's speeches, his writings, his legislative proposals, the reaction of his mind upon every novel political idea, had all made evident that he was a true Jeffersonian. His apparent progressivism lay first, in the fact that as a Jeffersonian he was so sincere in his faith, so unmuddled in his idealism, that in these days of, until him, a visionless Democracy his position appealed as something new instead of the sublimation of something old which it was; and second, in that a few times in his career he had adopted a progressive remedy where the Jeffersonian principle failed to work. But this was all.

He sits in the White House to-day an obviously conservative mind.

His whole practice demonstrates that until very recently he has held loyally to the heritage of political ideas that came down to him from his Jeffersonian fathers. The first frame in which he sets an idea for inspection is inevitably a conservative one, and the first remedy for a defect which occurs to him will be an old-time remedy. His progressivism consists in that, when the old-time remedy fails, he will sometimes dare the new.

An "Adopter" of Reforms

THIS will explain why for years he rejected the initiative and the referendum, why he slapped the minimum wage and assaulted the Federal administrative commission idea, both as embodied in the Progressive platform. To him they were either non-Jeffersonian or non-Republican; therefore they must fight hard to gain a place in his political scheme.

But at last they won that place because the President is a practical man, able under stress to put aside his preconceptions and sit down as a little child before his facts. He saw the initiative and the referendum do things he could not get done otherwise, and he took them in; then turned about and proved them Jeffersonian or perhaps pre-Jeffersonian, basing them on the Virginia Bill of Rights with as beautiful an argument for their right to a place in the governmental system as anyone has made.

That was why he adopted the trade-commission idea which he had scorned so bitterly. He saw it at work in the Interstate Commerce Commission. And he had before him the glaring failures of court-administered law to deal with the Trust Question as in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases. Therefore again the hesitating but ultimate adoption of the idea; and therefore, once more, the proof that the President is first a Jeffersonian and second, and only grudgingly, a progressive.

This is further illustrated by the unique fact that the President has never yet taken the recall into his program. To the logical progressive the initiative and referendum are twinned at birth and the recall is a child of the same mother. But Woodrow Wilson has never seen the need for the recall. It has not yet battled its way into his system. Let some day a powerful group of Senators set themselves to block the Wilson will because their six-year term will outlast his own four-year service, and you can look for the President to be suddenly converted to the idea of still another "gun behind the door," and the name of that gun will be the recall.

Letters of Marque and Reprisal

HOWEVER, you are not to suppose that the President could even to this extent turn his back upon the principles of Jefferson without at least adjusting the matter in his own mind and making his personal peace with the spirit of the great Democrat. Hear him on pages 283 and 284 of "The New Freedom" write himself letters of marque and reprisal for the capture and conversion of these and other such progressive planks as to a newly Jeffersonian may seem desirable timber. He refers to the principles of the sage of Monticello with the remark that he had held that "the best government consisted in as little governing as possible," and adds: "But I feel confident that if Jefferson were living in our day, he would see what we see . . . and that, therefore, *law in our day must come to the assistance of the individual*. . . . Without watchful interference, the resolute interference of the Government, there can be no fair play between individuals and such

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powerful institutions as the trusts. Freedom to-day is something more than being let alone."

There is the first, so far as I have come upon, clear utterance of the new principle by President Wilson. He traveled far to come to that, and perhaps did not see at the time all that it would permit him to do. Its sustaining power is great, however. It is *magna charta* enough for the adoption of the whole progressive point of view by any Jeffersonian who will accept the new principle of law for the individual as a legitimate posthumous child of Jefferson. In consequence, some of the President's reversals may be regarded as advances instead.

Under Which Flag?

HOWEVER, there are some Democrats, and some progressive Democrats, in the present Congress who deny the legitimacy of this posthumous child. They hold that this is a complete controversion of the Jeffersonian principle. They see in the Presidential plan for a trade commission the entry of an entirely new and ultimately formidable instrument of government, capable of exerting vast and oppressive power—a thing not only un-Jeffersonian but anti-Jeffersonian—and they begin to cry "Under which flag, Rezonian?" and for themselves unhesitatingly lift the virgin standard of the great apostle of the free hand and the open field.

But—and here enters another anomalous element of the situation—at the very time when some of the young Democrats and a maturer one or two are rehearsing speeches and marshaling arguments for assault upon the President because he is progressive with too large a P, these very same progressive Democrats are also critical because of what they regard as the extreme conservatism of the President in other directions. They feel that his trust program, aside from such, to them, dangerous possibilities as lurk in the trade-commission idea, is almost innocuous. Some of them think the currency bill did not go far enough, and regard the general acclaim with which the bankers now greet the law as highly suspicious. Besides, they think that there should have been a banking bill also.

True, this feeling waxes and wanes with alternating weeks, but it is always present and keeps alive the suspicion that there is something irreconcilable between the reactionary and the progressive members of the Democratic party. A further evidence of this conservative environment of the President's mind is revealed in the ease with which he establishes working relations with the conservative and standpat members of his party. That is still another one of the anomalous features of the present situation. The happy crowd on the Democratic side of the House, until the tolls fight arose, was the conservative crowd. The restless, dissatisfied, suspicious group was to be found in the list of original Wilson men, the so-called progressive Democrats.

Wheels and a Man to Turn Them

THERE is, however, another reason for a kind of respect that grows in the President's mind for the reactionary. To an Executive engaged as he is in easing legislation through Congress, it is highly important to know what a legislator's position is and that he will stay in that position—stand hitched, as it were. The President has found that, though a standpat member of either House may be in opposition to the Administration's program, yet, when his word is given that he will do a thing, he is pretty sure to do it, because he is a man of fewer ideas and of more fixed habits of thought.

On the other hand, the President has been annoyed at times to discover that when a progressive Democrat assumed a position, he might happen to get a new idea or a new view overnight and turn up disconcertingly in quite another category from that in which he had placed himself. As a result of *this* the President has sometimes found himself liking the progressives with his head and loving the conservatives with his heart.

But not only is President Wilson a strong party man; he is a thorough organization man. This brings us to his most remarkable achievement thus far. It is not the tariff bill, nor the currency bill, nor any other piece of legislation, but that thing by means of which he enacts legislation—his political machine. The country has never seen the equal of this machine. Fashioned marvelously from the ancient, negative, irresponsible, and generally ineffective Democratic party, it performs with such efficiency that the Cannons and the Aldrichs are gasping with surprise and beaming frank admiration. It coordinates like the parts of a watch; it moves with the precision of a German army: it wheels, charges—yes, and faces about—all at the word of command.

And the President daily, as he builds his administration, is building this organization. He has some very able men in his cabinet, and he is a good administrator. He dabbles little in the affairs of the departments. He expects his department heads to bring to his attention only what requires it—the innovations, the interdepartmental issues, the matters of policy and—above all, the questions of politics and of patronage!—for out of these the President constructs the machine. Does it too—bless our innocent hearts and his!—with the very highest intent. For you see our cloister-bred Executive is, after all, of a very, very practical sort. He cons the situation thus upon his fingers: Of what use is a party out of power? And of what use in power if it cannot perform? Wheels, wheels, wheels are, therefore, necessary and a man to turn them.

Democratic servitors shall be those wheels and President Wilson shall be that man.

Pie and Party

INDEED, he believes in political organization as much as Murphy or Croker ever did—but with a difference: hear him in an extract from a renomination speech:

I believe that party success is impossible without organization; but I make this distinction between organization and the machine—organization is a systematic cooperation of men for a common purpose, while the machine is a systematic cooperation of men for a private purpose.

Now remember, as you watch this machine a-building, that it is by the sincere intent of the builder a systematic cooperation of men for a *common* purpose.

But, however high the purpose, the sordid fact remains that two of the chief elements in machine building are the hope of power and the hope of pie. In this administration neither is being neglected.

Pie? The patronage? Our President deal out post offices and land offices and marshalships to make strong a political organization? Exactly!

But do I really mean that the President concerns himself personally about the sordid details of patronage? I do. He does. It *may* irk him. It may depress him to feel that according to his theory the defects of our Constitution leave him no other way; but he takes up the burden. Deliberately, conscientiously and with exceeding skill he devotes an important part of his energies to the extension of his political organization until it reaches the last township in the last county.

Now, of course, the Executive's friends will assure you that he always makes his appeal upon the highest possible ground. That I am sure is true. But, alas, the highest appeal you can make to some men is that same hope of power. To others, it is that same hope of pie.

But, granted his party and his theories, and—what would you?

His leadership must lead—according to his theory—his party must be controlled. It is human, very human. It is hungry—very hungry. He cannot make it over. He cannot undo the tradition of Andrew Jackson, the second great Democrat and the first great spoilsman.

He cannot redeem his party from its inherited predilections. He has merely a choice between tilting at windmills and holding the party to this accepted program of achievement.

It would be ridiculous to say that the President does not also aim at efficiency in office. Sufficient conspicuous examples and results come to mind to prove this amply.

But it would be equally ridiculous to say that in many other notable instances efficiency has not been greatly discounted.



The Open Door

The Machine a-Building

DO YOU suppose that a high-minded man like our President was not shocked in the soul of him at turning out of the diplomatic service men who had patiently earned promotion and developed fitness through twenty years of varying foreign service, and turning in a lot of men whose sole experience in diplomacy had been as the ambassadors from their precincts to a few Democratic conventions?

Or do you give Mr. Bryan credit for these malappointments? The proposals may have been Mr. Bryan's. The concurrence must have been the President's. I think he would cheerfully assume the responsibility and perhaps say that by his theory of party rule and a party machine he saw himself compelled to choose between a greater and a lesser good: between the building up of a party machine to serve the nation at home and the muddling of our diplomatic relations with a lot of second-class powers—and, hesitatingly or unhesitatingly, he had chosen the, to him, greater good.

Nor have the offices been dealt out solely as rewards to the Wilson wing of the party. The Administration is far more practical than that. Original Wilson men—loyal Wilson men to this very moment—tell of seeing the patronage gradually taken away from them and turned over to the practical politicians of the organization, the men who fought Wilson, the men who are regarded as not progressive and not sound, and in some instances not even in good odor.

These loyal men are greatly dismayed at such a state of affairs, but still they do not blame the President greatly. They feel that he is as true as ever. But they suspect that he is being deceived.

Yet the explanation is simple.

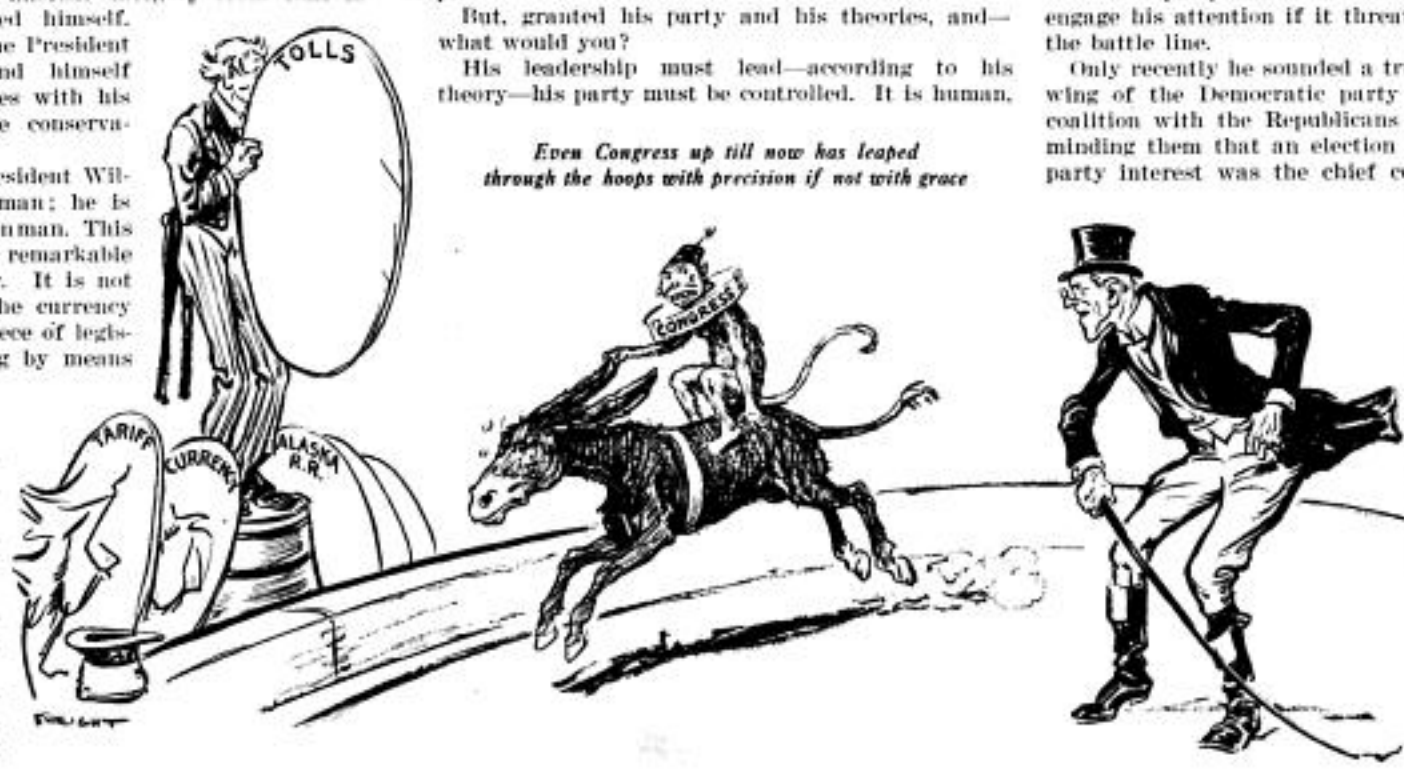
The machine is building. The Administration knows it can count on the loyalty of a bred-in-the-bone Wilson man as a matter of principle. It does not have to woo him with patronage.

A Trumpet Blast for Wanderers

THE President as a party leader scans with careful eye the smallest units of his organization. No party rift is too far away or too small to engage his attention if it threatens the solid front of the battle line.

Only recently he sounded a trumpet blast to recall a wing of the Democratic party in Tennessee from a coalition with the Republicans on a liquor issue, reminding them that an election was coming when the party interest was the chief consideration. But the great man also understands the advantage of driving at times with a very loose rein. There is little doubt that the President has been tolerably careful that no boss should gain assistance from the Administration for the accomplishment of his private and selfish ends; but neither is there much evidence that he will risk injuring the efficiency of his machine by turning aside to pull the nose of any boss. (Continued on page 19)

Even Congress up till now has leaped through the hoops with precision if not with grace



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Business and Partners

By Frank Leon Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



THE old clock in the belfry was striking an eight of the p. m. variety. The hour is worthy of consideration.

About this time countless love stories are set to conquer the long winter evening. About this time the bottom of the curtain is illuminated by the incandescent groove, and the musicians tease "Hearts and Flowers" out of their instruments. About this time the vigil behind the blinds is ended, and the young maid in the wonderful gown of soft blue stuff and the hair done in a new way rushes to the head of the hall stairs, waits tremulously until the nervous young man with the pound of chocolates in his side pocket rings the doorbell, then whispers hoarsely: "Ma, you go to the door." It is the hour of pleased expectancy.

Conrad Durgin transferred his weight, via a strong forefinger, to the fifth button from the right in the vestibule, whistling gayly as he listened to the faint sound of a bell stung into action far above. No response.

"She's out," he said to himself. "Confound it, nobody is ever in when I call," and again he pushed the button, this time with the righteous anger of one foiled in his attempt to pay a visit.

With a staccato clicking the door sprang open, and Con bounded in. The first staircase he ascended on the run, the second somewhat slower, and on the third he adopted a pace better suited to the stern requirements of the task.

A BIT about Con as he climbs. He was an ordinary young man in appearance, like a cousin, an innocent bystander, or a cigar salesman. He was good-looking—from a man's point of view; those of the opposite sex said that he grinned too much and that his chin was too prominent. Con was a comic artist. His work appeared daily in the "Evening Chronicle," and its popularity was evidenced by the fact that the average reader of the paper turned to the feature page and laughed with him before examining the news headlines. The strain of being funny—professionally—once every day had not told on him. Although his brother humorists were likely to be sad-faced, irritable, and pessimistic, he was—almost always—as jolly and care free as a teamster. Observe a teamster some time. Sartorially, Con was a minute or two ahead of fashion. As soon as a garment attained vogue he was ready to discard it.

Panting loudly, lifting his feet with exaggerated effort, planting them with unnecessary energy, and heaving himself along with both hands on the banister rail, Con reached the fifth floor. A door opened and a young lady stepped out on the landing. It was his little jest to ignore her and to continue on up the stairs to the roof, as though he had lost count of the floors. The young lady laughed softly, withdrew from the landing, and closed and locked the door. Con clattered down in a hurry and tried the knob.

"Wot, oh, Kate!" he called. "Hawl up the port cully and lemme in."

"I think not," came the calm voice from within; "I'm rather busy to-night. Run away and sell your papers, Cornelius."

"Don't call me Cornelius—my name is Con. Lemme in or I'll borry a pick from your neighbor and carve my initials in your door."

"Oh, well," she said with a tremendous sigh, and turned the key in the lock.

Con entered.

"Where's the chains?" he demanded, peering around in the semidarkness of the little hall.

"What chains?" asked Kate, silhouetted against the light from the sitting room.

"You ought to have some chains to lift up and clink when you're opening the door—you know—like they have in the jails in 'Michael Strogoff' and 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' Good evening. Is Miss Kathleen M. Garrison within?"

"I don't know—I'll see," said Kate as Con advanced. "What name, please?"

"Mr. C. Murillo Durgin, champion lightweight comic artist of the Atlantic Coast," returned Con, and paused to kiss her as he passed.

Kate followed him into the sitting room and watched. First he switched off the lights, then turned them on again. Drawing a silk muffler from an overcoat pocket, he capered about the room, humming loudly as he pretended to dust the furniture.

"Scene one—Sir Mortimer's library," he said from the corner of his mouth; then in a raspy falsetto:

"Old marster don't seem the same since young marster was killed riding to houn's. Some say it's wine, some say it's song, but I think it's both. Dingle—dingle—I wonder who's that?"

HE SNATCHED up the desk telephone and held the receiver to his ear, pressing down the hook to avoid signaling the operator.

"Hello—hello—yes, this is Sir Mortimer's dump. No, he isn't in—yes—yes— Oh, no, not at all—What? Oh—huh-huh, don't mention it. Good-by—" he concluded as he dropped the telephone. Then: "S-s-h, here he is now. Ta-da-a-a."

He walked with heavy tread across the room, stripping off his gloves.

"Any letters, Hatty?" he inquired ponderously.

Kate broke into a laugh.

"No letters, your lordship, and don't call me Hatty, or I'll resign."

"Hm-mm-mm," Con frowned savagely, removed his overcoat and hat, tossed them to Kate, and seated himself at her desk. Then he grinned broadly.

"How was that, Lady Queen? How about it? The draymer got an awful wallop when I went in for the ink stick and parchment. Gee, but you're looking fine to-night!"

Kate made no reply, but folded his overcoat and placed it with his hat on a divan.

Almost as tall as Con, she was erect, square shouldered, and firmly built. Her ruddy, boyish face told an attractive story of outdoor life, health, and vigor. Sincerity, sympathy, understanding, self-reliance, faith in her fellow beings, found expression in her personality. A business woman, she asked in her work only the doubtful courtesy accorded by one business man to another. But, because she could sit firmly in a chair, look a prospective client straight in the eye, and solicit his advertising patronage for the "Evening Chronicle" on a basis of pure reason, she received not only his respect, but his admiration. For all her brave sortie into commercial affairs, she had sacrificed none of the charm of her feminine qualities. And while she wore a hunting stock or a flannel collar and four-in-hand tie more frequently than a ruff or jabot, she did not deserve to be called "mannish," and never was.

"I repeat," said Con, raising his voice as she turned from the divan, "you're looking fine."

"Now—now," she smilingly reproved as she seated herself on the desk, "are you thinking of having the Blarney Stone mounted for a watch fob?"

CON leaned back in his chair and frowned.

"It isn't polite to interrupt—and, confound it, you never let me pay you a compliment. Anyhow, as I was saying, you're look—"

"All right, Con, it is nice of you to say it, whether you think—but what is on your mind?"

"Eh? Not a thing in the world," he declared, waving his arms. "I'm filled with tranquils—I'm as free and easy as a quart of cigar smoke. Unconcern is the best thing I do right now. Why do you ask?"

"I thought you might be worried about something. Is the work going all right?"

"So you thought I had joined the procession and came here to-night to unload my troubles and steal some sympathy?" He leaped to his feet and began to stride up and down the room. "No, nuh-no, not your ole pal Con. I came here to-night—" he declaimed sonorously, "I came here to-night because I felt too grand to keep it to myself, so buoyant I could be arrested for violation of the city aviation laws, so care free that every breath is an emancipation proclamation. A bachelor sea gull leaning against a fog with a fat codfish in his claws is a masterpiece of worry 'side of me. I pause to kick a cloud out of my way. No, Mavourneen, there ain't nothing on my mind. I'm immune to trouble, and I dropped in to show you my mood. Look!" he exclaimed, "Sans-Souci, the famous Joy Peddler—" and he crossed one foot over the other, inserted his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and creased his face into an immense smile.

"Whence all this gladness?" she laughed. "Did you find a dollar you didn't know you had?"

"My child," Con orated, "a



"Sans-Souci, the famous Joy Peddler—" and he crossed one foot over the other, inserted his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and creased his face into an immense smile

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mood comes like the mosquito in the night. How do I know whence? It's here, that's enough. And I will add further—"

The telephone bell jangled. While Kate was answering the call he strolled about the cozy sitting room, gazing at the pictures and trying not to listen to the conversation.

"Can't you plug that phone for this evening?" he asked as she hung up the receiver.

"Sorry, Con, that was a business call. One of the men in the advertising department—"

"Why don't you leave the job at the office? You're not paid for bringing it home with you. I shall touch upon this subject later on."

He seized her by the hand and led her to a chair in the corner.

"Now," he continued, "with your kind permission I shall endeavor to entertain you with a few clever impersonations. My first—Simon Legree."

He bowed very low, then ran to the desk, seated himself with his back to her, and pretended to be busy with make-up.

"Simon Legree—overcome by remorse," he called as he turned, and covered his face completely with his hands.

Kate applauded softly.

"Incredible, Con," she laughed.

Con raised his hand deprecatingly.

"It is nothing—regard!"

HE GRIPPED a magazine under his left elbow and held a lighted match aloft in his right hand.

"The Statue of Liberty," he announced.

"Fine—wonderful," she said, and rose from her chair. "But now I must get back to work."

Con led her to the corner again.

"The audience will please remain seated while the performance is going on."

"Please, Con," she entreated.

"Ar-rh," said he. "Watch! Socrates at play."

Clearing the chairs from the center of the room, he essayed a handspring, but came down flat on his back with a tremendous crash.

"Oh!" she cried, and ran to help him up. "Are you hurt, Con? You'll break your silly neck—and I do believe you've knocked down all the plastering in the apartment below."

"It is nothing," he panted as he dusted his clothes perfunctorily. "I shall now give an exhibition of chain breaking and weight lifting."

"You will do nothing of the kind," she declared, and, seizing his shoulders, shook him vigorously.

"Aw, why not?" he asked as he passed his arm about her waist.

"Con, you know that I have work to do, yet you—there's the telephone."

She slipped away to attend to the call. Con produced and lighted

(*Continued on page 28*)

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter II—Marching on New York

By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



THERE are in every life, it seems to me, a few pattern episodes repeated over and over; changing color and trimmings; increasing in size with enlarged opportunities and success, or decreasing with failures, but never altering their general plan. If you knew the pattern episodes early, you might predict the curve of anyone's career, for it will only be the consequences writ large or small.

This victory by which my aunt crossed the commercial footlights and within a few hours found herself with capital and a going concern all at a stroke was—as I see now—one of those pattern episodes, and her later history was a continual repetition of it on an ever enlarging scale—it was typical in the way she'd seen and seized her chance; in her decision without consulting her associates; in its staging, its appeal, its success; and in her disposition of the proceeds: I received two dollars as my share, her mother the money for household expenses; twenty-five dollars was set aside for jars, material and a small printed circular; my aunt "blew" the rest on her clothes.

I admit I was aghast at a thirty-seven-dollar dress and a nine-dollar hat to match; but when it came to a twenty-four-fifty coat, and two pairs of shoes along with a set of fancy underclothes, I thought her mind had been a little unsettled by too sudden affluence and in my goody-goody "waste-not-want-not" way I tried to bring her to reason and show her the necessity of laying by something for a rainy day.

She downed me with a scornful: "Huh! You think I got all the dollar bills in the woman's world with one afternoon's fishing? There's millions more where they come from—all you gotta do is keep fishing with the same hook and bait." And then she went on to explain, a trifle patronizingly: "I gotta have good clo'es as my part of the business—you don't—any old thing's good enough to wear while you're making cream, but not while you're selling it. You think I mean to spend my life telling a lot of leather-faced dames to feed their wrinkles? Not much! The man behind the counter's gotta work for *me!* But the way I make him do it is to get my goods put in stock; the way I gettum put in stock is to prove that they will sell—so I show him they do sell. But that ain't enough—I gotta show him they *did* sell—that they been selling right along—and prove they'll keep on selling. That's why I gotta wear good clo'es—I couldn't, if the cream didn't sell."

THAT was *her* pink jar and purple ribbon—if I'd had the sense to see it—and I needn't have been astonished when she treated herself a few months later to a five-hundred-dollar diamond ring. But I'd had my say, and I was even then overawed by her superiority into a silence that, while it did not always approve, did not openly condemn. I felt I could not precisely judge her—she had soared beyond my range and her mother's, too, who felt she could now lend her help without loss of dignity, and her stern disapproval of earlier days gradually mellowed to a gentle sarcasm for the purchaser and pride in the business ability of the producer.

I opened the books and we were a "firm with laboratories."

It was soon hard work for us in the home to keep up with my aunt's activities, for she disposed of the cream, selling it, filling orders in stores for stock, and giving away samples almost faster than we could get the goods ready, and "our laboratory" clinked and clacked with the sound of washing containers till all hours of the night. Endless, endless picking up and setting down before a jar reached the tray on which it was promoted to the dining-room table—done! Endless jars to be promoted before we reached a gross, finished and ready for the trade. Then endless clearing up of packing straw that infested the house like a plague, traveling from garret to cellar on our skirts—I've found pieces in my bed; then endless repacking in half and quarter gross lots, even dozen and half dozen lots, where breakage now meant a sixty-six cent loss on every jar. My aunt was too excited all the time to feel weary, but at home grandmother and I kept on often through the sheer force of an indomitable spirit driving us and we stopped only when eyes would not stay open and fingers refused to hold the jars.

Those first three months—while I was still keeping on at the business college—stand out in my mind as a nightmare of grease and pink jars—swarms of pink jars coming in by the crateful, roosting everywhere, hardly out of the house, filled, in time to make room for a new swarm of empties that were worth less than two cents when they arrived and a dollar when we'd filled them with a cent's worth of perfumed pork fat and tied them with a hundredth of a cent's worth of purple ribbon. "Hours"—we knew not the word; pink—I was satiated with it.

BUT—"The making's nothing," declared my aunt blandly. "Anybody can make it once they know how—it's the selling that counts. Selling's the business—that's where the money comes from. That's where the real responsibility is—that's where the risk is—do you no good to make a million jars if you couldn't sell them. All you gotta do—you and mamma—is to keep on quietly at home and make enough to keep me going—you got no further responsibility. I'm the one that puts up the cash and takes all the risk."

She never happened to add—in my hearing—"And pockets the proceeds." So after a day at school I found myself with another day beginning as soon as I got home. Sometimes my grandmother made the cream—she had the true creamer's touch and turned out a beautiful preparation when she wasn't too weary or too nervous to undertake it; but generally I did the manufacturing and she the mechanical labor of washing and pasting labels. Also, I purchased all the raw materials, ordered the jars, wrote the letters, supervised everything from packing case to packing case and kept the accounts to the last cent.

OH, the agonizing small beginnings of big business! The letters alone that I pegged out when I had a minute—or more likely stole it from my sleep—would have been worth six a week if I'd had the gumption to demand it then without waiting till I was a graduate from the business college.

Except for an insignificant sheet setting forth the merits of the preparation my aunt did no other printed advertising—she had not waked up to its need for general trade purposes, or to the possibilities of a mail-order business—and her work was wholly personal, demonstrating the cream in stores as fast as she could secure assignments; seeing proprietors and druggists and urging them to introduce her goods. So firmly, indeed, did she believe in the efficacy of the appeal: "Madam, *you* can be beautiful," spoken face to face, that she began during the first year gathering about her a staff of canvassers to work from house to house as she had done; young girls at school were glad to make even so little as thirty-three cents commission in one

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afternoon, and impecunious gentlewomen selling among their friends, privately, thought they did well disposing of four or five jars a week.

These little sales counted up in the course of a month to a considerable showing, for which, having secured the canvasser and taught her the "dope," my aunt never lifted a finger. The agents came to me for their stock and handed me the cash. My aunt put the cash in her pocket.



"When we leave this little old burg, we leave Maggie McNulty behind—I intend to be Mme. Del Mar when we play New York"

But the city was small and the stores suitable for demonstrations soon exhausted, and she went farther and farther afield in search of a market. But with her first night away from home she came face to face with "the law of diminishing returns"—hotel and traveling expenses began to eat her profits. I did not know in those days the law had a name, but I soon perceived—and she did too—that railroad fares and hotels swallowed dozens of jars—introduction expenses took a considerable portion of her earnings during demonstrations, and on long trips often all she made.

I think I first appreciated the situation. Keeping the books and watching the expenses race down the pages while the income crawled, I couldn't help seeing that there was less and less net profit to show for the work. Meanwhile my aunt spent extravagantly on her clothes and presently electrified us with the five-hundred-dollar diamond ring.

NOW every new territory represents only just so much opportunity for any given class of goods. It will absorb so much on the novelty rush and so much later through repeaters and through new trade until it comes to balance and the territory is "saturated." After that you simply give it the goods you try to pump in—your introduction costs swallow everything. Trade genius in the beauty business consists in knowing when the saturation point is reached and stopping the pump.

Before the end of two years Zulu had struck its balance with the home territory as far as I could see, and I was cogitating how we could increase our trade without this awful expense for demonstrations that in the smaller cities brought in only thirty or forty dollars, when my aunt came home from a three weeks' trip, threw a pile of bills on my desk and herself into a chair beside me.

"Lookka that, Lucy—lookka them bills. My good Lord!" she cried in agonized accents. "Spent every cent I made—simply give them dames their new faces in Grand Rapids—didn't even make my demonstration outa the bunch I greased there! Ugly—you never see the beat—got no pride in their skins—not one dollar's worth. Whatcha going to do against a prop'sition like that? I thought first some other prep'ration had them and all I hadda do was slug it off the market with mine. But no—it's something to feed their stummicks they're thinking of—not their faces. My lecture went over their heads like they couldn't speak English. Same all along the route, this trip—from home to home I barely broke even—near come short on a tip to the Pullman porter. It'll take a year for my plants to sell five gross—lucky if they do that.

"Well, I been figgering it out all the way back and I see we gotta get into a territory where there's more vanity—more women on the streets looking at each other and sizing each other up—more life—more beauty competition among them. I see we gotta go to New York."

I WAS dismayed. Columbus was only a few miles from my home and I ran out there when I had eaten, drunk, and slept, breathed, lived, and dreamed all the pink jars I could stand. But New York! I started to put a word in and was drowned in a flow of talk.

"You'll go of course—you and mamma—you being my partner you'll hafta—I couldn't leave you back here manufacturing—the freight and express charges'd eat up all the profits—and besides, there'll be other things to make soon's this is going the way it ought—a whole line of goods. Get in somebody else, she might rob me for a rival firm—you won't. I'll double your salary—give you twelve a week—I could getta reg'lar secretary for six in New York, but I'd rather have you for twelve—stick to your own flesh and blood, I say. When I get to New York I'll take a reg'lar store and strike out for the big money. It's there, in New York—money—and this little retail business we're working here—there ain't nothing in it for us—work night and day like a horse and then—looka them bills! Lemme once get into one of them big department stores on a three-day demonstration before a lot of them flat-house women who've got nothing to do but trail the streets and amuse themselves, and I'll amuse them and sell them cream at the same time." I can sell that cream in New York by the barrelful—you bet I can!—two-hundred-jar demonstration won't be anything to them there. No more railroad fares—no more hotel bills; ff cent carfare to and from. A million women with nothing to do but think how beautiful they can be—why, if I can't sell a million jars of skin food in New York, I'll eat what's left!"

The upshot of it all was that we rented our little home in Columbus and to New York we went to conquer the city in the (new) name of Zulu Skin Food, not a cosmetic, warranted not to grow hair on the face.

"And you folks just remember this," announced and commanded my aunt to her faithful partners, "when we leave this little old burg, we leave Maggie McNulty behind—I intend to be Mme. Del Mar when we play New York for the million."

DID ever stranger trio invade New York to make a fortune!—an old lady of seventy, a young country girl, innocent but very dutiful, and Mme. Del Mar, *then twenty-six* and filled with the pride of youth and the intoxication of success. Looking back, I am at a loss to say whether it was a case of fools rushing in, or of the Napoleonism that profits by obstacles; for the joke—and the genius—of it all was that in consequence of the way my aunt carried on the business and put the proceeds on her back, we had just enough ready money when we finally arrived to play the game one month. With us we had brought a splendid wardrobe—my aunt's—and a crate of one thousand jars of Zulu Skin Food. So daring—and so modest—was the start of the New York business that was one day to grow to the proportions of the Del Mar Beauty Parlors, and later to the Del Mar Facial Syndicate.

By all rights we should have failed—the wheels of the world should have rolled over us and left us mangled in the dust; and in private, my grandmother and I prepared for the worst while hoping for the best.

But the very magnitude of the forces that intimidated us stimulated my aunt to efforts beyond anything we'd seen. At last she had a field worthy her powers—huge department stores to conquer with her demonstrations to a throng of critical idlers; and along with that she had the purchasable life of a metropolis with all its theatres and restaurants.



"Yes, madam, we can cure that double chin—but not in one treatment"

But if for her two years' work in establishing herself in Columbus she had little to show but a wardrobe fit for a society woman and a diamond ring, still all this racing about over the country demonstrating and placing goods had brought her something vastly more valuable than capital: she had found herself—had learned her power over both men and women; had learned how to mass her forces and fling herself like an avalanche of will on the people she desired to move her way. Scruples she had none, except in the prompt payment of her bills—which was only business policy—and she would stop at nothing to oust a rival's goods from a store and get her own put in; wheedling, flattering, cajoling, threatening, and thinly disguised bribes in the form of dinners and lunches to buyers; even out-and-out bribes in the form of stick pins and on more than one occasion, cash—she said: "That's business—all's fair in trade and war."

Nor was she above tricks for increasing the volume of sales—"mistakes" in the shipping orders. "Lucy, dear—Brown's Emporium has ordered only half a gross this lot—make a mistake and ship a gross. I treated their Mr. Smith to a swell lunch and he'll fall for the extra. If there's any comeback, you remember—it's a secretary's mistake—you got the right order from me on your book. Offer him fifty off to keep the goods three months and tell him he can reship the balance at my expense."

She always called me "Lucy, dear," as a preliminary to these mistakes and left me to straighten them out afterward; but I must say this for her—so accurately did she gauge her man and what he'd take from her, there were seldom complaints in the first instance, and, at the end of ninety days, too little left of her doubled order to pay for reshipment. I put in a few feeble remonstrances and was severely reminded: "It's business. My business—you got no responsibility in the matter—I'm paying you a salary and all you gotta do is—do as I say!"

BUT her temper, never under much control, had kept pace with her success. Opposition drove her to frenzy and her language, always ungrammatical and ill pronounced, was plentifully sprinkled with profanity now when she had occasion to pour out her wrath. For the smallest lapse of duty—for a mistake—a delay—an accident due to carelessness—she would fall upon the offender in a whirlwind of vituperation and abuse, call names, threaten lawsuits, and I don't know what, and woe be to him who offended a second time. In those years I fear I saw her only as a tyrant, a slave driver bent on getting the last ounce of work out of everybody and keeping the profits for herself, but I had thrown in my lot with her and it wasn't in me to go off and leave her in the lurch.

As I say, we had come to New York practically without capital. The market already established, but now left to the mercy of the man behind the counter, was netting her only about a hundred and fifty dollars a month and falling off—likely to fall flat if she didn't keep it up by advertising (a thing that happens all the time with toilet preparations, as she'd been long enough in the business to perceive); so she swore she wouldn't depend on a dollar of that money for the New York venture—"play the game with what we have—get across—or go broke—if the business can't keep itself alive from the first month, it won't keep alive at all. See me throwing my hard-earned Columbus money into New York if these women don't appreciate me enough to support me!"

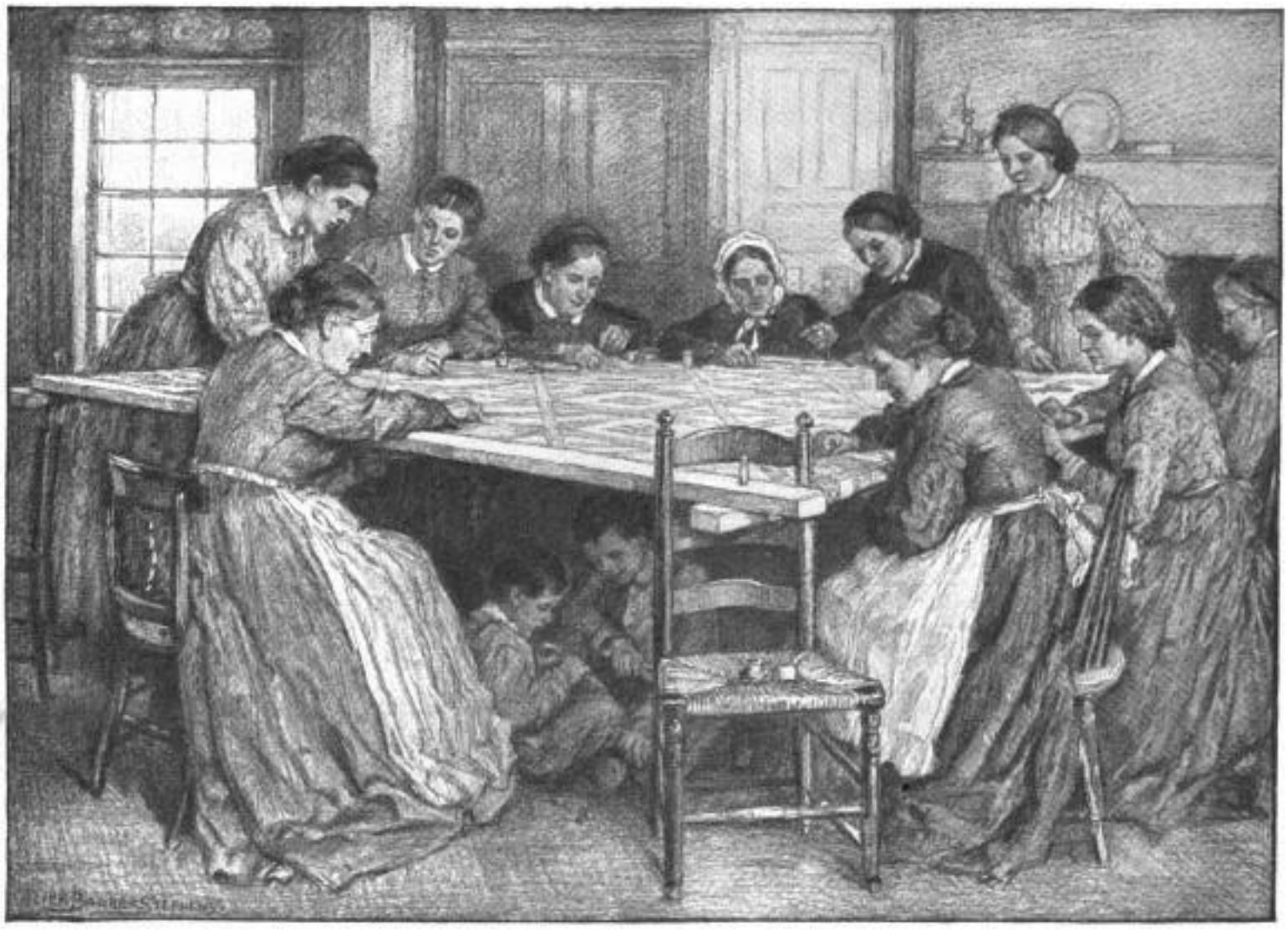
Perhaps she was right in principle. She was right in practice. There was no time for a long campaign—no time to court her audience and win it gradually to her preparations; she simply repeated her pattern episode of

(*Continued on page 25*)



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Following the Sunset



Chapter II of "A Son of the Middle Border"

A Personal History — By Hamlin Garland

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

A NEW generation has arisen, to whom the years succeeding the Civil War are already dim with the haze of history. In a previous installment Hamlin Garland has drawn in vivid tints the picture of a soldier's home-coming. In this he shows, with all the poignant charm of an old ballad, how the American pioneering spirit, revived by the war, drove the soldier ever westward in the romantic trail of the sunset

THE village of Onalaska situated at the mouth of the Black River (which came down out of the forest land of the north) was a real "boom town" in those days, for the reason that booms (pens for holding pine logs) laced the quiet water and supplied several large sawmills with timber. It was only a rude, rough little town, filled with raftsmen, loggers, mill hands, and their families, but to Lincoln Stewart it was a very dramatic and splendid place. "Its very name was a poem," he says, "and the view down the valley was glorious. Pointed towers rose in the dim background, and ships hoarsely giving voice suggested illimitable reaches of romance. Some day I hoped my father would take me to La Crosse, that is to say—to Samarcand!"

Life was primitive, even in the county town, at this time, for the war had made money very hard to get, and, though the Stewarts had plenty to eat, they enjoyed little in the way of luxuries. "We had few toys and our clothing and furniture were of the plainest sort. I heard my father say—in praise of mother's skill—'Belle could go to town of a forenoon, buy the cloth for a dress, and be wearing it for supper.' But this argues to me now that her gowns must have been only a sort of uniform of calico."

YEAR by year the universe in which Lincoln lived lightened and widened, and, as his parents believed in service, he was brought to feel his responsibilities as a farmer's son. At seven years of age he had regular duties. He carried firewood to the kitchen and broke nubbins for the calves and shelled corn for the chickens. In summer Hester and he drove the cows to pasture, and carried "switchel" to the harvest hands by means of a big jug hung in the middle of a long stick. "I have a dim memory also of helping my father and grandfather split rafting pins from white oak one winter. How far away all that seems!

"Winter succeeds summer abruptly in my memory, with only a brief hazel-nutting season to mark the transition. Behind our house ran a low ridge down which we used to coast. Over this hill fierce winds blew the snow, forming deep, diamond-crusted drifts, so that we were often forced to dig narrow paths in order to get from the house to the well and from the well to the barn. Sometimes father shelled corn of an evening (by means of a spade and a washtub), while mother sewed carpet rags or stitched deftly on our shirts or blouses—she made everything we wore. Quilting bees were still recognized functions of social feminine life, and the spread quilt made a gorgeous tent, beneath which Owen and I pitched frequent camp on our way to Colorado gold fields.

"My favorite place in winter time was directly under the kitchen stove, which was one of the old-fashioned high-stepping breed, with long hind legs and an arching belly. The bake oven was on top, and the space beneath the arch offered a delightful space for a cat, a dog, or a small boy. I was usually in possession, lying on my stomach, spelling out the stories which came in the county paper—for I was born with a love of reading. These stories were often advertisements and stopped at the most exciting moments, saying: 'For further chapters see the "New York Story Teller,"' and I carry in my mind yet the sense of cruel wrong I suffered at the time.

"One of the first real books to enter my life and win my love was a thick black volume filled with portraits of ideally fat and prosperous sheep, pigs, and cows. It must have been some sort of farmer's annual or agricultural report, but it providentially contained a few household poems like 'I Remember, I Remember,' 'The Old Armchair,' and other pieces of a domestic or rural nature. I was especially moved by 'The Old Armchair,' and although some of the words and expressions were beyond my comprehension, I fully understood the significance of the line—'A mother sat there!'—and responded to the defiant pathos of the writer's declaration:

"'I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old armchair!'

"I fear the horticultural side of this book did not impress me deeply, but that sweetly sad poem (which always made me think of Grandmother Stewart) tinged even the gaudy pictures of prodigious plums and rainbow-tinted apples with alien grace and literary significance. The preposterously architectural cattle probably affected me merely as another form of romantic fiction.

"Hester's devotion to literature, like my own, was a nuisance. If my mother wanted a pan of chips, she had to wrench her daughter from a book or paper. If she pasted up a section of 'Harper's Weekly' behind the washstand in the kitchen, I discovered a peculiar charm in something which that particular number contained, and, likely enough, forgot to wash myself. My mother, upon detecting this (as, of course, she very soon did), turned the paper upside down, and thereafter accused me, with some justice, of standing on my head in order to continue my study of the 'Yankee Trapper.'"

THE first school which the children attended was held in a little workshop belonging to Duncan Stewart, and the second "took up" in a neighbor's (Rooch's) farmhouse, but Lincoln has very little to tell concerning either of these terms. However, when at the age of seven he began to go with Hester to Onalaska, information becomes more definite, although he admits that his memory of the town is much more vivid than any recollection of the school.

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"The clamor of saws rang in my ears even as I sat at my desk," he notes, "and filled me with thoughts of the river and the men treading the rolling logs with pike poles in their hands.

"At every opportunity I hurried to the bank to look and listen. The narrow wooden bridges above the deep and silently sweeping waters, the towering piles of slabs, the mounds of sawdust, the intermittent, ferocious snarling of the saws, the slap of falling lumber, the shouts of the men, the never-ending fires eating up the refuse—all these sights and sounds fascinated me, and for the most part decided me to 'go on the river' when I grew up."

In the midst of all this tumult, surrounded by coarse, unthinking men and women, his grandmother Stewart's home stood, a serene sanctuary of lofty womanhood, a temple of New England tradition; and from her and from a great-aunt in St. Louis Lincoln derived much that counteracted the effect of the border and linked him up with the dim world of Boston.

"The road which led from Green's coulée to Onalaska crossed a sandy ridge, and in June this path often became so hot that it was almost impossible to walk it with bare feet; and yet if we went out of the road there were sand burrs, and we were forced to stop and pick needles from our toes. How we hated sand burrs!—especially in berry time, for on these wild lands the most luscious strawberries grew. They were not very large, but they gave off a delicious odor and almost compensated us for the discomfort of the burrs."

THERE was a recognized element of danger also in this road. Rattlesnakes were plentiful around the limestone cliffs, and bears had been seen under the oak trees. In fact, there was one place which the boys often pointed out with awe (especially as night came on) as "the place where Al Randall killed the bear." Their way led past the village cemetery also, and there was always something vaguely awesome in that lone bivouac of the dead.

Altogether Green's coulée, with its forests and cloud-piercing mountain ranges, was a delightful place for boys, but Duncan, it appears, became, year by year, increasingly dissatisfied with it as a place for farming. More and more he resented the hills, stumps, and roots which interrupted his plow. Half his acreage remained unbroken, and as there were ditches to be dug in the marsh and young timber to be grubbed from the hillside, he was obliged to toil with almost unremitting severity, often sixteen hours each day. There were seasons, of course, when the work was less pressing than at harvest, but never a day dawned without its demand for severest labor.

Furthermore, as he drudged at clearing a hill he recalled the glorious prairies he had seen on his exploring trip into Minnesota before the war, and the more he pondered them the more he resented his own horse-killing fields. Lincoln remarks: "My father's complaining words sank so deep into my childish mind that for twenty years thereafter I was unable to look upon a height of land as an object to be admired."

IT IRKED the soldier beyond measure to force his share or sickle along a side hill, and he loathed the small irregular plots which lay among the timbered ridges. And so, dreaming of the level lands, like many others of his neighbors, he began to plan another march toward the fairer fields of Iowa. He no more thought of going back to Maine than a liberated eagle dreams of returning to its narrow cage. He loved to talk of Boston, to recount its glories, but to live there, to earn his bread there, was unthinkable. The East was a field abandoned, a village in decay. Beneath the sunset lay the enchanted land of opportunity. The prairies of Iowa, the savannahs of Minnesota, these formed the irresistible lure of his advance.

"Some time in the spring of 1868 a merchant from La Crosse, a plump man who brought us candy and was very cordial and condescending, began negotiations for the farm, and in the discussion of plans which followed I discovered that Minnesota was not a range of hills, but a land of promise, a golden region beyond the bannered horizon.

"I have a clear recollection of hearing my father read aloud a paragraph from the county paper which ran thus: 'It is reported that Duncan Stewart has sold his farm to our popular grocer, Mr. Speer. Mr. Speer intends to make of it a model dairy farm.' This intention seemed somehow to reflect compensating glory upon us, though I fear it did not affect my mother in that way. She was not by nature an explorer. On the contrary, she was content with the pleasant slopes, the kindly neighbors of Green's coulée. Furthermore, most of her brothers and sisters still lived in the valley of the Neshonoc, just across the ridge, and the thought of leaving them for a wild and unknown country undoubtedly filled her with dismay.

"To my father, however, the wild lands of the West were lit by the rainbow with a pot of gold at each end of it, and he was so eager to push on toward it, so confident of the outcome, that he could talk of nothing else.

"One of mother's songs which we particularly enjoyed consisted of a debate between a husband and wife on this very subject of emigration, and the quaint words of it still stir me absurdly, for they lay hold of something deep in my subconscious memory, and type forth admirably the controversy which was going on in thousands of other American homes.



"He had the gift of putting into even the simplest song an emotion which thrilled us all"

"It begins with the announcement on the part of a husbandman that he is 'about to give up his plow and his cart—

"'And away to Colorado a journey I'll go,
For to double my fortune as other men do.'

"To this the wife in dismay replies:

"'Dear husband, I've noticed with sorrowful heart
That you long have neglected your plow and your cart.
Your horses, sheep, cattle at random doth run,
And your new Sunday jacket goes every day on.
Oh, stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss,
For the stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.'

"But the discontented husband insists:

"'Oh, wife, let us go; oh, don't let us wait;
I long to be there and I long to be great;
While you, some fair lady, and who knows but I
May be some rich Governor a-long 'fore I die.
Whilst here I must labor each day in the field
And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield.'

"The wife shrewdly retorts:

"'Oh, husband, remember those lands are so dear,
They will cost you the labor of many a year;
Your horses, sheep, cattle will all be to buy;
You will hardly get settled before you must die.
Oh, stay on the farm,' etc.

"The husband then argues that as in that country the virgin soil is all cleared to the plow, and horses and cattle not very dear, they would soon be rich; indeed, they would at once be able to 'feast on fat venison one-half of the year.'

"Thereupon the wife brings in her final argument:

"'Oh, husband, remember those lands of delight
Are surrounded by Indians who murder by night.
Your house will be plundered and burned to the ground,
And your wife and your children lie mangled around.'

"This fetches the husband up with a round turn:

"'Oh, wife, you've convinced me, I'll argue no more,
I never once thought of your dying before.
I love my dear children, although they are small;
And you, my dear wife, I love greatest of all.'

REFRAIN (*both together*)

"'We'll stay on the farm and we'll suffer no loss,
For the stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.'

"The music of this dialogue held a wailing, mourning, minor cadence which so deeply affected me that not even the cheerful words of the final refrain could entirely counteract the wistfulness of the melody. I always felt that the poor fellow gave up with a hidden sense of loss. I can see, as I write, the face of my mother as she poured forth, effortlessly, her rich and powerful voice, and there is a somber, remote look in her eyes. She knew that no such argument would stay *her* husband. His interest in the ballad was purely literary. He never took its lesson to himself.

"THE song which meant most to him at this time (and which undoubtedly dates back to the original conquest of the Alleghenies) expressed, and still expresses to me, something epic and glorious. It was at once a bugle call and a vision. Whether my mother knew all the words of it or not I cannot say, but as I recall the piece it opens abruptly with the exhortation of one adventurer to his fellows:

"'Cheer up, brothers, as we go
O'er the mountains, Westward ho!
Where herds of deer and buffalo
Furnish the fare.'

"And then leaps into a stirring chorus:

"'Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,
Fair Freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys—
Ha, ha, haha!'

"Only a few of the lines linger in my mind, but these are deeply significant:

"'When we've wood and prairie land
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairyland,
Lords of the soil.

"'Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,
Fair Freedom's star.
We'll have our rifles ready, boys—
Ha, ha, haha!'

"I have never been able to find the words or music of this song, and yet it was of great significance in the life of my ancestors. I call it the 'Song of Emigration,' for it was the marching chorus of the Stewarts as it had been for the McTurgs and the pioneers who preceded them. There was in its throb such buoyant urge, such joyous, reckless appeal, that when my mother's clear voice rose high on that exultant refrain, *'Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,'* our hearts leaped with the same desire which had sent Daniel Boone trailing across the Alleghenies and filled the valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee with long lines of Conestoga wagons.

"We loved 'Lorena' and 'Nellie Wildwood' and 'Minnie Minton,' but this Song of the Sunset appealed to our sense of romance, our inherited love of exploration. *'We'll have our rifles ready, boys,'* made our blood leap. It created green valleys between shining mountains—valleys swarming with elk and deer. It lured to fruitful savannahs and suggested endless flowery glades leading to rippling lakes. It expressed, as only music could, the passionate love of pioneering which was in my father's heart. That the lines seem poor and barren to-day takes nothing from the power they once possessed. Without doubt this chorus was a directing force in the lives of at least three generations of pioneers."

The Stewart home seems to have been a place of song, notwithstanding the severe toil which was demanded of man

(*Continued on page 21*)

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Tampering With Truth

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

The Taxpayer

BESIDE his motor car a wailer stands,
Chanting his grievance with a menace dire;
Smoking and glooring with unfettered ire;
Beating the guiltless air with high-flung hands.
Has he been stripped of moneys and of lands?
Has he fled homeless from the midnight fire?
Or has he bought an automobile tire [sands?
Which burst on its first journey through the
See him detain the shrinking passer-by.
Quick! Let us join the victims whom he collars.
Thus we may learn the deep and tragic why
Of those wild groans and heaven-piercing hollers.
Ah, here's the cause. His taxes are too high.
This year they soaked him twenty-seven dollars.

The Expansion of England

IT IS indeed pleasing to note the admission of a few more American writers to that scant list whose existence English critics, when in a particularly English mood, feel compelled to admit. The English "Saturday Review" in an article written apparently for the purpose of persuading Americans to give up the hopeless quest of letters, declares that only Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne, and possibly Bret Harte and Bryant, can be considered as great or thereabouts.

Pedestals for the new immortals! A few years ago the list began and ended with Poe. In a few years more it will include Lowell, who has been dead almost long enough to become great, and Mark Twain whose earliest jokes are now being quite generally understood at the other end of the Atlantic ferry.

Englishmen like their writers as they do their game. Both must be dead a long time to be fully appreciated. Time has made old Ike Walton so great in England that they are raising money to put him in a stained-glass window among the saints in Winchester Cathedral, and time has made marvels of Bacon's Essays, the dullest and hollowest collection of reverberating pomposities ever produced with good ink. Indeed, after reading some not very obscure efforts of some very famous English poets, we are inclined to believe that if the Sweet Singer of Michigan had lived about one hundred years ago in the Lake region of England, we might now be studying her works in our public schools. Time works more wonders abroad than money does in this country.

Efficiency!—Sufficiency!

EFFICIENCY, that demon which scraps $20,000 locomotives at the end of five years and condemns all hens that fall below the normal egg average to a receiving vault in the cold-storage warehouse, is now in full command in many of our colleges and universities. At the University of Wisconsin almost 1,000 students have been suspended, put on probation, or sent home for good, as the result of their poor standing in the mid-year examinations.

Nothing more vividly illustrates the relentless march toward perfection in which this country is breathlessly indulging. Among these 1,000 students were wizards with the banjo, the piano and the whist deck, human pile drivers on the football team, airy-footed track record breakers, and politicians who could cord up the freshman and coed vote and deliver it intact on short notice. There were men whose clothes chased gloom from the campus, and young women whose features made all expenditures for art unnecessary in the vicinity of Madison. There are chasms in the football team. Tango classes have been blown into ruins and a few sad souls are winding up the affairs of a dozen social clubs.

If college faculties adhere to this determination to force college students to learn things out of books as well as out of each other, literature and science will receive a great boost in this country, but what of a thousand arts and wisdoms now in their fullest flower? Will blocking, tackling, rooting, fussing, sign ragging, rushing, and the manufacture of college yells become lost arts like the tempering of copper? Will the completed product of our greatest university with seven languages and the science of to-day and to-morrow at his disposal have to take his old father to the baseball game to act as an interpreter of the remarks from the bleachers? We trust not.

How to Get Rich and How to Stay So

THE dizzy changes in clothes fashions are always commented upon with humorous consternation. As a matter of fact, they don't change any more violently than fashions in business. The woman who should build for herself a dress with four-bushel sleeves to-day and should edge it through the crowds on Fifth Avenue would be no more out of date than the financier who wished to promote a stock company and used the methods of twenty years ago. The Wallingford system, which is to-day a joke and a rare bit of stage humor, was a solemn and awful fact twenty-five years ago when the land was full of feverish investors whose money was burning out their pants pockets and producing large blistered areas on their legs. Ten years ago financial agents surrounded the office of the citizen who had accumulated a few idle dollars, and besought him with tears in their eyes to invest. They offered him common stock, gold watches, trips to Europe, discounts, and undying friendship and loyalty, to say nothing of 100 per cent dividends. But they don't do this to-day. At least the up-to-date promoters do not. To-day's mail is full of large, splendidly embossed envelopes bearing something like the following on expensive paper:



Dear Sir—(Name of addressee written in high-grade handwriting.)

It gives great pleasure to us to announce that you have been selected by the finance committee of the American Heated Atmosphere Company as one of a strictly limited number who will be allowed to subscribe for the new 7 per cent cumulative nonparticipating shares of the company to be issued in June.

We congratulate you upon this honor. Throughout the entire United States only 1,000 names have been chosen from the thousands available. Each State has been given its quota of shares which under no circumstances will be exceeded. The names of those residents of your State permitted to subscribe are enclosed.

The price of the shares will be 105, and you will be permitted to subscribe for not more than 100 shares. Kindly telegraph your acceptance of this trust.

Yours truly, KIDDEM, WRIGHT & CO., *Fiscal Agents.*

Three times in the last month we have received one of these tributes to prominence and exclusiveness, and three times we have watered the ink with our gushing tears as we have indicted the following heartbroken answer:

MESSRS. KIDDEM, WRIGHT & CO.

GENTLEMEN: *Little did I think this morning when I carelessly tore open your letter, thinking it only an invitation to the Astor Ball, what honor was in store for me. Little did I think when I left my happy boyhood home, only twenty years ago, my sole possessions being $5 in cash and 78 college sofa pillows, that I would in this short time rise to such a height as to attract the notice of the Heated Atmosphere Company. From the bottom of my heart I thank them for this opportunity. And yet it is from a broken and dismantled heart that I draw these thanks. It almost kills me to say it, but I must remain outside of the glorious list which you have selected.*

All night I dreamed of owning a share certificate in your company, and of meeting casually the men who will own them from this State. I have read often of these men. They are the pride of our commonwealth. To think that but for one thing I could associate with them as equals and sit with them in their homes talking Heated Atmosphere Preferred is as bitter as death.

The one fact which has snatched this bright dream from me is this: Counting the excess of money receivable over bills payable, I am not able at this time to buy even one of your shares. Even should I be able to buy the shares, I could not maintain them in the style to which they are doubtless accustomed and in which they would be maintained by other people named in your invitation.

I must decline. You cannot know with what anguish I do this. The peri who stuck around outside Paradise for several million years, looking in through a crack in the fence, is not more mournful than I. But I presume, upon my position as one who has been honored by your finance committee, to make a request. If it is presumptuous, forget it. I do it merely through my sense of gratitude toward one who has been extraordinarily kind to me. Colonel Smith of our town is wealthy and respected. His character is magnificent. He would ornament any stock company. Yet strange to say, he has not been included in your invitation.

Now, dear Messrs. Kiddem, Wright & Co., I yearn to do something nice for Colonel Smith. I can never repay him in money for his favors to me, but if I could be the means of having him taken in by your company, I mean taken into your company—I would be the happiest man alive. Yours most gratefully.



I AM glad to say that in each of the three cases the company promptly wrote to Colonel Smith, extending him the invitation, and they kindly made it at my request.

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COLLIER'S

The Crisis in Wisconsin

A CAMPAIGN of national importance is waging in Wisconsin. The forces which have carried this most progressive of American commonwealths forward to achievements which are envied her by intelligent people everywhere are fighting for political existence again. The standpat forces are now calling attention to the fact that taxes have risen. The progressive forces admit this, but, after showing that most of the increases are to be found in those local taxes which the people in the counties and towns have levied upon themselves, retort that if the State has spent more money it has bought something with the funds. It has the greatest of American universities, they say; the best laws in all the States; the most wonderful body of experts administering these laws. "Where," they ask the people, "do you wish us to retrench? Shall we cripple the university? Shall we cripple the Railway Commission? Shall we cripple the Industrial Commission? Shall we cripple any of these great commissions?" While economy is always to be considered, the answer of the voters will be looked upon everywhere as a test of their intelligence.

Wisconsin's Prosperity

WISCONSIN is in the heart of that portion of the map which the business experts show as enjoying good times. Much of the State's solid prosperity may be accounted for on the ground of her people's intelligence, and that intelligence has been gained through a generation of struggle for political reform. One is reminded, when he looks at Wisconsin, of Deuteronomy xxxii, 13, 14, which runneth:

> He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the fields; and he made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock; butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape.

But the revulsion against paying for good government may sweep the standpatters in. WILLIAM III found it easy to be popular in England while he was king of a poverty-stricken land; when he had established the Bank of England, restored the currency, and beaten LOUIS XIV, he lost his popularity. MOSES tells that, when Israel was in the prosperous state described above, her King fell away from his standards, as the "invisible" government hopes the people of Wisconsin have done; for "Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked." But so far the Wisconsin folks have never seriously kicked against the forces of light and leading.

Panama Tolls and Freight Rates

MR. SHELBY SWETT of Washington thinks repealing of the free-tolls law will "burden the people of this country with unjustifiable freight rates in the interest of the Pacific railways." This seems so true on the surface that it is rather laughable to find how absurd it is beneath the skin—almost as absurd as CHAMP CLARK's champings about the railways' alliance with Great Britain and President WILSON. Of course the canal tolls of $1.25 a ton will make no difference whatever in railway rates. Water rates are sometimes as low as one mill per ton-mile. Railway rates average about three-quarters of a cent per ton-mile. At this rate the average on cross-continent freight by rail cannot be cut to less than something like $22.50 per ton. By the canal the ships could carry the traffic for a third of that sum and make money. It is perfectly obvious that the toll of $1.25 on the ships' tonnage cannot enable the railways to compete at all. As a matter of fact, the railways will not try to compete by cutting rates. All the freight which is adapted to water transportation will go by water if there are free wharves and independent ships to accommodate it. The tolls discussion is a red herring across the railway trail, and tends to darken counsel. When the railways make the attempt to beat the canal traffic, if they ever do, rest assured they will not do it in any such insane manner as by the cutting of railway rates down to within $1.25 of the competitive water rate. They will have a trick worth two of that.

Collier's in Paris

WHAT FOLLOWS is from a cable despatch to the New York "Sun":

> A pen and ink drawing by CHARLES DANA GIBSON has been acquired for the Musée de Luxembourg. The picture is "The Champion" and shows a pugilist of the type that flourished in the palmy days of CORBETT and JEFFRIES, followed by a mob of urchins. Acceptance at the Luxembourg is one of the most coveted honors of the modern artist. When the French Government purchased WHISTLER'S portrait of his mother for this museum it practically silenced all those who cavilled at that artist's impressionistic style and solidly established his vogue.

"The Champion"—he is JEFFRIES, and we reproduce him on this page—is one of a series drawn by Mr. GIBSON for COLLIER'S. We are proud to think that the drawing is now the property of the French Republic, and we felicitate Mr. GIBSON on this quite unnecessary but welcome recognition. The list of contemporary Americans represented in the Paris gallery is not a long one; the names of W. T. DANNAT, BEN FOSTER, SAINT GAUDENS, PAUL W. BARTLETT, FREDERICK MACMONNIES, JOHN FLANAGAN, JANET SCUDDER, JOHN S. SARGENT, and ROBERT HENRI occur to us—but several of these are sculptors, and the rest have achieved fame as painters. All the more honor to Mr. GIBSON, one of the kings of black and white.



The Champion—By Charles Dana Gibson

Trial by Hysteria

THE SENSATIONAL Frank case in Atlanta is an impressive object lesson in how criminal trials ought not to be conducted. We do not wish to add to the enormous mass of current newspaper opinion our own views upon FRANK's guilt or innocence. He has, to be sure, been found guilty. His conviction has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of Georgia. This ought to be sufficient to satisfy law-abiding and fair-minded citizens that he is a criminal and deserves the punishment which the law imposes. It does not satisfy them. Why not? The appeal court which affirmed his conviction by the jury had no power under the laws of Georgia to determine that his conviction was against the weight of evidence—that is to say that the evidence did not justify his conviction. Under such a system of law, it is, of course, enormously important that the atmosphere in which the jury considers the case, before it makes its final and unappealable judgment on the facts, should be a fair one. Now, the atmosphere surrounding FRANK on his trial was one in which it was practically impossible for any verdict to be rendered which would satisfy a fair-minded person that the actual merits of the case had been passed upon and that justice had been done. It was an atmosphere of hysteria produced in large part by sensational newspaper stories and fanciful rumors. Large rewards were offered for "exclusive information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer of MARY PHAGAN." Before the trial the Mayor of Atlanta became apprehensive of a riot and requested the Chief of Police, who was giving out "news," to use great caution, declaring: "The town has been stirred up over the Phagan tragedy, and I fear that sensational and misleading 'extras' may cause mischief." When the day of trial arrived, the pumped-up atmosphere of passion was almost continuously in evidence. When the jury brought in its verdict, FRANK was not in the court room. All parties feared that if a verdict of "not guilty" were rendered the crowd might lynch him. The verdict being one of conviction, the prosecuting attorney was carried from the court door by a hurrahing and gratified mob. A verdict so rendered carries no great weight with sober-minded people interested in justice. But now there is a new hysteria. Mass meetings have been held and resolutions adopted in the hope, apparently, of creating an atmosphere favorable to FRANK's application for a new trial. The printer's ink, which demanded his blood and poisoned the atmosphere on his first trial, has more recently demanded that an "innocent" man be set free. Now we "demand" no such thing. The judge who tried FRANK declared he was not thoroughly convinced whether he was guilty or innocent. Neither are we. If, upon the application for a new trial, the further evidence justifies the court in granting it, good citizens will be genuinely relieved. If the facts show that Georgia has been very near murdering an innocent man, we hope the lesson will not be entirely lost. Trial by hysteria is not trial by jury.

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The Great Heart of Ireland

FATHER MAURICE DORNEY is dead. He was the beloved priest who kept the saloons out of his parish of St. Gabriel's in the Chicago stockyards district, and gave unstinted love and help to thousands during his reign of thirty-five years. He cared about people. No hour was too late, no weather too bad, nor was there any thought of race or sect if he could help those in need. This man had famous friends and qualities of a high order; he might have risen in the world, but year by year he gave his life for others. It is this passion for human service that is the greatest strength of the Irish heart, even in the corruption of politics, and learning and art are poor in comparison. They buried Father DORNEY with all the pomp and glory of a mighty church, but his soul was greater than any ritual our world has known.

Will the "Post" Sue for Damages?

IN THE BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT" a dramatic critic (signing himself H. K. M.) writes as follows:

MAX FIGMAN played expertly his part as friend of the family and reporter on the "Evening Post" (which, as most people know, is the "Transcript" of New York.)

Aw, have a heart! The New York "Evening Post" has its faults all right, and it deserves some of the hard things that have been said about it. But to call any paper a second Boston "Transcript" seems to pass the bounds of justifiable Billingsgate.

Parnell on Asquith

IT IS IN THE "EVENING POST," and nowhere else, that we read an uncommonly pointed anecdote of the British Premier. HERBERT ASQUITH, as a young barrister in his thirties, was associated with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL in defense of Mr PARNELL. Later, in 1891, Mr. PARNELL and BARRY O'BRIEN were discussing various English statesmen as possible successors to GLADSTONE. Said O'BRIEN:

Well, there is ASQUITH. He is a coming man. Some people say he may be the Liberal leader of the future.

To which PARNELL:

Yes, Mr. ASQUITH is a coming man: but [looking O'BRIEN straight in the face] do you think Mr. ASQUITH is very keen about Home Rule? Do you think that he will risk anything for Home Rule? Mr. ASQUITH won't trouble about Home Rule, take my word for that.

In 1914 one may say, quite without fear of correction, that Mr. ASQUITH *has* "troubled about Home Rule."

The Critic's Function

SOME ONE says that the critic has the same relation to literature that a flea has to a dog—he infests it and lives off it without either advancing or adorning it. But in our opinion it should be added that every once in a while he makes the animal scratch lively.

In Quest of a Ballad

EXCEPT BY INHERITANCE we have no fair Rosamonds nor any Patrick Spenses. Sherwood Forest is distant from us the whole Atlantic, and Robin Hood has trodden only our boards, not our soil. Yet we, too, have a balladry, a romantic background. The prairies of Iowa and the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota have their songs and their legends if only some Percy could collect those scattered reliques. One such ballad HAMLIN GARLAND cites in his pioneering chronicle, "A Son of the Middle Border," in this issue. It is a fragment captivating as any, and incomplete as most of our old American songs. It runs:

Cheer up, brothers, as we go
O'er the mountains, Westward ho!
Where herds of deer and buffalo
Furnish the fare.

When we've wood and prairie land
Won by our toil,
We'll reign like kings in fairyland,
Lords of the soil.

Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,
Fair Freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys—
Ha, ha, haha! . . .

Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,
Fair Freedom's star.
We'll have our rifles ready, boys—
Ha, ha, haha!

No kings nor paramours, no serfs nor outlaws, figure in this song, but the fearless, ever-questing, free-born pioneers, looking always to the beckoning West. Mr. GARLAND deplores the treachery of his memory that has put lacunæ among the verses. But the readers of COLLIER'S have almost always been able to help us in such cases. Could they not now, if they would, supply us with the complete version of this stirring marching song, including, if possible, the music?

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

A RATHER STRIKING PIECE OF NEWS appears in the New York "Evening Sun":

HIS BUSINESS NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIS HEIRS

WEALTHY LIQUOR DEALER LEAVES REMARKABLE WILL

PITTSBURGH, March 10—JACOB FRIDAY, who died early in 1913, leaving over a half million dollars amassed in the liquor business, had inserted in his will, which is being contested here, a provision expressly stipulating that any beneficiary who directly or indirectly engages in the liquor business shall forfeit all rights and claims in the estate.

So far as we can see, there is only one explanation of this curious will. Mr. FRIDAY regretted the fact that he had made his pile by the exploitation of other men's weaknesses and vices. Perhaps he felt that a curse attached to the seller of booze—yes, even to the wholesale seller and the smug manufacturer—as well as to the buyer. It is a dirty business—and JACOB FRIDAY, in transmitting its profits to his heirs, seems to have wanted to guard against their taking it up where he left off.

Confused Talk

WINSTON CHURCHILL is a very helpful writer, but he ought not to get off this sort of thing (as in a recent address):

Abolish religion and we go back to the Stone Age. Do away completely with the sustaining and restraining sense of a higher power, and the logical result is the gunman and the white slaver and the ruthless capitalist.

Or, if he means it, he must get after the person who abolished religion and so brought in the gunman, etc. As a matter of fact, religion has not been abolished. It has never been tried.

A Statesman's Grasp

ANYONE WHO WISHES TO UNDERSTAND ROOSEVELT'S leadership should read his revealing articles, "A Hunter-Naturalist in the Brazilian Wilderness," now appearing in "Scribner's Magazine." The author describes everything: the stars overhead, the general lay of the land, the endless detail of animal and plant life, the races, languages, creeds, settlements, habits, and occupations of men. But it is not a mere aimless sweeping up of facts as such. The writer sees all these things because he is interested in the human life which can be developed from and upon these local and historic factors. The going forward from this point, the development which can reasonably be expected, all that which we call progress, is what really interests him. For this betterment there must be certain basic moral qualities. The true statesman's grasp of the problems and possibilities of community life is most apparent. Personal qualities come out in the texture and style of the writing. A man who can say "We walked up the streets of Concepcion and interestedly looked at everything of interest" will never go down in literature as a rival of HENRY JAMES, but you feel certain that very little will escape his attention. There is a rough, vivid strength, a thorough earnestness, and broad power about these writings. They tell a story that is worth while—also, they show us a man.

"Breaking In"

ONE HEARS A GREAT DEAL about successful people "breaking into" a certain town or line of business. Wise articles are written on the difficulties attending the process, and it is given the aspect of an achievement of individual heroism; something, as if a modern AMADIS DE GAUL had stormed a city single-handed. Yet when we look at the facts of business life, one of the most pressing problems is that of finding and keeping people who can be promoted; one of the severest tests of an executive is whether he has anyone fit to succeed him. And the reason is as clear as the fact. The only hope of permanent success for even the most gigantic of our modern corporations is to get into their own ranks the leaders of to-morrow, those who can think most rapidly and see most clearly. The hunt for talent never ceases—where is the person who can and will put aside all distractions and study these problems through to a solution? Who will do this work, make this thing go? The modern world will pay almost any price for those who will do the worrying successfully. All our tremendous apparatus of companies, machinery, etc., makes the need for such people but the more imperative—they are drawn in by a current as strong as Niagara. The "breaking in" really consists in their forcing their abilities into fuller being, into dominance over their own carelessness and inertia. The self-absorption of commercial life makes it seem terribly aloof and impenetrable, but it is still true that a man diligent in his business shall stand before kings—in fact, a long way before them.

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IT IS ONLY TO OUTLAWS *that Capt. J. J. Saunders of the Texas Rangers is as fearsome as he looks in this photograph. He frequently finds use for his firearms, but he is not a bad man. He is a gunfighter in the cause of good behavior. Captain Saunders commands seven of fourteen regulars who patrol practically all the 800-mile border between Texas and Mexico. Since the Rangers were organized forty years ago they have been of great service to the State in suppressing lawlessness*



THE SUPERDREADNOUGHT OKLAHOMA *was christened by a girl with a real Western "wallop." She is Miss Jane Cruce, daughter of Governor Lee Cruce*

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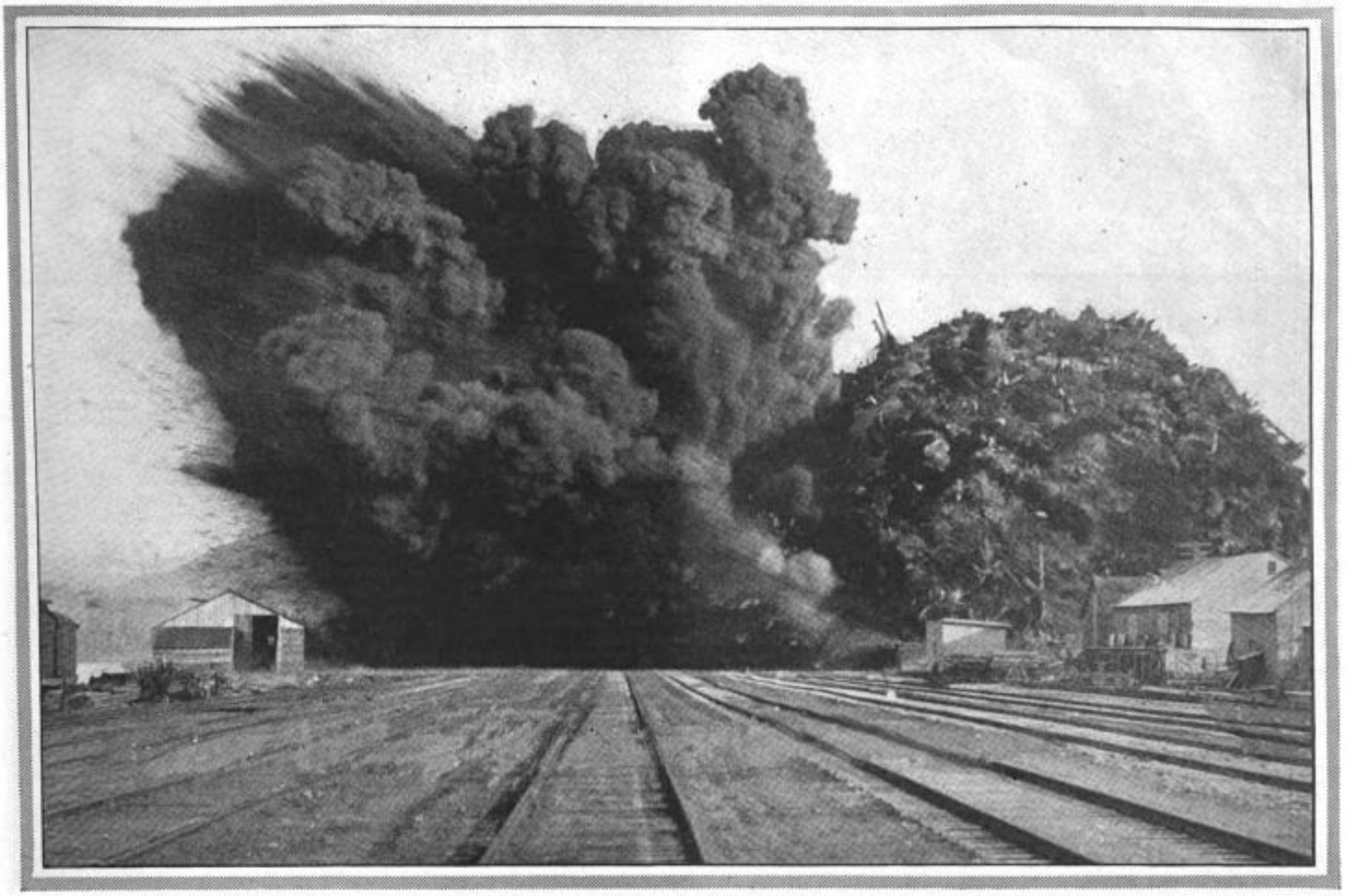
HELEN KELLER'S *blindness does not prevent her from appreciating picturesque natural scenery. Her highly developed sense of touch and vivid imagination enable her to "see" with her fingers. Our photograph shows her "viewing" the great rocks in the Garden of the Gods, Colorado*

New Foes for Rich Chicago Tax Dodgers



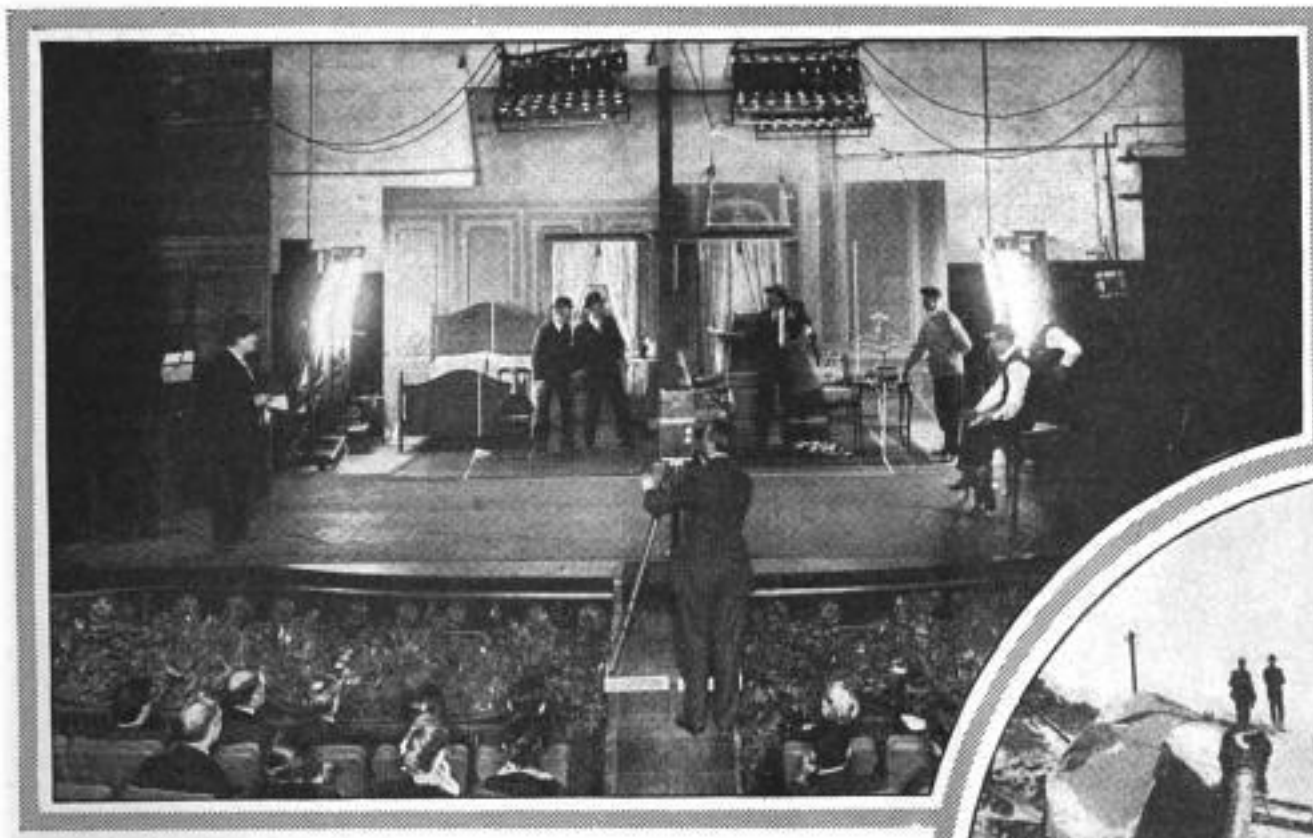
CHICAGO *has hit upon the idea of employing women to assess personal property in the homes of the wealthy. Three of eight women deputy assessors recently sworn in appear in our photograph. They are being instructed in their duties by Frank W. Koraleski, chairman of the Board of Assessors*

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Blowing Up a Mountain with One Charge of Dynamite

WHEN the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway wanted more elbow room at Prince Rupert, B. C., contractors were ordered to remove a small mountain of solid rock on the right of way. The contractors were not satisfied with the old method of cutting away hills by piecemeal, so they made deep borings into the heart of the big rock and planted an immense charge of dynamite. The snapshot above shows what happened when the dynamite was set off. About one-third of the hill rose in the air and as much was shattered so thoroughly that its removal was easy.



Staging the "Movie" Making Process

A MOVING-PICTURE show with a brand-new twist was presented a few days ago at a New York theatre by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Part of the picture was run off on the screen, the curtain raised, and the rest of the play was enacted before the audience, with the camera man operating his machine, as shown in our photograph just above. The screen was then lowered and a picture of the developing process shown, after which a film of the last scene of the play, as enacted on the stage, was thrown on the screen. The actual confines of the picture taken with the motion-picture camera are marked off by the white tape lines.

Utah's Whale of a Granite Block

WHAT is claimed to be the largest piece of flawless granite ever quarried is shown in the photograph at the right. It is 98 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 54 feet high, and was found in Cottonwood Cañon, fourteen miles from Salt Lake City, Utah. From it will be hewn fifty-two monoliths 31 feet 6 inches long and 3 feet 11 inches in diameter, to be used in a new State capitol building that is being erected in the Utah metropolis. The block is not only sufficient for the monoliths, but is also large enough to supply all the wall blocks needed for the building. The new capitol will lead the world in monolithic columns, its closest rival having sixteen columns 30 feet long.



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Pickups

By Grantland Rice

The Fan Reveille

(Just a trifle with the British accent)

YES, we know that it's all just a trifle bit slow
And it isn't like cricket at all;
And we know we are wasting our time when we go
Where there's never a thrill in the stall;
And they're serving no tea, though a fellow may sit
For a whole afternoon in their den;
But we'll go out and watch them attempt for a bit
Some Glorified Rounders again.

Yes, we know that it's somewhat a bit to the splosh
And it isn't like cricket at all;
And most of it's soggy and all of it's bosh
And the rest of it's under a pall;
And, faraway, of tea who there isn't a whit
To be had in their bally old pen;
But we'll take a trip out and we'll yawn for a bit
At some Glorified Rounders again.

The Game's Age Limit

THE prime of life, if there is such an institution, might well be placed at that experienced yet still eager period between thirty-five and forty years of age.

But on the ball field this period becomes the Fossils' Retreat, as a few highly eminent statistics will quite shortly prove.

In the two Big Leagues—and the Feds—or the three Big Leagues, just as you esteem it, there are now enlisted 700 ball players in the service of the game. From this number exactly five, or less than one per cent, are over thirty-five years of age.

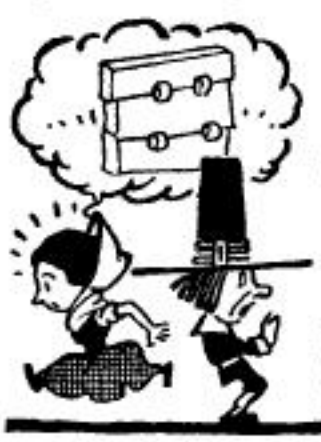
These five are: Hans Wagner, forty; Nap Lajoie and Eddie Plank, thirty-nine; Miner Brown, thirty-eight, and Tommy Leach, thirty-seven. The list shows two pitchers, two infielders, and one outfielder, the remarkable part being that only one outfielder has survived.

We thought the list would be much larger until we toyed a trifle with the dope. But we found that Jimmy Sheckard wasn't yet thirty-five, that Mathewson wouldn't be thirty-four until August, and that others, listed as doddering old war horses, were fading out while only a step beyond thirty. Bender, for example, is only thirty-three—but two years older than Tris Speaker, who is three years older than Ty Cobb, despite the fact that Cobb has been longer in the game.



As these conditions are normal, it is reasonable to assume that only 1 per cent from the Main Corral stick under fire after they have passed the age limit of thirty-five years. Another remarkable feature connected with the above list is that all five in the Veterans' Nook had fine seasons last year. Wagner batted .300; Lajoie, .335; Plank did good work through the year in over forty games and was the pitching star of the World Series; Leach tied with Carey as the main run getter in the National at ninety-nine precious tallies through one of his greatest years; and Brown, working with Cincinnati, was as effective in curbing earned runs as Rucker, Seaton, Sallee, and other such stars. It is also interesting to observe that while 5 out of 700 have passed thirty-five years, only 1 out of 700 has attained the sedate age of forty—the name being John Henry Wagner of Pittsburgh.

In Warning



LEADING English sport writers, after watching a ball game that resulted 5 to 4, with a couple of home runs attached, state that baseball is quite dull through the lack of runs scored in each encounter. If they ever visit this country we advise them to lay off Walter Johnson, or they will more than likely choke to death with ennui the first week out.

Short Cuts

THE man who looks before he leaps too frequently loses the impetus required to carry him across.

If you get tired of too much company in the crowd, start in making good.

"Use your head," advises Connie Mack, "if you want to make good in any game." Mr. Mack—Mr. Brickley; Mr. Brickley—Mr. Mack.

The Saving Upset

IN THIS fragrant sweep of April blossoms and two-base hits, heralding the first onslaughts of another pennant campaign, only the saving Upset of the ever elastic Dope prevents us from gazing forward without even the semblance of a thrill.

As the first rude blows of our impassioned Glorified Rounders are being struck, the dope, minus any upset, forecasts rather easy victories for the New York Giants in the National League and the Philadelphia Athletics in the American.



On form, or what is otherwise known as copy paper, these two clubs should romp home in a canter. Both were good enough to win handily last year, and while their strength has been maintained, most of their intimate rivals have been somewhat devastated, not to say dismantled and shorn, by the encroaching Federals.

But before the flag is definitely awarded to these two clubs, it might be just as well to observe that the dope is full of upsets and that the carelessness and overconfidence born of continued success are harder to beat than any ball club that ever played.

McGraw, after two pennant campaigns in 1904 and 1905, believed in the spring of 1906 that he had the best club of his career with an easy spin ahead. His club unexpectedly crumpled up and he finished over 100 points back of the Cubs.

In 1909 Chance, after three pennant years, thought his machine invincible.

By July the Pittsburgh Pirates had the race sewed up beyond recall.

In 1912, after two wonderful seasons, the Athletics looked to be twenty games beyond all competition. Yet Boston flushing from fourth place and Washington from seventh place the year before beat this great club to the wire.

In the forty-year history of pennant baseball none of the great machines has been able to control the situation for over four years at a stretch. Time takes its toll and too much glory does the rest. And when the dismantling starts the wreckage is generally complete.

On copy paper, as we have announced exclusively above, McGraw and Mack should win, with Pittsburgh and Washington as runners-up in their respective leagues.

But the toughest job that confronts these two leaders will be, not in fighting back fierce competition, but in keeping their clubs keyed up to a thrill that has become old stuff—to keep on hustling when both ball clubs figure they ought to win in an easy jaunt.

Lines to a Bard

("Trip the light fantastic toe."—J. Milton)

O POET of a calmer day,
Of gentler prose and softer rime,
When you unleashed that roundelay
Upon the topic of your time—

When you read Pep and Zip within
Your stately measured dance,
That in this age of whirl and spin
We'd hold as mummies in a trance—

O Bard, if they looked somewhat bold,
"Fantastic," as you did avow,
Those dancers in the days of old—
Gee—but you orter see 'em now!

"The Lure of Little Voices"

"There's a cry from out the loneliness—oh, listen, honey, listen—
Do you hear it? Do you fear it? You're a-holding of me so!
You're a-sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your lashes, how they glisten—
Do you hear the Little Voices all a-begging me to go?"
—Robert W. Service

YES, they're whispering and pleading all across the April heather—
The brassie and the niblick and each highly bunkered spot;
And though we've spent a winter very pleasantly together,
What is a wife, O Dearie, to a well-played mashie shot?

There's a cry from out the fair way—and my bally soul is lurching
To the white pill flying swiftly on a dead line to the green;
And my heart is in a flutter as my April dreams are perching
On the neck of Colonel Bogie, where I play like a machine.

"You're a-sobbing in your sleep, dear"—but remember, please remember
That though I've got to leave you now to seek a "string of fours,"
I'll try and make a point of it to drop in by November,
Regaling you, O Dearie, with my alibis and scores.

The Federal Status

WE ARE now taking our first observations of a new development—the start of a third league which has come along to add to the complexities of an already highly complex era, and incidentally to wage war with the two majors for a share of the fan patronage from Brooklyn to Kansas City.



A few hardy souls have braved the rigors of the dope by attempting to forecast a winner. But since there is no past performance chart to work on and the usual basic elements of the forecast are so badly scrambled, as well as unknown, any shot in this direction is merely an unbulwarked guess.

The main point at hand involves the summer's reception the Feds will receive from the fans. Their average class is distinctly below the average class of the two major leagues. But this won't prevent them from playing interesting baseball. And if they do play interesting baseball and have a well-matched race, any runaway race in the two majors is fairly sure to give the new league a good first year. It will take exciting races in the two big leagues to crowd the Feds back. For while the average fanatic likes to look upon the highest class of baseball available, the average fanatic would also rather go out to see a home club up in the race than a still better home club that was having the life stamped out of it by stars from a rival citadel.

And this loyalty of the home fan to any home ball club up in the race is the asset the Federals have, provided their race is a well-balanced one. They have better than an even chance to at least obtain a good foothold in baseball sod before next October.

The Duffer Interjects

"I STRAY in haunts of coot and hern"—
A bitter pill, but not quite all—
For, what is still a sadder turn,
I very seldom find the ball.



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The President in Practice

(Continued from page 7)

Occasionally something transpires which shows that the President can drive at times with a very loose rein. A case in point is the situation in Illinois where Roger Sullivan aspires to a seat in the United States Senate. The President is believed to look at least with equanimity upon his candidature, and it is reported that the voice of the Chicago boss is hearkened to in the dispensing of the administration patronage in Illinois. But all this while the President's Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, through his "Commoner," is assailing the senatorial aspirations and the political activities of Mr. Sullivan in language of which the following is a sample:

Roger Sullivan may be expected to marshal under his banner every element interested in misuse of government.

One might think that to be consistent the President would feel that he should either suppress the criticisms of Mr. Secretary of State or withhold the cornucopias of Mr. Postmaster General; but it appears that he does not so construe his duties.

The Resurrectionist of a Party

THOUGH the President may not rebuke Mr. Bryan for feeding fat an ancient grudge against Sullivan, neither will he rebuke his own veteran supporters for an exceeding tender spot in their hearts for the Illinois boss, because memory gallops them back to a time when affairs at Baltimore hung in the balance and Roger Sullivan agreed with the friends of Wilson to swing the vote of the Sucker Delegation to the New Jersey candidate for four consecutive ballots. When the four proved insufficient, stout Roger earned a double gratitude by magnanimously holding on a little longer until the Cucuracha slide to Wilson was finally got under way.

And so there you are again with a simple but very human explanation of why the Administration, so lofty in its ideals, descends in its practice to biff a boss on one cheek and buss him upon the other. Besides, may not a man see the error of his way? May not a bad boss be encouraged to become a good boss? So Roosevelt encouraged Flinn. So Wilson may encourage Sullivan.

This little survey is enough to reveal the President as a master politician, the resurrectionist of a party, and the builder of a powerful political machine; but we must also recognize that he has shown himself a master strategist as well.

The long agitation of Roosevelt had greatly ripened and clarified opinion while the storms that lowered about his fighting head flashed vivid lightnings, revealing where enemies crouched and sinister power lay concealed. Moreover, the recent failures of Taft had dotted red lanterns about conspicuously. The way to danger and to success were both plain. The long night of the Democratic party had made it singularly amenable to the leadership of any Moses who had the courage to stretch forth his hand, while a divided opposition allowed the President to rule his own party with an iron hand because there was small danger of a coalition against him. Furthermore, the adoption of the amendment for the election of United States Senators by direct vote had brought that once haughty body into a singularly responsive mood.

This situation made possible the things that President Wilson has done, but only because he had the courage and ability to take advantage of it.

Not a Man but a Means

AND now we may turn to see the man using himself just as frankly as he uses his party and uses the patronage—the money of the people—to build a machine to do the people's will. The true picture of the President is undoubtedly that of the cordial, simple, kindly gentleman hinted at in the first pages of this article, but beneath whose mild exterior lie capabilities that are enormous and highly organized. Half the mystery is made by failing to realize that the President consecrates the resources of his personality just as deliberately to his political ends as he does the resources of his party. There is in him something of the fanatic and the stuff of martyrs.

Once he sees himself as a party leader and a President, he is no longer a man. He is a means. Everything resolves itself into that. His resources are multifarious and carefully card-indexed. He is what he wishes to be at the moment. He may be warm or cold, pliant or stubborn. He is an excellent judge of values in personal intercourse, and of what the prize ring calls "distance." It is useless to say he is warm to one who has never seen anything but the incandescent beam of his mind in action, or the stubborn thrust of a chin when his pugnacity is aroused; and it is equally useless to talk of his coldness to one his soul has ever sunned upon for a single minute. True, that one summing may go a long ways, because effusion and the President are antipodal, yet the experience will remain unforgetable.

But the President can be a great deal more and a great deal less than cordial. His manner is a choice collection of the most delicate gradations imaginable, and these gradations may express either attraction or repulsion. Some men go from his presence feeling that they have been invited and permitted to lie upon his bosom—others have gone away feeling sure that deliberately and to the face they had been consigned to perdition in the shortest and ugliest words possible, although, as a matter of fact, the President had done neither the one nor the other, but through his manner had denoted the exact measure of his inclination or aversion. Then, too, each President according to his genius! Woodrow Wilson has not the stomach of a Taft nor the abounding vitality of a Roosevelt. He runs to few excesses.

Roosevelt Intuitive; Wilson Analytical

HE wastes few motions, few words, few moments. He picks and chooses friends, counselors, confidants, and go-betweens, as any man has a right to pick—most of all the President. It is his Administration. He gets the credit and he gets the blame. May he not slice up his time and parcel out smiles and handclasps and pulse beats according to his own best judgment?

May he not also be forgiven if he dares to proceed along the lines which are natural to his own constitution?

The President, for instance, is not an intuitional thinker. He reasons out every step. He must touch each lamp-post on the way to his conclusions. This is one prime difference between himself and that other great tribune of the people, Roosevelt. Roosevelt is an intuitional thinker. To contrast them for a moment: Wilson thinks; Roosevelt feels. This is not to say that Wilson does not feel, nor that Roosevelt does not think; but they arrive at their results by different routes. When each has done, Wilson has a conclusion, Roosevelt has a conviction. Wilson has courageous confidence in his conclusion, just as Roosevelt has a pugnacious faith in his conviction.

The President has, as he wrote Colonel Harvey, a single-track mind. He sees the main point. He has taught himself to concentrate on that. All else is swept off the board.

One reason for his supposed secretiveness is that he is a good listener. He must get information. He must get it from those who talk to him. There are but so many hours and so many callers in a day. Consequently he listens. Why waste the moments in speaking upon a subject on which he has not yet reached a conclusion? His intellect is trained. He knows what he knows and what he does not know—most of the time. A mass of undigested facts is not knowledge to the President. He keeps such unfinished structures in the basement of his mind—when they are not forced out by political exigencies. Another reason why people think him secretive lies in what may be called the cash-register quality of his mind. It records the specific amount of your purchase and it gives you exact change—no more. He talks to the point. The conversation must not ramble. There are few confidences. The President's mental organization is a complex of sealed compartments; he lets one man into one, another into another, but no one has the key to all.

Secretive?—Yes

HOWEVER, it must be confessed finally that the prime reason for supposing the President is secretive lies in the fact that he is secretive. He can not only talk very little and say much, but he can talk a great deal and say little. The theory that language was given for the concealment of thought can find some very pat illustrations in his utterances. One even hears talk of people who have mis-



"Sure - I'll be home"

"That is, I will if it won't make too much bother for *you*. Isn't this the maid's day out?"

"Yes. But that doesn't matter. No trouble at all. I'll give you

Campbell's Tomato Soup."

"Fine!"

"I'll make it as a bisque; or with noodles in it if you'd rather. I have them handy."

"Great! Do I get two plates-full?"

"All you want. I've a dozen cans on the shelf. Then some cold sliced—"

"Never mind the rest of it. The starter catches *me*."

"Yes. It's so perfectly easy. And we'll be so cozy. Doesn't that beat dining down town?"

"Has it skinned a mile! The very thought of that soup makes me hungry *now*."

"I knew it would fetch you. Ready at six, sharp. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!"



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Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
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	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Campbell's SOUPS

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led themselves concerning his meanings, and who murmur of Jesuitism, hinting that the end appears to justify the means and indulging sarcastic intimations that Machiavelli ought not to have written his book because he was after all an inexperienced sort of person whose finest Italian hand was crude and horny. But, of course, those are not the President's friends who say these things, although some of them started out to be.

However, the chief reason for the Presidential secretiveness is undoubtedly the conservation of power. The President is by nature, despite all other manifestations, an absolutist. When he makes up his mind what he wants, no man in our public life has ever wanted it so hard or known better how to get it. Power—power—power—is his desire—*to be exerted, it must be admitted, solely in behalf of the common good as he sees that good.* It is for this he seeks the proxies of the people. He wants power. The party is power; the machine is power; the patronage is power; therefore he will have them. But knowledge also is power. Ignorance is helplessness.

They Must Follow Him!

BY the President's habit of withholding information he cripples his opponents and ties his allies with the shortest of leading strings. By this means a Congress may be held in check. The men "on the hill" are patriotic; some of them within limits, of course—they wish to do nothing to embarrass the nation; a majority are further careful to do nothing to embarrass the Administration. The President, by holding important facts under the cover of his hand, or by concealing his purpose, can compel all such men to wait upon him—and does. In the same way he extends his power in party organization matters. He imparts to no man fully. He does not disclose the whole of his plan. This robs men of the capacity for independent thought. They must follow, sometimes grudgingly, but they must follow—or rebel, and there is something in the cold gleam of the Presidential eye and the hard thrust of the Presidential chin that makes men think long before they take that step.

The same method appears in his attitude toward publicity concerning the affairs of his Administration.

The sources of information are carefully centered in the President. Facts are imparted most sparingly. The news, important and unimportant, trickles out in insignificant dribbles.

By this he teaches the country that he is the potential figure in the Administration. When an utterance is to be made he will make it. When important information is to be disclosed, he will disclose it; when legislation is to be enacted, he will propose it, shape it, push it, at once the author and the finisher, the keeper of the conscience of the Congress and the seals of public favor.

The Direct Message—and Why

IT was to give still greater force to such of his expressions as are to be made to Congress that he hit upon the expedient of delivering them to Congress in person. Not even the printed page nor the voice of the reading clerk could be permitted to screen the force of his own personality from the utterance; and besides, the novelty of the situation served to center the public eye as nothing else could.

The same idea is applied in the little carefully staged pronouncements when an important bill is receiving the Presidential signature.

Summing up, I find the President in practice a man of composite type, very human, very patriotic, with a soul of honor and a heart of sympathy, a statesman whose ideals are as lofty as the stars and a politician whose methods are practical as earth.

But the question which recurs is this: Will the ascendancy of Woodrow Wilson over the imagination of the nation pass? The answer to this is that already it begins to pass. The President is causing his own shadow to recede.

The Country's Complimentary Patience

EACH fresh reversal of himself, each over-or-under emphasis of language or tone, each indication that his utterances have been less well considered than they seemed, his thought less ripened than the aptness of the phrasing suggested, will go a little way to undermine the popular faith in his judgment, and lead inevitably to a discounting of values. His voice will sound less and less like the oracles of God. But by the same token it will sound all the more like the oracles of man. In this loss of prestige of one sort there may be gains of another. As the President demonstrates his fallibility he will demonstrate his humanity. As people surrender a little of their awe they may give him more of their affection.

Faith in the honesty of his intent will not pass. The people will give this man a chance. His theories have not worked out quite as expected. He believed the tariff was a drag upon prosperity; he appeared to think that if he cut the guy ropes the balloon would soar. The thing was done; but prosperity did not soar. Suspicion grows that the knife that cut the ropes may have punctured the balloon. Business waits. Armies of the unemployed, forgotten since the last Democratic Administration, get again into the dispatches. But the country does not become excited. The people wait with much patience and some faith. Wait! Wait! Give this well-meaning man a chance, is the attitude of the nation as a whole. Such an attitude is highly complimentary to the spirit of the country. It is also highly complimentary to the President. No doubt he takes it as such.

But will the President's mastery of his party pass?—no, unhesitatingly, no. As a party leader he will not fail. He has shown too much "stuff." He has stood the test already. He is strong enough for his job—too strong for it almost. The Democratic party is loyal to its idols. He has saved it from the pit. His leadership will hold. He has won it by the divine right of superior endowment.

Ideas May Fail—but Not the Man

AND the man himself!

It is true that his health might break down and his life go out of him, and by that calamity would fall upon the country, as it is forcibly reminded of the most sententious line Woodrow Wilson ever penned—and that thirty years ago—that the importance of the Vice President "consists in the fact that he might cease to be Vice President."

But barring this—and I think we may bar it safely—Woodrow Wilson himself will not fail—his genius is too practical, his patriotism too lofty, his mastery of his party too complete, and his passionate devotion to the popular cause too obvious.

It is his ideas, principles, policies, and party which may fail.





Let Them Get the Same Beans at Home

Men who lunch down-town, in cities, find in countless places a remarkable dish of Baked Beans.

The Beans are whole and mellow. A piquant Sauce is baked into them. A slice of tender pork lies on top.

Men like those Beans. Legions daily go to places which serve them. And many a lunch room owes its fame to this perfect dish of Beans.

Those places by the thousands buy Van Camp's. Even Broadway hotels serve Van Camp's. For they cannot match this dish. They know it, and they long ago ceased to try.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

The only way to serve such Beans is to do as they do—buy Van Camp's. The Beans must be selected by laboratory analysis. They must be tested by sample bakings.

The Sauce must be made from tomatoes specially grown; from certain seed, on certain soil, and ripened on the vines. Then it requires rare skill to compose it. We employ for the purpose a famous Parisian chef.

Costly ovens are needed to bake in this way, so the Beans come out mellow, uncrisped and whole.

These facilities are unique, such materials are rare, and this skill is inimitable. Find out what a dish they combine to produce and you will always want Van Camp's in your home.

That will lead you, we hope, to try other Van Camp Delicacies. We have spent years and fortunes to give to them the qualities you like.

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Some Other Van Camp Delicacies

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds
Van Camp's Tomato Catsup
Van Camp's Chili Con Carne
Van Camp's Tamales
Van Camp's Spaghetti a l'Italienne

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Following the Sunset

(Continued from page 12)

and mouse. Duncan was able to give his children very little attention during the day, but sometimes of a winter evening, as he took his seat beside the fire, they climbed upon his knees, and these hours were very sweet to them all, perhaps because they were so infrequent. "At such times," says Lincoln, "we always insisted upon his singing for us. True, he hardly knew one tune from another, but he had a hearty resounding chant which interested us, and one of the songs which we especially liked to hear was called 'Down the Ohio.' Only one verse survives the wearing years:

"'*The river is up, the channel is deep,*
The winds blow high and strong.
The flash of the oar, the stroke we keep,
As we roar the old boat along,
Down the O-h-i-o.'"

Belle, on the contrary, was gifted with a soprano voice of great range, and from her the children always demanded "The Pirate's Serenade," "Erin's Green Shores," or some other ballad. "We loved her singing, and yet we also enjoyed our father's tuneless roar. There was always something deeply dramatic in his performance."

IT is a curious fact that nearly all of the songs which these powerful young bordermen loved to sing were sad. "Nellie Wildwood," "Minnie Minton," "Belle Mahone," "Lilly Dale," were all concerned with dead or dying maidens or with sweet birds singing o'er a grave. Weeping willows and funeral urns invariably ornamented the covers of these mournful ditties. Not one smiling face peered forth from the pages of "The Home Diadem."

"*Lonely like a withered tree,*
What is all the world to me?
Light and life were all in thee,
Sweet Belle Mahone,"

wailed stalwart David and buxom Delia, and ready tears moistened Lincoln's tanned, plump cheeks.

Apparently the only humorous songs they possessed were negro "patters" like "Camptown Race Track" and "Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel." "But in addition to the dolorous lyrics I have quoted, mother also sang 'Three Grains of Corn,' 'Maggie, Are Ye Sleepin'?' 'Bird of the Wilderness,' and other pieces of Irish or English or Scottish origin, and the memory of her voice creates a golden dusk between the man I am to-day and that far-off cottage in the coulée."

ALL through seeding Duncan's mind was busy with plans for another land-looking excursion, and no sooner was the corn sprouting than he set out across the river into the West.

"I have no recollection of his departure," Lincoln admits, "and yet he must have made an exploration of this kind, for he discovered and purchased a farm in Winneshiek County, Iowa, and began active preparations for the migration which was set for the following February. Each event of that last autumn in the coulée took on special significance, for mother, at least, recognized that she was about to leave behind her familiar things and beloved faces.

"I am able to relive with great distinctness the threshing day of that year, for my father had said in my hearing: 'This will be the last time that David and Frank will ever set a machine in my yard.'

"For a week Owen and I had looked forward to the coming of the machine, and on the afternoon of the day appointed we sat on the fence gazing down the road, watching, waiting for the crew, and even at the falling of the dusk we still hoped to hear the slow rattle of the separator's heavy wheels; but as threshers usually worked all day in the field and moved to the next setting after dark, we were just starting (reluctantly) to 'climb the wooden hill' when we heard a far-off musical halloo.

"'There they are!' exclaimed father, getting out his old square tin lantern and lighting the candle within it.

"THE autumn air was sharp, and as we had taken off our boots we could only stand at the window and watch father as he piloted the teams into the yard. The light threw fantastic shadows here and there, now lighting up a face, now bringing out the thresher, which seemed a weary and sullen monster awaiting its den. The men's voices sounded loud in the still night, and the roused turkeys in the oaks peered about on their perches, uneasy, longnecked, and querulous.

"We would gladly have stayed awake to greet our uncles, whom we deeply loved and admired, but mother got us off to bed by saying: 'You must go to sleep now in order to be up early in the morning.'

"As we lay in our cots under the sloping, rafftered roof we could hear the surprised cackle of the hens as father wrung their innocent necks, and the crash of the 'sweeps' being unloaded rang loud and clear in the night. It was all deeply exciting, but at last the dance of the lights and shadows on the plastered wall vanished and we fell asleep.

"We were awakened at dawn by the ringing beat of the iron sledge as the men drove the stakes to hold the 'power' to the ground. The rattle of chains, the clash of rods, the clang of iron bars, intermixed with laughter and snatches of song, came sharply through the frosty air, while the smell of fried sausages from the kitchen gave evidence that our busy mother was hurrying the breakfast forward. Warned that it was time to get up, although it was not yet light, we had a sense of being awakened into a strange, new world.

"When we got down to breakfast the men had finished their coffee and were out in the stack yard hitching the horses to the 'power.' Though shivering with cold and awed by the dawn, we followed eagerly. The rime lay white on every surface. The frozen ground rang like iron under the steel-shod feet of the horses, and the breath of their nostrils rose up in little white puffs of steam—they seemed to us like sturdy engines hot with power.

"Father and Uncle David were anxiously awaiting the coming of the help. The pitchers were clinging to the stacks like blackbirds, and finally, just as the east began to bloom and long streamers of red began to unroll along the vast gray dome of sky, Uncle Frank lifted his voice in a 'Chippewa war whoop.'

"On a still morning like this his voice could be heard for miles. Long drawn and musical, it sped away over the fields and reechoed from the hills announcing to all the world that the McTurgs were ready for the race. Answers came back faintly from the frosty fields, where dim figures of laggard hands could be seen hurrying over the plowed land; then David called: 'All right. Go ahead!' and the cylinder began to hum.

"THE machine (a 'J. I. Case') was moved by five pairs of horses attached to a 'power' staked to the ground, round which they traveled to the left, pulling at the ends of long levers or sweeps. The force was carried to the machine by means of 'tumbling rods,' with 'knuckle joints,' and Uncle Frank stood upon a platform above the huge, greasy cog-wheels round which the horses moved. He was a great figure in our eyes.



Genius of Generations Through the Needle's Eye

Doubtless you have heard of the famous glass-blowers of Germany—men possessed of a peculiar skill that none save their sons or grandsons can imitate.

In Rochester, N. Y., is a similar community of men whose genius, transmitted from father to son, has baffled all attempts at imitation.

These artisans do not blow glass. They fashion and make Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes for men. They have been doing so for almost sixty years, and the third generation of their genius has passed through the needle's eye.

It goes without saying that they are happy workers, that their shops are scientifically right and that the methods back of the men are essentially modern.

The result is a product into which is put much more than workmanship and style. The clothes these men make are imbued with pride of parentage—with the nobility of zealously guarded lineage—with *character*.

From this has sprung a name that flashes to mind when good clothes are mentioned, just as does another name when good jewels are mentioned, or good automobiles, or good railroads.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

New York Chicago
Boston

This label marks the smartest ready-to-wear clothes



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Look for this label

Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

THE crotch is permanently closed as in a pair of well-fitting drawers. It does not depend upon buttons to keep it closed. Never gaps, though strained to the limit. Never rolls. Never bunches. No edges to chafe you. Convenient and comfortable. The only garment of this style. Light, cool, easy fitting. A perfect product of this 50-year-old house. $1.00 and up *for men;* 50 cents and up *for boys.*

Other furnishings bearing the *Wilson Bro's* mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Combinette Shirt

Wilson Bro's

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

A sensible, convenient combination for the man on the links or the tennis court. Has same patented closed crotch as described above. $1.50 and up, in outdoor fabrics.



Combinette Pajama

Wilson Bro's

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

By using this patented closed crotch a satisfactory one-piece pajama has been perfected. Looks dignified and is comfortable and convenient. Soft materials—perfectly made. $1.50 and more.



Wilson Bro's Chicago

"Driving looked like a pleasant job, but it was not all fun. It was very tiresome to stand on that small platform all through the long hours of early fall; and on cold November mornings when the cutting wind roared down the valley sweeping the dust and leaves along the road it was far pleasanter to sit on the south side of the stack, as we did, and watch the horses go round. It was necessary also that the driver should be a man of judgment, for the speed must be kept at just the right point. A good driver was able to gauge the motion of the cylinder by the pitch of its deep bass hum.

"THERE were always three men who went with the machine and were properly 'the threshers.' My uncles William and David alternately fed the grain into the rolling cylinder or, oil can in hand, 'tended separator.' The feeder's position was the high place to which we all aspired. We stood in silent admiration of the easy, powerful swing of David's body, as he caught the bundles in the crook of his arm and spread them out in a broad, smooth hand upon which the cylinder caught and tore like some insatiate monster. David was the ideal man in my eyes, grander than my father, and to be able to feed a threshing machine like that seemed the highest honor in my world.

"It was all poetry to us. We wished every day were threshing day. The wind blew cold, the clouds went flying across the bright blue sky, the straw glistened in the sun, the machine howled, the dust flew, the whip cracked, and the men worked like mad to get the sheaves to the feeder and with still greater haste to take the straw away from the tail end of the machine. The stackers wallowing to their waists in the straw seemed acting for our amusement and for no other reason. Slowly the stacks of sheaves sank and the straw pile rose. Hour by hour the men plied their flashing weapons.

"At last the call for dinner sounded, and Frank began to call, 'Whoa, there, boys!' holding his long whip before the eyes of the teams in order to convince them that he really meant them to stop. The pitchers stuck their forks down in the stack and leaped to the ground. Nick Green, the band cutter, drew from his wrist the string of his big knife, the men slid down from the straw pile, and a race began among the teamsters to see who should first be unhitched and at the watering trough.

"THE men took their places with prodigious clatter, and their attack on the chicken and potatoes was Homeric. To us, standing in the corner waiting, it seemed that 'every snitch' of the chicken was in danger of being eaten up, and, as for the pie, we resented every second helping which mother gladly responded to as a compliment to her cooking.

"At last even the 'ga'ntest' of them filled up and left the room and we were free to slip into their places. David and William returned to the machine to sew a belt, or take a bent tooth out of the 'concave' while the other men sat about at ease.

"Nooning was brief. As soon as the horses had finished their oats, the roar and hum of the cylinder began again, and continued steadily all the afternoon (its persistence was appalling), till by and by the sun sank, big and red, the night began to fall, and the wind to die out. Then through the rising gloom the separator boomed with hollow, weary, solemn roar, and the men working in sullen silence loomed dim and strange. The pitchers high upon the stack of straw, the feeder on his platform, and especially the driver on his 'power,' appeared disheartened, alien and remote. Gray dust covered the handsome face of David, changing it into something aged, absorbed and stern; only the driver voiced a professional cheer as he called encouragingly to the teams: 'Come on, Kate! Come on, Dan! Once again now!'

"At last William raised the welcome cry: '*All done!*' The men, retiring a little way, rested upon their forks. The cylinder began to slow down. The driver now called in a gentle tone: 'Whoa, lads! *Steady,* boys! Whoa, now!' But the faithful beasts had been going so long and so steadily that they could not at once check their course, and William and father seizing the ends of the sweeps held them. But even then the cylinder hummed on, until David, throwing a last sheaf into its open maw, choked it into silence.

"Again the sound of dropping chains and falling iron rods came to our ears, and the thud of hoofs as the horses walked with laggard gait and listless, down-falling heads to the barn. The men, more subdued than at noon, bathed with greater care, taking time to brush the dust from beards and clothes. The air was crisp, the wind at rest, and in the sky—a deep, cloudless blue—a few stars shone.

"SUPPER was more orderly than dinner. The table, lighted with kerosene lamps, the clean white linen, the fragrant dishes, the women flying about with steaming platters, made a very hospitable and cheery scene. The men were nearly all neighbors' boys or hands hired by the month, and my mother treated even the wage earners like visitors.

"How bright and warm and fixed it all seemed with mother smiling and joking, and yet beside the fire my father and Uncle David were talking of 'the woods and prairie lands' of the border, and complaining of the hills and narrow valleys of Neshonoc.

"'Yes, I'm going in February,' father was saying. 'I've got the boss farm out there. I guess this is the last time you'll thresh for me.'

"'Don't be too sure of that,' answered David. 'I'm thinking of going West myself.'

"Oh, those last autumn days in the coulée! How fine they were then—and how mellow and remote they have become, now that more than forty years have dropped a golden mist upon them. From this distance I cannot understand how my father brought himself to leave that good farm, those friendly hills, even for the glorious savannas of the sunset plain.

"NEARLY all of the other events of our last autumn in Neshonoc have slipped into the dim gulf, but I am able to relive vaguely our last visit to the home of Gran'pap McTurg. It was Thanksgiving Day, and follows closely on this threshing scene. Like a canvas by Rembrandt one side only of its figures is defined—the other half melts away in shadow. My world was still very small and dimly lighted. It was bounded on the west by the Minnesota bluffs and on the east by the village of Neshonoc. To the north, less than a mile away, rose a prodigious range of mountains; to the south was a great city. All else was mystery.

"'Well, Duncan,' gran'dad began. 'So ye're plannin' to go West, air ye?'

"'Yes, as soon as I get all my grain and hogs marketed I'm going to pull out for my new farm in Iowa.'

"'Ye'd better stick to the old valley,' said my grandfather with a little touch of sadness in his voice. 'Ye'll find none better.'

"My father was disposed to resent this. 'That's all very well for the few who have the level land in the middle of the valley,' he said sharply, 'but how about us who are crowded into the coulées? You should see the farm I have in Winneshiek. Not a hill on it big enough for a boy to coast on. It's right on the edge of Looking Glass Prairie, and I have a spring of water, and a fine grove of trees just where I want them—not where they have to be grubbed out.'

"'But ye belong here, Duncan,' replied gran'dad. 'Ye were married here, your childer were born here. Ye'll find no such friends in the West as ye have here in Neshonoc. And Belle will miss the family.'

"My father laughed. 'Oh, you'll all come along. Dave has the fever already. Even William is likely to catch it.'

"OLD Hugh sighed deeply. 'I hope ye're wrong,' he answered. 'I'd like to spend me last days here with me sons and daughters around me, sich as are left to me.' Here his voice became sterner. 'It's the curse of our country—this constant moving, moving. I'd have been better off had I stayed in Ohio, though Neshonoc seemed very beautiful to me the first time I saw it.'

"At this point David came in, and everybody shouted, 'Did you stop them?'—referring, of course, to the runaway team.

"'I did,' he replied with a smile. 'But how about the oysters and the turkey? I'm holler as a beech log.'

"The fragrance of the soup thoroughly awakened even Owen, and when we drew around the table in the little lean-to kitchen each face shone with the light of peace and plenty, and no one alluded

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"Give me a quart of oil"

This careless request may bring costly penalties



The garage man comes out.

The motorist says, "Give me a quart of oil."

His "quart of oil" is poured into the crank-case, or reservoir. The car goes on.

No doubt the motorist thinks he has amply protected the 1500-odd parts of his motor.

Far from it. *One of the surest ways to invite friction-drag and motor trouble is to say, "Give me a quart of oil."*

"Give me a quart of oil" invites Loss of Power

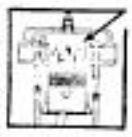


Escape of explosion past the piston rings, loss of compression and loss of power frequently result from oil of incorrect *body*. The power-loss is felt most on heavy roads and on the hills.

You can get full compression—complete power—only by using oil whose *body* suits *your* motor.

Correct *body* is seldom secured by saying, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" invites Scored Cylinder Walls



Scoring frequently results from oil of low lubricating *quality*. Often, also, the oil's *body* is too light. Then the cylinder walls have no protecting film.

Scratching results.

Too often the blame can be traced straight to "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" invites Wear of Bearings

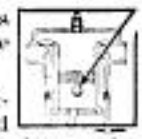


The problem of bearing-lubrication is far from simple. Bearings differ widely in type and size. The oiling systems which supply them also differ. Adjustments vary.

Both the *quality* and *body* of the oil must suit these conditions. For every oil that suits your motor bearings, you will find many which will cause undue friction.

An almost sure start toward bearing-trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" invites Wear of Wrist-Pins

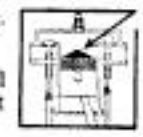


Wrist-pin lubrication is a difficult problem and little understood.

The location of the wrist-pins within the heated pistons and the slight angular motion of the bushings demand an oil which will spread readily, yet maintain the proper film between the pins and bushings.

Quick damage will come if the oil fails to meet these conditions. To encourage wrist-pin troubles prematurely, it is only necessary to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" invites Carbon Deposit



Guesswork won't eliminate this trouble.

Both the *quality* and the *body* of the oil must be considered.

Suppose the *body* is too light for the piston clearance. The oil then works too freely into the combustion chambers. In burning, excess carbon accumulates unless the oil's ash is light and naturally expelled through the exhaust.

An easy road to carbon trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" invites Noise

Noise is often a sign of worn parts—resulting from friction.

It may be a dull "thump" at every revolution of the main shaft. It may be "knocking" of worn wrist pins. It may be "hissing" within the cylinders. It may be "knocking" caused by excessive carbon deposit.

When a comparatively-new car pounds and racks its way along the roads it is seldom necessary to ask what brought on premature old age. Generally it is undue friction—resulting from incorrect lubricating oil. A way to invite premature noise is an off-hand request, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" increases Maintenance Cost

If the oil's *quality* is low, a larger quantity is necessary to maintain a film.

If its *body* is incorrect, you have incomplete protection for the moving parts.

In either case excessive friction-drag results. Fewer miles are obtained from each gallon of gasoline. Your fuel and repair bills mount up.

This common waste is the frequent result of "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" reduces Second-Hand Value

What fixes the selling price of a used car? (1) The condition of the motor. (2) The condition of the chassis. (3) The condition of the body.

The motor is the vital part of the car. The motor condition, therefore, is most important.

At a recent sale in New York City, second-hand cars of uniformly prominent makes were auctioned off. The bodies were in good condition. The prices of the cars originally ranged from about $2000 to $5000. *The selling price in some cases was as low as $100.*

Why? Because the motors and other moving parts were badly worn.

Was the wear due to long service? No. The age of most of these cars disproved that. *Premature* wear was evident.

It is safe to say the owners of these cars had used the common expression—"Give me a quart of oil." They paid a high price for their carelessness.

How to secure the correct oil for your car

DO not say "Give me a quart of oil."

You want an oil whose *body* is correct and whose *quality* is best suited to the requirements of your motor.

Ask for that oil and get it.

Below we print, in part, our Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

This Chart is the result of the most far-reaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication, for every class of machinery, is recognized throughout the world—The Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and model of American and foreign car.

For a number of years this Chart has been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified in this Chart for your car. Then make sure that you get it.

You will then give your motor oil of *body* and *quality* which will yield you the fullest power, the greatest freedom from friction, and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

If your car is not listed below, send for our *complete* Chart of Recommendations.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils, it is safest to purchase in original barrels, half-barrels, and *sealed* five-gallon or one-gallon cans.

Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles—and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

BRANCHES:

DETROIT Ford Bldg.	BOSTON 49 Federal St.	NEW YORK 29 Broadway	CHICAGO Fisher Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA 4th & Chestnut Sts.	INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bldg.	MINNEAPOLIS Plymouth Bldg.	PITTSBURGH Fulton Bldg.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Carterear	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.
" Con't.	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Case	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Fiat	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Ford	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Con't.	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
G. M. C.	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Havers 6-44	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Havers 6-60	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
" "32"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	A	B	A
" (water)	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A	...	...	...	...
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Kelly	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A

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Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
King	...	...	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
Mack, Jr.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.

MODEL OF CARS	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter
Mitchell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Moline Knight	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige Detroit	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Con't.	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Regal	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	...	...	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	B	A
Stearns	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" " "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	...	...
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie 9-45	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie 9-50	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Walter	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (Gas)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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You'll never get your contribution back or any part of it—**now;** but you need never pay it out again—you can save it—if you will steer clear of life-insurance agents and deal **direct** with the **one non-agency institution in America—the Postal Life Insurance Company.**



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1. **Your Full Name.**
2. **Your Occupation.**
3. **The exact Date of Birth.**

The Company will promptly send you **(by mail only)** figures for your age with the amount of dividends **guaranteed; also additional** policy dividends **now being paid,** showing the Postal's **low net cost.**

No agent will be sent to visit you; the Company does not employ agents. By dealing **direct,** you get the benefit of the commission other companies pay the agent.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WM. R. MALONE, President
35 Nassau Street, New York

Strong Postal Points

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Second: *Old-line legal reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

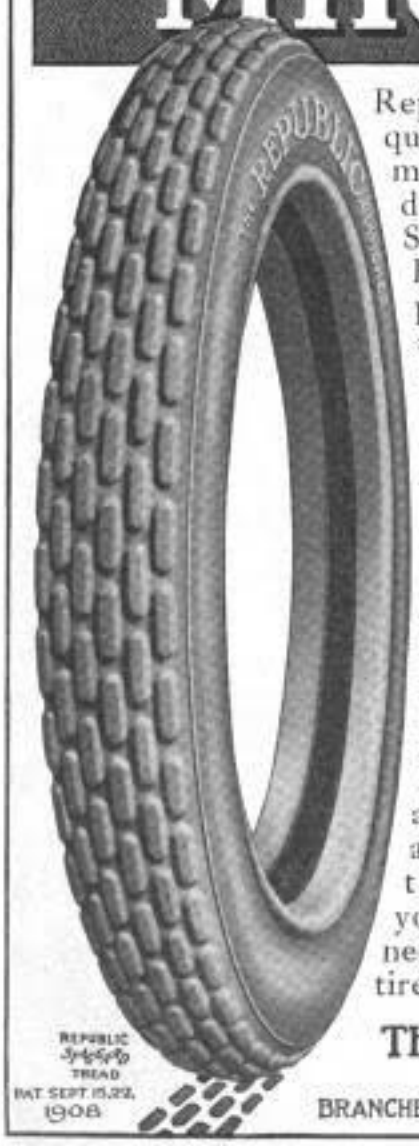
Third: *Standard policy-provisions,* approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

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to the fact that this was the last Thanksgiving which the McTurgs and Stewarts would be able to hold in the old valley.

"Slowly, one by one, the men drew back and returned to the sitting room, leaving the women to wash up the dishes and put the kitchen to rights. David and Frank seized the opportunity to ask my father to tell them again of the trip he had made, of the lands he had seen, and the farm he had purchased, and their young hearts were fired with desire of the level lands toward the sunset. In their visions the meadows were filled with game and the fat land needed only to be tickled to laugh into harvest.

"SAID David: 'As soon as dad and Frank are settled on his new farm in Lewis's valley I am going West also. There's only room for one of us at home, and I'm tired of climbing these hills. I want a place of my own. And besides, from all you say of that wonderful wheat country in the West a threshing machine would do wonderfully well.'

"As the women came in the men stopped talking of the migration, and my father called out, 'Come, Dave! Get out the fiddle—let's have some music.'

"This was the best part of it all for me. David could make even that humble cabin mystical with the play of his bow. True, his pieces were very simple—mainly old dance tunes, melodies which had passed from fiddler to fiddler until they had become veritable folk songs—pieces like 'Money Musk,' 'Honest John,' 'Haste to the Wedding,' and many others whose names were lost. But he had the gift of putting into even the simplest song an emotion which thrilled us all.

"Later he twanged the strings like a guitar, as an accompaniment to my Aunt Delia and my mother, who sang 'Nellie Wildwood,' 'Belle Mahone,' 'Minnie Minton,' and, at my father's demand, 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' 'The Battle Cry of Freedom,' and the 'Day of Jubilee.' With these stirring war songs, the walls pulsed with patriotic sound. Even grandfather joined in the stirring refrain:

"'*It must be now the kingdom a-comin'*
In the year of jubilo.'

"'Now let's have "O'er the Hills in Legions, Boys,"' my father called out, and after a little hesitation my mother lifted her sweet voice in the words:

"'*Cheer up, brothers, as we go*
O'er the mountains, Westward ho!'

"And they all joined in the ringing refrain:

"'*Then o'er the hills in legions, boys,*
Fair Freedom's star
Points to the sunset regions, boys,
Ha, ha, haha!'

"Among all of those who sang or listened only my father beamed with entire satisfaction. He had marched and won. David and Frank, with a longing to go, felt themselves fastened to the little valley in which their grandsire lived, and my mother and Aunt Sophia, and perhaps even Delia herself, acknowledged in this song the spirit of migration which meant deprivation, loneliness, and suffering for them.

Then mother sang:

"'*Oh, the winds howl mad outdoors,*
The snow clouds hurry past,
The giant trees sway to and fro
Beneath the sweeping blast.'

"And all joined in the chorus:

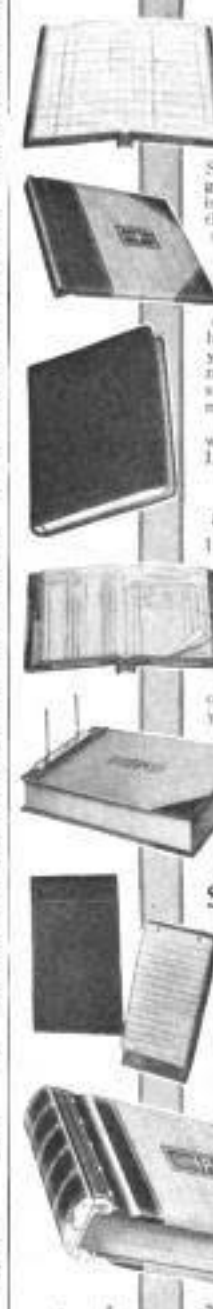
"'*We will gather round the fire*
And we'll pile the wood on higher.
Let the song and jest go round;
What care we for the storm
When the fireside is so warm
And pleasure here is found.'

"And David, his soul mellowed and subdued, again played, choosing tunes for which he had no names—melodies strangely sweet and sad, full of longing cries, voicing something which I dimly felt but could not understand. At the moment he was the somber Scotch Highlander, the true Celt; and as he sat there absorbed, intent, his black eyes glowing, his great head drooping above his instrument, my heart bowed before him. He was my hero, the handsomest, most romantic figure in my life. He played 'Maggie, Air Ye Sleepin'?' and the wind outside went to my soul. Voices cried to me out of the illimitable hill-land forests—voices that pleaded:

"'*Oh, let me in, for loud the linn*
Goes roarin' o'er the moorland craggy.'

"He appeared to forget us, even his young wife. His eyes looked away into

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gray storms. Vague longing ached in his throat. Life was a struggle; Love a torment. He stopped abruptly, and put the violin into its box, fumbling with the catch to hide his emotion.

"MY father broke the tense silence with a prosaic word. 'Well, well! Look here, it's time you youngsters were asleep. Sophia, where are you going to put these children?'

"Aunt Sophia, a trim little woman with brown eyes, looked at us reflectively. 'Well, now, I don't know. I guess we'll have to make a bed for them on the floor.'

"This was done, and for the first time in my life I slept before an open fire. As I snuggled into my blankets with my face turned to the blaze I defied the dark presence of the night and pine-land wilderness to the North.

"I was awakened in the early light by Uncle David building the fire, and then came my father's call and the hurly-burly of good cheer and greetings from old and young. The tumult lasted till breakfast was called, and everybody who could find place sat around the table and attacked the venison and potatoes which formed the meal. I do not remember our leave-taking or the ride homeward. I bring to mind only the desolate cold of our kitchen, into which we tramped late in the afternoon, sitting in our wraps until the fire began to roar within its iron cage.

"Oh, winds of the winter night! Oh, firelight and the shine of tender eyes! How far away you seem to-night!

"'*So faint and far,*
Each dear face shineth as a star.'

"Oh, you by the Western sea and you of the South beyond the reach of Christmas snow, do not your hearts hunger like mine to-night for that Thanksgiving Day among the trees? For the glance of eyes undimmed by tears, for the hair untouched with gray?

"IT all lies in the unchanging realm of the past—this land of my childhood. Its charm, its strange dominion cannot return save in the poet's reminiscent dream. No money, no railway train can take us back to it. It did not, in truth, exist; it was a magical world, born of the mystical union of youth and firelight, of music and the voice of moaning winds—a union which can never come again to you or me, father, uncle, brother, till the coulée meadows bloom again, unscarred by spade or plow."

The next installment, "Woods and Prairie Lands," will appear in an early issue

Tyranny of Beauty

(*Continued from page 10*)

her first demonstration: made one tremendous spurt and got across. Within forty-eight hours of our arrival she had selected and rented a tiny place in a "possible" neighborhood—a mere crack between two walls—and we were a New York establishment.

SHE could not take a lease, but paid one month's rent in advance—forty dollars—on the perfectly clear understanding that if she succeeded she'd lease, sent a man to clean and scrub that same night and moved in next day while the paper hanger was clothing it in ten-cents-a-roll pink paper. All the fixtures in the place—a hundred dollars' worth—were put in by an installment company, she paying ten dollars down and the rest monthly, and the towels by the towel supply company. Her only property in the whole place was one thousand jars of Zulu and my typewriter set in a little cubby-hole in the rear with a window on a shaft and a curtain across secluding a five-by-six space which she call an office.

As the deal stood, she had risked one month's rent, my wages, and the installment. If she failed, the installment company would step in and she'd step out—that was all there was to it. She wouldn't even spend money to have a sign put up and the only announcement of the arrival of the Del Mar Parlors was a cardboard sign in the window painted by myself. The one thing she spent money for was pink paper—she had had to refit at her own expense because of not leasing—and five dollars' worth of pink papier roses which she handed to her customers as a souvenir of the visit. She had gambled a month's rent and expenses, a month's brains and energy against the vanity of



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By releasing a simple, but unique catch, the *Smith & Wesson* may be opened up for cleaning *without removing a single part.* No chance to lose some tiny screw and put the whole gun out of commission.

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Protects you *automatically* from cheap or unsuitable ammunition. The S. & W. .35 Automatic Cartridge is made especially for this gun.

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the women of New York. I trembled and she exulted, though she was there to win on her terms, or go back to Columbus, disgraced in her own eyes. So she piled her thousand jars of Zulu in the window and put a sign over them: "Beauty—Only a dollar a jar." Put another sign over that: "You can be beautiful for one dollar." Put another sign over that: "Madam, stop! Come in and let me show you how beautiful you can be!" withholding the price on that for obvious reasons. I painted the signs on black cardboard in pink and purple touched out with gold. And we named our crack between the walls "The Little Pink Shop."

New York responded. Whether it was through astonishment at the paper roses, the price of the pink jars, the novelty of the skin food that, with a change of name, was guaranteed to repair scrawny necks and arms, "Nature's own bust developer," or madame herself behind the jars, or The Little Pink Shop as a whole, I can hardly say; the combination, probably. The main thing was that custom came from the first hour and stayed.

Three months from our starting totally unknown in a crack between two walls we were not only a going but a paying concern, and knew that we had arrived.

MADAME—we were soon calling her that even at home—gave the facials herself at that time, partly because she was obliged to save everywhere at first to make The Little Pink Shop pay its way without assistance from other sources, but mainly because she meant to learn all the tricks of the beauty business and particularly what went with the customer once you had her in your chair—that is the "dope"—and teach it to assistants who should one day constitute the staff of the large establishment she saw in the near future. She had no regular instruction in this, but she picked it up by going to various other beauty parlors and taking a treatment of one sort or another; she also bought their preparations and took them to a chemist to find out what was in them in order to imitate such as she thought had sale in them.

She had fully appreciated two things by this time—that with Zulu as a pilot we ought to be able to carry a whole string of other preparations at a relatively small expense; and that parlors and laboratories not only gave her preparations a better standing on the market, but an establishment offered a great field for the sale of beauty in many other forms besides creams and lotions; that is, she used Zulu to draw customers for treatments, and treatments to make friends for Zulu and spread its fame. Either business alone would have proved lucrative under her management; playing into each other's hands they brought her a fortune. And to the end of learning how to catch the women with the chair and bring them back for beauty and more beauty and all sorts and conditions of beauty she put in three months of the hardest work of her life.

"Certainly, madam, we can remove those wrinkles—but not in one treatment." "Yes, madam, we can cure that double chin—but not in one treatment." "Of course, madam, I can guarantee you a beautiful complexion—but not in one treatment." I must have heard those phrases a thousand times when I was not at home manufacturing—they were as much a part of our stock as Zulu. Nothing could ever be done for a woman in one treatment except a hair dye—that was a one treatment job and cost accordingly. Five dollars for the first dye and one dollar for retouching—that had to be done weekly. To keep dyed hair in good condition it ought to be done every five or six weeks—six times a year at least—and retouched forty or fifty, and there are thousands of women in New York who spend this amount annually on hair alone; it is part of the game, and less than half of what goes for Turkish baths, various forms of massage, manicuring, and toilet preparations.

IT was in the matter of hair dye that madame received a lesson that decided her policy of "cheap and harmless" in all her subsequent preparations. A lady who had been in for several facials thought she'd have her hair dyed. Madame had never dyed a head in her life, so after making an appointment for the next afternoon, she rushed off to another professional to take a lesson and brought back the dye her acquaintance recommended.

The operation was apparently successful and the lady's hair perfect when

How a Hobby Outgrew Itself

It has long been a hobby of mine to select tobaccos out of the commonplace.

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she left our parlor; but next morning she came tearing back swathed in a dense veil—her hair had turned bright purple over night!

MY aunt came near swooning when she beheld it, but she had the presence of mind to declare that the trouble was "*not* with the dye—couldn't be—for the dye was pure vegetable matter."

"The trouble is your blood, madam," she stoutly asserted. "You have uric acid. Over night the acid worked up into the roots of the hair from the blood and this is the result. You should have told me—and if you had I would have warned you—I always do when a customer has uric acid in the blood—that it isn't safe to dye the hair—the uric acid invariably turns the dye. This would have happened with any dye you'd used, and if my dye hadn't been pure as the driven snow your hair would have been bright green instead of a hardly noticeable shade of purple."

She insisted to me afterward that she got this glib explanation out of a medical work, but I've always believed she got it out of her Irish. At any rate it served her turn—the trouble was with the dye, of course—as it is with all the others that turn on the hair in a few hours, and some of the dyes are far worse than that, containing lead or silver nitrate or other poisonous ingredient, and producing a variety of ailments, among them lead poisoning and dreadful sores on the scalp.

BUT this one lesson was enough for madame and she never risked another with a poor dye. The reputation for a good and safe dye that she subsequently built up was honestly earned—her parlors gave the safe dye she guaranteed. As for the victim, however, she was obliged to retire into the seclusion of the country for three months until the dye wore off. Nothing could be done for it—nothing ever can. Madame worked over it for hours trying everything she could think of, but in the end the purple was if anything brighter than before. Nevertheless she convinced the lady that the trouble was in her own system, advising her so earnestly to seek a sanitarium, that the lady did so when her hair permitted and thanked my aunt for the timely suggestion. That was the last we heard of the disaster; had she been an actress, or an adventuress, she would have probably sued for damages and put us out of business.

(To be continued next week)

As to Capitalization

APROPOS of our editorial on Henry Ford's plan for industrial justice in automobile making, a tried and valued friend writes us as follows:

"But I am grieved that COLLIER'S would reiterate the old cry about overcapitalization. What if there were no Wall Street—i. e., no machinery by which the people's savings could be utilized by the enterprises—what sort of a country does the writer of that paragraph think we would have? And what difference does it make whether the Steel Corporation—the star example—issued a quarter, a half, or a full billion of common stock? Approximately, the issue would have been sold to the same gross figure!"

TO which our answer is that when Wall Street relies on overcapitalization, it is apt to be exploiting the people's savings rather than using them. Investment does not depend on inflated securities. The "difference" for the Steel Corporation is that trying to pay 6 per cent on common stock involves earning fifteen million dollars net for a quarter billion of capitalization, thirty millions for a half billion, or sixty millions for a full billion. Any operating man can tell you what that means, how they must drive and drive in the frantic effort to hoist earnings. While this is being done it is less possible to do the fair thing by the workers. The strength of the enterprise is turned into an effort to falsify the economic relations between income and capital. This means profits only for those who got the stock cheap and sold it dear. In so far as the transaction affects the workers, the investors, and the public, it injures them, and it is apt to affect all three parties. This is bad business. What Ford did is good business. The new Wall Street is going to have more to do with investment and less to do with speculation.



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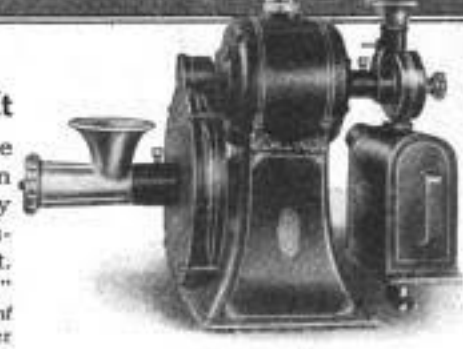
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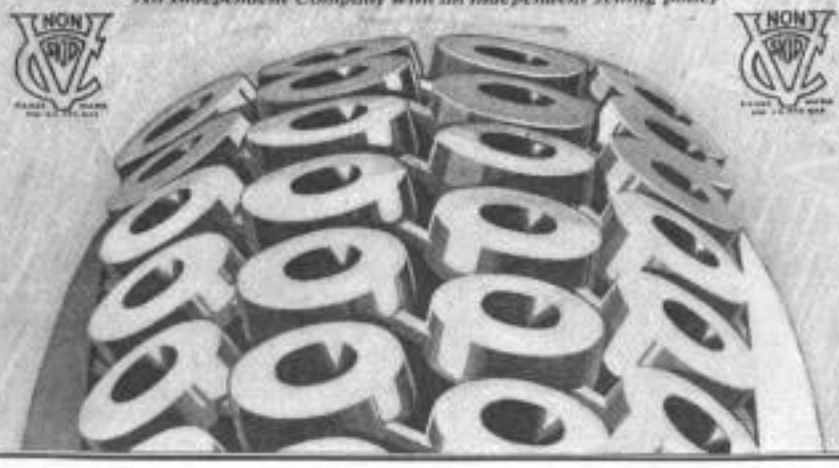
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Business and Partners

(Continued from page 9)

a cigarette. It was some moments before she replaced the receiver. Meanwhile he fidgeted and fumed with every circumstance of exaggerated irritation.

"Say," he exclaimed when at last she turned to him, "what is this here, a newspaper office or an information bureau, or what?"

SHE eyed him reproachfully.

"Sorry," he said lustily, "business of humility. Oh, may I smoke, Lady Queen?"

She glanced at the blue haze about his head and laughed.

"No," in mock severity, "you may not."

"All right, then, I won't," he returned easily, and continued to puff at his cigarette. She busied herself with some papers on her desk, and for a time he was content to lounge on the divan and watch her. At length he called: "Hey, Kate, I'm here—entertain me."

"Gladly, but you must help," she replied, and gathering up a sheaf of manuscript, she thrust it into his hands.

"What's this?" he muttered. "Cooking recipes, as I live. Say, is this stuff for that lully domestic-science mag?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gates—the editor, you know—is ill, so I am getting out this number of the magazine for her. I have all this galley proof to revise, and I am going to make you hold copy for me. Read it out, Connie lad, read it out."

"Horrors!" cried Con. "Me, an able-bodied citizen, reading this junk! Oh, well, the sooner we start the sooner we'll be through, I suppose. Here goes: 'Mock Duck: Take one and one-half pounds of good round steak and rub with one teaspoonful of vinegar and one teaspoonful of olive oil mixed. The vinegar softens the fibers and the oil improves the flavor.' Say, Kate, I don't believe I want to be entertained. Lemme entertain you."

"Go on, go on," she ordered, pencil poised, her eyes on the long printer's proof before her. "You're doing fine, Conrad."

"Aw, shoot!" he growled. "This is an outrage." He heaved an anguished sigh and continued to read in a sing-song voice: "'Roll the meat and set away in a cool place. Boil three medium-sized potatoes, mash with pepper—'" and so on.

FOR more than an hour he read from the manuscript, now slumped down to his shoulder blades in his chair, now standing erect, declaiming the recipes and gesturing like a Fourth of July orator. Twice he was interrupted by the telephone bell, and each time he fretted and fumed, making no effort to conceal his impatience. When the last three paragraphs had been corrected he tossed the copy to the desk, threw his head back, doubled and stretched his arms, and yawned prodigiously.

"Well, lady," he said briskly, "now that the work of the day has been completed, we will pass to the curio hall, where I shall give a brief description of each of the relics on exhibition."

He lifted a small volume from the bookcase and announced in showman style: "I hold here the original diary kept by Aristotle's chauffeur. It is especially interesting at this time—at this time—"

A soft hand closed his mouth and the book was removed from his grasp.

"All right," he asserted, "let's sit down and talk—let's talk about me," and then with a gesture: "Gee, I sure am some guy!"

She rumpled his hair fondly, then pushed him into a chair and knelt beside him.

"You are, *you* know," she said tenderly.

"Aw, no, I'm not," he protested, and slipped his arm about her. "Say, lady, when are you going to sign articles with me? When will you be Mrs. Con?"

"Oh, some day—perhaps," she replied with assumed carelessness. "Next year, possibly; the year after, maybe. Who knows?"

"To-morrow—what do you say?" he suggested eagerly.

"To-morrow? Oh, I shall be too busy," she laughed, and rose to her feet.

"Yah—that's it, always too busy," he said aggrievedly. "All right, I'm done. Goo'-by, world—blooey-blooey," and he discharged an imaginary revolver at his head.

"Courage, Conrad, take heart," she counseled as she seated herself at the



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desk and fastened her attention on a page of copy.

"Say, drop that for two minutes, will you, Kate?" he burst out when a very inferior grade of patience gave way.

"I mustn't. I've simply got to write this letter," she protested.

"Must be a business letter, or you wouldn't pencil it all out before inking it in, as we guys say about comics."

"It is a business letter," she returned. "I am trying to get an advertising contract for the 'Chronicle' from the Indian Cereal Company. They are putting a new breakfast food on the market, and—"

"Oh, I tell you what," he said eagerly as he rested his elbows on the desk, his chin supported by his hands, "let's not fret about work to-night—let's visit a while."

"Now, Con—" she began.

THEN the telephone bell ripped out its discordant note. He went to the divan, slipped on his overcoat, took up his hat, and walked swiftly to the hall. She watched him, her mouth close to the transmitter, but made no attempt to call him back. Presently the outer door was opened, then closed with a bang. Kate replaced the receiver in the hooks, moved the instrument to one side, and bent again over the mass of copy paper. At length Con returned.

"Hello there," he greeted.

"Why, hello, Con, I thought you had gone," she said with simulated surprise.

"What? Well, now I will go," and he made for the door.

"Oh, Connie," she called.

"What is it?" he demanded, trying to look angry.

"Come back—I want to talk to you."

He removed his overcoat, flung it into a chair, and said with a grin: "That's just what I have been waiting for."

"Con, I thought you understood this game," she began. "Why do you make it so hard for me?"

"Oh, I understand," he said gently, "but just look at my side of the story. I drift in here to-night with one of those moods you read about—a mood a king couldn't buy. I had hoped it would be catching. But no, I fall into a pool of ice water. Business—that's the wheeze—business. I had to hear what most of those telephone conversations were about. Always business—you talk it, eat it, dream it."

"But, laddie, I have to work, you know. I would far rather stop and play, but the wheels must be kept turning."

HER eyes were moist and there was a little quaver in her voice.

"I wouldn't willingly hurt you—you know that," he said quickly, "but don't you think you overdo it? It isn't your own little burden you're carrying—you bear the load for every friend you have. Look at those proofs we read to-night. You are paid a commission, I suppose, for all the advertising you dig up for the domestic-science magazine, but you get nothing for the editorial work you do. When you came to the 'Chronicle,' I thought you would drop all this other junk. I thought, too, that I would see more of you since we work on the same sheet. But no—you are always on the go, and on top of working all day you bring home a bale of trouble with you every night. Why, I'll bet you haven't seen a show this year. We haven't been out anywhere together since the big wind. Why, I even have to ask you to stop trotting on the treadmill long enough to say hello to me."

The moment he stopped he regretted his vehemence. Her cheeks burned dull red. She eyed him steadily, but said nothing, and whether the expression on her face presaged tears or a scorching rebuke, he could not have told.

"I know I am awfully poor company," she said slowly; "I warned you some time ago that I would prove an unsatisfactory playmate."

"Aw, don't say that," he begged; "I'm not complaining. I'm merely offering you a suggestion. Be more temperate about this work thing. Don't let it steal your day or rob you of your friends—er—what I mean is—oh, what's the use? I'm bound to hurt your feelings every time I open my face."

HE began to pace the floor, trying to think of a diplomatic way to phrase his convictions.

"Please sit down, Con, you make me nervous," she said after a time.

Accordingly he hauled a rocker close to her desk and sat down so suddenly that his feet were flung high from the



Motion Picture Star Crosses Continent on Horseback

Cleo Ridgely and her husband, stars of several motion picture companies, undertook to ride from New York to San Francisco without changing horses. Thruout the journey, all who saw Mrs. Ridgely were amazed at her fresh complexion and soft skin under exposure to such weather trial. The letter below gives the secret.

Wind, Weather and *Ingram's* Milkweed Cream

THOSE women who despair of protecting their complexions against the ravages of outdoor life will be interested in the following letter written to the makers of Ingram's Milkweed Cream by the well-known motion picture star.

Dallas, Tex., July 31, 1913.

I am very fair, and having ridden through rain, cold and excessive heat, my skin is in just the same condition as when I started, although my husband is so sunburned and tanned that he would be taken for a Mexican. People think that my husband is riding and I am traveling by train, but such is not the case. Leaving New York, I tried many things to guard against the elements and protect my skin, but not until I started the use of Milkweed Cream did I find real help. I want to thank you for placing such an article of merit upon the market and cannot recommend it too strongly. It is a toilet essential that I will never be without.

Sincerely, CLEO RIDGELY

The foundation of beauty is a fine complexion—and that means a healthy skin. Ingram's Milkweed Cream has the peculiar properties that make for *skin health*. Its use overcomes the more serious complexion faults as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles. Read the letter from Sarah Bernhardt—today a marvelous example of youth and beauty preserved.

New York, May 22, 1906.
Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Dear Sirs: Ingram's Milkweed Cream is of a most delicious perfume, marvelously good for the skin and complexion; removes all spots from the face. It is a great pleasure for me to testify my sincere satisfaction. I take with me to France a large quantity.
Yours sincerely,
SARAH BERNHARDT

The success of Ingram products has been proved by millions of beauties. Send us a 2c stamp to cover the cost of mailing and receive free a sample of Milkweed Cream, of Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, of Ingram's Rouge, also Zodenta Tooth Powder.

There Is Beauty In Every Jar



Frederick F. Ingram Company
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont., 53 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine **Face Powder** is Powdered Perfection for the Complexion. Four shades: pink, white, flesh and brunette. Price, 50 cents at drug store or by mail, postpaid.



Milk AND Onions

Can Be Kept In The Same Compartment Without Contamination

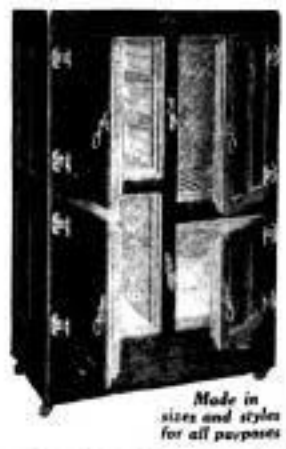
THIS remarkable fact is due to the perfect, rapid circulation of cold, dry air obtained by the Bohn Syphon System. Odors are carried to and deposited upon the ice—then pass off through the drain pipe.

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators

The exclusive Bohn construction and the use of Flaxlinum enable Bohn Syphon Refrigerators to maintain a temperature 10 degrees colder than other refrigerators.

Food compartment walls lined with genuine, white vitreous enamel which will not crack, discolor or peel off. No corners or crevices to hold impurities.

The Pullman Company and all American Railroads have adopted the Bohn Syphon System—a testimonial of its superiority.



Made in sizes and styles for all purposes

Write for "Cold Storage In The Home" a book of information which every housewife should read.

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
Main Office and Works
1510 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
New York 59 W. 42nd St. Chicago 30 E. Jackson Blvd. Los Angeles 803 So. Hill St.

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TRADE K-W MARK

MASTER-VIBRATORS for FORD CARS



←This is the *only Trade Mark* under which K-W Master Vibrators are sold—

You are particularly cautioned against imitations apparently resembling the K-W Master Vibrator in many details and being offered by some dealers under private trade names. *Look for the K-W Trade Mark and serial guarantee number.*

A handsomely finished box means nothing. It's the electrical detail that makes a Master Vibrator reliable and efficient and years of service *alone* will prove this. Over 90,000 K-W Master Vibrators giving efficient service is proof that the K-W is electrically right. That is why every K-W Master Vibrator is "Guaranteed for life."

The K-W Master Vibrator is the Standard of Excellence all over the world. It is better and more reliable than a high tension magneto. It's a tried and proven accessory for a Ford car, with 100% efficiency.

Your nearest dealer will gladly show you the merits of the K-W Master Vibrator. *Literature on request.*

Price $15 with Kick Switch—with Yale Lock Switch $16.

2859 CHESTER AVE. THE K-W IGNITION Co. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

This may seem a foolish question.

Yet the area of automobile upholstery made from one cow's hide is about three times that of the whole hide.

How?

By splitting the hide into three sheets, and coating and embossing the "splits" in imitation of grain leather.

Coated split leather is therefore artificial leather much inferior to

DU PONT FABRIKOID MOTOR QUALITY

which is scientifically made artificial leather based on a fabric much stronger and more uniform than the fleshy split, but coated and embossed in the same way.

The difference is all in favor of Fabrikoid, which is guaranteed superior to any coated split. Not affected by water, heat or cold. Several leading makers have adopted it. Any maker can furnish on your car if you order it so.

Send 5¢ for sample 18 x 25 inches. Enough to cover a chair seat. Mention this weekly and specify Black Motor Quality Fabrikoid.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON DEL.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid** to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow **10 days free trial** from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $20 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. **You will be astonished** at the wonderfully low prices and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1914 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of **tires** from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P54, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Brush your Teeth this Way

Not This Way

floor, and he well-nigh turned a somersault.

"What kind of a man-killer is this?" he asked gayly as he struggled to right himself. "You should have warned me about it. Most everybody seems to have a rocking chair that folks have to be cautioned about—'don't be afraid, it will go only so far back and then it stops. It won't tip over.' Oh, did I tell you the story—"

Kate burst into laughter.

"There you are!" she exclaimed. "That's you all over. You jump like a rabbit from—"

"Wrong," he corrected. "It's the nimble and festive chamois that jumps from point to point. But, say, have you heard about the two Irishmen?"

"At least a thousand times," she declared.

"Nuh-no, this ain't a Pat and Mike story. It's about Clancy and Phelan," he returned eagerly. "Listen—"

"Con, it seems impossible for you to be serious. Honestly, I never can tell when you are joking and when you are not. You have asked me to marry you. How do I know but that one of these days you will wave your hands and grin and say that it was all a jest—that you were just trying to be entertaining?"

"Aw, that's no way," he said, flushing. "You don't think that really, do you?"

"Why shouldn't I think so? A moment ago you were berating me about my work. Your work is fascinating to you; mine makes just as strong an appeal to me. But while I am tremendously interested in what you do, you apparently consider that I am riding a hobby-horse."

"Oh, lady, you know I haven't got a head for business," Con began.

Kate arose from her chair.

"At a signal from the hostess all arose," he quoted as he leaped to his feet. "What's the idea?"

"I am going to send you home. It is late and I have much to do," she said softly.

"Aw, no, let me stay and help you," he explained. "Tell me about this Indian Cereal Company business. I'll bet I can help you to catch that contract for the paper."

"No, Connie, you have your own work to attend to," she returned.

CON sighed dolefully and worked on his overcoat.

"Sorry I've made such a dismal botch of things to-night," he said gravely as they stood at the door. "Apologies and all that sort of thing."

"No apologies are required," she murmured as she took his hand, pretending not to notice that he was ready to tender the customary salute. "Good night, Con; God bless you."

"So long, Kate—see you to-morrow," he returned gruffly, and hurried away.

As the door closed behind him, an aged timepiece in an apartment below rapped out eleven in quick, tinpanny notes.

Eleven p. m.—lover's hour. In the theatres at this time the affectionate hero who has been wooing the blushing heroine since the show started clasps her in his arms, and hundreds of hands clap madly while the curtain falls. In countless closing paragraphs, attained at this time, *she* has promised to be *his*, and the aged sexton prepares to ring the wedding bells, technically termed "W. B.'s." In innumerable vestibules young folks, torn by the bittersweet desolation of parting, try to summon sufficient courage to render the final "Good Night" with variations.

But Con, clattering down the stairs, was not in accord with the hour. "The scene changes to the North Pole," he mused. "Why did I ramify around so much in my chatter? Well, I've got to make good now. Only one thing to be done—it's business of business for this little man."

THE next day when Con reported for duty, and had chased an office boy from his chair, he sought information.

"Mallory!" he called.

A short, stout man detached himself from the throng standing caucus fashion in the center of the room and came over to Con.

"Morning, Mr. Durgin, what'll you have?" he greeted in a soft, foggy voice born of alcohol, caution, and catarrh.

"Hullo, Mallory. Tell me—what is this Indian Cereal Company business the 'Chronicle' is trying to get?"

Mallory drew a copy of a morning paper from his pocket and, batting out its folds, spread it before Con.

"See this?" he asked.

Con gazed at the large picture of a round black bomb indicated by Mallory.

"Sure," he replied. "What is it?"

"This is the first shot in their new advertising campaign. For one week they will run this cut in three-column space in all the papers on their list. You notice that under the bomb appear the words 'Watch it!' and that there is nothing to indicate who the advertiser is? Well, each day the fuse sticking out of the bomb in the picture will be a little shorter than it was the day before. Naturally, they figure, the reading public will become curious and will watch the ads to find out what it all means and what will happen when the fuse burns down to the bomb. Well, at the end of the week they will run a double-page spread showing the bomb bursting into fragments, and in this ad, they will tell all about a new breakfast food they are putting on the market. You see?"

"I get you," said Con, nodding slowly. "Good scheme—they'll pump up a lot of interest with that bomb stuff—everybody will wonder what is coming off when the shell cracks."

"Yes—and it's a peach of a line of business for the newspapers too. The cereal company will start their campaign with three-column space every day for the bomb scheme, then, after they have run the first double-truck, they will use half-page space for several days, and wind up with quarter pages."

"Do we get a slice of the melon?" asked Con, to sound out Mallory on the subject.

"No, wish we did. But I'm afraid the 'Chronicle' is out of it. We have solicited the account vigorously, Miss Garrison and I, but the Indian people claim their list is complete—they are using all the morning papers and three evening sheets—and they say the 'Chronicle' is the superfluous paper in the evening field—that it is not necessary to them in the campaign."

"They must be a fine collection of skulls," Con growled. "When did this campaign start? I haven't seen this bomb stuff before."

"Started this morning. I've heard a lot of people commenting on it already."

"Mm-mm. All right, Mallory, much obliged," said Con.



HE bent over his drawing board until the advertising solicitor walked away. Then he tilted back his chair and rested his heels on his table.

"That's what I call some juicy, toothsome account," he mused as he rolled a cigarette. "Kate, old pal, I bet it will mean a lot to you if you drag in the

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Why pay more than Diamond prices?

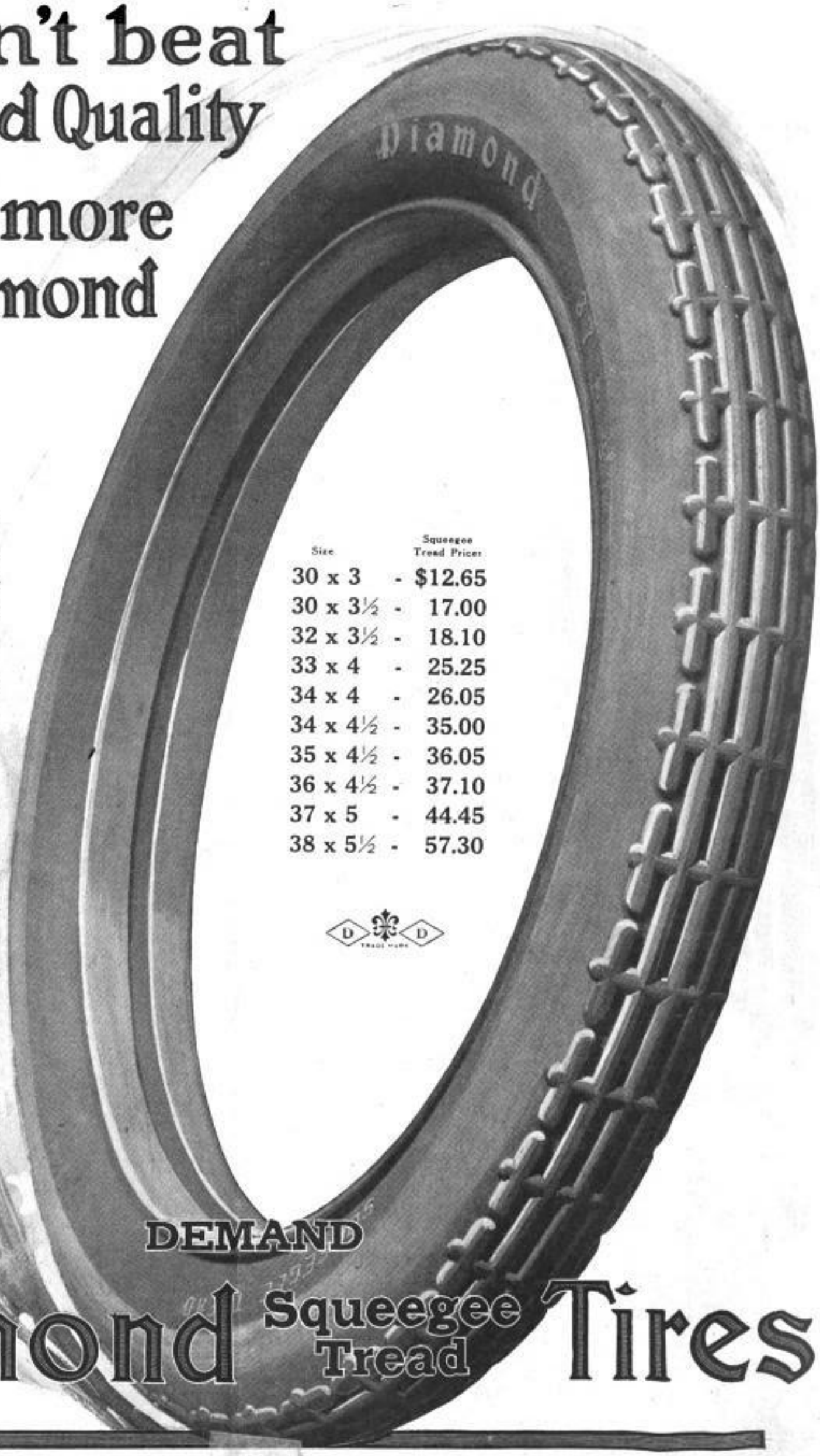
Your tire cost is going to be lower this year — your mileage per tire is going to be greater—

When you equip with Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires.

You are not simply buying tires—you are buying Diamond More-Mileage—Diamond Quality and Service—Diamond Squeegee Control—Diamond non-skid Certainty—that blocks the sidewise skid or forward slide.

The tough rubber Squeegees defend you against short mileage and long skids.

They wipe their way through muddy, slippery going to a firm, clean grip of the pavement.



Size	Squeegee Tread Prices
30 x 3	$12.65
30 x 3½	17.00
32 x 3½	18.10
33 x 4	25.25
34 x 4	26.05
34 x 4½	35.00
35 x 4½	36.05
36 x 4½	37.10
37 x 5	44.45
38 x 5½	57.30

DEMAND

Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires

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STAFFORD'S Commercial—20 fillings of your fountain pen for the coupon below, with a twenty-five cent purchase of any goods at your stationer's.

Stafford's Commercial is the ink used by office men ever since 1858—for steel pens, and now for *fountain pens*. Free flowing, clear and intense in color, permanent—works better than any "special" fountain pen ink you can buy, and costs 30 to 50 per cent *less*.

Give the ink a good trial in your fountain pen.

For desk or traveling use, you want one of these new *filler bottles* of Stafford's Commercial—complete with self-contained filler, handy and compact. Easy to refill from your quart bottle.

Take the coupon to your stationer without delay.

One Trial Bottle of STAFFORD'S COMMERCIAL

Name .....

City .....

Dealer's Name .....

44

S. S. STAFFORD, Inc.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
and
TORONTO, CAN.



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Escape the heat and monotony of these long, languid days by an outing, vacation or exploring trip in an

"Old Town Canoe"

It will open a world of new summertime pleasures to you. The "Old Town" is strong and safe, swift and graceful—preferred by experienced canoeists. 7000 canoes in stock—agents everywhere—send for catalog.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 348 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



WATER-WEIGHT ROLLER



Make it light for soft lawns, heavy for firm sod and full weight for driveways and tennis courts. Empty it for storing away. Roller bearing easy running.

Free Lawn Book

An expert's directions for making, mowing, watering and rolling the lawn, sent free with our catalog of Dunham Rollers.

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102 First Ave., Berea, O.
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Make Big Money

easily, if you start as one with a

DIAMOND Post Card Gun

A new invention—takes full size Post Card and Button Photos. Collapses, fits in vest pocket or suitcase. Takes only 5 seconds—you get 50 prints on every stick of the kind.

Positively No Experience Needed

To make Gun Pay, very Money at Fairs, Parks, Carnivals, etc., all your spare time. Send for FREE Illustrated Book of this.

International Metal & Ferrotype Co.
2242-B West 12th St. Chicago, Ill.

'Chronicle's' share of the fruit. Let us see what we shall see."

WHEN the floor about his chair was dotted with cigarette stubs and the air in his corner was blue with smoke, he removed his tingling feet—long since asleep—from the table, brought his chair down with a crash, and began to whistle furiously.

"Listen to the mocking bird," called the sporting cartoonist sarcastically. "Con has been bit by a cockatoo."

"I've got an idea," explained Con blandly.

"No!" cried the other artists in an incredulous roar.

"G'wan, you skulls," cried Con cheerfully, "sing it out—it'll never happen to you. There isn't one of you that's strong enough to stand the shock."

And while his cronies chanted a stanza of "The Star-Spangled Banner," he arranged a clean sheet of Bristol board on his table and carefully sharpened a pencil.

One by one the other men departed for lunch, but he toiled on, chuckling now and then as though well pleased with himself. Finally he erased the pencil marks and finger prints from his drawing. Quickly slipping on his coat, he hurried down to the advertising department, the result of his morning's work under his arm.

Kate was nowhere in sight and her desk was closed. As he was turning the pages of a telephone directory, in search of the address of the Indian Cereal Company, she came in, rosy from the frosty air.

"Hullo there, small boy!" she called cheerily.

"Hey—just been wondering where you were," he returned as he closed the phone book. "Why ain't you ever at your desk?"

"Sorry, but my job calls for lots of footwork," said Kate, flinging up a roll-top. "How is Conrad, the well-known artist?"

"There ought to be a law against my having so much good looks, health, and youthful spirits," he assured her. "Have you et?"

"Just came from lunch. Are you going out or coming in?"

"Out. Say, it's a wonder you wouldn't ever ask a guy out to eat," he said aggrievedly.

KATE reached for her purse.

"Stow it away," he laughed; "'tis sordid to display so much affluence. I'm really rolling in wealth myself. Come on out with me and have a cup of coffee or smoke a cigar while I am eating."

"Con," she laughed, "you do have the most noble inspirations!"

"You're right I do," he said enthusiastically. "Tell me, did you write your letter to the cereal folks last night?"

"Yes, and mailed it. But it didn't do any good. I called them up this morning, and it was the same old story—nothing for the 'Chronicle.'"

"Be at ease—little Conrad is on the job," he said. "I don't know, but mebbe I'll have a surprise for you to-night."

"Tell me about it," she begged.

"No, nuh-no, not yet," he demurred.

"Please. Oh, what is this? mayn't I see?" and before he could prevent her, she had lifted the tightly rolled drawing from his pocket.

"Hey!" he cried, but it was too late.

SHE was gazing at the sketch which showed a fat little man with a very happy smile surrounded by hurtling fragments of an exploded bomb. Under the little man were printed the words: "Zibbie: The Man with the Appetite. Follow His Amusing Adventures—A Big Laugh for You Every Night in the 'Chronicle.'"

"Why, Conrad Durgin, what does this mean?" she demanded, turning a startled face to him.

Con blushed.

"May as well tell you now that you have seen the idea," he said, somewhat sheepishly. "That little man Zibbie is a character in an imaginary comic series. I am going to take that drawing around to the Indian Cereal Company and tell 'em if they don't give us our share of their advertising patronage that we will run this picture in the 'Chronicle' and all the other papers in town at the end of the week after their blind bomb ads have aroused a lot of curiosity. You see, everybody will be anxious to know in a day or two what those bomb pictures mean, and the first explanation they get will satisfy them. The cereal people will soon see that by running this picture the 'Chronicle' will take advantage of several thousand dollars' worth of free publicity. It would kill the breakfast-food campaign, too. Of course it's all bluff, because I couldn't go ahead with this Zibbie series even if the 'Chronicle' did advertise it. I haven't got any ideas for it. Why, what's the matter?" he concluded with an embarrassed laugh.

KATE was leaning on the back of a chair, and there was no mirth in the eyes that gazed into his.

"Con, I am surprised," she said gravely. "Don't you know that this is blackmail?"

"What?" he exclaimed. "Aw, no, it's just a business bluff. I figured they would give me the contract right away as soon as I had sung my song."

"Do you realize that you were about to threaten to steal over twenty thousand dollars?"

"How is that?" he asked soberly.

"That is the amount the Indian company is to spend in preliminary advertising before they explain about their new product. You were about to offer to steal that—rob them of the results of all the interest they arouse."

"Aw, I don't know anything about that," said Con, waving his arms and snapping his fingers. "I am just trying to help you the only way I know. I wanted to show you that I do take an interest in your work."

"Oh, Con," she said softly, and rested her hand on his arm for a brief moment, "your intentions are all gold, but, really, you need a guardian."

"The job is open," he said eagerly.

"No, I wouldn't like a guardian's job," she returned. "Leave this drawing with me now, like a good boy. Perhaps if you had no other plans for this evening, and cared to, you might ring my door bell, and maybe I'll be at home."

"That's me," he said with a sigh, and walked away.

"I'M mad," Con announced that night as he tore off his overcoat and tossed it on the divan.

"Oh, Con—not really?" Kate questioned.

"Yes, and then some," he returned, trying to look the part.

She slipped her arm through his, and together they paced back and forth in the little sitting room.

"Tell me all about it," she said. "What is wrong?"

"Oh, everything. All my plans go crosswise—and— But look at me spending the afternoon up in Union Hall with a crowd of women walking all over my new shine, punching elbows into my ribs, trailing those Lonesome Pine hat plumes into my eyes, and giving me the 'How dare you?' look for being among those present. I had to make some sketches of those English militants who were speaking, and the women in the audience got so filled up with excitement that I began to think they would mob me just because I was a mere man."

"You poor boy," she laughed. "But I thought you were keen for woman suffrage?"

"Me? I was—I dunno about it now. Well, that wasn't all. I had to hustle down to the shop and finish up my sketches for to-morrow's edition. Just got through work before I came up."

"Why, Con, haven't you had your dinner?" she exclaimed, all concern. "I think we can find something in the ice box if you won't mind the—"

"Be at ease—I suffer no pain. I stopped on the way up here long enough to grab some provender," he explained.

"Con, are you prepared for a shock?" she inquired as they fell into step again.

"Fire away," he said carelessly. "I know you are going to blow me up for that brilliant scheme of mine, and I know I deserve it." He looked up suddenly and saw the happy light in her eyes. "Kate, what is it?" he demanded.

"You are about to make a lot of money," she said.

HE brought up short and compelled her to stop.

"Now, you know I'm a nervous guy. Don't keep me in suspense—speak, nice lady, speak!" he cried.

"It is about that drawing you made. I cut out the figure of the little man you called Zibbie and took it over to the Indian Cereal Company's office. I hope you won't mind. You see, I knew they had been looking for a trade-mark for a prepared flour they put up. Well,



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$3.50 Panama For $2

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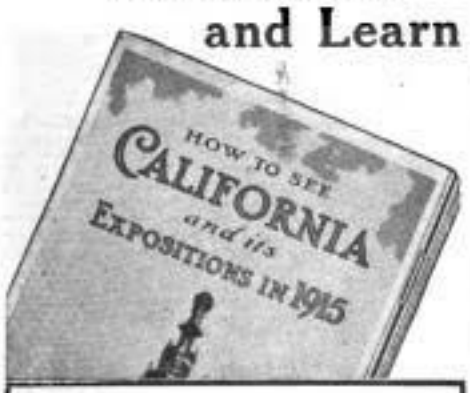


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Direct Route to Panama-Pacific Exposition

This great double-tracked "transcontinental boulevard," protected every mile by automatic electric block safety signals, will give Exposition-bound travelers the quickest, most generally delightful and interesting trip to California. Five daily trains between Chicago and California, three between Kansas City and California. Two carry through equipment from St. Louis. Your name on a postal will bring the Exposition Folder. Address

GERRIT FORT, P. T. M., Union Pacific Railroad Co. Dept. B Omaha, Neb.

The Union Pacific Exhibit at the Exposition will be a five-acre reproduction of Yellowstone National Park.

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND

It will show many of the famous features life size. Old Faithful Inn will be used as a restaurant.

The "SANITARY" ERASER

Handy—Practical—Economical—Always Covered



THE SANITARY ERASER receives at its open end a strip of rubber 1/8 inch thick, of a width and length that of the holder. By slight pressure of the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another.

Two rubbers of best quality are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil. *Handsomely Finished; Easy to Operate and "They Always Work."* EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER. Price 10c. Refills, Typewriter and Ink, or Pencil, 5c each. *Your Stationer.*

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A Scientific Marvel—Just out! Eight Tones! *Eight* different sound strengths, *eight* different adjustments that can be instantly set by a touch of the finger for every possible variation of sound.

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Our New Direct Offer

Write now for our new, direct, rock-bottom offer on the perfected 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone—now **sold only direct from the laboratory** at the lowest factory price.

Free Trial Sent on 15 days' trial in your own home at our risk. 40,000 already sold. Send now for this offer and the free Mears booklet invaluable to the deaf. Write today.

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they couldn't use the figure as a trademark, but they are keen to have you draw a series of pictures of Zibbie, to be displayed in grocery-store windows. With each picture they want a little jingle telling how Zibbie loves to eat their breakfast food. They want you to call at their office to-morrow and talk over the proposition and set a price on your work."

HE stared at her in unbelief.

"I am not joking—it's all true. It's a wonderful chance for you. There is no limit to the possibilities of that funny little figure. Why, the Indian people went into ecstasies over it. This won't interfere with your 'Chronicle' contract—you can do the work easily in your spare time."

"Gee, that's great!" he burst out. "It's too fast for me now, though. Honest, it will be an hour or so before I can believe it. But—wait a minute—this isn't getting the Indian Cereal business for you and the 'Chronicle.'"

She smiled happily.

"I forgot to tell you, Cornelius, I had a perfectly splendid session with the Indian people, and they were awfully grateful to me for introducing them to Zibbie. Just before I came away they handed me a big manilla envelope containing—listen carefully—containing complete copy and an order for the insertion of their bomb advertising in the 'Chronicle.' They sent a boy over with the cuts, and to-morrow we start to run their ads—a day late, to be sure, but better late than not at all. All this your little comic man accomplished."

"Zibbie—nothing," he broke in. "You did it all with your little hatchet. Gee, it sure was lucky for both of us that you took that drawing away from me. But there's going to be a hitch in the program. I can't write jingles to go with the pics for the window cards."

"Ah, Conrad, ask me something."

"Can you write 'em? Sure you can—why didn't I think of that before?"

"Well, I never wrote a ten-verse ain't-nature-wonderful poem, but perhaps I can produce some jingles that will help to sell breakfast food," she laughed. "Shall I try?"

"Of course you will handle that end of it if you care to. Don't be silly."

HE capered about the room, snapping his fingers and whistling madly. Suddenly he came over to her and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Kate, you know I need watching," he said. "Why did you say you wouldn't be my guardian?"

She eyed him wistfully.

"I don't like that word," she said softly. "I believe I would rather be a—partner."

"Lady, you have spoken a parable," he returned soberly. "Together—you and I—we should be able to—how high is the sky? Never mind, but that's our limit. Now I'm going to do some very clever impersonations—beginning with Romeo."

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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No-Rim-Cut Tires Have Four Great, Costly Features Which No One Else Employs.



The Price We Pay

For Leadership in Tiredom

The Figures Are These:

Our sales last year were $33,000,000. Almost $8,000,000 over the year before, despite enormous price reductions. Almost $20,000,000 more than 1911. Almost 16 times our sales in our ninth year of tire making.

We sold last year eleven times as many tires as in the fiscal year of 1909. We are selling now 35 per cent more than last year.

Our rapid growth came when cars in general were equipped to measure tire mileage. It was odometer figures that rushed Goodyears to the top.

How We Earned It

No man can doubt that, in some way, Goodyears earned this verdict. It is based on over three million tires.

In some way we gave men more for their money—more mileage, less trouble, less upkeep. And this is how we did it.

We set scores of experts at research and experiment. We appropriated $100,000 yearly for this work.

We built in our laboratory, every day, experimental tires. We built machines to test them, and we compared them on the road.

Thus, month by month, these tires were bettered until we reached the limit. Until a thousand attempts had failed to show an improvement.

Things We Fought

We found that tires were largely wrecked by rim-cuts. Almost one in three, as per our last statistics on the old-type tires.

We invented No-Rim-Cuts, the hookless tires. The tires with six flat bands of braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. See picture at the top. That feature—which we still control—completely ended rim-cutting.

We found that countless blow-outs were due to wrinkled fabric—wrinkled by curing on an iron core. So we final-cured all tires on air bags, shaped like inner tubes. Cured them under actual road conditions. That stopped this waste, but it adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

We found that loose treads ruined many tires. So we paid $50,000 for a method to combat them. That patent method is now employed in every No-Rim-Cut tire.

We found that anti-skid treads too often meant short-lived tires. They centered strains at small points in the fabric. So we invented the All-Weather tread. A flat, double-thick tread, as smooth as a plain tread, but affording resistless grip. And that tread is now fast supplanting the plain tread.

Done by Us Alone

All these costly, mileage-adding features are used by us alone. Nobody else builds tires like No-Rim-Cuts. Nobody else cures on air bags. Nobody else so combats loose treads. Nobody else uses All-Weather treads.

At first, when our output was limited, we had to ask high prices for such tires. But prices came down as our output went up. Now many tires lacking all these features cost far more than Goodyears.

There are very big reasons why No-Rim-Cut tires gained their matchless prestige. They have proved their economy to hundreds of thousands. They will prove it to you when you let them.

Won't you give them a chance when you next buy tires?

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada **London, England** **Mexico City, Mexico**

Dealers Everywhere. **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities.** **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber.**

(3488)

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Butt right in with your old jimmy pipe!

It's brass-tack talk to say that you'll be a hundred per cent. chummy with Prince Albert before the third load turns to ashes. But it's a fact—*and it goes!*

No matter what you found lacking in every other brand you've *tried* to enjoy, you'll locate it in P. A., for here's tobacco with bells on! Why, you can play it both ways against the middle. It's all there—and a yard wide right down to the bottom of the tidy red tin!

Flavor hits you first crack; then the bully fine aroma. Just keep on puffing away and you'll get next that Prince Albert *won't bite!*

Quicker you realize that P. A. *can't* bite, that the sting and the parch are removed by an exclusive patented process, and that it's cool and delicious from fire-up down to the sweetest heel you ever pulled on before breakfast, *the quicker you're going to be jimmy pipe joy'us!*

Cracking open a fresh tin of P. A. these spanking spring mornings is just turning on an extra a. m. sunshine spigot. Yes, sir, P. A. kicks the grouch out of your system and makes things look gladsome, and mighty cheerful like. And it'll help you hear the little birds sing!





PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Men in all corners of the nation buy Prince Albert just like you do—all fresh and go-to-it like—in toppy red bags, 5c; in tidy red tins, 10c, and in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Sketch of R. L. Goldberg, famous cartoonist, and some of his "Boobs," drawn by himself.

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Collier's

IONAL WEEKLY

for April 25, 1914



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Keep Your Car

KEEP YOUR CAR!

The White Company's Solution *of* the Annual Trading Problem

Too many cars sold today are built to be traded; to last but one or two years; of ordinary materials; of extreme design; and, therefore, quickly useless and out of style. The second-hand market is flooded with such cars, and their value is next to nothing.

There Are Practically No White Cars on the Second-Hand Market

The real merit of any make of car is best shown by its absence from the second-hand market.

Look through the classified lists of any newspaper. Note the scarcity of Whites in the column after column of cars advertised for sale. Think what this means.

The chassis of White Cars are built in the same factory, by the same men, of the same identical materials as White Trucks.

And the most essential points of motor truck superiority—the features which have given White the supremacy among all motor trucks, both in quantity and value of production—are durability and continued economy of operation.

The bodies of White Cars are proper in outline, dignified and conservative, and because never extreme, are always in style.

White bodies are built, like White chassis, to last for years, and are not designed to make the owner feel obliged, for mere appearance sake, to purchase a new car every year.

Extreme styles in motor cars are due more to the desire on the part of the manufacturer to force an immediate market rather than to sell cars which will give definite satisfaction for years to come.

So thoroughly does the public believe in the superior wearing qualities and continued economy of operation of White Cars, that every White Dealer has a waiting list for used White Cars which he cannot supply.

The White Company, as far as White Cars are concerned, has no second-hand problem.

And because the demand for used White Cars so far exceeds the supply, White Owners are continually importuned to trade their cars for other makes, because dealers know that used Whites can be sold immediately for the highest cash price.

But White Owners rarely trade. They know that their old Whites are better today, more economical to operate, and will be worth more next year and in years to come than the new cars offered in exchange.

Buy *your* car from a manufacturer who builds for keeps—not for trades.

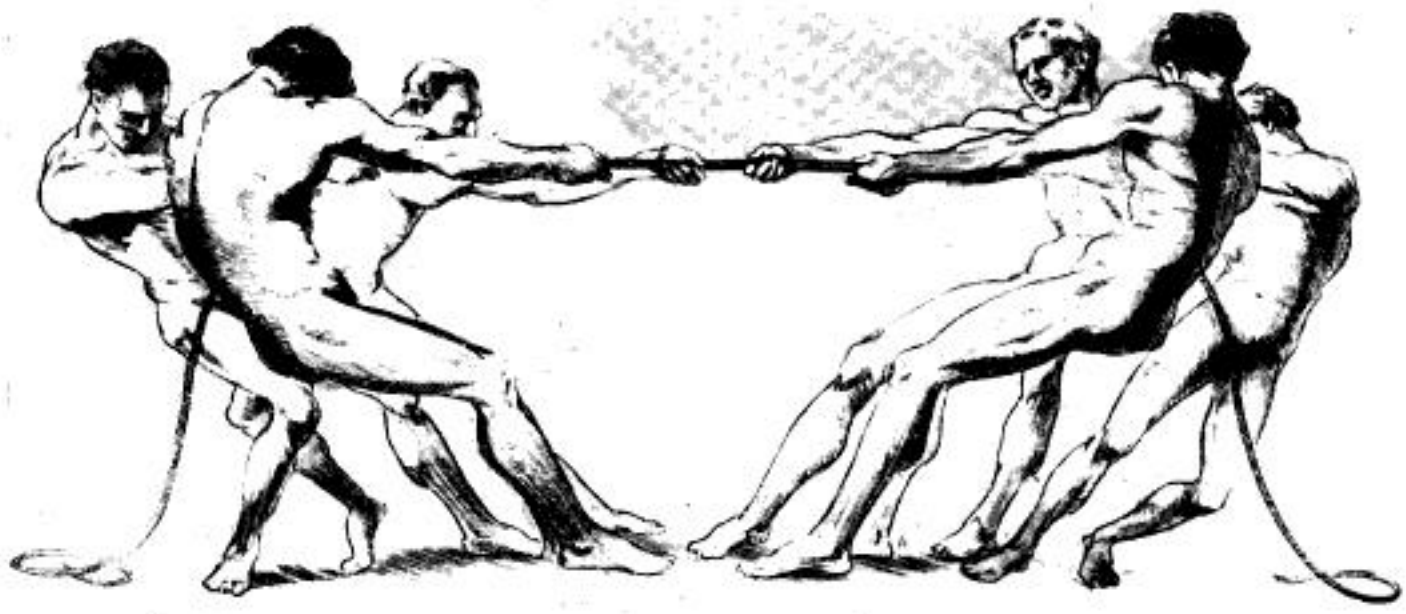
THE MANUFACTURING AS WELL AS THE SALES POLICY OF THE WHITE COMPANY HAS ALWAYS OPPOSED FREQUENT TRADES

THE WHITE COMPANY

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Motor Trucks and Taxicabs

CLEVELAND

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MAN GLORIES IN COMBAT AND TESTS OF STRENGTH, KNOTTED MUSCLES RESPOND TO THE CALL OF AN EXTRA STRAIN. BUT MAN IS ONLY CAPABLE OF A TEMPORARY EFFORT.

Automobile bearings must be able to carry the varying driving strains, as well as the sudden stresses resulting from road shocks and vibrations.

The imparting of qualities to materials by which they endure shock, strain and force without breaking is a science constantly used in the making of "Hyatt Quiet Bearings" for automobiles.

Steel for these bearings is tempered to withstand a strain of 230,000 pounds per square inch, giving it toughness and strength that insure maximum service.

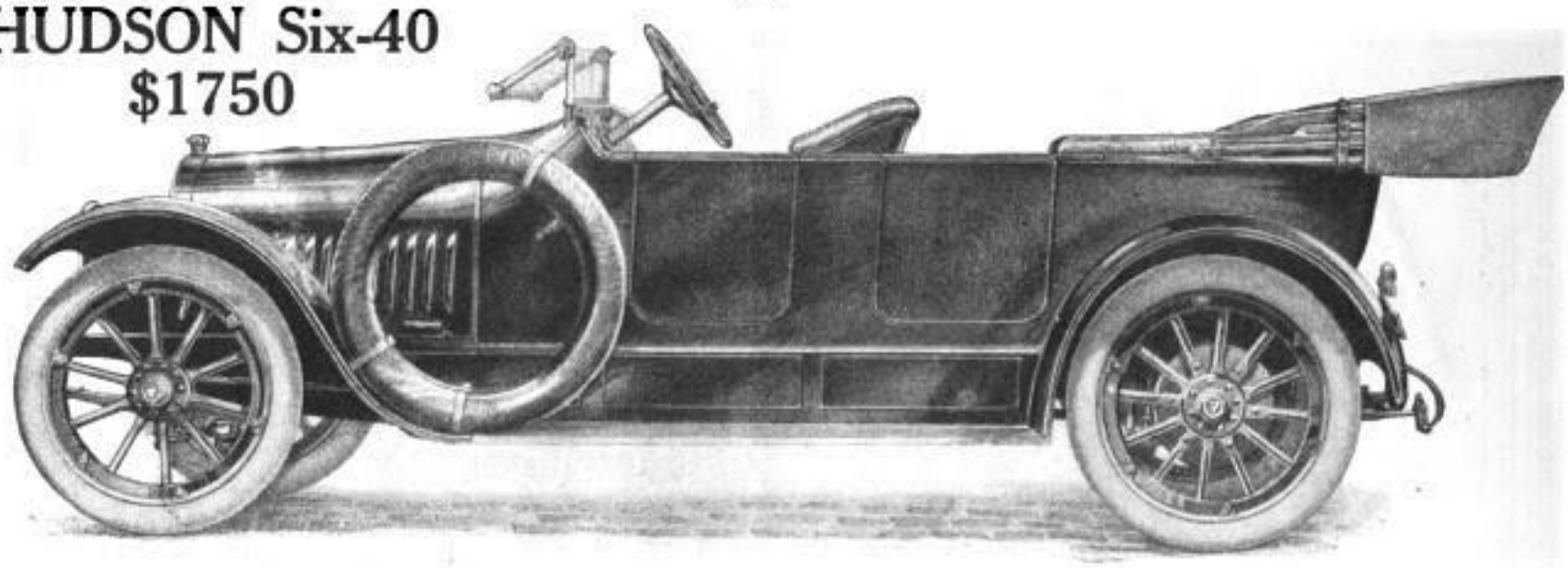
"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

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HUDSON Six-40
$1750



Now Supplied with a 5-Passenger as well as a 6-Passenger Body

The Triumphant Six

The verdict is in on this LIGHT HUDSON Six-40. The demand is overwhelming—far beyond expectations and beyond our capacity. This lightness, this economy, this beauty and price have won a triumph unmatched in all HUDSON history.

This is written to urge you to see a car which has met the ideals of thousands. See if it also meets yours.

The demand at present is beyond our capacity. But your dealer may have cars. And our increasing output, in any event, won't keep you waiting long.

Winning Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out this year to find Motordom hungry for Sixes. Legions of men had been waiting for years to see a quality Six brought within reach of the many.

It came into a field filled with men who sought lightness. With men who called for lower operative cost.

It came with the name HUDSON on it, denoting HUDSON standards. And it came from the hands of Howard E. Coffin and his famous corps of engineers.

So the welcome was waiting—a welcome which fairly swamped us, even in the coldest months.

Weighs 2,980 Pounds

The best designing feat accomplished was this lightness combined with strength. We saved from 450 to 1,200 pounds under former cars of similar capacity.

That is, we saved you in the car itself the weight of from three to eight adults. Saved you the cost of carrying that overweight every mile you drive. Yet we have given you as staunch a car as this factory ever built.

That lightness, plus a new-type motor, have immensely lowered operative cost. We use long, narrow cylinders—a European conception for getting greater power from fuel.

We have made many tests under many conditions, but have found no equal-powered car of any type which shows so many miles per gallon.

Our Record Price

Our price—$1,750—is a record price for a quality car of this power and capacity. Not only for Sixes, but for any type of car in this class.

The car embodies the best HUDSON standards. It has a distinguished streamline body with two disappearing extra seats.

It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather. It has the "One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains. It has concealed hinges and concealed speedometer gear. It has dimming searchlights, the Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting. The gasoline tank is in the dash. Extra tires are carried, as never before, ahead of the front door.

It offers all the attractions in design, finish and equipment that any car can offer—even to the trunk rack on the back. Yet the price is $1,750.

The Car of Tomorrow

The HUDSON Six-40, beyond any question, marks the future type of car. Men are coming to Sixes, to lightness, to economy. They are coming, as Europe has already come, to these flowing body lines. The demand for this car shows the trend of the times.

That means that cars of this type will not depreciate like types and fashions which are going out.

Consider these things before you buy your next car. If you feel that another car offers equal attractions, compare the two side-by-side. Ride in both cars, compare every detail, and you'll decide on this HUDSON Six-40.

Car like picture, with extra tonneau seats, $1,750 f. o. b. Detroit. Five-passenger body, same price. Standard Roadster, same price. Convertible Roadster, with lined leather top and windows that drop into doors—a luxurious enclosed car for rough weather, but an open roadster in fair weather—$1,950.

Our Larger Six-54

On the same lines we build the new HUDSON Six-54. The design and equipment are almost identical with the car pictured here. But the wheelbase is 135 inches, the engine more powerful, and the price is $2,250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7852 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Mr. Burdock's Insurance

Wherein Johnny Cockleburr Steals a Funeral March

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE lights flickered and went out. Mr. William R. Burdock, senior partner in the firm of Burdock & Kewell, real-estate subdivision specialists, sat frowning in the darkness waiting patiently for them to come on. While waiting he closed his eyes to rest them; when he opened them again the lights were on once more. Mr. Burdock decided it was time to do something; so he summoned his stenographer.

When she appeared he dictated, in a tone slightly louder than necessary, one letter to the Mutual Gas Light and Power Company to disconnect their meter and discontinue their service; and another letter to a rival company to install their meter and service instead.

"By Judas," he complained, "we'll have some working light around this office if we have to buy candles and install kerosene lamps."

Now, Mr. Burdock's private sanctum was not so private that when he spoke under stress his voice could not be heard in the general office. In fact, his lair was merely a sort of box stall, fenced off from the rest of Burdock & Kewell's establishment by an eight-foot ground-glass partition without a ceiling. Hence his plaint about the lights was audible in the outer office, where Mr. Biddle, the office manager, was at that moment bending solicitously over the counter to inquire the pleasure of a young man who had entered a few minutes before, and in time to overhear Burdock complaining about the light service.

THE visitor presented to Biddle a visiting card which bore the name Mr. John De Witt Burr.

"I should like," announced Mr. Burr, "to see Bill Burdock. I hear him inside. I believe, however, he is at this moment engaged."

"Not at all, sir," replied Mr. Biddle pleasantly, and swung open the office gate, that Mr. Burr might enter. With true commercial caution, he would have asked Mr. John De Witt Burr a few diplomatic questions touching the nature of his business before admitting him to The Presence, had not that easy, smiling, nonchalant "I should like to see Bill Burdock" disarmed him. Bill! The grand hailing signal of strangers and good fellows throughout the United States of America! It was the open sesame to Mr. Burdock's sanctum, for who, reasoned Biddle, unless he claimed an ancient friendship or close kinship to William R. Burdock, would have the temerity to call him Bill?

"Have a seat," said Biddle. A well-trained clerk, he was above leaving an intimate of the great Burdock to await an audience in the ulterior precincts of that busy office. Smiling, he took the card in to the head of the firm.

To parody the late Sir Walter Scott: "At once within that narrow cell arose a loud, discordant yell!" It emanated from the Czar thereof. "Out!" he shouted. "Out! Biddle, have I labored with you all these years in vain? The man's a life insurance agent! Great Grief, Biddle, don't you know a life insurance agent when you *see* one? Does he have to give you his *business* card before you get next?" Mr. Burdock's fist came down on his desk so hard it jarred a paper weight. "Why, that fellow's been bombarding me with life insurance literature for a month and he's called me up on the phone. I've told him personally I didn't want any life insurance. It's a bully thing, but I don't need it. I don't want anything to do with it—don't care to talk about it—and most positively will not be annoyed by this man another minute. Tell him to get out and stay out! and if he comes in here again kick him out. There're enough of you fellows on the pay roll in this office to protect me from life insurance pests, ain't there? Well, you see to it that I'm not harassed any more to-day, or any other day."

HE GLOWERED at the unhappy Biddle. "Biddle, what's the matter with you lately, anyway? You're letting these fellows in on me every day. What's the matter with you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," mumbled Biddle. "It shan't happen again."

"See that it doesn't. And tell that Burr to take my name off his mailing list. His life insurance literature is only serving to fill up my waste basket. How'd he slip in here, anyhow? When the lights were off?"

"Why, the lights haven't been off, Mr. Burdock," Biddle contradicted him mildly.

"Hah! Not off, eh? Then who's been off? Answer me that. D'ye mean to intimate that I'm off? I tell you the lights have been flickering and going out all morning."

Biddle shook his head. "I hadn't noticed it, sir."

"Leave me, Biddle," commanded Mr. Burdock wearily. "I saw the lights go out—every light in the office—not five minutes ago, and everything was blacker'n crape on a dead nigger."

Burdock's partner, attracted by the altercation, strolled into the office.

"Biddle's right," he declared. "The lights haven't been going out in this office at all. If there's been any trouble I haven't noticed it."

"But I saw them go out! Kewell, upon my word—"

"You'd better consult an oculist, Burdock. If any lights went out, they went out in your head!"

MR. BURDOCK gasped, drew his fat white hand across his eyes, and then looked up at Kewell and Biddle.

"Honest," he queried in a subdued voice, "didn't the lights go out?"

They shook their heads, and over the ground-glass partition drifted the sound of William R. Burdock's horrified "Good Lord! I'm going blind."

John De Witt Burr could restrain himself no longer. He rose and came to the door of Mr. Burdock's office.

"Better let me write you up a little health policy, Mr. Burdock? I solicit health and accident policies for the Industrial Insurance Company of Penobscot, Me.—capital fully paid up, ten million



So Mr. Burdock lay on his own office carpet and Dr. Jorum, kneeling beside him, applied the stethoscope

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Mr. Burdock reached for the glass paper weight, and Mr. Kewell gave the insurance solicitor a gentle shove out into the general office

dollars. Our combination accident and health policy contains a total disability clause that's a revelation in the insurance world. In the event of total blindness you can claim the full indemnity for total disability, regardless of your income, occupation—"

MR. BIDDLE waved a long admonitory finger at John De Witt Burr.

"Scat!" he said. Mr. Burdock reached for the glass paper weight, and Mr. Kewell gave the insurance solicitor a gentle shove out into the general office, where two salesmen propelled him forth into the common ground outside the counter.

"Good gracious, Kewell," whimpered William R. Burdock, "the lights have gone out again."

"My dear boy! This will never do. We must see an oculist immediately."

"Go to my oculist," pleaded Biddle frantically. In common with the rest of humanity, Mr. Biddle held that *his* oculist and *his* dentist and *his* family doctor were positively and inevitably the only three individuals alive who could be depended upon safely to cure any and all of the ills that flesh is heir to. "Go to Doc Gaffney in the Woolman Building. In an emergency like this he's the only oculist in whom I'd have implicit confidence."

"Anybody—anywhere," cried Mr. Burdock frantically. "Kewell, my boy, give me your arm. Upon my word, I feel dizzy and I've had terrible headaches for a week. You might have noticed how irritable I've been, Biddle."

Biddle had noticed it. In six years no life insurance agent had run the guard on *him* until this morning; yet his boss had accused him of letting one in every day!

Mr. Burdock's automobile, with the chauffeur asleep in the tonneau, stood at the sidewalk in front of the office. Into it tumbled Mr. Burdock, Mr. Kewell, and Biddle.

"Woolman Building," ordered Biddle pompously, and within the minute they were off.

Mr. John De Witt Burr (known to his friends as Johnny Burr and to the insurance world as "Johnny Cocklebur" for the reason that whenever he got on the trail of a prospect he stuck to him until that prospect either took out a policy, failed to pass the physical test, or perished in the interim) came forth from his vain quest and gazed after them.

"Liver," he remarked to himself sententiously. "The old man eats too much. And he doesn't want any insurance! Well, if I had his millions I wouldn't want any either. However, he must have some. I require the commission on a policy for a considerable sum on the life of that old savage, and I'm going to land him if it takes a year and breaks me into the bargain."

"NOTHING serious at all, I assure you, Mr. Burdock," Dr. Gaffney was informing that much-relieved individual. "These dizzy spells—the sudden darkness that descends upon one—are the result of a torpid and disorganized liver nine times out of ten, and in your case I am certain of it. Considering the severe strain your eyes are put to, I should say that they are in rather better fix than the average man of your years. I suspect a slight astigmatism, which may be corrected by the wearing of glasses while engaged in any close work; but that's all. However, in order that we may be absolutely certain, Mr. Burdock, your eyes should receive a thorough examination. It's better to be sure than sorry, you know."

"BY ALL means, sir, by all means. I am ready at any time." Mr. Burdock had a vision of himself, despite his millions, selling lead pencils on a windy street corner should his eyesight ever fail him. He had learned that the battle to possess millions had no sooner been won than the battle to retain them commenced.

"Very well, then," the oculist agreed, and got out his fatal drops. "It will be necessary to have the pupils of the eyes dilated, which will blind you in earnest for a couple of days, but the rest will do your eyes a world of good."

"Shoot," said Mr. Burdock bravely, and the oculist fired. Mr. Biddle and Mr. Kewell, much relieved, returned to the office and left Burdock to his fate.

Along about six o'clock Doc Gaffney steered his patient to the elevator, descended with him, and piloted him out to his waiting automobile. For Mr. Burdock was now blind, but in a most peculiar way. By using smoked-glass spectacles he could see very well at a distance, but the moment any person or object came close to him his dilated pupils refused to print the photograph on his brain. Everything blurred.

It was a week before William R. Burdock took up the burden of his vast affairs. When he did, however, a change was noticeable in his demeanor, Biddle, the office manager, being the first to observe it. Mr. Burdock was, without doubt, less excitable than formerly, and this Biddle attributed to the fact that he had cut in twain his daily ration of fifty-cent cigars. Also, he came to the office one hour later and left for home one hour earlier than formerly, and in his desk the stenographer reported she had found some malted-milk tablets and a carton of gluten biscuits.

During that week away from the office, however, Mr. Burdock had had a slight adventure.

The afternoon following the dilation of the pupils of his eyes and the consequent embarrassment at short-range vision, he had gone for a spin into the country in order to take the air and kill time. Returning to his home in the early twilight, he had dismissed the car at the garage and strolled up to the house across the spacious lawn, and as he approached the darkened veranda he was aware of the mellow plunking of a banjo accompanying a snatch of barber-shop melody.

Now, as any naturalist will inform you, the rattlesnake is most dangerous in August, during which month he is engaged in crawling out of his last year's skin. While the skin is drawn over his eyes he is, as the reader can well imagine, deprived of his sight—hence in a sour and suspicious mood and predisposed to strike blindly at all sounds in his vicinity.

SOMETHING of the characteristics of the rattlesnake in August must have entered into old Bill Burdock's nature this soft summer evening, for at the sound of that banjo he paused abruptly and snorted—"Huh!" just like that.

Instantaneous silence in the vine-screened veranda. Hearing nothing and being unable to see anything, Mr. Burdock grew suspicious. Without doubt some presuming swain had dared to invade the Burdock demesne for the purpose of philandering with the youngest daughter of the house of Burdock, and since the head of that house was of a headstrong spirit, possessed of set, old-fashioned ideas, he now felt it his paternal duty to investigate. He wanted no banjo-playing tenors courting his girls! The man who would essay love's young dream on the Burdock premises must first be investigated morally, socially, and financially, and even after passing this rigid test a still more rigid test remained. In Mr. Burdock's classical language, his future sons-in-law had to be "live ones."

They must be capable of supporting their wives without any subsidy from the Burdock bank account; for Mr. Burdock was a self-made man, with self-made ideals, and the contemplation of a son-in-law who played the banjo and sang "Oh, Genevieve! Sweet Genevieve," was a little more than he could contemplate to-night—in more ways than one.

So he snorted again and advanced majestically up the broad front steps. In the middle of the veranda he paused and said: "That you, Polly?"

"Yes, father."

MR. BURDOCK was conscious of two white, shadowy figures that loomed before him.

"Who's playing that banjo?"

"Oh, daddy, I forgot. You haven't met Mr. ——"

"No, I haven't, Polly, but I'd like to."

"Jack, dear, this is my father. Father, this is—"

"Jack—*dear*, eh?" and for the third time that night old Bill Burdock snorted, and there was in his snort that sinister note which a newspaper reporter would have described as "ominous." "Jack, dear," continued Mr. Burdock frigidly, "what in the devil do *you* do for a living; by what right are you known to Polly as 'Jack, dear,' and why this soulful melody on my front porch?"

He had been raised by the hair of his head and had never gotten over the habit of calling a veranda a porch and of wearing carpet slippers after dinner—which he persisted in calling supper.

Jack, dear, however, did not lose his composure.

"Answering your questions, sir, in the reverse of the order in which they were put, I will confess that I am on your front porch at the invitation of Miss Polly, and we are indulging in soulful melody because we both like it at this season of the year. As for my means of livelihood, I am not ashamed to confess that I am an insurance salesman—life, accident, health, automobile, bonds, and sureties of all kinds," and he thrust into Burdock's hand a card that doubtless proclaimed his multitudinous alliances in the field of his chosen endeavor.

MR. BURDOCK flipped it out into the scented night. "So you sell life insurance, eh?" The ominous note had deepened. "Or do you try to sell it?" he added, witheringly.

"I sell it, sir. I can sell a life insurance policy to any good risk that can afford to pay his annual premium."

"Sell me some," challenged Mr. Burdock.

"My time is too valuable, sir, to waste it on you in a business way. Socially, however, I may add that I am delighted at this opportunity of meeting you."

"You wouldn't waste your time on me?"

"Certainly not. I can tell by your eyes and disposition that your liver is on a strike. Hence you're a poor risk, and I'm out for sure-fire hits."

"So I seem to gather." This latter remark was very dry indeed, and its subtle sting was not lost on Polly's young man.

"That remark was a little nastier than the occasion seems to warrant, Mr. Burdock," he protested mildly. "I earn an honest living selling life insurance, although the profits to the salesman are, I admit, far less than would be the case were he to concentrate the same amount of energy and enthusiasm on—well, popular subdivisions, for instance. Consequently, I



Under the humanizing stimulus of the sight presented by a clown trying to ride a little trick mule, Mr. Burdock's good humor returned

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cannot afford to waste my time, and in order not to waste it I observe strictly the cardinal principle of the game: 'Never fool with a hazardous risk!'"

"You have a remarkable flow of language at all events; a very good line of gab, indeed. What are you doing around here? Trying to sell Polly a policy?"

The troubadour made the mistake of laughing at this, thinking doubtless Mr. Burdock had meant it for a witticism—which was far from his intention. He wanted merely to get at the root of things. Jack, dear, answered him truthfully.

"No, sir, I'm courting Polly. About fifteen minutes before you came I asked her to be my wedded wife, and she was kind enough to say she would."

"I'll have something to say about that, sir."

"I thought you would and it was my intention to consult you. I trust, now that I have done so, the proposition meets with your entire approval."

"Scarcely. My daughter is young and she does not know her own mind. If she did, she would not dream of an alliance with a life insurance agent. You will oblige me, sir, by leaving these premises immediately and not coming back. Polly, go to your room."

HE POINTED down the walk across the lawn, and with a sigh, Jack, dear, picked up his banjo and departed. Polly commenced to weep, as she preceded her outraged parent into the house.

"Well, that's settled," growled Mr. Burdock to himself, "but if I hear any more of it, I'll lay it out flat. I'll pack that young lady off to Europe with her mother. She'll get over this in six weeks."

He waited three days for his wife to broach the subject of Polly's love affair, and then, not hearing anything, he concluded not to mention it at all. If Polly seemed inclined to keep the matter secret he would respect her implied desire. She seemed cheerful enough, all things considered, and upon the morning of his return to his office she kissed him good-by as usual, and there was no resentment in her manner. She was his youngest, therefore his favorite, and her submission to his will pleased him greatly.

"You're a good little girl, Polly," he told her, "a dutiful daughter, indeed," and he gave her a fat check for pin money.

THE day following his return to the harness, William R. Burdock received a letter from the Atlantic States Life Insurance Company. He was about to cast it into the waste basket after a quick glance at the letterhead, but a name at the very beginning of the letter—a name that had become familiar to him because of the deluge of cards and literature, rubber stamped with the name of the agent, which had been descending upon him of late—moved him to a grudging perusal.

Once started on that letter, however, it was not humanly possible for William R. Burdock to cast it aside unread. Even when he had finished reading, he reread it, and then reverently laid it aside for future contemplation. Presently he asked Biddle to request his partner, Kewell, to step into the office.

"Kewell," began Mr. Burdock, "Here's a boy who's wasting himself selling life insurance. We need him in our office to sell lots in our new subdivision at Lakeview Park. Read that letter and tell me what you think about it."

Thus adjured, Mr. Kewell read:

MR. WILLIAM R. BURDOCK, 741 Market Street, City.

MY DEAR MR. BURDOCK: *Mr. John De Witt Burr, late special agent of the Fiduciary Life Insurance Company, in severing his connection with that company, has handed me a list of persons he has reason to believe will be interested in the new policy which is now being offered by the Atlantic States Life Insurance Company, whose interests I have the honor to represent in this territory.*

Among the names submitted I find yours, with a notation to the effect that while you are doubtless a splendid risk, physically, it is worth a special agent's life to attempt to sell you life insurance. Possibly Mr. Burr made the mistake of trying to interest you during office hours. I shall not make that mistake. My scheme for interesting a prospect is, I flatter myself, an improvement on the old-fashioned methods of salesmanship, for one of the first principles of that lost art is: "Never annoy or disturb a busy man—when he is busy!"

This is the first and last letter *you will ever receive from me on this subject. I do not enclose you any literature. You know whether you do or do not desire life insurance, and this letterhead will inform you that in point of age, volume of business, cash reserve, capitalization, etc., this company stands second on the list of life-insurance companies doing business in the United States.*

I must confess, however, my surprise at the frivolity



"Who the devil are you?" he yelled.
And the man promptly replied: "I am Death,
the Black Camel that kneels at Every Man's door"

—nay, contempt—with which Mr. Burr informs me you treat this most important subject of life insurance. It is indicative of a certain recklessness, not to say, a callous disregard for the happiness and well being of your loved ones. Your unsympathetic attitude toward this most monumental scheme of philanthropy ever evolved in the brain of man, this philanthropy—life insurance—so sweet, so tender, so far-reaching that its gentle hand dares to reach even beyond the portals of the grave to sustain and comfort those you leave behind you—is not, I sincerely trust, the outward expression of a naturally cold and parsimonious nature. Did I believe otherwise I should not have written you this letter.

But, my dear sir, you say you are worth millions. True, even if you didn't say it. You are worth millions—in real estate. But suppose a panic should come! They have come before; they may come again. The bottom drops out of the real estate market for one year and you are land poor. And then you die! And the banks refuse to loan your estate any money on its doubtful realty holdings! I want to know what the missus and the kids are going to do, then!

Make hay while the sun shines. Be prepared for any emergency. Remember that the company I represent always has millions in cash on hand to pay its policy holders. You will not be in the real-estate business always, for there is an end to all things mortal. The day will come—and you know not the day nor the hour—when you will take to your bed, turn your white face to the wall and give up the ghost!

That very day your partnership with Mr. Kewell will be terminated, and he, in a final spirit of love, will consummate for you your last real-estate transaction—the purchase of a damp, malarial tract, piece, or parcel of land, lying, being, and situate, etc., and bounded and particularly described as follows, to wit:

"Beginning at a point and running six feet east, thence south four feet; hence west six feet; hence north four feet; six feet perpendicular."

The following day, you will, without doubt, be all in!

And when your desolated wife has dismissed the hack, in there anything—I ask you, is there anything *—more calculated to assuage your widow's grief than to have* me, *on behalf of the Atlantic States Life Insurance Company, present her with a draft on the home office for a sum that will leave her independent until she joins you in that shadowy vale from whose bourn no traveler e'er returns?*

THERE IS NOT! AND YOU KNOW IT!

THINK THIS OVER! LET THIS WORD OF WARNING SOAK IN! INSURE YOUR LIFE BEFORE YOU DIE, FOR AFTER THAT IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

You will hear from me again from time to time, but briefly. I shall endeavor to refrain from making myself or my proposition obnoxious to you. Rather shall it be my aim to amuse and instruct and entertain you, until that final happy day when the parting with the first annual premium shall have been accomplished without detracting from that spirit of admiration which you cannot help entertaining for me when you read this letter. Very truly yours,

HENRY V. MOODY,
Special Agent.

MR. KEWELL laid down the remarkable communication from Henry V. Moody, special agent, and sighed.

"He get's a fellow, doesn't he?"

"I should say he does. By George, Kewell, a letter like that blowing into a humdrum business office is like a breath of spring. He interests me. I'll bet that fellow could sell lots on a rainy day and the wind blowing a gale."

"He's self-conceited."

"Not at all, Kewell, that's self-esteem. If a man feels sure of himself and has the right kind of enthusiasm for the goods he's selling, I fail to see why he cannot sell life insurance to anybody that needs it and can afford it. You might show that letter to our salesmen, Kewell. Have some copies struck off and let them get an idea of what constitutes bright, new, snappy lines of argument. This chap doesn't bore his prospect—just jollies him along, and the first thing he knows the victim has a fountain pen in his hand and Henry V. Moody is telling him to sign on the dotted line. The fellow interests me, although I can see his plan of campaign. He's working along psychological lines and I'm anxious to see what he'll do next."

"Let me know how you come out with him," suggested Kewell. "If he's a live one we might steal him for our business."

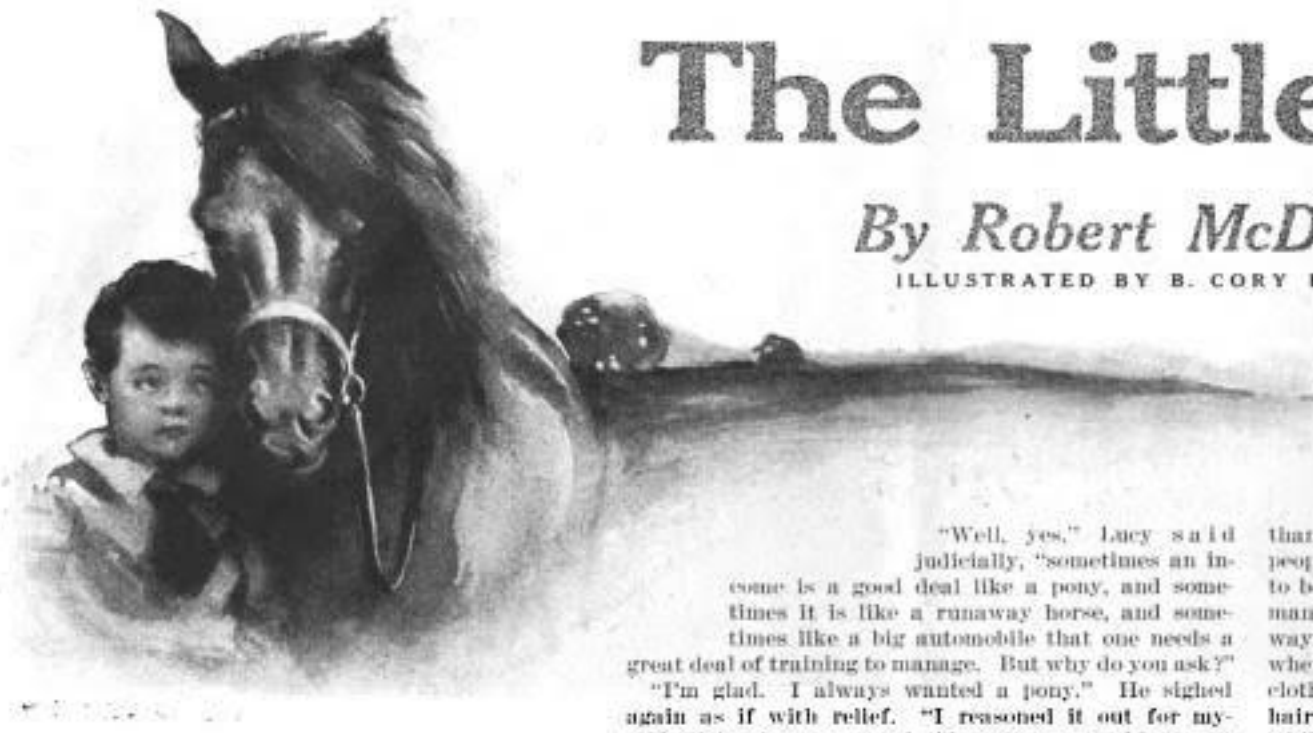
THAT night, while William R. Burdock sat on the veranda of his magnificent suburban home smoking his postprandial cigar, the strains of distant music smote upon his ear. It was melody manufactured by a brass band, and as it came closer Mr. Burdock, being a human being, left his wife and family in the veranda and walked majestically down to the entrance to his estate to see the parade go by. It was a suggestion from Polly that helped him on his way. She insisted that he investigate and report.

But it was not a parade. It was a funeral. A dozen stolid citizens of undoubted Teutonic antecedents preceded a black coffin, which reposed in a black hearse with old-fashioned black plumes; the hearse being drawn by six black horses, in black silken trappings, driven by the blackest negro Mr. Burdock had ever seen. This individual rolled his eyes and gnashed his tremendous set of ivories at Mr. Burdock in such a manner as to give the latter a slight attack of the creeps.

In all his life Burdock had never heard Chopin's funeral march played so funereally. The shrill tones of the clarinets and piccolos and the sobby um-pahs of the big bass tuba were enough to have induced a serious state of mind in a chimpanzee, and aside from the fact that they were burying the deceased at night there was still another singular feature about this funeral. But one carriage followed the hearse, which seemed an inadequate number for a funeral staged with such regal disregard for expense. So Mr. Burdock craned his body across his front gate for a peep at its inmates as the carriage should pass him; and to his horror the rear of the carriage hood slid down exposing the interior and the mourners!

Seated vis-à-vis Mr. Burdock beheld four human skeletons. The interiors of the skulls had been ingeniously equipped with (Continued on page 25)

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The Little Son

By Robert McDonald

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE elevator man who took her up to the law offices of Thawl, Beard & Thawl showed a deference to Mrs. Marshall that would have surprised himself had he been conscious of it. There was a serenity about Mrs. Marshall preclusive of any idea of lawsuits. She looked like a woman who had always walked the heights of life undisturbed, and it was a distinct shock to hear that Marshall was her maiden name and that the "Mrs." was all that was left of a ten months' marriage. It was equally difficult to think of her as deceiving or deceived.

She lifted her skirts daintily, walked down the corridor to Mr. Henry Thawl's private office and knocked. There was a fumbling at the lock, but the door did not open, and after a moment she went back to the room where a boy waited for cards. Almost immediately a young man, airing his manners with the importance of a new degree from the law school, came to meet her, the card in his hand.

"Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Thawl received your message and will return from a directors' meeting almost at once. Will you wait in his private office?" The young man walked down the hall and opened the door, leaving her with a patronizing smile.

It was a comfortable room, showing how profitable the care of estates could be, hung with copper-plate prints of wigged and gowned jurists of the last century and a half.

It was a gray day and the fire in the deep grate put the rest of the room in shadow. Lucy sat down in one of the big leather chairs and did not move. She was not the sort of woman who needs the constant stimulus of outside impressions, and she made no movement toward the piles of fresh literature on the corner of the table.

PRESENTLY she heard a movement near her, and then a deprecating little purring sound as though a soft voice had started to speak and then thought better of it. Lucy turned with her usual calm face and saw a small boy standing by the companion to her chair. He was a remarkably pretty boy even in silhouette against the window, but she had never known any children, and she looked at him exactly as she looked at the prints on the wall. Suddenly the child let one of those portentous sighs that express infantile repression escape from his lungs. It was almost a groan, and Lucy put out her hand with a cool sympathy. "Are you ill?"

The child came forward immediately. She saw that he was grotesquely dressed in a cheap velveteen suit of the obsolete "Fauntleroy" type. Long thick stockings covered his slender legs and cheap patent-leather slippers his feet. His hair, almost black, was in hastily cared-for curls on his shoulders, but all the bad taste of his guardians could not eliminate a charm that Lucy felt in his first movement toward her.

"How do you do?" he said, holding out his hand. "I was so afraid that you were not going to speak, and, of course, one cannot speak until one is spoken to. The gentleman said I must stay here until he returned, and I think that something serious must have happened to him. There is one question that I should like to ask if you do not mind: Is an income anything like a pony?"

Every word had the careful pronunciation of drilled speech, but in the question there was a flutter of daring as well as of hope.

Lucy took the hand held out, and there was a moment's uncertainty on his part when she did not drop it. It must have been as surprising to her as to the child that she did not. It was a nervous little hand that took a tight hold on her first finger and held on when the chance was given it.

"Well, yes," Lucy said judicially, "sometimes an income is a good deal like a pony, and sometimes it is like a runaway horse, and sometimes like a big automobile that one needs a great deal of training to manage. But why do you ask?"

"I'm glad. I always wanted a pony." He sighed again as if with relief. "I reasoned it out for myself. It's always a good thing to reason things out for yourself. I heard the lady who said she was Cousin Louise say that if they sent me to Mr. Thawl he would find me an income fast enough, so they sent me. There are a lot of fast things, you know, but a pony is the nicest, and while I was guessing I thought I might as well guess the nicest. Wouldn't you?"

"Where did they send you from?" she asked idly. She was not at all curious, but her mind was busily assimilating the idea of "guessing the nicest," and she paid no attention to her speech. She was sure that for some years she had done anything else but "guess the nicest." She had guessed the worst and smilingly reconciled herself to it.

"FROM Staten Island. I've never been off Staten Island since I was a little baby until to-day. I have always lived with Miss Baker. She was a very estimable lady, who has gone to Heaven to be an angel now."

"You heartless little thing," Lucy thought, and then she remembered that she had heard that all children were naturally heartless. The clinging little hand, the feel of the warm little body against her shoulder, belied the thought.

"Miss Baker had a large school once, and I heard her tell it to the minister that she had had twenty boys and girls there often. It was a great comedown in these past years"—Lucy could hear the very echo of the tones of the translated Miss Baker—"there's been only me." There was no self-pity, merely a statement of fact, but there was something wistful in the tone, and with an impulse that was pure instinct she drew the little chap close with an encircling arm, and he snuggled to her like a kitten.

"Of course it was tiresome to a lady to have one child when she had had so many and they amused each other. I used to feel it myself. I tried not to be any tiresomer than I just had to, and then Miss Baker was ill and people came, and then the minister said she had gone to be an angel; and then Cousin Louise and a gentleman came, and Cousin Louise said she wasn't in any way responsible *whatsoever*, and that it was funny where the money had all gone; and she said these clothes showed that I was an old maid's boy and that hair wasn't stylish this way, but it wasn't worth while to bother, and Mr. Thawl would find me an income fast enough. I wouldn't care about its being *fast*. I suppose you have to learn to stay on."

"Suppose you tell me your name."

The child hesitated. "Patsy," he said finally.

"What is the rest?"

"I suppose it is Patrick. Miss Baker always called me that, but Cousin Louise said it was ridiculous and people would think I was a little Mick. The man that made the garden always called me Patsy. What is a little Mick? I never knew."

"It is what my little boy might be if I had one," Lucy said with something like a strangle in her throat.

"I wish I *was* your little boy." He turned and looked at her. "I never was hugged by a lady before, but I have seen other people. Down in Staten Island there was a lady I saw hug a boy, but Miss Baker wouldn't let the boys play in our garden. The neighborhood had sadly changed," and he sighed again.

It was at this moment that Mr. Thawl came in, and the child, who had evidently been trained to stand until he was spoken to, slipped to the floor.

MR. THAWL was a thin, gray-haired man well-known to the public, not only as a famous lawyer, but as a driver of four-in-hands, and a judge at horse shows, and a cool buyer at picture auctions, but now he seemed to have lost some of that manner for which he was famous and to be almost unduly apologetic for his delay. He called an office boy and sent the child from the room at once, immediately plunging into Mrs. Marshall's business. Mrs. Marshall had been abroad almost constantly for eight years and had only returned to her native land for business reasons.

"The only thing I see for you to do," Mr. Thawl said finally, "is to spend more money. It is very seldom that I am called upon to give that advice. Your income is piling up until it is hard to find safe investments for it."

"I am afraid," Mrs. Marshall said, "that if I begin to spend my income I shall be taken to task for having it. I understand that an American is no longer allowed to spend money freely without criticism. I have had enough newspaper comment."

"Indeed, yes," and Mr. Thawl shook his head, "but, my dear Lucy [Mr. Thawl had known her since her childhood, and the state of her finances was such that almost any lawyer would have enjoyed calling her by her Christian



"There is one question that I should like to ask if you do not mind: Is an income anything like a pony?" In the question there was a flutter of daring as well as of hope

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name], have you ever thought of going in for philanthropy? You may do almost anything you know if you begin with philanthropy."

Lucy laughed. "Am I the sort of woman to go in for anything?"

"You ought to—" Mr. Thawl began. He had started to say "marry again," but thought better of it. Lucy Marshall had never been a girl to take advice upon personal affairs, and he thought that at twenty-nine she looked less likely to listen than ever. He did not believe that her experience in having her own way had changed her in that respect. "You ought to," he said, and let his sentence end there.

"Who is the child I found here?" Lucy asked as Mr. Thawl made a new apology for keeping her waiting.

"The child?" Mr. Thawl asked vaguely, as though he could not remember, to save his life, what child she had been talking about. "Oh, just the child of a client."

"Then he isn't an orphan? I imagined from what he told me that he was."

"In a way, yes, in a way"—as though one could be "sort of" orphaned.

"I suppose he is mistaken, then, in thinking that he has nobody except you to look out for him. Is his mother alive?"

"No, his mother died when he was born, and he was placed in a school on Staten Island."

"It seems rather hard to begin school so very young. And his father?"

"His father? His father is also dead, or I suppose he is."

"Did he desert the child?"

"Not exactly. In fact—" Mr. Thawl was very visibly embarrassed—"in fact, I am hardly at liberty to give the child's history. It isn't pleasant. He came into the world almost as an accident, you may say—"

"Not—?" There was an interrogation in Mrs. Marshall's face that Mr. Thawl hastened to answer.

"Oh, no! Oh, dear, no! But it was not a love match—on one side at

(Continued on page 35)

When the Farmer Shakes the Money Tree

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON



"THERE go the gamest people in the world," said a Kansas country editor the other day as the procession of vehicles rolled out of the village on Saturday afternoon, carrying the farm folks back to the farms. "They are a race of stout hearts. Hog cholera decimates their stock, chinch bugs and Hessian fly blast their grain crops, drought may reap where they have sown, taxes and mortgage rates eat them up, and yet they grit their teeth, through thick and thin, and stick to the land."

This might sound like the wail of a hard-luck howler, but the truth is that this same view is taken by the conservative financiers of the East. They say that "if city borrowing had to pay the same price as country borrowing most urban enterprises would throw up the sponge." This corroborates the statement of the country editor: that the farmers have stayed in the game only by sheer courage. What they have to contend with would break the hearts of any other class of American business men.

Interest is the worst bug that eats the farmer's crops. Blight, drought, boll weevils, and grasshoppers consume much, but interest devours more. The interest bill and the wheat crop balance. Like a mosquito, the interest bug, with its beak in the farmer's wallet, sucks the lifeblood of the farming industry. In the last generation it has wiped out the entire increase in land values!

The farmer gets up and goes to work two hours before daylight, but the interest bug has been working all night. Locusts and grasshoppers can only eat his crops in the summer, but the interest bug "hath all seasons for his own."

New Hope of a Credit Machine

FARMING, the least profitable business in America, pays the highest rates of interest. The cost of farm credit is from 8 to 25 per cent. In the latter case it eats the farmer up every four years. The farmer must have help, or agriculture must perish under this burden. And help is coming. What is the remedy: Farm without borrowing? No, borrow more and put on more debt than ever. That is the answer. But the money must be had at low rates of interest such as other safe and solid businesses enjoy.

After years of heatless talk about establishing better relations between the banker and the farmer we appear to be approaching some definite action. The slow and cumbersome machine of national legislation is grinding its way toward a deliverance of the farmer's pocketbook. It seems safe to assume that before the end of the present session of Congress some rural credit measure will be enacted that will place the agriculturist beyond the thrall of grasp and greed and make him economically independent. In other words, the United States is about to catch up with her sister countries in emancipating her most important worker from usury and providing him with a credit machine that will enable him to fulfill his destiny.

The very prospect of such a consummation bares a vision of far-reaching significance. Though he dwells along the highways and the hedges and off the beaten, spectacular paths, the farmer, in the end, touches everybody, however humble. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, the exports that swell our mighty trade balances, all hark back to the man behind the plow. When you succor him, you nourish the whole national body. Hence this imminent harnessing up of our mastery of the soil with the science of a new rural finance can only mean a whole fresh and even thrilling epoch in the uplift of the land.

Any explanation of rural credits, however simple may be the attempt, must of necessity involve two vast and compelling agencies. One is the institution of credit itself, aptly named "the vital air of commerce." Without its beneficent aid all development would falter, for more than 90 per cent of the world's business is based on it. The other is farming, the great universal activity, old as time and participated in by over half of the population.

Clearly to understand the need and importance of this approaching economic daybreak it is necessary, at the outset, to look into the business side, or rather the lack of the business side, of farming.

The Farmer as Financier

WHY should the farmer and credit be so intimately related? Simply because the man who gets his living out of the ground cannot, to use the commercial phrase, "turn over" his goods quickly. However scientific may be his methods, he must await the caprice of time and the mood of wind and weather and soil. During this period of waiting he must live and keep his plant in good working condition. In short, he must have money before he actually produces it, and the only way he can get it is to borrow. Thus credit is as the breath of his life; oil to his income-producing machine.

He should have ample capital, yet the accommodation that he grudgingly gets is very much like the brand once referred to by Louis XIV of France, who, commenting on the rural usurer, said: "Credit supports agriculture as the cords support the hanged."

The actual financial needs of the farmer are of two kinds. One is what might be called the fixed capital requirement, by which I mean the money needed for a farm, additional land, new buildings, or increased equipment. The funds for this loan must be a permanent investment, extending over a considerable period and secured by mortgage. This is the so-called "long-term" loan.

If this were the only kind of rural borrowing the farmer's troubles would not be so great. But he needs another kind of credit to supply his seasonal needs, such as seed or fertilizer, or a horse or a cow, or to cultivate or harvest his crops. This is known as the personal or "short-term" borrowing. It is seldom secured by mortgage, and the security is either the personal note of the borrower or his character.

Right here comes an important distinction between the short-term borrowing of the farmer and the same kind of borrowing by the merchant. The latter may need accommodation for thirty, sixty, or ninety days, but during that period he can, to revert again to the speech of commerce, "turn over" his goods and pay the loan. Hence he is constantly in the money market. The farmer who requires this kind of loan must wait until his crops are harvested or on the way to the consumer. His "short time" may range from ninety days to a year. By a curious and costly circumstance the farmer usually needs money most when it is highest, such as, for example, in the autumn, when he must have actual cash to "move the crops." At such times the Wall Street coffers are strained, interest rates soar, and who pays the freight? No one but the farmer, and yet he is simply supplying a legitimate need.



At this point you are doubtless beginning to wonder why the farmer, in the face of the most favorable natural credit conditions, with $40,000,000,000 worth of equity behind him (such is the estimated value of the American farms), and who produces $10,000,000,000 worth of output each year, should have to stand, hat in hand and with his purse strings hanging out, waiting the pleasure and the convenience of the lender.

There are various reasons. The first is that the farmer, as a rule, is not a business man; the second is that the whole machinery of our money and credit system is directed toward the aid of the city and not the country. Still a third is that our commercial banks have had to supply most of the rural credit, and they are not primarily credit institutions. To provide such credit requires a special system adapted to agricultural needs. In addition to all this there is the natural tendency of our capital, whether the big stake of the rich man or the nest egg of the wage earner, to seek employment in commercial and industrial enterprises. In a word, our small investors have not been educated up to putting their savings into the safest thing in the world, which is a good mortgage or a bond secured by a first-class land lien.

Take the case of the farmer first. He began as a "clodhopper" and tilled the land in a haphazard way. When you asked him why he planted corn on a certain hill he replied: "God only knows. I do it because my father before me did it."

Usury Oppressed Him

THEN came the kindling era of agricultural enlightenment with its miracle of soil culture, diversified and rotated crops, dry farming, the use of the telephone on the farm, the advent of the automobile—all the rest of that wondrous and romantic awakening that gave us a "New Land" and a "New Farmer." In a word, farming became a science and took on a fresh dignity.

But what else also happened? Though he emancipated himself from his almost primitive methods and freed himself from the uncertainty of crop production, the farmer clung to his old financial ways. He never analyzed credit. He simply classed it with drought, bugs, crop failure, and his other troubles. Debt he regarded as a natural heritage, and the top-heavy mortgage brooded over his affairs like an evil spirit. Like the Southerner who thought that "Damned Yankee" was one word, he believed that borrowing and usury were the same thing.

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The very circumstance of his calling had something to do with this condition. Since his needs are seasonal and his cash income unsteady, he seldom had a bank account. When he did put money in an institution it did not stay there long. The farmer wants to do business with actual money whenever possible. Thus the bank gets little or no benefit out of his deposits. Moreover, his geographical isolation from the money centers, and the fact that he has scant social relation with the moneyed men of the town, combine to make him a figure with no great appeal to the accredited banking facilities.

A sad fact, too, is that many farmers are very unbusinesslike. A farmer will keep money in a bank that pays a small rate of interest—if any—and yet at the same time he will buy his fertilizer on credit and pay a heavy charge for the accommodation. He has not yet learned the value of buying for cash in order to get the liberal discount even if he has to borrow to get this discount.

Then again the farmer wants long-time credit, and the banker and the general country investor do not want to have their money tied up over a considerable period. This means constant refinancing for the farmer, and refinancing, as everybody knows, is a very expensive piece of business.

The Millstones

SMALL wonder that the rural banker preferred to do business with the merchant and the manufacturer who were close to his elbow and who mainly wanted short-time credit, and that he exacted a pound of flesh from the farmer when he did deign to accommodate him.

The natural result was that the farmer, unable to get credit at the bank, turned to the next worst thing, which is the local lender—familiar figure in the rural melodrama—who is always pictured as holding the lash of imminent foreclosure over the unhappy heads of the aged couple about to be turned from their hearthstone. But there is more truth than fiction in the conditions that bring about this resort to the village shylock.

Unpleasant as was the alternative, the farmer had to take his choice of two highly unsatisfactory courses. One was to borrow from the bank and lose his farm through excessive demands; the other was to operate without needed capital and fail in the end. Like that traditional person caught between the proverbial millstones, he was ground whichever way he turned.

The Bondage to Home Capital

NOW we arrive at the real leash that has held the expansion of rural credit in check. It lies in what might be called the geographical limitation of our farm mortgages. Astounding as it appears, it is seldom that a farm loan is obtainable—save in rarely favored communities—outside its immediate neighborhood.

The effect of this restriction of the sources of credit cannot be overestimated. Though it may appear a trifle far-fetched, let me quote one of the best-known American authorities on rural credits on this subject. He said:

"People do not realize the hardship that dependence upon local capital works on the farmer. When you turn to some striking parallel you begin to see just what it means. What would happen, for example, if each mile of roadbed of the Pennsylvania Railroad depended for its financing on the country through which it passes? How would the United States Steel Corporation have fared if it had relied on the vicinity of Gary for the erection of its mammoth plant there? Or, to reduce the proposition to the nth power of absurdity, where would the magnificent new Grand Central Station in New York City be if the New York Central had been compelled to raise the funds for it from the residents of the adjacent streets?

"These huge organizations draw their funds not only from every part of the country, but practically from every section of the world, while our agricultural industry—the greatest of all—rarely gets beyond hailing distance for its capital. The consequence is precisely the same as it would be in the case of any of the other industries that I have quoted. Agriculture does not get all the capital that it legitimately needs; when it does get credit, it pays an exorbitant price."



The farmer gets up and goes to work two hours before daylight, but the interest bug has been working all night

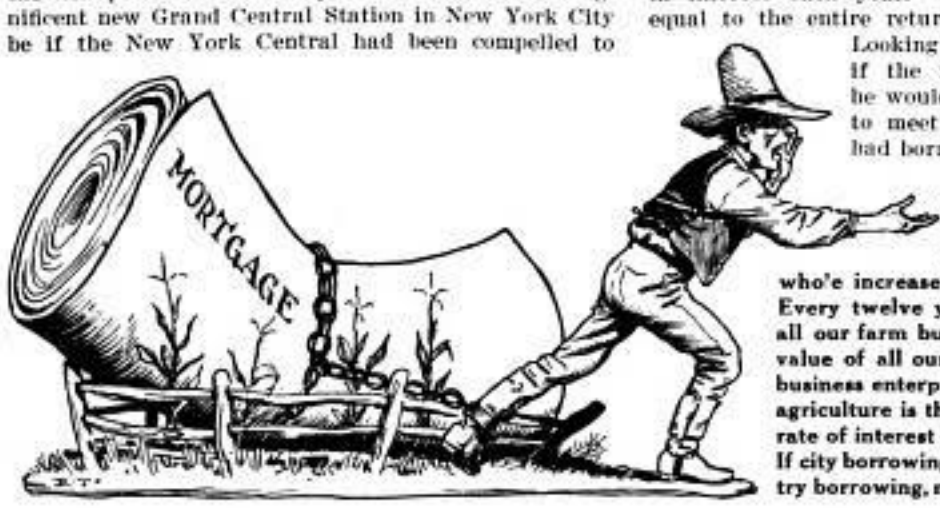
Probe the source of rural credits and you find it bound hand and foot to local conditions. Sixty-seven per cent of it comes from the so-called "home banks"; 16 per cent from the neighbors. A bare 15 per cent is supplied by loan agents who represent outside investors. In a very few communities the building and loan associations are able to accommodate the farmers, but the number is so small that it scarcely figures in the general statistics.

Many reasons are given for the widespread farm failures. It may be that some farmers do not farm properly, that others do not raise enough crops per acre or realize adequately upon them. All these may be true, but the main reason which has just begun to soak into the consciousness of a large body of the American people is that these deficiencies are not causes, but effects, and that these effects are the result of an unprofitable system of farm finance.

What the Farmer Pays

NOW let us see just what this system costs the farmer. It is estimated that the average rate of interest paid by our agriculturists is between 8 and 8½ per cent. But if this rate were all that they had to pay, there would be little complaint. The trouble is that farm borrowing is cluttered up with all sorts of perquisites. Commissions, bonuses, and all manner of mulcting bring the cost of loans up to 12 per cent. In many sections a cost of 25 per cent for farm money is not unusual. The irony of this whole performance is that the cost of renewing the loan is almost as great as the initial venture.

You will not be surprised, therefore, when you find that the American farmer pays down $500,000,000 in interest each year. This huge fixed charge is equal to the entire return on our vast wheat crop. Looking at it from another angle, if the farmer raised only wheat, he would sacrifice his whole income to meet the cost of the money he had borrowed.



Viewing this interest charge from still another point, you find that within the last generation it has consumed the who'e increase in the value of our farms. Every twelve years it absorbs the value of all our farm buildings; each nine years the value of all our live stock. In short, of all business enterprises, the average profit upon agriculture is the least compatible with the rate of interest charged for necessary capital. If city borrowing had to pay the price of country borrowing, most enterprises would cease.

But all the hardship in rural credit is not confined to the mortgage on land or the cost of operating capital. There is still another expensive source, very widespread and seldom included in discussions of the subject. It is known as "store" credit, the process by which farmers or their tenants run accounts with merchants and pay an enormous bonus for their supplies.

In the South this system is little short of peonage. It is estimated that in some communities the merchants exact a toll of not less than 50 per cent on groceries bought, as the phrase goes, "on tick."

Of course there are two sides to this farm picture. Many farmers are lenders instead of borrowers; thousands own bank stocks and some even put the screws to the urban borrower. But they are considerably in the minority.

The fact remains that the whole system of farm credit has been extravagant and impractical; that it has hampered rural development and driven many farmers to the towns.

The Trouble

ONE more detail remains to be explained before we turn from the sordid drama of credit oppression to the rosy prospect of promised relief.

There is a nation-wide farm debt of nearly $6,000,000,000. Half of it is on real-estate mortgages. But these mortgages and their allied obligations do not spell failure any more than do the liens on our huge corporate institutions. On the contrary, the farmer, like any other intelligent person, realizes that debt may mean expansion if the proceeds are devoted to constructive purposes. The late E. H. Harriman had strong ideas on this subject. When people asked him what constituted a millionaire he did not say that it was a man who *had* a million dollars. He always replied: "It's a man who *owes* a million."

He assumed that the individual who could borrow a million either had equity that represented more than this sum or natural qualities that made for big material success. He had more respect for a person in debt than for one who was not. Credit in his empire-building game proclaimed triumphant advance.

Our trouble has been that there is not enough debt on the American farms. Contrast them with the railroads which represent an investment of $15,000,000,000. Yet they are mortgaged up to $11,000,000,000, or nearly 80 per cent. But this indebtedness has meant new equipment, enlarged service, increased efficiency, and more income. Our farms are worth approximately $40,000,000,000 and carry debt burdens of barely $6,000,000,000, or 15 per cent. With a larger mortgage load they would have a bigger producing power.

The best answer perhaps is in the statement that our mortgaged farms are more valuable than the unmortgaged. Their average of acreage under cultivation is greater, their yield larger, their equipment better, and their assessment higher.

If the farmer can accomplish these results with mortgages obtained under excessive conditions, what could he do if the credit machine were geared up to help and not to hinder him?

Turn for a moment to Continental Europe and you see what a rational system of rural finance can accomplish. With poor soil, more primitive methods, and lower prices for commodities the German, French, and Italian farmers are not only prosperous, but save enough to become investors.

They do this simply because their credit systems consider the rights and resources of the borrower. This principle, combined with cooperation whenever possible, has made the peasant a useful and helpful unit in the progress of his country. These Continental systems point the way for the proposed reforms in the United States. For one thing they separate long and short term credits on the theory that

(*Continued on page 23*)



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The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter III—Mme. Del Mar Begins to Soar

By "Jane Bunker"

Illustrated by MAY WILSON PRESTON



THIS apprenticeship to woman in the chair—to "beauty and the beast" as madame facetiously called it—laid the foundation for big business in more ways than one. In daily supervising, first a little five-a-week manicure girl, then a lady assistant, madame worked out certain policies of organization that made a large establishment when the time came. Previous to that she had never dealt with hired labor. Her mother and I, though paid—she in her living and I in a nominal wage—could not be classed as such; we were morally her partners, doing all the manufacturing, and carried a heavy share of the responsibility. Now she had real "hired help" to experiment on, dictate to, shape to her ideas, use for her purposes—people she could fire whenever the mood took her; and it was funny to watch her "finding herself" in this new situation.

Her scheme of organization was simple but effective—she introduced the "echo" plan—trained her assistants to echo her methods, manipulations, talks, explanations; paid as well as the business would permit and better than many other places, dismissed without warning for the least opposition, sometimes for even a disagreement. Only the successful echoes thus remained for any length of time, and they constituted a highly united band—united by fear of her and her moods.

Mamie Donovan—freckled, snub-nosed, subdued little Mamie—I hadn't thought of her for years! She was our first manicure lady and through her my aunt received illumination on the relation of labor to business. She'd already reached illumination on the laborer's relation to the Captain of Industry—"hire and fire" and pay the least wages you can.

MAMIE was getting five a week and tips, but earning ten to twelve. Tips were not as liberal in those days as they are now when some of the manicure girls in the big stores make from ten to twenty-five a week by them, and Mamie struck for another dollar a week on the ground that she needed it for one thing, but "had a right to her earnings" for the main reason. Madame, who couldn't afford to lose her at the moment, put her off with a vague "I'll see about it," and came home popping.

"Six dollars—the idear!" she buzzed. "And her earning only ten-'leven for the business! She thinks I'm going to work my fingers to the bone greasing those old dames to pay rent and light and heat so's a Donovan can set at her ease in my parlor and take all she earns? She's gotta earn her share of the fixed charges same as me."

"Perhaps she does—and a little more," I ventured. I was sorry for Mamie. "And anyhow, another dollar wouldn't break you."

"I sh'd hope not! But that ain't the point. She's making only five or six dollars profit for the business and our fixed charges are twenty a week. Whaddn you call her share when there's only two of us earning the fixed charges? Just you figger it out."

Well, we "figgered it out" through a considerable discussion, my sympathies being so strongly with the anemic Mamie that I argued for the dollar and held to it that she earned it.

All at once my aunt burst out petulantly. "Strikes me you're stupid to-day, Lucy, if you can't see a business is the same as a boat: hired help has gotta pull a big lot more'n their own weight if the boat's going to get anywheres—they gotta pull the weight of the boat, the weight of the cargo—you might call that the clerical department; the weight of the captain—the one that puts up the capital and takes the risk and responsibilities; and then they gotta pull enough more to meet the current—the competition—the market—the advertising; and enough more'n *that* to pay for the use of the name—the prestige of the establishment that brings in the trade. You show me any more reason why I sh'd row Mamie Donovan in my boat than why she sh'd row me? Huh! I think I see myself do it—charity picnic, me at the oars giving the crowd a good time and all they get out of it! Time enough for her to talk about six when she's making a profit of ten for the business—and that's only half the fixed charges as it is! Six—her! Six—the idear! I'd fire her, if I could get anybody better—trouble is you can't always at a minute's notice, and the customers seem to like her."

"Suppose she fires herself?—wouldn't you rather give her six?" I suggested as a last appeal.

MY AUNT considered this aspect of the case and ducked a decision on it either way with a "She won't. I'll talk to her—explain it why I can't—yet."

Armed with this pat and lucid illustration she "put it up" to Mamie and proved—to her understanding if not to her satisfaction—that she couldn't have six till she was earning sixteen for the business and Mamie said no more about an advance till that glad day arrived.

Having worked this successfully with Mamie, madame did the same with all her help in future, only without waiting for the demand: she explained her principle as soon as she engaged a new operative, telling each one what she expected in gross earnings on a given wage as her share of the running of the boat.

Not till years afterward did I realize what a brilliant piece of employers' politics this was, though she did it more by instinct than with any idea of its being politics; but she never had a strike, because each helper knew from the start that she had to earn her share of the whole establishment—at least three times her wages "to keep the boat moving." She made them see, if not the idealistic justice of it, the absolute necessity of the case, for there'd be no establishment at all if they didn't earn every last cent of the expenses and the salaries of the clerical department and herself, and we never had any talk about labor's not getting what it earned. Some years later a socialistic lady got in as an operator and tried to organize a manicure ladies' union, telling the girls they were "being robbed" by a cruel captain of industry, a slave driver in petticoats—capital exploiting labor for its own benefit—every girl ought to have what she earned and all she earned—capital ought to pay for the establishment—and I don't know what besides. The girls laughed at her. She lasted two weeks and fired herself much piqued and called them a brood of toads so low in intellect they couldn't see what was good for them.



Miss Cryder, having her nails done at a table near by, struck in pugnaciously: "I think I'd see any man make me do it to humor him if I didn't like it myself!"

As I said in the beginning, this is something more than the romance of a pushing woman turning grease to gold and making her dreams come true—it is the story of a modern business woman in the business world with all its forces arrayed against her developing a great enterprise out of the elements at hand and shaping its destiny, not by dreams but by certain fundamental conceptions of commerce and economics that became her steering gear; and so perhaps the most significant thing about her was the way these fundamental conceptions were born in her mind. As I see it now, though she had plenty of glib reasons when she needed them for argument—as in the purple hair case—I believe she never came to a conclusion by reasoning first. She seemed struck by an intuitive conviction, almost impossible to shake later—she "got" trade secrets as other people "get" religion. Once got, she simply hunted up reasons to support her faith.

MEN seem to arrive at their convictions by the reverse process, slowly reasoning things out to the very conclusion that your Mmes. Del Mar see by inspiration all in a minute. I am not saying either way is better—I am merely trying to show that woman seems fundamentally different in her methods of thinking; and, her methods being vastly quicker, she becomes a dangerous rival once she has the will force and the capital to back her enterprises. While a man is still considering she has acted.

But poor Mamie! Little did she dream in her brief life how much she did for the making of a successful business woman when she struck for six, gloomily declaring she had a right to it because she was earning ten on the average. Tuberculosis reaped her after three years. My aunt showed her appreciation of her by sending a fifteen-dollar floral tribute, with her business card attached by a purple ribbon, to decorate the casket.

The family were more touched by the card than by the wreath—it proved, in a humble tenement house, that their Mamie had friends in high places and was cut short in the promises of a golden future.

"With a lady like your aunt taking such an interest in Mamie," her mother whispered to me at the funeral, "she'd soon have been promoted off finger nails. She was that clever—if she hadn't died—it wouldn't have been no time now before she'd be giving new faces to some of the four hundred that already come to her for new nails."

BUT in my zeal for explanation I'm running ahead of my story.

During those three months of personal meetings with her customers madame was laying up hundreds of valuable pointers on the goods she was intending should soon cluster around Zuzu. She collected samples everywhere, and her way was to thrust one at a customer with an ingratiating: "Lookka that—smella that—feela that, and femme whatcha think," appearing to hang on the replies as

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if her future depended on them. Her customers gave her a veritable gold mine of personal reasons why they liked, didn't like, used or wouldn't use a given preparation.

My aunt had intended to install us in a flat, but a basement, kitchen, and dining room on Twelfth Street, in addition to a commodious "labbatory," offered a back yard convenient for the storage of the crates that were soon bringing us pink jars by the ten-gross lot as of yore; we three huddled into the dining room until she finally managed to sublet a hall bedroom from a tenant on the top floor; and thus for the second time our kitchen was the birthplace of secrets that were to yield a fortune.

BY THIS time "our secret" had become so much of an obsession with her that she saw even a scrub lady as a spy in disguise, and since she didn't dare trust anyone but a blood relation to manufacture for her, she hired a bookkeeper to relieve me of all that part of the work and had an expert accountant come every three months and certify her books, paying him forty dollars.

Was it business acumen, or plain brute suspicion that dictated this move? I never really knew; but it freed her from all further worry on the financial end of the business, and she at once devoted herself to mining those suggestions which her customers had given her, and I was soon going at the manufacture of beauty cream by the tubful and trying out all sorts of recipes and making experiments in the gentle art of substitution.

Such stuff! Tonics and lotions for large-pored skins, purple and pimply skins, veined skins; astringents for flabby skins; wrinkle eradicators; anti-obesity tonics and lotions and soaps; hair tonics, hair-terizers, dyes; eyebrow and eyelash growers; rouges and dyes and tints; drops to brighten your eye itself; it makes me shudder yet to think of the messes of cocoa butters, coconut oil, beeswax, paraffin, mineral oil, almond oil, cottonseed oil, benzoin, alcohol, acid, and scents of every sort that I had to work up and calculate. Where madame obtained all the recipes I tried and figured out to the minutest fraction of a cent I do not know. She shrouded them in mystery; some, I suspect, because they were just picked up here and there, and she liked me to think them valuable, while others had cost her so much—and turned out so useless—she was ashamed to tell what she'd paid for them.

HER top limit was one cent for filler, two for the container of everything that was to retail for a dollar an ounce, ninety-seven cents profit on the retail trade, thirty-three off to the trade; nothing but soaps might cost over these figures. It was therefore a simple matter to decide for or against a given preparation: Did it cost a cent an ounce or less? Answer "More," and my aunt replied: "Out she goes. Not for us." That's all there was to it.

All these preparations were as harmless as they were expensive to the ultimate consumer; but madame held, in making the cent the ultimate test of fitness, that mere quality in these goods neither sold them in the first instance nor created the regular customer who uses the same brand of goods year after year; for the first reason that you cannot create a craving and a habit for a face wash or lotion as you can for a nostrum or a drug taken internally; and for the second that the woman trade is fickle.

THESE new "one-cent" preparations, all beautifully perfumed and put up in pink wrappers tied with purple ribbon, together with a few more expensive we had to carry for the accommodation of our customers at a profit of only a hundred or so per cent, were soon filling the show case and shelves of the little pink shop; but, trained by Zulu, madame reckoned 100 per cent no profit and 50 per cent a loss, and spent her energies on those that were worth while, and I did the same.

THESE were so worth while that before our first year was over the little pink shop was crowded to its utmost capacity, and madame took a store seven times as large and twelve times as expensive at five thousand a year.

I gasped at the risks she was running, but she merely smiled her superior smile and explained: "I been figgering it out; the same amount of responsibility, oversight, brains, and energy it takes me now to run a one-chair concern would run a ten-chair concern and move twenty times the stock. Besides, it sounds better—a *sa-lon*—beauty sa-*lon*—get a better class of trade in—charge them more for the use of the word."

"But the rent—five thousand!" I gurgled, seeing the poorhouse in the distance.

"Well, what of it? I ain't the one gotta earn the rent—the operators gotta do that the same in a ten-chair sa-*lon* as they do in a one-chair concern. Ten operators earn ten times as much rent as one, don't they? Well, this is twelve times the rent; but I been figgering that if I put in ten and raise the prices of treatments—some of our specials—the ten will earn as much as twelve—and save two pay envelopes into the bargain.



—all sorts and conditions of women, all Sisters of the Great Fear, rubbed elbows awaiting their turns for the magic "treatment"—

"There's that hot-milk pack I invented—only thing for proper bust development if you advertise it right—nature's own remedy—electric vibratory massage for driving the milk into the pores of the skin and through the pores into the muscles and flesh underneath—get up a few pictures to show how it works. Facial hot-milk pack, two dollars; bust pack, three. That'll both fetch the trade and make up the difference, I guess. I gotta do more with that hot-milk pack—there's money it—costs only four cents more'n a hot-water pack and brings in a dollar. All it needs is the right litterchure to make it a perfectly splendid treatment for bust development. And if I can get some prominent matinée idol to fall for it," she added, "if I could get Maude Adams to indorse that hot-milk pack—even if she never tried it—just say she thinks it's a good thing—it'll make it *the* scientific development treatment of America. Put all these Swedish gymnastic systems off the market with the Del Mar Development System—no work—no straining of your muscles—just lie back in the chair and let us give you a hot-milk pack that will develop your body to its natural curves through food. That's the idear, only it's gotta be worked out to make the system a success."

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED a month at least to meet!—how did she dare! I urged her to go slower, but I might as well have talked to the Empire State Express.

"Slower!" she snorted. "Huh! Be an old stick-in-the mud! I think I see myself do it!" and she went over her arguments again, winding up: "And besides all that—I got—I simply *got* to have a private office, that's all. I can't stand this being round where customers can see me any time they want. It's bad for business—those fool loafers with their skins—they got no more sense about interrupting me—talk an hour about their crow's-feet, 's if I cared whether they had them or not when I got a ten-gross lot of Zulu to place! And it's bad policy—you gotta be exclusive, or all those cattle think you're common as they are."

Madame repeated the tactics of her first experiment—furnished on the installment plan throughout, only much more extensively, and made her gamble on this and a month's rent; and, at a cash cost of less than five hundred dollars risked on the venture, she presently found herself at the head of the Del Mar Beauty Parlors, a ten-chair establishment occupying two floors in one of the best trade neighborhoods in the city, and with the dignity of a private office. It cost her, however, about three months more of hard work selecting and training her new staff, among whom she now numbered two hair workers and an expert hairdresser—a funny little Frenchman who called himself a "coiffure artist" and felt himself so very exalted he wouldn't go out to a lady's house—but made her come to him—excepting only to dress a bride's hair for the wedding, for which occasion he gallantly maintained "zat even ze greates' mus' make ze exception." And besides these, two home-treatment operators whose work was almost entirely outside. A pink store still, with a great deal of white enamel to indicate the purity of us and all our works and a neat sign in a frame: "Sterilization is one of our specialties." Two live palms and several stuffed pink brocade rocking-chairs now decorated the "sa-*lon*" in which our customers awaited their turn for beauty treatments.

MY AUNT surveyed it with deep joy and said it was the dream of her life come true, and no sooner was it come true than she uprooted us from our humble basement and carried us off to a fine first floor apartment—also furnished on installments—and very shortly after moved the laboratory over to the rear of the store. This last change, though sudden, in the end was coming inevitably because my grandmother was no longer able to make the cream or even do the dish washing for me. She'd been turning out ten or fifteen pounds a day to help me while I was working on the other preparations, the buying, and the thousand and one things I had to look after, but she was growing feeble and her memory was no longer to be trusted. She sometimes forgot the borax, and once the olive oil, and thus spoiled a batch of beauty cream in the making. The loss was actually trifling—two dollars would have covered the worst accident of the kind—but it was one of the things my aunt couldn't endure with even a show of equanimity. She no longer saw the original outlay: fifty cents' worth of spoiled pork fat meant fifty dollars' worth of sweet, perfumed beauty cream thrown into the garbage can.

I suppose people get these cricks in their minds and can't help it; anyway, she scolded for the first offense; swore roundly for the second; fell on us like a fury for the third;—on grandmother because she did it; on me because I hadn't watched her to see she didn't do it. "As for you, Lucy—I pay you enough to see that accidents don't happen to expensive ingredients."

She paid me fifteen a week then. At the time of the catastrophe I was in her office getting out some private correspondence she didn't care to trust to the little stenographer who was then her "secentary."

"Why wasn't you home here to the labbatory seeing to her and giving her the proper amount of ingredients to cream up?" she demanded furiously.

"I suppose because I can't be in two places at once—I was taking those letters for you," said I, more indignant for her mother than for myself.

"Who ast you to? Your place is here to the labbatory on make-up days and my letters can wait. What are letters compared with the loss of a hundred and eighty dollars' worth of cream!—thrown in the garbage—all that money gone to the pigs."

"Excuse me—it was only ten pounds of common lard," I corrected, angrily. "Grandma forgot to put the oil in—so that's saved." (*Continued on page 30*)

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Spring Salad

By George Fitch

DRAWINGS BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



The Waif

Wearied with whist and waterlogged with tea,
The antisuffrage lady hies her home
To sneer at ballots in the thickening gloam.
"My place is here. No vote for mine," says she,
—The while outside the window, wistfully,
Waits politics, condemned for life to roam
The streets, the alleys from Key West to Nome,
Unkempt, untaught, unmannered; sadly free
As the unmothered waif. Forlorn as he,
It sleeps with outcasts; learns the outcast ways;
Yet like the waif, in all its savagery
It scans each mother with a hungry gaze,
"Your place is home, cushioned from filth and sin—
And mine is too," it cries. "Ah, take me in."

Mules and Juries

A JURY is a collection of twelve good men and true, chosen by lot for the purpose of deciding a case of law by chance.

The jury system was handed to us by England about the time she was handing us the stamp tax and other precious gifts. It was invented in the days when English kings had a habit of trying their own cases and deciding them without help—which made it mighty inconvenient for the poor devil who was so unspeakable as to have a dispute with a king.

By letting the jury decide the case the king had to persuade all twelve men to agree before his victim could be declared guilty. Owing to the natural stubbornness of Englishmen, this made it very difficult to secure red-handed justice for royalty and the population of England increased by leaps and bounds.

As time went on, English kings abandoned the attempt to influence juries by such eloquent means as typing ropes around their necks, and they became quite free and untrammeled. Thus it is now necessary to persuade twelve men by nothing harder than soft words to think alike before any villain can be convicted or any injustice can be righted. Those who have gone out on the street and have attempted to get three men to agree on any one question can realize the difficulty of this job.

So long as there are men who still hold that the earth is square and other men who will stop when you say "Good morning" to them and debate the question for half an hour, juries will continue to sit up all night and to disagree in the morning, and men who have used the laws of the land for doormats will go on smiling in a bland and contented manner when they go to trial.

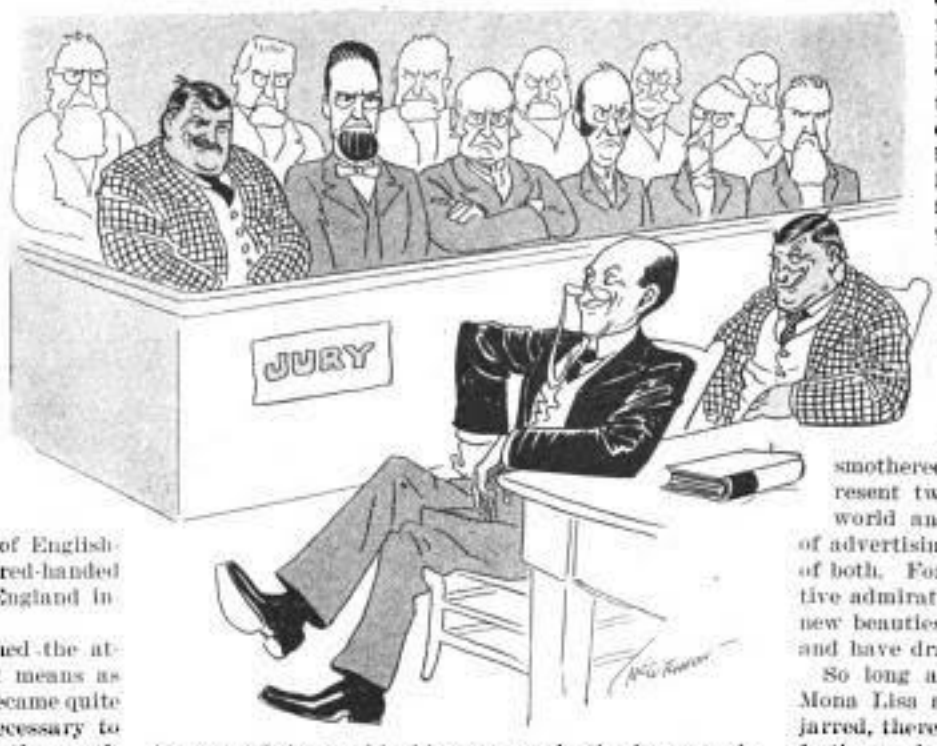
There is a growing feeling that in these days when every man owns his own opinion in fee simple and wants that opinion to be unique and original, the task of getting a unanimous vote from a jury is too great. It is like persuading twelve mules to trot forward in perfect step. If half of the people can declare war and fire Presidents, three-quarters of a jury ought to be able to convict a chicken thief or a trust maggot. Moreover, if three-quarters of a jury could run itself, the lawyer for the defense would not throw his hat up so high when he got one personal friend of the accused into the jury box.

More Mona Lisas Needed

ALL true lovers of art, high finance, and international peace will rejoice, not only over the fact that the Mona Lisa painting has been discovered and restored to the Louvre, but that another Mona Lisa, even more authentic than the Paris painting, has been discovered in Spain—according at least to rumor.

Thus the misfortune which seemed likely to overwhelm France and leave a yawning chasm as wide as the crater of Vesuvius in the vitals of art has turned out to be a blessing after all. Paris has recovered its great tourist magnet and has nailed it firmly to the wall. Moreover, authorities, excited by the Spanish discovery, are now working on the theory that Leonardo da Vinci not only painted one Mona Lisa but many—that he was a sort of pictorial biographer of his Neapolitan friend's wife in fact, and that we may in time discover girlish Mona Lisas, fat and dowagerish Mona Lisas, and Mona Lisas with gray hair and the majesty of age in the features as well as in the paint.

These discoveries mean much for humanity. At present there is a palpable dearth of Mona Lisas. The French picture constitutes an international danger. Already it has almost overthrown a republic and has seriously jarred the good feeling between France and Italy. In time, if other editions are not discovered, it will produce even more serious jealousies. France is inclined to be uppish and haughty over its possession. Italy, which produced it, isn't getting enough credit. Germany may covet it. America may ravish it away by a $100,000,000 bond issue. General war, which usually starts on some pretext no more weighty than the chip on the small boy's shoulder which provokes a much-desired fight, may overtake humanity



because of the good-looking woman in the Louvre who little thought, when she plastered on her peculiar smile and sat for Leonardo, how much she might interfere with civilization later on.

WHEN Leonardo painted the Mona Lisa it wasn't worth much more than the current prices for art. No pope or king scrambled to get it as they did for much of his other work, and undoubtedly the husband of La Gioconda presumed to criticize it because of the strange look in the eyes, which appeared to be a trifle crossed. Anyone could have picked up the picture four hundred years ago for a few hundred florins. But that was because Leonardo was still alive and so was La Gioconda—it seems to be stylish to refer to this picture by both names—while the art of writing about old masters was still in its infancy. When Leonardo was in a position to tear off a dozen Mona Lisas, the market was flabby and uninterested. The twelfth picture would have been better than the first, but it wouldn't have brought anything to speak of. But in a thoughtful moment Da Vinci died, thus jumping the value of all of his pictures 500 per cent. Art and postage stamps are priced by the same standards. There is no great art in a triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp or an early Mauritius specimen. But they sell for more than the Mona Lisa did a hundred years ago—because they are hard to get. There are some old first editions of books, worm-eaten and extremely undecorative, which are priceless—not because they are worth anything, but because when a man pays $50,000 for one, then he has something which no one else can get. There are some diseases for having which the doctors charge you $1,000—not because these diseases are interesting, but because they are rare, and the man who has had one of them can brag about it for years. This is why collectors to-day will pay $100,000 for a ferocious attack upon the human frame by some old master long since dead and beyond the reach of justice.



McCutcheon—After Da Vinci

WE HAVE so much money nowadays—this "we" is strictly generic—that we simply have to throw some of it away to keep from being smothered. The growing prices of old pictures represent two things—the growing prosperity of the world and the wonderful development of the art of advertising—and Mona Lisa has had the full benefit of both. For years it has been the subject of competitive admiration. Men have risen to fame by unveiling new beauties of language while describing Mona Lisa and have dragged the picture along with them.

So long as Paris is not too unbearable about its Mona Lisa and the peace of nations is not seriously jarred, there can be no objection to its increase in perfection and charm at the rate of $1,000,000 a year, as new masters of language try their hand at describing it.

But if complications arise, The Hague should take up the matter with a firm hand and settle it. It can be done very easily. A few laws forbidding the mention of the picture for a period of ten years and giving some of the other old masters a chance would take $25,000,000 worth of unknown wisdom of unknown worlds out of the lady's eyes and put her on the bargain counter.

Curt Conclusions

A LITTLE bragging now and then gets by the wisest sort of men.

Four big words are as good as a fact in almost any argument.

The more patience there is in the world the more disagreeable people will enjoy themselves.

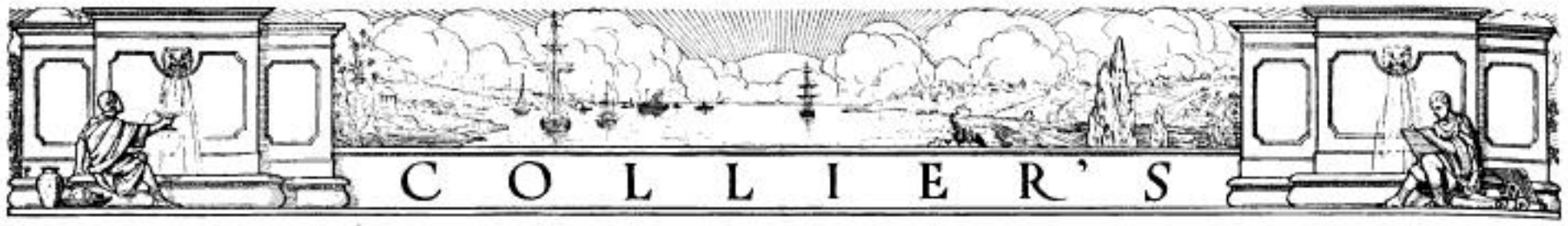
Repentance is a phenomenon which takes place usually just after discovery.

If men are to be allowed to build fireproof houses the designs ought to be first passed upon by their neighbors.

Dance Note

FROM this particular angle of vision it seems as if the Administration would soon have to abandon the hesitation and adopt the grizzly bear in its Mexican program.

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A Letter and an Answer

FROM PHILADELPHIA comes the following letter, signed C. H. KIRK:

Why don't you stand on the side of the nation and call the States to arms to defeat the unworthy surrender of the Panama Canal, notwithstanding your snap judgment to the contrary of a few weeks ago? Or shall it be said that COLLIER'S, too, is for special privilege?

As Mr. KIRK does not favor us with his address, we will give him his answer here:

Your letter is an admirable specimen of the loose thinking and loose writing that people use who read dishonestly edited newspapers.

Just where did you get your idea that anybody in this country plans to "surrender" the Panama Canal, or for that matter the Gowanus Canal, to any foreign nation?

The proposition, as COLLIER'S understands it, is: **Shall the shipping trust PAY for the privilege of using the Panama Canal—which has cost the United States a good many million dollars—or shall the PEOPLE pay one more tax to "special privilege" by "surrendering" the Canal to combine-owned shipping?** Giving something for nothing is generally bad policy for any individual or any nation. That is the Wilson idea of this matter, and the Goethals idea, and the idea of Rear Admiral STOCKTON, and COLLIER'S idea.

Confessedly, the Canal's service is a great one. If you know of any reason why you and the editor of COLLIER'S should pay no fare on street cars because we happen to be American citizens, you will also be able to explain why American shipping shouldn't pay its fare through the Panama Canal.

By all means let us subsidize our shipping if subsidy is a wise economic policy; but if we are going to do it let us do it honestly and with our eyes open.

Why Women Should Vote

THE NEW YORK "WORLD" is not in favor of woman suffrage, its democracy being rather of the old-fashioned, "for men only" type, yet it has the following "special" on the April election in Illinois:

Women voting for the first time in Illinois township elections closed the doors of more than 1,100 out of 2,652 saloons, adding 16 counties to the 39 already "dry" and barring the sale of intoxicants in approximately 200 of the 300 townships in which local option was an issue.

Their victory included 11 of the larger cities of the State, which until the votes were counted last night were "wet" territory. They were Bloomington, Galesburg, Elgin, Decatur, Canton, Freeport, Belvidere, Monmouth, Kewanee, Lockport, and East Galena. Rockford, Mattoon, and Galva were kept in the "dry" column by women's votes.

Complete returns from country townships and from more remote sections of the State were not available, but it is shown that approximately 70 per cent of the woman voters favored the antisaloon ticket.

The editorial page made a feeble attempt to explain away these facts, but the facts remain—as is their habit. Women have suffered from the saloon for years. The ballot enables them to hit the old enemy. They see their chance and take it—just as Mr. ROBINSON shows in his cartoon on the opposite page. This constitutes intelligent voting.

How to Regulate Business

TWO NEW JERSEY CORPORATIONS tried to merge last month: the American Malting Company, an operating company with tangible assets worth about $9,250,000, and the American Malt Corporation, a holding company which owns practically nothing save the stock of the other concern. The proposed capitalization was $15,000,000. The Board of Public Utility Commissioners of New Jersey refused the necessary permission on the ground that the assets of the two did not justify the proposed capital, and also that they are not doing a cognate business. This is the sort of regulation that our industry needs. If it is maintained we will have sounder economic conditions and much more serviceable business. The old days of piracy are over in New Jersey since the Wilson forces have been in power there.

Habit-Forming Drugs Again

RETAIL DRUGGISTS have been protesting because in a recent paragraph we declared that some of them sell habit-forming drugs illegally. "Is it fair," ask the druggists of Pittsfield, Mass., "to praise a firm at the expense of others for obeying the law?" All firms and all druggists are alike to us. The firm we praised for announcing that it would not sell drugs except by prescription of the family physician is no dearer to us than the druggists of Pittsfield or of Wilkes-Barre. We know that "druggists as a class are workers for the public good." So are physicians. Yet we may condemn Dr. JOHN J. VAN HORN of New York, convicted April 8 for selling morphine illicitly, without stigma on the rest of the medical profession. Do the pharmacists for a moment maintain that they have no black sheep in their fold? CHARLES B. TOWNS found that even among the best known of the wholesalers methods were so lax that he could obtain without the slightest difficulty quantities of drugs by simply sending his order signed with the name of a non-existent physician. No question was raised; evidently not even a directory was opened before filling the orders. Let but the druggists scrutinize carefully all drug prescriptions; let them demand stringent registration laws, careful government oversight; let them, in short, purge themselves of those who traffic in darkness and ruin for untold thousands of people, and we shall be the first to praise them. Our chief object in the paragraph they disliked so much was to stir up precisely the interest in self-purification that we seem in a measure to have succeeded in arousing.

Hearst the Hellene

AN EDITORIAL—for a change—by one of our readers (italics his):

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

It seems they had a William Randolph Hearst in Athens about 427 B. C. C. W. C. OMAN, LL. D., writing the history of Greece, page 294, "History of Nations," says:

"CLEON was one of those men who, being gifted with very moderate abilities, endeavor to thrust themselves to the front by the profession of a narrow and unscrupulous patriotism. *He openly treated international morality as non-existent, and proclaimed that his country's interest overrode all considerations of right and wrong.* CLEON'S ability was limited to a power of gauging very accurately the varying moods of the Ecclesia. *He rose to notoriety by making himself the mouthpiece of public opinion of the moment, and by always coming forward to lead the assault on any statesman or general who made himself obnoxious to popular prejudice.*"

R. S. BOYESEN.

To vouch for a man's sincerity and uprightness—whether he be President or lesser figure—it will soon be necessary to utter only three short words: HEARST hates him.

In the Olden Time

A DISTINGUISHED DEMOCRAT says of the American press:

Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this state of misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day. . . . The man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them.

Yet we do not despair of the Republic. The Democrat quoted is Mr. THOMAS JEFFERSON, speaking of the yellow journalism of the good old days.

He That Has Ears, Let Him Wear It

AMONG THE MARVELS of modern efficiency we must mention that triumph of sartorial genius which has set the young fellows' ears to work supporting their hat brims. We had often wondered just why and what those ears were for, and this is the answer of science. But it does not solve the problem of the high price of leather.

We Live in Hope

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY MAGAZINE devotes nine columns to an article entitled "The Failure of Free Love." Why doesn't some wide-awake sheet run articles on the following:

The Failure of Vitriol as a Lotion.
The Failure of Fire as a Refrigerating Agent.
The Failure of Whisky in the Nursery.
The Failure of Fasting in the Boarding School.
The Failure of the Banana Crop in Labrador.
The Failure of the Ice Crop on the Chagres River.
The Failure of the Tango in Church.
The Failure of Tammany as an "Uplift."
The Failure of Jack Johnson in Y. W. C. A. Work.
The Failure of Colorado's Coast Defense.
The Failure of Hearst in the Peace Movement.

This would make a snappy little series. May we have marked copies?

A Note on Jane Austen

SOME WEEKS AGO we took a vacation from politics, business, and morality long enough to phrase some of our ideas about JANE AUSTEN. Those remarks provoke one of Miss AUSTEN's admirers, who thinks we fail to do justice to the novelist's subtlety and humor. "Was there ever," our correspondent asks, "anyone who so beautifully renders match-making mothers, aunts, and patronesses of unmarried young ladies? Was there ever a gentler satirist or one more perfect in her representation of quite silly women—some of them, like Mrs. BENNET and Mrs. JENNINGS and the older Mrs. DASHWOOD, women of great good nature? Do you remember Mrs. FERRARS, in 'Sense and

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Sensibility'—her whom we meet as EDWARD'S mother at Lady MIDDLETON'S party?" One paragraph is enough for the full-length portrait:

MRS. FERRARS was a little thin woman, upright, even to formality, in her figure, and serious, even to sourness, in her aspect. Her complexion was sallow and her features small, without beauty and, naturally, without expression; but a lucky contraction of the brow had rescued her countenance from the disgrace of insipidity by giving it the strong characters of pride and ill nature. She was not a woman of many words, for, unlike people in general, she proportioned them to the number of her ideas.

This quotation brings out the point we made in referring to JANE AUSTEN as greatest of the Little Masters. The acid of her novels saves them from any flatness. For us there has always been a piquant contrast between JANE AUSTEN'S fictions and those of CHARLOTTE BRONTË. Which is preferred, we wonder, by such novel readers of to-day as still read the old-time books? Do those who swear by DICKENS as the greatest British novelist choose the author of "Jane Eyre," and THACKERAY'S friends join us in electing the delicious satirist of "Northanger Abbey"?

Pennsylvania's Senators

IT IS EASY to sneer at the politics of the Keystone State, but what sort of an impression do you get when confronted by the fact that in one hundred and twenty-five years the only United States Senators from Pennsylvania who have served two or more terms are JAMES BUCHANAN, DANIEL STURGEON, the two CAMERONS, MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, and BOIES PENROSE?

A Plea for Stew

WRITING in a daily newspaper, Mrs. CHRISTINE FREDERICK asks why we Americans haven't any national dish. The Italian has spaghetti, the Hungarian cooks his goulash, the Russian offers us his shchee and borsh, the Frenchman brings the pot-au-feu and all the ragoûts, but if you ask Yankees what their national dish is, one will say "corn pone," another "turkey and fixin's," a third—horror of horrors!—"Boston baked beans." People talk about the high cost of living—one explanation is the fact that America has no national stew. Mrs. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, lecturer on "The Larger Feminism," prophesies that private cookery is going out anyhow, and that we shall soon regard cook stoves as no more modern than the Puritan mother's spinning wheel. Perhaps. And yet if we can only arrive at that degree of civilization which expresses itself in a good stew we shall indefinitely postpone Mrs. GILMAN'S millennium of community kitchens and homes without housework.

Welcome!

WE DENOUNCE advertisements of medical fakes so often that it is pleasant now and again to speak kind words. In the Bloomingdale (Wis.) "Record" we read this editorial announcement:

The "Record" has occasionally accepted the advertisements of traveling "quack" physicians, but we have decided to cut out this sort of business. The rates on this class of advertising are high and the pay has been prompt, but we have come to the conclusion that we have no right to put such advertising before our readers, as we believe too many of the advertisers are fakes pure and simple. When you need medical advice, consult a reputable home physician; if they cannot help you, they will send you to some one who can.

Good for the "Record" and for its editor-proprietor, A. C. BISHOP! We hope that Mr. BISHOP'S next move will be to cut out the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" and Mother Gray's "Sweet Powders for Children," and other tainted advertisements. Squeamishness about "ads" is an increasingly popular trait among newspaper publishers. It pays to be good.



Casting Out a Devil
(Drawn by Boardman Robinson)

For the Man Who Made Money Out of It

A MAN WAS PUT TO DEATH in the electric chair at Auburn, N. Y. He had murdered a policeman. But he stated that he stood ready to pay for his follies—that he had served in the American army and navy, and wanted to take his punishment "as a soldier should." The newspaper adds:

SHARP [the murderer] had been addicted to the use of intoxicants and occasionally drugs, and while in a raving condition started trouble in his boarding place, May 18, 1912. When Patrolman FOHR entered to learn the cause of the trouble, SHARP shot him. He also shot a civilian before he was overpowered.

This man SHARP was a failure—from society's standpoint. He worked his own ruin, and brought down another man's life with his own. Yet, from the whisky-dealing standpoint, from the drug vender's, SHARP was a success—while he lasted. He was an excellent customer.

The Well-Spent Life

HUGH BURNS, the oldest fireman in New York City's service, has been retired on his own petition. He thinks he ought to get a rest now, being seventy-eight years old and having had forty-five years of active duty. His last post was on Ward's Island, where he drove Engine 49. A man who can drive a fire engine at that age is certainly entitled to respect, and even admiration, as well as half pay. May HUGH BURNS live long and enjoy his retirement!

Business Practice

AN ILLUSTRATION of the old era in business has come to light in the report that a well-known ink maker will soon advertise widely, urging that a certain commercial grade of his ink be used in fountain pens. For years this manufacturer has made the above grade, wholesaling at 60 cents per quart; a fountain-pen ink at 75 cents per quart, and a certain "special" fountain-pen ink, sold under the brand of a well-known fountain-pen concern, for $1 per quart. All three were the same and the best he could make. Times have changed, so the practice is to be abandoned, and the ink sold on facts only. This is the new spirit in business practice.

Seeing the Light

ONLY A FEW MONTHS BACK the tariff was going to ruin our woolen manufacturers, but now that the tears have all been shed, the wailing hushed, and the bunk finally dropped, what do we find? The Cleveland (Ohio) Worsted Mills Company, for example, shakes off despair and proceeds to increase its capital stock from three million dollars to ten. Instead of retiring from business, it talks this way:

Recent tariff legislation has brought about a change in business conditions in connection with our industry. It will become necessary for the company to enlarge the volume of business, thereby requiring additional manufacturing facilities.

This is precisely what President WILSON meant when he spoke of releasing the energies of the nation. The Cleveland Worsted Mills Company is to be congratulated on catching step with progress.

On Visiting the Sick

DO NOT ASK THEM HOW THEY FEEL. It is an insult to them, for if they felt well they would not be sick, and it is also a reflection on your intelligence, for if you would look around a little you would be able to see how they feel. Be of some service and cheer (if possible) and get out. There is a time later when folks need company, but sickness is essentially a nonsocial occupation. It is a merit to visit the sick when you help them, but to beat them over their enfeebled heads with your robust personality is a peculiarly careless crime.

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States has made an adequate summary of the progress made between January 20 and April 8 on the Administration's antitrust program.

In response to the President's trust message of January 20, only one bill, that relating to the Interstate Trade Commission, had actually been introduced in Congress. Three tentative committee drafts, relative to additions to the Sherman Law, definitions under the Sherman Law, and interlocking directorates, had been put forth as bases of discussion only. On March 18 a fourth tentative draft, dealing with holding companies, was made public. No draft or bill had appeared relative to the control of railroad securities.

The bill creating an Interstate Trade Commission was the subject of hearings before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House from January 30 to February 16. It was then placed in the hands of a subcommittee for redrafting, and was reintroduced on March 14 and ordered reported out of the committee on March 16; but the report is yet delayed in order that it may be accompanied by printed explanatory matter. Consideration of the Interstate Trade Commission bill had been given in the Senate by the Committee on Interstate Commerce. The indications are that the Senate will insist upon broader powers for the commission than those provided by the House bill.

On the three tentative drafts referred to above there were hearings before the House Committee on the Judiciary during February and March. All three drafts were redrawn after conferences with the President. It is possible that all three drafts may be brought into one bill.

An Overworked Switch Engine

WHY the bills move with laggard step and why, roughly speaking, the program of antitrust legislation is in the same "tentative" stage of preparation that it has been in since Mr. Wilson made his recommendations to Congress is easily explained. The legislation does not move and apparently will not move until the President can take immediate, undivided, personal charge of it and apply the propulsive power. Now, Mr. Wilson cannot set his energies to this task until he has got rid of the difficulties of the Mexican problem and the repeal of the free-tolls provision of the Panama Canal Act. The Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" visualizes the condition in these terms:

> You have seen, of course, a big terminal railroad switching yard, with all the tracks filled with loaded freight cars waiting to be made up into trains and shunted out on the main line and sent to their destination. Well, in a way of speaking, that is the situation and condition in Washington now. The trouble is there is only one switch engine to handle all the waiting cars. It may be called the "Woodrow Wilson." It is overworked.
>
> Just now the attempt is to get the Mexican problem and the repeal of the canal tolls exemption clause pushed out on the main line. Until this is accomplished virtually everything else must wait. This applies particularly to the President's program of antitrust legislation.

Kept in after School

THE chief factors in shaping the bills in their final form will be President Wilson and Attorney General McReynolds. The members of the subcommittees of the House charged with the responsibility and the duty of drawing up the preliminary drafts have irresistibly reminded observers of their processes of little boys kept in after school to work out problems which they did not understand. They have met time after time in closed session, made "tentative" drafts, and taken them to the White House for approval. After conferring with Mr. Wilson, they have come away from the White House saying that "changes must be made." Then they have gone back to the Capitol and again locked themselves up with their tasks.



"Let Music Fill the Air"

Cory, in the Chicago Daily Journal

None of the members of the House actively concerned in the work of drafting is noted as an economist or as having clear, definite, simple convictions and views on the regulation and control or supervision or direction or management of trusts or large corporate enterprises. They find it hard to say right off the bat what are the essential differences between a "good" holding company and a "bad" holding company, or even what should be the correct legal definition of a holding company. What should it hold and how much, for example? And how long should it hold it and under what conditions and limitations?

President Wilson has not committed himself to any form of bill or to any detail in any of the drafts submitted for public consideration. He has simply made recommendations, and left details to subcommittees of the House Judiciary and Interstate Commerce Committees. White House approval, therefore, before the introduction of the bills does not mean that the proposals are in their final form. The President's attitude toward the latest drafts that have been submitted is analogous to his attitude toward the Federal Reserve Act while that law was in the making. He approves the "bony structure," but does not bind himself to defend the measure against amendment.

One tendency is clearly perceived. After each emergence the proposals are found to be simplified and clarified, and less comprehensive. This is particularly true of the Interstate Trade Commission Bill. In the end the whole program of this legislation may be comprised in one great bill, or in two, with the Trade Commission proposal as one bill and the other proposals in another. President Wilson is supposed to favor this plan of an omnibus bill. Combining the proposals will make for time saving and simplification in putting them through Congress. The form in which the bills are reported to the House will not necessarily bear any close resemblance to the form in which they pass. President Wilson has made it clear time and again, and the House leaders have been equally explicit in declaring, that the measures will not be jammed through. They will be subjected to careful scrutiny, review, and criticism in both House and Senate—in committee rooms and on the floor.

If this program is carried out in the present temper of Congress the legislation will be neither hasty nor drastic.

The Next Issue

IS COUNTRY-WIDE prohibition to be the next great "issue" in national politics? There are certain signs and portents. Josephus Daniels thinks so, we deduce, while Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas says:

> There are two issues before the American people—woman suffrage and prohibition—which will not down until they are settled right. One or the other of them is an issue in nearly every State, and the politicians cannot avert them.

That is one straw. Here are two more: Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has written in a letter to each of the six thousand employees of the Indian Service:

> I believe that the greatest present menace to the American Indian is whisky. . . . There is nothing that can induce me, since I have taken the oath of office as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to touch a single drop of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and this regardless of my attitude on the prohibition question.

On one day chosen at random thirty-six memorials and petitions were presented in the Senate, and of that number twenty-one remonstrated against or favored the adoption of a constitutional amendment to prohibit the sale, manufacture, and importation of intoxicating beverages. The proportion holds true virtually every day the Senate is in session. And the petitions come from all over the country.

COLLIER'S maintains an office at Washington which will give the record of any Senator or Representative on important roll calls during the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses and during the first session of the present Congress (the Sixty-third). This office will also supply information concerning Congress and the Government. The service is entirely without charge. Address Collier's Washington Bureau, 902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

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Unconventional Portraits of American Cities—Boston

A WRIGGLY STREET and somewhere in the picture a building of "historic interest"—these are the first essentials in any truly characteristic portrait of downtown Boston. Trade was reluctant to wander from its old centers; so a bigger Hub spins round the old axle and the scattered reminders of Colonial days are overshadowed by high walls of modern steel and stone. The central building in the portrait above is the old State House, the basement of which is now in use as a subway station for elevated trains. The camera is pointing eastward down Court Street from the roof ledge of the Old Colony Trust Company Building.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

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HIRAM C. GILL'S SMILE. *photographed at his inauguration a few days ago as Mayor of Seattle, is characteristic nowadays. Gill is one of the happiest men alive since he got back on the job after being recalled in 1911. But he dislikes being called a "come-back" Mayor. He says the people did most of the "coming." The other man in the picture is G. F. Cotterill, Gill's immediate predecessor*



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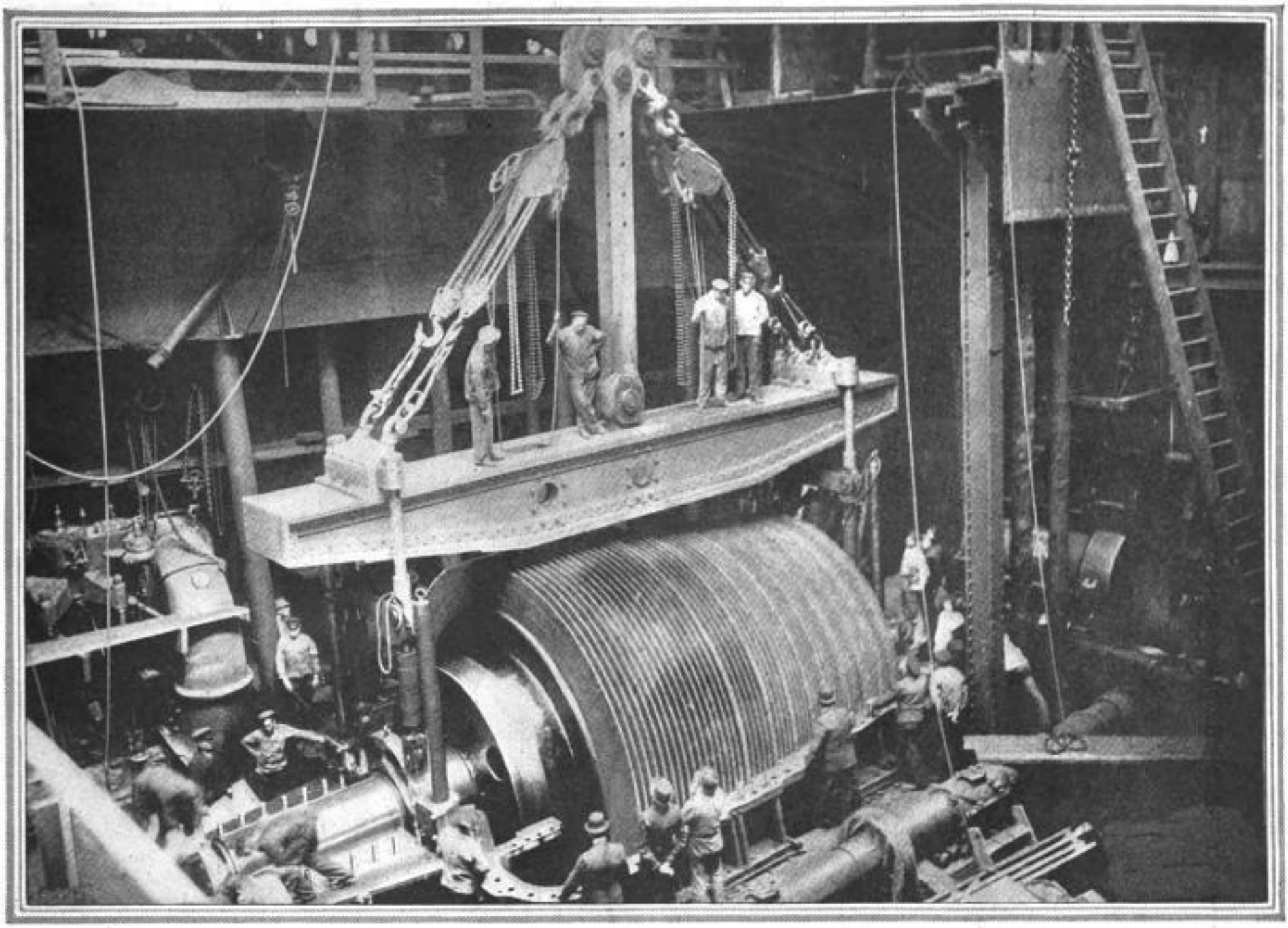
Campaigning with Doughnuts and Coffee in the Windy City

NO, the women in the photograph are not feeding the unemployed. They are handing out doughnuts and coffee as bait to catch a man voter in the Third Ward of Chicago. In many precincts throughout the city during the recent election the women appealed to the voters through their appetites, but there was not enough coffee and doughnuts to make the Democrats desert "Bathhouse John" Coughlin. Miss Marion Drake was beaten for alderman by Coughlin in the First Ward, and eight other woman candidates for alderman were defeated, the Democrats carrying the city by 30,000 plurality. Although many women voted with the old-time politicians, the reform leaders among the Chicago women are sure of victory in the future. They are encouraged by telling blows struck John Barleycorn by their down-State sisters.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S PRICELESS RECORDS AND CURIOS, *dating back to the romantic days of Spanish rule, went up in smoke the other day when the heart of our oldest city was swept by fire, as did the famous Vedder House, home of the St. Augustine Historical Society, and the St. John County Court House, old landmarks which attracted tourists to the ancient winter resort from all parts of the country. The crumbling framework in the center of the photograph is the last of the Florida House, in which the fire originated. Four other large hotels were burned. The city was founded by Spanish settlers in 1565*

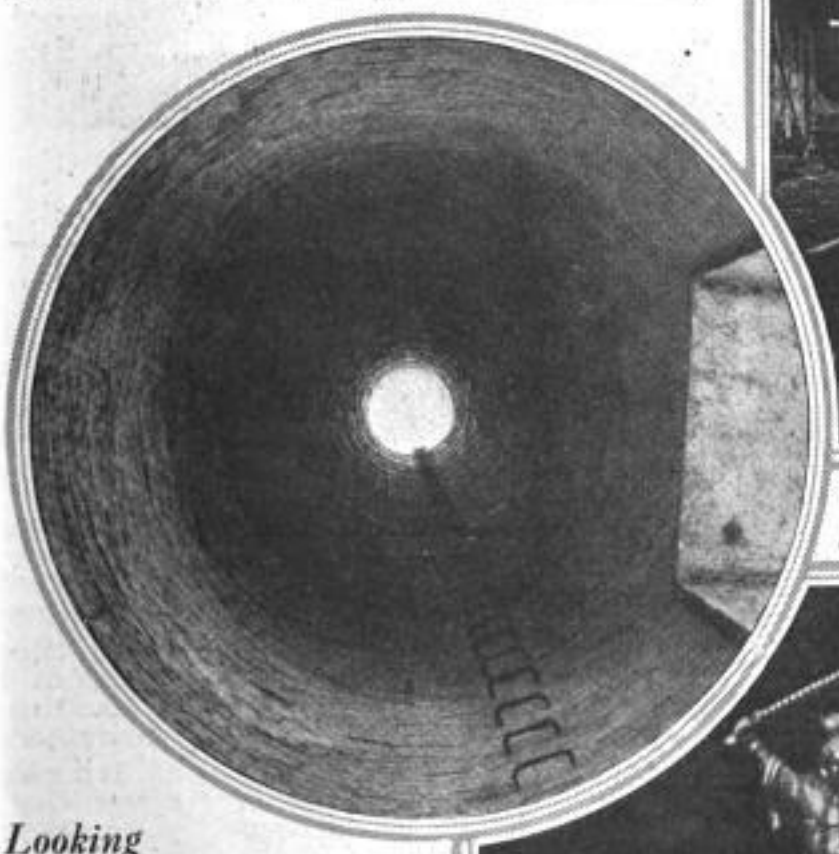
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The Vaterland's Huge Engines

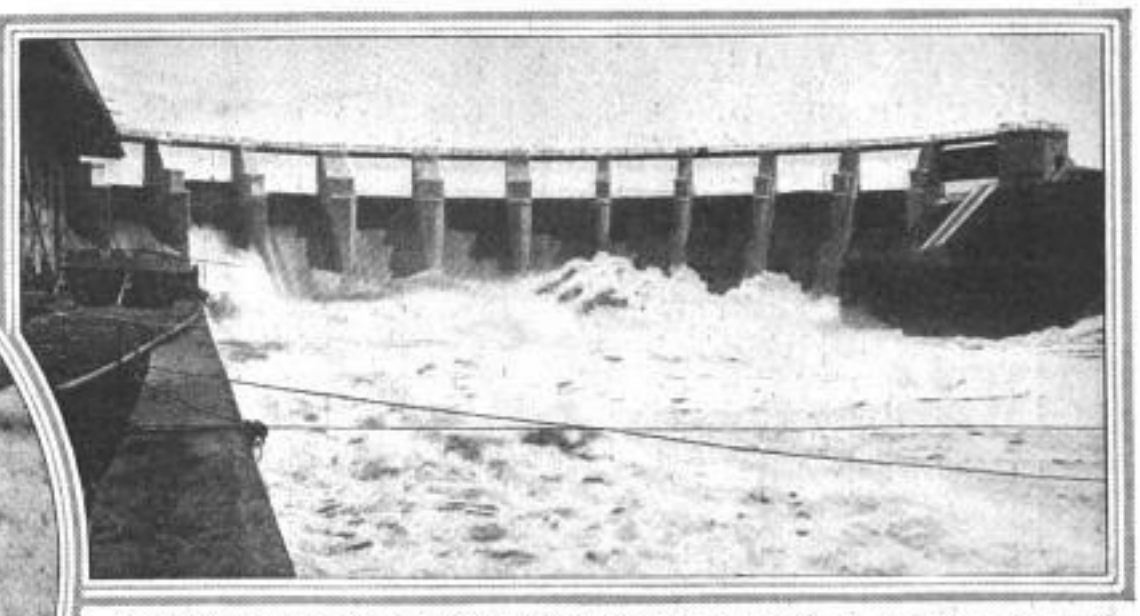
The necessity of having engines the size of this is explained by the fact that the owners expect the Vaterland, with her tonnage of 58,000, to compete in speed with the fastest of the lighter-built ocean greyhounds

AN IDEA of how enormous are the turbine motors of the Hamburg-American liner *Vaterland* may be had from our photograph above, which shows one of them being lowered into position. It is 17½ feet long and 17 feet in diameter, and is a part of the most powerful machinery ever installed on a ship.



Looking Up a Smokestack

THE way to appreciate the novelty of this picture is to hold it above your head and look up at it. It was taken inside the 165-foot chimney of the new incinerator plant in Savannah, Ga. The photographer was lying upon his back at the bottom of the stack when he took the snapshot.



THE GATUN SPILLWAY IS THE SAFETY VALVE *of the Panama Canal. It operates when, in the rainy season, Gatun Lake reaches a level of 85 feet. This view shows the gates open for the first time*

Copyright by M. E. Board of Foreign Missions



Slump in Idol Making

IDOL worship is on the wane in some parts of China and consequently many idol carvers are compelled to use their skill in other work. The man in our picture at the left is a Shanghai idol maker who has turned to making lay figures for show windows. American missionaries report that in the southern provinces many Chinese are not only forsaking their graven images, but are using a large number of old Confucian temples as schoolhouses.

Christian missionaries attribute the decline of idolatry to their own activities and to the general influence of Western civilization. They say that resistance to their teachings has diminished a great deal since the Manchus were overthrown.

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The Most Suitable And Sound I

RIGHT now thousands of families are daily depriving themselves of an endless chain of economical pleasures, comforts and benefits that could be theirs just as well as not. Get a big handsome Overland touring car into the very midst of your family, and you increase the pleasures and broaden the viewpoints of everyone in the house.

Thousands could be enjoying a better life, a fuller life, and could be getting a whole lot more fun out of life if they had a spick and span brand new Overland at their beck and call. Ever figure it out that way? Well it's time you did.

Nearly 150,000 of the most substantial American families own Overlands. And every Overland owner is a loyal Overland booster. Find the Overland owner in your neighborhood. Get his experienced opinion. Talk to him before you make your decision.

He knows the difference.

Taking everything into careful consideration, the Overland is the most practical all-year-around-family-car on the market. It is not too large, nor is it bulky or cumbersome. On the other hand, it is not small, dinky or stunted—but just the right size for the full comfort, and the complete and ever-

lasting enjoyment
home circle.

It seats five lar
crowding, no jam
all the time. The
Overland—father,
There is practically

Soft, deeply tuf
springs of excepti
to take the roughe
without jerk, jolt o

It is a big thirty
car which gives yo
you will ever want.

$950 *Completely equipped f. o. b. Toledo* **$1075** *With electric starter and generator f. o. b. Toledo*

The Willys-Overland

Canadian Factory: The Will

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vestment For The Whole Family

ery member of your

ople with ease. No
—just solid comfort
ıyone can drive an
er, daughter or son.
ing to learn.

ather cushions, with
elasticity allow you
ots and hardest ruts

horsepower touring
he speed and power

The long wheel base, in addition to giving you ample leg room, also adds to the riding comfort.

So do the large tires.

And the price—

Other cars of similar specifications cost a great deal more. How much? That varies. But in practically every case a careful comparison will prove to you that an Overland costs a full 30% less than any other similar car made.

In view of this can you afford to pay more for some other car that does not give you as much as you can get in the Overland?

Then again—

The Overland is outselling every other similar car made. This is a positive indication of how the buying public regards this car as against all others.

Remember the cost is 30% less.

Spring is here. Get your family out of doors all you can.

There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up today. Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 6.

ompany, Toledo, Ohio

d of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Canadian Prices: *$1250 Completely equipped*
f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont. *$1425 With electric starter and generator*

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This Man

Gave You Puffed Grains

Gave you Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to explode by steam the hundred million food granules inside of each grain.

He did this as a College Professor, in the service of science. Did it to make whole grains wholly digestible. In all the ages, men had never accomplished that.

Thus he gave you the best-cooked foods, the most digestible cereals that science had ever prepared.

Gave Delight to Millions

He also gave you a new delight which millions are enjoying. Grains puffed to eight times normal size—bubble-like and thin. Grains that crush into dainty granules, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Before these came, no morning or evening ever brought to your table such fascinating foods.

That is all due to the years and years Prof. Anderson gave to this problem. And he is now seeking a way to do the same with corn.

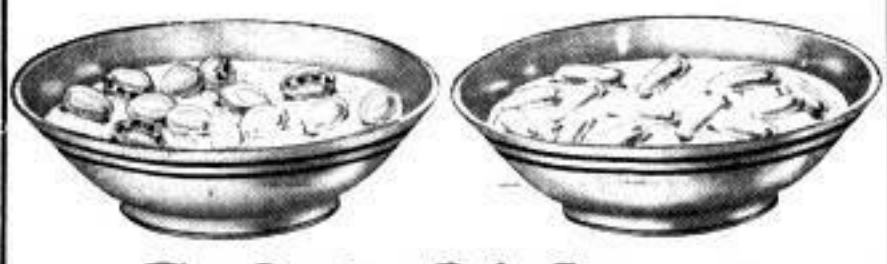
Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in Extreme West*

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning. When berries come, mix these Puffed Grains with them. For suppers, serve like crackers floating in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in desserts, in candy making, as garnish for ice cream.

Keep them on hand for hungry children, between meals or at bedtime. For Puffed Grains do not tax the stomach. And every element is converted into food.

Puffed Grains should be, in every home, as staple as bread and crackers.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(5471)

Baseball for Sport's Sake

By
GRANTLAND RICE

YOU have probably felt as a good many others have felt that baseball, as a game to be played, was drifting away from you. You have probably felt, with other unnumbered thousands, that you had rather play a game yourself than to watch others play it—that you would rather make a two-base hit with the score tied on your own hook in some friendly Saturday afternoon encounter than to sit and watch Hans Wagner soak out triples for a week or Frank Baker drive a carload of balls over the right field fence.

So you have gone in for golf or tennis or have become a fan with the old dream that some day you would again get a crack at the ball and feel the old thrill as you pumped one on a line over the shortstop's head and drove some pal across the plate with the winning count.

You have had to give up baseball because you didn't care to enter the professional field or lacked the ability to play in such company.

There are many restless thousands in your fix, and to-day, for you and the rest of these, we have a message of cheer—the good old game is coming back—not for the spectator, for he already has more leagues to follow than Argus could cover in mid-season form. It is coming back for the player through the medium of the National Amateur Baseball Association of America—an organization recently launched in Chicago by E. C. Seaton to promote baseball again for "sport's sake," for the fun of playing the game for nothing rather than for watching others play at it at so much per watch.



Needed Innovation

AN organization of this sort has been needed for a long time. The only wonder is that it wasn't started sooner. Professional baseball is a great and needed institution, but for years now the greatest game of them all—the national pastime of 90,000,000 people—has been drifting from the many to the few—from the countless thousands who played it and loved it to the few elect willing to give their entire careers to nothing else—at so much a career.

For years it has been drifting from sport to business, from sentiment to "the highest salary" ever paid or "the greatest price ever paid for one player." For years it has been drifting from a game for the player to one for the spectator—and it is high time the game was revised and brought back to its original field.

In all this time we have been watching wonderful stars developed and wonderful stadiums rising up at the cost of millions. All this has heralded the game's great growth. But while all this was going on the average fellow who would like to play for the old-time fun of it has been barred out. Even the colleges, in their utter blindness to the wholesomeness of this sport, have helped crush the spirit of play by saying that no one of their team members shall play baseball in the summer without being barred as a professional. Imagine it! To take a youngster of twenty or twenty-one who loves baseball, who takes it as his game, and say to him that in June, July, August, and September, the four best months of play, he shall not play this game for even the fun of it! It is the most unfair and most senseless proposition or proclamation we have ever known—and here and there we have known quite a few.

Enter the Amateur Association

BUT now comes the National Amateur Baseball Association of America—founded in Chicago for the purpose of promoting and bringing back baseball for the fun of playing the game—founded for the purpose, in this commercial age, of giving thousands a chance to watch a Saturday game for nothing or to get in and play one.

The general scheme is to have one general organization, governed by a set of specific regulations with the laws to be enforced by energetic, responsible, and sport-loving officials.

The national association will be subdivided into different cities. That is, in each city there will be a city association composed of the different amateur leagues. These teams will play out a championship schedule with games arranged each Saturday afternoon.

Each city association will play out its own championship and then will follow a series of intercity contests—New York *vs.* Philadelphia, Chicago *vs.* Cleveland, San Francisco *vs.* Los Angeles, etc., as the case may be—until the list has narrowed down to two rival clubs, who shall then battle for the national amateur championship of America. It is planned to play the 1915 championship games in San Francisco at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The project is bound to succeed, for there will be no cost attached and it will appeal directly to thousands who have been looking for such a chance—for an opportunity to get back and play a ball game once in a while and still work for a living at some other profession.

Each city must direct the destinies of its own league, but all cities will be subjected to certain regulations, the most important of which are these:

Section 4. No player in any club in any city will be eligible who is under contract or reserve by the National Commission, Federal League, or any organized baseball club, or who is playing a regular schedule of games every day for money.

Section 5. No player on any club in any city will be eligible who accepts or receives in any form whatsoever any stipulated weekly salary for services rendered to any club.

Section 6. No player on any club in any city will be eligible who plays baseball for a livelihood.

This eliminates any professional atmosphere, but it doesn't eliminate any man who is working for a living at some other profession, even though he has once been a professional ball player or may accept $3 or $5 for playing baseball Saturday afternoons. It does away with big secret expense money so common with players who, to retain a certain amateur standing, must cover up the transactions.

In other words, the new association doesn't desire to be pinayunish or technical—it merely desires to see that the game is played mainly for sport's sake rather than purely for the coin's sake.

Off with a Rush

AT the first call seventeen cities—namely, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Paul, Denver, Louisville, St. Louis, Baltimore, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Columbus (Ohio), Milwaukee, Omaha, Washington, Johnstown (Pa.), Lowell, (Mass.), and Gary (Ind.)—came into the fold. And, in addition to these seventeen, dozens of other applications were received, insuring a big field for the start. The clubs from these cities represent over 34,000 players. Within a year there should be fifty or sixty cities entered, with a membership of upward of 90,000 players, comprising different zones, for the purpose of eliminating all save the survivors, who shall then battle for the flag.

There is no way any graft can be connected with the proposition, for without money involved there can be no graft. And to further insure its success the new association selected for its president Mr. E. C. Patterson, a sportsman who for

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twenty years has time to developing Mr. Patterson, officers, has taken with a knowledge vital enthusiasm that circuit along to success sisted by responsible see to it that the association is maintained upon a high plane—and for all this work not one cent will be paid in the way of remuneration. The entire arrangement is upon a high, clean basis that deserves, and will command, success. C. C. Townes of Cleveland is first vice president; Jesse S. Smith of Chicago, second vice president; E. C. Seaton of Chicago, secretary-treasurer. It is due to Mr. Seaton's untiring efforts for two years that this association owes its existence.

given his recreation amateur baseball. with all other Aiding up the work ahead of conditions and a is sure to carry the He will be assparties, who will

Oh, well, you say, most people now don't care for amateur baseball any more. Don't they? Last fall the city league champions of Chicago and Cleveland played such a game in Cleveland and there were exactly 25,000 people present. That's all—only 25,000 with little advertising and the new association still beyond.

Officials of the association will receive the applications of all cities that desire to enter, and where they are convinced that a city is willing to enter fully into the spirit of the enterprise it will be taken into membership. With fifty cities enlisted in the cause, which will be a big boom toward the playground movement, more than 90,000 players will be added to the list and will be rewarded by a summer's fun. No college can conscientiously bar its players from participating in such contests without carrying a technicality to a foolish extreme, for this association should be the biggest factor now extant in promoting amateur play, in developing a wholesome spirit, and in furnishing an ideal recreation for so many who need it.

Professional baseball has its place. But isn't there room also for the fellow who would rather play the game than watch others play it? For the fellow who can get more benefit and enjoyment out of taking part than in looking on? The new association will be the answer and it will be no half-hearted or uncertain one.

When the Farmer Shakes the Money Tree

(Continued from page 10)

each kind of borrowing must have an agency all its own.

The best example of the long-term credit machine is in the well-known Crédit Foncier of France, which lends money to farmers at 4 per cent on long loans, which may be amortized. The company then pools these mortgages, issuing 3 per cent bonds of small denomination against them, and they in turn become the standard investment of the great mass of the people. Thus borrower and investor are accommodated in the simplest, cheapest, and most accessible way.

The ideal small personal loan arrangement is best exemplified in the Raiffeisen communal banks of Germany, in which the farmers syndicate their savings and credit resources and borrow from each other at a rate rarely exceeding 4 per cent. These banks represent the very essence of the cooperative spirit, and prove the need and value of self-help institutions.

The Awakening in America

THIS now brings us to the meat of the matter, which is: How are we to adapt these seasoned agencies to the relief of the long-suffering American farmer?

Incredible as it may seem, it is only within the past four years that there has been any serious awakening to our economic responsibility to the farmer and to the necessity of action. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick is really the father of the present rural-credit agitation. He interested President Taft, and this started an executive stimulus, which was inherited by Mr. Wilson. Through the influence of Senator Duncan Fletcher, and with the help of the Southern Commercial Congress, an American commission went abroad last year to study conditions and make some definite report.

Now the interesting thing about this commission, as well as the many individuals who have gone on similar investigations, is that they display great enthusiasm over the various credit agencies at work and manifest much surprise over the results of cooperation. They write long and learned reports extolling these cooperative activities and lamenting their absence in this country.

But all of them are not familiar with the economic systems of their own land. An incident which was brought to the notice of the Congressional Rural Credit Committee will illustrate. A resident of Columbus, Ohio, went to Europe to study rural credits. On his return he wrote an elaborate pamphlet praising the beauties of certain foreign loans, and saying how much it was to be regretted that they had never been attempted in America. Yet within two blocks of his house lived the president of a building and loan association that had more than $1,000,000 out in farm loans on the exact plan that was being held up as a model.

As a matter of fact, we have no lack of cooperative agencies in the United States. The only trouble has been that they are not linked with rural lending. Take, for example, the building and loan association. When operating under adequate statutory protection, it is an almost ideal cooperative structure.

Best of all cooperative agencies is the Credit Union, already authorized by legislative action in New York, Massachusetts, Texas, and Wisconsin.

Thus there is no lack of available agency: what we need is the law to galvanize it into a bulwark for the farmer's financial needs.

What Shall the Remedy Be?

THE only remaining question then is: What shall that law be?

In selecting a type of institution to handle American rural credits a proposition more difficult than is presented in Europe is encountered, for the reason that our territory is so vast and there is such diversity of climate, products, people, and methods of farming. Such an institution, or rather one wing of it, needs cooperative effort, and our people have only scratched the surface of cooperation.

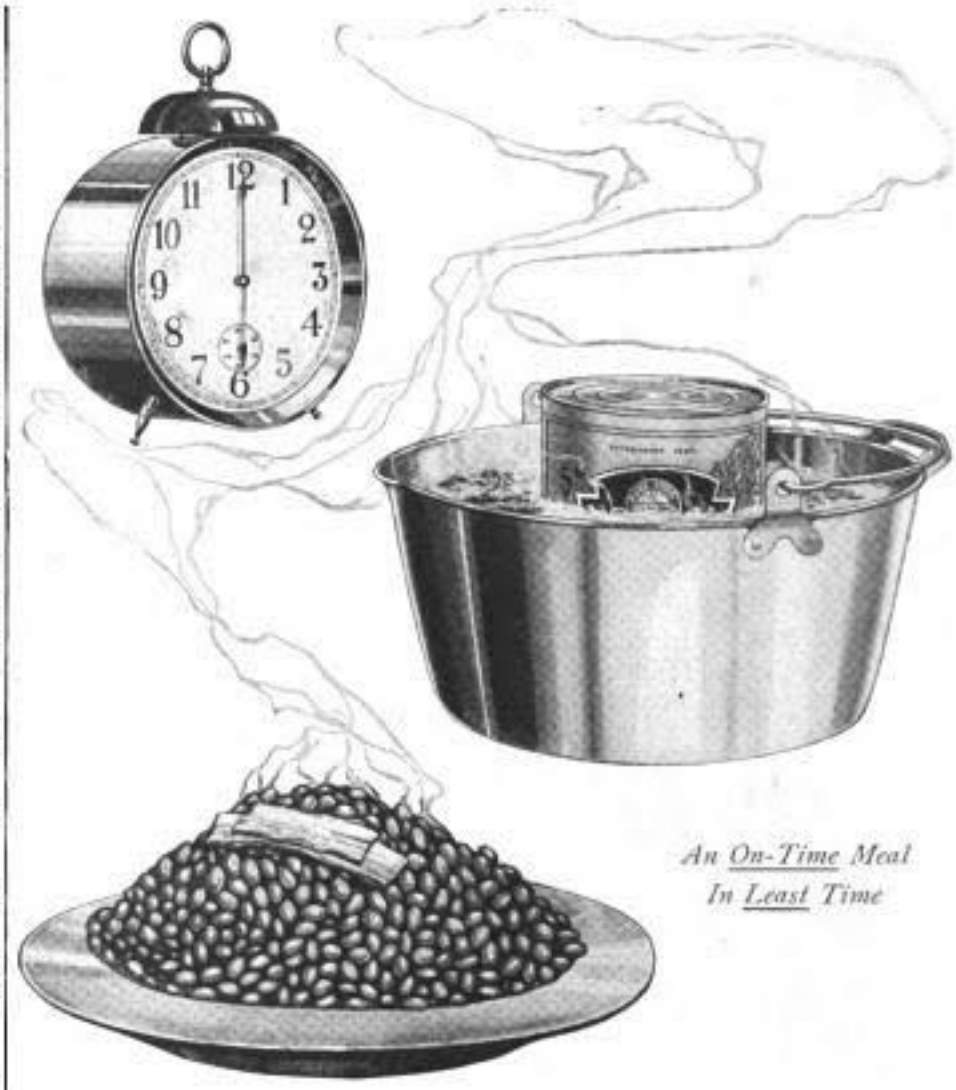
At this writing the Congressional subcommittee charged with the investigation of rural credits has just concluded its hearings, and set about sifting the flock of bills submitted for the establishment of some definite and permanent system. A brief digest of the most important will show what our legislators have in mind.

The so-called Fletcher-Moss Bill represents the sentiment of the American commission that went to Europe last year. It is what might be called a near-cooperative scheme. In a word, it authorizes the formation of land banks all over the country. Any ten or more men with a minimum capital of $10,000 can start one of these banks, lend money on mortgages, and then issue debentures against these liens not to exceed fifteen times the capital stock and surplus or the face value of the underlying mortgages. These institutions are to be called National Farm Land Banks, and when conducted under cooperative auspices must include the word "Cooperative" in the title. The loans made by the land banks may be amortized, and the rate of interest shall not be more than 1 per cent higher than the face interest rate of the debentures issued. This bill follows the Credit Foncier idea closely, with the exception that the proposed American banks are also authorized to do a commercial banking business.

The objection to this measure, made in various expert quarters, is that the small land banks would find it difficult to market their debentures; that the multiplicity of them would create confusion and that the small capital required would induce unscrupulous people to form them for land exploitation.

The next most important measure—the Bathrick Bill—calls for Government loans direct to the farmer under the supervision of a Farm Credit Board. The funds for these loans are to be derived from the issue of United States 3½ per cent bonds, to be retired with the amortization of the loans. By the terms of this measure the farmer is not to pay more than 4½ per cent for his money.

Still another bill—the Hulings—is somewhat similar in scheme in that it provides for governmental loans direct to the farmer, who forms an association and through the organization obtains currency from the Government for his needs.



An On-Time Meal In Least Time

We Take Time to Give You Leisure

Just heat Heinz Baked Beans while the table is being set. Then serve.

Without bother or fuss, without the hours of preparation, you give your family *real* baked beans with *the real flavor* that comes only when beans are baked by fire in an oven. The hard work is all done for you in our famous kitchens.

Heinz Baked Beans

One of the 57 Varieties

are baked the slow, painstaking way, the one way that produces the flavor and makes beans most satisfying and nourishing.

There are quicker, easier methods of cooking beans, but we are not looking for quick or easy ways. From the start of our business, our one aim has been to make only the best.

That's why we issue the broad guarantee for all our products, "Your money back if you're not pleased."

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style.

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Others of the 57 Varieties are:

Spaghetti—cooked ready to serve, **Peanut Butter, Cream Soups, India Relish, Olives, Tomato Ketchup, etc.**



H. J. Heinz Co.

HEINZ

More than 50,000 Visitors inspected the Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Last Year

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So Light

So Cool



This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905.
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED

There is a No-Limit Guarantee behind Chalmers "Porosknit." Let's consider WHY. Let's see what the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" label MEANS—as compared with imitations.

Mere *holes* in underwear do not make it the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit." One must judge by more than appearance. That is, if one wants such quality as can be guaranteed *unconditionally*.

Let's first examine a Chalmers "Porosknit" garment. Then let's investigate its making.

Take this Union Suit. Observe the triangular piece in the back. The "stretch" in any knit goods runs only *one* way.

That is why this triangular piece is reversed. That makes its stretch run opposite to the rest of the garment. This is done to give full elasticity to the seat—so that it will *give*—at every turn or bend.

There can be no pull, no bulge, no draw—no "cutting in the crotch."

Turn the garment inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are reinforced—double-seamed by cover seaming. Extra stitches to prevent ripping.

Stretch the fabric. See the other *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unravelling.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. The Chalmers Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

The Extra Quality

The yarn is the finest long-fibre, combed. Indeed, we've been told it's *better* than need be. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars yearly by using less costly yarn—and still have it "good enough." That none might detect it.

True. The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn—and Chalmers "Porosknit" would still *look* the same.

Yet—what if the durability suffer? If something be lost in softness or elasticity?

We take no chances with durability—no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot *see*. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

One doubts if imitations are a good buy.

Judge if *you* will accept any but the genuine. The way to be *sure* is to look for the label—as shown here—and the guarantee bond with every garment.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration.

No-Limit Guarantee

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box at the dealer's.



Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN	Any Style	FOR BOYS
50c	Shirts and Drawers per Garment	25c
FOR MEN	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS
$1.00		50c

Chalmers Knitting Company
3 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

The Government in turn takes mortgages to secure the issue of the scrip.

Now, whatever may be the virtues or the defects of these and the various other measures that are now being considered, the cheering fact remains that they embody the principal benefits that have long been denied our farmers, for they include amortization of loans, a low rate of interest, and accessible money.

Relief Within Sight

YOU will note that these bill only provide for long-term or mortgage credit. No provision is considered for the short-term or personal lending. Following the European example, the committee has practically decided to have two separate institutions, and that the model for the personal loan will doubtless be along the line of the Jewish cooperative credit unions which I described in a recent issue of COLLIER'S.

Even while Congress is pondering over these measures Uncle Sam has begun the relief of the farmer. Under the terms of the new currency bill national banks may now discount farmers' paper, which tends to create a more liberal lending policy toward the tiller of the soil. In addition these banks may lend money on farm mortgages not to run over five years nor to exceed in total amount 25 per cent of their capital stock, or 33 1-3 per cent of their time deposits.

Nor are other signs wanting to indicate a whole new and constructive attitude toward the financing of the farm. Various States have begun to work out the economic salvation of their agricultural class. In New York, for instance, Governor Glynn has sent an impressive message to the Legislature urging the formation of land banks. He pointed out the startling fact that while the urban population of the great Empire State had increased 25 per cent in ten years, the increase in rural population had only been 1 per cent. During the same time there was a decrease of 5 per cent in cultivated farms. These facts alone would be sufficient to explain the increased cost of living. The decline in farm interest was due to only one thing, and that a lack of adequate financing. This, too, in the very State that is the fountain head of American money power.

The farm mortgages of New York State present a very illuminating object lesson. The farms have a total debt of $[illegible], secured by liens. If for these mortgages were substituted ten-year amortization loans at 6 per cent, and with an additional yearly payment to cancel the debt at maturity, the farmers would save not less than $24,000,000.

The Investor and the Farmer

BUT this dawning rural financial millennium will not be complete until the average investor with his small savings—and by him I mean the man or woman with $5 stuck away in a corner, $20 in a savings bank, or $30 in a building and loan association—can link his destiny with the farmers' financial relief. Such an investor—as is the case with his European brother—will not put his money in the debentures of a company with small capitalization.

For this reason men like Leonard Robinson, father of the Jewish cooperative credit unions whose dollars are so neighborly, have urged that the best way to bring about this union of farmer and investor is to have one huge central bond-issuing bank, or a limited number of regional banks performing the same service. The mortgages from the whole country could be deposited in these banks, and thus there would be a nation-wide blanket of security behind the debentures. A drought in one community or a devastating flood in another would not disturb the general character of the equity.

These banks, in the opinion of the men who are favoring them, should have large capitalization and a rigid governmental supervision to inspire confidence. Most of the trustees, as in the case of the Federal Reserve Board, could be appointed by the President.

They would not require new machinery either. The present financial agencies could become the agents of the central or regional banks, negotiate the loans on the mortgages (they are familiar with local conditions), and simply rediscount or exchange these mortgages for bonds at the central or regional land bank.

But whatever the plan employed, the big fact is that the proposed land bond will bring to the average American investor a long-needed medium, because it could be issued in small denominations to suit the humblest saving. It would have ample interest rate, safety, and marketability—the three cardinal requisites. The big financier is beginning to realize that the "baby" bond is the real investment hope of the nation.

A Way to Tap the World's Resources

THERE is even a wider vision in this proposed issue of mortgage debentures to relieve the farmer. They could draw on the whole world, and especially attract the continental investor who is only getting an average of 3 per cent on his Crédit Foncier and kindred land bonds. Thus we could father a security that would wipe out the stigma of Frisco financing and reestablish the integrity of the American investment abroad.

After many years of hardship the farmer seems to be coming into his financial own. Ready money for him means a larger and sounder prosperity for everybody. As the farm goes, so goes the rest of the country. Give the agriculturist ample working capital and you increase the national stability and give cheerful and contented rural life its best impetus.

But do not think that better rural credits will reduce the cost of living or shorten the hours of labor on the farm. It will simply mean a more widespread farm indebtedness at lower rates and the total interest bill paid by agriculture will be doubled and tripled over what it is now. The interest bill will still eat up the entire wheat crop, but there will be a bigger wheat crop for it to eat. And more of the farmers may become receivers of interest as well as payers of it, thus building up a stable middle class on the land.

The farm mortgage, once rejected and despised as the symbol of disaster, is on the way to become the instrument of a great regeneration.



The farmer has to borrow money when interest is highest. His hens always stop laying when eggs are highest

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Mr. Burdock's Insurance

(Continued from page 7)

storage batteries evidently, with tiny blue and green and red incandescent lamps in each horrible empty eye socket —and suddenly all four sets of eyes flared wickedly at Mr. Burdock. To add to the gruesome tableau every rib and arm bone had been smeared with phosphorus, which caused each skeleton to loom forth in all the pristine awfulness of death in its most hideous form. Simultaneously one of the skeletons appeared to turn and face Mr. Burdock; its dreadful arm pointed toward him and a voice, low, rumbling, infinitely tragic, boomed out these words:

"We are dead! We await you, brother! Ashes to ashes and dust to its original dust! Beware!!"

MR. BURDOCK just hung over his front gate and gasped! His heart skipped two beats and on the instant his forehead was bathed in perspiration. On the backs of his sturdy legs gooseflesh broke out. Then the carriage top folded up again, the apparition vanished and William R. Burdock so far recovered himself as to seize a convenient stone and hurl it (together with something that would not have sounded well in church) at the ventriloquist cabby on the carriage seat!

"Good gracious!" he murmured, "that gave me a start! Horrible! Horrible! I'd give a thousand dollars to learn the name of the jackass that got up that parade. I'd have him arrested!"

Just as he was about to return to the house, a messenger boy shot around the corner on a bicycle and presented him with a telegram, which said, merely:

Do you believe that coming events cast their shadows before?

HENRY V. MOODY.
Representing Atlantic States Life Insurance Company.

For a single instant the light of murder blazed in the Burdock eyes. But only for an instant. The next he had sat him down on the horse block by the gate and was laughing quietly to himself: one of the longest and most satisfactory laughs he had had in a long time.

"Great!" he exclaimed to himself. "If that fellow doesn't know how to force his attention on a man nobody does." He wiped his eyes. "All right, Henry, my boy. You go to it and do your best. I'll enjoy it—maybe—but you won't sell Bill Burdock any life insurance!"

HE went back to the veranda and told Polly all about it. "If I thought that young insurance chap I met here the other night had an original idea like that in his head, Polly," he declared, "I'd give him a fighting chance if he was as poor as Job's turkey. But you never heard of one of these banjo-playing la-di-da boys bringing home the bacon, Polly. It isn't done! When you get married, Polly, be sure you land a live one. Tie up to a hustler every time; somebody with advanced ideas and ginger and go like a runaway horse; and—of course, a little money, to enable him to put his ideas into practical operation. This Henry V. Moody person is the real goods. He has enterprise—ain't afraid to spend a little money on the chance of making some."

"Is he trying to sell you life insurance, dad?" queried Polly, the innocent.

"Yes, he's trying. He won't succeed, but say, how I do love to see him try! I'll bet he springs some brand-new stunts on me before he lets go."

The following morning when he got down to the office he found a neat little bundle of press clippings on his desk. Thinking they had to do with the Lakeview subdivision and were the result of a new press agent the firm had employed recently, he adjusted his spectacles and commenced to skim through them, until he discovered they were more or less lurid accounts of persons who had been injured or killed within the past twenty-four hours—and all within the city limits! He threw the clippings into his waste basket just as Biddle entered with a telegram; which, upon being opened, was found to read as follows:

What assurance have you that you will not figure similarly in the news of to-morrow? Think it over. MOODY.
Representing Atlantic States Life Insurance Company.

Biddle saw the signs of mental disturbance on Mr. Burdock's face and fled, and for an hour thereafter Burdock couldn't get death and the thoughts of death out of his mind. But presently a circus parade came down the street in front of Burdock & Kewell's office and he went out to see the animals. Under the humanizing stimulus of the sight presented by a clown trying to ride a little trick mule which was bucking him all over the street, Mr. Burdock's good humor returned and he thought no more of Henry V. Moody, Special Agent of the Atlantic States Life Insurance Company, until after dinner that night.

Polly had been in great good humor during dinner; again she inveigled him out on the veranda for his after-dinner smoke. It was a drowsy evening, and in his comfortable wicker rocking-chair Mr. Burdock felt particularly comfortable and contented. What more natural, then, than that he should drift off into gentle slumber?

HE was aroused by the sound of a groan of that indefinite kind known as "hollow." At any rate it was a groan indicative of despair and utter weariness. Mr. Burdock came awake with a jerk, as it were, and to his immeasurable surprise a camel was standing in the gravel walk immediately in front of the veranda steps. The beast was draped in a black blanket of race-horse effect (the kind that permits the animal's legs and ears and eyes to show) and bore upon his back a gaunt old man with long white patriarchal whiskers. Over the shoulders of the ancient rider protruded a scythe.

It was the protesting groan of the camel, upon receiving "the office" to kneel, that had aroused Mr. Burdock. As the creature knelt Mr. Burdock came to his feet like a jack-in-the-box.

"Who the devil are you?" he yelled. And the man on the black-robed camel promptly replied:

"I am Death, the Black Camel that kneels at Every Man's door."

HE tapped the camel on the side of the neck with the handle of the scythe. The animal at once got to its feet, turned and scuffled down the gravel walk and out the gate at a rapid, swinging pace. Mr. Burdock, angry to the core of his being at this second fright within a week, ran after him, being minded, in case he should encounter a policeman, to have the camel driver and his camel arrested for trespass. He was easily outrun, however, and when, after a futile chase of several blocks he returned puffing to the house, Polly demanded to know what he had seen that had induced him to leave in such a precipitate hurry. When he told her of his strange and weird visitor, she was incredulous.

"A black camel!" she echoed, and laughed at him. "Why, dad, you must have had a nightmare!"

"No, Polly. This was a camel. I saw it all as plain as day."

"Strange nobody else saw it. When I left you on the veranda you were sound asleep and I'm certain you must have dreamed it. You saw the circus parade to-day and you probably had camels on the brain. I'm certain it was only a very vivid dream."

"Well, now," Mr. Burdock protested, "we can easily prove your case, Polly. If there are tracks in the gravel walk it wasn't a nightmare."

SO he and Polly went looking for tracks—and not a trace of a track could they find! Again Polly insisted that her father had been the victim of his own delusions, and in the absence of corroborative evidence to the contrary Mr. Burdock began to wonder if his reason wasn't tottering on its throne. He would have been in a fine rage had he known that Miss Polly herself had, with a broom, obliterated the tracks as far as the front gate!

While he was striving to convince Polly that he wasn't insane, no matter how much appearances might be against him, a messenger boy arrived with a cablegram. Mr. Burdock opened it and read:

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a sweath
And the Burdocks that grow between!

Under the circumstances, why put it off any longer? I shall get you in the long run anyhow and in the meantime



Are you in a "city prison"?

Why does the city seem like a prison when Spring comes?

Of all the pleasures the country affords, which do you long for most?

Isn't it the soft, springy "feel" of the turf under your feet—the joy of the long country walks and outdoor games?

If you must spend most of your time in the city, you can at least go about your work and play with a light, easy stride, free from jar and jolt. You can cushion your step with O'Sullivan's Heels of new live rubber, as soft and resilient as the country turf.

For working, walking, playing and dancing you need O'Sullivan's Heels. They will add to your comfort and improve your health by stopping the pound, pound, pound of hard pavements. O'Sullivanize all your shoes when you buy them.

O'Sullivan's Heels cost but 50 cents a pair, attached. All shoemakers and shoe dealers will attach them to your shoes when you buy them, or at any other time. If you prefer, send us 35 cents and a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair. O'Sullivan Rubber Company, 131 Hudson St., New York.

O'Sullivan's HEELS of New Live Rubber

For Men, Women and Children



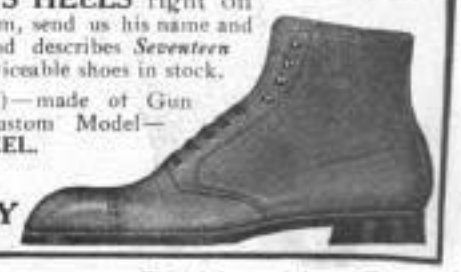


Attached Ready-to-Wear to the Hazzard Shoe { $3.00 $3.50 $4.00

Ask your dealer for HAZZARD SHOES made with **O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS** right on them. If he does not carry them, send us his name and get our catalogue. It shows and describes *Seventeen* newest styles of comfortable, serviceable shoes in stock.

Stock No. 0118 (as illustrated)—made of Gun Metal, on the very newest Custom Model—low, broad. **O'SULLIVAN'S HEEL.**

(Price $3.50.)



R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY
GARDINER, MAINE

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B. V. D. *and* Baseball Usher in Spring

FOR warmish days have cool, comfortable B.V. D. ready to put on. It may be warm *to-morrow*, so buy B.V. D. *to-day.*



For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman show it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries*)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits, (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B.V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 46, Aldermanbury, E. C.



There's SAFETY in

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS



If anything ails your feet you feel it all over.

Are your insteps tired every night and tender in the morning?

Do the muscles of your legs get sore and stiff while your very backbone begins to ache?

Then you should wear FosterOrthopedic Rubber Heels

A blessing to all who are constantly on their feet.

The corner of the heel extends down under the shank, thus preventing the arch from falling or the shoe running over.

Gives a firm but resilient support to the arch—keeps the position of the foot normal and natural.

75c. attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.

THAT FOSTER PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

—even on wet sidewalks, pavements or the smoothest floors. You step with safety and comfort when you wear Cat's Paw Rubber Heels.

Compare them with others—you will find no holes to track mud and dirt.

The extra quality of rubber gives greater resiliency and makes them wear longer.

Ask your shoeman for Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. They cost no more than the ordinary kind—50c. attached—black or tan.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.,
105 Federal St., - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.





you are running up a bill of expense on me. Be reasonable. MOODY.
Representing Atlantic States Life Insurance Company.

"May the devil fly away with that fellow Moody," cried Mr. Burdock, and this time he did not laugh. The matter was proceeding beyond the joke stage and that night he went to bed somewhat irritated.

SCARCELY had he arrived at his office next morning when Biddle brought him in a large bandbox, which he stated had been delivered that morning. Mr. Burdock opened it, thinking somebody had sent him a hat. Instead he found a wreath of autumn leaves tied with a large bow of purple ribbon. Biddle had the temerity to snicker and Mr. Burdock struck him with the wreath and quite ruined it for funereal purposes. Later he discovered a tiny envelope with a card within, upon which was written:

Deepest sympathy. He wouldn't take out life insurance! HENRY V. MOODY.
Representing Atlantic States Life Insurance Company.

"This nonsense has got to stop," the victim fumed and resurrected Henry V. Moody's letter from the files. To his chagrin it bore no address. He could not find the address in the telephone directory and "Information" could tell him nothing. The city directory was equally reticent.

Mr. Burdock gritted his teeth, for he knew he was in for it now. He had no protection. He was certain of this about five minutes later when he received another telegram.

Take it easy, old sport. If I had an address you would have me arrested for trespass and disturbing the peace. Perhaps you would hire a thug to kill me—in which event I should not worry greatly for I am fully insured. Nevertheless, I want to impress upon you the fact that death is a serious matter. You should be prepared, and the only way properly to prepare is to see MOODY.
Representing Atlantic States Life Insurance Company.

Mr. Burdock sighed. As Mr. Ballou remarked to Mark Twain when speaking of the coffee, it was a little too "technical" for him.

THAT was the beginning. For a week thereafter things happened so fast Mr. Burdock couldn't keep track of them. Asleep or awake he was never, for a moment, free from the freakish attentions of Henry V. Moody. His mail was deluged with press clippings of sudden deaths; with picture postal cards of Mexican and Balkan battle fields, showing gory corpses strewn promiscuously across the landscape. Messenger boys swarmed in and out of his office bearing telegrams, all of which contained some famous quotations on the subject of death. It was evident that Henry V. Moody had ransacked the literature of every nation in order to glean copy apropos to his purpose. In addition he never failed, in any communication, to impress upon Mr. Burdock the fact that he, Moody, represented the Atlantic States Life Insurance Company and that he, Burdock, was merely delaying the day of settlement!

A hurdy-gurdy appeared in front of his office and for hours at a stretch played the "Dead March" from Saul and other doleful melodies. An itinerant street singer with a bass voice as powerful and searching as the five-o'clock whistle came and sang "Down among the Dead Men," and a florist's boy delivered a "Gates Ajar." A local undertaking corporation made him a present of one share of their stock, explaining that their good friend, Mr. Henry V. Moody, had hinted to them that Mr. Burdock would be pleased to serve upon their board of directors. They invited him to come out any day and inspect their plant.

A PAUPER died in the city and county hospital. His name was John Burdock, and for some reason the hospital authorities rang him up and wanted to know of Mr. Burdock if he would defray the burial expenses of the deceased. When Mr. Burdock indignantly denied kinship with John Burdock and abandoned him to a medical college, he received a cheerful invitation to attend the dissection of the cadaver.

He received a Black Hand letter and a man called and tried to sell him stock in a cemetery association. Later another man called and tried to sell him a marble mausoleum. He dined at a restaurant and when the hat boy did business with him, Mr. Burdock discovered that his headgear had acquired a band of crape. He thrust his hand into his overcoat and drew forth a black-bordered handkerchief. A stenographer applied to him for a position and used mourning paper. Then suddenly the horseplay ceased, and for one entire week a long, dignified night lettergram arrived for Mr. Burdock each morning. Each lettergram contained a single powerful argument why he should take out life insurance. And these arguments been conveyed to him in the form of an ordinary letter, Mr. Burdock would have consigned them to the wastebasket, but since the villain Moody spent several dollars nightly to send the argument by wire, that subtle commercial sanctity which ever appertains to a cash outlay forced Mr. Burdock to read them all.



His wife—"You owe a great deal to my efforts! Why, if it were not for me where would you be now?" (And glancing at the clock he sighs reminiscently)

ON the morning of the seventh day of what Mr. Burdock vaguely realized was to be the finish of a whirlwind campaign, Biddle brought him in a package, ostensibly from his jeweler. When he opened it, out dropped the dried, withered hand of an Egyptian mummy! A tourist tag tied to the wrist of the grisly horror bore this cheerful message:

Shake! You have now made up your mind to receive me in your office and talk business. I congratulate you. I shall arrive promptly at ten o'clock and shall bring with me a medical examiner for our company. Please warn Mr. Biddle not to attempt to keep me out unless he is fully covered with the premiums paid to date. MOODY.
Representing Atlantic States Life Insurance Company.

This final feather, as it were, broke the camel's back. Despite his crotchety ways old Bill Burdock was intensely human; if one dug into him deep enough he discovered a blessed sense of humor. He laughed now until the tears rolled down his cheeks and was conscious of a tremendous satisfaction that at last he was about to meet Henry V. Moody face to face! He rang for Biddle. "Biddle," he said when that functionary entered, "a gentleman named Moody, accompanied by another gentleman, will call at ten o'clock. Show them in at once."

Biddle nodded and withdrew. At ten he returned.

"Mr. Moody is outside, sir," he began. "I do not know under what pretense he has obtained this interview, and I realize that it is not within my province to question it, but I warn you, sir, the man is a life insurance agent. I can tell by the look in his eye—and besides he has an actuary sticking out of his coat pocket."

"Biddle," said Mr. Burdock, "tell the

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Electric Vehicle Motors. If you own an electric pleasure car or commercial vehicle, or are thinking of getting one you should send for No. 5223. "Westinghouse Electric Vehicle Equipment," which contains a great deal of interesting and useful data.

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Sewing Machine Motor. Of inestimable value to every woman who sews. Does all the hard work. The operator does no treadling but has complete control over the machine, starting, stopping and changing speed at will. Fits any family machine. Send for No. 4153.



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Motor Drive for Various Industries

Publications have been prepared describing the advantages and economies to be secured from motor drive in various industries, together with data in regard to the proper size and kind of motors for the different machines used in each industry. In writing for these publications please use your business letterhead, since otherwise the request will not be filled.

General—How Electric Power Helps Manufacturers.
Motor-Driven Wood Working Machinery.
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Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
East Pittsburgh, Penna.

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Fuel and Repairs

You can lower these expenses

IN three years' time supplies and repairs occasionally cost as much as the original price of a car.

Careless lubrication is responsible for most of this expense.

A canvass among New York repair shops showed that about one-half of the automobile engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

There are two things that must always be considered in an oil. One is its quality. The other is its fitness for your motor.

Low-*quality* oil in time may bring practically every trouble a motor can face.

Oil of a *body* which is incorrect for *your* motor brings many penalties — heating and seizing of bearings, worn wrist pins, poor compression, breaking of parts, excess carbon deposit, smoking or overheating of engine and many other troubles.

Aside from repair troubles you must face a plain fact:

The more power you waste the more fuel you must consume.

You cannot get perfect lubrication unless the *quality* is right, and the *body* of your oil suits—

(1) Your type of lubrication system.
(2) Your piston clearance.
(3) Your bearing design and adjustment
(4) Your bore and stroke.
(5) Your engine speed.
(6) The size and location of valves.
(7) Your cooling system.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are sold *by a Chart* which specifies the correct grade for each car.

They are backed by almost 50 years' experience which has won for us the world-leadership in scientific lubrication.

If you do not at present use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car, you may feel almost certain that your bills for fuel and repairs are higher than they should be.

Consult the partial Chart printed at the right. Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make certain that you get it. If your car is not mentioned send for our complete Chart of Recommendations.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are: **Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", Gargoyle Mobiloil "B", Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic".**

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1912		1914		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Apperson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Carbureor	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.
" (Cont'l	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Case	...	...	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Chase	B	D	B	D	B	D	B	D	B	B
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Fiat	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Ford	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Cont'l	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. M. C.	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Havers 6-44	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Havers 6-66	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "32"	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
" "20"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	A	B	A
" (water)	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A	...	...	...	...
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Kelly	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
King	...	...	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
Mack, Jr	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	...	...	...	...
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mohawk	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Moline Knight	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon (6 cyl.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige-Detroit	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont'l	...	...	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reading	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Regal	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	...	...	B	Arc.	E	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mind"	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	B	A
Stearns	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	...	...
" "Knight"	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	...	...
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	...	...	...	...	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie 6-43	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie 6-50	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Arc.	Arc.
Walker	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (Gas)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Wisconsin	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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cashier to give you twenty-five a month more hereafter, beginning with the first of the month. You are showing signs of human intelligence. And show Mr. Moody in."

MR. MOODY entered. He was an ordinary-looking young man and rather solemn. He bowed to Mr. Burdock and introduced Dr. Jorum.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Burdock," replied Dr. Jorum, and drew a stethoscope from his pocket. "If you will kindly remove your coat and vest I will examine you right here, and we'll have it over in jig time."

Mr. Burdock eyed the pair curiously, but answered never a word, for his curiosity was indeed aroused and he was desirous of seeing how far this nonsense, as he termed it, would go. He knew he didn't desire any life insurance; he knew further that no human agency could force him to take any against his will. Strong, then in this knowledge of his power, he resolved to enter into the spirit of the day, as it were; encourage Mr. Henry V. Moody in the belief that he was about to sign up at last—and then when Moody should deliver the policy he would laugh at him and decline to go through with the deal!

Calm then in the knowledge that the balance of power lay with him, Mr. Burdock removed his coat and vest and Dr. Jorum jabbed the stethoscope against his fifth rib and listened. After listening fully a minute he jabbed it up closer and listened with the other ear. In fact, he made five separate jobs of listening to the Burdock heartbeat and without appearing to excite suspicion as to the state of that organ, he, nevertheless, contrived so to do. Mr. Burdock grew a trifle apprehensive.

"Anything wrong with that heart, Doc?" he asked.

Dr. Jorum ignored the query. "Lie down flat on the floor, please, Mr. Burdock," he commanded.

SO Mr. Burdock lay on his back on his own office carpet, and Dr. Jorum, kneeling beside him, applied the stethoscope once more. Then he nodded, as if convinced of the correctness of his original diagnosis, and shifted the stethoscope to the Burdock lungs.

"Bully set of lungs," he commented, and started rapping Mr. Burdock gently on the liver. He went over him like a carpenter shingling a roof, and finally let him up and ordered him to put on his coat and vest. Mr. Burdock obeyed and Dr. Jorum, seating himself at Burdock's desk, took out a medical examiner's blank certificate and commenced asking questions. As fast as Mr. Burdock replied the worthy doctor filled in the answers and finally signed the certificate. He indicated a line for Mr. Burdock's signature and told him to sign there. Secretly gloating, Mr. Burdock signed. Then Henry V. Moody presented for his signature an application for a ten-thousand-dollar policy, based on Mr. Burdock's age of fifty-two, and Mr. Burdock signed that; whereupon Dr. Jorum gathered up his stethoscope and medical examiner's certificate; Mr. Moody politely thanked his victim, intimating that he would call later with the policy, and both gentlemen departed.

MR. BURDOCK grinned after them. "He who laughs last laughs best," he quoted to himself. "This has been lots of fun to me and quite expensive to you, Brother Moody, but you seem to forget that I possess the great American privilege of saying No! When you deliver that policy I shall have changed my mind. Foxy! Foxy! You're banking on my sense of humor to land me, eh? Oh, well! I have a sense of humor all right," and he chuckled softly.

Three days later he received the following letter. Strange to relate, upon reading it he did not chuckle!

MY DEAR MR. BURDOCK: *I regret to inform you that the Atlantic States Life Insurance Company cannot grant your application for a policy of ten thousand dollars on your life. The company's medical examiner, Dr. Jorum, has reported you as a hazardous risk and has suggested that your policy be denied unless the company cares to accept the business on the basis of an increased rate of premium—which the local agent informs me he does not care to do.*

I regret exceedingly that I did not have Dr. Jorum examine you before I commenced my campaign. I should have saved myself some needless expense: the hire of that black-garbed camel from the circus, for instance, and the German band and all the rest of it. You see, I'd made a large bet that I would land you for a policy and you looked so confounded healthy I really did have the highest hopes of emerging with a profit, notwithstanding the expense of my selling campaign.

However, why repine? I have enjoyed it, if you have. It worked on others and it would have worked on you, were you not the possessor of a liver that even a horse doctor would have shied at; not to mention the slight aneurism which Dr. Jorum says he detected.

Well, we cannot expect to win every time we start, can we? This is one on Henry boy. If you still retain that mummy's hand, please keep it and I will call for it later. It's a splendid prop and I do not know where I should get another if you have destroyed it.

Regretting the entire transaction and trusting you entertain no hard feelings, I am, Yours very truly,

HENRY V. MOODY, *Special Agent.*

FOR a long time after the receipt of that letter, Mr. Burdock sat gazing dreamily at the office wall. An aneurism, eh? And a liver that a horse doctor wouldn't accept! Great Grief! He knew his liver had not been strictly up to grade two weeks back, but Dr. Gaffney had assured him he was all right again! Certainly he never *felt* better in his life. Yet here was this Dr. Jorum of the Atlantic States Life ruling against him as a hazardous risk! That meant he might pass out suddenly at any moment, and if this was so it behooved him to have his house in order! He called in his partner, Kewell, and told him all about it.

"An aneurism, Kewell, is no joke," he explained. "Remember old man Hyatt? He had an aneurism—a little one—didn't amount to that—so his doctor told him. Yet one evening at the club we were playing cribbage together and he keeled over like that and was gone before I could ring for a drink. We'd better incorporate the business, Kewell. A partnership's all right, but with me missing it's all wrong—"

"Rats!" sneered Mr. Kewell. "Burdock, you'll live to be a thousand years old. Take my word for it, your aneurism and your liver do not amount to that." and he snapped his fingers. "It's the size of the policy that really counts."

MR. BURDOCK reflected. If this were true (and there were tricks in all trades) who, he argued to himself, would insure a poor risk for the beggarly premium on a ten-thousand-dollar policy! But if he made the policy large enough: say one hundred thousand dollars—

He had a brilliant idea. He would test this life insurance business—plumb it to its very depths. He would apply for a policy for one hundred thousand dollars in some other company and see if they turned him down! If they did not—well, it might be best to do business anyhow and be on the safe side. Perhaps Dr. Gaffney had been too easily persuaded regarding the Burdock liver, or he may have made light of a matter he knew in his heart to be serious.

Naturally of an aggressive and combative nature, the longer Mr. Burdock thought over the statement that he was such a physical wreck no life insurance company would write him up, the greater became his desire for life insurance! For a great many years he had been used to the things he craved, and now, when he had not desired something, and had not sought it, to be coldly informed that he could not have it, aroused every drop of his fighting blood and made him crave it.

IN this state of mind, then, was Mr. Burdock when Biddle brought him in the card of Mr. John De Witt Burr, representing the Fiduciary Life and Trust Company.

"It's that same fellow that used to annoy you before," Biddle explained. "I told him to get out, but he wouldn't. In fact he seemed a little aggressive. Said he'd stick around until either he saw you or was kicked out. Just raise your voice, sir and say you do not care to see him, and he'll go away without creating any trouble."

"Oh, but I do want to see him, Biddle," retorted Mr. Burdock. "Show him in this instant."

Biddle showed him in and Burdock received him with a grim smile.

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"Mr. Burr," said I, "your stick-to-it-iveness is admirable. I admire you for it."

"Thank you, Mr. Burdock. I haven't been selling life insurance lately, but I'm back into the game again with the old company and here's hoping to serve you. A tough prospect always did have its attractions for me. In the trade, I'm known as Johnny Cockleburr. I stick so close, you know, and I'm hard to shake off."

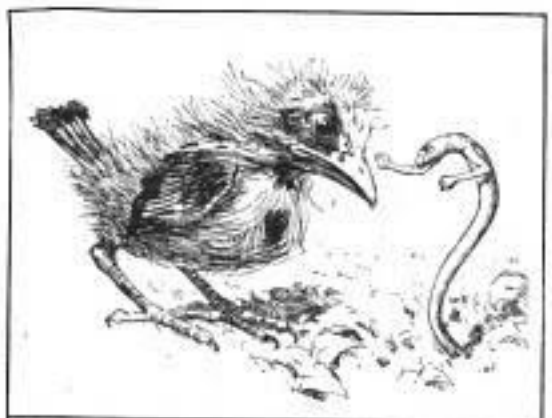
"You're well named, Johnny. Now let's get down to business. I want a policy for one hundred thousand dollars. Are you ready to talk turkey?"

JOHNNY COCKLEBURR took up Mr. Burdock's telephone and called for a number.

"That you, doctor? This is Burr. I wish you'd come right down to the office of William R. Burdock—Burdock & Kewell, the real estate firm in Market Street. Mr. Burdock wants to take out a policy with our company—thanks, doctor. I'll wait in his office for you." He turned to Burdock.

"Our medical examiner will be down directly, Mr. Burdock. While we're waiting for him suppose we make out the application."

So Johnny Cockleburr made out the application for a one-hundred-thousand-dollar policy and Mr. Burdock prepared to sign it. "I suppose you've never been refused a policy by any other company?" Burr queried casually, his pen hovering over the answer space to that all-important question.



The early bird catches the worm
vs. *The worm will turn*
Scrambled Proverbs

MR. BURDOCK was silent, hesitating whether to lie or tell the truth. His hesitation damned him.

"What company and how much?" demanded Burr fiercely.

Mr. Burdock answered truthfully.

"Why did they turn you down?" queried Burr next.

"Liver and an aneurism," replied Mr. Burdock bravely. "And I don't believe I have them at all," he added with conviction.

"Well, I believe you have," retorted the insurance salesman. "Good thing you were honest about it or we would have had the wrong doctor down to examine you." He winked at Mr. Burdock in a very knowing way, and Mr. Burdock was amazed at the feeling of peace which stole over him in the knowledge that here was a young man who knew how to do business in a businesslike way! Burr was calling up a number.

"That you, doctor? This is Burr again. Say, never mind coming down to Mr. Burdock's office. He's been called away on business and I'll have to make an appointment later in the week."

He hung up, waited a half minute for the line to clear and called up another number.

"That you, doctor? Burr speaking. Come down to the office of William R. Burdock, of Burdock & Kewell, 741 Market Street right away. I want *you* to examine him. Are you next? Well, hop lively."

He hung up and faced Mr. Burdock smiling. "Where there's a will there's a way," he said, and winked again. "This fellow would pass you if you were dying of typhoid fever."

"How—how do you work it, Burr?"

"Oh, just split my commission with him. It stretches his conscience."

"I thought so," said Burdock.

TWENTY minutes later Dr. Collins was ushered into the office. In ten minutes he had made his examination: a far more thorough examination, by the way, than that to which Mr. Burdock had been subjected by Dr. Jorum.

"I guess you'll do," he said, and departed forthwith. Then Mr. Burdock parted with a large check for the first annual premium. Johnny Cockleburr gave him a temporary receipt and left, promising Mr. Burdock that he would hear from the Fiduciary Life and Trust Company's home office in New York at an early date, stating whether his policy had been granted or denied. "Of course," continued Burr, "if the policy is denied—" he paused to smile—"you'll have your money returned to you. Still I think you can kiss it good-by. Good afternoon, and thank you!"

TWO weeks later William R. Burdock returned from the carking cares of his busy office to find the wife of his bosom in tears.

"My dear! My dear!" quoth Mr. Burdock, "what's happened?"

Between sobs she informed him that his daughter Polly had that day eloped to the next county and joined herself in wedlock to a most impossible person.

"Who?" roared Mr. Burdock, a horrible suspicion dawning on him. "That banjo-playing life insurance salesman I found on the front porch one night?"

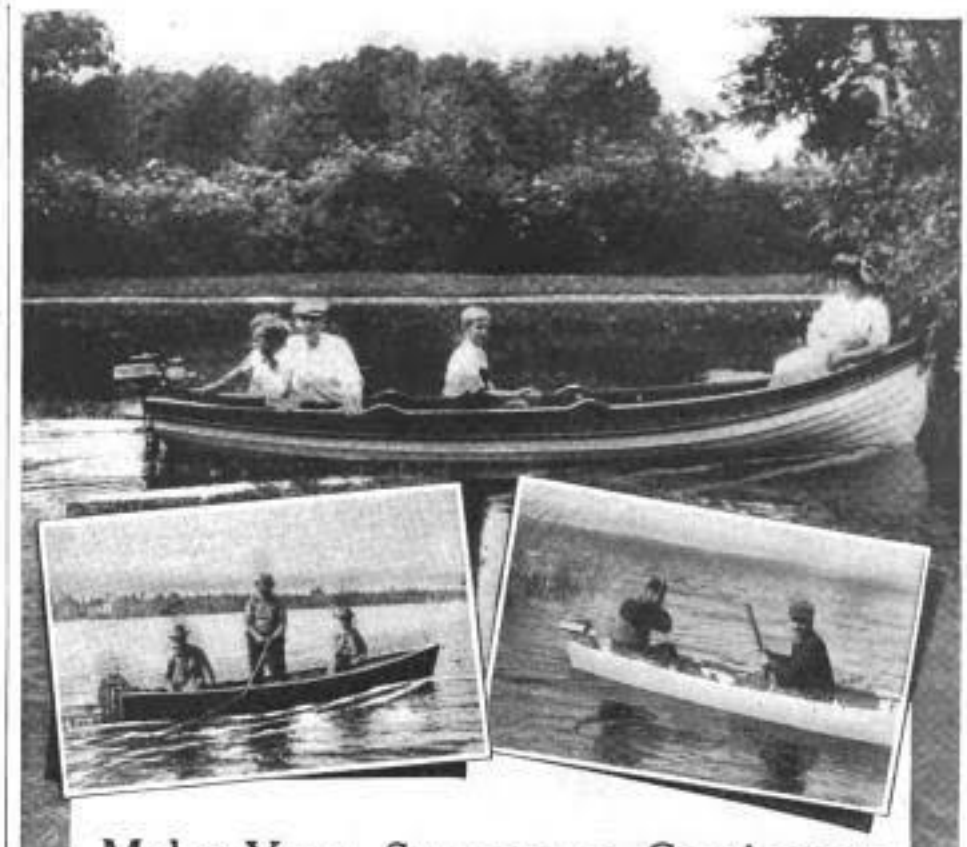
Tearfully his wife admitted the truth of his suspicions. "This is terrible—terrible," he exclaimed, and commenced to pace up and down in his agitation. A maid carried Mrs. Burdock off to her room, where she could have her hysterics in comparative comfort, and Mr. Burdock retired to his library to think it over, pending a more lucid account of the disaster from Mrs. Burdock. Here the butler presently came to him with a large, fat envelope, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a policy for one hundred thousand dollars in the Fiduciary Life and Trust Company on the life of William R. Burdock. Contained in the envelope also was a letter from Johnny Cockleburr, which is worth recording here, for it explains many things:

MY DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW—*I congratulate you on your acquisition of a policy for one hundred thousand dollars in the Fiduciary Life and Trust Company, of which sound, old institution my paternal ancestor is the local agent. It is good, sound insurance—as good and as sound as your heart and liver, and I trust you will never allow your policy to lapse through nonpayment of premium.*

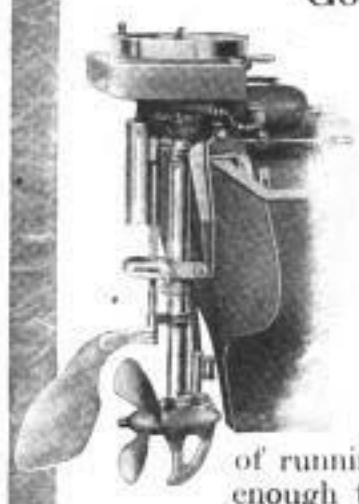
It has been a difficult and somewhat expensive task landing you, but I flatter myself that I was enabled eventually to accomplish it. The Atlantic States Life Insurance Company is a myth and Henry V. Moody is a cheap actor person out of a job . . . now that you have at last done the sensible thing, I made all the balls and Henry fired them. Dr. Jorum is a bartender in a local cafe, and happened to be off watch at the time you desired him to examine you. If you ever run into this amiable faker, be a good fellow and remember that the drinks are on you! He played his part well and gave you the score necessary to get you thinking along the desired lines.

While I have not the pleasure of an intimate knowledge of your character, my wife has. Her information enabled me to succeed, for it was she who informed me that it was your intention to toast me alone until I showed up with the policy and then give me the loud and raucous horselaugh. So I schemed to deny your application and turn the tables on you, feeling certain that your nature would cry out for that which had been denied you, whether you needed it or not. How correct this surmise was is evidenced in the excellent policy which is now in your possession.

Dr. Collins is an eminent and respectable practitioner. He pronounces you an excellent risk and I believe him. He would not stoop to such a disreputable act as passing a hazardous risk for half the agent's commission. No life insurance company, life insurance agent, or medical examiner has ever been known to do such a thing. Their business is founded on honesty and fair dealing, and by leading you to presume otherwise you have been bamboozled into doing the very thing you did not want to do.



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You see, my dear father-in-law, I had a bet with my father that I could land you. Every agent on the local staff of the Fiduciary had taken a hack at you some time in the past and you were regarded as the deadest prospect in this city and county. Father is much pleased and is curious to know how I did it. I shall not tell him, however, if you do not desire it!

I will add, further, that a large element of luck figured in my favor. When I first called at your office you refused to see me; when you met me at your home and ordered me off the grass you were too blind to see me; and when I called and signed you up, naturally you did not recognize me. So it was easy.

I will close, with the mere statement that Polly and I are down at the Palace Hotel awaiting your parental blessing. Why not be a sport and send it?

Affectionately,
JOHNNY COCKLEBURR.

The Johnny Cockleburrs were not in their rooms when Mr. Burdock called up, so he left this message with the clerk:

Johnny, you're the flower of the flock and I'm sorry I told you to keep off the grass. Come out and we'll celebrate. God bless you, my children. FATHER.

To which Johnny replied by telegram:

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? JOHNNY.



Annette—Roger has the cutest way of kissing me over the eyebrow.
Madeline—Yes, I know; I taught him that.

The Tyranny of Beauty

(Continued from page 12)

"I ain't talking about the lard it was, but the cream that didn't come out of the lard," she flared back at me, and turning on her mother: "As for you, mamma, just you see this don't happen again—I can't waste money this way. You hear? It ain't to happen again, so you ask Lucy to give you all the ingredients before you begin, then you can't forget."

"It won't happen again, I assure you," replied her mother grimly, shutting her lips like a trap and folding her hands.

I don't know what there was about her at that moment—an atmosphere of something renounced, of effort forever ended—that struck a chill into me and took the temper out of her daughter.

"What do you mean, mamma?" she asked in a different tone.

"I'm through with you."

"Through! Why—what do you mean?"

"Through—done with it all, Maggie—done with you. I'm through with it all now and forever. I'm going back to Columbus—Phil and Lucy'll take me in for the little of my life remaining, and a crust shared with them in love is more to me than a million-dollar heartless success shared with you."

"Phil and Lucy" were my parents—"Phil the failure," as my aunt had called him when she dared because he'd never been anything more pretentious than a country grocer and storekeeper, and nothing could have chagrined her more—on the eve of her "million-dollar success"—than to have her mother turn her back on it and take refuge with him and her other daughter.

To give my aunt credit, however, she was not all unfeeling, for when her mother added, "I'm through, Maggie—I'll trouble you no more," she burst out: "Oh, don't say that, mamma!" and two tears rolled down her cheeks. "You know I got a nasty temper, but I don't mean anything, so don't lay this up against me, will you? Lucy—you talk to her—you make her see it wouldn't be home here for me without her," and she kissed her hastily and rushed off. She was afraid of the scorn in those faded eyes.

THE moving of the laboratory inaugurated several changes in our lives. For one, my salary was now twenty-five a week. No doubt it would still have been fifteen and I to this day laboring under the delusion that being my aunt's "partner" she would "do what was right by me of her own accord," but for my grandmother.

"It's you who've made her as much as she you, Lucy. So be warned by me," my grandmother advised. "Take all you can get as you go along. The big hog never invites the little pig to eat out of his trough till he's licked it clean. As for the twenty-five—it's your right and you're worth all that to her. She can afford it, and if she refuses, come you back with me to those that love us and let us be done with this swindle."

AFTER considerable demurring I finally put it to my aunt—I didn't feel it worth while to stay unless I could get twenty-five and an assistant to do all the mechanical work of washing and packing, I said—I'd rather go home with my grandmother, and she wouldn't stay unless I did get twenty-five.

"Oh, is that all," said my aunt, evidently relieved, "I'll speak to the bookkeeper." And with that, discussion of the matter ended as with the locking of a door, and the question of my share of the wealth I was helping to create—a question I was preparing the way for—died in captivity.

For a small consideration we induced an elderly lady—one of our church friends—to come in and stay with my grandmother and do a little inoffensive housework on occasion and make herself generally useful, and my time was all put in at the Beauty Parlors.

MY position was now a peculiar one, to say the least. I was head of the laboratory; the buyer and general manager of the works; the go-between and mediator and looked to by all departments as the responsible head of the business in my aunt's absence; the court of appeal on whom the "echoes" tried to shift the blame from their own shoulders in case anything went wrong. A position that was neither a joke nor a sinecure. To keep our secrets now with "all these spies about"—and my aunt suspected everyone on the pay roll as being a

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JAMES R. HAYES

Owner and Manager of the Wayne Hotel, Detroit, Mich.; Park Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark., and Park Hotel, Sault Ste. Marie, says:

"Sports afield and afloat appeal to me, but the day would not be wholly enjoyable without the evening pipe of Tuxedo, my favorite smoke."

J. R. Hayes

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient Pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



VICTOR P. ARNOLD

Member of the Chicago law firm of Northup, Arnold & Fairbank, says:

"After a battle in the courtroom, there is nothing like retiring to your private office, sitting back in your chair with your feet on your desk and enjoying a fine smoke of Tuxedo. It is immense!"

Victor P. Arnold

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch



Illustration one-third of actual size.

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a drawstring and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1258, 111 Fifth Avenue New York



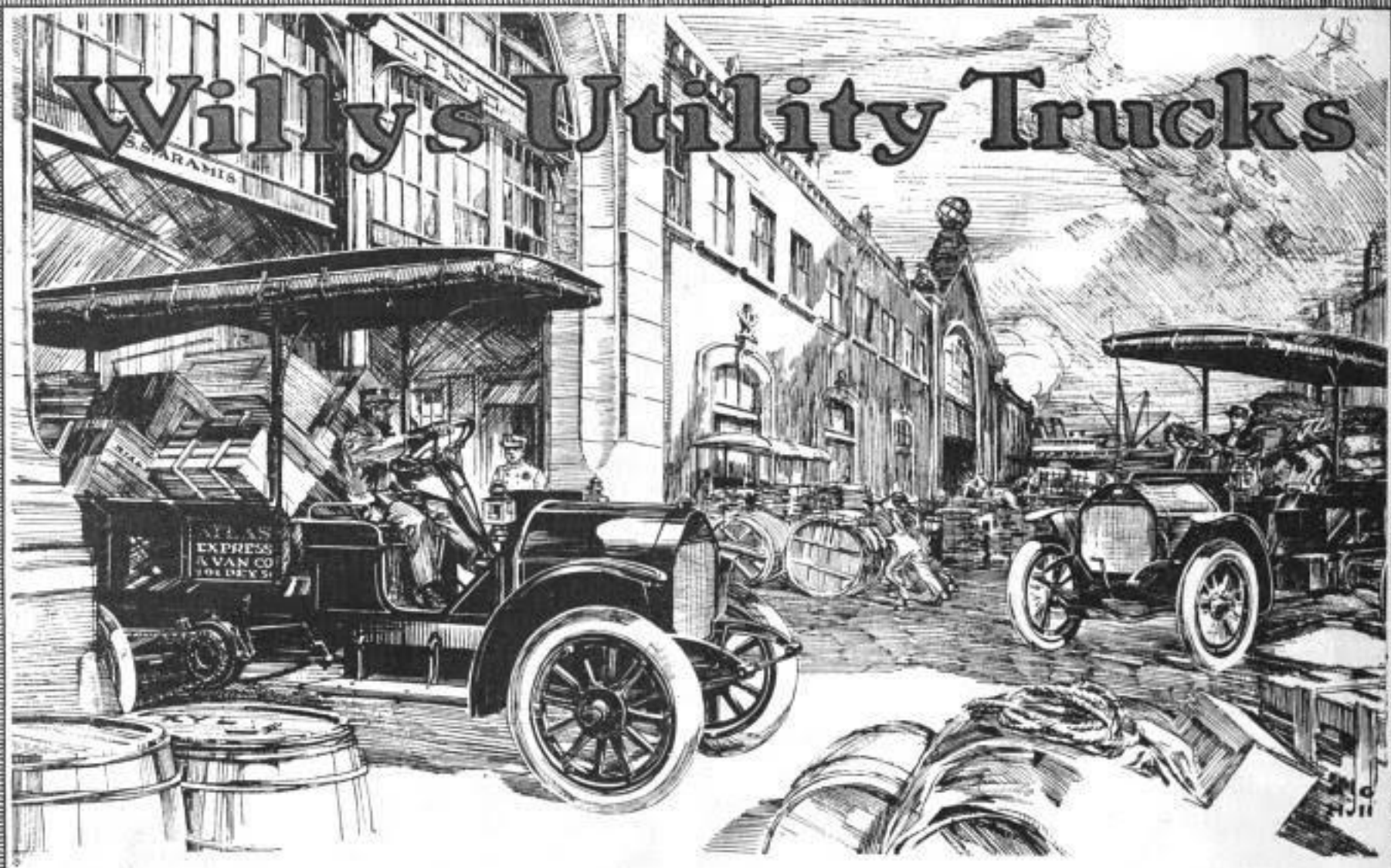
PATRICK H. O'DONNELL

A prominent lawyer of Chicago, says:

"A canvass of my friends would show that Tuxedo is most popular with them. Many say it is the only pipe tobacco."

Patrick H. O'Donnell

Willys Utility Trucks



Getting More Business

Longwell's Transfer Company of El Paso, Texas, states:

Two Willys-Utility Trucks are doing the work formerly performed by twelve horses, and they are covering from thirty to sixty miles a day. I am amazed at the low cost of upkeep, and before long expect to have five Utility trucks in service.

Jacob Piper, (Grocery and Meat Business) of Lima, Ohio, states:

The Willys-Utility Truck has proven a profitable investment in every sense of the word. Business has increased during this time 25% owing principally to the extended delivery radius and the prompt service our old and new customers now enjoy.

Our truck makes from five to six trips a day, averaging 200 stops, the total daily mileage being from 45 to 50 miles.

The Cleveland News of Cleveland, Ohio, states:

The Willys-Utility Truck makes a run every morning to Akron loaded with from twelve to seventeen hundred pounds of Cleveland Leaders and returns empty. This is a round trip of eighty miles, ten miles of which are over very bad roads. Besides this the truck makes a run in the city of Cleveland, in the afternoon on our baseball edition, which I should say was in the neighborhood of twenty-five miles.

John F. Harting, of Webster, N. Y., states:

Yours of the twenty-fourth instant, requesting me to write you as to whether the Willys-Utility trucks purchased of you proved good and all about it, at hand.

I can say that I am well pleased so far, having run the car about five months without hardly any trouble, and no great expense except the price of lubricant and the gasoline, making as high as four trips to Rochester daily, a distance of about eleven miles, and it has never refused to go in cold or warm weather.

I have had no punctures in front tires so far.

It is a money maker for me as a trucker, and can do double the business that can be done with team of horses with a great deal more comfort.

Theo Becker, of Geneseo, Ill., states:

Replying to your favor of the twenty-first inst.—We beg to say that we are thoroughly satisfied with our Willys-Utility truck. It has helped us expedite our business materially, as we are doing heating and plumbing in twenty-three small towns adjacent to Geneseo. Before buying the truck we were obliged to hire teamsters to do our hauling, and in most instances it would take a man and a team an entire day to make one trip. Since having the truck we are making three trips a day over the same ground in the same length of time that it required a man and a team to make the one trip. These trips with man and team formerly cost us $7.50 per trip, together with the expenses for horse feed and board, making each trip net nine dollars. The truck is now making these three trips a day or $27.00 profit every day for us. Operating costs have been very slight.

EVERY one is daily confronted with any number of commercial obstacles, snarls or questions that are difficult to overcome, smooth or straighten out. It is either *"how"* can we cut selling expenses—or *"how"* is Jones doing—or *"how"* is so and so's credit—or *"how"* were yesterday's orders, and so on until it just seems as though business is one continual *"how"* after another. Yet all these are secondary to the biggest and most burning *"how"* of all, namely—*"how can we get more business?"*

Broadly speaking the only way you can get more business is to utilize your working time to better advantage.

You *cannot* lengthen your days. But you *can* accomplish more work in the same time by adopting modern methods. Modernize your business, and your bank balance has got to increase in proportion. It never fails.

Willys-Utility Trucks conserve time. If you haul things, *no matter what,* they make it possible for you to do in *15 minutes,* work that heretofore took *60* minutes. They permit *two men* to do the work of *six.* They make *forty deliveries* where horses make but *four-teen—and often less.* They make it possible for you to reach out for *new* and *undeveloped* business because they give you and yours *the time* and the means to do it with. They create *new* business—*increase* old business and *get* more business.

Read the letters on this page. These concerns thought, as you probably do, that they could not use these trucks to advantage. *But* please note what they say. And we have letters from merchants in every line of business.

In face of these logical facts—what easier way can you see to make more money?

Willys-Utility Trucks are helping merchants all over the world to develop new business.

They are cutting down expenses and increasing the volume of business.

They can do the same for you.

And we can give you all the bona-fide evidence you want from merchants right in your line of business.

Also remember the Willys-Utility Truck costs 30% less than any other similar truck made.

Our representative will be glad to call and go into all details, plans, specifications, prices, costs, etc. He will call whenever you say. Literature and special body book on request.

Please address Dept. 153.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

30 horsepower motor
120-inch wheelbase
Loading space 48 x 96 inches

Front tires 34 x 4½ inches, pneumatic
Rear tires 36 x 3½ inches, solid

$1350

Price includes chassis and driver's seat

Three-Quarter Ton

Body as shown $150 extra, f. o. b., factory

3-speed transmission
Double chain drive
Capacity, 1500 lbs.

Double expanding and contracting brakes
Complete equipment

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treat's tool—the ingredients "standard" one cent goods had to be brought to the laboratory and smuggled in at night; and many's the time I've had fiskus of lard delivered at the flat, she and I hiring a carriage and driving them over and lugging them in our arms to the cream room in the dead of night. This little cell was marked "Private" in large letters on the door, and its only keys were in her possession and mine.

As general superintendent I saw a good deal of our customers.

THOSE women! Women still in their prime and young girls even, already showing the effects of lobster palaces and sleepless nights; middle-aged women bent on staying the course of nature; actresses preparing for the Great White Way; demimondaines buying lures for their trade; society women ordering new charms for old that once were real; withered beldames, bony and wasted, demanding new flesh to fill the hollows; grotesque old women with pendant dewlaps, pouchy eyes and paunchy abdomens, their fat in rolls under the coarse, gray flesh of gross feeding—these and dozens of others—all sorts and conditions of women, all Sisters of the Great Fear, rubbed elbows awaiting their turns for the magic "treatment"—that mauling and pawing, that patting and pinching, that steaming, packing, greasing, icing, tinting, clipping, powdering, dyeing, curling, and puffing that was guaranteed to give them new faces for old!

Why were they all there in motley array? Because the woman's world had suddenly refused to grow old—that was the secret that drew them all. Every treatment was a protest; every ounce of cream, tint, powder, wrinkle eradicator, depilatory, hair dye a defiance of their fears. The beauty parlor had simply capitalized their protests and their fears, and was catering to the delusion that the world need not be old or ugly if it were willing to pay the price.



"Will you come down this minute, or must I come up after you?"

To some their purchased fictitious youth was only a vanity and a lure; to others it was a weapon. Some were women fighting to hold their men against the hidden evils of the city. I heard one lady answer another: "Yes, this is my dye day too, and how I hate it! I wonder when we'll ever get the courage to see ourselves gray in the glass?"

"Oh, I have the courage, but not the imprudence," the other flung back. "I'm a married woman."

"These men—these men who are so sure of us and make us take them as *they* are, lame, halt, blind, and bald!—why can't they take us as we are and let us be ourselves?" cried one another day.

"They make us what we are," sighed a gentle old lady. "I've borne mine eight—six living—and had no help in the house till the last came. But now, bless him, with more money than we can spend, he wants to see the old wife young like the rest, so I trot round here twice a week to have my wrinkles eradicated and see how beautiful I can be—to please him."

MISS CRYDER, who'd come from a suffrage meeting and was having her nails done at a table near by, struck in pugnaciously: "I think I'd see any man make me do it to humor him if I didn't like it myself!"

"You'd feel different if you'd ever been married," commented the old lady, and on her face was the twilight wisdom with its gentle resignation and comprehension I'd seen so often on my grandmother's. Under her dye, I saw Miss Cryder blush.

SOME of this beauty work madame refused to do—she had had her lesson with the purple hair and was as timid of taking a risk where a failure might lead to a damage suit as she was bold about financial risks—she called it "a risk with a sting in its tail"; however, we saw dozens of victims of other establishments who came to madame in the hope that something might be done to repair a cure often much worse than the disease. These difficult repair cases—other people's failures—were now the only customers she ever saw personally when she was in the building; indeed, it often happened that no one else could handle them successfully and keep them on as customers.

"I'll call the madame herself," Miss Beekman, the manager, would utter with bated breath, and madame would hold up horrified hands and wail: "Oh, why didn't you come to me before you had this done?" (examining some part of the disfigurement with a magnifying glass). "I could have saved you that terrible operation—saved you all that expense. It was absolutely unnecessary—a piece of quackery—whoever told you you ought to have it done merely robbed you. Nature meant every woman to be beautiful. Nature works for beauty always, and all you gotta do is to assist her processes, help her gently—not go at her with tongs and blisters! I could have removed that entire skin in nature's own way—with hot-milk packs; and built it up with our face food—but not in one treatment. You tried to do it in one treatment, and see your face—your poor, abused, disfigured face! Oh, how you must have suffered! I sympathize with you—it's the worst case I ever saw—the very worst botch even for Mme. Granville—and she's— Well, of course I can't say anything about her, it might be attributed to professional jealousy, but everybody in the profession knows about some of her—accidents. You have my sympathy—"

"And mine," whispers Miss Beekman, who knew by instinct the exact right moment at which to echo. "It's as the madame says."

"If you'd only come to me first! Miss Beekman, do you remember that lady we had two months ago—one of Granville's—well, it's best not to give it a name. Her skin was not only taken off down to the naked flesh, but her eyebrows torn up by the roots. Nothing could be done—nothing—saddest case—woman in the prime of life—"

"Oh, but, madame, this case isn't bad as that, do you think?" encourages Beekman.

"No. Oh, no—*fortunately*. There's some hope here still—the skin isn't dead, I think—only very much injured—"

"Don't you think you can do anything?" gasps the lady.

"I haven't said that—I only say I can't promise anything now—all I can do is to put you in the hands of our head specialist—Miss Beekman, here—and let her try. Such a beautiful complexion ruined! What a shame! Do you think you can bring it back, Miss Beekman?"

"I wouldn't promise positively with a face in this condition, but a course of twenty treatments—hot-milk packs and vibratory massage to drive the milk into

HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

"It Makes a Difference" in



SAFETY SERVICE AND SPEED

in your car, because it produces the best results from your motor and preserves its life and serviceability.

HAVOLINE Oil is refined from *one uniform base*, the lubricating fraction of which is *admittedly superior* to that of other crude oils. This assures you the same high quality and perfect lubricating value regardless of where or when you purchase—the standard being thus *basically* protected.

Our "special process" of manufacture exempts HAVOLINE entirely, from the detrimental effects of destructive distillation. The potency of the oil is retained, giving you the highest lubricating value yet the least carbon deposit.

Therefore HAVOLINE prevents frictional losses and insures thorough motor efficiency.

Buy only the oil in the Blue Can. Two 5 gal. cans to the case.

Tell us your make and we'll tell you your grade.

Ask your garageman or write us direct for information of HAVOLINE grade for your make of car.

INDIAN REFINING CO., Dept. B, New York.



SAFETY FIRST

The foundation quality idea in the manufacture of Goodrich Tires

The Goodrich method of making tires is based on the "Safety First" idea. Safety for your family and yourself.

❖ ❖ ❖

Goodrich puts forty-four years of experience and quality in rubber manufacturing in every Goodrich Tire.

❖ ❖ ❖

That puts the safety in the construction of the tire itself—puts strength and resilience and service in it.

❖ ❖ ❖

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires are the standard by which all other high grade tires are judged because of their wonderful wearing quality and uniform excellence. That's why Goodrich has held the leadership for nearly twenty years.

❖ ❖ ❖

The extra thickness of tough Goodrich rubber in the treads at the point of contact with the road provides longer satisfaction *and lower-cost mileage.*

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

The Goodrich Safety Tread



Five Bars and a Crosstie the "Safety First" Symbol

The thick, **tough** rubber bars and crosstie of the safety tread as shown above, make a "Safety First" roadway for the car. They clean and dry the path and grip it and make the brake effective.

Pay no more than the following prices for the accepted standard automobile tire.

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
30x3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	34x4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30x3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35x4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32x3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36x4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
33x4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37x5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34x4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38x5½	54.00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires or can get them for you from one of our Branches or Depots.

Factories: Akron, Ohio **The B. F. Goodrich Co.** Branches in All Principal Cities

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Speedaway
Detachable
Rowboat Motor

Sold Formerly at $70

NOW $50

Complete with all Extras



Noiseless underwater exhaust. Disappearing crank handle. A real rudder. Thoroughly protected propeller. Self-locking tiller device. Water-cooled engine.

All these and other well-known Speedaway features are in the motor at $50. It is the same motor, identical in every way, that has been selling at $70.

At $70 the Speedaway is easily the equal of any other $70 motor in the market—and if we were still sellingit through dealers we would still be charging $70. But now we're selling it ***direct to you*** and giving you the dealer's profit of $20.

The proposition in a nut shell is this—Manufacturer's cost ***plus*** advertising expense ***plus*** 10% profit. This amounts to within a few cents of $50—and so the price is $50 direct to you.

Reversible Built-In Magneto

The Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor is now sold with magneto built in. The price is $59, $9 more than the battery motor. This is an even more liberal offer than the Standard Speedaway at $50.

Write for our Engineering Specifications and find out just how excellent a motor the Speedaway is.

Speedaway Boat Motor Co.
160 Chicago Street Freeport, Ill.

Are You Going Up or Down?



If today you are no progressing — going toward greater things, bigger salary, greater success — you are in the same peril as a man who clings desperately to a rope suspended, in mid air. You can't hold *the same grip.*

You have got to assert the power within you and pull yourself upward, or slip down into the class of "Nobodies."

But you must be shown how to discover the money-making powers before you can develop them.

Ask Sheldon How

Nearly 60,000 men, in all walks of life, who have found their grip slipping have discovered the power and means of making more money with the aid of the Sheldon Courses in Salesmanship and Business Building. You can do the same—*NOW*. In your spare moments you can master the fundamentals of the science that compels men to recognize your real value.

Send for Sheldon Book — FREE

A letter or postal card will bring you a copy of the *Sheldon Book* free of all expense. The contents will be a revelation to you. Don't fail to write. Start *climbing upward today.*

The Sheldon School
424 Gunther Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

A Vacation of Wonderful Results

A summer at Culver will prove the happiest four boy has ever spent, and may mean more in his development than a whole year of mere books. Three different schools—Naval, Cavalry and Woodcraft, the latter open to boys as young as twelve. Indicate which catalogue you desire.

Address The Commandant

CULVER

SUMMER SCHOOLS

On Lake Maxinkuckee

Culver Indiana



the pores as shown in our illustrations, alternating with electrical treatments and feeding with Zulu night and morning—two treatments a week—it would show if anything can be done and probably remove the worst disfigurement. What a shame!"

WITH this bit of byplay, originated on the spur of the moment and through no particular scheming more than woman's natural bent in this direction, but rehearsed to perfection by many cases, the customer suddenly found herself booked for twenty treatments and a hope; the hope deferred at the end to twenty treatments more. Meanwhile we were pressing on to greater triumphs.

Our move to the Del Mar Beauty Parlors introduced two new dramatis personæ destined to play important rôles both in the business and our lives—Henrietta Beekman and Julia Cryder, whom I've mentioned already. Miss Beekman was "first assistant" in the treatment rooms—a nondescript position, neither forewoman nor mere operative, indicating a waiting attitude on madame's part toward one who might or might not "pan out"—an impressive woman, heavily upholstered in flesh, but well under control of whalebone, with a much coifed head and a furtive eye; a walking advertisement of what "doing up" can accomplish; a toady, yet competent in her work and the most successful echo in the establishment.

SHE confessed to thirty-four summers, though I doubt if she'd ever see forty again, and was thus much older than madame, and in some ways vastly more experienced with the world—with the chair side of the beauty business and particularly with its shadier aspects—a woman with an aptitude for little things but none whatever for the large undertakings that madame seemed to devour by instinct. Miss Beekman was a born employee raised to the *n*th power—if she'd been a man she'd have been a butler—and had an unerring instinct for wages and for avoiding risks. "Let the other fella take the risks—salary is good enough for me," was one of her precepts, and probably the reason why she'd given up a promising little establishment somewhere miles out on Amsterdam Avenue to come in with us. She had an indefinite position at twenty a week. The indefiniteness could be perceived by a critical eye. In moments of extreme affability, madame addressed her as Henrietta; in moments the reverse, as Beekman; during the unexciting intervals between, as Miss Beekman. Miss Beekman thought of her wages and took things as they came from the hand of "the madame" as she always called her, and after a tiff would suavely explain: "You know, girls, the madame doesn't really mean anything—we must all keep on doing our best and think only of pleasing her."

Little by little she wormed her way into my aunt's good graces until presently these two had the appearance of being intimate. Indeed, the woman was the only one of the employees my aunt ever asked out to lunch with her or brought to the house, and Miss Beekman took care to let these trifling attentions become known to the rest and built out of them a sort of prestige founded partly on envy, partly on fear of her supposed power with the head of the establishment.

JULIA CRYDER, whom Miss Beekman affected to regard as one of her dearest friends, was a customer—a newspaper woman Sob-Sistering on an evening paper and doing a society column and such other odds and ends in newspaper work as would turn to immediate cash an elderly young lady, dyed and puffed, massaged and manicured, and, in middle-aged despair, grasping at Zulu to put the bloom of twenty on the withered cheeks of fifty.

Now it happened that the Cryder cheek under the Beekman fingers yielded a valuable discovery.

Out of all the recipes I had tried and figured up we had selected three on the one-cent test which along with Zulu constituted our "standard specials"—a wrinkle eradicator made of a weak solution of gum arabic, scented, which was to be rubbed over the wrinkles—on drying it stiffened and was supposed to sort of iron them out; an invisible "germ-proof mineral face powder," warranted not to ferment with the perspiration of the skin, and put up as a dry paste that had to be wetted and dabbed on—bolted chalk at two cents a pound, dyed with carmine dye and scented and sold at retail for twenty-five cents a quarter-ounce box; and Nature Tint.

NATURE TINT was the cheapest grade of sherry wine, beet juice, and a little perfume. The sherry had just the right proportion of alcohol to preserve the beet juice and combine with the grease left on the face after the massage—"a purely vegetable tint to bring the glow of health to pale cheeks," as advertised. Filler for a half-ounce bottle cost a quarter of a cent and sold for fifty cents a bottle retail—one of the most profitable of our "standards" if it could once get a start. We had perfected it and put it on sale some time before moving to the new store and had advertised its virtues in a circular. But Miss Cryder was the subject the first time it was ever tried out fully by an expert in our own establishment, and the results were striking.

"There! Lookka yourself in the glass now! Ain't you lovely?" triumphed Miss Beekman. (She admitted to us later she'd been in a perfect tremble of fear of a stain that wouldn't come off.) "You don't look a day over thirty—I swear you don't! You ought to let me do this for you twice every week to keep it right."

"Oh, my *dear!*" expostulated Miss Cryder, viewing her cheeks with delight. "If I only could! But I'm not a millionairess!"

"Who knows if you're not?" retorted Miss Beekman, warmly. "You look it, and if you keep your face up, everybody knows you got money to spend. That's what half of them comes here for—to prove they've ready cash. If you wanta get on in this burg, you gotta be rich and young—believe me."

Miss Cryder came out of the treatment room and surveyed herself in the cheval glass, Miss Beekman murmuring: "That's a perfectly beautiful health glow you got now—perfectly lovely—" and forthwith tried it on the next customer, then had one of the other operators put it on her.

THIS was the famous "Del Mar facial retinting treatment—given only in the Del Mar Beauty Parlors"—discovered and pushed for the trade; for no sooner was Miss Beekman sure of her ground than she barked off to win merit in the eyes of her employer, suggesting that we sell Zulu and Tint in couples—Nature Tint—not a rouge—to be used always after Zulu—and double the trade on both.

(To be continued next week)

In Defense of Farm Journals

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

THE telephone at my editorial desk rang me up just now, and I found that I was called up by a competing farm publisher.

"Hello, Mr. Collins, have you seen this week's COLLIER'S?"

"No."

"Well, it says all farm papers are published to swindle the farmers."

A few minutes later we received our exchange copy of COLLIER'S, and opened it to find out if COLLIER'S had really gone crazy. No, it hasn't, but verges in that direction in making so general an attack upon the farm papers in order to defend its friends in the East.

The guarantee of honesty of advertising which you quote from the "Farm Journal" has been at the head of probably nine-tenths of the farm papers of the United States for the past ten years.

We attach hereto the guarantee of the honesty of advertisements carried by the "Northwestern Agriculturist." What other class of publications actually guarantee all promises made in its columns by advertisers? Yours truly,

The "Northwestern Agriculturist."
P. V. Collins Publishing Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.
P. V. COLLINS, *President.*



Try This Ink in Mr. Carter's Inx

WE have produced the matchless ink that will keep Mr. Carter's Inx jolly and companionable. The new Flow Controller permits a touch of the finger to stop the flow, so that he never receives too much or too little. This ink with the new controller is called



Carter's **Pencraft**
Combined Office and Fountain Pen
Ink





and combines every known Carter Ink quality. *Besides, it is the matchless combination fluid for steel pens and all fountain pens.*

It is smooth and even-flowing. It writes a snappy blue and dries a brilliant, permanent black.

All the best stationers are now selling Carter's Pencraft Ink in various sizes at prices from $1.00 (quart) to 15 cents a bottle. Learn the convenience and economy of having a large sized bottle of ink on your home shelf ready to give Mr. Carter's Inx a drink when he gets thirsty.

Look for this decorated carton

After all, no ink like Carter's

Delivered to you FREE
on Approval and 30 days Trial



SEND NO MONEY but **write today** for our big 1914 catalog of "RANGER" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our **great new offer** to deliver you a **RANGER** Bicycle on **one month's free trial** without a cent expense to you.

BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc., from our big handsome catalog. **It's free.** It contains "combination offers" for exchanging your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

LOW FACTORY PRICES direct to you. No one else can offer such values and such terms. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without *first learning what we can offer you.* **Write now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, Chicago, Ill.





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The Little Son

(Continued from page 9)

least. Circumstances forced it, and then the mother, a rather pretty silly girl, died, and the father, not very well off, provided for the child as he supposed in a private institution, putting his entire resources into an investment for that purpose. Unfortunately he chose the investment himself, and it was not a good one. To tell the truth, I see nothing for the child now except a public institution."

"His relations?"

"There do not seem to be any except a cousin of the mother's, and she refuses to take any responsibility."

"What is his name?"

Mr. Thawl cast a quick look at her. He seemed suddenly to hear more than curiosity in her tone. "Pardon me, but why?"

"I am going to adopt him. He told me all about himself before you came in."

"Oh!" Mr. Thawl said, and then: "Impossible!" There was consternation in his voice. "It would never do. It would subject you to talk."

"To adopt an innocent little child? I think they may talk. I have had sufficient notoriety to know that talk does not kill."

"The father and mother of this child have also been the subjects of newspaper comment," Mr. Thawl said slowly: "you must remember that."

"You say that the mother was unloved. I should be able to sympathize with an unloved wife—and her child. *She* died. I am going to take the child. At least you will allow that I am as capable as any institution. The father seems to have deserted him."

"Are you sure the boy told you all about himself?" He spoke slowly. "The father of the boy went with an exploring party to the South Seas. He has been gone nearly six years. The party has been lost to the world for two. He is undoubtedly dead."

Lucy arose hastily, all her soft draperies falling about her in Parisian-made folds. "I insist that you shall not tell me anything more about the child. I do not want to have a shadow of prejudice against him. Why should the child suffer or why should the world know that I have taken him?"

It may not be surprising that Mr. Thawl began to have the light in his eye that comes to the man who "sees through" a woman.

"You cannot legally adopt him without knowing his name."

"Well, maybe I shall not want to adopt him after awhile. He may show his father's disposition. At any rate, I am going to take him now."

As Mr. Thawl put the boy into the brougham beside her and watched the eager little face turn toward his benefactress, he kept his usual polite mask, but a little later he stopped in the consideration of an important point in somebody's affairs and smiled: "Fate is a humorous lady."



As she lifted him something seemed to break in the little body, some tenseness melted, and convulsions of sobbing shook them both

"I THINK," said Patsy as he put down the goblet from which he had been drinking slowly while he looked over its brim at Lucy across the table, "I think you would look nice in an angel's hat."

Lucy had become accustomed to the remarkable ideas of her protégé in the year she had had him, but an angel's hat required explanation.

"They all have 'em," Patsy said, "in their pictures. Moony kind of hats. I've often thought about Miss Baker in one. She always wore a bonnet with beads on it, and someway I can't just think she would like a hat." A smile brought out a dimple in a very ruddy cheek and was quickly repressed. "Lucy, is it wicked to laugh at an angel?"

Being assured that it wasn't polite to laugh at Miss Baker in a halo, and that they were always becoming when achieved, Patsy resumed his admiring remark that Lucy's face was strictly angelic. Indeed, there were others who had noticed that a brooding sweetness had come to the regular features.

THE ranch house on whose terrace they ate breakfast, with the mountain for a magnificent vision beyond, was a fairyland for a boy "going on seven." There had been no newspaper talk, that bugbear deterrent of many things in the lives of the conspicuous. Lucy Marshall had come back to the California ranch where she had lived as a girl. She had no near relatives. Her father had been one of the early gold seekers and had married late in life, leaving his daughter as a motherless girl to inherit his millions. At nineteen she had married a young Irishman who had crossed the ocean with her as she came home from her French school. Hugh Burke was on his way to America to seek his fortune, and people laughed and said that he hadn't waited to land before picking it up. He had been gay, brilliant, a rapid wooer from the day he arranged her cushions in her steamer chair and until the day, a year later, she found another woman's love letter to him she had been absolutely happy. She was young, and this was the first man she had ever known. Maybe it was not for him to explain that the girl had taken nonsense for seriousness, gayety for something else, and then, too, maybe he was quixotic and too passionately hurt at the accusations flung at him to behave reasonably. At any rate, she in her anger brought a swift suit for divorce in California, naming the girl who had written the letter, the sister of a health seeker at the Pasadena Hotel, as corespondent, and had obtained an instant decree. To her implacable youth her husband became as dead from that moment, and it was years since she had heard his name.

THERE is a shifting society in California. Most of those who came to "The Foothills" were people she had known abroad or old friends of her mother's. To them Patsy was easily "the child of a friend."

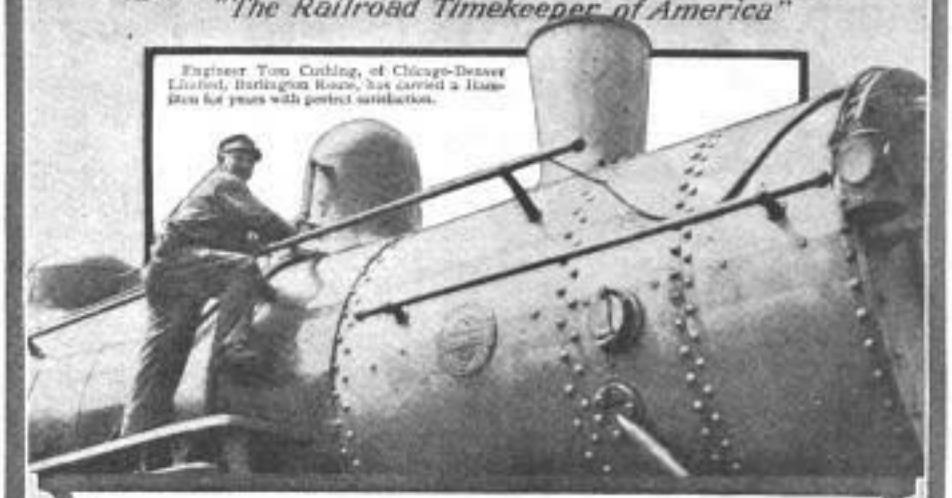
"Surely I am the friend of that poor woman whose husband did not love her," she would say to herself. The child was accepted as everything else is sooner or later.

Patsy had learned at the very beginning that an income was certainly a pony. He had picked it out from half a dozen presented for his inspection. "Mr. Thawl didn't find it after all, did he?" he said. "It was you, Lucy, and, just at the last, me. But you let me."

Never, never did he forget that it was Lucy who "let him" have everything. Lucy's only annoyance was his refusal to forget anything. It would have best pleased her if all his life, the lonely life of a little child who had never spoken to another child, could have been obliterated and memory begun at his coming to her. But even now he was looking toward the mountains with eyes too old for seven, and one of those sighs broke on the sweet morning air. His appearance

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had totally changed. The hair that had hung in curls was short about his ears, and there was a fine color of health running up to his temples. Lucy had changed, too. She was a little stouter. It was as though her breast had widened to hold the child.

"What is it?"

"It isn't easy to forget things, is it?"

"Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't." Had she been his mother she might have reminded him how many times he had forgotten sundry commands, only the day before, but she didn't.

He came around the table and stood beside her and spoke with that air of intimacy whose poignant sweetness always thrilled her breast:

"Sometimes it is just like this"—he put his finger against his linen blouse—"I was another little boy. And when I think about that little boy that lived at Miss Baker's, I want to go and get him and play with him."

"Do you want a little boy to play with?"

"Why, no," in a surprised tone, "I've got you. I think you are a great deal nicer, but I am sorry for that boy. Do you suppose, Lucy, that in all the world there is any boy—now—that hasn't anybody to hug?" and he put his arms around her neck as though he never could satisfy his love-hungry little soul.

"I plainly see one thing," Lucy laughed, although she was as near tears as laughter, "there is going to be somebody in this family who goes in for philanthropy." It had come to that now—"somebody in this family."

PATSY had become practically the whole family. Whenever she was an instant alone she dreamed dreams and saw visions, and always it was her Patsy, her boy, her man in the by-and-by, who was the hero. "I am glad Miss Baker went to heaven," Patsy said with entire good feeling.

"Run along and get me the papers that Hewson is bringing," she said. There was no reason why the boy should remember—she would make him forget, keep him so busy that he must forget.

It was only since she had come to California that she had begun reading papers again. The terrible headlines of those days of her divorce had made the sight of a staring news sheet hateful to her, but now trouble seemed long past. She was forgetting. If the child could not.

Patsy brought the papers and sat down again to his oatmeal. She opened the first one, and a dozen lines tore down the very fabric of her life:

Portions of a wreck that seem to be that of the Wanderer, the ship that took the Foster exploring party out in 1896, have been discovered. The expedition was given up as lost years ago. It will be remembered that Hugh Burke, who married the daughter of Jacob Marshall, one of the wealthiest citizens of this State, was a member of the party. After the divorce secured by Mrs. Burke, Burke married the correspondent in the action, a Miss Fields of New Jersey. She died, leaving one son. Mrs. Burke resumed her maiden name and now resides on her ranch in San Luis County.

"Died, leaving one son. The father went with an exploring party to the South Seas." She could hear the very tones of Thawl's voice. She looked at the child, and from his face flashed the blue, black-lashed, Irish eyes of Hugh Burke, son of Patrick Burke. *His* son! His son and the son of that woman who had wrecked her happiness.

"Lucy—are you—is anything the matter?" the child asked shrilly. She motioned him back with a gesture he dared not disobey, and went to her own room, her heart torn with such passion as she had never known. She had been only a girl before, she thought bitterly, and girls cannot feel. How she had been tricked, deceived, played with! She, to nourish that woman's child! Mr. Thawl should pay for this. And then across her memory came his hints, her abrupt declination to hear more. He had thought that she knew. Well, he should find out that she didn't. How could he think that she did not know? Justice asked. The child was the image of his father, and she groaned with physical agony as she realized that the little face had first appealed to her with the same old charm. Trembling until she could hardly write, she found a telegraph blank and addressed it to Mr. Thawl in New York:

I am returning the child, Patrick Burke, to you. Do with him as you think best. LUCY MARSHALL.

Then she ordered the child's clothing packed, and told the butler to prepare to take him to New York on the evening train.

"I will not see him again. I will not," she said to herself over and over as she found something reasoning within her, something that said: "It is only fair to the child to say good-by to him."

AS the sun went down behind the mountains she bathed her eyes until there were no traces of the angry tears she had shed, and went downstairs. She could hear the men bringing down the two heavy trunks which held the many garments she had made for the child. Something in her kept singing: "He will not let you let him go," but she deafened her consciousness to its meaning. She had a feeling that she had lived through all this before, long ago. She went about like an automaton,



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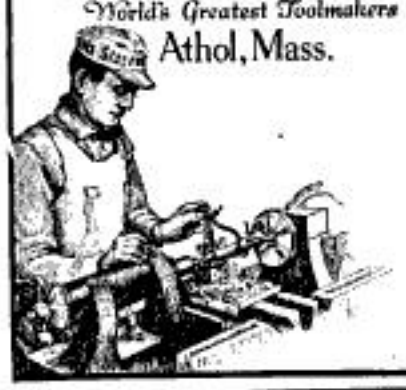
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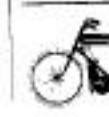
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Note.—*This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.*

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(Signed) E. C. Patterson, General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-seventh day of March, 1914.
Alphonsus B. Casey, Notary Public.
[Seal]
Form 3526
(*My commission expires March 30, 1914.*)

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and at the last she put on a garden hat as casual as possible that she might look [illegible] and went down to the veranda by the porte-cochère just as he was ready to be lifted into the station cart. The grave young butler, who looked like a studious priest in his traveling clothes, was putting the bags in.

PATSY started toward her and then hesitated with a stiffness she had never seen in him before. There was a polite little smile on his face, no sorrow, none of the wild grief that she knew by the heavy sinking of her heart she had expected to meet and comfort. He held his cap in his hand, and the little lips were set in a red line of smile. It was so different from what she had expected. Of course she couldn't keep the child, of course she had never expected to keep him, but if it had been a passion of sobs, a storm of grief that had met her, why, she knew that she wasn't heartless!—but this!

"You must be a good boy," she said patronizingly while her heart broke, "and mind Withers."

"Yes, ma'am." Withers turned to lift him into the cart, his hand to his hat.

"Good-by," she said and stood still. Oh, if he would only rush at her, as he had rushed so many times, and put those firm little boy arms around her waist!

"Good-by," he said, and he sidled toward Withers with that polite little smile on his face still turned toward her to the last.

"I hope the pony will have some sugar *sometimes*."

The cart went down the drive, around the cluster of palms, and out of sight.

"He is just like his father," she wailed; "*he didn't care!*" And then she knew what she had been living over.

Few of us can stand it to be broken twice in the same place. It is apt to make one a permanent cripple unless the mending is skillful. Lucy stood her agony for a month. In two days after the child left she had telegraphed Mr. Thawl that she would provide a sufficient income for his education and she wished him put in a good school. In another day the pony went, with instructions that under no circumstances was she to be annoyed with news of the child.

"As the pony was all he cared for or seemed to have any thought for he may as well have it," she said bitterly.

FOUR long, weary, purposeless weeks went by and then she gave up, and trains to New York raced too slowly for her panting haste, while every turn of their wheels brought a new fear.

She had heard nothing from Mr. Thawl. He might be abroad. Her first telegram, in her wish to make it as impersonal as possible, had been addressed to the firm. She had heard that the other Thawl was a cold, hard man. Suppose her boy, her baby, had been put in an asylum! Suppose some one else had adopted him! Her boy! If it cost millions she would have him back, she told herself fiercely. She couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep. She sent telegrams from every station. It was a haggard woman who left the car and met the young clerk from the Thawl, Beard & Thawl offices.

"Where is he?" she began, and then she took the letter he gave her with hands that trembled. The Thawl family were all abroad, but Mr. Beard had received the telegrams and had sent the boy to the Thawl house up the Hudson. Also the pony. There was nobody at the Hudson house except the caretaker, but it was not the time of year to send the boy to school. In the autumn they would find a good school for him. *Would* they?

It seemed to Lucy that she could not live through the half hour before the next train up the Hudson. It was a steaming day in the beginning of July, and already the air of the city was full of the pungent smell of gunpowder and the crack of small explosions. The young clerk tried to make conversation, but Lucy was brooding over the fact that her boy had nobody to give him even one firecracker for the morrow, and she almost dissolved in tears at the thought, although a month earlier she had made up her mind that he should never touch such a thing.

AT the station near the house where she came at last there was nobody to meet her, although she had sent another of her messages. The Thawl house had not been occupied by the family for two or three years, and the gardens had been allowed to grow up in grass, and the house was closely shuttered, grim with the deadness of a soulless house. Lucy went around the corner and saw, sitting on the veranda, a comfortable-looking woman shelling peas. The child was not in sight. "I am Mrs. Marshall, who telegraphed you," and she looked around.

"I jes' got it," the woman said, and took the pinkish bit of paper from the chair beside her. "Pat ain't been well. He seems to be a sickly child, and yestaday I had the doctor—"

"Why wasn't I told? Where is he?"

"And the doctor said he'd better stay in bed a while," she finished placidly. She shook the stray pea pods from her dress and led the way down a bare corridor, clean and sounding, and into a darkened room where a little black head lay on the pillow of a four-poster bed.

With a hunger that seemed to have been gnawing at her heart all her life, Lucy lifted the child out of the bed against the breast that had widened to hold him, and as she lifted him something seemed to break in the little body, some tenseness melted, and convulsions of sobbing shook them both.

"Oh, Patsy," she said between tears and laughter, "can you forgive me? I was like a cruel stepmother to you."

When he could speak the child gasped into her ear as she held the little round head against her neck:

"I wanted you so! You won't *ever* let me go again, *will* you?"

"Never! Never!! Never!!!"

MR. HENRY THAWL was making out the papers for the formal adoption of Patrick Hugh Cecil Burke by Lucy Marshall.

"Don't you want his name changed to Marshall?" he asked as his pen waited.

Lucy's face burned with color. "No. It is his own name and it is his right to keep it."

"There is another thing," Mr. Thawl mentioned, "Hugh Burke is not known positively to be dead. He may come back, and that would make a complication."

"Let him come," Lucy said.

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is built for road emergencies. It's about 25 ft. of flexible ¼-inch Yellow Strand wire rope. Coils up flat under a cushion. Weighs but 4½ lbs. Pulls a 4000-lb. car up a 20% grade without a murmur. Genuine "get home insurance". At all supply dealers. $3.95, east of Rocky Mts.

Free—*Illustrated Autowline Circular. Write for it.*

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

813 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 76 A. Warren St.



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A Wide Open Letter

In our own office, where no one can hear us, we call you Jones, though, of course, that's only a little part of your name. What the rest of it is we can only guess, because you don't really exist at all, and yet you do.

We have never in our lives seen you, and you have never seen us, yet the biggest part of our day is devoted to thinking about you, and planning for you.

We do not even have a picture of you, there couldn't be a picture that would do justice to you in all your varied aspects, that would show you as we see you every day in our own minds. There couldn't be—for you are an ideal rather than an individual. You are the typical COLLIER reader; you are 723,270 individuals rolled into one.

That is, you *were* 723,270 individuals yesterday when the last figures were made up, but by the time this letter reaches you, you will be nearer 725,000. That's one of the things that makes you such a baffling, interesting problem—the fact that you are always changing, always growing, always the same, and yet every day different. It's the thing that makes our job, which is to interest you and really serve you through these pages, the most fascinating and attractive and altogether worth-while job in the world. For you don't know, yourself, how intensely varied your 723,270 sided character is—

For instance, with all your upstanding, hard-hitting manliness, there's a big feminine element in your character. And that doesn't count your wife who reads COLLIER'S also.

You live mostly in the larger cities within a stone's throw of what manufacturers call the "distributing centers"—but not entirely. Many of you belong to the small cities and towns.

Take it all in all, you're a pretty baffling problem, Mr. Jones; but you're *our* problem. We like you, and there are about a dozen different things that we can do for you every week, besides merely mailing you the Weekly, if you only knew it. (Some of you do—we received over 35,000 letters last year at our Washington Bureau.) That's why we're writing you this letter; because we want you to feel as we do that the National Weekly really belongs to you, the National Man; to Jones, the hard-headed, soft-hearted, business-doing, bill-paying, family-raising man.

You're Entitled To All This—Do You Know It?

Do you know, for instance, that we maintain a Bureau in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., for you, Mr. Jones? To be sure, other people use it; for instance, in the last Presidential campaign, every one of the candidates for the Presidency consulted it. But the Bureau really isn't for them; it's for you. It's to tell you anything you want to know about the Government; about Congress; to get information for you from the Congressional Library; to send you pamphlets issued by the Government; to do for you any reasonable thing that a friend could do in Washington.

Next time you want a bit of information from Washington, write to the Collier Washington Bureau—and then see what *you* say.

If you want to know ask the *Collier Reference Bureau*

We have a Reference Bureau in our New York Office, and that's for your service, too, Mr. Jones. There's hardly any question you can ask about reading or study, or where to find this or how to get that, for which the Reference Bureau won't find the answer some way. Last week a county superintendent of schools asked the Bureau to lay out a comprehensive course in American History for the schools of his county. It took nearly two days to answer that question. We rather hope your questions won't take so long—but if they do, why that's what the Bureau is there for.

E. C. PATTERSON, General Manager,
COLLIER'S, The National Weekly,
416 W. 13th Street, New York.

I inclose a question for the Washington Bureau to answer.
I inclose a question for the Collier Reference Bureau to answer.
I should like to know about the sets of books checked:

☐ The Harvard Classics ☐ Junior Classics ☐ Irving
☐ Lodge History ☐ Kipling ☐ Stevenson
☐ Shakespeare ☐ Poe

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

If It's a Matter of Books

There's another interesting thing about us that you may not know.

There are 1,800,000 books in the Harvard Library in Cambridge—a good many books you would say, wouldn't you? Well—here's the interesting thing—we publish right in our own plant, in New York, almost 3,000,000 books a year, more bound books than any other publishing house in America.

If you're a lover of books, Mr. Jones—and we've always pictured you in our minds as that sort of a man—there's a lot we can tell you about books that will interest you.

About The Harvard Classics (Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books), for instance; or the Lodge History of Nations; or The Junior Classics, a children's library; or the Sahib Edition of Kipling; or the Valma Edition of Stevenson; or the Henley Edition of Shakespeare; or our Dickens or Thackeray or Dumas or Irving or Poe.

You needn't think you must *buy* books if you write to ask us about them. We like to tell about them; we're proud of them. As we make more books, we can sell them cheaper than anybody else, and the oftener you give us a chance to answer your questions about books, the better pleased we are.

Maybe you have some questions now

There are a good many other things we could tell you about, and perhaps later we will. But right now we're especially interested in getting you into the habit of telling us things, of using your COLLIER subscription for all it is worth. Just as a start in that direction, we are attaching a coupon to this page. If there is anything you'd like to ask about right now—clip the coupon and send it back. We may not get around to answering it in the next mail, but it won't be lost, and, sooner or later, you'll hear from us. For you don't belong to us, Mr. Jones, any more than we belong to you, and we're here to see that you get a big five cents' worth out of your paper every week—and as many extra five cents' or five dollars' worth of service as our whole big organization can give.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.

E. C. Patterson

General Manager.

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Maxwell "25"

The Maxwell "25" is a powerful automobile—a real, full-grown automobile—a handsome stream-line automobile, and it looks and acts like an automobile of three times the price.

The Maxwell "25" has absolutely every essential quality, and absolutely every necessary feature found in the very highest priced cars.

In actual economy of operation, in real ability to keep out of the repair shop, it not only equals, but surpasses most cars which cost five times its price.

The Maxwell "25" weighs 1685 pounds. A wonderful "tire economy car." Has 30" x 3½" tires, *front* and *rear*, permitting rear tires to be shifted to front wheels to give extra long service.

The motor is cast enbloc; 3⅝" bore; 4½" stroke; adjustable valves completely inclosed. Extra large crank shaft; bearings of bronze with babbit lining.

Motor water cooled, will not overheat.

More Power for Its Weight Than All Higher Priced Cars

The Maxwell "25" has a real 25 horsepower *motor*—which develops *more power in proportion to the weight of the car than the engines of most $5,000 automobiles.*

The Maxwell "25" can pass most any *car on hills "in high."*—It is a phenomenal *hill climber.*

Costly High Tension Magneto—Like Highest Priced Cars

The Maxwell "25" has a Simms high-tension magneto, which always delivers the spark direct to the spark plugs in correct time. This means no coils—*no make-shift master vibrators*—no mechanism that requires frequent delicate adjustments. The magneto works right, and stays right.

Transmission—4 Speed Selective Sliding Gear, Center Control

The Maxwell "25" has a 4 speed selective type transmission, 3 speeds forward and 1 reverse. The main shaft has *Hyatt Roller Bearings* at front end—bronze bushing babbit lined at rear. Adjustable cone clutch is lined with motobestos. It takes hold firmly without sudden gripping, and without undue noise.

Control—Brakes of Extra Strength

The Maxwell "25" has left-side, 16" steering wheel. There is plenty of room for a big man to drive without being cramped. Spark and throttle control rods are inclosed in steering column. There is a foot throttle or accelerator pedal with foot rest. Transmission Control Lever is in *center of car* and is *operated by the right hand.*

The *service brake is contracting* and the *emergency brake expanding.* They act on 12½" brake drums bolted to rear wheels.

Unfailing, Economical, Springless Atomizer Type Carburetor

The Maxwell "25" has a Zephyr Carburetor—Atomizer Type. This gives unusual high mileage per gallon of gasoline without constant carburetor trouble. Starts and runs right in any weather, and controlled from the dash.

Lubrication—Improved Splash System With Oil Saving Pump

The Maxwell "25" has splash lubrication with a sturdy, slow-moving plunger pump. This saves oil.

Capacity—A Real 5 Passenger Car of Comfort

The Maxwell "25" is a real 5-passenger car. It carries 5 grown people comfortably. There is plenty of leg room.

Phenomenal Easy Riding Qualities

The Maxwell "25" has 4 *semi-elliptic type springs.* The front springs are 32" long. The rear springs are 40" long, fixed at front, shackled at rear, and mounted on a rocking seat. *Absolutely no expensive shock absorbers or auxiliary springs are needed.*

Fullest Equipment—Complete and of Unusual Quality

The Maxwell "25" has a perfectly fitted top with envelope. The top has the famous "Jiffy Curtains," which fold back in the top and can be let down in an instant without getting out of car.

Full equipment of handsome lamps, Prest-o-lite tank, full set of tools, jack, pump, Stewart speedometer, etc. A strong, good-looking tire carrier comes on the back of the car.

You have no extras to buy. Everything comes with the car.

See the Maxwell dealer in your town at once, and look at this wonderful, complete car. *If there is no Maxwell dealer near you, write for interesting, illustrated, descriptive catalogue.*

Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan

FULL $EQUIPMENT

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"I should worry?"



A package of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes in the cupboard—crisp, fresh, appetizing and always ready—you should worry! Why fret over what to eat when the question's so easily answered. A moment in the oven before serving restores crispness. Your grocer always has a fresh supply.

To prevent disappointment, don't merely ask for toasted corn flakes—say "KELLOGG'S, please" and look for this signature on the package.

W. K. Kellogg

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5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for May 2, 1914

Stanford University Library APR 27 1914



The Last of the Family

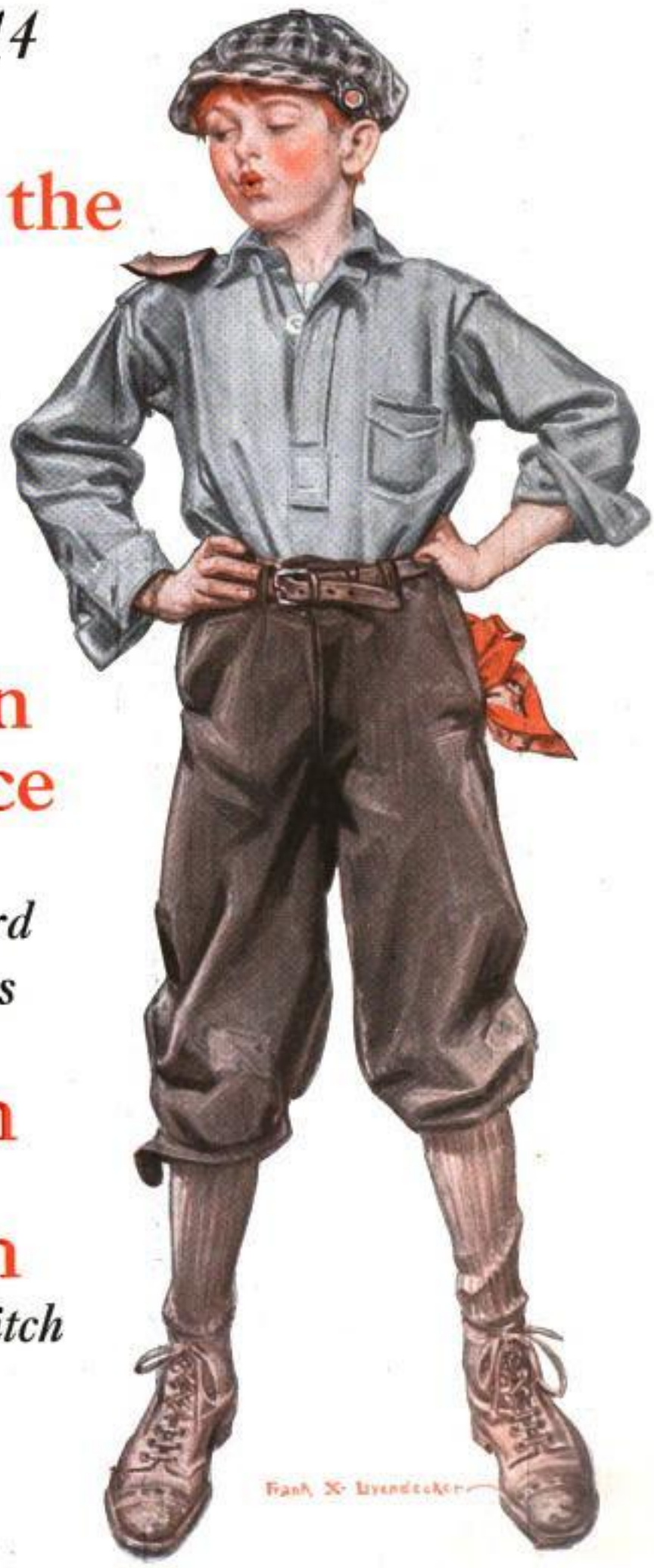
By Richard Washburn Child

The Isolation of France

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves

Rotsam and Jestsam

By George Fitch



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His "General Manager"



The wise business man leaves the management of his home to his real "General Manager"—the wife who buys the food, who makes a study of its nutritive value, who has a serious concern for the health of the family. The housewife who knows.

Shredded Wheat

has already solved the servant problem and the problem of the high cost of living. With Shredded Wheat in the house it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a deliciously nourishing and wholesome meal in combination with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, or other canned or preserved fruits—a meal that furnishes highest food value at the lowest cost.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) will supply all the nourishment needed for a half day's work. Delicious for breakfast or any other meal for youngsters or grown-ups. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter or cheese.

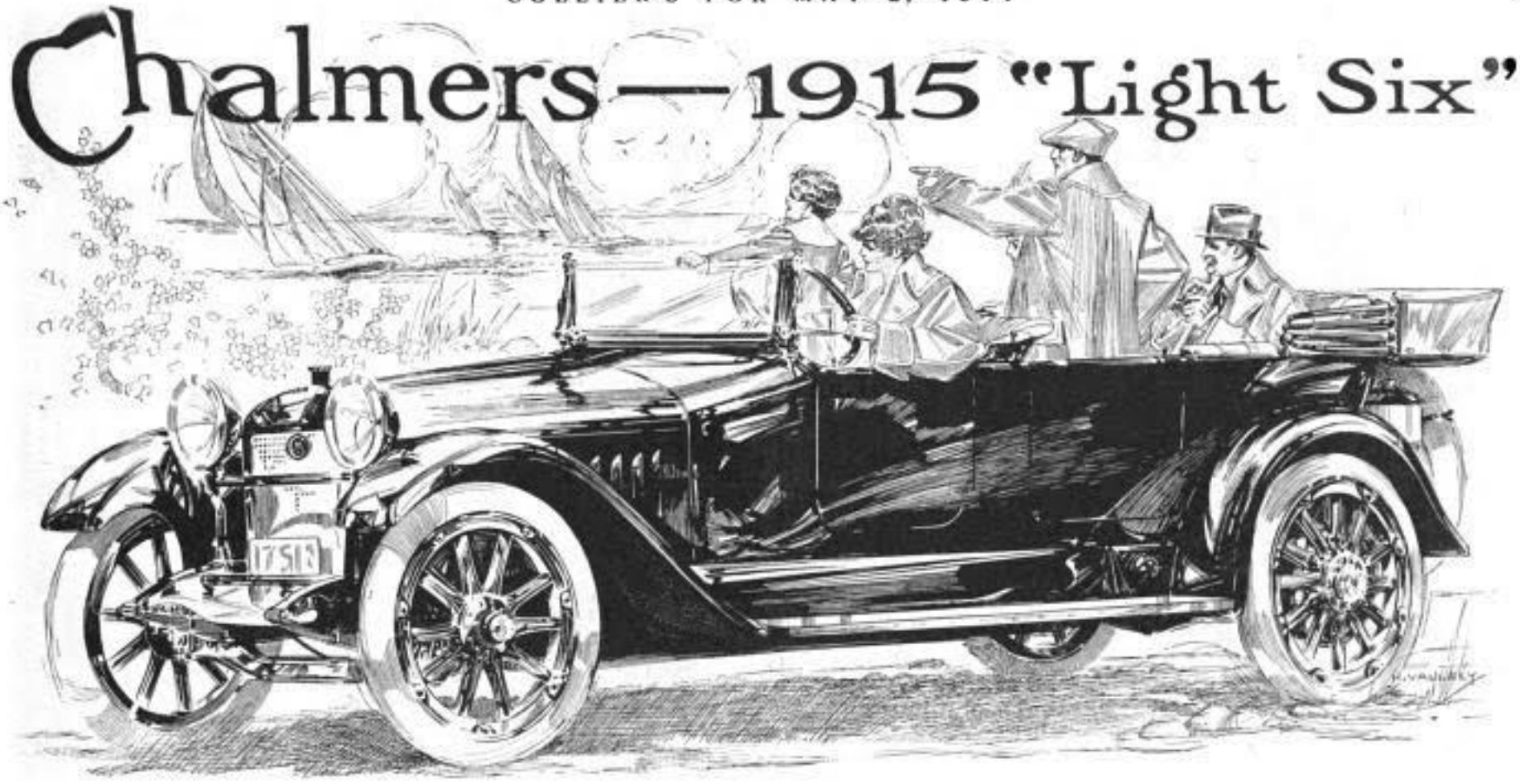
"It's All in the Shreds"

Made Only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Chalmers—1915 "Light Six"



A New "Light Six" of Chalmers Quality—$1800

In addition to the famous Master "Six" at $2175 we now offer you the Master "Light Six"—a new Chalmers model at $1800.

Here is a 1915 car at $1800 with all the features that have given "Sixes" first place in the high priced field: Silence, smoothness, flexibility, beauty. It has, besides, what "Sixes" in the past have lacked: A low first cost, which makes it easy to buy; low operative cost, which makes it easy to keep.

The Master "Light Six" is a full year ahead; in style, in mechanical design, in simplicity, in efficiency. That's why thousands who once thought a "Six" an extravagance are now ordering 1915 Master "Light Sixes" faster than we can build them.

A "Six" or Nothing

This is the car for which thousands who would have a "Six" or nothing have waited.

The 1915 Master "Light Six" offers for the first time the full measure of 6-cylinder silence, smoothness and flexibility at the price of any comparable "four."

The Master "Light Six" at $1800 makes it unnecessary now to pay a high price, or a high maintenance cost to get six-cylinder luxury.

This 1915 Chalmers answers the last arguments of the four-cylinder builders—those of price and economy.

A Lighter Master "Six"

What the Chalmers Master "Six" at $2175 is among high powered cars, the 1915 "Light Six" at $1800 is among cars of its class. It has the same Master Motor, though built on a lighter scale. It has small bore and long stroke to give it flexibility; perfect balance to give it smoothness; right design to give it silence.

Its Chalmers-Entz electric starter makes the motor non-stallable. Tapered bonnet, oval fenders and streamline body rank it with the expensive foreign cars in looks.

Its lighter weight means an added economy. Yet it is heavy enough to make it safe in any emergency; comfortable on any road. Don't make the mistake of buying too light a car. The difference in gasoline consumption *between* a medium weight car and a flimsy car won't amount to $25 in 10,000 miles, *and* $25 won't buy many repairs for a car so light that it shakes to pieces in ordinary service.

Like all Chalmers cars, the 1915 "Light Six" is built to give satisfactory service through many seasons.

Buy This Car for Economy's Sake

Men want silence for its charm; smoothness for its comfort, and flexibility for its convenience. And they want these six-cylinder qualities, too, because they make motoring nerve soothing, not irritating. You can drive a Chalmers "Six" 200 miles and be less fatigued than after 100 miles in a "four." Forty miles an hour in a "Six" doesn't give the nerve rasp of 25 miles in a constantly vibrating "four."

Men want these qualities for economy also. They know that vibration means needless strain on gears and bearings as well as nerves; power wasted in joggling the car instead of driving it.

They know that absence of noise means absence of undue friction; that a flexible motor means an economical motor. They know that only a "Six" can have these qualities. So they buy the 1915 Master "Light Six," for its economy as well as for its charm.

A Car of Super-Value

It is hard to believe that any car at $1800 could possess all the advantages we claim for the Master "Light Six." Until you see it, you cannot realize its distinguished beauty; until you ride in it, you can know nothing of the extraordinary value it offers at the price.

When we say the 1915 "Light Six" is a year ahead of others, we mean just what we say. In design, in luxury, in endurance, in good looks we believe this to be the most advanced "Six" on the market. It has today the features of construction and equipment which most cars in the $2000 class will not have for another year.

So we urge you to take the Chalmers Test Ride with our nearest dealer. Let the car itself prove its super-value.

Try to Match it

After you have taken the Chalmers Test Ride, challenge any comparable car to duplicate the performance. Compare these features item for item with any car at near the price. We'll leave the result to you.

Six Cylinders
30 to 50 Horsepower
126-Inch Wheel Base
Electric Starter
Non-Stallable Motor
Electric Lights
Tungsten Steel Valves
Streamline Body
Molded Oval Fenders
Triple Heated Fuel
Timken Bearings
Interlocking Gears
Chalmers Sectional Piston Rings
Cork Insert Disc Clutch
Clean Running Boards
Left Drive
Center Control
Rayfield Carburetor
Tapered Bonnet
Underslung Springs
Full Equipment

The Larger Master "Six"

2, 4 or 5 passenger type, $2175
6 passenger Touring Car, $2275

For the man who wants a larger and a higher powered car, there's our Master "Six," the fastest selling "Six" at its price in the country.

This Master Car set a new standard among the larger "Sixes" for silence, smoothness and flexibility; its modest price and low upkeep set a new mark for economy among cars of maximum luxury.

No matter how high your ideals of superlative merit in a motor car the larger Chalmers "Six" will satisfy your most exacting requirements.

Former owners of $4000 to $5000 cars are fast finding out that in the Master "Six" they secure the same six-cylinder value without the usual expense of a car of high power and large size. They say that a really better car no one can buy; a costlier car no one really needs.

Please send me literature on the 1915 "Light Six" and the larger Master "Six"

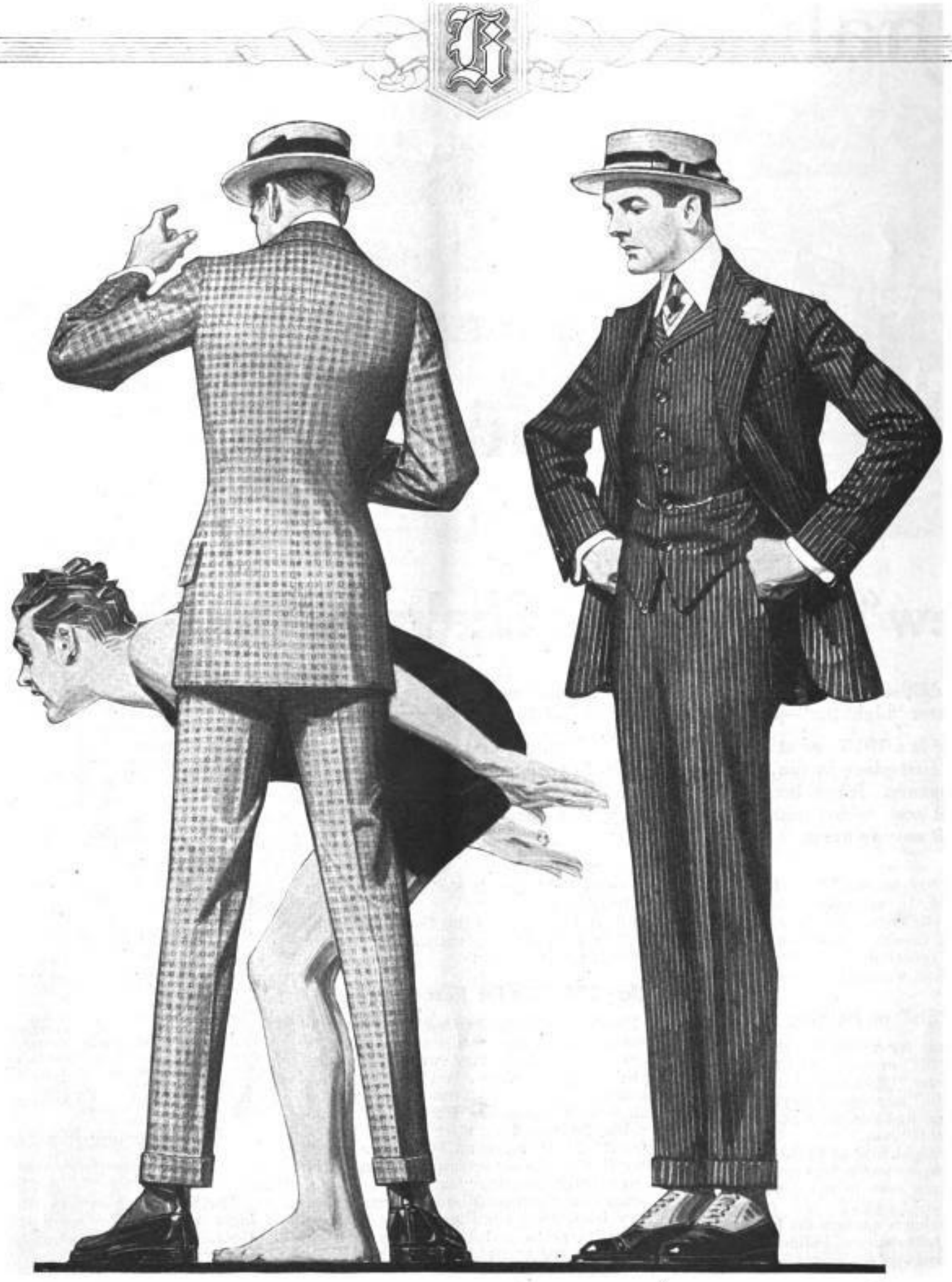
Name_____

Street Town_____

State_____

Chalmers Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

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GOOD clothes are always the result of somebody's good judgment: judgment of material, of styles, and especially of what well-dressed men like to wear.

That is why it is so important that your great clothing house should be young and human and contemporary, rather than merely big and mechanical.

When you select your next suit, if you have an opportunity to visit a Kuppenheimer dealer, we ask you to note one thing: the number of Kuppenheimer suits in your size that seem to express the way you feel about clothes.

This is one thing that makes success for Kuppenheimer dealers—that attracts good trade to their stores.

Incidentally it has made this the fastest growing clothing house in America.

Send for book "Styles for Men"

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 7 MAY 2 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Last of the Family

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

CURRENT styles in writing, just as the going and coming of fashions in hats, decree the subjects forbidden as well as those which are for the time popular. This observation was made by Thorndike at the Pad and Pencil Club, but several who were in ancient leather chairs believed that stories of snakes, hospitals, cub reporters, ghosts, and even of authors themselves, though on the black list just now, might be justified, and therefore—

There is a house in Virginia. Washington visited there, and in the garret, among the old bundles of yellow letters, the list of the Father of His Country appears, and gossip has it that one of those letters contains mention of losing so many colony warrants in a game of cards with the old master of Boxwood.

Boxwood is the name of the house, or the estate which has gone to ruin since the war. Say what you like, these old places, once plantations, are indeed haunted by ghosts of gentility, hospitality, and rich and mannerly living. I have been to Boxwood, and it is one of them.

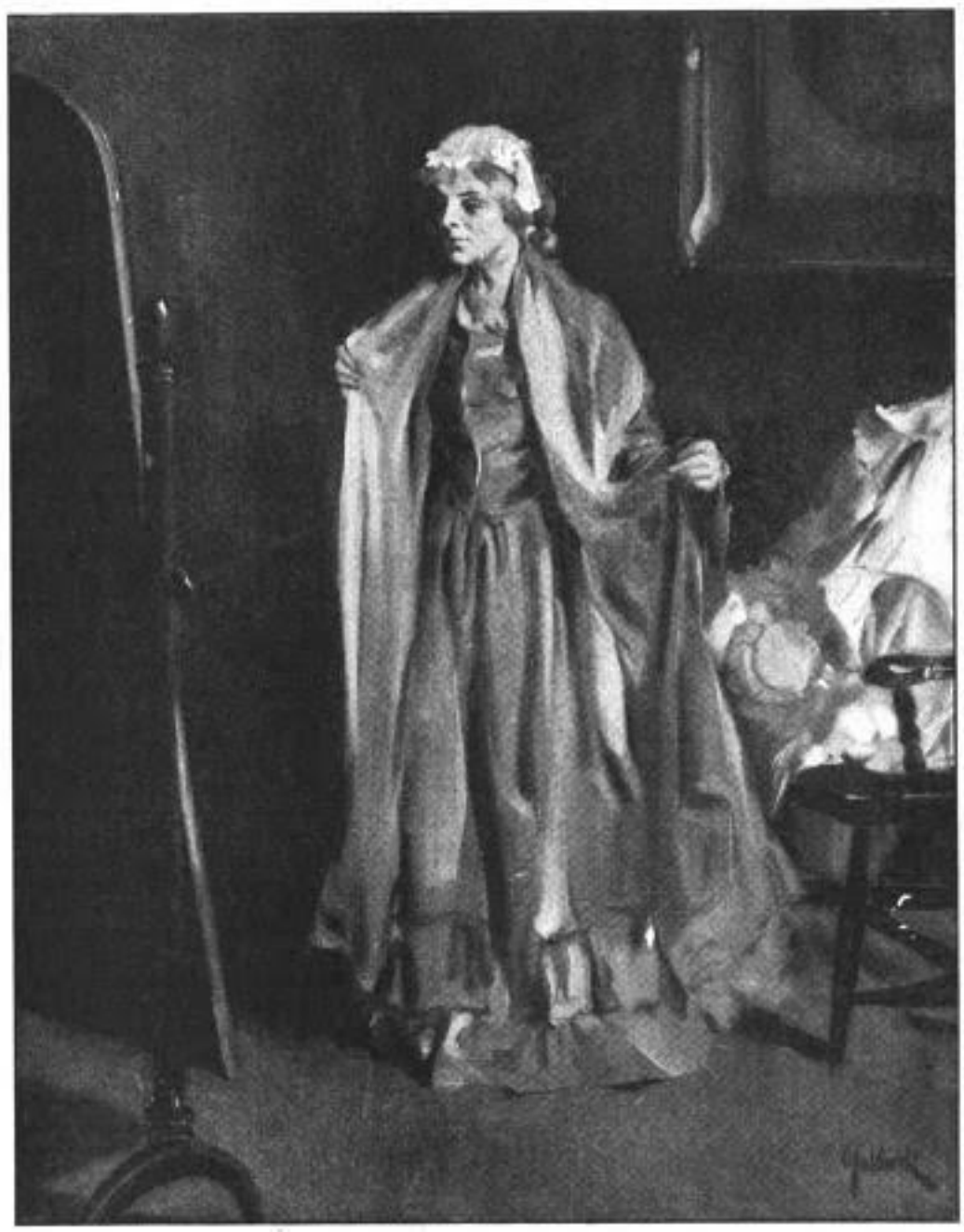
I went with Fleetwood to see his grandmother, and I assert that she was a relief after the ladies, young and old, of the metropolis.

The house was one of those Virginia brick affairs with four chimneys on the gables at either end, and a porch with hand-carved pillars, if you please, painted white. The wreck of an ancient terraced rose garden, now a mass of weeds and briars, extended down either side of a long flight of stone steps, on which tiny lizards in the sunshine jumped up toward the house or down toward the iron gate which dated back to the days when they used to keep four hundred slaves for the tobacco fields.

ANY man who can climb down out of a hired livery runabout and approach Boxwood, with its closed inside shutters and the caved-in smokehouse and rotting slave quarters, and smell the damp and sense the despair of that old place without a gulp in the throat and the feeling of ghostly hands, either has no poetry in his soul or no manhood in his heart.

The mistress of Boxwood is Constance Fleetwood. Her slim and tiny frame had born seven children in her day, and at eighty-five, the girl who made the samplers once, has still the complexion, wrinkled though it be, of finely bred youth.

"There are no aristocrats but those who need never act so," said she to me in reply to one of my stupid remarks, and noticing that her dress was of gray serge, unadorned except for a white lace collar, I concluded that she never dressed differently, and in that I was quite right. Jim Fleetwood was the last of the scattered Fleetwoods, and for the sake of his ancestors, and in spite of the fact that I am not his friend, I have changed his name for him. Readers would recognize him—a slim, smart figure of New York literary success. He was the last of the Fleetwoods—except Constance, his grandmother



She tried these and other garments upon her body and spent many doubtful and even tearful moments in front of mirrors whose quicksilver backing had cracked and grown dim

"The old lady has been alone, I understand, on the old place for thirty years without stepping off her own acres," he had said with a cigarette-flicking manner. "There must be some atmosphere down there. I've heard my father tell when he was alive. There isn't any telephone, they say, and when the ford on Bullock's Run is frozen or filled with freshet, there is no way out into the world. And *that's* in the day of six-cylinders and vacuum bottles."

The old South had all oozed out of him. I think his grandmother noticed that it had. She had a keenness of ancient and sad but brave and active vision, seeing beneath his faultless clothes, upon which the autumn burs from the thicket we had pierced to reach the house had clung.

We were sitting beneath the portrait of Wilson Fleetwood, in black stock, a painted civilian, scarred by the bullets of Federal marauders, and a black woman had given us some abominable tea and some thick toast with abominable butter, when Jim produced the cigarette case. Under a false bottom, concealed by a silver flap on a spring, was the portrait of Genevieve Carroll.

"And I should tell you that I am engaged," said he, leaning toward the little old lady's deafer ear, and thrusting the portrait into her hand.

Having studied the beautiful face of the Connecticut Tobacco King's daughter, his grandmother finally nodded approval. She hastened, however, to indicate that her approval was not complete, and her voice had the note in it, in spite of the quaver of infirmity, that expressed consciousness that she was still the head of the Fleetwood family.

"Her father?" she asked.

"He is a commission merchant."

ONE could not say that a cloud might rest on such delicate features, but there was an instinctive drawing back of the grandmother's personality.

"I regret that he is in trade," said she. "I would have preferred a profession—or that he had been a planter."

Fleetwood laughed outright with his characteristic rudeness.

"I belong to a different age perhaps," his grandmother said, folding her thin, soft, parchment-covered hands. "And you are an author?"

"Successful," said I, smiling, in his behalf. "One of the highest paid authors in the world."

Her face lit up with true pleasure.

"My reading has been confined to the 'Gazette,' seven copies of which have come into this house every Saturday for more than half a century, and to the books the beetles have not destroyed."

"You shall have a subscription to the magazine which has made an exclusive contract for all my work," Fleetwood volunteered.

"I wish to see every line the son of my Edward writes. Your mother and I did not agree, I fear. But you are my own grandson. I take great pride, sir, in your career, for your profession of nourishing the public mind is one of great responsibility."

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The livery-stable horse, perhaps shivering in the bleak Virginia wood road, and chilled to the marrow by the penetrating cold of early November, whinnied so insistently that soon we felt obliged to leave the comfortable circle about the round stove and the little old lady in her high-back rocking-chair. I was reluctant to move, but it was evident that Fleetwood was bored.

"I am glad you came, sir," the grandmother of Fleetwood said, with the habitual disregard of all extraordinary occasions which comes with old age. "Our estate is in sad condition. I have barely enough to maintain a single farmer, engage a neighbor's daughter for a companion, and keep our negroes in service. You are always welcome—James Fleetwood."

"Ten dollars for one of those Rostrum Club cocktails," said my companion when we were out of hearing of the little gray figure which still watched us from the porch. "And by the way, my father said that she stood there on that very spot where she is now with a shotgun and dared a detachment of Federal cavalry officers and men to come up the steps. She was alone. The men folks, as they call them, were away. Bah, what a dismal, musty place! Death ticks in the walls and everything out of repair."

I LOOKED back at the house. It had a square-jawed look. It was a game old thing, I thought—clinging to its own personality to the end. The slave bell, still hanging between two posts on the hill, showed above the range of the leafless woods and against the tints of a cold, wind-whipped sunset. Besides, I could not help comparing Fleetwood's grandmother with my own. They were alike and American. Mine was a Northerner.

"A wonderful girl," said Fleetwood.

"Who is that?"

"Miss Carroll. A splendid hand at tennis, and everything for that matter. The devil of a flirt at eighteen, but the right stuff. You have seen her?"

"Only in a portrait at the Four Brushes Exhibition—and in some periodical, such as the 'Week End.'"

"She is one generation removed from a Dublin ship chandler. I guess that would shock the old lady, eh?"

"It depends," said I, without knowing, as we all shall see, how well I had spoken.

The fact was that I did not have any notion of the type. Offhand, Genevieve Carroll would be placed in the class of girls with money, who dance the tango well and, with their mothers, look for matches. "Light," they are called. I assume that Miss Carroll was hardly old enough to be more. I met her with Fleetwood on the Avenue a week later when I came back from Washington.

There could be no question about her clothes—or the figure which made the task easy for the costumiers, or whatever the expensive ones are called. She was not the hard-riding, outdoor sort of person I had pictured, and I rather gathered the idea that she, unconscious of being wealthy and all that, had been overimpressed with the glamour which youth finds in the great author when that high-priced person is in good clothes and has been taken up by the country-club sort of people.

It is a pathetic thing to see real womanhood in the faces of these hastily rich girls. It is sad to have to wonder whether they, with their restaurant, limousine, hairdresser, adventuress-imitating life, for which they are almost put in training, are better insured for fulfillment of a decent destiny than their ancestors who were milkmaids. I rather caught this idea from Genevieve Carroll.

"Have you sent your latest stories to your grandmother?" I asked Fleetwood for the want of something better to say.

"She would not understand the problems they raise."

But Miss Carroll could not see that there were any problems. "He has told me all about that old place. It is wonderful!" said she, blowing the cold moisture through her veil. "Think of that old lady for all these years alone there on that plantation. I shall send Jim's stories to her myself."

I REMEMBER that as she spoke, vivaciously, as a child eager for life, the church bells around the corner whanged out on the frosty air of the Sunday-in-winter morning, and a stream of purring electric and gasoline vehicles, with flashes of the color of women, flowed by us. Between the Avenue and the Virginia plantation there was a lapse of an epoch, and yet it seemed to me that something in the eyes of the girl before me expressed the very soul of the little old lady of Boxwood.

"I never understand your stories—exactly," said Miss Carroll to Fleetwood, who was marking crosses on the sidewalk with the tip of a lignum vitæ stick. "But I am proud of the attention they attract. And I shall send them to your grandmother, Jim."

This promise she kept.

It is impossible for me to conceive of the pile of numbers of that exotic magazine, with their alluring colored covers and their brazen modern contents, reposing on the ancient mahogany table at Boxwood, where everything sings a low tune of the past, or to



"I will," said he in the hall.
"Come to lunch with me at the Carrolls'
some day. Gene and I are to be married soon."
"Thanks," said I. "Don't send that editor's letter"

picture one of these florid magazines in the delicate, timid, thin-backed, dried-up, shrunken hands of Constance Fleetwood, who, though a mother many times, will carry the aureola of virginity to the grave. With difficulty can I imagine the extent of humiliation brought to Boxwood by the signature of the Fleetwood name above the lure of the opening paragraphs and the doubtful illustrations of the high-priced Fleetwood stories. To me the fact that for a month, with dim but conscientious eyes, Jim's grandmother pored over his work, laboring to adjust her generation with the new so that she might form a judgment of which she might be sure, carries something extraordinarily pathetic.

IN THE middle of January, I think, Fleetwood came to my apartment one evening. He had dined well, was clothed well, and had left a theatre party in the middle of the evening in his characteristic, willful way, always so evident when he wished fashionable people to believe that he was a creature of temperament, free to mount at any moment to a higher intellectual plane. Champagne was in his eyes, and some oddity of mood induced by it had led him to me.

"Let's see," he said, throwing a black leg over a chair arm, "you were with me on my pilgrimage to the home of my ancestors, my dear fellow? What a depressing retrospect! Shabby! Genevieve sent my stories to my grandmamma. Her comments upon them are a bit quaint. I believe you will enjoy her letter. It will amuse you and possibly strike a chord of sympathy here and there, for you are one of those who still believe in choosing for fiction any subject but that of real life—the life of real men and women of flesh and blood."

I looked up at his curling, thin, red lips and noticed that the winter months in the city had begun to soften and puff the flesh about his lower jaw. There was an expression of challenge on his face.

"You write as well, I think, as any of the first group of Americans," said I. "We can all envy you the vivacity and ease of your style and the sure-footed way you have of telling a tale."

He smiled then as he reached for the corrugated knob on my old kerosene lamp, and turned up the flame until a thin, sharp line of soot thrust itself from the top of the glass chimney.

"Your room always reminds me of the room of an undergraduate," he said: "This old device of a lamp, and broken, dried-up cigars hidden behind pictures or in a beer stein, and kindling wood concealed on the bookshelf behind a set of Robert Louis Stevenson, and all that sort of thing—Here! Here's the blast from old Virginia. Look at the stationery my forbear uses!"

HE TOSSED the letter on to the table. Written in pencil, on sheets of paper lined faintly in blue, which must have dated back to war time, because on one corner was embossed a sabre crossed with a musket, this epistle was executed painstakingly in a fine, trembling penmanship.

It said as a low, careful voice might say:

JAMES FLEETWOOD, ESQUIRE.

MY GRANDSON JAMES—*It is with regret that I direct your esteemed attention to the consideration of a subject upon which only our close ties of blood permit me to presume to make comment. Having read, sir, the literary works recently proceeding from your pen, I must express my earnest hope that you will consult your conscience as to the responsibility you bear as an author and the representative of a long line of American gentlemen bearing a name of honor both in the defense of their native State and in the maintenance of the unsullied standards of womankood. Preferring to express myself as an American lady, rather than as the bearer of the Fleetwood name, with which your grandfather honored me, I present to you my opinion that neither in the duty you owe your readers to furnish them with high ideals, clean and beautiful thoughts upon a lofty plane, and characters of worth for their contemplation, nor, on the other hand, in the duty you owe to speak no word against the honor of my sex, have you met your obligations. I know that the many appeals you have made to the unwholesome interest of unrefined persons are inadvertences, which have, none the less, misrepresented the standards of honor between the sexes in this, our own country, as well as the traditions of our own family and name. I desire that you inform me, at your convenience, my dear James, that, at whatever cost, you will withdraw from public circulation the several narratives sent me to which I have made reference.*

With prayers for your health, I am,
Your affectionate grandmother,
CONSTANCE FLEETWOOD.

"Well?" asked Jim. "So life amuses itself, eh?"

"You are right as to quaintness," I replied.

"What can be the matter with the little old woman?" he said suddenly with the impatience of one unused to adverse criticism. "The age makes authors, not authors the age. Am I to be asked to paint life as it is, or do one of those ideal pictures you find in old-fashioned ladies' annuals?"

"I suppose that depends on how you see life," I said, digging into the tobacco jar.

"Damn your smugness," he said with a laugh. "You know Bornshelm? The editor? He has just written me to-day offering a contract for twelve short stories at a thousand apiece. He says in it that the demand is for sex interest, and that's the flat truth. It took me some years to find my vein. Come to think of it, the easiest way to make the old Southern dame understand is to send her Bornshelm's letter. She probably thinks I sell stories for twenty-five or thirty dollars, and it will be an eye opener."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said I. "Think it over. Wait till morning. Don't do it."

"I will," said he in the hall. "Come to lunch with me at the Carrolls' some day. Gene and I are to be married soon."

"Thanks," said I as the door was closing. "Don't send that editor's letter."

THIS was good advice. I recognized it as good when I gave it. So it was proved. He did not take it.

The note of Bornshelm, with a penciled comment above the letterhead, was mailed that night to Boxwood.

It traveled southward the next day and was shipped

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over the Virginia Division as far as Dalton, and on Saturday a big, ray-wool black man, named "Ole Ben," drove a scrawny jinny mule in to the post office and brought back from town a box of crackers, a bag of Virginia mail, a call of coffee, the seven copies of the "Gazette," and the communication from James Fleetwood of the Hinterland Apartments, New York City.

UP THE front steps of Boxwood he went, through the untracked blanket of new-laid snow upon which the fires of winter dusk were reflected faintly. The wind of night, off the Virginia rolling country, had begun to moan around the corners of the old house, and the jinny mule complained, as our horse had complained, of cold and loneliness. But *Ben* went up the steps with his hat in hand and, having knocked at the door, repeated the established Saturday night ceremony of delivering the mail.

As he retired across the old rose garden, making a new set of huge footprints on the creaking white *surface*, he looked back at the wisps of wood smoke blown from the unstable chimneys.

"Dis yere place ain't gwine ter be yere long. Miss Connie ain't gwine ter las' many seasons moh," he said. "De day of Boxwood am done."

Not yet. If "Ole Ben" had turned his rheumatic neck once more he would have seen with alarm the ancient little figure of Constance Fleetwood standing on the porch, her old back drawn straight once more, her gray woolen dress and its lace collar blown by the gusts of wind, her hand clenched over the opened letter from her grandson James, her delicate mouth closed in a thin hard line, her head carried high and turning slowly as her eyes searched the countryside as if they could summon back the retainers of the long-gone days—Ben would have seen a lady of Virginia.

Perhaps in the succeeding days Fleetwood's grandmother, who for thirty years had scarcely been away from Boxwood, readjusted herself to new necessities. Time for action had come. Carefully enough, in hours spent in wide-eyed thinking, sitting in front of the round stove in the old hall, she combed over the living descendants of the families who once had been the neighbors and who were in the social list of the generation gone. Constance could not think of one to whom she could make appeal to stand with her in this, the last perhaps, of life's crises.

TOWARD the end of the week she had Jennie, the mulatto kitchen girl, climb into the attic after an ermine scarf and muff which had refused an invitation to Lincoln's inauguration. From the recesses of a mysterious wardrobe strewn with cedar shavings she uncovered a gray mantle whose ample folds suggested room for hoop skirts. She tried these and other garments upon her body and spent many doubtful and even tearful moments in front of mirrors whose quicksilver backing had cracked and grown dim as the gilt on the cupids which surmounted them had tarnished.

On Saturday the seven copies of the "Gazette" came once more and brought the outer world to Boxwood. The old lady spread them upon the table when Jennie had cleared away the nickel-blue plates and the chipped and cracked cut glass. A ship had gone down. Constance remembered that her husband had owned half a cargo lost on the way from Fayal. A mayor had been elected in a seaboard city. She recalled a young man from that metropolis who had courted her. A famous actress had died. A fire had swept a Canadian town. The Rev. Otis Bamberwell announced as usual the services at St. Gregory's at Dalton. And "Gentleman Matty" Grogan had won in eighteen fast rounds from "Italian Joe" Smith before the New York City Associates in a most important and decisive go, full of pep from gong to gong.

It was the suggestion of this last item which caused the little old lady to draw from the bosom of her gray woolen gown a folded, yellow, worn newspaper clipping which for several days she had carried there. It was dated Alexandria, March 10, 1857. "Thrashed a Scoundrel," said the headline, and then: "Edward Fleetwood, Esquire, after several warnings, had thrashed Merrill Ewing, the editor of our esteemed contemporary, the Fairfax 'Digest.' The affair occurred yesterday in front of the Braddock House, where those who were fortunate enough to be present narrate that Mr. Fleetwood, meeting Ewing, accosted him with the words: 'If you, sir, print a line more of your villainous reflections upon the women of this country, I will no longer place reliance upon the law or arguments, and will treat you as I would an impudent malefactor.' Whereupon, at some reply, our neighbor from Boxwood Plantation made good his threat. It is rumored that everyone in the country is thanking him for his kindly offices in behalf of the maintenance of our customary holding in honor of the gentler sex."

"Edward, Edward, I need you again," said the old lady's thin lips softly, and for a moment she buried her head in the curve of her delicate arm beneath the sputtering lamp.

I HEARD these facts from Jennie, the mulatto kitchen girl. She told them with her eyes upon the ground, and she shifted her feet as if in the next moment she was to suffer the shame of being held responsible for allowing her mistress, after all these years, to leave Boxwood. And she finished with a passionate recital of that awful day of how a man came from the bank in Dalton with a great roll of bills, and when Miss Connie had wrapped the discolored ermine fur about her little neck, of how she walked down from the front porch, the man at her side protesting, and drove over frozen ruts seven miles to the railroad station in the town, and of how the two negro women went weeping about their work, firm in the belief of animal instinct that, in spite of all her assurances, the mistress would never return alive to the old house. But Jennie forgot to say that when Constance Fleetwood left for New York she took with her, under her arm, a magazine with a florid cover, upon which the name of James Fleetwood occupied a place of prominence.



"After all, twelve thousand dollars speaks with greater authority than one who unfortunately has lost touch with the age in which she lives"

Neither Jennie nor anyone else can say what kindly spirit guided Jim's grandmother through the railroad journey, the terrifying tubes which shot people under a river, the overpowering streets, the fearful, rectangular-prism labyrinth of endless, awful buildings, and the eternal streaming by of confusing, staring human faces.

ONE of Jim Fleetwood's phrases occurs to me from a story of a delicate, innocent girl who learned the soul-hardening lesson of the business of being a crafty woman. "She had as much chance," said he of her introduction to a group of social Bohemians, "as a spring violet in a sausage machine." Surely it might be thought that this phrase would describe the fortunes of the little old lady stepping out of a quarter-century Virginia country refinement into the roaring, hungry, alert-eyed metropolis.

And yet at three o'clock one day in early spring, not twenty-four hours after Constance Fleetwood had arrived in the city, at a time when Matty Grogan was in the office of Sliney's stable bending over a box which contained seven healthy, warm, well-marked bull terrier puppies, the mother of which was Matty's own beloved Plunger Peggie, he felt a touch upon his elbow. When he turned about he saw a little old lady, dropped, he would have said, out of some attic, dressed gray, wearing knitted wristbands, and carrying in her hand a bag made of beads.

"Yeh," said Matty, nursing a ripped ear with the same hand with which he had snatched off his hat. "Hello, mother. Tell it."

"You are Mr. Matthew Grogan," said Constance Fleetwood, taking a much-worn rocking-chair beneath the spavin-cure calendar. "I have read of you in the Dalton (Va.) 'Gazette,' in which they do you the deserved honor to call you a gentleman. I came from my estate in Virginia in part to see you."

"The hell you say!" said the lightweight pretender, unable to restrain the exclamation. "Forgive that. I had an accident, ma'am. What's scheduled?"

FOR a moment the chasm between yesterday and to-day, between Boxwood and Eighth Avenue, between a frail little antiquity and a meaty-shouldered professional, seemed impossible to bridge. Constance turned a little whiter and drew in a deep breath, and then the eternal bond between human beings asserted its right to leap manners and customs and to batter down even the obstructions of language.

"Thank you for your courtesy, sir," she said.

"That's me," replied Matty, taking the emaciated strip of ermine fur she offered him and laying it gingerly on the table. "What's the answer?"

The Virginia lady adjusted the knit wristers and folded her thin, shaking hands; in her eyes burned reawakened fires. The "gentleman" rubbed his smooth-shaven, salt-and-alum-hardened face with the sympathy of one fighter who has met another.

"Will you thrash a scoundrel for me?" said Constance, touching the bead bag where her money roll still lay. "I will pay you well."

"Will it get me plucked?" asked Matty with a smile.

The old lady paid no attention to this question.

"Once I could have called upon a Fleetwood to come to my assistance in defense of the honor of our name and the women of our country."

THESE phrases, enunciated with careful dignity, touched the spirit of the fighter. He leaned forward with his hands upon his knees, his face level with hers, and every line in it expressive of attention, interest, and curiosity.

"But if a lady of my State has no champion at her service either by the call of kinship or the manners and customs of the gentlemen of her county, nothing remains, sir, but to employ a defender of the good name of my sex."

"That's right," the lightweight admitted. "I get that. S'right. Who's the guy?"

Twice Constance tried to answer. She closed her hands. Her eyes grew dim with her humiliation. Her delicate mouth drew into a line of determination.

"It is my own grandson," said she in a thin quaver. "I regret to say it is the last male representative of our family."

"Huh!" said Grogan sympathetically. "He did, did he? What's he put over?"

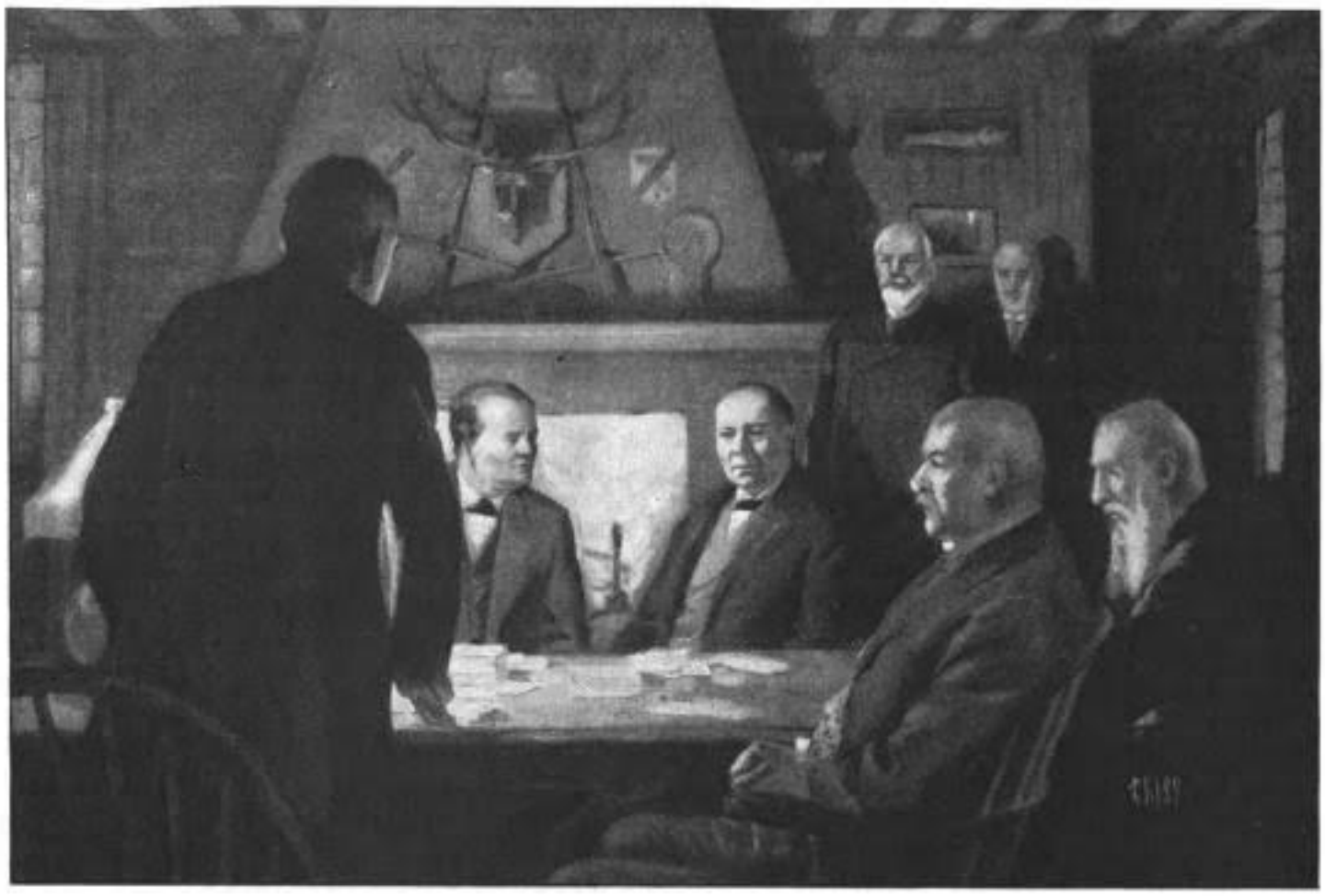
"He has dragged his talents into the mire," said the little old lady, half rising from the livery stable rocking-chair. "He has written of subjects not discussed by people of quality. He has dragged down the men and women of his country with vile misrepresentations. He has insulted American womanhood, sir. He has treated me with disrespect. He has sold his birthright and his conscience for money gain."

"He has, has he?" exclaimed Matty. "When did he do that?"

(Continued on page 32)

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The Isolation of France



I had a distinct impression of the features of the six men who were making history round that table. There were writing materials, stacks of paper, and documents at every place

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR CRISP

IN RESPONSE to many queries following the publication of the article, "The Kaiser Prevents a War," we wish to say that Dr. Graves is no longer in the service of the German Government. While on a secret mission to England in 1912, he was arrested in Glasgow, tried on a charge of espionage at Edinburgh in June, 1912, and sentenced to eighteen months in the Barlinney prison. He was, however, released by the Government in September of the same year

AFTER my experiences with the earlier stages of the French, English, and German situation, I was quite prepared for the most unexpected developments. What occurred in the middle of October, 1911, was, however, beyond what I had imagined. The Morocco incident had shown the German Emperor that the *entente cordiale* was indeed solid. England and France would stand shoulder to shoulder in war. Being used to the ways of German diplomacy, I knew that from the Wilhelmstrasse would come a quick countermove. I guessed, too, that when it came I would be employed. It stood to reason that, knowing so much of the trend and importance of the affair—I had seen the intrigue grow step by step—I was the logical choice.

Nor was my reasoning at fault. I soon received the expected summons, and it brought me into the most amazing of my diplomatic adventures—a mission which showed me the utter ruthlessness that characterizes emperors and kings, particularly when the vital interests of their countries are concerned.

The Black Forest Summons

WORD to appear at the Wilhelmstrasse came when the autumn holidays were in full swing. The usual procedure of the Foreign Office having been observed, I found myself in Count von Wedell's private study. After an invitation to be seated, the Count surprised me. He complimented me on my previous missions on the *entente cordiale* situation, and handed me a pretty substantial check. It was actually 10,000 marks—$2,500—which the stubs of the royal check book will show.

As I took the money he remarked "Seine Majestät"—Foreign Office brevity for conveying that his Majesty was satisfied. Without more ado, Von Wedell plunged into the subject. Leaning back and crossing his legs, he began to talk in his abrupt way.

"I want you to go with his Excellency, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, as his private attendant and secretary," began Von Wedell. "I have selected you because of your knowledge of English and your insight into the whole matter in hand. There is to be a meeting of certain statesmen in a certain spot in the Schwarzwald [the Black Forest]. You are to be the sole attendant of these gentlemen. You'll see to it that nothing of their identity becomes known. You will look after them in every way. You will destroy all writing, such as paper and blotters. You will burn any such things in the presence of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter."

He paused impressively, and I found my mind in a whirl. What his words portended I could guess. This mission promised to be very interesting indeed.

"I want you to be at the place of meeting," Von Wedell continued, "three days before the arrival of these gentlemen. You will have to make arrangements as regards catering and so forth. You'll be the only attendant. Means have been taken to assure strict privacy in the district. Understand that we want this to be thoroughly cloaked. I suggest to you the idea of a hunting party. The details I leave to you. The gentlemen in question may or may not be known to you. I shall write you their names."

The Tremendous Import

HIS pen began scratching across a piece of paper, and I had a moment in which to realize the grave importance of this mission: the future of Germany menaced; complete isolation was in the making between England, France, and Russia; and the Kaiser was about to save Germany by a master stroke of diplomacy. Of what tremendous importance it was, however, I did not learn until I had gone down into the forest.

Looking up, Von Wedell tossed a piece of paper across the desk to me (the identical paper which has been reproduced in connection with this article). It bore these names in his handwriting:

Viscount Haldane, Winston Spencer Churchill, Admiral von Tirpitz, General von Heeringen, General Moritz Ritter von Auffenberg, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter.

I suppose, had it been my first Secret Service mission instead of the climax of eleven years in the service, I could not have controlled my surprise. These men, all meeting in a lonely spot in the Black Forest range, foretold a grave situation. Especially was this true in view of the newspapers of Europe. Here was all the press having Germany and England ready to rush at each other's throats in war. It was the time of the German spy scare in England. And now here were the two powerful members of the English Cabinet meeting the Kaiser's Minister of War secretly.

Brains of Three Nations

BUT Von Wedell was not yet through.

"These gentlemen," he said, "will meet at Schlangenbad about the middle of this month. You know the place, in the Taunus Hills—one of the Emperor's hunting lodges. I suggest that you get down there to-morrow and have everything ready. You thoroughly know what is required of you, Doctor?"

On my assenting I was dismissed. I lost no time in getting home to my quarters and into comfortable togs. This mission needed some thinking out. And after I told my Basuto boy to pack my bag, I glanced again at the list Von Wedell had given me.

Haldane, Lord Chancellor of England, persona grata with the Kaiser—in fact, a personal friend. Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty. Waechter, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs and, despite court opposition, the trusted man of the Kaiser. Tirpitz and Von Heeringen, chiefs of the German navy and army staffs, the latter a second Moltke. When I came to Von Auffenberg's name I whistled. Von Auffenberg was Minister of War and the right-hand man of the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire. Thus three great powers were represented. Six men of this eminence, the brains and force of three nations, to meet in secret in a little obscure hunting lodge in the forest! It portended darkly for France; but how darkly I could not then conjecture. It interested me tremendously, but I consoled myself that I would probably know all when the party gathered in that secluded hunting lodge.

According to instructions, I presented myself early next morning at the residence of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. It was in the Thiergartenstrasse. Without delay I was shown into his Excellency's room. He was seated at his desk, and while we exchanged a few perfunctory words I permitted myself a moment's brief conjecture.

A Statesman and His Waistcoats

JUDGING from appearances, you would never have taken this portly, rubicund, iron-gray, bushy-browed gentleman for a statesman. But a statesman he was for all that, and the Emperor and Germany miss him sorely. I would have taken him for a Boer Dopper or an English yeoman. This suggestion was sup-

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ported by the The one he had a lurid peach-b But once his steel-gray, deerhound eyes looked you up and down you forgot all about the fancy waistcoat and got right down to business. I told his Excellency I had come for his personal instructions. His first remark was like a dash of cold water in the face.

Atrocious taste in fancy waistcoats. On still sticks in my memory. It was ossom creation, spotted with green.

"Hum," he grunted, "you are rather young, but I suppose they [meaning the Emperor and Von Wedell] know what they are doing."

Besides telling me to "halt my maul" (a German military expression literally meaning keep your mouth shut, but implying the need for utmost secrecy) he gave me certain general instructions. But from them I could gain no idea of just what was going to happen. I could only guess. How big was the gathering storm he never even hinted.

Remembering Von Wedell's suggestion about the hunting party, I procured some guns and reached the station in time to catch the 12.30 express for Schlangenbad.

It was early in October when I went to the Kur Hotel and registered as Herr Bamberger from Berlin. If you ever go to Schlangenbad, look up the register. Schlangenbad is a mineral watering place in Prussia, near the Black Forest, and within easy distance of our ultimate meeting place, the hunting lodge that Von Wedell had mentioned.

The Secret Envoys Gather

I WAS alone at the hotel for several days. Then, traveling incognito, the dignitaries began to drift in. First came the Austrian, General Moritz Ritter von Auffenberg. A distinguished, quiet, unassuming gentleman, he is known to be high in the confidence of Francis-Joseph. I found the War Minister very fond of salmon fishing, and got quite into his good graces by enthusiastic tales of fly fishing in New Zealand.

Admiral von Tirpitz and General von Heeringen came next. The Admiral is typical of the German sailor, a big man, six feet, wide of shoulder, blue-eyed, and full bearded. His manner I found genial and courteous. His exact opposite was Von Heeringen, thin, almost crooked of body, stoop shouldered, unusually taciturn, and possessing deep-sunken, smoldering black eyes. He struck me as an animated mummy of the Rameses dynasty—come to think of it, he much resembles Rameses II.

The exact date of the meeting, as I recall it, was October 12, and the place a shooting lodge, named Ehrenkrug. On the morning of the twelfth I hired a vehicle and, loading provisions, wine, and other necessaries aboard, drove to the lodge, sixteen miles into the forest.

No farmhouse or other human habitation was within a radius of several miles. It was a large stone and brick building, somewhat similar to your colonial style. It had five or six guest rooms, a large general meeting hall, and a morning room. It being the property of the royal family, I found two old pensioners of the Imperial Forest Service in charge. They had a good fire going in the grate, which was welcome, for it was still a little damp and chilly, especially in this wet mountain forest.

Patrolling both ends of the road were a number of gendarmes. They were scattered through the woods, too, forming a cordon through which no one could come. Indeed, they had challenged me. About three o'clock in the afternoon the German and Austrian envoys came out from the hotel, and at a quarter to four (I remember Waechter remarking "They're three-quarters of an hour late!") the chug of a motor announced the others, Lord Haldane and Winston Churchill.

A Group of History Makers

I HAD never happened to meet Haldane before, and I found him the English gentleman personified—polished and reserved. Yet his reserve, tempered by age, blended into a genial mellowness. The usual English arrogance had evidently been subdued by reason of his cosmopolitan knowledge of the world. In speech and action he was a Chesterfield, but in appearance he was not unlike a canon or a bishop, a little ascetic looking, and rather bald.

Quite the other type of Anglo-Saxon, still boyish in looks, high-strung and nervous, erratic in speech and action, just a bit self-conscious, Winston Churchill was the youngest member of this remarkable gathering. I had met him during the Boer War, and as he took off his motoring coat he looked at me closely.

"I believe I've seen you before," he said.

"I met the right honorable gentleman in the Bloemfontein Field Hospital during the war."

"Ah, yes," said Churchill, his face lighting up.

He had had his wound dressed there; his recognition showed his remarkable memory.

After refreshments the envoys immediately adjourned to the big morning room, and I was posted outside to see that no gendarme or forest pensioner came within earshot. I was not present at the beginning of the conference, but after an hour had passed I was summoned. My first impression as I opened the door was of an air of tenseness. It was obvious in the way Churchill was staring across the table at Haldane. It was an ordinary large German oak dining-room table, and in the middle were two big shaded lamps. It was growing dusk, and after lighting the lamps I backed away to a corner of the room. I had a distinct impression of the features of the six men who were making history round that table. There were writing materials, stacks of paper, and documents at every place. Sheets and sheets of paper were covered with their handwriting. Only in front of Von Heeringen were the sheets blank, for he never makes a note on anything, carrying everything in his marvelous memory.



Kiderlen-Waechter and Churchill, squatting down by the fireplace and poking the burning papers with old-fashioned irons

Obviously what were the last words of a speech came from Moritz, the Austrian, as I entered: "And to make this all possible," he was saying, "we must break the Russian Federation in the Balkans."

The Pawns in the Game

FROM his place at the head of the table the iron-gray-haired Kiderlen-Waechter rose slowly. I noticed he wore another of those atrocious vests. Turning on his left he gazed at Churchill and Tirpitz; his careful measuring eyes then met Moritz, an expectant, slightly nervous figure at the other end of the table awaiting the reply to the point he had raised. And Waechter's eyes turned from him to Heeringen, to Haldane; then he spoke. I recall distinctly the import of his remarks.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the point raised by General Moritz must stand, and, of course, it needs the sanction of our respective heads. As Lord Haldane has pointed out, it does complicate matters to some extent. The Balkans concern Austria most; to my way of thinking it is quite within reason to accede this point. [As I write I recall vividly how grave they had all become. They knew what this meant — war in the Balkans.] On all main points," said Kiderlen-Waechter, "we are agreed. As indicated by his Imperial Majesty, the primary reason of our meeting is to come to a tacit understanding in regard to technical details. This we have done. It is unfortunate, however, that this possible phase, the Balkan point, has not been gone into before. I suggest that we adjourn, to inform our respective Governments of this point. If necessary, we will meet again on Wednesday."

Destroying the Evidence

THIS second meeting, by the way, was not necessary, all the Governments represented agreeing with Austria.

As Kiderlen-Waechter sat down, Haldane audibly concurred, the others merely nodding. Apparently the conference was at an end. But what had they accomplished? From the general tenor of their conversation it was obvious that they all agreed. But what were the terms of their bargain? Presently I was to know.

"Bamberger," said Kiderlen-Waechter, addressing me by the name I had taken, "gather up any pieces of paper on the table and consign them to the fire."

I replied: "Yes, sir." Then turning to the others, he continued:

"Gentlemen, select the memoranda you wish to keep. The rest is going to be destroyed immediately."

Reading between the Lines

WHILE they ran over their papers, saving necessary scraps, I stood back from the table. It was characteristic of the men that Winston Churchill should have taken the most voluminous notes, while Heeringen had not put down a line. I then gathered up every scrap of paper left on the table—blotters, little note pads, foolscap—used or unused. Everything was to go into the fire.

I went about this slowly and deliberately, taking care to glance at everything before I carried it over to the grate. I wanted to make sure that nothing of value was destroyed. Here and there came a good chance to read some of the contents. Piece by piece from the memoranda the different men had made, always being careful not to confuse individual notes, thus learning one by one their train of thought, the thing began to piece itself together for me. There were extensive notes on army and navy matters. Churchill, for instance, had carefully noted the full strength that Austria and Germany could muster in case of war. Kiderlen-Waechter had recorded the full strength of England and Austria as given by Churchill and Moritz. So had Moritz taken down German and English statistics. Obviously it was a triangular alliance, each noting to what extent dependence could be placed upon the other. Then there were data on the French and Russian armies and navies. The significance of that was (*Continued on page* 28)



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The Lynching of the Night Marshal

By C. Hilton-Turvey

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ORDINARILY the Santa Fe train compasses its schedule with all the accuracy of the sun passing the Greenwich line. You might set your watch by its arrival and departure. To every rule, however, comes its exception. The eastbound was already two minutes late when the westbound stopped with a sigh before the small mid-continental station labeled Eagle City.

Half a dozen vestibuled doors flew open as at a magic word. White-coated porters dropped to the platform like active spiders descending on a thread. After them came, more deliberately, passengers who hoped to find a moment's surcease from the constricted space of the train—the miles upon miles of khaki-colored scenery which prevails in August on the plains.

They were people of the cities—many of that restless, buzzing hive we call New York: professional men, financiers, who even in transit kept an eye on the market; middle-aged women, puffed with opulence and the perpetual feast; pretty young girls; rich men's sons.

The young people might have been bound for the tennis court as they stepped out on the platform, middy blouses hobnobbing with white flannels. They strolled down to wonder at the great sundials that mark central and mountain time—clocks with the earth for a face, an overhanging beam for the single hand, and the figures outlined with white cobblestones.

Some curious ones found a momentary interest in peering through the back window of the boxlike station at a man who lay inside with bandaged head. He seemed indifferent to their scrutiny, but from time to time he raised himself upon his elbow and gazed fearfully at the closed door that separated the front room from the back.

THE topiofftical name Eagle City came in for some good-natured jeering as well as the settlement itself. The houses huddled together on the sun-baked plain as if in mutual defense against the flat, horizon-wide loneliness of the place—homes without a hint of green—a patch of garden.

While the passengers meandered up and down the platform awaiting the arrival of the delinquent train there was a sudden stir in the crowd about the sundials. Men came marching in a sort of rude order—three or four abreast. Upon them was a certain authority—a signification of the seriousness of their errand, whatever it was. So might men go for the redress of a grievance, the furtherance of a project near to heart. Rough plainsmen they were, with dark, lean faces sun-baked into grim masks as unchanging as their own dun-colored prairies. Here and there a bright bandanna fluttered at a stringy throat—an audacious note of color in the somber procession. The dust of the plains covered them like the bloom on a grape, from their high boots to their broad-brimmed hats.

The crowd made ready way for them.

"The rubes are blowing in to see the sights," one man remarked, his arms thrust upward in an expansive yawn. But these grimly silent men looked neither to the right nor to the left. They assembled themselves close-packed in front of the little station like bees swarming on a branch.

HOW does tension make itself felt in a crowd? Does it follow a wireless trail from one mind to the next? Does it creep like fire along the ground of men's minds till a great flame rises—till all are aware? Soon everyone on and off the train knew that even in so unlikely a place as Eagle City *something was about to happen.*

A jaunty young man in white flannels tapped a plainsman on the shoulder. "Say," he observed genially, with a wave of his hand at the close-packed crowd, "this isn't the annual picnic of the Eagle City Sunday School, is it?"

"No," answered the plainsman curtly. "This here is a lynching bee."

The conductor stood near the engine, watch in hand. He looked anxious. He was impatient to be off. Far off on the dun-colored plain a puff of smoke rose—a gray feather trailed after it on the brassy shield of the sky. The eastbound train was hurling itself along at a sixty-mile speed making up for its ten-minute tardiness.

A ponderous old gentleman let himself down from the train and hurried toward the conductor with an air of interest, his reading glasses pushed up to where his bald spot began.

"Is it true there is some violence on hand?" he puffed, shading his eyes from the hot sun with the newspaper he held.

The conductor nodded. "They're lynching the night marshal."

"The night marshal?" repeated the old gentleman. "Some sort of town policeman, I suppose. What was the provocation?"

"He beat up an old man—a stranger in town, I believe."

"Dear me!" the old gentleman exclaimed aghast. "Where's the marshal now?"

The conductor smiled at his consternation. "The marshal has locked himself in the ticket office. He asked a few minutes' grace to make his will and they gave it to him. When he is through they'll give him a chance to leave town, either by my train or the eastbound one. If he refuses—"

The official shrugged his shoulders and, turning, pointed significantly to a telegraph pole. A rope swung ominously there, its noose just above the heads of the crowd.

"Good God!" burst out the old gentleman, scuttling away in haste. "I must keep my wife from a sight of this!"

The conductor followed. "It's all right," he reassured him. "They've promised not to lynch the marshal till the train pulls out."

A blue-jeaned figure climbed up the pole. A hammer stuck out of his hip pocket.

The crowd watched curiously while he tested the strength of the crosspiece. The sound of his hammer rang out over the silence like the stroke of doom.

The porters hustled the women passengers aboard the train. An elderly lady sank down in a faint and was borne limp and unconscious up the nearest steps. Several others yielded to hysteria. The young girls appeared rather to enjoy the prospect of a new sensation. They clustered at the steps and exchanged excited comment, not always inaudible.

A lock clicked sharply. The station door swung open. A man stood on the threshold.

THE mob surged forward. Something between a sigh and a groan burst from them.

Some one reached in and dragged a chair from the office. A man sprang upon it and began to harangue the crowd.

"Friends an' fellow citizens," he began. "Our late town marshal, known to you all as Jim Gordon, is about to git what's comin' to him fur beatin' up a stranger—a visitor to Eagle City. We've giv' him his choice and he 'lows he'd rather swing at the end of a rope than to leave our beloved city. Which choice," the speaker went on approvingly, "does Jim Gordon credit—I will say that fur 'im—an' hopin' we'll all make the same choice when our own turn comes."

The crowd shifted on its feet.

The ringleader was quick to sense disapproval. He changed the subject.

"Now it ain't," he declared judicially—

"I ain't one to snivel fur mercy." He pointed to the rope swinging greedily over their heads. "I reckon ye didn't put that contraption there fur nawthin'"



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the man was older than him—the was a visitor to Eagle City. Now a notion to the place. What 'ud

"S, shh, because point is this: We s'pose he'd took happen?"

The speaker paused impressively, then answered his own question: "Why, he'd git all his friends ter come settle here."

"That's so!" assented a deep voice in the crowd.

"An' then what 'ud happen?" demanded the speaker, warming up. "Why, just give us a few trainloads o' strangers an' our beloved city 'ud boom clear up ter the sky. An' every mother's son of us 'ud find his property gittin' ter be worth somethin'—which it ain't now," he added under his breath.

"Every man here is proud of our beautiful town," he declared stoutly, raising his voice and glancing toward the train steps crowded with passengers. So we must—"

The eastbound train thundered in. His voice was drowned in the ringing of its bell, the whine of its brakes. One could see by his fiery gestures and the effect on the listeners that he had roused them to a sort of fury. Presently he stepped down.

A LEAN figure took his place—a man habited as were the rest, in a shirt open at the throat, trousers tucked into high boots. A ragged gash in his shirt over the left breast suggested that something—a badge of office, perhaps—had been removed forcibly and with undue haste. His cheek bones were as high as an Indian's. Deep lines crossed his face from nose to mouth corners. Through the brown of his face the beard cropped, blue-black. His eyes smoldered like live coals in a cave, as with the heat of passion not yet past. It was the night marshal.

He began to speak hastily, as a man who knows his time is short and determines to make the most of it.

The mob surged toward him with a roar.

"String him up!"

"Knock him down!"

"Let him speak!"

"Shut his mouth!"

The chair was overturned in the struggle and smashed into kindlings.

The division of feeling found vent in several hand-to-hand fights in the crowd. Guns were pulled out. The night marshal was forgotten for the moment. The mob was at half cock—poised on a hair trigger—ready for violence toward anyone who opposed it.

The previous speaker dived through the doorway—caught up a soap box—mounted it, yelling like a fiend one sentence over and over. (*Continued on page 30*)

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter IV—The Publicity Game



By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AFTER Miss Cryder had begun coming to the "Little Pink Shop," she and madame had struck up one of those desultory friendships founded on the perception on each side that the other woman might some time be useful.

And now at last Julia Cryder began to play an active part and justified the foresight that had kept her handy. My aunt sent for her and the fiat went forth: "Let there be literature," and Miss Cryder at once set about creating it to order at so much per creation.

Up to then madame had produced what we carried, and it hadn't been altogether satisfactory; but never had it seemed so trivial, so inadequate to the magnitude of our business as under the critical professional eye of little Cryder. She had a prevailing sort of way about her, like a knowing hawk pouncing on the common facts of life from on high. I could see that my aunt was uneasy now that she'd come to the point of ordering, and floundered through a rather vague description of what she wanted and didn't want, interspersed with sudden breaks. "But you know how to get up that part without me going into it—I don't pretend to be lit'ry—you do what's right—tell a good story and put in a lot of facts."

"But, Mme. Del Mar, I've got to have one or two of those facts to put in about the preparations—this tint, for instance—how it's made and what it has in it—something to 'tie it to the ground,' as we say in literature," protested Miss Cryder.

MADAME handed her an unstoppered bottle of the tint. "Looka that — smella that — temme whatcha think."

"Roses?" sniffed Miss Cryder; then viewing the bottle against the light and repeating, "Yes, roses," after a second sniff.

"Essence of rose petals," corrected madame.

"Doesn't that come from Persia?"

"We import it from there."

"Persian gardens! How lovely!" Miss Cryder enthused suddenly. "I see the story now! Persian gardens—roses of a special variety—cultivated by one prince—variety bred for centuries until they yield this perfect color—peculiar climatic conditions—secret methods of growing—"

"Wait," commanded madame. "Lucy, get your book and take this down while she talks it."

. . .

I saw dismay strike Miss Cryder's little peaked face like a blight—she knew the woman she was dealing with, but she had the pluck to object, though in guarded language, explaining that she would have to read up on Persian gardens and varieties of roses—for which I respected both her acumen and her position in the matter, and, feeling sorry for her, I sat still.

Her full explanation of the preliminary work required for a good story convinced madame once for all that she could not catch this sort of literature on the wing and serve it herself, which I feel sure she'd meant to do and save her twenty-five dollars, and prepared her for Miss Cryder's "There must be a handsome picture to accompany it—palace and gardens—something suggesting wealth and exclusiveness—"

(Madame's eyes fairly lapped up those two words and she featured them later for the common herd: "Those who desire the preparations of wealth and exclusiveness," etc.)

"—Not merely the beautiful but the recherché—an Old World touch—glamour—mystery. You'll have to get a real artist to do that properly—"

"Where do you get one?"

Miss Cryder hesitated, and I saw she was keeping down a smile and was just a trifle taken aback by all the question implied; but she managed to bring out with a serious face: "Well, Mme. Del Mar, I shall have to do a little looking round and asking—most of the good artists have orders ahead, you know. But I do know one young man who's traveled in Persia—he could do it—if—he'd consent to—ah—undertake it. It's possible he might as a—favor to me."

"How much'll it cost?" demanded madame.

MISS CRYDER hesitated again—she'd had no tips from Miss Beekman on the matter of illustrations as she'd had on her share of the work and what she might expect, and she felt a sudden financial chill in the atmosphere. Madame picked a crumb of chocolate éclair from the Irish lace on her bosom and repeated: "How much will it cost?" in an aggressive tone.

"I think—I might be able to get the picture for—er—a—er—hundred dollars," Miss Cryder brought out with a now-I've-done-it expression and looked appealingly at me.

Madame ate the crumb she'd retrieved from her bosom and gave the verdict: "Offer him fifty. Tell him he can do it after hours, so it's the same as him finding money. And tell him I want those roses *red*—bright red—he needn't to save his paint on them; I want none of these fade-away pastel colors—these purply shades you're seeing on all the hats now—but color you can see a mile. And tell him I want them big as cabbages—they gotta look healthy—gotta prove that Nature Tint could have been made out of them. They gotta talk my goods—that's what I'm paying him for—talk with paint—is that clear?"

Like many a greater than he, the young man decided that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush and accepted the offer, adding a large conspicuous signature which madame would have had removed had not Miss Cryder convinced her it enhanced the value of the picture; so madame put a two-hundred-dollar frame around her Persian Garden with a plate, "Owned by Mme. Del Mar," and exhibited the whole, after reproduction, at a Fifth Avenue gallery, paying for window space. But think of her diabolical luck!—the artist is famous to-day on two continents for his



Persian pictures, and his Rose Garden is now one of the art treasures of madame's salon, where she exhibits it to her friends, proudly telling how she "bought it for fifty when it was new and has refused that dealer's offer of two thousand for it without the frame."

Thus was a New Jersey beet patch transformed into a Persian garden; thus fate and luck and a withered little sob sister prepared the way for the next expansion that carried my aunt to the fringe of the great social world.

With a competent servitor like Miss Beekman attending to the parlors, and a blood relation whom she could absolutely trust supervising the establishment and manufacturing the secret "standard" preparations, my aunt was now free to throw herself upon the outside trade of the world at large, demonstrating and placing "our specialties" not only in New York, but in a string of cities between Boston and Washington; and at the same time she was gathering and training a staff of demonstrators for the smaller cities.

I knew little or nothing of these activities. To be frank, she had become alien to me and our little home; she'd begun to seem "madame" to us—a woman of another world than ours. She dressed extravagantly, always said "gown"—had bought herself a three-thousand-dollar diamond ring; and patronized the most expensive hotels wherever she traveled. She was away often two or three weeks at a time, "and never at home when she was home," as my grandmother said; so I can say very little more of the intimate details of my aunt's life than that the money was now pouring in and she was bailing it out by the bucketful.

But she was going through a period of awakening that ended in her seeing the city in its larger aspects and herself as a power—she was now dipping into its social life—the public life, of course, with its purchasable joy, its glitter of jewels and clothes, its gleam of white shirt fronts and patent leathers, open to all who could pay the price.

SHE could now. She had the clothes and the jewels. She knew how delicately to invite an escort who hadn't the money to invite her—it was "on the business." Evening after evening she would rush home to dress, but at what time she came home to bed I never knew—I was too dead to the world to hear her latchkey and her muffled steps as she tiptoed to her room. We were witnessing the transformation of a commercial beet into a social rose.

While my aunt grew more expansive, I had grown more retiring and reserved, partly because as she took larger and larger risks my responsibilities kept pace. I was a cross between a brewery Percheron and Good Old Rover. But there were other reasons. I saw Miss Beekman kotowing and currying favor with madame; I saw the others kotowing and currying favor with Miss Beekman, and from that I naturally saw their friendly advances to me as currying favor and ko-

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towing still, and my sensitive dignity shrank, repelling the advances—I wanted to be liked for myself, not because I was my aunt's niece and a power behind the throne—or supposed to be; and I fear I ended by getting myself disliked for just that reason.

One day about closing time one of the younger operators, seeing me listing stock for the expert accountant who still certified the books, and so tired I could hardly stand, came up bashfully and suggested:

"Oh, Miss Lucy, you do look so worn out—all sort of frazzled. There's nobody in my chair now. Come sit down and let me give you a facial—you don't know how it'll rest you."

I saw her kindness, alas, as a piece of Beekmanism, thanked her coldly, saying I hadn't time for luxuries, and presently heard her from behind the curtains of a booth telling another operator that I was too stuck-up to have anything to do with the girls because I was the boss's niece. I was mortified enough to cry, but before I'd thought how to explain my refusal away the girls were gone.

WHAT funny results such trifles have sometimes! Next day I was still listing stock when M. Perriot ambled up. He'd always been rather gallant—was so to all the ladies who came his way, so I'd never taken it personally. Now he was in deep despair about a Mrs. Somebody's transformation—she declared it didn't match her hair, though made from her own combings—that a cheap hair had been substituted for hers and she refused to accept it and pay—a common trick with a certain class of women when they find themselves suddenly short of money.

"She says zat I—I—I—M. Perriot—ze premier coiffure artist of New York—substitute for her so beautiful combings ze pigtail of a Chinaman in order zat I keep her so beautiful transformation to sell to somebody else—mon Dieu!" he wailed, frightfully outraged at the accusation and the slur on his artistic conscience.

"Don't worry about her—she's not worth it," I advised. "I'll drop her a note to-night and ask her to step in some morning and examine her transformation by sunlight—she'll recognize it if we find her an excuse. I'll tell her we'll hold it thirty days for her and then sell it for costs. She'll very likely have the money by then."

She was a stockbroker's wife, putting up appearances on nothing certain a year. I'd begun to know the breed by then.

LITTLE monsieur was delighted—said I showed the same amazing ability in dealing with a customer as did my so estimable aunt—gave me a great deal of pretty French flattery, and then demanded why I did not make more of myself. "Ah, Mees Lucy, sit down in my chair and let me show you how beautiful you can be!"

Warped by the result of my cold refusal of the facial, I sat down and for the first time in my life let somebody do me up until I didn't know who it was when I looked in the glass and thought myself a perfect fright. But monsieur was so enchanted at the results of his handiwork that he warmed to me, and then and there began a kind of friendship between us. I came to feel him a comfort; and in the end it was he who—for my sake—ran to earth Miss Beekman's plot to steal the business.

SHE was now manager of the parlors—a position she'd demanded and received without increase of salary.

"Get results, Henrietta, get results—show what you're worth to the box office as manager," commanded madame when she bestowed the grand title, and winked up her sleeve at the same time. She communicated to me after the woman had gone back to the parlors: "Old Beekman's been figgering out for some time how she could stick me for a raise. Now I've put her where she can't! Take her about six months to show results enough as manager to let her risk it. If she had the business sense of a barnyard hen, she'd have stuck me for the raise first and the position afterward—and gottem both! Now you watch her work to prove her worth under the name!"



To hear his "Ah mademoiselle—c'est vous!" and see his smiling bow, no matter who was in his chair, you'd have thought I must be a countess to say the least

MY AUNT regarded it as a great joke on Beekman and a clever bit of insight in herself to see how, by granting one desire first, she'd made the request for the other temporarily impossible and saved a couple of hundred on wages, which she'd expected to have to pay, for the woman was worth another five.

However, events showed Beekman less a fool than my aunt thought. Beekman was not without her eye to the main chance and took her new title as seriously as a knighthood. There were now two managers to the establishment, and though I continued my general supervision in my aunt's absence, gliding out of my den every two hours and leaving my everlasting messing with grease and pink dye to have a look around and see that everything was moving smoothly, Miss Beekman now rather openly resented these visits to her domain because, she said, it "was the spying of one equal on another," and she considered it far worse than what I'd done before.

To make up for her hostility, obvious enough by this time, M. Perriot was more than cordial—he was deferential, and more so to me than to madame herself—and to hear his, "Ah, mademoiselle—c'est vous!" and see his smiling bow, no matter who was in his chair, you'd have thought I must be a countess to say the least.

BUT nothing escaped Miss Beekman's furtive eye, and even this innocent friendship (that never went farther socially than an occasional lunch together in a restaurant of the marble-topped table class) soon roused the green-eyed monster in the breast of my fellow manager. She took it out on the poor little Frenchman. She'd have dismissed him had she dared—as manager she now did all the hiring and firing—but M. Perriot was our one celebrity. Had he not taken a gold medal at Paris and was he not recognized as a man who created heads? But he was a sharp business man as well—he had many customers who, with curling lips, declined to patronize other chairs in the establishment. These ladies had their own private masseurs at their houses, but—since the mountain refused to go to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain and paid well for the privilege of sitting in his chair.

But it was more than celebrity that held his trade; he not only performed a work of art, but one that would last a week, with care—an important consideration to many a woman keeping up New York appearances. After securing her to her hair with sixty pins, he taught her how to tie on a veil that should preserve the creation while she slept; and she loved him for his thoughtful regard and freedom from the grasping spirit of America—and, of course, came twice as often as she would have done for an ordinary coiffure that wouldn't last a week.

I think Miss Beekman knew if it came to a showdown she'd be the one fired, but pique and jealousy at last got the better of her prudence. The pricks and stings, the wounds to respect that such a woman can inflict in daily intercourse, are innumerable, and she accomplishes this in a way to make your own resentment seem to lower you to her level.

SO MONSIEUR bore her petty demands for accountings in such matters as towels, her sneers and furtive glances until one day when she promised a Mrs. Vanderwater—a "society leader" whom madame had struck up quite a friendship with—an immediate hair dressing, though two of his regulars were ahead of her, and marched her lady up, ordering him to do her next and let the others wait.

He flared at that. "I do her in her turn—not sooner."

"Well, it's Mrs. Vanderwater—I've promised her and she's in a hurry—she's got to catch a train."

"I'm going for a train, and I've been here nearly an hour," spoke up one of his ladies.

Monsieur motioned her to a chair and shot a few arrows out of his eyes at Miss Beekman, which she returned with a few daggers from hers. Mrs. V. with a cool, "Then of course—" stalked away.

Monsieur looked over his shoulder as the door slammed and delivered a few more arrows, which Miss Beekman cherished in her bosom till closing time, and then surged up and demanded an apology for the way he looked at her.

He bowed and demanded an apology for the way she looked at him.

"Me! Apologize to a *man!*" she snorted.

"Not to a man, but to an artist—wis a conscience," he corrected.

"I think I see myself!" she told him.

"Zen I remain away till you do—I come not here to be insult'," said he, and put on his hat and walked out.

SHE didn't take him seriously—she was far too accustomed to swallowing insults herself for the sake of her pay envelope to believe in the artistic temperament to that extent; but when ten o'clock came next morning and no monsieur—Saturday, with the matinée rush beginning—she worried; by eleven she was in a fright; by noon she came tearing down to the laboratory calling me to "open quick" and then told me her version of the tale of woe.

I advised her to apologize by messenger as the shortest way out of it and she turned away in scorn.

But by four o'clock, with the Saturday dinner crowd on, she was in a panic—twenty customers had come and gone in disgust—and she all but wept on my shoulder: "Oh, what will the madame say? She'll blame me—a woman always blames (*Continued on page* 35)





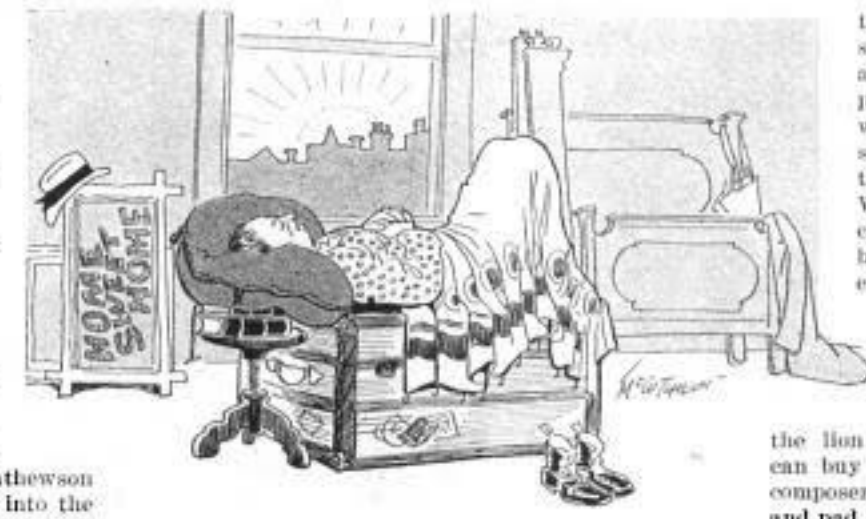
He flared at that. "I do her in her turn—not sooner." "Well, it's Mrs. Vanderwater—I've promised her and she's in a hurry—she's got to catch a train"

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Rotsam and Jestsam

Housecleaning

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
The patient herds fight dumbly for a strap.
The car ejects a worn and weary chap.
Who hastens home to hit the waiting hay.
He smiles at thought of rest. His eager way
Into the hall he takes; and in the dark
The china closet falls upon its prey
And many a chair and table leave their mark.
Lost in a chaos, drear and chill and dark,
He hunts a crust and curls in sad distress
Upon a trunk to sleep and, with the lark,
To rise and beat the rugs; for cleanliness
Is next to godliness—though, strange to tell,
It sometimes seems to get there via hell.



By George Fitch
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

The Venerable Mathewson

DURING the last few days Christy Mathewson has moved out from winter quarters into the sporting columns again and has become a hero to every American who believes that business should not be allowed to interfere with baseball.

Mathewson is now an aged man and has only a short time to live—in the sporting headlines. Within a very few years he will pass away into the historical section of the baseball guide and will have to begin a business career. This is one reason why he is so deeply venerated. Years after the ordinary hypnotizer of the unemotional baseball has slid out of the big league down into the bush towns, Mathewson has toiled on, pitching better ball than ever. Year after year, while his obituary has rested on the make-up stone of the baseball section, he has tottered out and held down some world-championship team to two or three hits. And now, in the twilight of his career, when he will probably never see thirty-five again, he is still the corner pillar of the New York Giants and has to do the heavy work whenever the high-priced youngsters blow up with distressing reports and peddle pies instead of inshoots.



Mathewson was originally a college dude from Bucknell University and created great laughter among the giants of the profession when he broke into the big league many years ago. At that time the custom of mixing muscle with various invigorating liquors was in great vogue, but Mathewson substituted brains for alcohol, and the experiment was a success. His educated inshoot has been one of the most widely sought-for balls, but very few players are able to locate it with any success. Frequently Mathewson will pitch a nice new ball all through a game and turn it in at the end with only two or three swat marks on it.

Mathewson is large and good-looking, but is not as flexible as some pitchers. When delivering the ball he does not wind his left leg around his waist and look frivolously into his hip pocket. Instead he gazes earnestly into his opponent's think repository and then feeds him a projectile about four feet from where he was expecting it. Mathewson would have made a great reactionary statesman. He is an expert at giving people exactly what they don't want.

It Has Happened Already

MR. TAFT, who led the Republican party into its present unwatered and dismal Sahara, was in Chicago recently, and while there expressed great concern over the railroad situation. "If they don't leave the railroads alone in New England I don't know what will happen," he declared.

Still, on this subject we have the benefit of past experience. They left the railroads alone in New England for many years and we know what did happen.

The Tango Year

THE winter of 1913-14 will live in history chiefly because of the tango, which grew from a few sporadic and neglected cases of the preceding years to an infection which swept the country like the famous influenza epidemic of the nineties.

The old dances preyed chiefly upon the young. The tango spares neither young nor old. Decrepit ruins who have decorated the side lines at dancing parties for forty years have trotted themselves young this winter, and the young Congressman who left his district in a blaze of glory in the spring of 1913 to serve his country for the first time discovered on his return for Christmas that his people had forgotten him in their enthusiasm over the young college junior who had returned for the holidays with seventeen variations of the grapevine and a brand-new dance called "The Alley Slink."

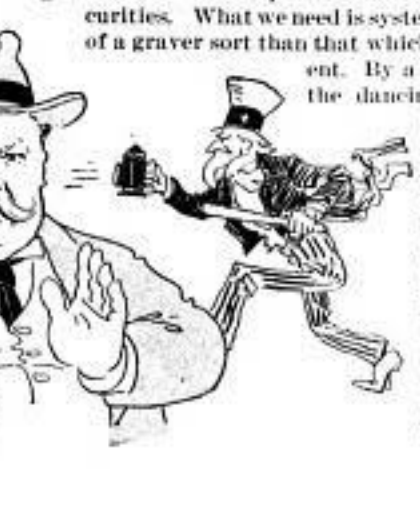


There are many who believe that the nation will convalesce from the tango in a short time. Meanwhile horrid complications have made the life of the casual and uneducated tangoist or tangolier—whatever he is—a wilderness of vexation and disappointment. Day after day he labors up and down the floor in the grip of a teacher gasping, "One-two-three-four—*dip*." "One-two-three-four—*grapevine*," and learning, as painfully as he ever memorized logarithms, the new dances.

Night after night he goes out in public to perform, only to find that the partners he selects have learned an entirely different set of steps. Dances in America this winter have consisted mainly of foundered and distressed couples standing in the middle of a ballroom floor explaining to each other the Denver, New York, Chicago, or Columbus (Ohio) system of clutches, speeds, loops, reverses, and skids.

No one has benefited from the present chaos but the dancing teachers, who are getting $10 an hour for adding new dances to the present mass of undigested insecurities. What we need is system to avoid insanity of a graver sort than that which afflicts us at present. By a very simple device the dancing teacher can be eliminated and harmony brought out of the present muddle. If we must have the tango, let us standardize our gyrations and reduce them to signs and symbols. Let one sign represent the dip, another the grapevine, a third the trot, and others the kick, the slide, the scramble, and the clinch. Let these signs, with appropriate beats and counts, be reduced to a printed page—about the size of the page from which a cornetist can blow two miles of quickstep. Then let a simple holder be devised so that when a couple essays to dance the "Waco Wabble" or the "Cincinnati Clamber" the man can hang up the notes for the same where both he and his partner can see them—on his left elbow possibly.

By this means new dances can be copyrighted and sold by the million for forty cents apiece, as sheet music is to-day, and the dancer who goes to a ball with a suit case full of the latest hoof harmonies will be the lion of the occasion. The tired business man can buy his skill in sheet form, and eminent young composers will gyrate solemnly by themselves, pencil and pad in hand, while publication agents wait breathlessly without for their chance to seize the new masterpiece and hurl it, damp from the press, to all the corners of the world. It is really a shame to let this idea slip without first patenting it.



Where Chicago Is Drifting

IN CHICAGO, world-famous for pigs, population, and prairies, indications point to a very busy year.

After a severe struggle the Pennsylvania Railroad seems to have consented to plant its new $50,000,000 station where the advocates of the city beautiful have located it on their magnificent pink-and-blue plans. Another quarter of a mile of lake is to be appropriated and made into a park. Twelfth Street is to be made into a boulevard. A $4,000,000 museum is to be erected. The Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln, possibly the finest piece of American sculpture, is to be planted at last with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. Lorado Taft will make great progress in the job of decorating the city with the $1,000,000 worth of statuary provided by the Furgeson fund. The Chicago Grand Opera Company will be enlarged to take care of the surplus receipts. The Cliff Dwellers Club, composed of artists, authors, and those who swear by them, is being compelled to raise its membership limit. Another four acres of buildings are to be added to Chicago University; and the last annual report shows five times as many visitors to the Art Institute as there were to the British Museum during the same time.



Presumably more pigs will perish this year in Chicago than ever before, and Chicago business men will keep on becoming millionaires in the old, impetuous way. But those scornful cities whose architectural and artistic glories are getting a little bit threadbare and season-cracked will do well to watch Chicago more and talk about her less. More strangers are visiting Hull House than are going through the stockyards, and the men and women of her most exclusive society paraded to the polls early in April, arm in arm, in the interests of the municipal ownership of aldermen.

First Aid to Worst Golfers—Putting

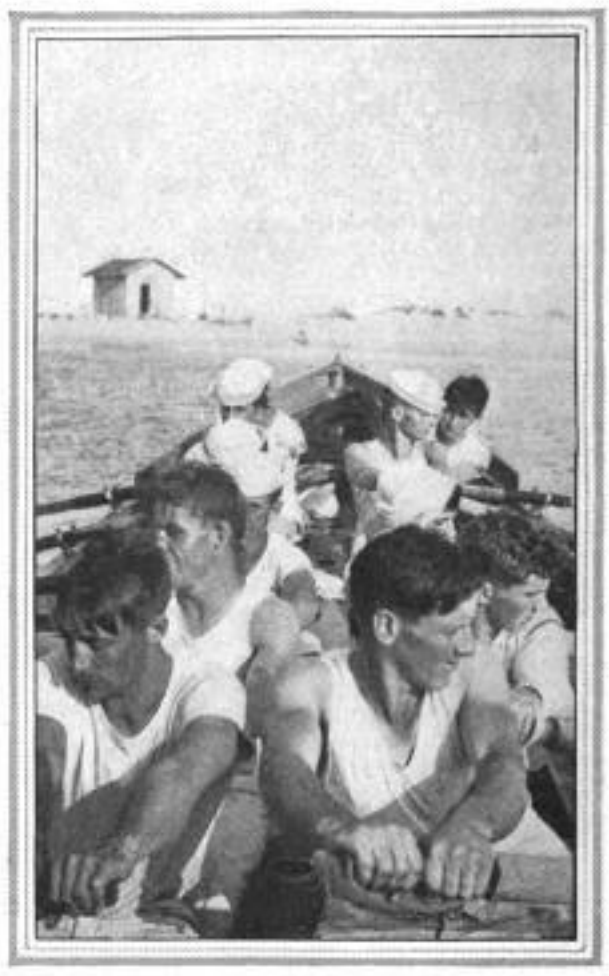
PUTTING is at times a genius and at other times a justification for homicide. There are days when the worst dub can put a golf ball into an undersized tomato can at twenty paces with one putt. There are other days when he could throw a camel through a needle's eye by the offhand leg with more accuracy and success.

The great thing about putting is to restrain the temper. Few people realize this. They foolishly imagine that the chief object of the game is to put the ball in the cup. After they have put it in they reach down, painfully, and fish it out, perfectly satisfied. It is a childish trick. Still, it will do a man no harm if he does not get childish over it. The man who wears out a perfectly good disposition putting and goes home in a frame of mind which makes the children slide hastily under the table when he speaks to them at dinner ought to have his putter amputated from his frenzied clasp by process of law. He doesn't understand the game at all.

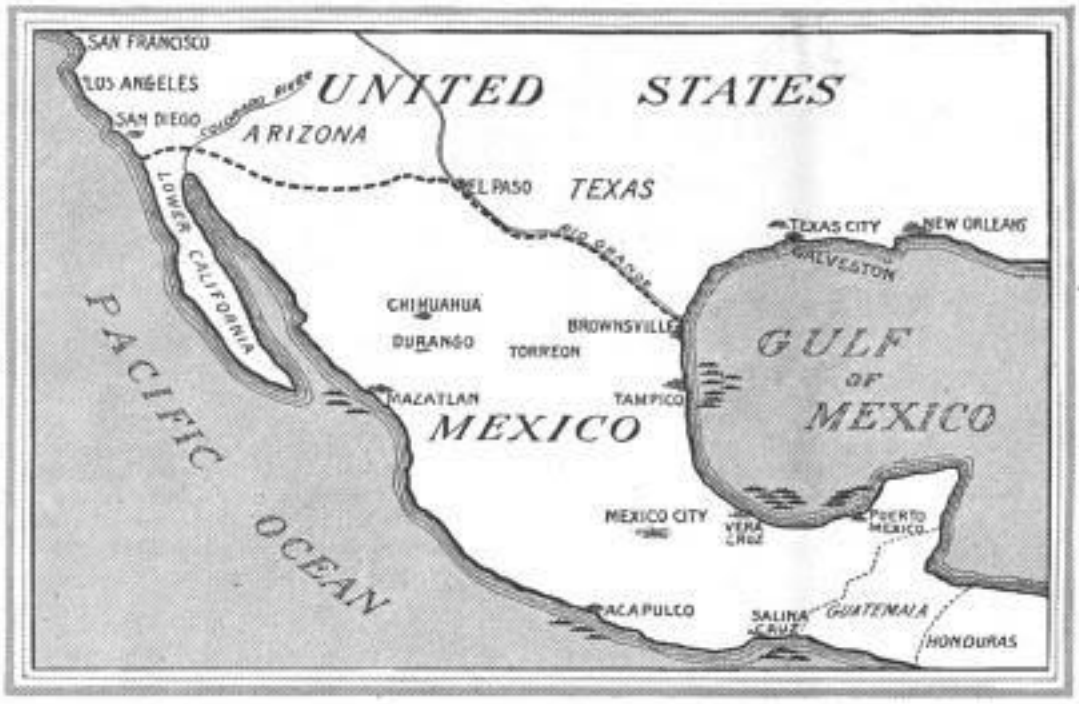
The dub can triumph at putting where the expert will fall down miserably. (*Concluded on page* 29)

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Above: American sailors on a battleship watching the departure of the Mexican Federal gunboat Vera Cruz from Vera Cruz harbor. At the right: bluejackets rowing to an island playground near the city



The six principal Mexican ports — Mazatlan, Acapulco, and Salina Cruz on the west, and Tampico, Vera Cruz, and Puerto Mexico on the east — and Texas City, the American base of army and navy supplies

The Growl of Our Navy in Mexican Waters

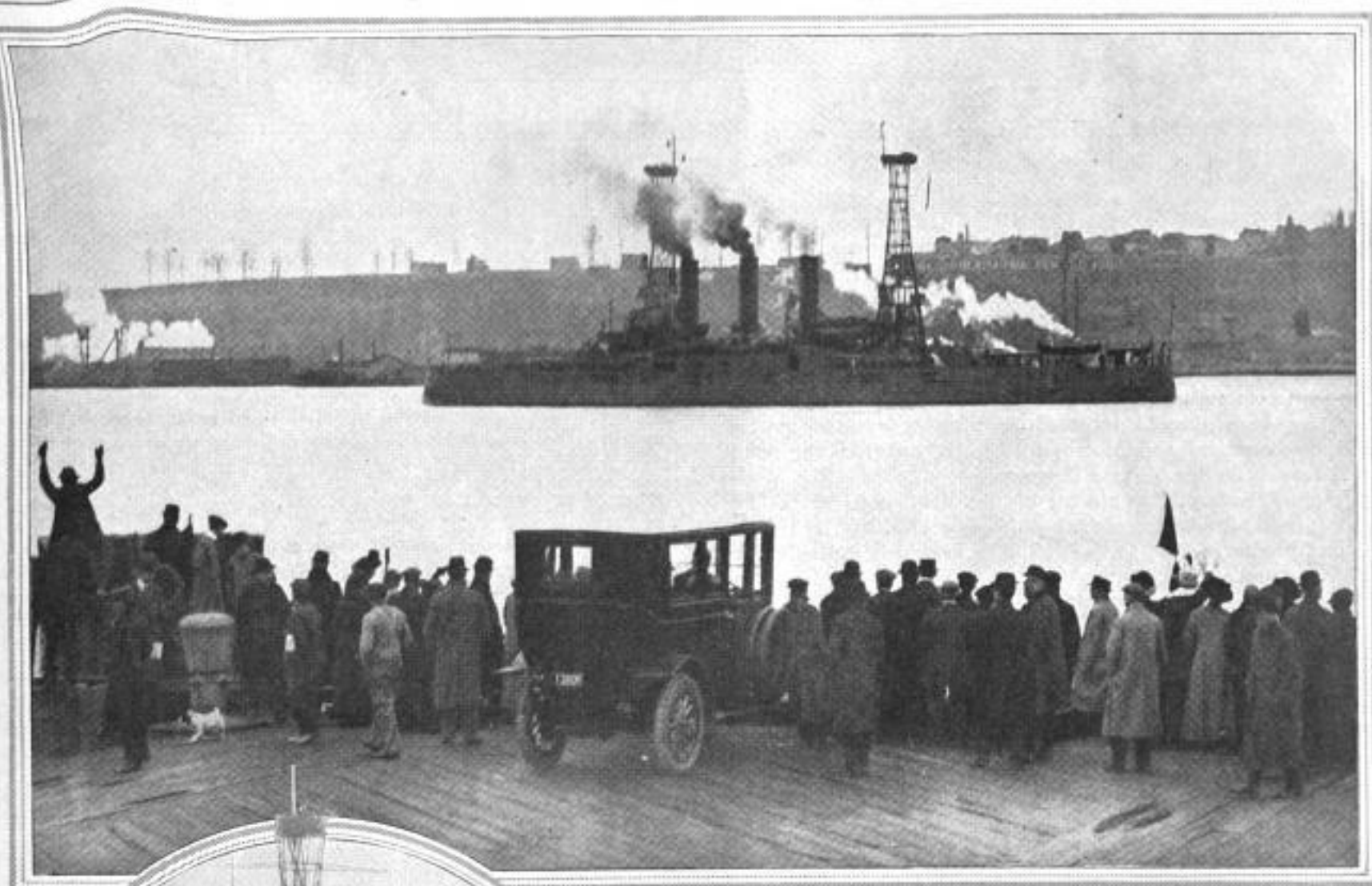
THE story of the hurried assembling of American warships at the chief seaports of Mexico, following the unwarranted arrest of bluejackets by Huerta's men at Tampico, is told pictorially on this and the opposite page. It is a record of quick action on the part of the officers in command of the battleships in North Atlantic waters. It is also the story of the first vigorous demonstration made by the Wilson Administration in connection with Mexican offenses against American citizens and property.



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Marines boarding a transport for Tampico. Thirteen hundred were taken south by Rear Admiral Badger, and there were 1,200 already at Vera Cruz and Tampico, making an emergency landing force of 2,500. With the protection of the warships in the harbors, that number of marines could hold the two cities indefinitely

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The Louisiana, with James H. Hare, our war photographer, on board, steaming down the North River at New York on her way to join the big fleet of battleships, cruisers, and gunboats ordered to assemble under Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger at seaports on the east coast of Mexico. She got away on April 16, a day later than most of the ships in northern waters



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The battleship Michigan leaving League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia for Tampico with Arthur Ruhl, one of our special correspondents, on board. The gunboat Tacoma, sailing from Boston, carried James B. Connolly, another of our correspondents. The battleships Arkansas, Vermont, New Jersey, and New Hampshire sailed from Hampton Roads, Va., at the same time, and the South Carolina was intercepted on her way from Haiti. Four dreadnoughts were already at Mexican ports



A view of the water front at Tampico, where Rear Admiral Mayo's demand that the Mexicans salute the American flag was refused by General Zaragoza, commander of the port



The outer harbor at Vera Cruz, with the fortified castle of San Juan de Ulloa in the foreground and European warships at the right. The city is the chief port of the Mexican Republic, being the terminal for the National Railways of Mexico, the Tehuantepec, the Vera Cruz, and the Vera Cruz and Isthmus lines

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COLLIER'S

On the Brink of War

THOUGH THE TAMPICO INCIDENT IS, judged from one point of view, trifling and wholly inadequate as a cause for war between two nations, it occurs as the culmination of a series of nagging and deliberate insults. As these lines are written American warships are speeding to both coasts of Mexico, and a blockade of Mexican ports is prepared. What the issue will be we are in no mood to prophesy, but this much may be said, that Americans generally seem united in supporting the Government in whatever steps may be required to place our prestige on firm ground throughout the Americas and to repair losses incurred as the result of a flaccid foreign policy. From the moment he entered the White House, President WILSON's treatment of the Mexican situation has been based upon the highest personal ethics, governed by the best intentions—and predestined to failure. The error which causes us the present alarums and excursions, and may cost blood and treasure too, has been one of misunderstanding the Mexican temperament and the actual conditions. Hating intervention above all things, Mr. WILSON adopted a policy whose logical end was intervention. Detesting war and foreign aggression, he has been compelled to call upon the army and navy. Two courses were open to the President: he might have recognized the Huerta régime (no worse in its origins and morals than most of those which preceded it), or he and his Secretary of State might, in withholding that recognition, have impressed Mexico with continuity and firmness of policy. There has been the same difficulty in dealing with this situation that is found in handling a high-strung, ill-bred child, with the added difficulty that this child is armed and insolent and that there are several millions of him. Mr. WILSON's striking achievements in domestic politics cannot be gainsaid, but they are, momentarily at least, obscured. What the situation will be when these words reach our readers, no one knows now, but the President seems to have dismissed pride of opinion, recognized the job ahead of him, and placed his hand firmly to the plow. With LINCOLN he may well say: "I claim not to have controlled events; I confess plainly that events have controlled me."

Oscar S. Straus on Canal Tolls

IN TESTIFYING before the Senate committee on April 15, OSCAR S. STRAUS, ex-Secretary of Commerce and Labor, said:

"Do you think the exemption of tolls would be of any public benefit?" continued Senator BRANDEGEE.

Mr. STRAUS replied that he did not think so, but was not in position to express an expert opinion on that subject.

"I do not believe it will affect railroad rates," he continued. "It will simply give to the coastwise shipping from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 annually. The exemption takes that amount out of the pockets of all the people and gives it to the coastwise ships."

This is an exact summing up of the whole matter. These are the facts of the exemption proposal, and by these it must be judged.

A River of Fancy

CAN THE SPIRIT OF THE MISSISSIPPI ever be completely expressed by any one writer? MARK TWAIN's yarns of life along its banks are unapproachable, but the real mystery and romance of a great river are not for him. Oddly enough, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON caught the mood, though he was not writing of any special river. In "Will o' the Mill" an old miller answers the youngster who asks where the river goes:

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills—six-score mills, they say, from here to Underdeck—and it none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands, and waters the great corn country, and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door. And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them, looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over too. And then it goes on and on, and down through marshes and sands, until at last it flows into the sea, where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

There is a glow of imagination and poetry in that, the same sort of feeling which induced the Indians to call one of their streams "Singing River." If only there were no other side to the picture!

—And of Fact

BUT THERE IS: "*The Mississippi receives the flood waters from thirty-one States, and its drainage basin comprises 41 per cent of the area of the United States!*" This sentence is from a volume entitled "Floods and Levees of the Mississippi River," by BENJAMIN G. HUMPHREYS, member of Congress from Mississippi. The book is copyrighted by the Mississippi River Levee Association, and we know of no other single work so comprehensively setting forth Mississippi River flood conditions and the possibilities of their remedy by levee construction. The work professes to be no more than a compilation of cold facts, but beneath it all runs the unspoken plea for a nation-wide consciousness of what share the Mississippi under control may play in the nation's life. Nowadays the whole country is carried away by a fervor of appreciation of what the Panama Canal may mean to us all. How long must the Mississippi wait for its chance to bestow—like STEVENSON's magic river—nothing but beneficence?

Facing the Future

IN SOME POEM KIPLING used a phrase one cannot forget about "turning a keen untroubled face home to the instant need of things." He was talking about the American spirit. A striking illustration of this is given by the Wells-Fargo Express Company in commenting on the new era in the express business. After all the protestations of ruin, the hour of peril strikes, and this, in part, is what they say:

The new rates have turned the tide of business—just as a good many keen prophets of the express prophesied. At the time this is being written traffic has begun to increase to a very perceptible degree. The business world has awakened to the commercial opportunities of the new rates.

Now is the time to talk the rates. They are new and they are low. And there is hardly a shipper who will not show interest in the ingenious block-and-zone structure on which they are based.

The big thing just now is the rates themselves. They are new and low, and they do spell commercial opportunity.

This is creditable to the Wells-Fargo people, and, indirectly, a very great tribute to FRANKLIN K. LANE, now Secretary of the Interior, who wrote the express-rate decision. It is interesting to note the discovery that lower rates may mean more business. ADAM SMITH published this idea in his "Wealth of Nations" in 1776.

Of Course They Aren't Serious

WHAT FOLLOWS is from the Enid (Okla.) "Events":

"So COLLIER'S finds itself in a minority."—COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Impossible!

Wherever stands COLLIER'S the heavens roundabout are peopled with myriad hosts ready to swing the mighty cudgels for truth, justice, right. COLLIER'S—alone and unassisted—is more than a majority—at least five-sixths. As Kise WILLUM uster say: "*Me* und GOTT!"

This is unjust. COLLIER'S is often in a minority. Sometimes the minority proves catching and becomes a majority—but how can we help that?

Seeing Things at Night

THE "PUBLIC LEDGER" of Philadelphia fears that WILLIAM LORIMER, the Illinoisome, may be elected to the United States Senate, thus vindicating its judgment as to the popular election of Senators. Perhaps. But why did not the preference given to QUAY and PENROSE shake the "Ledger's" faith in legislative choice? It might be as well to await the event and compare the actual results. That is what practical men call a performance record.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser

HE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY as a laborer. When he married he was earning a dollar a day working on the slab pile of a sawmill at Rock Island. Those who appraise his fortune, largely invested in growing timber, as potentially worth a billion dollars, do undoubtedly exaggerate—but the figure itself is not material. From a brewery hand to one of the richest men in the world is the span of the career of FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER. By our laws we threw away the legitimate interest of the people in our great forests, and Mr. WEYERHAEUSER picked it up. That a German immigrant boy could amass such a fortune in fifty years is quite to his credit, but it is vastly more to the discredit of the laws which allowed him to do it. He died the greatest monopolist of our forests, but it was not the fault of WEYERHAEUSER that we threw them away. He took them over, and is said to have been rather in advance of the age in conserving them. Possibly it is better for the nation for a WEYERHAEUSER to own forty million dollars' worth of our children's heritage in forests and mines than to have it distributed among four hundred less efficient men, each owning timber lands to the value of a hundred thousand dollars. Whether this great natural resource

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

belongs in morals to the Weyerhaeuser heirs is a question for the future. *The* generation which allowed him to acquire the title to it acted for itself—and professedly for all future generations; but future generations were not consulted, and may have something to say for their claims. "The earth hath He given to the children of men"—not some *of the* children of men, and not alone to the generation of the children of men who allowed Mr. WEYERHAEUSER to acquire the paper *title* to the forests of a continent. The future will probably try titles with the WEYERHAEUSERS and their like in one way or another.

Just as Good Here

LLOYD-GEORGE is a Welshman, and happens to be the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the words he speaks on Votes for Women are as good here as they are in England:

> I cannot imagine a complete program of Liberal reforms which leaves half the citizens of this country unenfranchised. Whenever a reform to which we have set our hand directly affects women as much as men—nay, directly affects women more than men—it always seems to me to be an unarguable proposition that the opinion of women should be constitutionally sought and expressed upon the rival proposals of settling those questions. This conviction, I am satisfied, is seizing hold so firmly on some of the best minds in the country, especially among the progressive forces, that the present position must soon become intolerable for the Liberal party. . . . Militancy alone is holding it back.

Will some captious critic please point out the fallacies here? We confess that we cannot, unaided, find any.

The Women of Illinois

LLOYD-GEORGE'S words received a pointed illustration in last month's elections in Illinois. "The new voters made a most encouraging beginning," is the Chicago "Tribune's" observation. We commented last week on the part the women of Illinois played in closing about a thousand saloons. More than half the counties in the State are now "dry." Even in Chicago (where more votes are cast nowadays than in any other city in the Western world) the women's ballots counted for more than was at first apparent. They helped to vote down a subway proposition that would have profited the Harrison-Hearst machine rather than citizens generally. To quote the Chicago "Record-Herald":

> The women voted earnestly and eagerly, and they voted as citizens, not as women. . . . They rendered notable service in defeating gangsters and strengthening the cause of good government, economy, and efficiency.

We like the spirit of Miss MARION H. DRAKE, the stenographer who ran (unsuccessfully) against the First Ward's notorious Alderman, "Bathhouse JOHN" COUGHLIN. "Chicago women have justified equal suffrage," says this defeated candidate—cheerful in spite of rebuff.

A Bad Boy That You'll Like

IF YOU THINK it is easy to write stories about small boys—authentic stories about real small boys—it is quite obvious that you never tried. MARK TWAIN did it, however, and now BOOTH TARKINGTON has. TARKINGTON'S "Penrod" is the record of those successive, loosely related adventures which are the high lights of the American boy's career; the small boy in the small town, you understand, not the small boy cheated out of the best part of his youth by being city born. PENROD may or may not have been the worst boy in town, but he is as real as TOM SAWYER, and his dog Duke (he of the untidy whiskers) is almost as human as HUCK FINN himself. PENROD and his little world have given us more than one evening of positive delight—for you mustn't make the mistake of crowding this book into one sitting, or two; enjoy it lingeringly, like one of its hero's all-day suckers. To read about PENROD'S dancing-school tragedies, his smallpox medicine, his circus enterprise with HERMANN and VERMAN, is to add pounds to one's weight by laughter—to deduct several years from one's age account. BOOTH TARKINGTON has been a boy himself.



In the Shadow

The State That Makes Money Out of It

A READER OF OURS has seen somewhere a report that a town in North Dakota is taking up liquor selling on its own account and will monopolize the business. "What do you think of it?" asks our correspondent. We have written to him that no doubt the business will show a handsome profit—but from a social standpoint the account is a very different one. The indirect costs of this trade to the community far outweigh its direct profits to the trader. Russia is not generally deemed a progressive land, and for some years the Russian Government has made a national monopoly of its subjects' favorite tipple—vodka. In ten years, sales of this fiery liquor have increased by $250,000,000—and yet the Government is not easy on the subject. Count WITTE, who created the Government monopoly, now brings forward projects for restricting the sale of vodka and turning over part of the revenue produced by it to the temperance societies to be spent in persuading folks not to patronize the Government's saloons. This arrangement strikes us as positively Shavian in its sardonic humor. And it seems to us that the town in North Dakota that our reader writes about would much better abolish the liquor traffic instead of selfishly reaching out after its blood-stained profits.

. . . That Mother Used to Make

WE WERE a country boy originally (if this be bad grammar, make the most of it!), and even now our mouth waters at the mention of honest victuals. Imagine our wistfulness when we read in the Long Rapids notes of the Alpena (Mich.) "Argus-Pioneer":

> The congregational ladies gave a chicken-pie supper in the dining parlor of their church last Wednesday evening and was pretty well attended for the amount of gatherings, etc. The service was fine and among the goodies was chicken pie, cream mashed potatoes, escalloped potatoes, homemade bread, buns, crullers, cookies, many kinds of cake, etc., all kinds of pickles, butter, apples, coffee, tea, cream, and many other treats.

Scoff, if you choose, at the journalistic style of this. Our emotions are of another sort. There ought to be a law against printing such itemized accounts which may eventually be read by dyspeptic city folks who have to live on cold-storage eggs an' sich. It isn't right, say we.

The "Marrow of Life"

WHEN PIERRE LOTI was in this country a year ago, a good deal was said of his tendency to aloofness from the shams and turmoils of great cities, the insincerity and sophistication of much social intercourse, the merciless stress of modern ways of living. Since then we have happened on the words of a New England philosopher and nature worshiper who, long before LOTI, turned his back on towns. HENRY D. THOREAU wrote:

> I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life. . . .
>
> Our life is frittered away by detail. I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million, count half a dozen and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand and one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. . . .
>
> Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the St. Vitus' dance and cannot possibly keep our heads still.

THOREAU and LOTI are little alike. But they both revolt against the squirrel-cage life which thunders along so furiously that it destroys the art of living. The man who really wishes to get the most out of life doesn't do things merely because his neighbors are doing them. He takes time to get his bearings—takes time to live.

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

WHILE the debate in Congress on the Panama tolls-repeal controversy has not been noteworthy, it served to draw from Mr. Henry White and Mr. Joseph H. Choate striking contributions to our diplomatic history. Both Mr. White and Mr. Choate told of the beginnings of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. They made it clear that it was never contemplated by the framers of the treaty that American coastwise vessels should be exempted from the payment of canal tolls. Representative Montague of Virginia, who had access to the confidential files of the State Department, disclosed on the floor of the House these facts about the origins of the treaty:

John Hay, Secretary of State, on December 7, 1898, addressed Henry White, Chargé d'Affaires of the American Embassy at London, and advised him that inasmuch as an isthmian canal "seemed at this moment indispensable, both for our commercial and national interest," he was directed to ask Lord Salisbury

> whether it may not be possible to secure such modification of the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as to admit such action by the Government of the United States as may render possible the accomplishment of a work which will be for the benefit of the entire civilized world. The President hopes he may take it for granted that the British Government not only have no wish to prevent the accomplishment of this great work, but that they feel a lively interest in it and appreciate the fact that the benefits of its successful achievement will be to the advantage, not only of England and America, but of all nations.

On December 21, 1898, Mr. White had an interview with Lord Salisbury. The matter was fully discussed by the representatives of these two Governments, and Mr. White reports in a letter to Secretary Hay of December 22, 1898:

> A brief informal conversation followed, during which Lord Salisbury said nothing to lead me to suppose that he is unfavorably disposed, much less hostile, to the construction of the canal under our auspices, provided it is open to ships of all countries on equal terms.

On the very day of the conversation between Lord Salisbury and our representative, Mr. White wired Secretary Hay the purport of the conversation, and concluded his telegram with this language:

> He [Lord Salisbury] said nothing indicative of opposition, much less hostility, on the part of her Majesty's Government to the construction of the canal, and I do not believe, if it is to be open to all nations on equal terms, that there will be any serious difficulty in effecting an agreement satisfactory to both nations.

This testimony was fully borne out by Mr. Choate, who was Ambassador at London while the treaty was being negotiated. The disclosure seems to settle once for all the fine-spun arguments about our "rights" to grant an indirect subsidy to coastwise shipping by passing it through the canal exempt from tolls.

There's a Reason

THERE are 73 standing committees in the Senate with 710 members. Almost every Senator is chairman of some committee. Each Democratic Senator has about eight committee assignments, and each Republican averages perhaps five. At the present time nearly every Democrat is on four or five committees of first-rate importance. It is an absurd condition. At the present time, if any group of Senators would take the matter in hand, they could remedy it. One of the reasons for so many committees is that each chairmanship carries with it a committee room, a clerk, and a messenger, and the attempt has been to provide as many Senators as possible with these accessories to their dignity and comfort.



Strange Bedfellows

McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

Advance Rate Case

FINAL oral arguments on the so-called "advance rate case" were scheduled to begin at Washington on April 27. This is the application of the Eastern railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission for a 5 per cent increase in freight rates. The correct determination of the question that has been raised is the most important of any of our immediate domestic problems. The railroads have urged that their revenues are not sufficient by $50,000,000 annually to meet their needs for the present and for the future. Mr. Brandeis and other opponents of the increase have sought to show that the carriers could increase their revenues by effecting a savings in management and by abolishing free services they now perform for favored shippers. Mr. Brandeis has pointed out where and how savings could be effected that, he asserts, would yield more than $50,000,000 annually. What the Interstate Commerce Commission must decide is this: Have the railroads succeeded in proving that they need additional revenue; if so, how much do they need, and can the required revenue be found without advancing rates? The pace of business in the East is perceptibly slackened awaiting the decision.

The Revised Antitrust Bill

THE Administration's program for trust legislation as embodied in the new bill which was introduced in the House on April 14 by Representative Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, shows steady progress in the much-needed economic education of the Democratic party. The new measure consolidates and replaces the four similar measures which have been under fire for some time. Its aims are, very briefly, to regulate in the public interest the price treatment given dealers and possible competitors; to insure for labor unions and cooperative associations a fair but not a privileged position before the law; to safeguard the growth of corporations, but to prevent that growth from becoming monopoly; to prevent directors from being able to vote on both sides of profitable transactions, but without estopping the wide use of directive ability; to prevent judicial tyranny in the use of injunction and contempt proceedings against labor, but without crippling the proper power of our courts, and, above all, to make guilt personal instead of merely corporate.

These are obviously good purposes. The necessary process of debate and explanation will soon show whether or not the new bill is well devised for securing these ends. If it is, a long step will have been taken toward redeeming President Wilson's pledge "to square our laws with the thought and desire of the country."

Two dangers remain: first, the possible effects on our present industrial and commercial activity of the uncertainty attending the debate on such a measure. Almost any sort of amendment may be urged or even passed. It is of the highest importance that the debate be authoritative, sufficient, and reasonably brief. The second and more permanent uncertainty is as to the long-range effect on our future economic development of enacting into law the Democratic party's doctrine that competition is the one essential economic principle. Many well-informed students think not, and hold that the age of small competitive units is over. In any case, the Clayton measure is the most important bill now before Congress, and its progress cannot be too closely watched.

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Pickups of Sport

By Grantland Rice



Lines to Any Scientist

I KNOW that antitoxin helps a diphtheritic case;
That certain famous serums hurl tuberculosis back;
I know that vaccination, though a pesky visitation,
Has a strangle hold on typhus when it whirls to an attack;
I understand they even have the leper breathing hope,
And cripples have been lifted who were glued against the mat;
They have turned the dreaded colic in an instant to a frolic—
But what will make a pitcher well when Baker comes to bat?

O scientists who range at large to help a fellow bloke;
Who yearn to help prolong the day that knows a lieing breath;
Why spend your time in wooing or in courting and pursuing
Certain remedies for something that may bring a painless death?
For the fever's but a fever and the plague is but a plague,
And at the worst they only in a graveyard leave you flat;
But I call your quick attention to the need of an invention
Or a serum for the pitcher when F. Baker comes to bat.

One Advantage

THE Federal League hasn't any bush circuit to which it may turn back its recruits.

But, on the other hand, or head, as the case may be, it doesn't have to pay any hospital or funeral bills when Walter Johnson loses control.

Imagination and Concentration

"I GUESS"—remarked a crack amateur boxer who was put in against a third-class professional and was knocked out in one round—"I guess I got too much imagination."

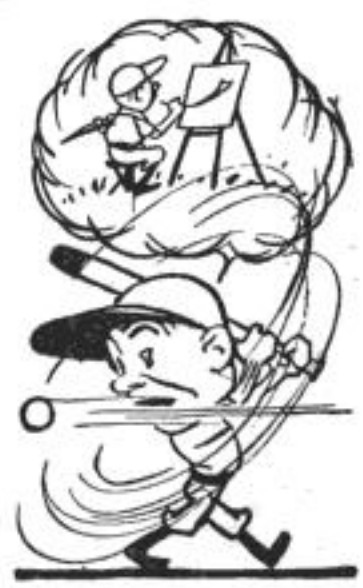
"Too much imagination" is the answer to many a defeat. Frank Baker of the Mackian Avalanche has no imagination at all. Baker, off the field, is a farmer, and life to a farmer is mostly real and a good part stolid. A world-series game to him is only a ball game. The frenzy of the 40,000 and the gaudy trappings are beyond him. His eye is on the pitcher—or a certain dip in the right-field wall.

Francis Ouimet is another without imagination. A battle against Vardon, Ray, or Travers is, after all, only a golf match. Why get excited or worked up about it? Suppose you lose? They don't throw you into jail or amputate your left ear for losing.

The only chance those with extended imagination have is to carry perfect powers of concentration.

No man playing baseball has as great a power of concentration as Christy Mathewson. Mathewson is a wonder in any card game, a great checker player, and a master chessman—games requiring concentrative powers. He also has imagination, but he has the ability to keep it under firm control.

No American golfer has the same knack of concentration as Jerry Travers, now in England with Ouimet in quest of the British championship. Travers has imagination, and, unlike Ouimet, is also a bundle of nerves. But his knack of concentration is superexcellent. Young Chick Evans, probably the greatest all-round amateur golfer in America, is badly shy on concentrative powers.



"Too much imagination"—minus concentration—is what furnished a rocky start for all our high-priced ball players—Marquard, O'Toole, and a good many others.

To reach the top in any sportive endeavor an entry has two roads to travel—to be born without imagination or to develop fully the power of concentration.

You can't sing a medley to one set tune—and get away with it.

The Polo Argument

WHAT chance has England to wrest the polo championship from American soil?

Take your pick—but we're not betting.

Last June, "riding hell for leather," America rode England off the field. This time England has three months' jump in training and is coming all set for any such assault with a rougher riding team. So from present indications England has a better chance than she had last year—or the time before. The "break of the game" is a big part of polo and the "break of the game" will decide this next clash.



The Cub Fan's Dream

"LAST night," he said, with shining eyes,
"I dreamed that Chance was back;
I dreamed that Steiny's wallop
Once more led the old attack;
I seemed to see Joe Tinker make
An old-time Tinker spear,
And hear J. Evers barking
In the shaking umpire's ear;
And, like a dream of heaven
Where the feathered angels sing,
I heard the shouts of Brownie
Hit the mitt of Johnny Kling.

"I cheered for Circus Solly
As he cracked one on the nose;
I saw old Jimmy Sheckard
Pick a wallop from his toes;
And with the old-time flash of speed,
Agility, and science,
We mauled the Pirates to a pulp
And stamped upon the Giants."

He closed his eyes in retrospect—
He sighed with joy—and then
I kindly shot him through the heart
Before he woke again.

Baseball vs. Cricket

WE HAVE known only one big-league ball player to partake both of baseball and cricket as a pastime. He was the late Harry Vaughn, who played cricket in his early English days and later on became one of the star catchers of the Cincinnati Reds; remember Rhines and Vaughn?

We asked Vaughn one day what he regarded as the main difference between baseball and cricket.

His answer was the keenest we have ever heard to this query.

"The main difference," he replied, "might be summed up in the difference between the war cries of the two sports—between "Well tried, old top" —and "Slide, you bonehead, slide!"

George Edward Waddell

GEORGE EDWARD WADDELL *has passed on to join Arthur Raymond in the eccentric nook of baldom's Valhalla.*

Life for him was a joy ride, but he scattered many a puffoon along the way. He had his fling. And it was considerable "fling" when he was right. Ask the Athletics, who let him go to St. Louis and then took sixteen trips from the plate back to the bench one August afternoon while the eminent Rube was out there attempting to show that "some one had blundered."

Sad Case

"I SHOULD have had a ninety-six,"
The moody golfer said;
"I should have had—but somehow got
An eighty-four instead.

"I jumped eight bunkers, seven mounds, and
Fourteen traps to-day;
No matter how I played each shot
The luck was all my way.

"I never missed a holly putt
I should have made"—and then—
"Gee—but I was a lucky dub,"
He muttered once again.

Sadly they wired Matteawan
A double guard to send,
Before he grew more violent
And tried to shoot a friend.

Out after "Uncle Anse"

SEVENTEEN years ago Pop Anson laid down his war club firm in the belief that he had set a record good for all eternity.

In twenty-two years of big-league campaigning the Old Boy had compiled 3,013 base hits—a record mark beyond all rival figures. Anson quit the game in 1897. That same season a youngster named Hans Wagner broke in with Louisville, and on opening day, 1914, this same Wagner found himself only forty-two hits back of Pop's wonderful mark. Wagner has corraled 2,971 safe blows in his seventeen seasons of work, and just back of him comes Lajoie with a total of 2,882 hits for the same period of time.

Carnegie and Rockefeller never collected dollars with any greater keenness than ball players collect base hits, but it won't be long now before Honus Wagner will have enough hits to retire. He should pass Anson's mark by the first of June.

Cobb, with only 1,462 hits up to 1914, is years shy, and while Tyrus may maintain his pace ten years more—well, we'll save the rest of this for copy in 1924. Sufficient unto the day is the dope thereof without plunging ten years on ahead.



For October 29

COACHES YOST and Haughton are now in the midst of spring training for next fall's schedules.

Colonel Yost is reported to be working on "an effective defense against the Harvard attack." We haven't heard what it is, but offhand we should say that it consisted largely of teaching about eight of his young men to fly forty feet in the air and interrupt a series of drop-kicks from the 37-yard line.

More brilliant maneuvers than this may easily be possible, but nothing else will be as safe.

Chip Shots

THE entry who looks for the best but is prepared for the worst is sure of an even break.

Step off to a clean start and the finish will take care of itself.

Never mind explaining a defeat; get busy and make up lost ground while the other fellow's telling how he won.

Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut—and you can write your own ticket.

A Matter of Justice

KOTOWING to the British Lion is one thing; slipping him simple justice is another. Joshing England has developed into a popular pastime, but in our bush-league opinion the Little Isle deserves a good bit of credit for her gameness in continuing the assault.

For the last few years America has well-nigh hammered her off the sportive map, and yet here in 1914 we find her leading the greatest international assault she has ever launched. It requires copious quantities of raw grit to rise up after the fourth knockdown and travel 3,000 miles for an outside chance to put over the winning punch.

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Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents



Look for this label

THE maximum of comfort in summer underwear. The crotch is permanently closed. No open edges to bind and cut—no buttons to pinch and chafe. Fit and comfort in every pose. Front opening does not connect with seat opening. Single button holds flap across seat—cannot gap open or bunch up into uncomfortable folds. Light and cool—ideal for active men.

Made from imported and domestic woven fabrics, in sleeveless, half-sleeves, knee and three-quarter lengths.

Men's sizes, $1.00 and up. Boys' sizes, 50 cents and up.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bro's

Open-Mesh Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

MADE with the same patented closed crotch as the Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit. A superior open-mesh fabric; airy, absorbent, elastic. Long sleeves, half-sleeves and sleeveless; ankle, three-quarter and knee length. $1 and up for men—50 cents for boys.

Wilson Bro's

Combinette Shirt

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

A ONE-PIECE garment that combines outer shirt and drawers. Ideal for playing golf, tennis and other open-air activities. Crotch is closed like the Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit. No working up or bunching of shirt-tails. Half or full sleeves. Soft attached collars or without. $1.50 and up.



At your furnisher's or he can get them for you.



Wilson Bro's Chicago

Keeping New York's District Attorney's Office Out of Politics

By CHARLES S. WHITMAN
District Attorney of New York County

THE office of district attorney is a law office. It is essentially nothing more than a law office. The position of district attorney was not created to provide patronage for the support or benefit of any political organization or organizations, however good they may be in themselves. It is not, at least it ought not to be, in any sense, a political prize or reward. I can conceive of nothing worse than a district attorney influenced, guided, or controlled in his official actions by a political party. Political judges are bad; political prosecutors are inconceivably worse.

Crime is neither racial nor political, and the man who is influenced in the conduct of the great office of district attorney and in the prosecution of crime by motives political or selfish is violating, in spirit at least, the law of the land just as truly as does the criminal he prosecutes.

Whatever may be its power for good in this community, and I believe that it is great, the office of district attorney can be used as an instrumentality for evil and wrong as can no other one office in the land.

I believe that the time will come in this city when the people will realize the importance of giving to this office the permanent character requisite, if it is to be the bulwark of the community against wrong, injustice, and crime, which every thoughtful man knows it should be.

It doesn't make so much difference who is the district attorney if the heads of the various bureaus or departments, if the members of the staff, wisely and carefully selected and trained by years of experience, form such a perfect organization that political changes in the city create little disturbance in the office. This can be done if the citizenship of New York will permit it to be done. We have tried, and by this I mean the men associated with me as well as myself, to bring the district attorney's office up to a state of efficiency with the hope that it may become a permanent asset to the good citizenship of New York. We have accomplished much in this respect, but there remains much more to be accomplished. If political considerations are to control in the matter of appointments on the district attorney's staff, then, of course, it is altogether likely that every four years there will be a clearing out and starting afresh. Much that has been acquired at the expense of the county in the way of training, experience, and competency is lost by such political housecleaning when the party in power is changed. We have witnessed such a spectacle in this county over and over again.

The district attorney's office is no place for politics. I have striven hard to keep it out.



"My election was due to no political party. It was due, in a very large degree, to those who recognized no party allegiance whatever"

The One Qualification

THERE is one qualification which I believe, in the light of the last three years' work, I have a right to claim for myself—the ability properly to select men to perform the services which the law provides must be performed, and whatever success may have been attained during these years is due, in large part, to these faithful, loyal, courageous, and able men, who have been willing, when called upon, to labor in season and out of season, usually without public recognition of any kind.

Party allegiance and personal friendship can have little place in the selection of those men upon whose judgment, experience, character, and ability the district attorney of the county must at times absolutely rely.

Demand Efficiency and You Get It

THE task of keeping the district attorney's office out of politics was made easier by the manner in which I was elected to this office in the fall of 1909. My election was due to no political party. It was due, in a very large degree, to those who recognized no party allegiance whatever. My nomination, in the first instance, came from the Republican party. In that campaign this party, as well as those allied with it, pledged itself to nonpartisanship in municipal affairs, and had its successful candidates assumed any other attitude in the administration of their offices they would have been false not only to themselves and their own preelection promises, but to the organizations as well which were responsible for their preferment. Every great department of our Government is on trial every day.

The press of the city and the nation leaves little opportunity for the avoidance of publicity even as regards the most minute detail of the public's business. The praise or the blame, the approval or the censure, the indorsement or the criticism, appearing in our daily newspapers often may seem and may be unfair, unjust, and prejudiced. Sometimes it may appear that one official's conduct is indorsed whatever it may be, and another's condemned whatever it may be, but, on the whole, the net result of our newspaper enterprise is, in my opinion, so far as public life is concerned, to place before the public eye the official as he is, his conduct as it has been, the work that he has done, and the influence which he has exerted, whether it be for good or for evil, and it has been in no small degree due to this instrumentality that the people of the present generation have the opportunity to know the matters which vitally concern them as a commonwealth as their predecessors never knew them.

Evil conditions, if they exist, continue only by the permission or on account of the indifference of the people, who after all are most vitally affected.

Officials of the city are as efficient as the citizens demand that they shall be.

If Not Inside, Then Outside the Party

THE saying that New York is as good or better than another city of another land perhaps does not answer the questions that have been uppermost of late in the public mind.

The government of the city is as good as the citizens make it, and a political party deserves to survive only when it recognizes the fact that whereas the distribution of patronage is perhaps properly and necessarily an incident of political organization, the numbers are growing every day of those who care little for party name or party regularity, but are becoming more and more insistent that the work, which necessitated the creation of certain offices and departments, shall be done and properly done; that the men called upon to perform the tasks provided by law shall perform those tasks; that they shall be responsible to the people who placed them where they are, and to no one else; and if our political parties or organizations are unwilling or unable to produce and support these men, they can be found and they will be found outside, and they will be supported, too.

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"Ladies of the Jury"

By EVA C. BRYANT

(This real-life drama, casting a flood of light on the new conditions in civic and public life, has for its setting a prosperous city in the State of Washington)

SCENE I—*Home*

MOTHER. [*Reading from letter.*] "You are hereby notified that you have been drawn on the regular panel to appear at the courthouse of Brown County, Washington, on the fifth day of March, 1914, at the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to act as trial juror in cases thereafter to be tried in said court."—Girls, I'm a juror.

GIRLS. [*In chorus.*] Send in a claim of exemption, mother; you can't go.

MOTHER. Why not?

ELDER DAUGHTER. Well, for several reasons: in the first place, you're too tenderhearted; your sympathy would run away with your judgment. You would want to give every prisoner at the bar a turkey dinner with cranberry sauce, pat him on the back and tell him how sorry you were if you'd hurt his feelings.

YOUNGER DAUGHTER. If the testimony were long and tiresome you'd be sure to go to sleep. You know we have to take turns going to church with you, so that some one can nudge you and keep you awake.

MOTHER. [*Asserting Independence.*] I shall send in my acceptance by return mail.

SCENE II—*The Brown County court room*

The court room is crowded with men and women, young and old, fat and lean. I, being a voter, taxpayer, and having lived in the county the allotted time, and being able to read and write, am accepted as a juror of the Superior Court. This is a damage suit—a case of damaged potatoes. The defendant, a pleasant-faced man, had stored a quantity of tubers in his cellar. He had shipped several carloads South, the market was glutted, the selling price did not warrant further shipment. What was he to do with the remainder? Happy thought: Why not give them to the poor and become a philanthropopotatopist? The recipients of his bounty now declared that he had only cleared his cellar of rotten spuds. The two plaintiffs went to the warehouse to get their share of something for nothing, fell down a shaft, and sued for $5,500 damages. For five days we jurors had potatoes served up in every form, shape, and style. The court room reminded one of a vegetarian restaurant. On second thought we'll leave this scene out and pass on to

SCENE III—*The rest room (noon)*

A FAT JURESS. I'm just clean tuckered out trying to catch that car and hurrying so at noon.

THIN LITTLE JURESS. You ain't so lucky as I am; my man had lunch all ready when *I* got home.

A YOUNG ROUND-FACED JURESS WITH CHEWING-GUM DICTION. I think bein' on the jury is just swell. I haven't washed a dish since I've been courtin'.



SCENE IV—*The jury room*

The damaged-potato case has been settled in favor of the defendant. The case now before us is that of a poor man who is suing a railroad for damages for the loss of his right arm. The defendant alleges that the plaintiff was intoxicated at the time of the accident. The case was given to the jury at 3 p. m. after a three days' trial, and the eight women and four men of the jury still disagree at ten o'clock.

THE BAILIFF. You must decide in half an hour or I lock the doors for the night.

Half an hour passes, but nothing happens; the BAILIFF *repeats his notification.*

YOUNG MARRIED JURESS. Can't we telephone home?

THE BAILIFF. Yes, if I stand by while you're talking.

FIRST LADY JUROR. Hello. Can't come home to-night.—To-morrow, I think. Be sure and put out the milk bottle.—Oh, a quart. Good night.

SECOND JUROR. Is this you? I'm so sorry I forgot and took the key. How did you get in?—You had to break the lock on the cellar door?—Yes, I know there's not much in the house to eat. I expected to be home for dinner.—If you're going to swear I'll ring off. Good-by.

THIRD JUROR. Dear, you won't see me to-night: we're tied up.—Glad of it, are you? So am I. Well, so long.

FOURTH JUROR. Can't come home. Don't forget to feed the chickens in the morning. Good-by.

FIFTH JUROR. Here for the night.—Is that so?—Well, keep him warm, grease his chest, and give him some hive syrup.—In the medicine chest.—Tell him to be a good boy and not cry—I'll bring him something.—Of course, if he's not better, you'll have to stay home with him to-morrow. Good night.

SIXTH JUROR. Can't come home to-night.—You hope I'll get enough of it, do you?—This is a very important case.—You think my home is very important, too? See you to-morrow. Good-by.

SEVENTH JUROR. Guess you can get breakfast, can't you? I won't be home to-night.—Oh, make some toast and coffee.—Ate all the bread for dinner? Well, you can borrow some from Mrs. Harris.—Well, see that the children are all right when they go to school. Put a clean waist on Roy. Good-by.

MOTHER. Don't expect me home to-night.—Of course you can't come after me; I'm in the jury room.—How absurd! You need not worry about my outing flannel nightgown and hot-water bag. Good night.

CURTAIN



The Great Architects Specify Ripolin Enamel Paint



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It is difficult for you to realise the durability of Ripolin. Let us send you this strip of tin coated with Ripolin. Bend it, twist it to any shape. The enamel won't crack, chip or peel.

—because that pure white finish is retained for all time—will not discolor, crack or peel. It comes in that brilliant high gloss like glass, or in a beautiful semi-gloss, or absolutely flat.

Ripolin finish applied in houses 14 years ago is just as good today as when first put on.

That is why Ripolin is so inexpensive—most economical even for the average householder who does his own decorating, or for the finest residences or big buildings.

Equally suitable for bath room, parlor, dining room or furniture—for interior and exterior woodwork—for metal work—in fact wherever a white finish is desired.

Ripolin is used for metal fountains under constant play of water—for railroad signals subject to all weathers and steam and gas from passing locomotives—for steamships and costly yachts, inside and out, where sea air and salt water ruins ordinary enamels—for hospitals and sanitary factories where economy and durability are absolutely essential.

Let us send you a book showing residences, exclusive clubs and palatial hotels finished with Ripolin. With it we will send the Ripolin coated strip of tin mentioned above. Also name of the Ripolin agent in your territory.

Then purchase Ripolin yourself—see that the seals are unbroken. A gallon will cover from 500 to 700 square feet, depending upon the surface. Your painter or decorator will tell you the quantity needed. Anyway write for the Ripolin book today.



Note the seal, on can.

J. A. & W. Bird & Co.

Importers and Distributors of Ripolin for the United States

92 Pearl St., Boston, Mass. 660 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



U. S. Mail Cars are painted with RIPOLIN for durability.



RIPOLIN has stood the play of water on this fountain for seven years without impairment.



RIPOLIN is the only enamel that stands the test of salt water and sea air.

Architects will find full RIPOLIN specifications in Sweet's Index



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ALL the touring pleasure, comfort and efficiency of an automobile at the cost of trolley fares. That's Indian Side Car-ing. A spin in a summer's evening. A week-end trip. A coast-to-coast tour. The Indian Side Car is *a comfort vehicle* serving your every desire. This is the second year of the Indian Side Car. It is already as famous as the machine to which it is attached. Beauty of design—luxurious ease—strength with lightness—these things characterize an Indian Side Car pre-eminently.

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Its trig body speaks of interesting road companionship—of jaunty hours spent in keen out-of-door enjoyment.

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THE SILENT INDIAN

The Little Country Theatre

By GEORGE CREEL

NOW comes Hiawatha's Land of the Dacotahs with a brand new remedy for the deadly dullness that drives young people out of the rural communities into the cities, leaving farms untilled and an even greater social stagnancy. A Little Country Theatre has been established in connection with the State Agricultural College at Fargo, N. Dak., and if the experiment succeeds every village hall, district school, and farmhouse parlor may become a laboratory for the development of interest and happiness.

The college has several hundred students of both sexes, and it is proposed that all of them shall be poured into the jolly little dramatic crucible during the course of the year, either as actors, authors, stage hands, producers, or choruses. There is no intent, however, to evolve the Great American Drama or to uncover potential Booths and Bernhardts. The significance of the Little Country Theatre is entirely sociological. All that is desired is to have every young man and woman "get the idea," so that when they scatter at the end of the term they can carry on the good work in their own particular communities. To this end, every physical detail is marked by scientific simplicity. Seats, stage, scenery, and settings are all planned so that they can be reproduced by any intelligent person with lumber, hammer, nails, and a pot of paint. That, in effect, is the whole idea!



Professor Alfred G. Arvo'd
The man behind the idea

The college is not considering profits, but only ways and means of socializing the country life of North Dakota to an extent that will keep boys and girls from quitting the farms for the cities. The Little Country Theatre is merely an experiment station to prove the plan's feasibility in connection with schoolhouses, churches, halls, store basements, living rooms, and even barns.

Alfred G. Arvold is the man behind the idea and like all good ideas it did not flash across the background of a dream, but came as the result of hard thought.

As a graduate of the University of Wisconsin he was familiar with that State's use of its school buildings as social centers, but his study of North Dakota brought the need of something more intimate, more far-reaching and more definite. He found it in the phrase "home talent."

The Proportions of the Plan

HERE was something that would not only gather people into friendly groups, but which would give them a specific thing to do when they were gathered; a thing with participation in it, a lot of expression and a direct personal interest for every auditor. President John H. Worst came to the front with a large hall on the second floor of the administration building, which meant not only home, permanence and authority, but the use of the entire student body as disciples and apostles. Not such queer business for an agricultural college when it is remembered that there is small use teaching farming unless people can be induced to stay on farms.

The "grand opening" in February was the big event of the North Dakota year, and John Kendrick Bangs and Richard Harding Davis were the playwrights honored by productions. As the venture gains in strength, however, there will be insistence upon "home talent" plays as well as "home talent" actors, for nothing is more essential to the success of the plan than that each group shall be made entirely dependent upon itself. One-act plays will be the official medium for expression, since they offer fewer difficulties in presentation and in composition.

"Vaudeville turns" will also be introduced, so that the large foreign population may be called upon for its rich store of music, dancing, and folklore. The single number will permit the tapping of this undeveloped vein. Professor Arvold likewise contemplates "nationality programs" that will portray the life, customs, and costumes, work and pleasures of the land from which the immigrant has come. In such fashion the new Americans will secure a blessed expression, while the native born will gain in breadth and understanding, all to the end of greater unity and friendliness.

Even though the Little Country Theatre is scarcely started as yet, the people of North Dakota are refusing to wait for the spread of the students. Every performance is witnessed by envoys and delegations, eager to see, to learn, to report, and it is only a question of months when a score of Little Country Theatres will be firing away at dullness and monotony.

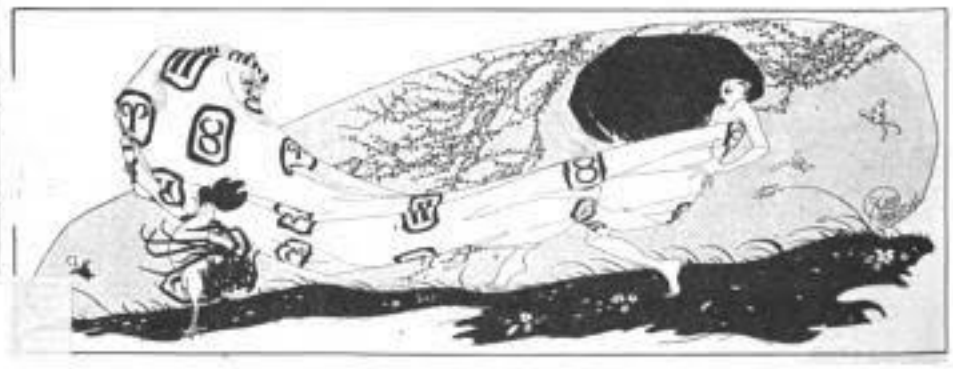
A Chance for Other States

IT looks like a big idea. There is no question about the pressing nature of the country-life problem. The annual exodus from the field to the town, caused by the revolt of the young against the intolerable dullness of rural life, is costing the nation many a needed harvest.

In addition to the economic consideration, authoritative commissions have fixed on the stupid monotony of country existence as a prime factor in the alarming increase in vice and crime, for even when it does not poison at the source, it sends a host of eager, innocent boys and girls to the dangers of an unguarded life in the cities.

The Little Country Theatre is a funnel through which some color and charm may be poured into this drabness and discontent. It is a chance to laugh and play.

Since Professor Arvold has not copyrighted his idea there is no reason why other States should permit North Dakota to monopolize a good thing.



Spring

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How 200 Concerns Boosted Their Eastern and Export Business

THERE are more manufacturing establishments, more manufacturing capital and greater value represented in manufactured products, in New York CITY alone than in any ENTIRE STATE in the Union, except one.

New York's bank clearings are more than *six times* greater than of any other American city—because the country's business is done in New York. And the business is done in New York because the railway and steamship lines focus here—because the paths of industry, of commerce, of business activity throughout the world, find a common meeting place in this great metropolis.

What are you doing, Mr. Manufacturer, Mr. Wholesaler, Mr. Distributor, to get your share of this enormous trade—and take advantage of the unparalleled trade handling facilities and stupendous MONEY VALUE of New York as an operating base for YOUR business?

What are you doing to profit by the strategic position of New York as the central point in the wealthy, easily reached, prolific Eastern market—a market which, if you operated from New York, would bring 27% of the buying population of the United States within 100 miles of your door? Consider, too, the export and import advantages to be gained by such a location, New York City alone carrying on half the total foreign commerce of the United States.

New York is the hub of the commercial world and the industrial hub of New York is BUSH TERMINAL. In this mammoth community over 200 progressive business concerns (some of them in the ten-million dollar class) have plants for manufacturing, assembling, warehousing or distributing, first because of the value they find in a New York location, and second, because Bush Terminal offers them, *in one spot*, every facility and every economy to take 100% advantage of that location.

BUSH TERMINAL buildings are new, modern, finely appointed, fireproof. In them you can rent as much space as you need—or as little—divided to suit your needs. You can have all the space on one floor or on several floors, as your business requires. You have room to expand. You can get just what power, light, heat and water you need, paying only for what you use.

All railroads and coastwise steamship lines run virtually to your door. You receive goods on your own floor and shipments are loaded on cars direct from your own elevator. You get freight *in motion at once*, without the expense of hauling or cartage or delay of intermediate handling.

Your equipment and merchandise are safeguarded by a million-dollar sprinkler system and other modern fire protection. Insurance rates here are only 10 to 20 cents a hundred. Compare this with what you are now paying. Some tenants save enough on insurance and carting alone to practically *pay their rent*, as compared with former quarters.

Labor supply is plentiful—with living accommodations nearby and reasonable in cost. In Bush Terminal buildings employees have maximum daylight, up-to-date sanitary arrangements—everything that can make for perfect working conditions.

WE want to give you the full details about the Bush Terminal plan—how for the first time it makes locating in New York easy, simple and economical.

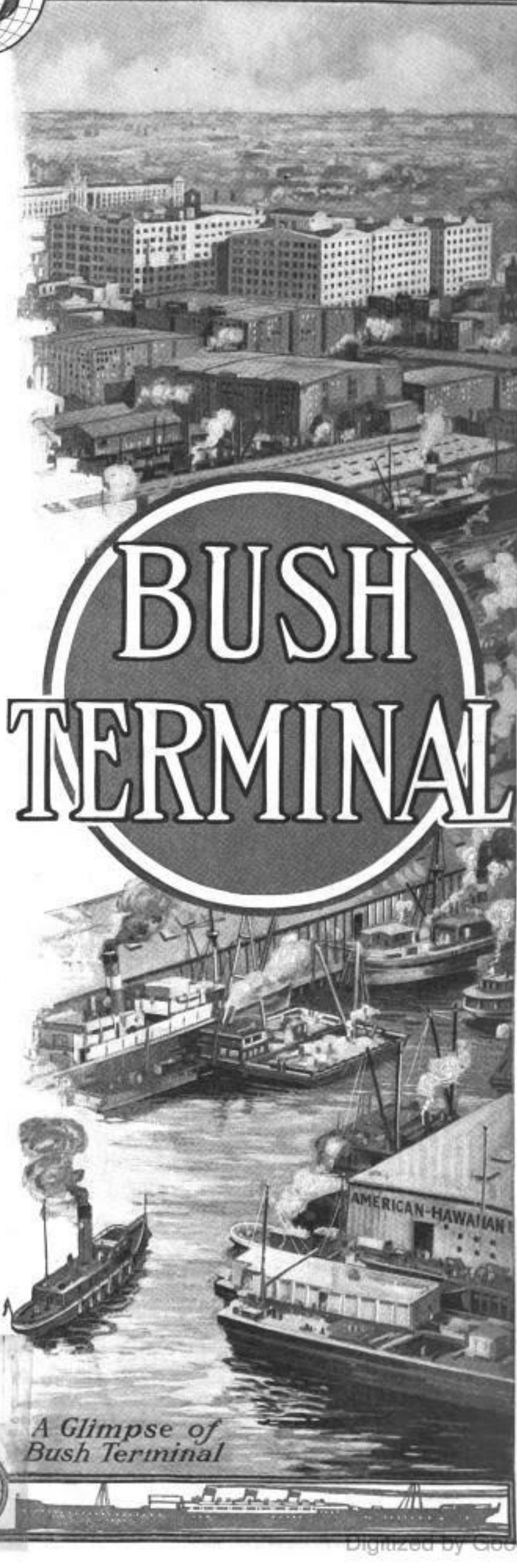
We want to co-operate with you in getting at the FACTS concerning New York as a location for your business—for you want us and we want you only if it is to YOUR advantage.

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A Glimpse of Bush Terminal

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DELICIOUS dainties just out of the Bohn! Fresh, sweet and ten degrees colder than they could have been kept in any other refrigerator. Though kept in the same compartment with onions, or other foods emitting strong odors, they are absolutely uncontaminated.

Write for our book "Cold Storage In The Home"

It describes the exclusive features through which the Bohn is superior —The Bohn Syphon System of Air Circulation, Flaxlinum Insulation and Special Construction, the Genuine White Porcelain Enamel Linings (not white paint).

An evidence that the Bohn Syphon System is regarded superior by those who know lies in the fact that it is adopted by the Pullman Company and in dining and buffet cars of all American Railroads.



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GILBERT & BENNETT **Pearl** WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Windows and Porches

Two weights—Regular Grade and Extra Heavy—Extra Strong, both suitable for door, window and porch use. The handsome appearance and rust-proof qualities of "PEARL" come from the *peculiar metallic coating*, part of the wire itself. This coating is exclusive with Gilbert & Bennett—no other manufacturer has it. So—if you would avoid imitations and disappointment, make sure of the *genuine* article by looking for *two Copper Wires* in the *Selvage* and the Round Tag bearing our name on every roll.

The best hardware dealer in your city sells Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or—write nearest office for samples, literature and the dealer's name.

Conscientious Architects

Specify Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—

Good Carpenters and Contractors use "PEARL"



SAMPLES FREE
Write our nearest office

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co.
(Established 1818)
Dept. M-110, 272 Broadway, New York — Georgetown, Conn.
Dept. M-110, 38 So. Dearborn St., Chicago — Kansas City, Mo.

Collier's at School

IN THE junior year at Culver Military Academy—a flourishing Hoosier institution—COLLIER'S is used as a regular textbook. The experiment was tried last year in the second semester; and the idea wasn't ours, but that of a member of the English department at Culver, Professor H. L. Durborow. The junior cadets average sixteen years of age, and in 1912-13 subscriptions were entered in the names of the pupils in five classes—copies of the Weekly going to the boys at their dormitory addresses—not to the classroom in American literature, where their use was tested. And the plan "worked so well" (we quote the school authorities) "that it was extended this year to *all* American literature classes"—that is, to one hundred and thirty cadets. "At least half an hour a week is given over to classroom study of the magazine. It admits of a variety of methods of presentation and treatment. Discussion, oral report, and written comment have their turn. Class debates are popular." At the end of the semester one section of the examination in American literature takes the form of this question:

"What personal benefit have you derived from the study of COLLIER'S *this year?"*

NOW when, thanks to the professor of English at Culver, the editor of COLLIER'S had a chance to look over the examination papers for himself, and read the verdict of fivescore sixteen-year-olds on the magazine which he edits, he had his qualms. If one may look to boys for anything, it is a frankness that approaches brutality (he reflected); and possibly this is doubly true where literary style is in question. Besides, COLLIER'S is not made up as a textbook, and it was a question in the editor's mind just how well the magazine would stand this unusual test. Instead of the boys being under examination, it was really COLLIER'S.

Somehow one's point of view is so changed when one *has* to read a book in school. There can be no doubt that boys like the fiction they take up on their own initiative better than they do that in the classroom. Wouldn't the Culverites be down on COLLIER'S because they *had* to read it along with Irving's "Tales of a Traveller" and the Sir Roger de Coverley papers and still better books?

Apparently not. Certainly there was no unkindly criticism of the magazine in the papers turned in. And, for the most part, the boys like the fiction fully as well as their elders do.

"WHAT personal benefit," ran the examination question, "have you derived from the study of COLLIER'S this year?" The answers would take up too much space if we printed them in full: these are, therefore, typical excerpts. They are fully as intelligent as most of the editorial comments we publish from time to time in "Brickbats and Bouquets." But judge for yourself. The first paper refers to the editorials we have published on "The Man Who Made Money Out of It":

"The fund of information which I have received during the last term from our study of COLLIER'S I consider of as much, if not more, importance, than any one thing I have ever taken up at school. Take the liquor question. The views of some of the fellows here have been changed."

And another boy writes—we must quote it before we get far away from this particular subject:

"I am now prejudiced against whisky manufacturers, as COLLIER'S has brought to light facts which heretofore have been concealed from me. I know now the immense number of crimes that whisky is causing to be committed."

"The study of COLLIER'S has aroused within me," writes another boy, "a keen interest in the progressive movements of to-day and a desire to understand them more fully and to follow them more closely." And another:

"Of the various works we have studied this year I have enjoyed COLLIER'S most. COLLIER'S has cultivated within me a taste for editorials and a desire to learn of the doings of Congress. 'Comment on Congress' has given me an idea of the workings of our national system, and I am sure that I will make a better citizen than I should have if I had not had the opportunity to study COLLIER'S. Politics and editorials have never interested me before, but now I find the richest enjoyment in talking with the editors through their editorial articles. Instead of looking into comic papers for humor and wit, I look into the editorial pages, where I find the sharpest wit and the truest humor of all—and the most common sense. While the poems we have studied and the history of American literature have done me good, I think that learning to like articles of public interest has done me more practical good than all the rest combined."



What the movies may soon be used for—with the moon as a screen and a rattling good lens, it might be a very simple matter to communicate with Mars, something after this fashion

Each of the following paragraphs is from a different boy's examination paper:

"In the first place, the study of COLLIER'S has kept me up to date on all current events; something I have always desired but have never been able to get down to before this. It has made clear to me the various political questions, the problems of pure food, tariff, liquor, etc. Besides this, I have enjoyed the work much more than textbook work and feel that it has done a great deal more for me than the study of any textbook."

"My study of COLLIER'S has greatly interested me in politics—a subject I never glanced at before. The articles on pure food are most interesting to me, as I am planning to enter the wholesale grocery business with my father. I believe that COLLIER'S has broadened my view on many of the subjects it has treated. Its editorials have taught me a clear and forcible way of speaking and writing."

"Before my study of COLLIER'S, if I read a magazine I would never look at the editorials, but now they are the things that interest me most. COLLIER'S 'Comment on Congress' is a very interesting and instructive part of the magazine; it shows what is going on in Washington. . . . Before my study of COLLIER'S I thought the magazines throughout America were in some way or other connected with particular interests. My mind has been changed since reading COLLIER'S, for I am certain that it is an independent magazine, working for the good of the people. COLLIER'S fine attitude on the liquor question has made an everlasting impression on me."

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Every Sip of

RED WING the GRAPE JUICE

with the better flavor

Is rich with that rare quality found only in the juice that comes from the first crush of the choicest fresh-picked grapes



Red Wing Grape Juice is sold for 10, 20, 30 and 55 cents east of the Rockies

When you buy Grape Juice ask for Red Wing—insist on the brand that insures the utmost in purity, quality and grapy goodness. Write for booklet containing recipes for many dainty, grape delicacies that delight both guests and home folks. It's *free*.

MANUFACTURED BY
Perfection Fruit Products Co., Inc.
Fredonia, N. Y.

"Since I have studied this magazine I have come to know the modern style of English much better than I formerly did. The reading of this periodical has taught me to appreciate good English in fiction. And last, but not least, I have learned to enjoy editorials."

"The patent medicines have been exposed to me by COLLIER'S—such ones as the 'sure cure for cancer' dope and the fake tuberculosis cures. I know enough to leave cancer cures and all other patent medicine dope alone."

"The 'Comment on Congress,' by Mark Sullivan, has taught me some things that I probably would never have learned but for COLLIER'S being my textbook. The editorials have brought me to realize what is going on in general all over the country and what the national opinion is."

"I think that there is no better way to get a literary education than to take COLLIER'S, as I have done, and in preparing an article for the classroom to become so acquainted with it as to explain the meaning to others."

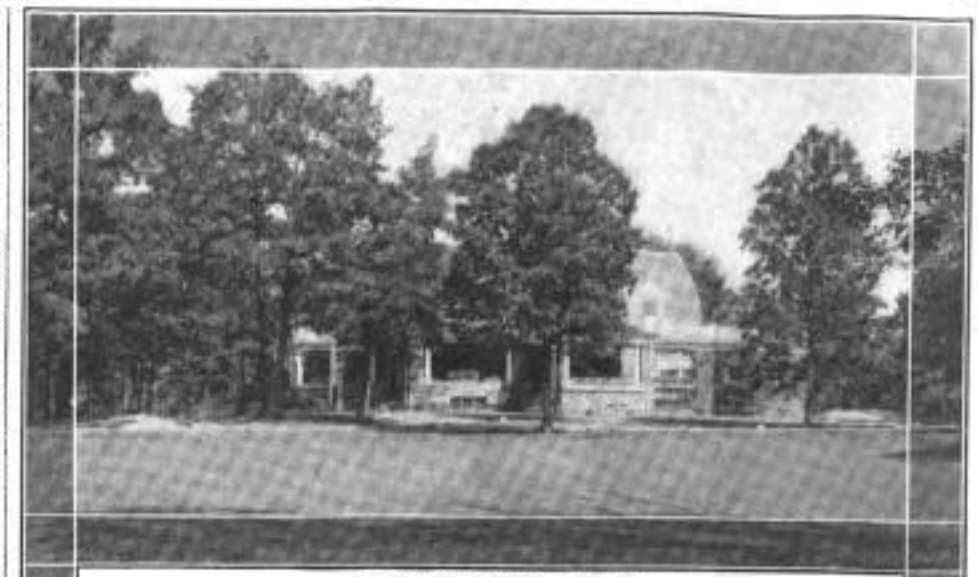
"The study of COLLIER'S has helped me in many ways and kept me in touch with all that is going on in the educational, religious, medical, and political world. It has set my mind working on many of the grave problems of to-day and every-day life. Most of all, it has taught me to look at all questions from an unbiased viewpoint, for no matter what the question may be, both sides have some good points behind them. COLLIER'S has taught me to be a careful student; not to jump at conclusions, but to weigh all the facts and arrive at the true conclusion."

"COLLIER'S, I believe, has been a greater source of pleasure to me during the term than any of the other work taken up. The stories are interesting, but the editorial pages of COLLIER'S come before these. The editorials are the work of experts—men who know what they are talking about and have the ability to wield the pen and express their thoughts."

COLLIER'S has been published for men and women rather than for boys and girls, and it is an exceedingly welcome discovery that these boys read the Weekly with a good deal of appreciation and, by their own view, benefit. The editor blushes a little at the thought of his prose and that of his contributors being used in the classroom, along with old Thomas Babington Macaulay and Edmund Burke and young John Keats, but he is proud of it. Professor Durlorow of Culver Academy assures COLLIER'S that he thinks "a compactly phrased, meaty editorial" a good model for his boys to follow; "and," he adds, "I have found that they will study its style with twice the avidity that they will give to a paragraph of Addison or Macaulay. The idea is to show them that American literature did not end with the last-named author in the textbook, but is still being produced in various virile forms; another purpose, that of getting the students acquainted with important questions in our present American life; an effort to make a definite start in training for upright and useful citizenship."

Incidentally, a good argument might be framed for instruction in magazines of to-day, as well as in the classics, at other places than Culver. Magazine publishers are persistently boosting and pushing their wares—good, bad, and indifferent—whereas the competition is much less active among the great men of the past—the Vergils and Horaces and La Fontaines and John Miltons. It is a genuine service to his pupils if a teacher can steer his charges toward the worth-while, the more purposeful, and the saner of magazines, instead of letting them drift. The only difficulty in the way of anything like formal instruction in magazines in schools and colleges is the fact that the curriculum is already too crowded for the student's good. But it is a question that is up to the educator—and the editor stands aside, and accepts his decision without argument. He knows of a number of classes in current events, in secondary schools and in colleges, and in several of them, at least, COLLIER'S is the magazine chosen for special study.





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THE Coldwell Combination Roller and Motor Mower is the best and most economical mower made for large stretches of turf.

The Coldwell motor mower both mows and rolls at the same time. It does the work of three men and three horse mowers on less than a gallon of gasoline an hour. It climbs 25% grades easily. It is simply designed and easy to operate.

The Coldwell line includes horse mowers with the new demountable cutter feature. Also hand mowers in 150 different styles and sizes. Write for catalogs and an interesting booklet "The Care of Lawns."

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

Coldwell Lawn Mower Company
Newburgh, New York

Manufacturers of Hand, Horse and Motor Power Lawn Mowers

Philadelphia Chicago

COLDWELL LAWN MOWERS

Is Half Your Fuel Expense Worth Saving?





Read This Letter

Home Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.
The Peck-Williamson Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

This is my third winter and I am perfectly satisfied with results. Am using slack coal at a cost of about $3.65 per ton, when my neighbors are paying $8 and $8.50 for their fuel. A ton of slack lasts as long as a ton of hard coal and with equal results. The UNDERFEED is the only system of heating, as it does not smother the fire every time you replenish the fuel. The UNDERFEED system crowds the live coals nearer the point of attack and consequently gives more heat when replenished, than less, as is the case with the topfeed system.

Yours truly, GEO. M. CONDON.

Why Underfeeds Cut Coal Bills in Two

Coal in the Underfeed is fed from *below*, and like a candle, burns *from top down*. The fire must burn down into the fresh coal slowly, against the draft. As in the candle, this down-burning gives the best and cleanest heat and makes the coal last longer. Simple and logical, isn't it? With the fire always on top, smoke and gases are consumed, making more heat with *no* soot, smell, smoke, clinkers or dirt, and few ashes. *Cheap* slack soft coal and pea or buckwheat sizes of hard coal yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as *highest*-priced coal in other heaters. The Underfeed is adapted to warm air, steam or hot water in buildings of all kinds, large or small. Shall we send you the names and addresses of over 2,000 Underfeed users—some right in your vicinity—who *know* by experience that clean, even, *economical* heat is obtainable with the Underfeed.

Our Startling Guarantee

We guarantee a saving over your present coal bills of at least one-half by means of the Underfeed, when properly installed and operated. Every Underfeed carries this guarantee, which is backed by a $1,000,000 company. So you take no risk. The burden of proof is on the Underfeed. It has satisfied thousands—it will satisfy you.

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace



You Need This Book

If you are tired of paying big coal bills; if you want more heat at less cost or if you are going to build, then you need our big free book, "From Overfed to Underfeed." This book will open your eyes and save you money.

The Williamson Heater Co.
Formerly
The Peck-Williamson Co.
195 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio

This Brings The Free Book

The Williamson Heater Co., (19)
195 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know how to cut my coal bills from one-half to two-thirds with an Underfeed.

Warm Air..... Steam or Hot Water.....
(Mark an X after system interested in.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

My Dealer's Name is.....

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and a Serial Guarantee Number

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Beware of imitations.

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$15 with regular kick switch
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PARIS NUMBER *of* JUDGE, *May 2*, TEN CENTS

le Judge



Le JUDGE—l'Edition Parisienne paraîtra le 2 Mai. Ce sera un numéro spécialement amusant et digne de la reputation que ce journal comique et satirique a établi par la passé. Si vous n'êtes pas déjà abonné, voici une excellente opportunité pour faire la connaissance du journal.

Oh, no, it is not in French, but this week's issue of JUDGE has a distinctly Parisian tang.

At All Newsstands Ten Cents

The Answers to Mr. Washburne's Brickbat

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

"SUDDENLY Sally's face relaxed. 'We have all suffered,' she said." They sure did, and so have we, the readers. Please, Mr. Editor, don't feed us from this spoon any more. C. E. MOYER.

✚

RIPLEY, N. Y.

Thank goodness, the end is in sight. The largest number of words grouped into one story with the least amount of sense I ever read. "World's-End."

MRS. FRED CLINTON DEAN.

✚

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

I was greatly surprised to read the comments of a Mr. Washburne on that excellent story, "World's-End." I could scarcely wait for each succeeding installment, and would like the gentleman from Milwaukee to know a great many people's sentiments differ from his. Hoping you will print a great many more like "World's-End." BESS GILMOORE.

✚

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Unlike the "candid friend" from Milwaukee, we are sorry to have "World's-End" finished, for it is by far the most gripping story we have read in months. We are curious to know the "why" of Mr. Washburne's scorn. It makes us suspicious. . . . We also have inquired of friends who are readers of COLLIER'S, and with one accord they proclaim it a fascinating story. We are willing to be afflicted with more doses of just such "puerile drool." Anyway, we think COLLIER'S about the best all-round magazine published. T. CORKINS.

✚

JAEGER, W. VA.

I notice in your issue for April 11, 1914, a quotation from a letter written you by H. F. Washburne, principal of Park Street school, Milwaukee, Wis., condemning as "puerile drool" a serial that has been running in COLLIER'S for some weeks. Does Principal Washburne refer to "World's-End," by Amélie Rives? If so, I must take issue with him. This is the one serial running in COLLIER'S that has interested me. I have always read it first. Possibly I have not passed the "puerile" stage, but to me this story has struck a new note. With no apology for sin, it portrays the nobility of soul that, conscious of its own shortcomings, can look into the sin-scarred soul of another and see the possibilities that lie therein, and that with sympathy and understanding and love can help that other to attain a higher, clearer, nobler consciousness of life. . . .

E. L. HOGSETT.

✚

CHICAGO, ILL.

I have just read a criticism of "World's-End" in the April 11 issue in which it was termed a "tiresome serial." I cannot agree with Mr. Washburne, principal of the Milwaukee school. I considered this serial one of the best you have ever published. The story was delightfully told, and to me it represented a wonderful narrative of human control and suffering. It requires strong minds and souls to live through a mistake such as was committed in this story. I hope COLLIER'S will have more serials like this. CHALMERS L. PANCOAST.

✚

ST. LOUIS, MO.

In your last editorials you quote "polite language from a candid friend," and this candid friend thinks "World's-End" has been tiresome. . . . Mark my word, we have not heard the end of "World's-End." It announces the passing of that made-to-order stuff that has made our magazines like highly pictured empty cans. FRANK H. CROSS.

✚

CHICAGO, ILL.

One day last fall, while waiting for a friend in a dentist's office, I idly picked up a copy of COLLIER'S and began to read the serial referred to by your candid friend, he of the polite language. Since then, rain or shine, hot or cold, I have rushed each week to the news stand to get the next installment. Moreover, my two sisters have waited at home with bated breath for me to come home from work with my copy. Also, I know a high-school teacher here in Chicago, the head of the English department, who is of the same mind in regard to the subject. I haven't asked twenty or thirty others, but we four, who like the story, have enough sense to enjoy Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, and George Meredith. Isn't our judgment as good as that of the thirty from Milwaukee? BERTHA WHITE.

✚

COUDERSPORT, PA.

That poor deluded Professor Washburne of Milwaukee deserves to have a satirical poem written about him. He must be one of the very few principals who work for their money and read only to be entertained.

Certainly I have not enjoyed a serial in a long time—a bit shy of action at times, but the original expressions of ordinary thought hold the attention.

Poor man! Some things are too deep for his befogged brain, and it takes a woman to explain it. Does he prefer the half-foreign trash with a great deal of action and very little motive power?

EUGENIA G. BENN.

✚

OKEMAH, OKLA.

After having just finished "World's-End" (for that is always the first thing I turned to), my eye fell upon your editorial (for I always read the editorials next), "Polite Language from a Candid Friend." . . .

In defense of the serial, let me say that never have I read anything to me quite so appealing. . . .

I was sorry when I had read the close of it, and hope the next will be as good.

J. F. HARRIS,
Supt. of Okemah Public Schools.

✚

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Just finished reading your serial, "World's-End." It is the best moral I ever enjoyed reading, poignant and interesting.

If such noble thoughts and character were depicted oftener and imbibed by readers, this world might gain by acquiring more generous and loving hearts and true manhood. J. S. BLONDIN.

✚

NATICK, MASS.

I have been deeply interested in the serial story, "World's-End." I cannot at all agree with the caustic critic who calls it "drool."

I like the story because its plot is different and daring (but not half so improbable as real life) and so well handled. . . .

The ordinary story, *just like every other story*, is what I would call "drool," but would doubtless please our friend the critic. WALTER W. COOK.

✚

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

It seems incredible that any reader of COLLIER'S WEEKLY could find "World's-End" as unworthy his attention as your reader in Milwaukee found it. My own interest survived to the last line of the story, and I know several others who likewise found it interesting. We—these several others and I—can testify to one thing: that it is a genuinely interesting and veritable picture of Virginia country life and society, quite apart from any consideration of its theme. How anyone could fail to be reached by the *humanness* of the story and the genuineness of its feeling throughout is a bit of mystery to me. If you find anything else as good, be sure to run it.

HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

✚

HATTIESBURG, MISS.

I have just read Mr. Washburne's unjust criticism of the serial, "World's-End," and must say I do not agree with him, finding the story full of interest from beginning to end. I feel sure the story is based primarily on facts, as it rings too true to be mere fiction. Let's have more from the Princess.

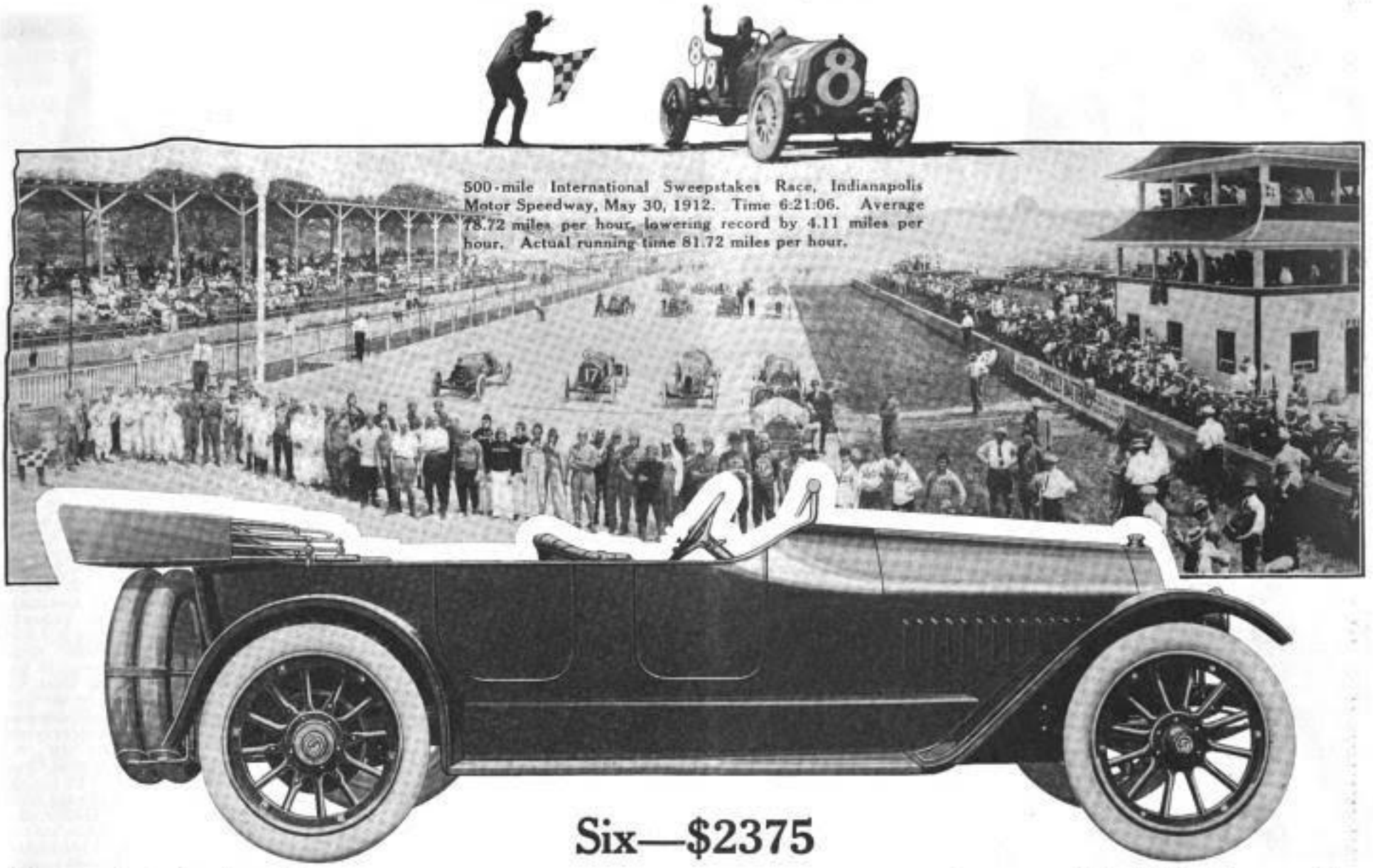
FERN CHAMPENOIS, M.D.

✚

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Many thanks for giving us such an entertaining story as "World's-End." Our whole neighborhood has thoroughly enjoyed it and feel that we must protest against Mr. Washburne's criticism, which we think *ridiculous* and unwarranted. M. T. JOHNSON.

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500-mile International Sweepstakes Race, Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30, 1912. Time 6:21:06. Average 78.72 miles per hour, lowering record by 4.11 miles per hour. Actual running time 81.72 miles per hour.

Six—$2375

The one and only American-made car that remains superior to all foreign cars in the International 500-mile race is the *National.*

National	time 6:21:06,	winner in 1912
Fiat	time 6:31:29,	second in 1912
Peugeot	time 6:35:05,	winner in 1913

(*The National was not entered in 1913.*)

National

The *National* won, and has held for years, the world's stock car championship. The *National* also holds the world's record for the fastest average straight-away mileage with a stock car, 89.28.

Its History and Its Today Warrant Your Confidence

The International 500-mile race is again scheduled for May 30th, on the famous Speedway at Indianapolis. Three times has the race been run—with almost a hundred of the world's best automobiles competing. It is the supreme test of automobile construction. It is a decisive, uncompromising method of elimination of the weak.

The Unconquered *National*

Against this background of three years' struggles the *National* stands with silhouette distinctness. It is the record-maker, the record-holder, the unconquered. You may or may not believe in racing. You must admit that a car must have great and genuine *quality* to win and *remain* The World's Champion as the *National* has. The *National* was not entered last year. (A foreign car won, but did not equal the *National's* record.) The *National* will not enter this year. The *National* need not fight its own unblemished record.

National Success Fundamental

Racing with us has been a *means*, not an *end*. Our proudest victories have been won with absolute *stock* cars. Our wonderful success in contests rests upon the wonderful success in our factories. From the beginning, fourteen years ago, we have made the *National* for long, satisfactory service, not as a "Stock speculation" or as a "business chance." From the beginning we strove to win not only contests but public confidence. Today the *National* Company is one of the old, reliable, successful concerns that holds public confidence because it deserves it.

"You Don't Have to Raise the Hood"

National owners know that when the *National* builders put their guarantee behind the car it is *right*. We have no secrets. We invite you to visit our factories and inspect and analyze our cars and our methods. But we do say with all our might that the biggest consideration in buying a car today is to purchase *performance* and not specifications. We take the responsibility for the mechanical parts of our cars—as we *should*.

Let's Be Candid

Why *should* you have to raise the hood before buying a car, any more than you have to pry off the back of a guaranteed watch before believing it will keep time? You don't have to raise the hood of the *National*. We put the right material in the correct place. We sell you our responsibility, our reputation, our ability and our guarantee, and not a mere collection of wheels, axles, gears, etc.

We Know This Is What You Want

We think you'll agree with us that the best car is the one which gives maximum service and pleasure—gives you perfect performance. In a *National* you can actually forget that there is machinery running inside it. Don't buy a car for one or two parts—buy the whole car. Base your judgment and invest your money in a *whole* car, sold to you *as a car* in itself.

Today—

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The Isolation of France

(Continued from page 9)

apparent. What puzzled me, however, were numerous statistics on Holland and Belgium.

3,500,000 Germans Ready for Action

NOT until Kiderlen-Waechter and Churchill, squatting down by the fireplace and poking the burning papers with old-fashioned irons, not until then, when there began a conversation and other pairs conversed on certain points all around the room, did I gain a clear idea of just what had happened. What they said, the vital scraps of their conversation as they drifted to me while I moved to and from the table and fireplace, I shall now present as close to the words of the men involved as I am able.

Heeringen, who had drawn Haldane aside, said: "We are ready at any time with 3,500,000 men without any further straining of our reserves. According to our lastest agreement, Austria will support us with 2,000,000 more men. The financial aspect of this is, of course, out of my hands."

Haldane mumbled something that sounded like "that is very satisfactory." At any rate, he nodded an affirmative.

By this time the positions had changed somewhat, and Churchill drew Tirpitz aside. Churchill spoke German only indifferently, so they conversed in French and partly in English. I heard Tirpitz say:

"We could bottle up the Baltic in twelve hours. Russia would not have a chance to stir. Of course, in the event of any outside situation arising, we shall look to England to take care of such new condition. That seems to rest clearly with your navy."

Churchill became a little cautious.

"There is a certain contingency that might arise," he said, "Suppose, under stress of circumstances, the United States should take a definite stand against us in this matter?"



Von Wedell tossed a piece of paper to me which bore these names (identical paper reproduced)

United States Not a Factor

THE reply of the Admiral was the very expressive German word—*Quatsch!* He further intimated that the United States was so interested in its own internal affairs that it would not be drawn into the question, and that in any event its navy would be needed for its own immediate protection. He had a disposition, however, to put the entire situation up to Churchill.

Kiderlen-Waechter and Moritz were deep in the Balkan question, and I sensed then the coming Balkan imbroglio.

"Without doubt," Moritz said, "we will bring that to an issue within a few months." I knew he meant that Austria would precipitate the Balkan question. Kiderlen-Waechter was serious.

"It has got to be done."

There were other snatches, all bearing on the same subject, and gradually the situation began to clarify in my mind. It was not, however, until I had noted the contents of certain documents before destroying them that the tremendous importance of the big stakes they were all playing for became apparent. What I shall now do is to reveal the substance of these documents, coupling them with overheard conversation, thus interpreting the full significance of the conference.

Within the last twenty-five years Germany has so enormously advanced in commerce that she urgently needs some further outlet on a northern seacoast. This means Holland and Belgium. Hamburg and Bremen are the only two practical harbors that Germany possesses for the distribution of her enormous export. The congestion in both places is such that steamers wait for weeks to load. One-quarter of Germany's exports goes through Antwerp. Germany must have Antwerp. Practically the whole of southern Germany's commerce, especially along the Rhine and the highway of the Rhine, pours into a foreign country at present. Germany must have Antwerp—in fact, the whole coast, Amsterdam and Rotterdam included.

The empire wants harbors, not colonies. The colonizing idea is a fallacy. Germany is, first and last, a manufacturing country. It never was and never will be, for a long time to come, a successful colonizer. At present all that Germany wants is markets, and facilities for extending her markets. These markets Germany will always be able to command because of her intense scientific application to all branches of manufacture. But these products need outlets. Germany is quite willing to let the others colonize so long as she has a chance to get her goods in. So much for the German situation.

Germany Cannot Fight England

ENGLAND, in her vast over-sea domains and possessions, wants rounding up. England has not been able in the past, and certainly is not at present, able to supply herself and her colonies. In Germany she has a first-class workman. Germany manufactures what England needs. Germany's building of her navy was never meant as a real menace to Great Britain. It was solely a means to impress the English that Germany would make a powerful and valuable ally in every shape and form. Conversely, it was a threat that she would be a dangerous opponent. This is clearly understood in the English and German Cabinets. Public opinion is being rapidly educated up to this in both countries. All the war-scare talk between Germany and England has been and is only a means to an end. The end is to throw dust in the eyes of the rest of the world. Germany and England will never go to war. The destruction of one would mean the destruction of the other. They are too equally powerful to be able to fight each other; their real interests run too close together. Indeed, they are mutual. Germany manufactures, England uses.

The Doom of France

SHOULDER to shoulder, Germany and England (Germany, of course, including Austria, and probably Italy) could dictate to the rest of the world. There is one stumblingblock. This is France.

Well-informed Frenchmen have known and feared this for a long time. They have, of course, never mentioned it in public. Shrewd French statesmen have long kept it in the seclusion of their own minds. It would be political and possibly physical death openly to assert that France is doomed. But doomed she is.

With all her gallantry, hysterical patriotism, and wealth, she would never be able to hold out against Germany alone. Her attempts at alliances have been frenzied. To secure Russia's friendship she has loaned enormous sums of money. But the Japanese War and internal troubles have eliminated Russia as a high-class ally. She was at the time of the Black Forest conference but a secondary power. She is to-day balanced by Turkey and Austria. The Balkan States are smashed. So France did her utmost to solidify the *entente cordiale* fostered by the late King Edward VII under the stress of public opinion in England.

What They All Want

TO what extent she met success we have seen. The Moroccan question showed England ready to back up France in war, but now comes this meeting in the Black Forest. Germany has shown England the greater advantage of a German-English coalition, and France is frozen out. England, with her shrewd alertness to make the most profitable deal, was not slow to see the advantages of the German proposition. In a nutshell, it is this:

Germany must have the lowland

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ports. Holland is not adverse to coming into the German Federation. Belgium is adverse, but could be snuffed out as easily as a candle. But French public opinion would never tolerate under any circumstances this German aggression. France would fight, even though knowing it to be a losing fight. If only she would let Germany have what she wants, there would be no war. But the French temperament, public opinion, years of decorating with flowers that Alsace-Lorraine symbol, the Strasbourg statue in Paris, have not been conducive to fostering a submissive spirit in France. To resent Germany's inevitable aggression is equally inevitable.

So much for what Germany gets out of it. Austria wants to round up her empire in the Balkans. Austria has to have outlets in the Mediterranean. England, for standing by Germany, will be rewarded with French Northern Africa and the Dutch East India possessions. What will become of France? Reconstruction, partitioning, possibly a little kingdom, probably under the Orleans régime. France is in the lap of the gods. I know these things, for I possess them in black and white.

NOTE: *I am indebted to Edward Lyell Fox for his collaboration on this article.* —ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES, M. D.

Rotsam and Jestsam

(*Concluded from page 13*)

Many a dub has tramped around an eighteen-hole course taking four and five putts and all the time holding his temper easily on the snaffle and enjoying life—whereas his companion has been searing the landscape with corrosive and complicated cuss words because he has averaged three putts to a hole. This is a pitiable sight and one which should make all dubs feel thankful. To putt successfully, gather up the temper carefully in one hand and putt with the other, aiming for the hole or thereabout. After each miss repeat your favorite joke softly and remember that with all the villainies of a putting green



you cannot lose a ball on it. If you finish the job with your temper under perfect control, mark a star opposite that hole on your score card and drive on.

Answer to Correspondent

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The Lynching of the Night Marshal

(Continued from page 11)

Sheer persistence and a carrying voice gained him his point. The hubbub lessened till his message became intelligible:

"Give the dead man a show, boys! Give the dead man a show!"

The noise died down like the menace of a passing thunderstorm.

In the silence some one shoved the night marshal roughly toward the soap box. He stepped up and faced them.

THE man seemed perfectly cool. His long arms hung loosely at his sides. There was no visible tension in his attitude. He began to speak, slowly and in a low voice—evidently unused to public speaking, particularly at his own funeral.

"Louder!" some one shouted peremptorily.

At the word the night marshal flung out his hands, as one who casts from him the preface, the embellishment, and spoke up abruptly and to the point:

"I don't want you fellers to git the idee that I'm stuck on beatin' up strangers, an' pertic'ly them as is older'n me. This here's a different thing altogether."

A man on the edge of the crowd jeered openly. "Sparrin' fur time, ain't ye?"

The hand of the night marshal sought his belt. It was empty. He made a savage gesture, leaning to the last speaker over the intervening crowd.

"You've another guess comin', Bill Dobbs," he flashed back. "I ain't one to snivel fur mercy." He pointed to the rope swinging greedily over their heads. "I reckon ye didn't put that contraption there fur nawthin'."

He paused to pick up the thread of his discourse, pushing his sombrero back off his face.

"Boys" he resumed, "one't I had a good job in Noo York City—not rustlin' cattle, nor tendin' ranch with the termometer at 112° in the shade, but a decent payin' job. I had a gal I was goin' to hitch up with when we got a few more plunks cached away."

The crowd leaned closer to listen. The human-interest story is always worth while, whether at the "movies" or far off on the plains.

"Along comes a land promoter—a sly fox of a feller, and whistles to the money in my pocket like he wuz a snake charmin' a canary bird. Next thing I knowed I'd said good-by to Sally, drawed my money out of the bank, an' sunk every cent of it in a God-forsaken place at the end o' the earth—no, I won't tell ye the name o' it till I say all I want about it, like I've been a-bustin' to do this long while."

THE night marshal fumbled in his pocket. He held out a crumpled envelope. "This here," he announced, "is Sally's invite to me to come East an' see her git hitched up to another feller. It came last week."

The night marshal paused. His face darkened. "Last night," he went on, "a feller blew in on the late train. His ugly mug was strange to me, but I felt like I'd happened on him somewheres, an' he called up unpleasant things to me. So I taps him on the shoulder an' says: 'What do they call you where you live, mister?' Just then the light struck his face an' I recollected who he was, beard an' all. Then, boys, I seen six ways to one't, fur it wuz the sly old feller as had seduced me fur to leave my happy home fur the coyote's hole we call Eagle City. An' the edge o' this here envelope stuck into me like a spur into a cayuse. Well" (he shrugged his lean shoulders), "I must of giv' 'im all that was makin' fur 'im, though I don't remember much about it."

There was a murmur that might be either sympathy or impatience. Then a voice spoke up:

"That's all very well, Jim, but Eagle City is a law-abidin' locality. We don't propose to let personal matters git a headway in public affairs. We—"

A voice interrupted with some heat: "I want to ask the prisoner at the bar if he meant all them slurs he slung at our fair city?"



At the sound of their gathering rage a man climbed painfully out through the window that gave to the back of the station

The night marshal nodded solemnly. "I did," he replied. "It's a roostin' place fur yaller dogs — it's a freckle on the face of the good old American continent! An' Goddlemighty knows I could say worse an' mean it." He flung his long arms out with a gesture as if he opened his heart to them.

Silence fell.

A man on the edge of the crowd came smashing through, waving his arms like a windmill and cursing as he came.

When he reached the soap box, he grasped the night marshal's hand and began working it up and down like a pump handle in a drought.

"The saints be praised!" he shouted. "Sixteen long years I've lived in Eagle City, an' divil a word of truth have I iver heard annyone say regardin' the place. 'A growin' community'—'A foine climate'—'Risin' land values'—och! sure I've whooped it up wid the rest, boys, but manny's the toime I like to tied me tongue's end to me wisdom teeth to keep from sayin' what I tho't about the misbegotten hole!"

Some one guffawed. A murmur of amusement swept through the crowd, like the ripple on wind-stirred water.

"All aboard!" sang out the conductor of the westbound train.

THE speaker waved his hand toward the scrambling passengers.

"Fur the privilege of freein' my mind on the subject of Eagle City," he announced, "I'd be willin' to leave town on that train. An' for the great an' endless pleasure of gittin' me two hands on the mug of the he-goat that lured me here," he went on with growing intensity, "I'd be willin' to swing on that there telegraft pole along with the night marshal!"

"Same here!" a deep voice concurred.

"You bet!" sang out another.

"Amen!" another intoned piously.

"We wuz all corraled with the guff rope," growled one. "Who wuz it roped you, O'Hara?"

The little Irishman took a deep breath that puffed him out like a fat bird. "Phineas S. Skaggs," he spat out as if the name tasted bad in his mouth. The crowd echoed it in a sudden blaze of fury.

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We are asking prospective customers to buy Mitchell's that way. We are asking them to drive the car themselves and get what is known as "the feel of the car." It can't be gotten by sitting in the tonneau or even alongside the driver. The only way to reach the pulse of a car is *through the steering wheel.* The matter of detail may be learned afterwards if the car behaves well enough to arouse your interest. We think the Mitchell car whether Six or Four is the buy of the year. Try it yourself and see how close we have come to the truth.

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Electric self-starter and generator—electric lights—electric horn—electric magnetic exploring lamp—mohair top and dust cover—Tungsten valves—Jiffy quick-action side curtains—quick-action two-piece rain vision wind-shield—demountable rims with one extra—speedometer—double extra tire carriers—Bair bow holders—license plate bracket—pump, jack and complete set of first-class tools.

Specifications of the Three Great Mitchell Models:

The Mitchell Little Six—fifty horse-power—132-inch wheel base—36 x 4½ inch tires—two or five-passenger	**$1,895**
The Mitchell Big Six—sixty horse-power—144-inch wheel base—37 x 5 inch tires—seven-passenger	**$2,350**
The Mitchell Four—forty horse-power—four cylinders—120-inch wheelbase—36 x 4½ inch tires—two or five-passenger	**$1,595**

All Prices F. O. B. Racine

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis, U.S.A.

Eighty Years of Faithful Service to the American Public

P.A. makes a pipe smoke a real man's game!



Water-color portrait of Peter Newell, celebrated artist, painted by himself.

Listen to this:

P. A. spells "pa"—and that means Prince Albert is the *daddy of 'em all!*

Never hit you before? *Sure will* just about as quick-off-the-bat as you fire-up some national joy smokings, via a jimmy pipe or rolled into a makin's cigarette.

Because Prince Albert has everything—flavor, aroma, quality. It's so ripping good for what ails your smokappetite that the sight of a tidy red tin just jams joy into your system.

You pin a quick-action tag on your sleeve, beat it biff-bang around the corner, and lay in some

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Sooner you *know for yourself* that P. A. can't bite, the wiser and more cheerful-like you'll be early in the a.m. It's this way: Prince Albert is made by a patented process that *removes the bite!* Just leaves the tobacco-goodness *all there,* and brings out the rich flavor that makes men yearn for P. A., sunrise to sunset.

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Say, you be game. Mate up P. A. with a jimmy pipe and get going—*some!*

You buy Prince Albert just like you know what you're on your way for. It's sold all over the nation, on the byways as well as the highways. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust—



Academy Street, Fitchburg, Mass. Constructed with "Tarvia X." One of the many streets constructed in Fitchburg during the last ten years with Tarvia, some with grades up to 14 per cent.

How roads wear out—

MACADAM roads disintegrate by various processes. Automobiles destroy the surface, pulverizing and loosening it so that it blows away in the form of dust. When the top coat of screenings is thus destroyed the road has lost its roof, and water, instead of being shed quickly to the gutters, penetrates into the lower layers of larger stone and does endless damage.

Under heavy loads ordinary macadam undergoes a certain amount of internal movement which is very destructive. The stones below the surface, grinding against each other under great pressure, exert a mutually abrasive effect, resulting in a general disintegration and breaking-down.

The modern way to protect roads against such wear is to bond them with Tarvia.

Tarvia is a dense, viscid compound of coal tar. It fills the voids between the stones and forms a tough, plastic matrix. On the Tarvia surface thus formed automobile wheels do no damage, since the tenacity of the Tarvia is great enough to resist the traffic. Used in the interior of the road, Tarvia keeps the stone in its proper position and prevents internal shifting, rubbing and grinding. These two results of the use of Tarvia bring about great economies in maintenance.

A tarviated road lasts so much longer and needs so little care that the cost of the Tarvia is more than compensated for.

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THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd., Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S. Sydney, N.S.

"Phineas Skaggs! Hell!"

At the sound of their gathering rage a man climbed painfully out through the window that gave to the back of the station. In spite of the disguising bandages that encircled his head, one could see that he had a sharp, curved nose like a beak, the unwinking eye of a ferret, and an ingratiating smile that, even in this precarious moment, held its place on his features as though glued thereto.

HE stood crouching a moment, then limped stealthily round the corner of the station toward the eastbound train.

"All aboard!" called the conductor.

The nearest porter had gathered up his rubber-decked footstool and swung himself on the steps. His hand was on the door to close it when, out of the tail of his eye, he caught sight of the furtive figure.

So did the mob.

They stopped patting the night marshal on the back and whispering sweet nothings in his ear, and started after the fugitive with a rumble of rage.

The fingers of the foremost man laid hold of the coat tails of Phineas S. Skaggs. They lay straight on the wind as he flew along.

The howl of triumph had hardly left their throats when, like a biblical progenitor, the fleeing land promoter shed his coat and leaped like a cat at the high step of the last car as it slid past. His feet missed it, but his lean hands clung desperately to the handrail.

A moment he squirmed frantically, found a footing for one toe, and was gathered up by the porter.

AN excited group crowded into the observation car and gazed in wonder from the moose swinging idle and empty from the telegraph pole to the yelling mob tearing the raiment of Phineas S. Skaggs into inappreciable shreds.

"What a terribly exciting place!" exclaimed Middy Blouse to White Flannels with a laugh. "Aren't you glad we live in quiet New York?"



Cheer up, everybody! This is the official weather forecaster who predicted fair weather

Last of the Family

(Continued from page 7)

"Here," said Constance, holding out a copy of the magazine, between the pages of which was held the letter from the editor, Bornsheim.

The young professional picked up one of the bull terrier puppies and examined it critically before he dropped it back into the straw and took the magazine. He read Bornsheim's note with the pencilled comment at the top, addressed by Jim Fleetwood to his grandmother. He squinted one clear blue eye at the luxurious, questionable illustrations by the dry-point artist, Mantleck. With his twisted forefinger he traced the lines of the narrative critically.

"Say!" he exclaimed suddenly. "If that stuff was put on at an East Side theaytre, they'd close it. I'm not much



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My father introduced the mellow Burley Leaf as a pipe tobacco. He was the first man to produce a pipe tobacco without "the bite." His entire life was spent in improving smoking tobaccos and he originated many of the leading brands now on the market.

His improvements in smoking tobaccos have increased pipe smokers by the millions. We feel that the comfort and pleasure men derive from his accomplishments give his life's work a value of the greatest magnitude.

We later Pattersons—my brother James and myself—continuing our father's work, originated the popular ready-rolled styles of tobaccos

And now, after 30 years, we have blended "Whip"—a new tobacco which brings ready-rolled tobacco to its highest state of perfection.

This new tobacco we dedicate to our father—who did more than any man or group of men to improve smoking tobaccos.

Whip Ready Rolled TOBACCO

To merely state that "Whip" is blended of Burley, might suggest that it is similar to other Burley blends. If "Whip" were not distinctively different, and better than any tobacco you ever smoked, we would not consider it worthy to perpetuate the reputation of the Patterson name.

"Whip" is the most aromatic and satisfying of all pipe smoking tobaccos—yet it is the mildest tobacco ever blended. You can smoke it all day, pipeful after pipeful, without ill effects.

I blend "Whip" myself—not to guard the secret of its blend, but because I can't teach anyone to blend it to my liking.

Oscar of the Waldorf is generally conceded to be one of the world's best chefs, yet I'll find a thousand mammies down here in the vicinity of Richmond who can beat him making corn pones or waffles.

These natural cooks could show Oscar how they make their "Co'n pones" or their waffles a hundred times, and yet he could never quite duplicate them.

FIVE-CENT CAN FREE

But let me send you a 5c. one-ounce can of "Whip" to prove its own goodness. I can only tell you the qualities of "Whip" and in doing so I must use words that you have read scores of times in the announcements of other tobacco manufacturers.

After all, your pipe is the real test—and we rest "Whip's" case with your pipe. Just drop me a postcard, naming your dealer, and I will send you an ounce can free of charge by return mail.

"Whip" is sold in one-ounce tins at 5c., 2-ounce tins at 10c., and in pound humidors. Ask your dealer.

M. C. Patterson
Pres't.
Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
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Also makers of "Queed"—the big 2½ oz. 10c. tin—a little stronger than "Whip" and a little better than most 2 oz. 10c. tobaccos.

fer this. I wouldn't let my sister read it. There ain't any *man* in that stuff. The feller that wrote that threw the game for the coin."

HE tossed the magazine on the table on a pile of the "Breeders' and Kennel News," unbuttoned his sweater, adjusted his necktie fastidiously before the broken piece of mirror tacked on the wall, raised an elbow and felt for sore spots in the muscles of his forearm, examined his cuffs, and yawned.

"What's there in it for me?" he asked. "I'd take a chance on trimming anybody to-day for three ten spots. I feel so good I guess I'll have to see a veterinary!"

"Come with me, sir. Your terms are satisfactory," answered the old lady. "He shall have one chance to apologize."

As the two went out of the office, a truckman, standing beside his team, plucked at Matty's sleeve.

"Where'd she get the disguise?" he asked.

"Cut *that*, you big fluff," said the gentleman. "That little old dame's all right."

The truckman, deeply chagrined, folded his horse blanket and looked down the street just off the avenue toward the strip of blue of the North River, where cakes of ice showed white, like pieces of paper scattered over the tide. "It's a good day anyhow," he said.

SO it was—a good day; and because it was so bright and fine, Fleetwood called Genevieve Carroll by telephone and proposed a walk to the Metropolitan Gallery. They had said at the club that he was taking on too much loose flesh, and he could not bear, I suppose, to lose the lean grace of which he had been conscious, and from which he had derived, together with his tailor and the Hunt Club set, so much pleasure of the eye.

It was after five and growing dark again when the pair reached the doorway of the Hinterland Apartments. The janitor of that handsome building was standing on the steps admiring the newly polished brass about the doorway.

"Oh, come on in," urged Fleetwood. "It will be a lark. I will make you a cup of the Russian tea that Hendricks, the correspondent, borrowed from the Czarina and sent to me. Daisy Madison came up once. And others. Besides, we are engaged."

"We are *now*," said Genevieve, laughing. Fleetwood, however, keen in his impressions, was displeased by this quip. In the last thirty days Miss Carroll had seemed to change from a young girl full of vivacity, animal spirits, and blind admiration for him, to a more mature woman who was beginning to weigh life and scrutinize her environment. He missed her open, wondering gaze, and often noticed in its place half-covert glances of perplexed scrutiny.

"Come on," said he.

"There's an old lady and young gentleman in your rooms, sir," the janitor volunteered. "They're sitting in the dark, sir. She says she is your grandmother, Mr. Fleetwood."

"My grandmother!"

"From Virginia!" added Genevieve. "Oh, Jim, that's wonderful! Let's hurry!"

"I don't quite make it out," he said to her in the elevator as they passed up through the warm, faint, and not unpleasant changing odors of the succeeding floors. "What brings her here?"

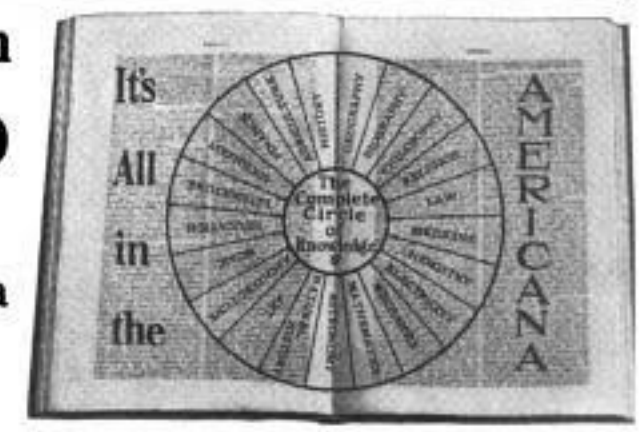
"Her grandson," suggested the girl, stepping out.

IN Fleetwood's apartment there was no light, but there was a movement and an atmosphere of living beings in the room which made themselves known before Jim scratched a match to light a cigarette and turned the electric switch.

"Hello," said he carelessly, pulling at the finger tips of his buckskin gloves. "Sorry you've been waiting."

His desk, which is said to have been the property of Balzac, as all Fleetwood's friends know, stood under the dome in the center of his study, and before his companion had seated herself he fell into the chair in front of it and looked up inquiringly at his grandmother and at the "gentleman" who sat with a blank, empty face in the corner by the rows of morocco-bound foreign novels. The latter returned his look without a change of countenance; indeed, he might have been a stuffed figure propped up on the carved window seat. The little old lady, however, rose to her feet as Genevieve Carroll ran up to her with a half dozen hurried, out-of-breath sentences of introduction and greeting. She

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withdrew her little hand slowly from the larger, stronger hand of the young girl with a little bow of excuse.

"James, I have come to receive your apologies. You may wish that you and I should be left alone, sir."

"Apologies?" said Fleetwood with a sneer. "Apologies for what?"

"For this letter, sir. For debasing our family by selling your talents for base purposes. For these stories which vilely misrepresent the virtue of the women of your country and the honor of its men. For plying your vocation of author for a dishonorable gain. For being a member of my family. For bearing the name of my husband, who was, sir, a gentleman of Fairfax County. Your grandmother is here, James Fleetwood, to demand an apology in the name of decency, sir."

FOR a moment the color of her girlhood, the color which had risen to her cheeks when with a loaded shotgun in hand she had dared Federal officers to mount the steps of Boxwood, now surged up, perhaps for the last time.

Fleetwood, calm, patronizing, and self-possessed, observed it from his chair without rising. The girl to whom he was engaged, stepping forward into the circle of light, picked up the Bornsheim letter and read it twice with sweeping glances. Above its embossed heading, in Jim's familiar hand, was the sentence: "After all, twelve thousand dollars speaks with greater authority than one who unfortunately has lost touch with the age in which she lives; it speaks louder indeed than any personal prejudice of my own!" Genevieve drew back slowly into the shadows.

"Well," said Fleetwood, smiling across a whorl of cigarette smoke which he allowed to drop from his opened mouth like a liquid. "This is very interesting—and unusual. But not to be unreasonable, I apologize for my shortcomings—in part, in toto—whatever they may be, my friends." He looked inquiringly toward the "gentleman," whose not unattractive young face still remained motionless and expressionless, and whose thick, knuckled hands were still resting upon his own knees.

And then, raising his eyebrows, Jim looked toward Miss Carroll.

"You have sold yourself!" she cried out at him. "Why have I never known that? You are a—"

"Hush, my dear," interrupted Constance Fleetwood of Virginia, reaching for the young girl's hand. "We must not forget that we are women."

"Then take me away, please," replied the other with a catch in her throat. 'I want to go with you. There is something real about you, and I want so much to learn. Take me away."

"Lift your head, my dear," whispered the little old lady, and offered her arm. Side by side the two, ancient Constance of Boxwood and modern Genevieve, daughter of an immigrant, walked slowly and with dignity out of the room.

FIVE minutes later "Gentleman Matty" Grogan followed them down in the elevator. "Good-by, ma'am," he said, adjusting his derby hat and pulling down his waistcoat. "Let it go at that—good-by. I'll be on my way. Here's a taxi for youse two, and I'll beat it."

"But I have not yet made you compensation, sir," she asserted.

"Oh, s'all right, ma'am. Just a trifle, see? A great pleasure."

Constance Fleetwood's little parchment hand was fumbling in her bead bag.

"I prefer to pay you, sir, as well as thank you for your gallantry."

"Me? Take pay from youse? Not in a thousand years."

"Thank you, sir," said Constance Fleetwood, dropping him a curtsey.

He had gone around the corner before Genevieve Carroll, at the door of the motor cab, turned to her companion. "Mrs. Fleetwood, did you see his hands? I could not speak. They were all smeared with blood!"

"I do not think it was *mine*," said the little old lady grimly.

LAST winter I heard that she had gone —that she had died alone at Boxwood. It haunted me—that news. I wonder the old house still braves the years and what has become of the wisp of wood smoke that used to dip down from the leaning chimneys, and whether the despair—and pride—of that old estate still hang above the terraced rose garden, and whether the ghosts of gentility, hospitality, and honor still stand at the white and paneled door.



A May Day Treat For You

Let the Knox Cooks send you enough

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

to make six plates of Cherry Sponge

1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
¼ cup cold water. 1 cup cherry juice.
Juice of one lemon. ¾ cup sugar.
1½ cups cherries. Whites of two eggs.

Soak gelatine in the cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in the hot cherry juice. Add Cherries (stoned and cut in halves) and lemon juice. When jelly is cold and beginning to set, add whites of 2 eggs beaten until stiff. Mold and when ready to serve turn on to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream, putting chopped cherries over the top.

NOTE: This same recipe may be used with other canned fruits.

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Nightfall

By
EDWARD M. CARNEY

The day dies.
The last faint ember of the setting sun
Goes out; and long, dark Night comes on apace.
A stillness wraps the world in solemn thought.
No song of bird, no rustle of the breeze
Disturbs the sacred silence of the hour.
On rapid wing, a solitary dove
Pursues her lonely and belated flight
To eastward skies o'ercast with leaden clouds.
So white, so sad, so lost in such a sky!
Her course is straight and swift as arrow's flight—
And darkness swallows up the white-winged bird.
A star peeps out—and Night is on the world.

Tyranny of Beauty

(*Continued from page 12*)

another woman when it's between a woman and a man. Can't you tell her first—say something that'll make her see how it was? I was only trying to serve her own dear friend—and for him to take offense like that!"

I PROMISED; but my aunt came home on Monday and went direct to the office, and before I'd had a chance to say anything, in walks little monsieur, tells his version and—resigns!

"What's all this, mossoo?" cried my aunt. "Resigning? You—the most important person I got here—because a woman like Beekman don't know her place? Why, she ain't wuth the notice of an artist like you—not for a minute—ain't fit to be your doormat. I'll make you manager of the hair department and raise you five a week. Now you got as much right to order her as she has to order you—if you want revenge, just tell her that I raised you five because she didn't know her place, and next time she demands an apology of you I'll raise you five more. That'll put a flea in her ear, I guess. She needs a lesson."

Monsieur kissed her hand and went back to his chair.

MADAME recounted the incident at supper, in high feather over it. "That Beekman has the intellect of a hen," said she. "Now when she tries to stick me for her raise she's put me where I can tell her: 'Pretty manager you are so far—nearly lost me mossoo—a man I can't replace in the whole country, and I had to raise him five to keep him—two hundred dollars this year to pay for your foolishness. You gotta get some different results from that before I see myself speaking to the bookkeeper.' . . . Save off her what I put on him!—and then some."

"If she's worth it, Maggie, you should pay her," remonstrated my grandmother, "not take advantage of a slip of temper with a foreigner."

"That's business," laughed my aunt.

BUT every dog has his day, and Miss Beekman's was coming, though none of us suspected it. At the end of the third year, our lease still having two to run, my aunt took a whole building. Then she got married.

It is characteristic of the modern business woman of the Mme. Del Mar type that she marries only after reaching the whole-building stage of her career, not at the beginning when she might be sup-



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From Texas comes the report of a long cross-country trip, fording creeks, plugging through mud for miles and running away from bigger cars. J. McNair Ealy, a banker of Caro, Mich., drove his Saxon home from Detroit, 110 miles through muddy March roads in 4½ hours.

A strenuous trip in Wisconsin made H. S. Wilson write "the Saxon takes long grades and hills better than most cars costing five times the money."

From Pittsburgh to Uniontown, Pa., three Saxons made the journey over mountain roads "so full of ruts and holes that a big car couldn't have gotten through at all."

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SAXON Motor Company, Detroit. Dept. E

posed to need a husband's guidance and support, nor yet when part way to the top and able to support a husband in the style to which he's been accustomed by his mother's income. Men as men have little glamour to a woman like my aunt after she has seen through their tricks, deceived with subtler tricks, devised schemes and foiled others and pulled the wool of cajoling flattery over usually sharp eyes. The woman who "hires and fires" in an establishment like ours soon comes to regard the men as she regards the women employees—mere pawns in her own game.

I CANNOT, even looking back into my aunt's girlhood, seem to see her as a marrying woman. She had boy friends in Columbus and man friends in New York, and she went around with them in a public sort of way to view the passing show, but beyond that she apparently had no use for them. One and all they were "supes," minor actors in that magnificent drama, "The Romance of Perfumed Pork Fat, or the Mystery of the Pink Jar." There she was creator, author, producer, manager, star performer, and box office rolled into one, and stage bounded by two oceans, whose million footlights burned with every woman's secret: "I can be beautiful."

Nobody really knew her inner life. She was a woman absolutely without intimates—that was part of the price she paid for her success, that isolation of a soul barricaded by fear of rivals, by hatred of opposition, and a supreme self-confidence in her own methods. We who lived under the same roof with her inhabited a little domestic world of our own—a world of warmth and affection, of few wants and simple pleasures, of rigid self-denial. I was putting my brother through an agricultural course and planning to send my little sister to college, and my grandmother was saving a bit here and there from the house money and sending it to my mother or one of her other children on the sly. "Well, I'm sure I hope Joe turns out with your money, Lucy," was my aunt's only comment on my activities in this line. How little she would have missed a hundred dollars and how grateful the boy would have been to her! She reminded me in those days of a sea turtle—a hard shell, impervious to human affection, with a beaked head sticking out and flippers strong enough to carry her across any current.

I WAS now not so startled and aghast at her announcement of a change into a larger store—a whole building—as I had been by the expansion of three years before.

"I've had my eye on that corner ever since we came to New York," said she. "Lease or no lease, I can't afford to let a chance like that get by me. I've been figgering it out—seven floors—only five more'n we got now, crowded. And I've been talking with little mossoo. He's no fool if he is French. I got a kind of an idear he's sweet on you, Lucy. You might do worse than him, and then I'd have two relatives identified with the business! He says he could occupy a whole floor easy—offered to sublet on his own responsibility and run the hair goods as his private business. I says: 'What are you allowing me for the use of the name—the prestige of the preparations?' and he says: 'And what are you allowing me for the use of my name and prestige?'

"Didja ever! And him only French. All the same I think I'd let him do it—call the prestige equal both sides—only old Beekman might start up. I don't know what I'd do without her if she was to get so jealous she'd leave—perfectly hen-headed about some things, but she does get on with them old women. Don't see how she can touch them with a ten-foot pole. Yes, Beekman's a perfect money magnet when it comes to dealing with them old got-the-diamonds, and I got nobody to take her place and leave me free of the whole establishment. I'm going to make her general superintendent in the new building—or general manager. I suppose you're the real general superintendent. Calling her that'll save me raising her ten. Five'll be enough—she'll swallow the name for the other five and never know the difference."

MY aunt was one of those persons who, when they've "come it over" another, experience a reaction in which that other's virtues appear enhanced. It was not the upspringing in her of the generosity



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that will not hit a fallen foe, and certainly it was not remorse for either unkindness or injustice; rather, it was the winey flattery of a proved superiority warming her veins and melting her temper to a glow of fresh appreciation of what was admirable. With all her inconsiderate selfishness—due largely to her absorption in the business world that left her no time for the little things of affection—she was not vindictive by nature, and never petty. When she did her worst, her worst was done. She either picked up the object of her wrath and set it back on the shelf, or swept the pieces out of her life—that depended on how badly she'd broken it. She was quite incapable of the meanness that probes for tender places and daily stabs them on the sly. So her "coming it over" Miss Beekman had been rather to that lady's advantage than otherwise, as the sequel proved—she became "General Manager of the Del Mar Beauty Salon" as soon as we moved into the new building, and had the title printed on her cards.

I MADE no comment on the proposed appointment and my aunt rattled along. "Our laboratories" would now occupy a floor, and there'd be a practical chemist to manufacture all the preparations but our "standard specials," and another floor devoted to the mail-order business.

"I've been talking to that Mme. Granville—perfect fool in some ways and her preparations are the worst on the market—her cream ain't a thing but paraffin, beeswax, and mineral oil—grow hair on the face something awful—I wonder she ain't been sued by some actress, and I told her she would be—but she says they can't prove it on her goods, so lettum sue—good ad for her. . . . But she says she's cleaned up seventy thousand dollars on the mail-order end alone—magazine ads done it all for her—didja ever! Perfect liar. I don't believe she's cleaned up forty on that stuff; but it took her only two years, whatever it was—that's how long she's been there on Fourteenth. If she can, I can. Gotta have room for it, that's all. Brains and floor space—that's the secret of all modern success."

A BUILDING of her own was the logical consequence of the Beekmans and Perriots, the Julia Cryders and the Lucys, just as Mme. Del Mar was the logical transformation in the melting pot of commerce of Maggie McNulty. Wonderful woman! A wholesaler by instinct, she had now discovered how to conduct a retail business wholesale—wholesale operations, wholesale responsibilities, wholesale risks, and much she cared! Another furnishing by installments, another gamble of a month's rent, and there she was in a suite of private offices—three now—with an innermost privacy to which only the chosen few had access.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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from "Electrical Industries" (London)

THERE is a certain amount of satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill got so angry over the freaks of the telephone the other day that he flung his receiver on the floor. As a member of the Government which purchased the telephone system, he deserves all the torture that Post Office working can inflict. But his rage, ...

From "Le Petit Phare de Nantes," Paris

"But today I found I had to talk with Saint-Malo, and, wishing to be put through quickly, I had my name inscribed on the waiting list first thing in the morning; the operator told me—though very amiably, I must confess—that I would have to wait thirteen hours and ten minutes (you are reading it right) in order to be put through."

Herr Haberland, Deputy, in the Reichstag

"The average time required to get a connection with Berlin is now 1½ hours. Our business life and trade suffer considerably on account of this lack of telephone facilities, which exists not only between Dusseldorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Strassburg, Antwerp, etc."

Herr Wendel, in the German Diet.

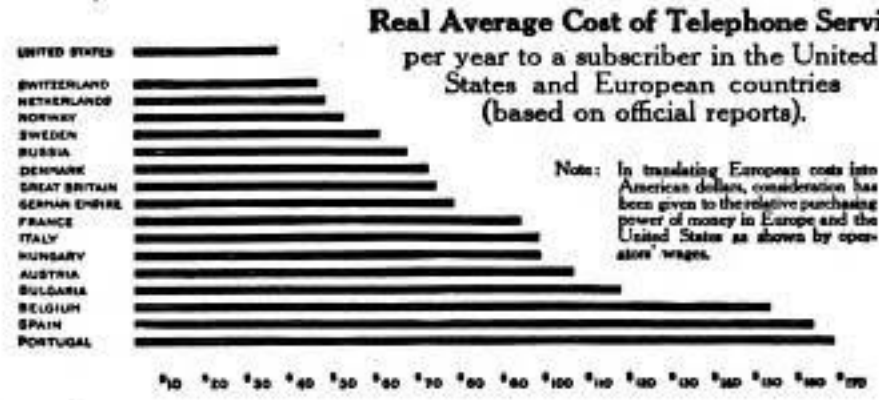
"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p. m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone connection."

Dr. R. Luther, in the Dresdner Anzeiger

"In the year 1913, 36 years after the discovery of the electro-magnetic telephone, in the age of the beginning of wireless telegraphy, one of the largest cities of Germany, Dresden, with half a million inhabitants, is without adequate telephone facilities."

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The Region Of Greatest Opportunities For Manu-facturers, Investors, Merchants, Mechanics, Farmers or anyone looking for real live openings is found in the Southeastern States along the Southern Railway Lines. Write today for "Business Openings" folder and the "Southern Field" magazine. M. V. Richards, Land & Ind. Agent, Room 16 Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

Money-Making Farms, 21 States, $15 To $50 An acre; live stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Big Special Bargain Sheet free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 West 34th Street, New York.

LONG ISLAND

New York Is Expanding More Rapidly Than Any city in the world. Improved lots in beautiful residential park at Hempstead, Long Island, six miles from New York, $240 up; small amount down; easy monthly payments; all city conveniences; every lot guaranteed high and dry; many fine residences now on property; five cent trolley to ocean; title guaranteed; gilt-edged investment; send for photographic map and illustrated booklet. W. Kaye, 277 Broadway, New York City.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Fertile Farms $15 An Acre Up. Easy payments. Send names of two friends interested in Virginia and receive our beautiful magazine one year free. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., Norfolk & Western Ry., Room 245, N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Stamps, Coins, Post Cards

$15 For Dollar 1858. We Pay To $1,000.00 For rare coins to 1909. Many very valuable in circulation. Get Posted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. The Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

Twenty High-Grade Post Cards For Ten Cents. Send name and address with ten cents in stamps or coin for our special introductory offer. P. W. Rabbabaugh, Plainfield, Indiana.

Auto Instruction

Earn Big Money. Be A Chauffeur Or Repair man. We teach you at home and assist you to position. Best system, lowest prices. Free models. Write for free Book. Practical Auto School, 115a Pearl St., New York.

Collections

Why Experiment? Big Firms Demand Results. That's the reason they patronize us. Our service covers the country. No advance fees. Established 1906; Members Chicago Ass'n of Commerce; Wiley & Mack, General Counsel; Highest commercial and bank references. Write us today. Conie W. Mack & Co., Otis Bldg., Chicago.

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $300,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Lake, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

5 Follow-Up Collection Letters $1. A System-atic approach from all angles, making the debtor pay without losing his business. Collected $50,000 slow accounts for one concern last year. Hunter S. Richey, Anderson, Indiana.

Pinkerton Co., U. S. Detective Agency, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill., force payment of bad accounts everywhere. Specialty men please write us. Send for particulars.

Pianos, Musical Instruments

Unusual Bargains In Used Pianos. 200 Good pianos taken in exchange for Virtuolo player pianos, many like new, all overhauled in our workshop, at about ½ regular prices. Included are Steinways, Hallet & Davis, Knabe, Kimball, Chickering, etc., etc., uprights and grands. Prices, $45, $70, $95, $100 and up to $125. Shipped anywhere on approval. Cash or easy payments. Write for illustrated catalog and complete price list. Hallet & Davis Piano Co., 115 Virtuolo Building, Boston, Mass.

Used Pianos Offer Biggest Values; We Sell Many good makes from $125 up; delivery free, anywhere; easy terms; the "Pease" record for 60 years guarantees satisfaction. Write for bargain list. Pease Piano Factory, Leggett Ave., Bronx, New York.

Window Trimming

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Koester School, 503 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Short Stories

Phillips School. Personal Instruction. Story Writing or Photoplay Writing. State which. Inspirational Booklet free. "Story Market" or "Photoplay Market," 10c each. Phillips Studio, 18 DC.—156 5th Ave., New York.

Typewriters, Office Supplies

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium. (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

This Month—100 No. 3 Oliver Visible Type-writers at a sensational price. Terms $3 a month—5 days' Free Trial—completely equipped. Guaranteed same as if regular catalog price were paid. United States Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 242, Federal Life Bldg., Chicago.

Just Habit To Insist Upon Paying $100.00 For A typewriter. Don't waste your money. We have them from $5.00 up. Profit by our years of experience. Listen! Write Standard Typewriter Exchange, 398 Park Row, N. Y. Citv.

Patents

U. S. And Foreign Patents And Trade-Marks. Free book and opinion as to patentability. Joshua R. H. Potts, Patent Lawyer, 8 Dearborn St., Chicago. 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 805 G St., Washington.

Protective Patents Procured Promptly. Trade-marks Registered U. S. Patent Office. Inventors Blue Book sent on Request. Robb & Robb, 285-288 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted An Idea! Who Can Think Of Some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. Write for Bulletin of Patent Buyers and Needed Inventions. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 155, Washington, D. C.

Show Card Writing

Learn Show Card Writing. My Course, Complete in 14 easy lessons, makes you an expert. Graduates earn big salaries. Booklets, testimonials, etc., free. Bert L. Daily, 300 Gaub Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Dull Razor Blades

Made "Good As New—Many Say Better," 30 Cts. doz. Send blades today. No need to send money. Pay when blades are returned and found to be O.K. Minimum charge 30 cts. Dept. E, Keenedge Co., Chicago, Ills.

Duplicating Devices

You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Modern" Duplicator. $3.00 complete. Booklet Free. W. E. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 329 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business Opportunities

Sales Managers For Every City To Co-Operate with our campaigns, in taking big orders for the Canuck Fly Trap Screens, indispensable in every modern home. We want men to sell it themselves and to put our salesmen, must be able to finance themselves and carry stock on hand, and give highest references. To that kind of men we offer a golden opportunity to make a permanent income. Write, Frank A. Mason & Co., Bush Terminal Building No. 6A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Build A Business Of Your Own, And Escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless field; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

Start Mail Order Business. Responsible Corpora-tion supplies best mail sellers. Factory prices. Quick-turn proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 67 E. 5th St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

Salesmen And Sales Managers With Small Cap-ital can build up in short time a lucrative business in home territory. Once sold permanent income suffer. Hagen Trading Co., 25 Broad St., N. Y. City.

From Producer to Consumer

Carque's California Black Mission Figs. Sun-cured. Most wholesome and delicious for eating and cooking. 10 lbs. Express prepaid in U. S. $1.50. Carque Pure Food Co., 3601-1609 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Headquarters for unsulphured California Dried Fruits, Nuts, Olive Oil, Honey, etc. Ask for price list.

For Men and Women 16 to 70

Send Application For Special "Get Acquainted" offer—$10 yearly—old line policy against sickness and accidents. Pays $5,000 death; $25.00 weekly disability benefit. Reliable representatives wanted. L. B. Smith, Mgr., 207 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Cigars

Cigars—High Grade Hand Made Havana Cigars. Direct to retailers. Goods guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Brands, El Gaviola, Lancaster Belle, Semmons, Grower's Road, Reveus Gaudi. A. S. Gaviola & Son, Mfrs., Lime & New Sts., Lancaster, Pa.

Motion Picture Plays

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

JOBS

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

Agents Wanted

Agents: A New Line With Big Money Making possibilities selling the nationally known Evinrude Row-boat or Canoe Motor at resorts or wherever boating exists. Attaches in one minute. Easy to start. Simple in operation. Economical. Officially adopted by twelve Governments including the United States. Magneto equipped. Drives a Rowboat eight miles per hour, Canoe twelve miles per hour. Weighs 30 lbs. Can be carried like a satchel. Write for particulars today. Get started early. Evinrude Motor Company, 159 F St., Milwaukee, Wis. Agents protected on territory and price. Full co-operation. Profit by our national advertising.

Wanted—Responsible Party To Take Charge Of our business in each county handling sale of Automatic Combination Tool, a combined wire fence stretcher, post puller, lifting jack, etc. Lifts or pulls 3 tons, weighs 24 pounds. Sells readily to farmers, shops, contractors, etc. No experience necessary. Descriptive catalogue, prices and terms free upon request. Harrah Mfg. Co., Drawer B, Bloomfield, Indiana.

Everybody Satisfied. You Will Be Satisfied With your profit—your customer will be satisfied with the machine—if you sell Torrington Vacuum Cleaners and Sweepers. A two-minute demonstration closes a sale. Styles to suit every home and purse. Backed by twelve years' reputation. Can you beat it? Send for catalog and prices. Sweepcleaner Co., Box A, Torrington, Conn.

We Furnish You Capital To Run A Profitable business of your own. Become one of our local representatives and sell high grade custom made shirts, also guaranteed sweaters, underwear, hosiery and neckties, direct to the homes. Write Steadfast Mills, Dept. 24, Cohoes, N. Y.

Latest Sanitary Device For Cleansing Mouth And earpiece of telephone. Highly endorsed by foremost authorities. Every home, business and public institution a prospect. Fine opportunity to establish a paying business. Agents' sample 25c. Sterlphone Co., 317 B'way, N. Y. C.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Agents. We Want Men And Women To Rep-resent us and start sub-agents. "Every home a sale." Big Profits Everywhere. Territory being taken fast. Write us quick. Enclose stamp for particulars. Sun Mfg. Co., 342 Dean Bldg., South Bend, Indiana.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Sign Men—Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Be independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. N. Y. Sign Letter Co., 751 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wide-Awake Agents Or Crew Managers Can secure special concession and reap the benefit from the best money making agency proposition on the market by writing now for full particulars. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Sell 5 Silk Wash Ties For $1.00, Catchy Gold Filled Tie Clasp and Stick Pin Free. Write sales. Big Profits. Write for samples and terms. Comer Mfg. Co., 2 Tenth St., Dayton, Ohio.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 25 Union, Newark, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

Local Manager In Each Locality Not Yet Occu-pied, to supply local automobile owners, Supply Houses and Garages with Kor-Ker Puncture Cure—a big money saver. No competition. Large immediate profits. Must be able to handle salesmen and have from $50 to $250 in cash—depending on awarded territory. No proposition like this ever before offered. Don't write unless you can qualify with cash as well as references, and we will submit you an unusually attractive proposition. Address Puncture Cure Sales Co., 20 Ridge St., Newark, N. J.

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents—Here's A Money Maker. New Low-Priced Portable Oil Gas Stove. Light in weight—compact—practical. Every home a possible customer. Cooks, bakes, heats. Sells both in Summer & Winter. Write Today for our Money Making Proposition. The World Mfg. Co., 4242 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

A New Method For Polishing Silverware. No scouring, no powder, no paste. Harmless. Every home, hotel and restaurant a prospect. Your territory open if applied for promptly. Sample 25c. Lightning Metal Polish Co., 1567 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Wanted—Men Or Women To Take Orders For our fast selling seven bar box High Grade Toilet Soaps. Big seller; big profit; repeat orders assured. Write for full particulars. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. S-303, Chicago, Ills.

Agents—Big Income. New Invention. Scrubs, takes up water. No wringing, no cloths. Big sale, big profit. Exclusive territory. Patent Vacuum Cleaners, Washers, Fiber Brooms, Polish Mops, etc. Write today. Special terms. Pirrang Mfg. Co., Dept. 344, Chicago.

Honest Man Wanted In Each Town To Dis-tribute free advertising premiums; $15 a week to start; experience unnecessary; references required. Address McLean, Black & Co., 14 S. Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our "Instant" Heatless Trousers Press. Sells at sight. Big profit. Grasp opportunity. Write now. Sample 25c. Territories. E. Clifford Company, 10 Wall Street, New York.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 5, St. Louis, Mo.

An Investment Of 20c Will Bring You A Sample of a real live specialty. Every man or woman a prospect. Order today and reserve territory. W. L. Haas Co., 150 Chambers St., New York City.

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer! cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. Price to agents 50 cents. Wendell Washer Co., 192 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Theodore Roosevelt Is Again Writing For Scrib-ner's. Magazine subscription solicitors can earn big commissions. Inquire Desk 1. Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Ave., New York.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposi-tion in U. S. If you are making less than $200 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents Wanted

Capable Side Line Salesmen Wanted In Every locality to handle a Nationally advertised Drug Specialty line of exceptional merit. Sells on sight, patented and guaranteed. Liberal commission the year 'round. Splendid incomes easily made by energetic, experienced workers. Give complete details of experience, present line, references, and territory in first letter. Sanitax Brush Co., 2347 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Agents, Would You Take A Steady Job With regular weekly income to start and chance to work up to big yearly profits? No experience required. Great crew managers' proposition. We manufacture. Middlemen profits saved,—first posted on our 1914 exclusive territory—business-building selling plans. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Pres., 21 65, Davis Bldg., Chicago.

The Fuller Dustless Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 52 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $25.00 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $2500 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Feeny Mfg. Co., Dept. E-61, Muncie, Ind., wants a few good general agents for Feeny Vacuum Cleaning machine. New exclusive type; unequalled in power; sells at popular price; good contract with exclusive territory. Answer today.

Agents—Here's A Fast Selling Article. New Low Priced Self Heating Iron. Easy sales—large profits—demand enormous. Write Today for Money Making Plans and how to obtain Free Sample. C. Brown Mfg. Co., 2816 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Household Necessity Recently Invented Sells readily at 75c. Costs distributors 25c. Nothing like it on the market. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get your territory now. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Agents Wanted. Sell Latest Vacuum Cleaner. Every woman wants one. Guaranteed. Special trial offer. Many other snappy household articles. Big profits. Write Jos. C. Barnett Co., Manufacturers, Riverside, Iowa.

Can You Do What Others Are Doing? A Large manufacturer wants reliable workers established everywhere. Guaranteed hosiery sold only through agents. Liberal terms. J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—"Large Profit" Free Sample Our Gold & Silver Sign Letters for Store fronts & Office windows. Easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. 432 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

Live Agents To Sell Our Celebrated HoRoCo Medicated Skin and Scalp Soap. Perfumes and Toilet Articles. Cash Commission. Goods guaranteed. Hopfinger & Roth Co., 308 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 2601 Warren St., New York.

Are You In A Salaried Rut? Earn More Money selling our postal card disk records. Play on any disk machine. Mail around to friends. Gintona Co., 31a So. Portland Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel-ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novities Sales Co., 180 High St., Waltham, Mass.

High-Grade Salesmen

Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing $10 a year pays $5000 for accidental death—$25 a week sickness or injury. $5 a year buys policy paying $2000 accidental death—$15 a week injury or sickness. Midland Casualty Co., 1343 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket ledger affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted—Residing In Or Making Small towns. Take orders on our special plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales. $4.00 commission on each order. Write for pocket outfit today. Caufield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

Reliable, Earnest Men Wanted To Represent rapidly growing real estate building corporation. Will help you build up lifetime business of your own yielding large income. Training free to responsible men. J. J. Butler, 1404 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

Parcel Post Means Many Railway Mail Clerks needed. Commence $75.00 month. Examinations everywhere. Sample questions and schedule of places, free. Franklin Institute, Dep't F 116, Rochester, N. Y.

Summer Specialties

Have You Something To Sell This Summer? Do you want men or women to do special summer work for you? Are you anxious to attract people to a certain summer resort? Have you some definite service to be performed without waste of time or money? If you have—allow us to place your story before the readers of Collier's. According to our latest report Collier's goes into 718,000 homes or offices every week. You can reach these homes quickly, effectively, and reasonably through this classified page. There is a proper classification for you. This page will sell special summer foods and special summer beverages. It will sell summer clothing; summer games and athletic goods. It will sell real estate or attract people to certain summer resorts. It will sell photographs. It will perform any reasonable service. What have you to sell that is in demand? We will gladly help you prepare good, selling copy or follow-up literature.

Rates and Information

We Maintain A Department To Co-Operate with advertisers. We will prepare copy or help you in any way possible. Questions gladly answered and complete information supplied on request. We solicit suggestions as to ways in which to improve this page.

Smallest copy accepted—four lines. Cost, $1.00 a line. 3% discount for cash with order; 10&5% discount on six-time consecutive orders—total discount deducted from sixth insertion. The next six classified issues are: June 6, 20, July 4, 18, August 1st and 15th. Rate for all issues after September 26th, 1914, $1.50 per line. An average of eight words to each line of space. Forms close three weeks in advance of date of issue (for instance, forms close for the June 6th issue on May 16th). To eliminate bookkeeping, check must accompany order unless placed by a recognized advertising agency. Address nearest office: 1119 Westminster Building, Chicago, or 414 West 13th St., New York City.

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MOST users of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush will say that the old way of making the RUBBERSET was good enough. The bristles never came out, no matter what use or abuse the brush was given. But since we have discovered a better way of gripping tooth brush bristles in hard rubber, we have adopted it. We have improved the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush—if you can imagine this possible.

Now instead of gripping all the bristles of each brush in a single head of hard rubber, each tuft of bristles has its separate brush head of solid vulcanized rubber that holds each bristle with a vise-like grip. Thus a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is composed of thirty to forty perfect little brushes—the bristles in each tuft being held in hard rubber as in the famous RUBBERSET Shaving and Paint Brush.

A solid blow from a heavy hammer might smash a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush into tiny pieces—but there would be no loose bristles. Each tuft would remain intact.

The tufts of bristles are held in a plate, in cone-shaped holes, and they can't be pulled through with a pair of pliers. The cone-shaped heads exactly fit the cone-shaped holes. Over this plate is moulded the top and handle of the brush—and the result is a brush with bristles, bristle-holding head and frame all moulded and hardened into one solid piece. The bristles haven't a chance to come out. Tug, twist and yank at them with a pair of pliers, and you can't loosen one of them.



RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
SAFETY TOOTH BRUSH

THINK of the luxury of such a brush!—no annoying loose bristles to pick from between your teeth or to make you choke. Think of the safety of such a brush!—no chance for a loose bristle to lodge in the gums, throat, stomach or intestines where it may cause serious trouble. Think of the Economy of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush! One RUBBERSET will outwear half a dozen of the ordinary make. Its usefulness only ends when the bristles are played out and worn out—because they can't fall out! And think of the price of the RUBBERSET Tooth Brush—NOW 25c for the brush formerly 35c—Now 35c for the brush formerly 50c—and worth the money. We have reduced the prices because increased output has reduced our manufacturing and selling costs.

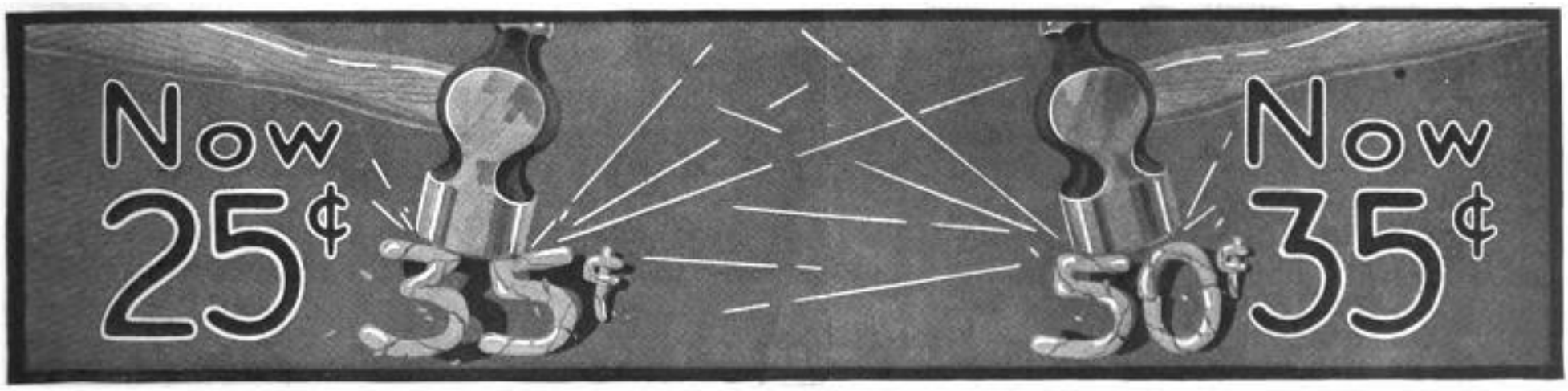
You actually get a better RUBBERSET Tooth Brush for 25c and 35c than you formerly obtained for 35c and 50c

RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes are made in all sizes for adults and children—in plain, curved and serrated brushing surfaces. Their handles are shaped for convenient brushing and are slightly pliable. They are made of Alberite Ivory—and each handle of the genuine R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T Tooth Brush is stamped R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T. Look for this name in buying a tooth brush.

RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes are sold everywhere

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Factories, NEWARK, N. J.

(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.)



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Rich, mellow, fragrant Velvet, all the sun that kissed you ripe,
You have sto'ed up in your bein' to release it in my pipe.
An' to ca'm my troubled sperit, you have saved the mawnin' dew
An' the soft, shy summer breezes that have whispered peace to you.
An' you've learned me how to gather all the good things that I can
To turn 'em into kindness an' good will to'ds fellow man.

Velvet Joe



JOE, like every "dyed in the wool" pipe smoker, knows that there's a lot more than "just smoke" in good tobacco. He knows that Nature has stored up genial philosophy, sunny kindliness and real good fellowship in the "blessed weed". VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, mellowed by more than two years' ageing, is made of the choicest Kentucky Burley, the tobacco which Nature outdid herself to make all that pipe tobacco ought to be. VELVET is *Burley de Luxe* perfected by slow and careful curing that brings out all its flavor, fragrance and body—with an added aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

There's a whole lot of peace, contentment and satisfaction waiting for you now in a tin of VELVET.

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

5¢ Bags
One Pound
Glass Humidors

Full Size
2 oz. Tin 10¢

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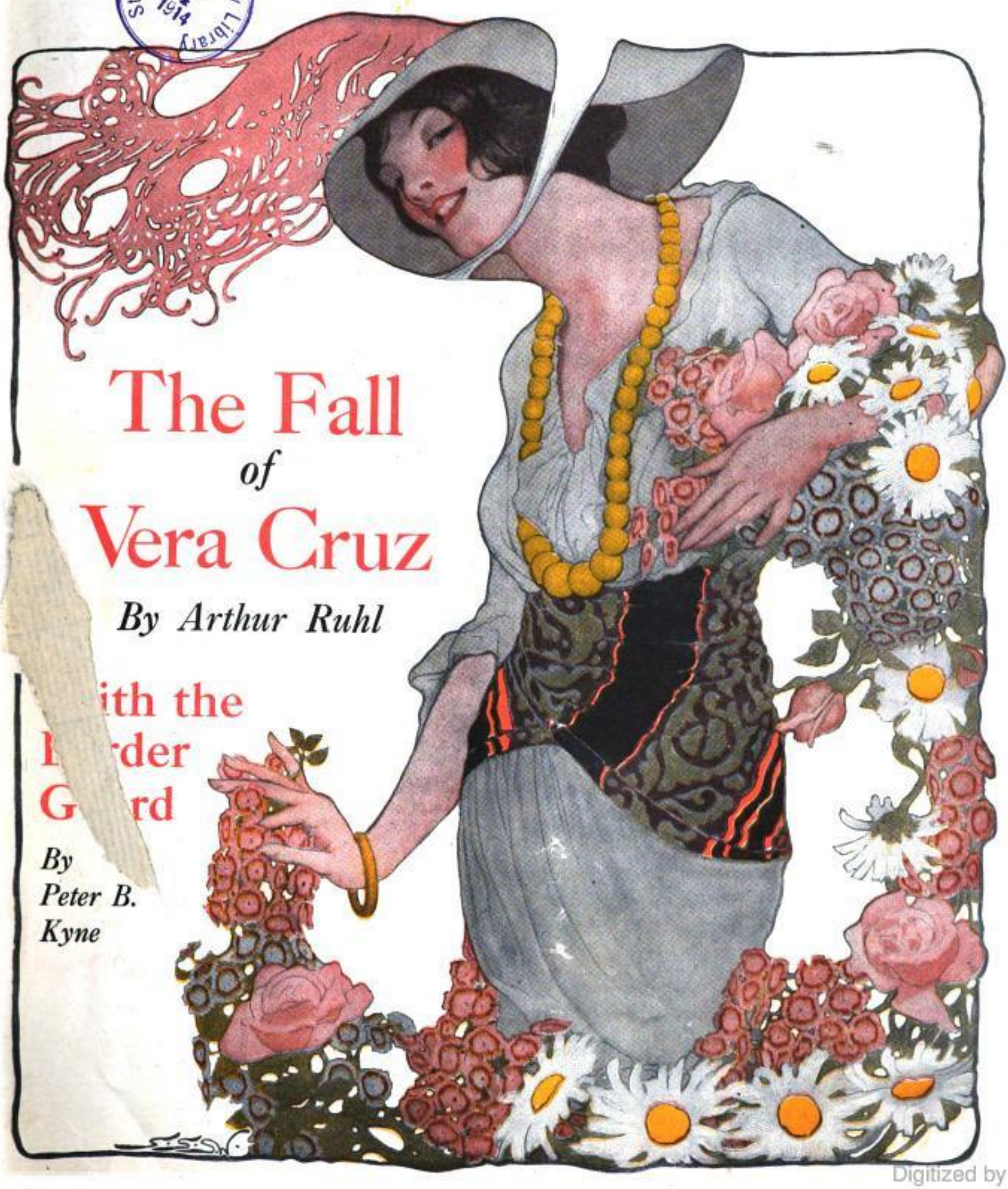
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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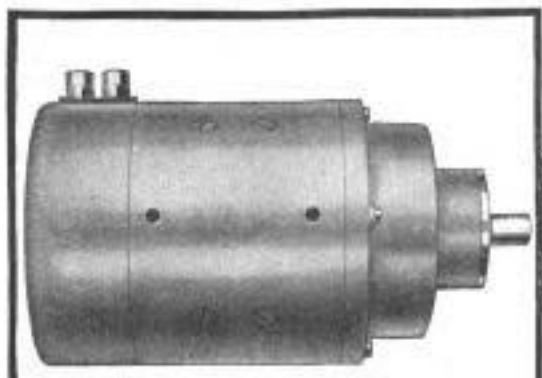
The Fall of Vera Cruz

By Arthur Ruhl

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By Peter B. Kyne

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One unit for starting the motor



Why *two* Units are better than one



One unit for generating the power

WHEN you call at automobile show-rooms much of the salesman's discussion will naturally be about the starting-lighting system.

You will find *two general methods* of generating current and cranking the engine.

In one type of system, the dynamo or generator and the starting motor are combined in a Single Unit.

In the Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System, these units are separate and work independently.

With a few simple facts before you, you will soon decide in favor of the Two-Unit system.

The Single-Unit system is a good all 'round device, but because of the design must divide its efforts between two widely different tasks.

The combination of generator, starting motor, and in some instances an ignition system, requires more or less compromise.

The Two-Unit Gray & Davis System may be compared to a two-man team of specialists, each having a *separate* task.

Together these separate units are naturally in a position to give better service than a single unit having two, or perhaps three duties.

How Both Systems Work

In the Single-Unit system the starting motor armature constantly revolves.

In the Gray & Davis System, this armature works only when called upon to crank the car. On the average automobile this work amounts to about 50 hours a year. During the same length of time, a car equipped with a *Single*-Unit system running 4 hours a day, forces its starting motor armature to revolve *1460 hours*.

In the Two-Unit System there is absolutely no need of mechanical compromise because each separate unit has but one function to perform.

The dynamo is a sturdy, reliable generator.

The starting motor is simplified to a point where it uses no more power than is absolutely necessary.

What happens in Emergencies

Suppose, in a Single-Unit system an accident disables the generating function. *The entire system will be affected.* Should the starting function give trouble, the chances are that the *entire system* will be put out of commission.

With two *distinct* units, as in the Gray & Davis System, accident may impair the starting motor but the dynamo still continues to generate. The lighting efficiency is in no way impaired.

Should the Gray & Davis *dynamo* be temporarily out of commission, the starting motor continues to crank the engine as long as there is a charge in the battery.

Six years of proof

We have manufactured automobile equipment for 15 years. During the past 6 years we have *specialized* in electric starting-lighting equipment.

This work has been under the personal direction of one o the world's greatest experts in dynamo and motor constructio

The Gray & Davis dynamo has been in service s years. The starting motor has been in use over two ye on all types of pleasure cars and on several motor and department trucks.

Road service has proved beyond doubt the abs soundness of the Two-Unit System.

You will find the Gray & Davis Starting-Li System on leading cars in every price class.

When an automobile salesman says, "Yes, this complete Gray & Davis equipment," you may cou unvarying efficiency and reliability.

All the facts about starting-lighting systems ar our latest catalog. A copy will be sent you on

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

GRAY & DAVIS



STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEM

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Faithful Service Lasting Friendship

YOUR goodwill is of greatest value to us.

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Design in young men's clothes

THE proper designing of clothes for young men is an art which we have brought to great perfection.

It is necessary to please the young men, of course; they won't buy what doesn't attract and satisfy; but it is also necessary to maintain the high standards of style and quality which we have set for all our undertakings—to make clothes that look young without looking frivolous; that have the lively, snappy lines which young men insist on, without being undignified.

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Our illustration shows two of our best models for young men. Center: 31 inch soft-front coat, 3 buttons; a style for any figure. Right: 30 inch soft-front coat, 3 patch pockets; each has 6 button, no collar waistcoat. Such suits may be had of good clothiers from $18 to $50

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 8 MAY 9 1914

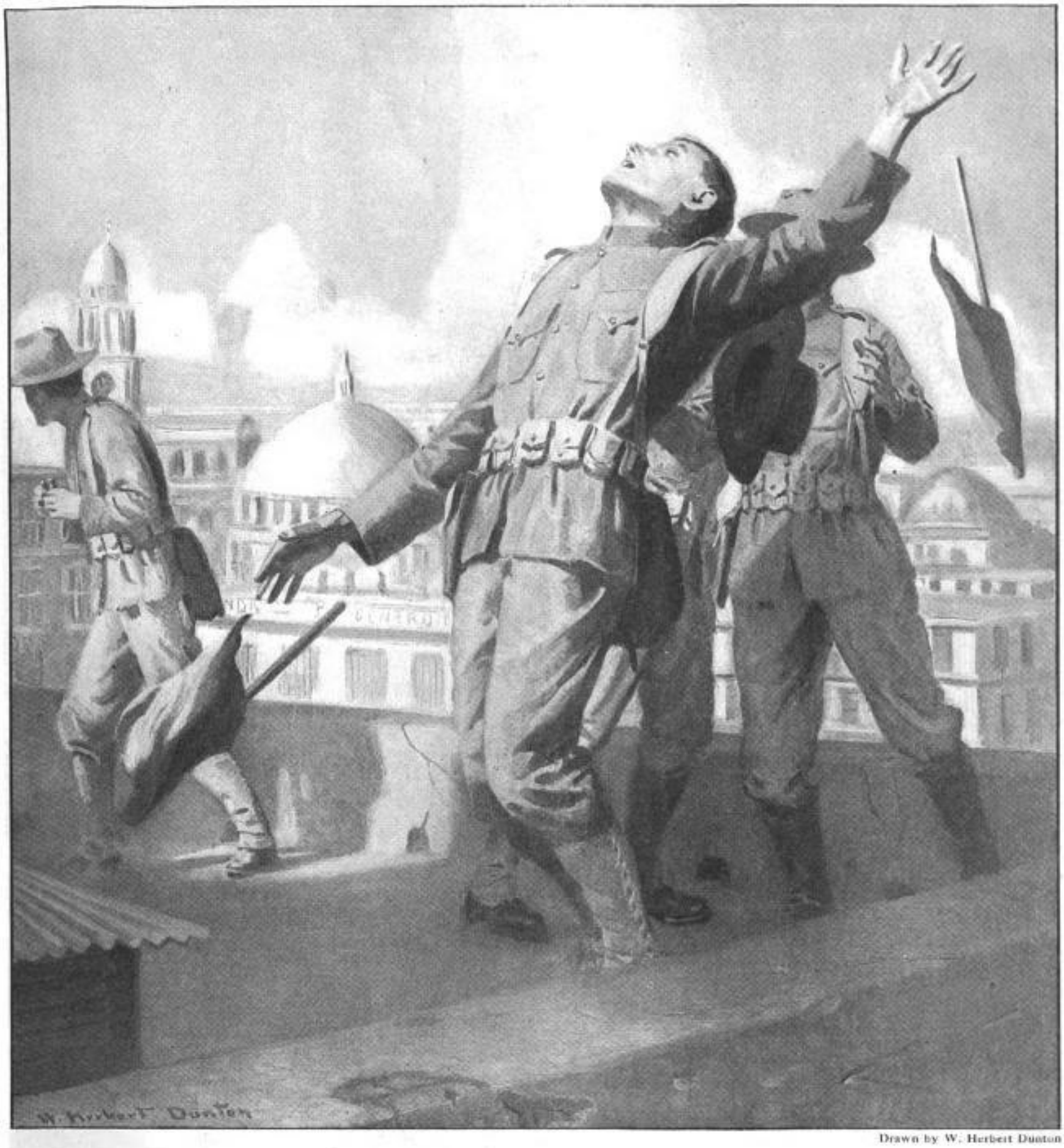
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

THE COURAGE THAT INSPIRED *six hundred heroes at Balaklava to charge into a valley of death was no greater, perhaps, than that displayed by the signalman in modern warfare who posts himself for duty upon death's conspicuous peaks. The "wigwag" man goes to battle with flags in his hands instead of weapons,*

"Sniped!"

a helpless target for the enemy's marksmen. At the taking of Vera Cruz the first American killed was Private Daniel Aloysius Haggerty, Eighth Company, Second Regiment of the United States Marine Corps. Private Haggerty was on signal duty on the roof of the Terminal Hotel, where he became a conspicuous mark for the bullets of "snipers" in a near-by tower. The incident pictured above is drawn from descriptions

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The Fall of Vera Cruz

When Is War Not War?

By Arthur Ruhl

Mr. Ruhl landed at Vera Cruz from the battleship Michigan on Thursday, April 23, and cabled, on Friday night, this impressionistic picture of the captured city

NO NOVELIST or stage carpenter ever devised a scene more curious and theatrical than that presented in the old Plaza of Vera Cruz this morning, Friday, April 24, when I saw it three days after the marines and sailors took the city. The sun blazed down. The air was filled with waltzes and musical-comedy songs pounded out by a band from an American battleship under the palms on the Plaza benches. Mexicans listened languidly, a trifle bewildered, rather pleased, puffing their cigarettes under arcades about the Plaza; and the little café tables in front of the mirrors shattered by Wednesday's rifle fire were crowded with American refugees from the interior excitedly telling how they had got away, humming the band tunes; with business men who had left behind them the work of years, not knowing whether they could ever return; with their wives and children; with adventurers and soldiers of fortune.

Yet This Was Not War!

THE same lazy, sun-drenched air that carried the band music was crackling with radios from Tampico, Tehuantepec, and Pacific Coast towns telling of hundreds fleeing, as they thought, for their lives; and of the five thousand troops preparing to embark at Galveston. Above the palms in the old cathedral belfry, on roofs, on the sand hills outside the town, sailors were incessantly wigwagging, sending and answering messages from the battleships in the harbor; and past the café tables went a steady procession of field guns, rapid-fire automatics, and commandeered wagons filled with tents and supplies, with guards, rifles in hand, watching the roofs, and companies of sailors in service uniforms of rusty yellow, and marines. Everything showed there had been a battle.

No one could tell what would happen next, and yet this was not war. The Mexican flag was still floating from the old fort of San Juan de Ulloa in the harbor scarcely two hundred yards from the *Prairie*, whose fire against the Naval Academy was so accurate on Wednesday morning. From the deck of the *Prairie*, scarcely a stone's throw to the old prison, the comandante was warned that at the first sign of activity San Juan would be fired on. Yet as this is not war the two lie quietly side by side; and the comandante, who flies his flag in face of the fleet that could blow him out of the water, punctiliously dips the ensign when a launch carrying American dead passes by.

Peacefully to take a customhouse and to continue civil government among a people accustomed to accept rules of conduct developed by highly civilized nations may be simple enough, but it is another thing among people who owe offices to favor of a dictator they fear to offend, and to not a few of whom Red Cross flags are mere red marks on white cloth and nothing more.

Greater Naval Losses than in All Spanish War

WHILE the great twelve-inch guns of the fleet merely frowned in silence the navy was suffering losses many times greater than it sustained in all the Spanish War; and while officers and men were being sent ashore to march through empty streets to meet a death that took them unawares; while mobs were marching through the streets of the Mexican capital and Americans were crowding the refugee trains, the Mexican transport *Progreso*, crowded with reenforcements, steamed into the harbor under the very guns of the dreadnoughts, and then, this not being war, was told not to anchor, and left to wander rather crestfallen out to sea. Surely not often in international relations has a situation arisen so extraordinary as this. It is often said by Americans living in Mexico that the unexpected always happens, and the longer you know Mexico the less you pretend to understand it. As this is being written no one can tell what will have happened before it is printed, or how, having stepped into Mexico in this strange and tragic fashion, we may get out again. It is one of the grim and inevitable ironies of the whole mixed-up business that those who fired from ambush on men who had no intention of firing on them should be regarded by Mexicans as patriots defending their homes from an invader—anonymous heroes, as "La Opinion" called them yesterday. Anonymous they were.

The Admirable Bearing of Our Men

THE very behavior of our own men was admirable throughout, forbearing under great difficulties. They went from their ships to the most disconcerting sort of land fighting resolute and undismayed.

While salutes were thudding out to a British cruiser this morning and radios pouring in from all four points of the compass from Washington to the west coast, in the midst of orders in official language came a message from the flagship, stiffly introduced like the rest.

"Following telegram," it said, and then quoted a sentence from parents in the far-off States to their son, a bluejacket on the *Florida:*

All our thoughts and sympathies are with you. Earnest prayers for your speedy recovery.

There was no hint of address. It had merely come out of the air, a human word faltering strangely across the spaces into this sternly beautiful company of great gray fighting ships.

There has been war for them at any rate.



The First Who Fell

(*At Vera Cruz*)

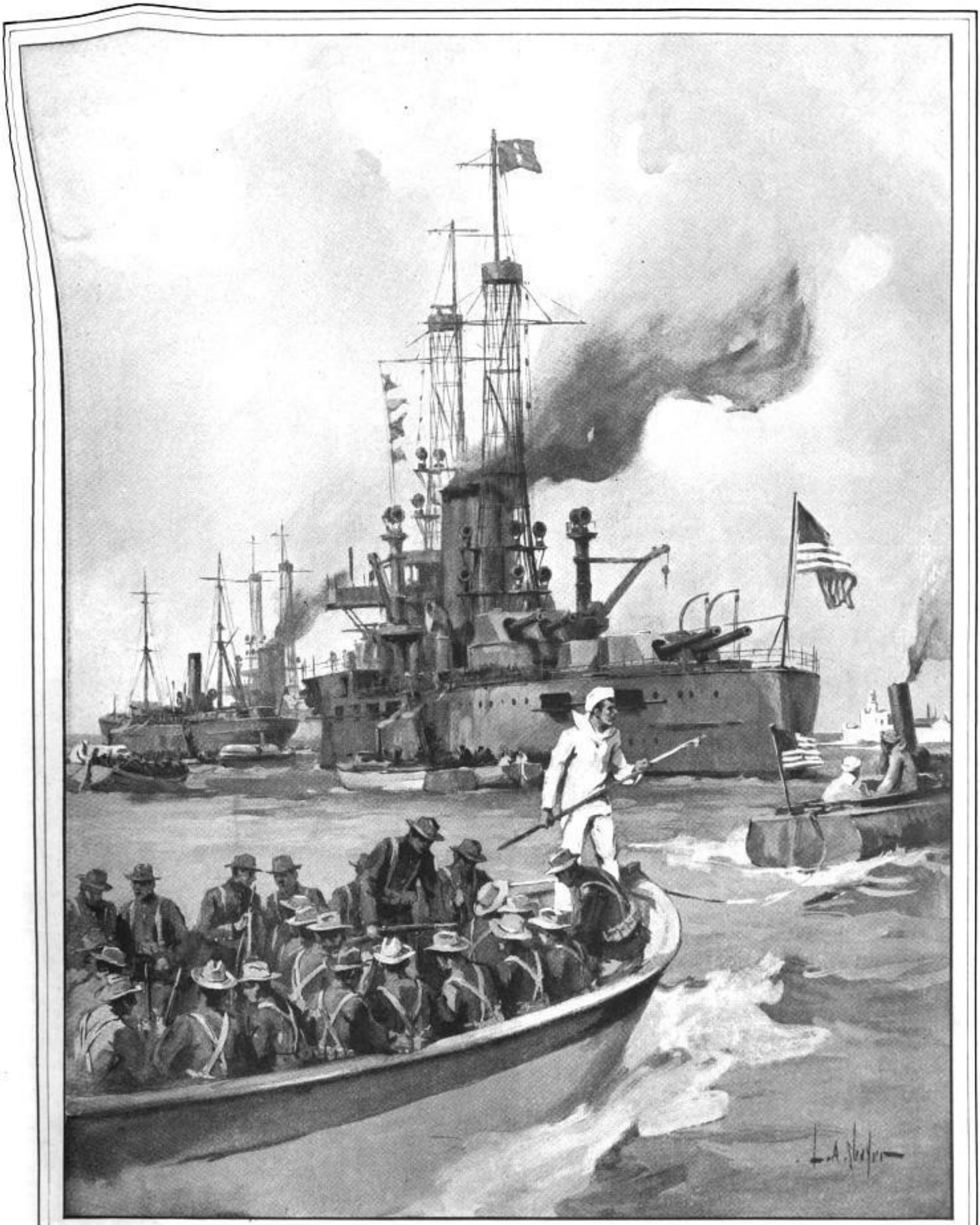
By GRANTLAND RICE

HE HAS come back home, asleep,
Yet, within his resting place
From the outer darkness deep,
Love's pale lilies hide his face;
And beneath blue summer skies,
Where he dreams below the sod,
But a single rosebud lies
Now between his heart and God.

From the day-gleam to the night
He has passed, and yet afar
He has found a greater light
Than we know from sun or star;
He has found a rarer gleam
Where no weary tears may blur,
He will know a sweeter dream
Where the wind-blown grasses stir

He has come back home, asleep,
With the flag above his face;
With the starry fold to keep
Guard above his resting place;
And beneath blue summer skies,
Where he dreams below the sod,
But a single rosebud lies
Now between his heart and God.

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The Landing of Our Marines at Vera Cruz

This move, on the morning of April 21, put a new war date in American history. The Florida is in the foreground; the Utah and the transport Prairie in the rear, and the old fort of San Juan de Ulloa at the right

Drawn, from Descriptions, by L. A. SHAFER

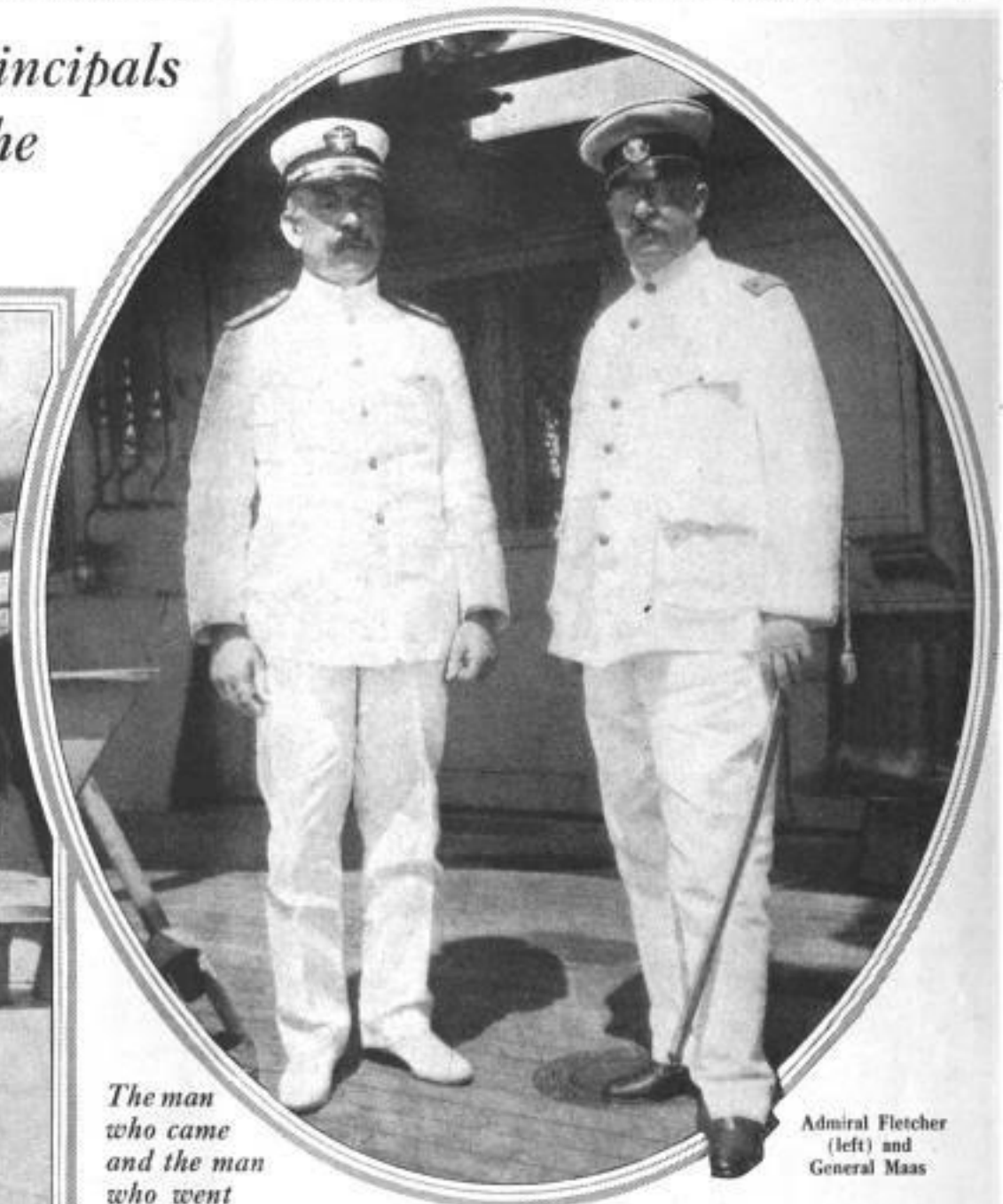
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Featuring Four Principals in the Story of the Clash With Mexico



Photographs by W. Nephew Kinz

He did a good job quickly. That tells the story of Captain W. R. Rush's work as commander of the marines and bluejackets during the first day's fighting in Vera Cruz



Admiral Fletcher (left) and General Maas

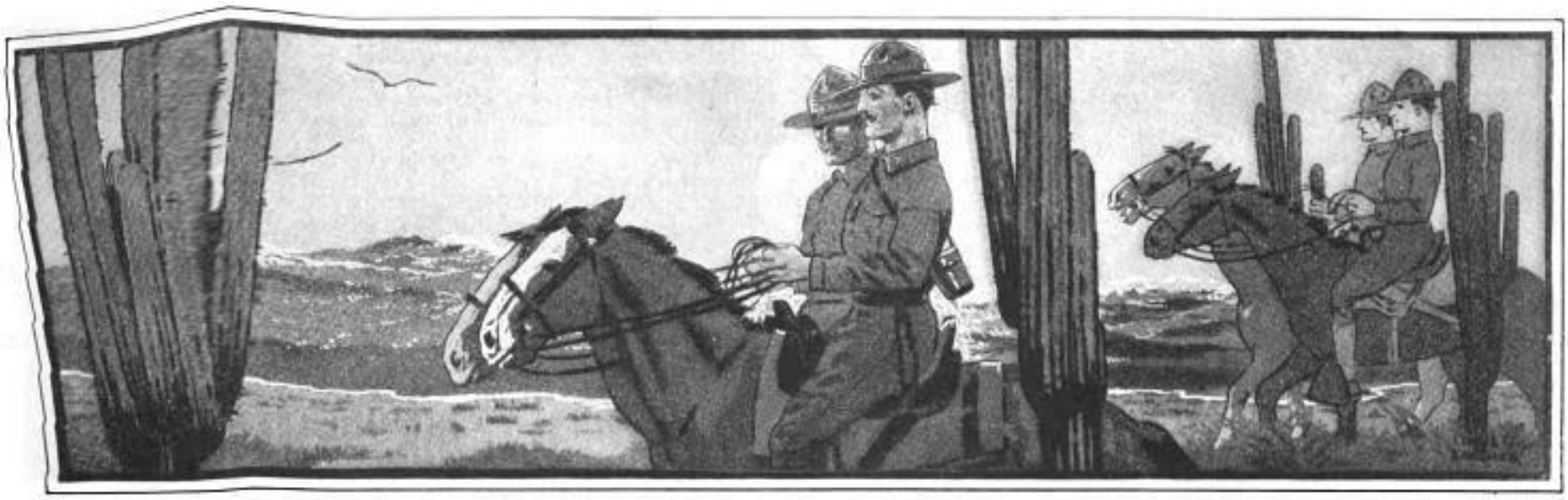
The man who came and the man who went

At a glance you would take both of the men in our photograph for American officers. Their uniforms are similar, and General Gustavo Maas looks as much like a real fighter as Rear Admiral Frank F. Fletcher. But do not blame the snapshot. It was taken shortly before Admiral Fletcher broke into naval history by directing the hasty seizure ***of Vera Cruz and Huerta's commandant shied at Uncle Sam's guns and ran away so that he might live to fight some better day. General Maas had a chance to achieve fame by trying to hold the city, but he preferred personal safety to prospective glory***



President Wilson asking Congress to endorse his plan to eliminate Huerta from the Mexican situation. This was the first war message ever delivered by a President of the United States in person. An outstanding fact throughout this country's relations with the Federal Government of Mexico is Mr. Wilson's insistence from the first that Huerta must go. The Dictator's rise to power following the killing of Madero was something the President could not forgive

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With the Border Guard



By Peter B. Kyne

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK S. SPRING

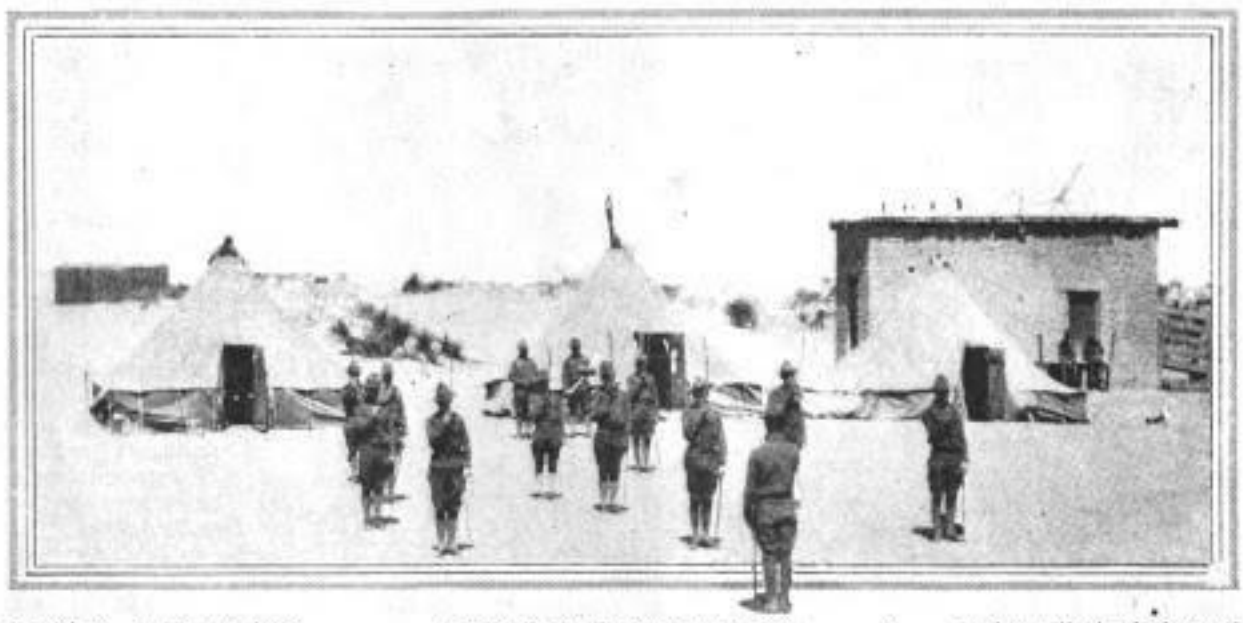
I DO not know a thing about the navy except that bluejackets on parade are a most gallant sight. From recent developments, however, we know that the navy, in addition to being very gallant, is also determined in the matter of salutes. That is because the navy has traditions. But with the army it's different. The soldier of these United States is a little shy on tradition, for, with the exception of a few regiments formed just after the Revolutionary War, a large portion of our standing army is just plain army without any particular interest in past performances or precedents covering the correct procedure when confronted by a public insult. Indeed, many of our regiments are still too new to have laid even the keel for tradition, and, as for precedent, all the precedence necessary for a regular army man is to fight the fight when it is to be fought and accomplish this disagreeable duty in such a manner that the old man at home who carried a bullet back from Gettysburg won't be ashamed of him. Down on the Rio Grande they shoot at our army with malice prepense, and what does our army do? Is it insulted? It is not. It merely says: "Oh, the devil! They're at it again!" And an officer or a sergeant, or even a lance corporal, walks down to the edge of the river and yells: "Here, you fellows, stop that! You might hit somebody." Salutes on the Rio Grande? Hardly! To paraphrase Mr. Kipling:

They ain't no thin brown heroes, nor they ain't no blackguards too,
But single men in khaki, most remarkable like you;
And if sometimes their conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in khaki don't grow into plaster saints.

However, I did not go to the border to glean material for an article on etiquette in the regular army, or to get a new slant at that variable commodity from the viewpoint of $15 gold per month.

I went merely to look our soldiers over, to see how they stack up on a hard, dirty, thankless task, and what fun, if any, they are getting out of it. I discovered that they stack up a heap better than they did fifteen years ago when I was a regular soldier, although fun, in the concrete meaning of the word, is not included in the life of a soldier on the border—or anywhere else, for that matter. "Soldiering on the job" is a phrase that can no longer be adduced by a section foreman as an excuse for discharging a section hand without the use of that old-time expression constituting a libel on our army. Nowadays an enlisted man has a real job, and about all the fun he can get out of it is the joy of accomplishment—the pleasure of doing it a little bit better than it has ever been done before. A change has come over the service. Of course I knew that before I went to the border, but not until then did I realize the extent of this change. I was aware of it while still scarcely within the confines of the first military encampment I visited along the Rio Grande. I did not see it—for the general aspect of military encampments has not greatly changed except in color. They use the khaki tent now instead of the white canvas. I *smelled* it!

There is nothing remarkable in this assertion. All old soldiers will understand and remember that soldier smell—a combination of moth balls, new canvas, wood smoke, army stew, horses, earth, leather, perspiration, garbage, and filth. I had sniffed it in Camp Merritt in 1898, when the germs of measles, typhoid fever, and spinal meningitis were mixed up in it and Chopin's "Funeral March" vied with the drill calls, and I shall never forget it. As I stood on the edge of the camp of K Troop, Thirteenth United States Cavalry, at Anapra, N. Mex., and pointed up wind, the vagrant breeze brought me no hint of the dread old aroma, so I took heart of hope and descended upon K Troop.



"Spread out in little lonely detachments along the border." An outpost of the Thirteenth Cavalry in the desert beyond El Paso

Regular Food Cooked in a Regular Way

THE troop cook came to the door of a crudely constructed cookhouse and mess hall, looked out, saw that it was only two civilians and went back to his pots and pans. It was a warm day, the wind was blowing the desert dust through the camp, and he looked so weary and dispirited that my heart went out to him. I longed to tell him that I understood just how he felt; that once in the long ago I had done thirty days in the kitchen for impudence to my top sergeant, and was aware of the fact that cook's police are absolutely undependable and irritating. I wondered if, at twelve o'clock when mess call sounded, he would prove himself a reliable cook by having the meal ready on time, or would he, anticipating mess call by a few minutes, come to the door of his domain and shout: "K Troop! Come and git it!" In the old days the provender of patriots was always designated by the neuter pronoun, and when men approached their meals they did so warily, sniffing as they came and inquiring of the man in front just what familiar atrocity was about to be consummated upon them. I knew a man who used to abandon all self-control and weep when he had no alternative but beans.

I peeked into this cook's stronghold and saw marvelous pumpkin pies for seventy troopers cooling on the kitchen table. They were not the deadly pies of commerce purchased in El Paso, but baked by that K Troop cook himself. In a respectable bake oven he had roast ribs of beef and brown potatoes—so I backed away reverently and forbore to pester him with questions. Al de mi! How times have changed! Formerly they used to look over the recruits at drill, and when they found a hay-foot, straw-foot soldier who could never by any possibility learn to keep step, or a trooper who always straddled his horse's neck when taking a hurdle, they fell upon him with glad acclaim and nominated him a cook. It is with signal pleasure that I am enabled to announce that this practice has been discontinued and that regular food is now cooked in the regular way by all regular cooks. Lucrezia Borgia was a sucking dove compared with the average troop cook of fifteen years agone. Nowadays they select a capable and intelligent person, train him in cooking school, and give him good equipment to work with; in consequence of which the principal source of mortality and horror in modern warfare has been entirely eliminated.

K Troop was encamped about five miles up the Rio Grande from El Paso and a mile back from the river. It was plain to be seen that with the troopers the lighter aspects of soldiering did not obtain. Around them swept a blistering desert of sand and lava scarp, and save the distant trains crawling athwart the horizon, or a Mexican mounted patrol which sometimes rode to the monument on the hill above the camp and gazed down on the gringos, the monotony of camp life was unbroken.

Quartermaster Sergeant O'Mara and Corporal Gilmore received me and wanted to know what they could do to make me happy. Both were typical "old soldiers"—men who couldn't be happy outside of the service. O'Mara, in

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particular, is the personification of the term "grizzled veteran"—a man with a body still young, but with the snows of more than twenty years of honorable and active service on his reckless head. He has a vast and consuming pride in the service and he loves a good horse. He rides one such—a sorrel five-year-old yclept Chub. He saddled Chub, and Corporal Gilmore saddled Chub's bunkie, and the four went over the hurdles together for the benefit of the photographer; and after Chub had jumped his highest he lay down and sat up and did all the things a wise cavalry mount must do if he expects to get along in the service. It was easy to see that should the day arrive when Chub would have to be condemned or killed, there would be a heavy-hearted Q. M. Sergeant in K Troop.

Pride and Fitness

SERGEANT O'MARA and Corporal Gilmore are fair samples of 90 per cent of the enlisted men of our regular army—only the public does not realize it. These are the men who give the lie to the popular superstition that there must be a lamentable lack of character in the man who joins the army and still remains cheerful and contented and in full possession of his self-respect. Their very appearance refutes the ancient slander that men join the army because they are too lazy or too incompetent to earn a living in civil life. These men could earn a living and accomplish bigger and better things in civil life if they wanted to—but they do not want to. They are contented and do not reduce all of the elements of existence to the dollar sign. I think the finest, the most lovable old man I ever knew was first sergeant in a company of regular infantry, and he was worth $30,000 and owned a quarter-section ranch in Nebraska! He had made that in judicious speculation by investing a few hundred dollars he had saved in his first enlistment. When his thirty years of service were in he retired to his ranch, having acquired the ranch for that purpose, although he would much rather have kept right on soldiering!

Let us take Q. M. Sergeant O'Mara as a type of this vast but thoroughly misunderstood and unappreciated element in our regular army. Before you have spoken to him five minutes you *know* why he is a quartermaster sergeant. He fits the job—and it is a job that necessitates a smart, sober, reliable, industrious, and efficient soldier. He takes pride in doing his work a little better, a little simpler and with less lost motion than any quartermaster sergeant in his regiment. And that's where he gets his fun in dreary Anapra.

Always Ready to Take the Field

HE TOOK me into the little adobe cabin he has built to house his quartermaster stores. Everything was in its appointed place—and a place for everything. All boxes bore the legend of their contents in a serial number, a detailed inventory of those same contents being entered under that serial number in a little book which is never out of the Sergeant's possession. He can place his hand instantly on anything that is needed for the troop. Also, since he does not know at what hour of the day or night the troop may be called upon to take the field, the top of every box is always in place, with two nails in each end of each board in the top, driven through and awaiting but two taps of a hammer to complete the job and make the box ready for shipment wherever the troop may be ordered.

As an instance of the efficiency of our regular army, it may not be amiss to cite a trivial incident that took place in K Troop recently. The Major in command of the squadron of which K Troop is a unit, arrived at Anapra without previous announcement and issued orders to K Troop to prepare to take the field immediately!

And that was fun—for of course K Troop knew it wasn't really going to leave Anapra at all. It was just the Major's way of ascertaining if they were on the job day and night. But it was fun just the same, for there is every manly sport in competition and that new spirit of the service which seems to be part of the personality of every officer and enlisted man was about to be displayed—the pride in doing the job well! In the heart of every man was a glad desire to make the Major understand that if he was looking for an opportunity to criticize he had come to the wrong camp.

One instant that camp was as deadly monotonous and devoid of activity as a cow county village at midday. The order was given and the scene changed instantly. But the activity of K Troop did not resemble the bustle and hurry of a three-alarm fire. One would not have been confronted with the thought that here were seventy odd troopers striking a camp they had occupied for a year; saddling seventy horses and packing personal equipment; harnessing four-mule teams to wagons; drawing extra ammunition and rations for three days; loading three days' forage on the wagons for the cattle; packing and loading on the wagons every vestige of troop property and lashing it in securely for a journey over unknown roads—a journey that might be one mile or a thousand—and striving to do all of this faster and better than it had ever been done before. There was no wasted effort, no stumbling, or falling one against the other, no lost motion. Perfect system and perfect training had obviated all that, and presently K Troop was ready, if need be, to ford the Rio Grande and start for the City of Mexico. The wagons were loaded, the drivers in their seats, the troopers led out, a bugle command: "Prepare to mount! Mount!" seventy odd olive-drab legs swung over seventy odd saddles, and the Major looked at his watch.



Here in the Mexican reconcentrado camp at Fort Bliss are 5,000 Mexicans—soldiers, women, and children. Their guards say they are not more difficult to handle than the same number of Americans

Thirty-two minutes had elapsed since he had given the order—and the major portion of the burden of this record had fallen on Q. M. Sergeant O'Mara.



Private of Federal artillery, surrounded by the family he supports on about three pesos a month. He is wearing a United States campaign hat of obsolete design, having lost his Mexican hat in action at Ojinaga

"Captain," said the Major, "where is your picket rope?" One could almost imagine him adding: "Ah—hah, villain! I have you." Thirty-two minutes was suspiciously fast; for, be it known to all civilians, the picket pins and the picket rope may not be loaded in a wagon, but must accompany the troop wherever it goes. Neither may they be loaded on a leisurely pack mule, to be left far in the rear at the command "Trot!" Picket pins and the picket rope must be lashed in a saddle somehow, and from time immemorial they have been a nuisance, for the reason that they *will* work loose and frequently a halt has to be made while the Q. M. Sergeant and an assistant trim cargo. The Major, knowing these things, figured that Sergeant O'Mara might have been sly enough to toss the picket pins and the bale of picket line into a wagon; or, granted he had lashed it on a horse, he had lashed it insecurely! Thirty-two minutes was entirely too fast. Surely something had been neglected.

"Sergeant O'Mara," said the Captain, "where are your picket pins and the picket line?"

"On a horse, sir," replied the Sergeant.

"Bring up the horse, Sergeant!" and a trooper trotted out with a led horse, to the signal confusion but sincere delight of the Major, for at last that eternal, damnable problem of picket pin and picket rope had been solved. And when one looked at it, the solution seemed ludicrously simple. In a word, Sergeant O'Mara had invented a saddle without saying a word to anybody, and now he sprung it on the Major, as who should say: "Ah—hah, villain! I have *you*."

He had merely taken a discarded troop saddle and over this he had fitted a neat leathern superstructure which hung well down on each side and was so padded and arranged as not to gall the horse. In a leathern scabbard on the offside the heavy iron picket pins reposed, fixed and immovable, together with a twelve-pound sledge to drive the same. Counterbalancing this weight on the near side was a buckled leathern bag containing the farrier's outfit, horseshoes, nails, etc., and in the seat of the saddle proper the picket line, neatly folded, was lashed in with straps and buckles. The weight was evenly distributed and a trained bucker could not have budged the load an inch.

Should a horse cast a shoe on the march it would not be necessary to wait until the wagons caught up with the troop at night in order to reshoe him. The farrier and one trooper would merely drop out a few minutes, light a fire beside the road, heat the shoe, tap it into shape on the sledge as an anvil, reset the shoe and catch up with the troop before it had gone five miles!

The Major went away happy, vowing to equip his squadron with O'Mara saddles before another week should have passed over his head.

I talked with the Sergeant about his saddle and said I supposed he'd patent it and sell it to the Government. He said: "I couldn't do that, you know. I'll just improve on it and present it to the service."

Putting it over the Major that way and the definite settlement of the picket-pin and picket-line problem was sufficient reward for him. A few days later I spoke to Captain Anderson of the Twelfth Cavalry about the O'Mara saddle, and he pricked up his ears, so to speak.

Evidently he considered I had said something, and I am willing to take the short end of any modest wager that he has since gone up to Anapra and interviewed Sergeant O'Mara.

Politeness on the Patrol Lines

M TROOP of the Thirteenth is stationed on the bank of the Rio Grande on the western fringe of El Paso, in consequence of which the troopers are in far better fix for social enjoyment than their fellows up river at Anapra, N. Mex. M Troop patrols about eight miles of river. They are supposed to keep an eye open for smugglers and to frown severely upon any shooting into American territory.

Were it not that a mounted Mexican patrol from Ciudad Juarez takes a notion to ride up the river bank opposite occasionally, "straight soldiering" would be the order of the day.

Nobody in M Troop knows why the Mexican patrol patrols any more than any civilian in El Paso knows why the Mexican guard on the international bridge steps out of the customhouse when one crosses into Juarez in an automobile, looks one over suspiciously, mumbles "Bueno!" whether one is bueno or otherwise, and then goes back into the customhouse. Nevertheless, when a detachment of Villa's picturesque cavalry

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comes into sight around the bend of the river, a mounted patrol of M Troop politely parallels the course of the Mexican up river until K Troop's men pick it up. When the Mexican patrol comes back down the river again M Troop's boys solemnly escort it back to the starting point. Both factions eye each other warily across the forty or fifty feet of incredibly muddy water and say nothing.

M Troop, however, knows why it patrols. There is a Mexican settlement on the El Paso side of the river about a mile above M Troop's camp, and one day when the Mexican patrol was opposite this settlement a youthful Huertista cracked across at the troopers with a .22 caliber rifle, nicking one of the Villa crowd in the arm and irritating him more or less.

Of course prompt demand was immediately made upon the Captain of M Troop that this social frivolity be suppressed, in consequence of which the Mexican patrol now enjoys an escort of M Troop to protect it during its daily peregrinations, notwithstanding the fact that the small boy who started the disturbance and thus earned M Troop a job has been apprehended and spanked by a trooper. It is really remarkable to contemplate the narrow margin by which international complications have been averted.

There is a lot more courtesy between nations than many of the home folks realize.

One Shot for the Range and Then—

ALONG the entire length of the border there was very little swapping of lead indulged in during the winter, although in the past our troops have been fired on and have returned the fire more frequently, perhaps, than Chris Haggerty, who is conducting the war for the Associated Press, had had an opportunity of discovering.

You must know that the Rio Grande isn't really a river at all. They just call it that. It's a sort of glorified creek, and at no point is it so wide that a Mexican with ordinary eyesight cannot stand on his side and observe the marksmanship medals so liberally besprinkled among the troops on our side. In the olden days the Mexican brave used to think these medals were there for scenery, but he knows better now. Occasionally wild, impulsive young men would come up from the interior in pursuit of their fellow man, pausing only when their quarry waded the Rio Grande. Even then many daring individuals could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at the olive-drab clad gringo who proffered sanctuary to their enemy. However, they generally made the mistake of indulging in long-range shooting, so naturally they didn't see those marksmanship medals and naturally they didn't hit anything. Now, as everybody knows, marksmanship medals are given to those who excel in long-range shooting, and 800 or 1,000 yards is just old pie for any soldier who has put in one hitch and qualified at the butts. Consequently the border guard pays scant attention to this firing unless morally convinced that the patriots across the creek are really getting personal, and then I am given to understand that the troop commander, or the corporal of the guard, or whoever happens to be the presiding functionary in the United States army at that particular point, manages to create the impression that he is blind in one eye and has but imperfect vision in the other; whereupon the boys shove up the rear sights and try one shot for the range—and another for the patriot. Then the tumult and the shouting dies coincidentally with the patriot, and a little later the leader of the opposition comes to the river bank and explains that it has all been a mistake. And that's the most truthful thing that hombre ever said. It has been a mistake—a grievous mistake; but nobody entertains any hard feelings and these little misunderstandings are growing less and less frequent. Some irrepressibles from the South tried it on a troop of the Fifteenth down at Del Rio in March and killed three troop horses. But they won't try it again—and if you want to know why, ask the Fifteenth.



Lieutenant Colonel Perkins, Twentieth Infantry, and the author

Fretful Mexicans and Doughboy Sentries

DOWN by the gas works in El Paso a company of the Twentieth Infantry is doing its best to make time fly. Unlike the cavalrymen, who are burdened with the care of a horse and extra equipment and do long night patrols, the doughboys have more time on their hands.

* * *

It has been stated frequently that the infantry is the backbone of the service. Having more spare time than the other branches of the service, it follows then that these soldiers are also the rascals of the service, and I heard some gossip to the effect that cock fighting and prize fighting are not an unknown form of social relaxation with this outfit at the gas works. In that company they have an athletic private reputed to be very light on his feet and handy with his hands, and I am informed that very recently race prejudice was dispensed with long enough for emissaries from Juarez and El Paso to get together and promote a contest. The afternoon preceding the battle the money changers in El Paso did a rushing business with infantrymen anxious to pledge everything in their possession that wasn't Government property and get the proceeds down on their countryman. I am happy to state that the source of revenue for the Twentieth disposed of his Mexican antagonist in decisive fashion, and, in defiance of a strict military order which ordains that no soldier of the United States shall set foot on Mexican soil, the quarrel took place in Juarez. The source of revenue by some miraculous hocus-pocus was permitted to leave Juarez alive, and with $800 gold as the fruits of victory. How he ever got by the brigands on the bridge is a deep, dark, and unfathomable mystery. However, life is sweetest when it is most uncertain, and it is very dull soldiering along the Rio Grande. One must do something. It isn't an inviting country, western Texas, and personally I have been unable to grasp the point of view of Laska's young man who complained:

I do not know and I do not care
For the things that are or the things that were,
For half my heart lies buried there;
In Texas—down by the Rio Grande.

I made inquiry of a Kentucky private of the Twentieth as to what difficulties, if any, his company had had with recalcitrant Mexicans. He told me they had had some trifling experiences with surly Mexican gentlemen from El Paso who resented their presence in the land, and who, when loaded with aguardiente and sundry soul-destroying stimulants, had been indiscreet enough to dispute the right of way with a sentry. He said that while such regrettable affairs were not given undue publicity, still there were five or six good Mexicans planted unostentatiously in the sand along the river not far from our vicinity. It appears that when challenged by the sentries at night and requested to submit themselves to a search for contraband, these dusky dare-devils had essayed a little quick knife work on the sentries. He, himself, had been attacked on guard a few nights previous while examining a Mexican with a bundle of laundry in his possession, and in sheer self-defense he had been forced to fracture the latter's cervical vertebræ.

I thought I knew how he would do this and asked if he had given the foolish man "butts to the front." "No," he said calmly, "I lammed him across the neck with the barrel. One or two of the boys has broke the stocks of their pieces on these hombres' heads, giving them butts to the front—and I didn't want to take no chance on busting mine."

If that isn't efficiency carried to the nth power, I trust some citizen will write in and give the proper definition.



Q. M. Sergeant O'Mara, K Troop, Thirteenth United States Infantry, taking a hurdle on his horse Chub

The doughboys at the gas works had an easier time during the short period the embargo on arms was lifted.

I can readily imagine how weary a peacefully inclined doughboy would grow searching Mexicans—particularly the fretful, nervous kind that, during the operation, endeavors to introduce six inches of hardware under the floating ribs of the searcher. Our soldiers do not mind being shot at occasionally, but more intimate attentions are discouraged.

However, it is out at Fort Bliss, on the desert mesa north of El Paso, that real human-interest soldiering is going on so quietly and unobtrusively one would never know it until he had investigated rather thoroughly. Once, in Luzon, I helped herd a grub line of several thousand starving Filipinos our regiment was feeding, and I remembered what a problem they were; hence when I gazed upon the huge Mexican reconcentrado camp at Fort Bliss I realized that here was copy without stint.

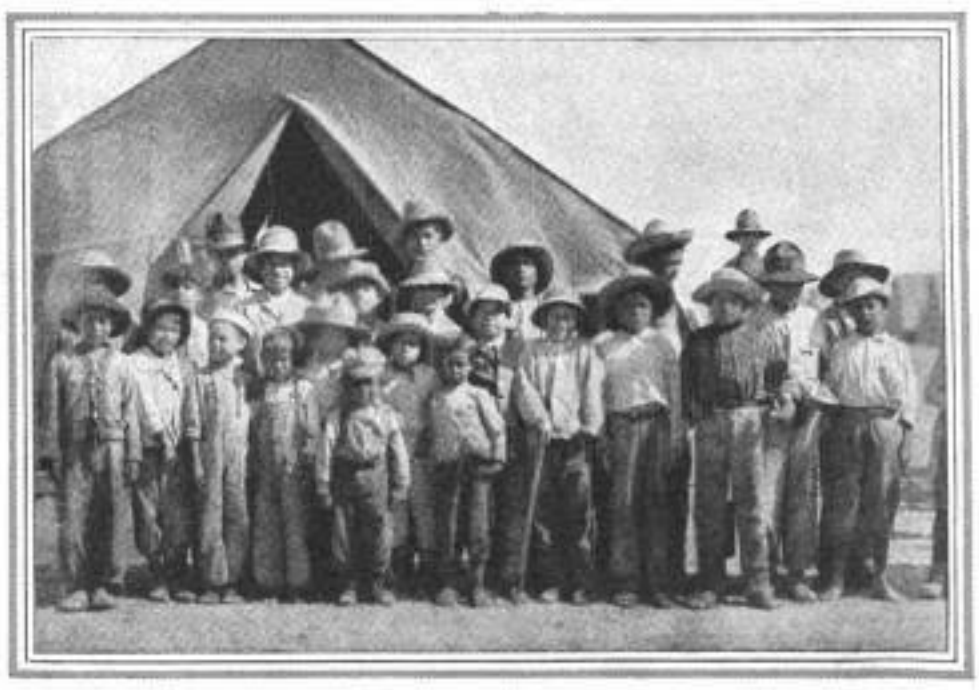
I observed that the Twentieth Infantry had charge of this Mexican problem, so I called on Colonel R. H. R. Loughborough, commanding, and asked him for a pass. He said he wouldn't give President Wilson a pass inside that camp, but—he'd take me down to the gate, square me with the sergeant of the guard, and turn me over to the Hospital Corps. He didn't want to set a precedent on pass distribution. When we were inside, the Colonel introduced me to Private of the First Class Scott of the Hospital Corps and requested him to take care of me.

Uncle Sam as Foster Father of 5,000

PRIVATE SCOTT explained the situation briefly. When General Mercado evacuated Chihuahua and commenced his terrible march across the desert to Ojinaga, there marched with him the wives, consorts, children, dogs, chickens, burros, cattle, sheep, goats, and household gods of his soldiery. The record of that dreadful retreat will probably never be written, for death and suffering are common to the peon and do not stir his sluggish imagination to a recital of detail.

The record of the last leg of the journey from Marfa, Tex., to Fort Bliss is more complete, however, for the reason that it was a personally conducted excursion under the auspices of the Twentieth Infantry, commanded at the time by Lieutenant Colonel Perkins.

Ojinaga fell and the remnants of Mercado's force—together with the appurtenances and hereditaments thereunto belonging— (*Continued on page 20*)



Uncle Sam began the education of his wards right away. School was let out in order to be photographed, by order of Lieutenant Palmer, superintendent of education

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Mary Long-Ago

By George Henry Shelton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

MY CAR was thinly inhabited, and I had the smoker to myself until a hale old man came in and engaged me in conversation — my friends say that is not a difficult achievement. During our adjustment of the world's troubles I changed my first guess of college professor to farmer only because of faint but unfailing signs of prosperity. Later I learned that he was a manufacturer and trust magnate, under indictment at the time for being a party to combinations in restraint of trade. Somehow, since my acquaintance with him began and ended, I have been unable to regard malefactors of this class quite so seriously. They should be put out of the way, of course, but humanely; they should not be tortured.

Perhaps an hour after he came in we passed a flaring row of signboards, among them a tobacco sign whose pictorial motif is a bull. Next to it a lightly clad youth, on the run, displayed the freedom enjoyed by those who wear R. S. V. P. underclothes; but he impressed the car-window observer as escaping from the painted bovine on the adjoining board. My companion, noting this effect of juxtaposition, laughed curiously, beginning heartily and ending softly.

"It reminds me," he explained, "of the time a cow drove me into proposing to a girl in my drawers."

HIS tone denied evil, and forbade more than a sympathetic smile.

"It was long ago," he went on. "I was nineteen then. I am a grandfather now of respectable standing. We were still innocent of railways in Clarendon County and guilty of as villainous roads as the State could boast." He turned to me abruptly: "Have you ever been in Maryland, young man?"

I set forth, with some pride, that I was born there.

"You know something about roads, then," he said, with kindly pity. "But ours were worse—fifty years ago. We're doing better now; otherwise my business wouldn't pay. But their condition didn't trouble me then. As a matter of fact, I had never been farther from home than the county seat, and knew nothing better. And I was used to walking. I had to be.

"So one Saturday afternoon, when I set out for an over-Sunday visit with my neighbor, David Elliot, I walked, even though David lived fourteen miles away. I remember it as though it were yesterday—which shows I'm growing old. It was November. The birds were gone and the trees were bare. I passed the Cross Roads, and after that a house now and then, and once in a while a rabbit scampered across my path. That was all the life I saw. Last week I went over the same road in an automobile. It's different now—I didn't see a rabbit; and it's crowded and lonely. But then the empty way was full of life, and I covered nearly the whole distance before my steps began to lag. A long, hard summer lay behind me, but I was richer for it by nearly a hundred dollars and was a man of parts. Moreover, my welcome at the Elliots' was assured. David himself had invited me; and I was not so deficient that I failed to recognize the significance of this, or to realize that, notwithstanding orphanage and poverty, my reputation as a rising youth, who had taught the district school for two winters, was too firmly established to be resisted even by the man with the prettiest daughter known to the widest-traveled man at the Cross Roads—and George Barker had been a dozen times in Indianapolis and once to Chicago.

"NEVERTHELESS, my feet dragged; and for a while I thought of turning tail incontinently and fleeing for home. It wasn't altogether Mary—she had been my pupil, and was, I thought, kindly disposed toward me; it was partly her mother's very motherliness, which I knew would surround me; partly her father's meaning smile, which I knew would welcome me; and very much her brother Jim's rude humor, which I knew would torment me. In short, it was plain stage fright. Were you ever shy, young man?"

I declared unblushingly that I was always shy—though I refrained from adding that my mission in life at the time was to sell encyclopedias. He shook his head. "No; I guess not. Nobody was ever shy but me. I used to read about a shy young man in the Fourth Reader, but he was brazen audacity compared with me. Nevertheless, I pushed myself on until I reached the Elliots' just as it was growing dark and growing cold. They were gathered in the kitchen, partly because it was supper time, partly because it was too cold to be elsewhere, and wholly because it was the custom of the generation. The room was aglow with a log fire that would have warmed anything but a scared boy. Mr. Elliot was a large, hearty man, and he greeted me with a meaning smile. Mrs. Elliot was a small, wiry woman, and she mothered me. Jim was an overgrown lout of my own age, and he tormented me. Mary—well, you've got to take Mary for granted, young man. I'm sixty-nine, and I've never seen another like her. I don't think there's been one." His voice softened, as it always seemed to soften when he spoke of this long-ago girl who if she were alive now must be almost as old as he.



"Mary and I sat there exactly as I had planned all afternoon, but nothing else was as I had planned. I was sore and embarrassed and heartily ashamed of myself"

"PREPARATIONS for supper were under way. Mary was helping, and so was Jim. Meats and vegetables, breads and cakes and pies, coffee and milk and sweet cider passed in endless procession into the little dining room opening from the kitchen. My shyness may have chilled my back; it only aroused my stomach. I was hungry as a grizzly, and everything that passed, every smell of things stirring and cooking, made me hungrier. It seemed to me that if I could once get to the table I could forget my fright in satisfying the cravings of an exceptionally healthy stomach.

"In the meantime I sat by the fire. David sat near me, out of the way of the others, and talked to me. I could only let him talk and wonder what to do with my hands, which seemed to be unusually large and red and altogether useless. Finally, in my embarrassment, I began to poke the fire. That was mistake number one. Did you ever use a gun barrel for a poker, young man?"

I had to plead inexperience.

"I suppose not; we don't have fires and pokers and guns any more. But it makes a first-rate poker. That's what David Elliot had—just the barrel of an old smoothbore muzzle-loader. I grabbed it and poked. When I stopped poking I found occupation in sticking my fingers, one after another, into the bore. That was mistake number two; but through it I learned a lot of things. First I discovered that all of the fingers of my left hand would slip their full length into the barrel, and then that all of my right would slip in except the middle finger, which I found next would go only as far as the second joint. This was useful information to me, and in my interest in finding some way of inserting that lone middle finger, and catching at the same time the trend of David's conversation and the glances and fancies of Mary and her mother as they passed, I forgot the chills in my back and became a man again. It's a good thing, I guess, for a shy man to keep his hands busy, but it's fatal to get them too closely engaged. And that's what I did; for having found, after many trials, a way by which I could get my middle finger into the gun; and having twisted the barrel around on it two or three times in triumph, I discovered, finally, that I couldn't get it out again. I made surreptitious efforts under cover of my other hand, and then violent efforts when David wasn't looking, but the finger stuck as though grown in place. And it nearly had, for it began to swell, and I found that I couldn't even turn the barrel around on it without wincing. Then the chills came back, and I lost all track of what anybody was saying and how everybody was looking. But I couldn't lose track of my hands; they seemed so big and awkward that the three-foot iron finger was no more than a proper complement of the others. It was all foolish, and there was no reason, of course, for concealment; but there was my natural shyness and the thought of how they would laugh and how Jim would joke at the notion of a man come a-courtin' with a handicap like that, and the longer I put off telling the more impossible telling became. Did you ever lie, young man?"

"I'm selling an encyclopedia for a living now," I said.

"Oh, that's different. That's just a point of view. We all have to live. I mean the old-fashioned lie—the kind you string together one after another into a rope of pure mendacity to pull out of a scrape with. You needn't confess; I'm talking in favor of 'em now—not morally, of course; morally they're bad, and in every other way they're foolish; but just as a mental exercise they've got the Calculus beaten hollow. One little lie diligently followed to the finish will afford more mental occupation than any other tongue trick I know of. As a remedy for shyness I recommend them—and I've tried everything. About the second story you're so busy planning the third that you forget everything else and begin to approach fluency of speech. But it's like keeping your hands busy—you get caught finally in your own tangle. That's what happened to me.

"Mrs. Elliot announced supper, and David got up. 'Come on, John,' he said heartily; 'you must be starved.'

"And I was; but I had other troubles as well. I turned red and white, like an alternating current in operation, so fast that they couldn't see the change. I stood up, holding the poker deftly with one hand—and the middle finger of the other. I hesitated and stammered and tried to tell them of the difficulty, but what I actually said was—'No, thank you; I've had supper already.'

"IT WASN'T much of a lie, you see, at the start, from any point of view; but its possibilities of development proved nothing short of marvelous. Of course they all turned to me in wonder, and asked 'Where?' and looked 'Where?' and began to believe, no doubt, that I had lost my mind.

"'I didn't think I would get here in time for supper,' I explained; 'so grandma put it up for me and I ate it on the road as I came along.'

"That was only the second; but it was much better, and I was already planning the third. I forgot my shyness; the chills were succeeded by a pleasant glow; and I talked like a platform lecturer. They pleaded; but I was firm. I wasn't hungry. (Three.) I was

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(Four.) I would sit by the fire and (That proved to be the fifth.) And ed her head and said: 'Never mind, erdon evidently doesn't want to come had better leave him here until he's was all, but she turned without look- marched in and sat down at the table showed clearly how much more she had (The others followed, David and his disappointment and Jim with an wink and I slipped back into my seat helplessly at the colossal finger with had caught me in my folly. The longer I looked the madder I got; and finally I caught it with my free hand and gave a violent jerk and twist with my other that were bound in combination to produce results. My finger had to come out of the barrel or out of its socket—I don't think I cared which at the time. Luckily it elected to stick to its socket, but it paid for its choice by leaving most of its skin behind. I had to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth to keep from yelling with the pain. Then the blood began to flow, and I had to withdraw my handkerchief for a receptacle. When I looked again the finger was bleeding faster than ever and swelling faster than it was bleeding. It was twice the regulation size and picking up every minute.

"It must have been a quarter of an hour before the pain eased enough for me to take note of other things, and when it let up in my finger, it began in my stomach, which had had nothing to comfort it since noon and considerable exercise to support in the meantime. It got no consolation from the dining room. Every sound there told of healthy appetites at work, and every odor of their immediate field of employment. There wasn't much talk at first. They were busy, I presume; and my crazy conduct had put a damper on everything. About the time I began to take notice, however, they began to cheer up and to talk and laugh, which made matters worse for me. Jim, especially, began to comment on the goodness of everything on the table, and the rate at which it was disappearing, and the probable scarcity of food supplies thereafter as a consequence. For a time his mother tried to stop him, but it was useless; and soon they were all laughing at him, except Mary, who, I noticed, didn't laugh or talk much. And when she did speak her voice lacked something of its usual gentleness. Somehow that made me feel better. But it improved Jim also, and he joked more than ever.

"Thirty years afterward Jim joked himself into the nomination for Governor, and won out three consecutive times; and they began to talk of him for the Presidency. I voted for him, but I had to fight my conscience every time, and I was glad when they failed to nominate him for President. I think I'd have bolted. There's something lacking in a man with a perverted sense of humor like Jim's, and a man who's lacking in that way isn't fit to be President. You've known people like that, haven't you, young man?"

I started. "Oh, yes," I assured him—"lots. Where's Jim now?"

THE old man's eyes smiled. "Oh, Jim's still around," he said. You see, we both tired of farming about the same time and started making buggies. That was in '71. But he was an awful trial. He quit finally. If he hadn't, I suppose I should have had to.

"Well, I got desperate. I had to have something to eat. I was about to confess my sins and beg for the crumbs from the table when Jim's voice came out again. 'Ain't it lucky, pa,' he said, 'that a man in love can't eat? There wouldn't be enough if we had a hungry man come in, would there?'

"I vowed then I'd starve before I'd confess. But I didn't want to starve and (Continued on page 34)

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter V—Madame Takes a Husband



By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AS BEFORE, madame furnished on the installment plan as far as possible, and what she bought she paid as little for as she could. The one exception—the one point in which the new move differed from a repetition on a larger scale of her first—was in her private office—her suite.

Words fail me here! Madame had now three rooms—an outer for her secretaries, at first two, then presently four, young girls and a little girl page in white with a pink sash and bows; a middle room for plain business interviews and the seeing of employees when necessary, which wasn't often, because she now dealt only with managers and superintendents; and an innermost inner sanctuary, reserved for herself, her friends, and those customers and friends-in-making she wished particularly to impress.

This sanctum was a travesty on every known sort of room when she got through fitting it up—a scream of luxury without beauty, display without elegance, cost without comfort. It had a colonial mahogany mantel, minus a fireplace, glued to the wall, and a moose head above that; a stained-glass window with a saint; a life-sized plaster negro boy holding out a card receiver; a yellow tiger skin dragging gracefully off a red leather couch upon a pink Turkish rug; a mother-of-pearl inlaid chair for herself beside a roll-top desk; and—the remainder of the furniture was highly varnished quartered oak! This medley she had bought piecemeal from the department stores as various items took her fancy. In those days such a conglomeration did not jar her sensibilities—that was to come later when she reached her up-the-Hudson stage—she was now merely passing into her crass family-hotel stage.

Miss Beekman alone of all the employees had the entrée to this retreat, and to her fell the task of sorting the sheep from the goats among the customers who might be permitted either a private view of it in madame's absence, or a call during her august presence, if the visitor were one she wished to welcome personally.

I HAD long wondered precisely how my aunt had picked up so wide a circle of friends; she could be on the go with them the whole time out of business hours. But the circle was more apparent than real, I fancy—acquaintances used and cast aside when they seemed no longer good enough—though I soon perceived it was of constantly appreciating social value. However, the social value of her seclusion from sight and sound of the common herd soon began to bear fruit in another world than business: madame was now recognized as something of a personage. There she sat in her Paris gown with her diamonds, remote yet at the very heart of an enterprise that she made you feel was national and running neck and crop with millions, a crown of orders on her forehead, and a keyboard of electric bells within reach. For no matter who was ushered in, she would break into the middle of a conversation, ring a bell, give an order, dictate a letter regarding the filling of an order, or send for some head of a department and demand to be informed about an order. The order was always for at least a thousand dollars' worth of goods.

It was all staged for the best effect. She never rang me up direct, though my call bell was under her thumb, but rang her pink-and-white page and, with a brief "Excuse me," commanded: "Tell the head of the labbatories I'd like to speak to her a minute."

I appear in a big apron at the private door and madame lifts a letter from her desk, or any bit of paper if she'd mislaid the dummy. "Here's a rush order for ten gross Zulu and five gross Nature Tint—you got it in stock?"

"No, madame—we haven't it in stock to-day. I'm making it up, though."

"That ten gross for Omaha—transfer it to this order and let them wait a few days."

If she felt in the humor, she would go into a much longer byplay, telling me to send out a messenger and borrow from this parlor and that druggist until we'd made up enough to ship, wiring that we'd send the balance in five days. And the funny part was that she took it all quite seriously herself! She never forgot and did the same trick twice on the same visitor. That was where she was clever.

She was now precisely reversing the friend-patronage plan—she was beginning to use her business to further her social rise and progress and put her where her heart desired—into society with a large S.

MISS BEEKMAN and Miss Cryder—"Prowl and Pounce" my grandmother dubbed them—played an important rôle in my aunt's passage to the uptown-hotel stage. Beekman boosted for her pertinaciously with all the customers who might be said to have already reached that goal, but it was Miss Cryder, in her capacity of society reporter, who inoculated my aunt with the virus. Julia Cryder had a fine instinct for social weights and values, and she knew the ropes.

That she ever in so many words gave my aunt points I don't believe; rather, she supplied the inspiration and the glamour as a young freshman home for a Thanksgiving vacation supplies them to his little brother. Julia Cryder was glamoured with society—brooded above it, very remote, though very near, like an angel of the pen—and in her elderly youthfulness painted with shrewd insight and alluring colors the pleasures and palaces amid which it roamed. Indeed, I don't think she ever supposed my aunt would attempt to become part of *that* world!—or could if she tried: Miss Cryder was just big enough to perceive the barriers and the impossibilities; not big enough to see the side-door opportunities for a woman like Mme. Del Mar; not big enough to appreciate the solid substance that underlay her shows and shams,



the invincible determination, the steadiness of purpose, the power to make the world buy her goods—and then herself—on her own terms, or the marvelous upsight into human nature by which she'd put a cent's worth of perfumed pork fat into a pink jar and sold it for fifty cents; tied the jar with purple ribbon and sold it for a dollar. Now with her suite of offices she had put herself into the pink jar; it was only a question of the right shade of ribbon to sell her with society—gold?

ONE peculiarity of her character made it possible: she possessed absolute self-assurance without self-consciousness of the corroding kind; she was apparently incapable of the conception of ridicule directed against herself. That some of the customers whom Miss Beekman piloted with bated breath to view the queen of beauty sellers in her Irish lace gown spangled with diamonds sitting on an inlaid throne under a moose head over a glued-on mantel, dropped their cards in the plaster negro's pink shell for a jest and went away laughing in their sleeves, she never suspected and wouldn't have believed if they'd told her with their own lips. She usually invited them to sit down and have a glass of sherry and a few choice wafers, or some candied fruit and chocolates, of which she kept a store in a little private bar under the stand on top of which sat the plaster negro; and if this were accepted, it was followed by an invitation to lunch, perhaps to dinner and the theatre. But she never, never toadied! That was what saved her: she was utterly without servility, and her lack of self-con-

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sciousness when laid on the social world's counter, sold for sincerity. Women might laugh their fill behind her back at her crudities, her vulgar displays, her misplaced elegancies, but under it all they respected her for her independence.

AND so, bit by bit, lunch by lunch, favor by favor, she bought a certain kind of social recognition that is for sale in New York—and nowhere else in the country probably—if one knows how to buy it without seeming to; made her place among women in a certain layer, a certain kind of social life—the noonday life of the big restaurants where men and women congregate in the open, shed the home ties, the family connections and traditions, and meet as simple personalities free of extraneous obligations except the obligation to return the favors in kind, in the Greater Bohemia of Greater New York. It is not the Bohemia of the night café—Bohemia that dreams and rails and falls at last by the wayside with nothing accomplished and leaves no mark on the world. It is Bohemia en casserole—the Bohemia of commercial success; of business women that have made their place and mark, and proved it by incomes that soar upward from five thousand a year. Milliners, dressmakers, modistes, importers of gowns and robes, or exclusive lingerie, decorators, designers, a few journalists and artists, editors, heads of business, but always employers of others; women verging toward middle life—few are under thirty—controlling establishments or offices that require a bookkeeper and a private secretary; handling intricate dealings and large enterprises with an air of mystery, power, and a shrewd insight into the mood and temper of the crowd, an uncanny foreknowledge of what the crowd will buy; these women without visible antecedents, standing and falling by their obvious achievements, make the Bohemia whose major chord is obligation, responsibility, success—success for which the clapping hands are—dollar bills! And to the idle rich, to middle-aged and elderly women, world-weary yet still protesting against encroaching age, defying its edicts with the help of milliner, modiste, beauty specialist, doctor, mental healer, the women of Greater Bohemia, the Mmes. Del Mar are both enlivening companions and moral tonics, bringing with them the atmosphere of vitality, the suggestion of substance, flavor, richness, fresh appetite for a dish en casserole steaming hot from the great commercial forces of the world.



MME. DEL MAR saw by instinct how to appeal to both the imagination and the respect of such women and made them serve her turn—to the benefit of both parties. If her first invitation were set aside, another followed, and yet another. After a few refusals, the courted dame found herself obliged either to come out with a reason, or forego the beauty that Miss Beekman, with all her arts and wiles, was creating upon her countenance.

"But why shouldn't I go?" she asked herself. "And who'll know, anyway?" Even if she met some of her society friends, how were they to tell that her elegantly gowned and gemmed hostess was not a countess to say the least?

She went. The lunch was admirable. Madame tipped the waiter a dollar. She had early learned the first lesson of Bohemia en casserole: spend in public what you save in private on your help and raw materials; and was now a welcome guest at twenty first-class restaurants. But if her snobbish guests flattered themselves that "nobody knew who she was," they were mistaken: a hundred waiters knew—she had seen to that by all sorts of tricks, such as having herself paged by a messenger from the establishment, or a phoned call during lunch—and under the influence of the recurrent dollar glibly gave her name to inquisitive guests, or called the attention of others—Hinterlanders who might be thankful for tips on the passing show—to "the great Mme. Del Mar, head of the largest beauty parlors in America, owner of Zulu Face Food, and the lady lunching with her is Mrs.



"Where's de madame? 'Cos' Mis' Vanderwater's downstairs wit her autermobile fer to take her out riding"

Vanderwater, one of the Four Hundred." With three years of this—the double life of the successful business woman, in which each life serves instead of draining the other—she had won among women of the idle classes a certain social recognition in restaurants that passed, in the class below, for social standing and prestige.

But if she used her business to glamour the social dames, she used her side-door connections with them to glamour the business! The great building fluttered to its core when her Mrs. Vanderwaters and Breckenridges appeared; for now, often to wile away an idle hour and pay off very privately an obligation for a lunch received, they sent upstairs to ask if madame wouldn't go for a spin on Riverside.

"Buttons"—a reed-shanked infant on a salary of four-fifty per—came scrambling up to the main parlors, loudly demanding of the bookkeeper: "Where's de madame? 'Cos' Mis' Vanderwater's downstairs wit her autermobile fer to take her out riding."

The bookkeeper communicated the question to Miss Beekman, who communicated it to the pink-and-white page, who sped away to regions mysterious and then sped back to communicate her reply in a loud whisper to Miss Beekman, who communicated it in a louder whisper to the bookkeeper, who communicated it in his natural voice—a loud one—to "Buttons," who used his reedy shanks to speed away with the glad news that "the madame would be down in a minute."



"No, madame—we haven't it in stock to-day. I'm making it up though." "That ten gross for Omaha—transfer it to this order and let them wait a few days"

AND then all of a sudden, when everything was moving along like a perfect machine whose sole function is to grind out a barrel of money a month with the regularity of clockwork, Oscar Willing appeared on the scene and introduced the incalculable element that brings the best-laid plans to naught in this world of ironies.

With our removal to the new building my world had both shrunk and enlarged: it had shrunk to these four sacred secrets of pork fat, beet juice, chalk, and mucilage, known to madame and me alone, over which I stood perpetual guard behind locked doors. A freight elevator brought up my "chief ingredient," as madame always called it now, when the employees had departed for the night, and alone in my private laboratory, which even the cleaner entered but once a month after I'd put away all evidences of the real materials, I and "our secret process" transmuted its value from fourteen cents to eighteen dollars a pound in fifty-pound lots in "our special apparatus"—a big can I designed myself, with a long wooden dasher at the end of my greasy hand. A practical chemist now took charge of all other preparations, did his own buying and managed his staff of filler girls; and the packing room was in charge of a forewoman and a shipping clerk, through whom all orders were cleared. In other words, I had become a mere cog in the works. But my world had enlarged with heavier responsibilities as acting head when my aunt was away, though she now very seldom went on the road, and her trips generally lasted only three or four days.

My world had also enlarged with a fifty-dollar salary. I had coolly asked for it, or rather, I had stated, "I shall have to get fifty dollars if I am to stay on—" and my aunt had quietly cut me short in my arguments and reasons with a "Very well. I'll speak to the bookkeeper."

I felt as if she'd hit me in the chest and couldn't say another word! You know how it is when for weeks you've worked out arguments and screwed up your courage for a fight and are met with a sudden unexpected concession—it takes the wind clean out of your sails! I'd meant to put all this—the new store, my heavier responsibilities, the increasing wealth—as a wedge for my demand for a partnership; at least to give her a very broad hint that I expected a share in the enormous profits I was creating. But I was silenced with the thump her silence gave me; she didn't even look a comment or a rebuke! Not till long after, through a chance word from her, did I know that she'd seen and forestalled the demand; that for years she'd been making concessions in the secret dread of just that moment's arrival when I'd ask for my just rights, she never knowing if the demand would take her before she was strong enough to snap her fingers in my face and tell me if I didn't like what she gave I might go.

And thus my golden opportunity slipped away on the tide. I waited for a more fitting moment to put my case and discuss it frankly, friend to friend. It never came and the incalculable element arrived.

It's easy for an outsider to ask: "Why didn't you put it up to her straight and hard, then set up for yourself and repeat her methods if she refused?"

We don't, we Lucys of the business world. For one thing, I could not then risk the loss of my salary—my sister was just entering college, and so long as I had enough—well, I had enough! But there was another reason that I've noticed in myself and in several cases besides mine: these women of Big Business—these Mmes. Del Mar—seem to exercise some subtle, sapping influence on the characters of those who surround them and make their Big Business possible—a sort of spiritual vampirism that slowly deprives the Lucys of the power to do the very thing—break loose and strike out in the world for themselves—that all the outward circumstances seem willing to permit. It may be only suggestion: the magnitude of an achievement that appalls when you think of yourself having to face her world on her terms and win her success—an achievement that measures you to yourself and tells you day and night, "You never could, my dear!"

MY FIRST intimation of her approaching marriage came one day when I was called to the office for the usual byplay of a large order and then introduced to a young man. I'd long since swallowed it that I was never to be introduced to any of the Vanderwaters and Breckenridges—the woman crowd; and though I was occasionally presented to a man, he was always a buyer and "the head of our labbatories" was only a part of the general exhibition to impress him with the magnitude of the business and therefore, by natural inference, with the superior quality of our goods.

Now, though I saw at a glance that Oscar Willing (Continued on page 32)



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"Woods and Prairie Lands"

Chapter III of "A Son of the Middle Border"

A Personal History—By Hamlin Garland

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

TO THOSE who are proud of the American pioneering spirit, but have forgotten all its hardships in the tide of modern progress and prosperity, this picture of Duncan Stewart's migration to a new country will recall the bittersweet memories of that heroic age in our national past.

IN SPITE of the "Song of Emigration," in spite of all the talk of "Hesper" and "Winneshiek," Stewart declares that he had no definite premonition of coming change—and that when the day of departure came he was as surprised and as unprepared as though it had all happened without warning.

So long as the kettle sang on the hearth and the clock ticked on its shelf, the idea of "moving" was pleasantly diverting, but when one raw February day he saw the old rosewood timepiece stuffed with rags laid on its back in a box, and the chairs and dishes packed into a big sleigh, he began to sense something very desolating and uncomfortable. "O'er the hills in legions, boys," did not rise to his lips at the moment—on the contrary, "The woods and prairie lands" of the song were of less account than the little cabin in which the family had been so happy.

AT LAST two great loads of bedding and furniture stood ready at the door, the stove (which had been cooling in the snow) was lifted in, and the time for saying good-by to the coulée home had come. The word was given, Duncan led the way with the bobsled, followed by his little herd of kine, while Belle and the children brought up the rear in a cutter drawn by old Josh, a flea-bit gray. It is probable that at the moment the master himself was sorry.

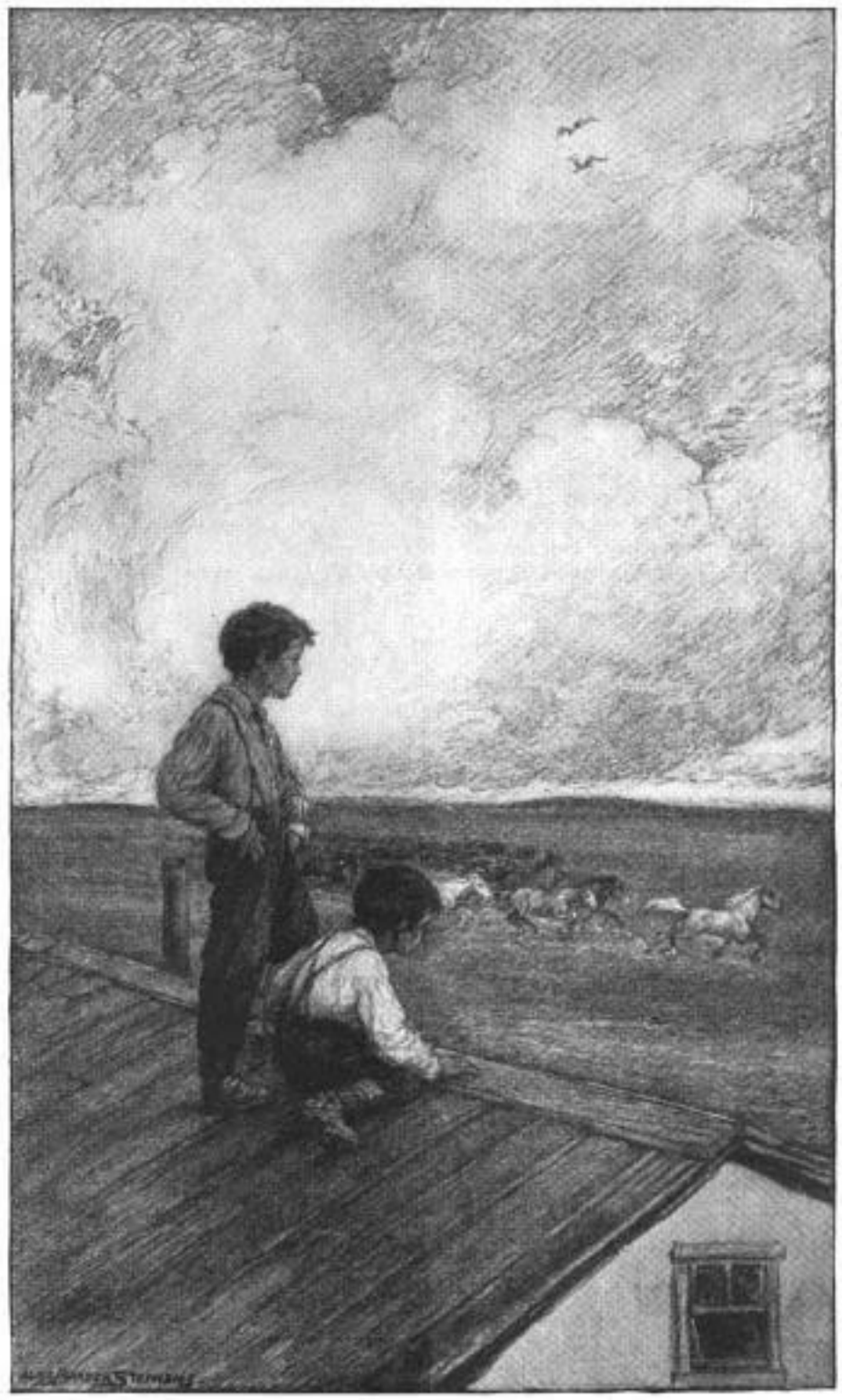
Lincoln writes of this: "A couple of hours' travel brought us to La Crosse, a great and wonderful city which stood on the bank of a wide expanse of snow-covered ice, in the midst of which a dark, swift, threatening current of water ran. Across this chasm, stretching from one ice field to another, lay a flexible, narrow bridge, over which my father led the way. There was something especially terrifying in the boiling rush of that sinister flood, and I shivered with terror as I passed it, having dimly in my mind stories of men who had been swept under to their death."

It was a long ride to the wife and mother, for she also was in terror of the bridge, but at last the ice was crossed, La Crescent was passed, and the movers entered a narrow, winding valley which came down from the west. All that was familiar was put behind: all that was strange and dark, all that was wonderful and unknown, spread out before the children as they climbed the slippery, slanting road.

"We lodged that night in Hokah, a little town in a deep valley. The hotel was near a river which flowed over its dam with resounding roar. Next day at noon we reached Caledonia, a town high on the snowy prairie. Caledonia! For years that word was a poem in my ear, part of a marvelous and epic march. Actually it consisted of a few frame houses and a grocery store. But no matter. Its name shall ring in this book like a peal of bells."

IT GREW colder as they rose, and that night, the night of the second day, they entered a long stretch of woods, and at last turned in toward a friendly light shining from a low house beneath great oaks. "As we drew near my father raised a signal shout, and a man in a long gray coat came out. 'Is that thee, friend Duncan?' he called, and my father replied, 'Yea, neighbor Barley, here we are!'"

Lincoln wondered at this sedate stranger whose manner of speech was so peculiar, and to his question the father replied: "Barley is a Quaker," an answer which explained nothing at that time. Being too sleepy to pursue the matter, or to remark upon anything connected with the house or the furniture, Lincoln followed his sister into the house, which had been warmed and lighted by good Mrs. Barley.



"From a low hill to the west a herd of horses suddenly broke, running swiftly, led by a beautiful sorrel horse with shining white mane"

"As soon as we had filled our stomachs with warm food we went to bed, and when we awoke the Quaker was gone, the stove was in its place, and the clock upon the mantel was ticking with calm acquiescence of the change. So far as we knew, mother was equally content."

This farm, which was situated near the village of Hesper, just where the broken wooded lands met the prairie, turned out to be a delightful place for boys. Broad-armed white oaks stood in the yard, and to the east and north a great forest and deep vales invited to exploration. The house was of logs and for that reason much more attractive to the children than to their mother. Lincoln says: "It was indeed low and cold, and the roof had holes in it. Of this I am quite certain, for one morning I awoke to find a miniature mountain of snow on the floor at my bedside. It was in truth, only a rude little frontier cabin, but it was perfectly satisfactory to me."

The children learned much in the way of woodcraft during the months which followed. Morning by morning the rabbits in countless numbers printed their telltale records in the snow. Quail and partridges nested beneath the down-drooping branches of the oaks, and the boys were soon able to distinguish and name most of the tracks made by the birds and small animals. They took never-failing delight in this study of the snow.

Lincoln himself says: "All my memories of this fine farm are of the fiber of poetry. The silence of the snowy aisles of the forest, the whirring flight of partridges, the impudent bark of squirrels, the quavering voice of owls and 'coons, the music of the winds in the high trees—all impressed themselves upon my mind as parts of a superb winter's symphony."

TO THE east, two miles away through the timber, stood the little village of Hesper, built and named by the "Friends" who had a meeting house not far off. The children saw very little of the Quakers, however, and never attended any of their services, but their closest neighbor was a gruff, loud-voiced old Norwegian whose children naturally became playmates of Hester and Lincoln. "From them we learned a great many things hitherto unknown, such as the fact that all Norwegians were woodsmen and ate from wooden plates and wooden bowls, wore wooden shoes, and lived on bean soup, which they call 'swaagen.' We found them as interesting in their way as the Chippewas. I think we imagined them a new kind of primitive race.

"Hester and I and one Lars Peterson gave a great deal of time to an attempt to train a yoke of young steers to draw our hand sled. I say 'attempt,' for it hardly got beyond a struggle to overcome the stubborn resentment of the beasts, who very properly objected to being forced into service before their time. Hester was eleven, I was nine, and Lars was about twelve, and we spent many strenuous hours in yoking and unyoking our yearling span. I believe we did haul several loads of firewood to the kitchen door. But at last Buck and Brin 'turned the yoke' and broke it—and that ended our teaming."

EARLY in the spring Duncan hired a couple of "raw" Norwegian immigrants to assist in clearing the land—"grubbing" it was called. Neither of these men could speak a word of English, and they slept in the granary—but they succeeded in communicating to the household a virulent run of smallpox.

The hired girl came down first. Several days passed before Mrs. Stewart realized what ailed the maid, but she discovered it at last, for she had been through an epidemic of this disease in Wisconsin, and knew its dread symptoms.

It was a fearsome disease in those days, much more fatal than now, and the young mother was quite naturally alarmed. With three unvaccinated children, a helpless handmaid to be nursed, and Duncan on the point of coming down with the contagion, surely it must have seemed to her as though the Lord had visited upon her more punishment than belonged to her. And to add the final touch, in the midst of her other afflictions, came the birth of her fourth child!

Lincoln realized something of the burden which had fallen upon his mother. "Young as I was I suffered with her. One night I was awakened from deep sleep by hearing her crying out in pain, beggingpiteously for help. I shuddered in my bed, apprehending in some intuitive way that she was passing through a struggle which could not be put aside. I went to sleep again at last, and when I woke, we had a little sister.

"I do not know what we would have done had not

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a noble woman of the neighborhood volunteered to come and help us. She was not a friend, hardly an acquaintance, and yet she came to our pest-ridden home like an angel of mercy. Whether she still lives or not I cannot say, but I gladly acknowledge here the splendid heroism which brought Mary Briggs, a stranger, into our house at a time when other neighbors beat their horses into mad gallop in passing our gate."

THE older children having been vaccinated, escaped with what was called the "verylide," but Duncan was ill for several weeks. Fortunately he escaped (as they all did) without the dreadful pitting which usually follows this disease, and in a week or two the children had forgotten all about it.

As the seeding time came on, Lincoln began the use of firearms. Enormous flights of passenger pigeons, almost filling the sky, made it necessary to guard the new-sown grain, and though Lincoln was but nine years of age, Duncan put a double-barreled shotgun into his hands and set him to sentinel the fields.

"Nothing could have pleased me better," he says. "Proudly walking my rounds day by day, I watched the flocks as they circled in the brilliant sunlight, taking a shot at them now and again when they came near enough, feeling as duty bound and as martial as any soldier standing guard over a city. Up to this time I had not been allowed to carry a gun, although I had been the companion of Ben Green and Ellis Asher on their hunting expeditions. Now, with entire discretion over my weapon, I loaded it, capped it, and fired it, marching with sedate and manly tread, with little Owen at my heels serving as subordinate in his turn."

THE pigeons passed after a few days, but Lincoln's warlike duties continued, for the ground squirrels (called gophers by the settlers) were almost as destructive of the seed corn as the pigeons had been of the wheat.

Day after day he patrolled the edge of the field listening to the saucy whistle of the little rascals, tracking them to their burrows and shooting them as they lifted their heads above the ground. He had moments of being sorry for them, but the sight of one digging up the seed silenced the sentinel's complaining conscience.

"The schoolhouse of this district stood upon the prairie to the west, nearly two miles distant, and every day during May we trudged over the road, Hester carrying a small tin pail filled with lunch. At this school we came in contact with the Norwegians from the colony to the north; and a bitter feud arose between 'Yankees' and 'Norskies,' and when we met on the road, showers of sticks and stones filled the air, and our hearts burned with the fierce heat of tribal battle. These combats usually broke out the moment of parting and raged with true berserk frenzy so long as we were within stone's throw of one another. I don't think we had any personal animosity in this—but as tribes we were perfectly willing to commit murder. We were reliving the feudal wars of northern Europe.

"As I look back upon our year upon this farm," Lincoln further notes, "it all seems very beautiful. Even these tribal forays have charm. I am re-



"My mother, like nearly all her brothers and sister, could play the violin — or fiddle, as we called it — and I have many dear remembrances of her playing 'Napoleon's March,' 'Money Musk,' 'The Devil's Dream'"

enjoying days when the warm June sun, falling on radiant slopes of grass, lit the meadow phlox and tiger lilies into flaming torches of color. I think of blackberry thickets and wild grapes, and cherries and other delicious fruits and nuts growing in profusion throughout that forest to the north, which seemed endless and of enchanted solemnity. It was an exquisite mingling of wood and prairie land and we loved every day for what it brought. Each month had its wealth of delight, and we welcomed the thought of spending all our years in this ideal land of fulfillment."

BUT this was not to be. Duncan had not yet reached the land of his desire. One day there came into the house a man who gave to Lincoln a wider notion of the world. "I come," he said, "from across the ocean —from England." He was a kindly but rather formal middle-aged individual who tried his best to be pleasant, but Mrs. Stewart resented him for the reason that he brought to her table his own knife and fork, which were of silver, while hers were only of wood and steel. "Everybody ate with knives in those days, and as our boarder ceremoniously undid his little bundle of Sheffield cutlery we all stared in amazement. He also carried a revolver, for he had an idea that he was alone in a very savage country, and I am not at all sure but that he was right, for the northern woods at that time were full of horse thieves and counterfeiters.

"Mother resented this man still more when she found that he had persuaded father to sell our lovely farm on the edge of the splendid woods. To us it was the ideal toward which we had all aspired. We loved the trees and the old log house, and especially we loved the spring and the grove of plum trees which stood near it. But father, still restless and discontented, still dreaming of 'herds of deer and buffalo,' gave possession early in the spring and moved us to a rented farm some three miles to the westward."

No sooner were his crops in than Duncan again set out with team and canvas-covered wagon eager to explore for a third time the open country to the north and west. The woods and prairie of Winneshiek County did not satisfy him, although it seemed to Lincoln then, as it does now, the fulfillment of the vision and the song.

DURING that summer he traveled some hundreds of miles in Minnesota and Iowa, and upon his return in July announced that he had purchased a quarter section of patented land in Mitchell County, and that after harvest they would move again. "If my mother resented this third removal she made no comment which I can now recall. I suspect she went with less reluctance this time, for her friends and relatives in Neshonoc were also scattering. One sister had gone to Minnesota, and old Hugh and David and Delia were located in Osage, not far from Dry Run, the place which father had decided upon for our future home. A mighty spreading and shifting of settlement was going on all over the West, and I suppose mother accepted her part in the movement without murmuring.

"Our life on Looking Glass Prairie that summer was very pleasant. It appears to have been all sunshine and play as I reflect upon it. I recall a few days at school and many excursions into the woods. It would appear that we were in continual harvest of nuts and berries. We spent nearly every Saturday and Sunday in exploration of the countryside, devouring everything that grew—except toadstools. We gorged upon May apples till we were ill, and munched black cherries until we were drunken with their fumes. We clambered high trees to collect baskets of wild grapes which we could not use, and we garnered nuts like squirrels. We ate oak shoots, fern roots, leaves, bark, seed balls—everything!—not because we were hungry, but because we loved to experiment, and we came home only when in fear of punishment or in awe of the darkness. It was a glorious (Continued on page 26)

"Hour after hour we pushed westward, the heads of our tired horses hanging ever lower, and on my mother's face the shadow deepened, but my father's voice calling to his team lost nothing of its edge"



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Pensive Ponderings

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

The Airman

Feats the airman weaves his craft
Between the earth and dust, through which his fathers
Were cast
Crawled.
Whirling and tumbling, riding, unappalled,
The shrieking windstorm on his flimsy raft,
Gay as a bell- down the sunbeam's shaft
He slides and somersaults—then soars again
To chase the eagle, veer him from aloft
And float him, wondering, in his lone domain.
Long thus he frolics, making fearful jests
With gravitation, while we wights below,
We who once sneered with noses high askant,
Gauck upward, musing with deflated chests
On the wise fools who ever onward go;
On the fool wise men who have said: "You can't."

Natural History Lessons—the Boss

A BOSS is a man who is a municipal or national depository for votes.

Under our glorious Constitution each man has one vote. However, the Constitution says nothing about borrowing votes. Some men have the use of a million at election time.

Some people imagine that a boss is a cruel and tyrannical individual who takes the votes of the people and walks on their necks in return. He is nothing of the sort. He is a kind and affable creature who takes your vote and gives you more for it than you could possibly get in any other market.

No one is kinder than the boss is to the man whose vote he is carrying around in his vest pocket. However, this very kindness compels him to be distinctly brutal at times to the rest of mankind.

A boss is as hard on a city as a chauffeur is on an automobile when he is using it to haul his friends around by night. After a boss has been using the city for the convenience and happiness of his friends for a few years, the poor thing looks as if the dogs had been fighting over it.

A boss isn't a lender. He doesn't care where the people go if he can only be allowed to follow behind carrying their votes in a neatly sealed package. Sometimes bosses will even assist in great reforms, because if they didn't the people would take their votes back and cast them themselves.

Some bosses boss for the mere love of it. Others boss for the love of richly furnished homes and large bank accounts. After a boss has begun renting out the votes of his constituents to the highest bidder, it is very hard indeed to prevent him from becoming an obnoxious millionaire.

The boss's motto is: "Give the people what they want, but get a commission on it." When the bossed people of an American city want paved streets they can have them, but they cost twice as much as they do in other towns.

Sooner or later every boss gets to thinking of himself first and his vote lenders second. This is a sad mistake, for the men who lend him their votes are just as greedy as he is. About that time hard words are uttered and a heavy snow descends at Election Day.

After that the boss takes his millions and goes to Europe. This is very poor business on our part. His millions should be taken from him and he should be sent to Europe. Life in Europe without the millions would be a cruel and unusual punishment, and in consequence bossism would soon become unpopular.



American Pants Forever

THE Administration's daredevil plan of compelling American ambassadors to appear in foreign courts in plain and undemonstrative American pants instead of in the silk and gold lace masterpieces affected by foreign diplomats has apparently succeeded. At least, we are still at peace with all nations, and no American ambassador has as yet been pitched out of any palace head foremost because he did not harmonize with the general color scheme of the occasion. The great trouble with the wearing of objets d'art instead of trousers is that the wearer has to live up to them. This has caused untold embarrassment to American ambassadors in time past. They have accomplished the knee-pants and tassel-hung regalia of diplomacy without much trouble, but their conversation has of necessity remained essentially American, and in backing through the scenery when leaving the royal presence they have as a rule scored only about seven points out of a possible five hundred on form. They have been as badly handicapped as the baseball player would be if he were given a cricket bat and told to jump right in and score a few hundred in the noble British game.



The American ambassador comes from a plain unveneered country where the earnest young man who splits wood to-day is the diplomat who splits infinitives to-morrow, and where the nation's ruler, after he has passed his job on to another, goes back to private life and sustains existence with an average of only slightly over one fork per meal. We do not breed many exquisites in this country, and what we have we usually keep carefully quarantined on private yachts instead of allowing them to go and do light diplomacy for amusement through the influence of a wife's cousin's brother who has inherited the State Department. America being run by plain Americans, it seems fitting, therefore, that we should show our diplomatic goods in the most natural setting—a setting in which they can indulge in diplomacy unfettered by the fear that at some critical moment the irrepressible court sword will get between their legs and convulse all Europe with the sad consequences.

Moreover, the American ambassador who has to cope with the splendor of Europe unassisted by a court uniform will have to use his brain in the process. Too often in the past we have relied almost entirely upon the uniform, and it has sagged miserably under the responsibility.

The Hardy Mariner—New Series

JUST as it seemed that, for lack of more poles to discover and more atmosphere to cruise in, via aeroplane, man must soon become, for lack of an adventure, an obese and timid child of luxury, the motor boat comes along with enough possibilities before it to keep a thousand daredevils covered with thrills and gooseflesh for years to come.

These thrills will not be accomplished by trying to drive a motor boat two miles a minute. The racing motor boat is noisy and impressive to look at, but it is not perilous enough to interest a real adventurer. Getting flipped sideways from a mile-a-minute boat as it turns abruptly under a big wave is a damp and disconcerting process, but is not fatal enough to cause a second thought from an automobile or aeroplane racer. It is the common pedantic little thirty-six-foot cruiser with a twelve-horsepower, ten-mile-an-hour engine in which men will go with their hearts in their mouths and their bodies in the care of an overworked Providence to cross oceans and brave typhoons.

Already one of these little craft has crossed the Atlantic from Detroit and has visited St. Petersburg. Every year from two to half a dozen of them race from Philadelphia to Bermuda, climbing waves three times as high as they are and sliding from spray-crowned summits into watery cañons with a loop-the-loop motion which often mixes up the crew, the gasoline, the provisions, and the bilge water in a mournful mess on top of the engine.

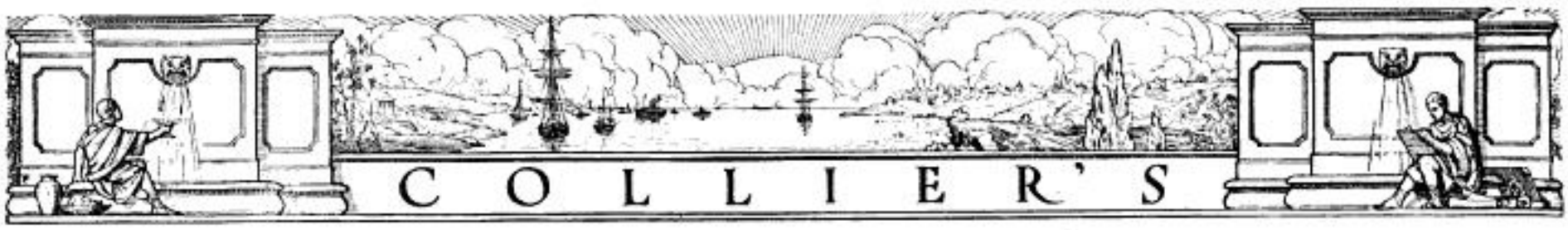
Motor boats scarcely larger than lifeboats are promenading up and down the Atlantic Coast from Jamaica to Newfoundland. They are poking around Alaska with "Port of Seattle" painted on their low, square sterns. Desperate young gentlemen of leisure with an uncanny knowledge of the temperament of a gasoline engine are planning trips in these boats to all quarters of the globe and over all distances of wild and bumpy wastes of water. And thus adventure of the sort which lured the Norsemen to our shores and sent Columbus careening and staggering over the ocean in the ridiculous *Santa Maria* is once more with us.

(Concluded on page 25)





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Mr. Wilson and the Congress

WHEN, on April 14, President WILSON ordered the Atlantic fleet to Tampico, his decisive action brought our relations with our unhappy neighbor to the breaking point. Mr. WILSON'S message to Congress on April 20, requesting the approval of Congress to enable him to "use the armed forces of the United States in such ways and to such an extent as may be necessary to obtain from General HUERTA and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States, even amid the distressed conditions now unhappily prevailing in Mexico," served further to emphasize the crisis. Then came the long debate on the President's request for sanction to use our armed forces against the Mexican Federals. This was followed by the landing of marines and bluejackets and the battle in the streets of Vera Cruz preceding the taking of that town. These and subsequent events have entirely altered the relations between the executive and the legislative branches of our Government.

This session has had a curious history. It has been marked by unexpected developments and the injection of problems of overshadowing national importance. When Congress convened in December to conclude consideration and enactment of the currency law, it was expected that the chief business of the session would be the passage of antitrust legislation. The drafting of this legislation had hardly got under way before President WILSON asked for the repeal of the tolls-exemption provision of the Panama Canal Act. The tolls-repeal controversy drove the antitrust legislation into the background, and now that question, too, has been submerged in the flood of startling developments growing out of the events in Mexico. The antitrust legislation is lost to sight. There is no present thought that it will receive further consideration at this session. The fate of the tolls-repeal bill seems problematical. Only the day before the great fleet was ordered to Tampico, President WILSON published his inflexible determination to insist on Congress's enacting, before adjournment, not only antitrust legislation but rural-credits legislation, and reiterated the program announced to Congress in his special trust message of January 20. In the light of subsequent development this "inflexible" determination takes on a touch of the absurd.

The present chief point of interest to members of Congress is how the Mexican difficulty will affect the President's prestige and authority. If he comes through it successfully and with credit to himself and to the country, his dominion over Congress will be stronger than ever. If he does not succeed, his power inevitably will be decreased. In the beginning of the Mexican hostilities Congress was reluctant to follow the President. It moved slowly in giving him sanction to use our armed forces in Mexico. As a matter of fact, the marines and bluejackets had landed at Vera Cruz and begun fighting and some of them had been killed before Congress sent to the White House for signature the joint resolution "justifying" the employment of the land and naval forces against HUERTA or any other military chieftain in Mexico. In the flush of the events immediately following the adoption of the resolution there were men in both House and Senate who boasted that the President's authority and prestige had gone into eclipse; that his power was dissipated, and that, for the remainder of this session at least, Congress would be its own boss. These expressions represented an opinion rather than a state of facts. That the President and Congress will have to find a readjustment of relationship is, however, undeniably true. What the new relationship will be is a question that will have a direct bearing on the future course of the Administration.

Concerning the Marines

WE HAVE HEARD A GREAT DEAL about the man behind the gun in turret or fighting top, and much also about the brave lads who shovel the coal or stand in the front of the regiment's firing line, but recent events at Vera Cruz have shown that the amphibious branch of our service is no less to be counted upon in time of trial. "The marines were there," as the slang saying is. Their maneuvers throughout were precise, skillful, and effective. They walked into what is perhaps the most galling form of attack known, that of hidden enemies shooting from the buildings of a strange town, and held or gave their fire as ordered. Their quality is best noted when one contrasts this with the behavior of the militia in the Colorado strike riot. We have no doubt that the marines will lead also in the work of policing and quieting the famous old city by the blue waters of the Gulf, and in whatever comes after that. As KIPLING has said in his ballad of "Soldier an' Sailor Too"—"there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know, nor do." KIPLING was right about it. We are proud of the marines and don't mind saying so.

Our War in Colorado

THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO comes from the failure of our methods of conducting relations between nations. If war is waged, it will be done (on our side) according to the laws of war. The trouble in Colorado comes from the absolute failure of government there. That war—for it is war—has been conducted according to the practices of savagery. The alleged representatives of law and order have willfully destroyed property, have killed unarmed persons—including women and children—and have turned machine guns on whole families. This is anarchy, and every one of us is vitally interested in the establishment of something like justice and government among the autocrats and incendiaries, capitalistic or trades-union, who now ravage Colorado. The primary responsibility rests upon the mine owners, resident or absentee, including the much-abused Rockefeller interests. The strikers are described as being Greeks and other recent comers from southeastern Europe, and as having been shipped to Colorado by the labor agencies in Chicago, Kansas City, and elsewhere. It does not help in the least to point out that the strikers, too, have been unreasonable and violent and murderous. There can be no sympathy with the mine owners or their allies so long as they employ uncivilized methods in dealing with their men. The use of machine guns in strike breaking is, morally, about what poisoning wells is in international warfare, or the burning of one's prisoners in oil. The authorities out there should try to remember that Colorado is still in the United States.

Hint for Standpatters

WE ARE INDEBTED to a college paper, "The Pelican," for the aphorism:

Some people jump at conclusions; others are more leisurely in making their mistakes.

A Newspaper Found Out

HERE IS A RECIPE for discovering a great wave of public sentiment or of manufacturing it in case it doesn't exist. The quotation is a telegram dated Cincinnati, April 10, 1914, and addressed to a newspaper man of Elkhart, Ind.:

Please file early Friday evening 300 words showing unfavorable sentiment your section toward President WILSON'S stand on Panama canal tolls. Interview big business men and get them to say something hot. ENQUIRER.

The exceptional circumstance about this telegram is that it was sent to a correspondent who betrayed the trust placed in him by JOHN R. MCLEAN'S instructive journal. He made it public by relaying the message to Senator KERN, who read it in the Senate and had it inserted in the Congressional Record. Here is an exposition of the dishonorable methods of the proprietor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" and Washington "Post" in his desperate fight (with HEARST for ally) against the President of the United States and leader of his party. Yet we suppose some people will still be influenced by things they read in the "Enquirer."

An American Artist

THREE MEN were asked what artist they considered most "typically American." The first replied: "FREDERIC REMINGTON." The second chose A. B. FROST. But the third shook his head. It may have been because battleships have been a favorite subject of conversation this last fortnight; anyway, "HENRY REUTERDAHL," said he. We feel a glow of pride in the realization that the best work of this trio has appeared in COLLIER'S. REMINGTON is dead, FROST paints the hills and rivers of Normandy—but REUTERDAHL is left and at the crest of the wave. REUTERDAHL loves the navy as the jockey does his mount. His seamen, on duty and off, are irrepressible cowboys of the brine. When the fleet made its short-notice start southward, REUTERDAHL was "on deck"—on the deck of the *North Dakota*, if you want details. In the paintings and drawings he has made and is making for COLLIER'S his battleships are unstaggered by the storm; his cruisers knife their way through heavy seas; his torpedo boats slue relentlessly through the chop; his lean destroyers careen onward in the smother. He pictures the sea, not as one of Nature's miracles, but as inspiration of one of man's most sacred passions—patriotism. Who shall say that HENRY REUTERDAHL is a shade less the American for having been born at Malmö, Sweden, instead of in Boston or Los Angeles?

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Smug Critic

IN TYPICALLY PATRONIZING REMARKS ON A PLAY, the dramatic critic of the New York "Evening Post" concludes.

It may prove diverting to the unsophisticated theatregoers who abound in the city in the circus season.

Has it ever occurred to this complacent worthy that even the people who go to circuses may be—in appreciation of the good things of life and art, and in all-round intelligence—equal to himself?

We See the Circus

THE FACT IS, we ourselves like the circus. Last time we went we happened to sit just above the calliope, and that made us vibrate almost too tunefully with the thrilling show; this year we hope for better luck. The circus to-day has frills and fixings that hadn't been evolved in our boyhood—when circuses were at their best!—and yet it still amazes and delights. We still wait tensely for the bucking mule and the dressy negro who tries to ride it—lured on by the ringmaster's crisp yellow-back. Does he or does he not belong to the show—that colored gentleman with the big flower in his buttonhole and a smile that only broadens when he is restored to the soil? It is a question forever fresh, provocative of friendly argument with the boy in the next seat. We missed the vicious mule and the rock-bottom negro last time, but there were plenty of mid-air miracles and daring riding by cowboys and cowgirls and fair women in something less than evening dress, and even by a dwarf hailed as Italy's Greatest Comic Equestrian. It is the riding we love best; it is even better than the daring charioteers. The clowns—there is an army of them nowadays—seem to us more dynamic but less truly funny than they once were; but that, of course, we blame to our increasing years. The circus is more than ever international; out of the East come its weighty wrestlers and dexterous jujutsu men and improbable jugglers. And there is the same admirable master of ceremonies in the same brand-new silk hat, declaiming with the same resounding confidence the same polished periods about the next act—eternally superlative. Beautiful horses and clever elephants and dogs with a college education: we like them all infinitely better than modern comic opera—and so, we see by his Reminiscences, does Mr. Wu. We don't know the people of the circus personally, but we venture to believe them likable and philosophic—sane and sound and sure of themselves. They set the rest of us an example in their cheerful conquest of fear—their mastery of mind and muscle. We don't know how they stand on politics, but they seem to be hardy folk, they certainly earn whatever salary they draw, and the amusement they offer us is clean and very real.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY was shocked last month by a crazy attempt on the life of Mayor JOHN PURROY MITCHEL of New York City. The would-be assassin, in telling of his actions on the day of the shooting, said:

Then to-day I came downtown about ten o'clock. I took a glass of whisky and then a glass of beer on Park Row.

After examining the prisoner at Police Headquarters, District Attorney WHITMAN described him as follows:

He is a characteristic product of the lodging houses and the cheap-whisky bars. The smell of bad whisky was heavy on him this afternoon.

It may be, as the late King HUMBERT of Italy said, that being shot at occasionally is a risk of the trade for those who hold high office, but that this peril should be kept up in our country as an incidental product of the business of selling vile drink is a condition altogether intolerable. It will not be endured much longer.



Quoth the Buzzard, "Nevermore"

Drawn by F. G. Cooper

Town, Country, and Health

"IS IT," we queried in a recent editorial paragraph, "much easier to be good in the country than in the city?" and Mr. MACLEVY, a teacher of physical culture, in the kind of letter an editor delights to receive, answers our query in a decided affirmative:

For years [he says] I have conducted a gymnasium in the heart of New York and a health-building physical-culture plant in a Long Island rural community, and I have had abundant opportunity to compare the effects of city and country life on the health and morals of men. Health and morals—they come to pretty near being the same. The invalid may be a near-angel, and the strong, virile specimen of humanity a near-fiend, but they are the exceptions that prove the rule.

Most bad people are sick people, and most sick people are sick because they have neglected and disregarded the laws of right living, such as exercise, fresh air, deep breathing, plain and nutritious nourishment, regular hours, and more exercise. The city man can, if he wills, observe all those laws, and live a long, happy, useful, and moral life, but he is not so likely to do so as the man who spends at least a part of the time in the country. On the other hand, an exclusively bucolic existence occasionally tends to ignorance, bigotry, and narrowness of vision, and so may lead to ill health and viciousness.

Right gladly do we admit that most bad people are sick people—that health in its original meaning of *wholeness* is from the same stock as *wholesome* and *holiness*—that, in short, health and morals generally, though not always, go together. But, as our critic himself admits, "an exclusively bucolic existence occasionally tends to ignorance, bigotry, and narrowness of vision, and so may lead to ill health and viciousness." That was precisely our point in asking the question at the top of this paragraph. True, pure air and peace are better than vitiated air and ceaseless agitation. But the scant civilization of isolated regions, no less than the excessive civilization and artificiality of cities, may prove alike hostile to health, wholeness, and holiness. Is it not, therefore, after all a matter of the individual soul?

The Word in Season

BUT, presses our thoughtful critic,

if "salvation" is individual to-day just as it always has been, why, then, is COLLIER'S so bitter in its denunciation of the saloons? If "salvation" is "individual," why COLLIER'S long and earnest warfare against all the antisocial institutions and interests and forces that seek to drag humanity down?

Yes, "salvation" is indeed individual, a transformation in the mind, in the heart, in the soul of each of us, that makes us part company with all that is contrary to the inner unity within us. A health master, like our correspondent, might preach physical perfection long and faithfully, but until each of his hearers puts the teachings into practice within his own body, small, if any, results will be apparent. The teacher, however, may have broken the ground, and where before a man was sunken in ignorance, hopeless of change, he may have caught a word of hope that gives him an impulse to start upon another path. He decides on a sudden to live the life, and the preaching is abundantly justified. That is why we mean to go on in our denunciation of the saloon as a foe and a parasite of society, one that militates against wholesome living conditions; why we shall always continue our warfare against "all the antisocial institutions and interests and forces that seek to drag humanity down." For that way, we believe, lies our mission in the national life. And though we cannot, any more than the physical instructor, change human beings against their wills into hale, wholesome, healthy folk, yet, like him, we can in our humble degree endeavor to warn them of the pitfalls, to remove obstacles, to seek the truth, and to fight the enemies of progress. But in the end every pilgrim must engage his own Apollyon, and we can only wish him to emerge triumphantly from the valley, to find his pearls there and the words of life.

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With the Border Guard

(*Continued from page 11*)

to save themselves from wholesale slaughter at the hands of the amiable General Pancho Villa, waded the Rio Grande and cast themselves upon the bounty of our troops at Presidio, Tex. The customs officers seized the live stock which hadn't paid any duty, and as nobody had any money to pay duty the stock was sold. The refugees were ill, wounded, naked, and starving, and constituted themselves a public charge, for whose maintenance the sovereign State of Texas had made no appropriation. It was in fact a national calamity, so under instructions from the War Department Lieutenant Colonel Perkins chartered some special trains and went down to collect the visitors. He met them at Marfa with his doughboys.

I have the word of Private Scott that it was far from being a picnic excursion. Five thousand Mexicans went aboard those special trains and with them went starvation, smallpox, hopelessness, and dumb, animal-like despair; also their dogs. There isn't any duty on Mexican dogs (to quote the Twentieth, "more's the pity") and the soldiers couldn't keep them off the trains, although they tried hard enough. Dogs are unsanitary—Mexican dogs particularly—and in addition despise a gringo. A soldier can no more make friends with a Mexican dog than he can with his master. Private Scott says they don't like our smell! At any rate, there was a wild scramble of soldiers and dogs, and the dogs won. Why! Because—well—it takes a very mean man to kill a dog—particularly the dog of your guest. So the Twentieth complained most bitterly to Lieutenant Colonel Perkins, a most unwarlike person and reasonably fond of dogs.

"Load the dogs, too," he ordered, and cries of "Bueno! Viva comandante!" rent the air, testifying to the guests' approval of this dog-sparing Perkins, and away they went across the desert with the gallant Twentieth hanging out the windows and spread across the platforms; for, as Huck Finn would have expressed it, the interiors of those cars were pretty various, and many a brave soldier boy whose stomach had withstood the terrible assaults of slum and rancid sowbelly in the olden days, gave up his rations and added to the tumult with his dismal squawks! Not all beer and skittles this soldier business.

But if it was hard on the infantrymen, judge of its effect on the Hospital Corps, for there were wounded and sick in plenty and a señora gave birth to twins en route. One was still-born, poor little devil, but I am happy to report that, thanks to the Hospital Corps, the survivor and his mother are doing nicely at the moment of going to press. Obstetrics is, naturally enough, something in the nature of a brand-new deal in an army which has no camp followers, but if there is one characteristic in the enlisted man of the United States army that predominates above all others, it is his ability to adapt himself to any circumstance in that brief period of time colloquially designated as a pig's whisper.

The Increases of Captivity

YES, indeed. Five thousand Mexicans, more or less, forded the Rio Grande at Ojinaga, but I should judge, from a casual glance at Sergeant Kamme's statistics to date and my own observations as to crop conditions, that about seven thousand five hundred are going back! There is certainly a mighty busy season ahead of the Hospital Corps. When Chaplain Axton holds Sunday night services and the boys gather around the field organ to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—well, that's all right; but if they start "Let Us Gather by the River" or "What Will the Harvest Be?" there's going to be a noticeable falling off in attendance of the pill brigade. There is such a thing as going too far!

Private Scott took me on a tour of the camp hospital. There was a pockmarked man dying of dropsy in one tent. He set up a weird groaning when we entered and ceased when we departed. Scott spoke sympathetically to him and elicited a wan smile in which there was all the unutterable pathos of a dog that has been beaten and desires to make friends with somebody. Manuel Oriza, a sublieutenant in the Fourth Cavalry, a Federal regular regiment, was dying of tuberculosis. They had made out his death certificate the day before, but still he hung on, and they had to change the date. We passed through the tents where the convalescent wounded were housed, and everywhere I noticed that Private Scott's entry caused a broad smile to replace the habitual scowl on every hombre's face.



Border officers do not care much for frills. This is Colonel R. H. R. Loughborough, Twentieth Infantry

Finally we came to the maternity tent. There were three new-made mothers there, but only two babies. Scott admitted, with something of the air of a sheep-killing dog, that he'd lost one baby!

The eldest baby present was three days old, and its mother was standing in the tent door as we approached. At sight of Scott she fled back to bed guiltily. He tried to reprove her for disobeying orders and made a failure of it. All three mothers smiled and laughed at his horrible soldier Spanish and said nice things to him, and the guilty mother, who had never heard of a maternity ward and couldn't understand why "el medico" forbade the running of foot races the day succeeding the travail of childbirth, reached out to stroke his hand. Poor Private Scott sighed.

"I can't keep them in bed," he complained, and picked up a small piece of dark progeny with as much pride and affection as if it had been his own. Good man, Scott. He is about twenty-seven years old and is pretty thin from hard work; I should judge he might weigh 125 pounds soaking wet. But it would be hard to find a better man for his job.

Five thousand Mexicans love him like a brother! He is in the army medical corps for the experience, for some day he is going to be a doctor. He is one of those rare souls endowed by nature to administer to suffering humanity by reason of his gentleness and sympathy—not the sympathy of empty words and gush, but of actual, smiling, tireless, patient service.

When children love a man, he's all right, and I noticed as we walked through every street in that vast camp the children followed and called cheerily to him; maidens came to their tent doors and smiled at him; hideous old women looked up from their washing or grinding of meal for the ubiquitous tortilla and awaited his salutation; men with stage-robber faces, who looked as if they would gladly have frisked a rattlesnake for 30 cents in Mexican money, bowed low with many a respectful "Bueno tarde, medico."

I looked back at a group of these fellows and a frightful creature in a monstrous peaked hat (he had been hit in the face by a piece of shrapnel and his nose was a total loss and no insurance) winked, nodded knowingly and jerked a dirty thumb at Private Scott. Since he spoke a universal language, I knew he said:

"Take it from a Mexican, there goes one white gringo!"

Fed and Clothed

WE came to a tent where an old private of Federal artillery was stripping a soup shank of its marrow. The

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Scott he clasped one hand to his abdomen, pulled a face as if in pain, and swore by his patron saint that he was "muy enfermo." He had a statement in English and Spanish to that effect. He was seek—very seek in fact. He besought the medico for relief. He was so-little pill! I looked at the scoundrel and saw that he looked fit for a healthy race; that they have weak hearts and bad livers, and syphilis and tuberculosis is very prevalent. And they haven't any red corpuscles. Centuries of starvation or insufficient and improper food has impoverished their blood to such an extent that wounds heal stubbornly and suppurate a great deal.

Hated to School!

AND now shrill cries of juvenile rage resounded through the camp, and I beheld Lieutenant Palmer of the Twentieth with a firm grip on the nape of a youth of fourteen or fifteen, propelling his captive toward a large tent. I marveled much that an officer and a gentleman should thus maltreat the flower of Mexican youth, until I learned the reason. Lieutenant Palmer holds office in that reconcentrado camp. He is the superintendent of education and the terror of boys who play hooky. He was haling one such wretch before the maestro's tribunal now.

Yes, they have established an escuela (school) in that camp and every niño (child) of school age must present himself for instruction. They have a Mexican schoolmaster in charge, but the real power behind the throne is Palmer. It would appear to the casual observer that, between Lieutenants Palmer and Ahrends and Chaplain Axton, Mercado and his outcasts are going back to Mexico some day better mentally, physically, and morally than when they left bullet-swept Ojinaga.

Lieutenant A. E. Ahrends of the Twentieth is in charge of the sanitation and discipline of the camp. The results bear mute testimony to his ability. The death rate is nil. There has not been a single death from a disease contracted in that camp; there has not been a single murder or cutting affray, and that fact is very significant when one takes into consideration that here are 5,000 Mexicans, their wives and daughters; and the further fact that these people are the most sensitive, jealous, and easily irritated race on earth. With these people very slight issues are provocative of tragedies, but in camp at Fort Bliss they are as docile as an equal number of Americans. Perhaps there may be a reason for this in the fact that Lieutenant Ahrends is sole proprietor of the bull pen!

Once in the bull pen, a miscreant is forced to work all day, and to a peon hell hath no terrors like a day's work under the dynamic Ahrends.

The Coming of the 5,000

COLONEL LOUGHBOROUGH is proud of his regiment and his detachment of Hospital Corps for the manner in which they are handling this job. And well he might be, for here is a perfect organization from colonel to private, with no internal strife, petty jealousies, or striving for individual preferment or credit for clever innovations installed. Mr. Ahrends awoke one night from a deep dream of new communal latrines, and lo! he had solved a weighty problem—the problem of incinerating daily the contents of those latrines. With smallpox in camp the disposition of filth is indeed a problem, for the Hospital Corps has no monopoly on the army motto, to wit:

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Finds smallpox in the camp—
and nothing done!

Imagine, if you can, the arrival of these 5,000 refugees at Fort Bliss. At two in the afternoon they detrained on the desert mesa beyond the reservation—primeval desert covered with sage and cactus, and, guarded by the Twentieth, marched to the camping site. Parenthetically I am informed that the arrival at the camping site would have been funny had it not been so pathetic. When the barefooted niños struck the cruel sand burrs the parade stopped; but not for long.

Away it went again, and every doughboy had a filthy little beggar on his back and another under his left arm! I wonder how many civilians, who look with ill-concealed disgust upon the man who wears his country's uniform, would stoop to carry a squawling brat that had been exposed to smallpox. Certainly not for fifteen dollars gold per month! The average civilian would decline to consider the weak physical condition of this rabble and would forthwith evolve the maxim: "Let every refugee carry his own children!"

By nightfall those 5,000 refugees were inside tents and outside of the first square meal since leaving Chihuahua! That night the details of the big job of caring for them were planned and the tasks assigned, and the following day this was what happened:

This Is What Wardship Means

FIVE THOUSAND Mexicans were vaccinated and received an injection of antityphoid serum. Sixty acres of desert was cleared of sage and cactus, irregular troops were segregated from the regular, the camp rearranged and streets laid out. A soldier of the Twentieth wrote rules and regulations in Spanish and they burgeoned forth on signs throughout the camp. Latrines were dug, an adobe brick factory was in full swing, forty huge messes, army fashion, had been established, and arrangements for a supply of fresh milk for the children and weak mothers had been made.

The next day, however, materials had arrived which enabled the soldiers of the Twentieth to do some real work. They ran a ten-foot hog-tight wire fence around that huge camp, with sentry towers in each corner. They piped a water supply into the camp. They built a huge communal bathhouse, with hot and cold water showers; they distributed soap and towels and established a school. The Congregational chaplain of the regiment, Mr. Axton, built an altar and arranged for religious services by a Catholic priest in the school tent on Sundays. The Hospital Corps battled with the smallpox patients and never lost a single case.

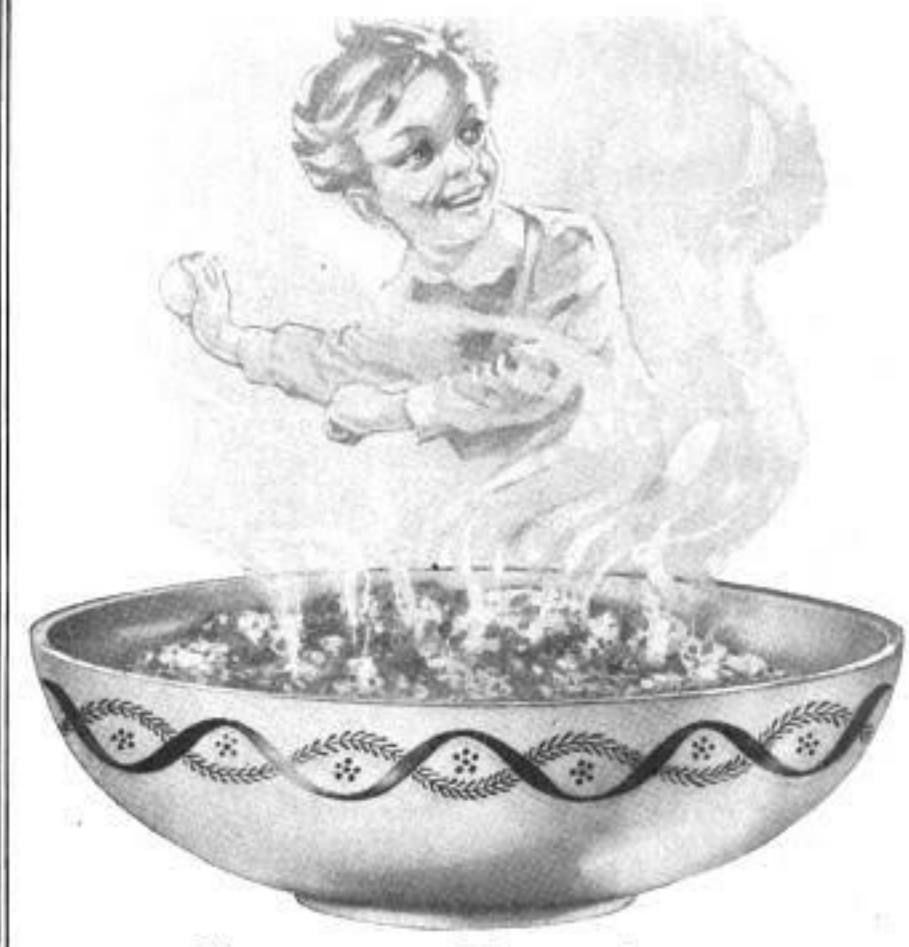
In the meantime other problems had presented themselves—the problem of clothing and feeding. "A piece of twisty rag . . . was all the field equipment many of the refugees could find," and this was January, and in Texas it is cold in January. The Associated Press and



Soldiering on the Rio Grande — K Troop men, Anapra, N. Mex.

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A hundred nations send here now to get delicious Quaker Oats. All because of this flavor, which has taught millions of children to love this food of foods.

It is always there, and always will be, when you order Quaker.

Serve Quaker Oats in large dishes. Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

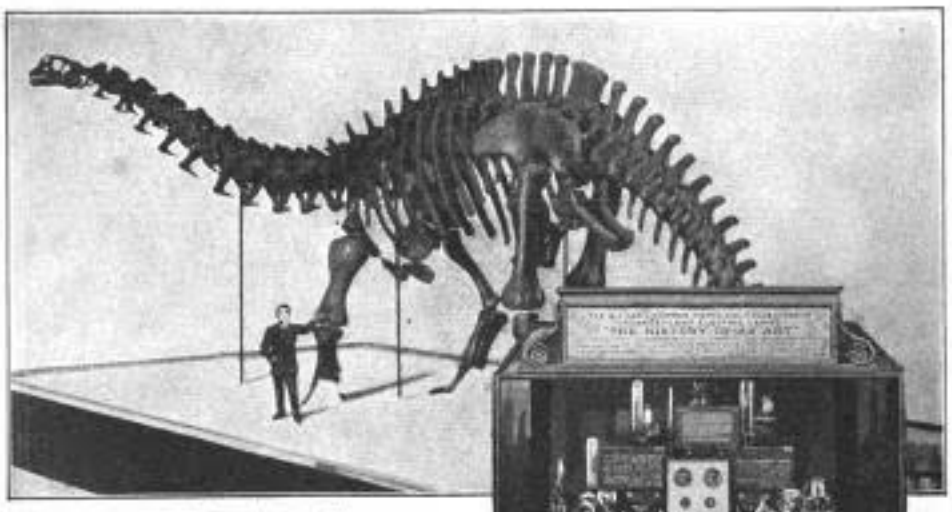
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Brontosaurus roamed the earth seven million years ago. He could not adapt himself to changed conditions. Nature scrapped him.

One of the cases in the William J. Hammer Historical Collection in New York, which exhibits the hundreds of lamps which were scrapped before MAZDA Service gave us the MAZDA lamp of today.

Evolution and the Scrap Heap

Talks about MAZDA No. 4

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service."

ABOUT seven million years ago, more or less, a stupid, slow-moving lizard known to science as *brontosaurus* roamed the earth. He stood thirty feet high on his hind feet and was seventy feet long. He weighed over thirty tons. As he lumbered along, each of his ponderous feet left a track that occupied one square yard. No one knows why he became extinct. Perhaps the earth shrugged her shoulders one day, as it were; in other words, a cataclysm occurred. Dry land became water and oceans became dry land. *Brontosaurus* could not adapt himself to the change. Nature scrapped him.

This process of scrapping is what Darwin meant by "evolution," "natural selection," and the "survival of the fittest." It is a process that finds its counterpart in the scrap heap of human industry. There are mechanical fossils as well as fossil lizards. Look in the scrap heap of any industry and you will find them. The bigger that scrap heap is, the more marked has been the evolution which it represents, the more perfect is the product of the industry. If an industry has no scrap heap it is standing still; it is not evolving.



Comparing the spectra of two lights. MAZDA Service means the making of many such comparisons, tests, experiments and selections in order constantly to evolve better lamps. The aim is that MAZDA shall always be the mark of the furthest advance in incandescent lighting.

Next to agriculture and architecture the oldest of human industries is the art of lighting. Hence the scrap heap of light producers ought to be large. And it is. Think of the hairy, low-browed savage who rubbed two sticks together, built a fire and thus made the first artificial light thousands and thousands of years ago. Then think of the incandescent electric lamp. What an evolution! What a scrap heap has been piled up of beacons, rush lights, candles and oil lamps, each with a little subsidiary scrap heap of its own, representing the evolution of its particular type of light-producer!

When the incandescent electric lamp was invented the height of the scrap heap was more than doubled. In a few years, lamps which represented the illuminating methods of centuries were discarded. And the end is not yet. The height of the scrap heap is growing more rapidly than ever.

All the science of our time is epitomized in the incandescent lamp of today—the MAZDA lamp. If you knew its history you would know the history of modern science. Study its scrap heap and you learn how far the art of lighting has evolved, even in your own time.

At the very bottom of the heap you will find a lamp with a strip of graphite in a poor vacuum. Farther up are hundreds of lamps with platinum filaments; still further up lamps with filaments composed of the oxides of zirconium and titanium, and very near the present top, lamps with filaments of carbon, osmium, silicon compounds and tantalum. Then come many types of the metal filament lamp, including types of tungsten lamps.

All of them are as extinct as *brontosaurus*.

Let it not be supposed that the lamps of today marked MAZDA are the last word in incandescent electric lighting. Some day there will be other lamps, more efficient but still marked MAZDA.

They will be so marked because they evolved from the same unceasing systematic study and selection that gave us the MAZDA of today—a study and selection centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady and supplemented by learning from the leading experimental lamp laboratories of the world, what progress they have made in the same direction.

The results thus obtained are communicated to the General Electric Company's manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, and also to the other lamp manufacturing companies entitled to receive them. This scientific investigation and the communications of the results obtained constitute MAZDA Service. All the lamps made by the companies in accordance with this service are marked MAZDA.

A lamp marked MAZDA is always the product of a scientific evolution; whether you buy it today, tomorrow, or at any future time, it is selected from types devised after months, and even years of research; it is the one that has survived all tests, because it has been proved the fittest; it is a lamp that represents the latest commercial advance in illumination of its time.

4018 GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

sundry newspaper correspondents carried an appeal for clothing for the women and children and the American public responded as usual. Rush shipments of old army blankets and an issue of obsolete fatigue clothes, campaign hats and shoes came from various United States arsenals for the men, a grand free distribution took place, and the clothing problem was solved. The "grub" question remained, however, notwithstanding the establishment of the forty army messes. It was discovered that these were not a success. Some ate the army ration, some starved, none liked it, and the camp on the whole languished gastronomically. Something had to be done—and quickly—and the officers of the Twentieth met at headquarters to consider the vital question: "What do you know about a Mexican?" Colonel Loughborough said a Mexican just naturally had to have chili peppers. What kind? "Fat ones—dried, dark red in color," said Lieutenant Colonel Perkins. "The motion's carried," declared the Colonel. "Nominations for beans are now in order, and the succulent little white army bean is barred for professionalism." "I nominate the pink Bayo bean," yelled Lieutenant Scott. "Carried," said the Colonel. "Move the withdrawal of bakers' bread and the substitution of the raw ingredients instead," shouted Chaplain Axton. "Tortilla wins at a million to one," replied the Colonel. "Move the abolition of forty army cooks," yelled Lieutenant Ahrends. (Loud cries of "Family life must prevail. Home cooking forever!" etc., etc.) And thus it went. When the meeting adjourned, it was unanimously decided to issue rations daily to the heads of families—meat, flour, lard, vegetables (principally onions, chilis, and beans), rice, sugar, ground coffee, salt, and pepper. Forthwith a census was taken, a system evolved, and the day was saved. Little adobe bake ovens appeared in the streets in front of each tent, fuel was distributed, and the happiest lot of Mexicans north of the Rio Grande settled down to enjoy life as they had never before enjoyed it. You can't make an American citizen out of a peon by feeding him the things he wots not of. If you persist a large portion of him will die on your hands.



A new American! He followed the visitors through the camp and saluted them when they went away

"Castor Oil for Two!"

CHAPLAIN AXTON has worked the credit of a chaplain and the Twentieth Infantry for all it is worth, and gone into business. He is the proprietor of the post exchange within the camp—Mexican trade a specialty. His business is run on a profit-sharing basis and goods are sold at a profit barely sufficient to keep the institution out of bankruptcy. He has built a little pine store and has American and Mexican soldiers running it. In the rear he has a carpenter shop, where Mexican carpenters make things for other Mexicans who can afford them.

While in this store my curiosity was aroused by the large amount of castor oil in four-ounce bottles. On the face of things it looked as if the Chaplain was "horning in" on the legitimate trade of Sergeant Kamme up at the dispensary; so I questioned the Chaplain and made a discovery that may be of interest to a large number of people. Next to a good jolt of fiery mescal a Mexican prefers five fingers of castor oil. Babies cry for it. Old and young save their pennies to buy castor oil and drink it standing at the counter. General Vasquez meets Colonel Gonzales at the counter of the post exchange, and Chaplain Axton, a sort of ecclesiastical bartender, inquires their pleasure as the General tosses a 'dobe dollar on the bar. "Castor oil," replies the General and turns to the Colonel: "Friend of my heart, thy pleasure!" "Oh, let her go double," says the Colonel carelessly, and the Chaplain uncorks two four-ounce bottles of castor oil and sets them out just as solemn as an owl!

One day a hombre just out of hospital, having heard of this delightful smooth drink of the so-funny Americano, came to the post exchange and allowed he'd invest in some castor oil. The busy American soldier clerk who waited on him just reached around in back to the castor-oil department without looking, set out a bottle with one hand, made change with the other, and sprang to wait on a senora who desired a bottle of Florida water. When he looked around again there stood Chaplain Axton gazing at the empty bottle the hombre had set down, and remarking to himself: "Well, a good soldier should never permit himself to be surprised, but preacher that I am, I *will* come within an eighth of an inch of being damned if that isn't the first hombre I ever saw tie into a bottle of laundry bluing!"

And if anybody thinks this is fiction for filler, he can write to the post exchange at Fort Bliss and find out for himself. Why, a couple of barrels of heavy automobile transmission oil or a carload of axle grease would last among some of these peons about as long as a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through a garbage incinerator.

Sadness, Too

YES, there is a deal of human interest around Fort Bliss. Just before I left I saw a Hospital Corps man rush out of a tent, wave his arms, and cry aloud: "Dos hombres." No answer. Again! "Dos hombres!" Still no answer, so he dived into a tent and came forth with two Mexican gentlemen, whom he escorted into the tent from which he had emerged. I followed. Within the tent Acosto Cresenecio, late private of Caraveo's Brigade of Irregulars, lay on a stretcher covered with a cotton blanket. Acosto had just definitely severed his connection with the revolution by reason of septicemia over which he had no control, and the corps man was bending over him. When he went away with his dos hombres for a Government coffin, Acosto's wife planted two lighted tallow candles in the sand on each side of his head.

Our Economical Government

YES, there is much of pathos, much of humor, and much of hard work with the soldiers along the border. Officers and men are earning the pittance their country pays them, and from that pittance the cavalry has erected field stables for its mounts. The Government makes no appropriation for stables along the Rio Grande. It may be news to the gentlemen who battle over the army appropriation bill and the constantly increasing cost of maintaining our army that the item for cavalry mounts would be double what it is were it not for the vast pride which our soldiers have in the service.

From their own troop funds they have purchased lumber and erected stables wherever they are permanently in camp, in order that their mounts may not freeze on the picket line in winter or have their eyesight ruined on the burning desert sands in summer. They have erected their own mess halls and wherever there is a squadron or a battalion stationed there is a library and reading room and a post exchange. The bands go with headquarters, and at headquarter posts tri-weekly concerts add something to the meager joy of existence along the border. But from Brownsville, Tex., to Tia Juana, Cal., there are little detached bodies of cavalry and infantry encamped at lonely little hamlets or in the solitude of the brown dusty desert, with nothing but the sight of a distant train and a telegraph line to remind them of the great republic whose honor they are guarding. And it is upon these men that the burden falls heaviest, although it is all a hard, dirty, lonely job—and thankless, all along the line.

Personally, I have never heard the regular army man given a cheer or a kindly word until by whole battalions he began to come home in boxes.

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The Reason for Goodyear Prices Lies in

Matchless Output

No-Rim-Cut tire prices have dropped fast and far. In 1913 the reductions totaled 28 per cent.

There results this curious situation:

These tires which were once the highest-priced now undersell 16 other makes. Some ask about as much for three tires as Goodyear asks for four.

The reason lies in Goodyear popularity.

We now turn out up to 10,000 pneumatic motor tires per day. And this mammoth output has revised all former factory costs.

Overhead cost has dropped 24 per cent.

Labor cost per tire has lessened 25 per cent.

And our tremendous sales made possible last year an average profit of only 6½ per cent.

Yet These Four Extra Features

Bear in mind that No-Rim-Cut tires have won top place in Tiredom. But not by lower prices. In days of smaller output these tires cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

They won on sheer merit—through mileage comparisons on hundreds of thousands of cars. They won because of these four exclusive features.

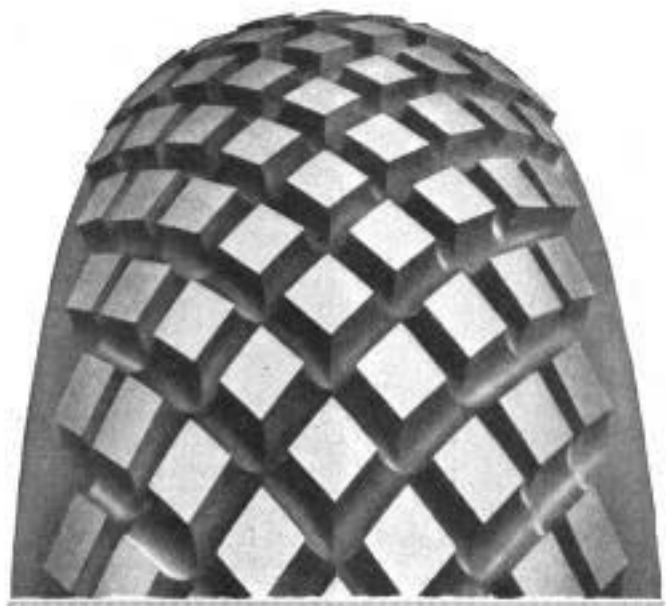
We ended rim-cutting by a method we control. It involves six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires in the tire base. A dozen other methods to accomplish this have ended in disaster.

We saved blow-outs—all the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We do this by final-curing every tire on air-filled fabric tubes, under actual road conditions. This extra process costs us $450,000 yearly, but it saves our users millions.

We fought loose treads by creating in each tire, where this trouble occurs, hundreds of large rubber rivets. We have thus lessened this risk by 60 per cent.

We made an anti-skid which runs like a plain tread—a flat, smooth, regular tread. Yet a double-thick, tough and enduring tread which grasps wet roads with resistless grip. We call it the All-Weather tread.

In no other tire at any price do you find these costly features.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

The Best Men Know

In No-Rim-Cut tires, in every way, we give you the best men know.

We have for years spent $100,000 yearly on research and experiment. We have built thousands of tires in our laboratory, to find some way to lower cost per mile. Now all our experts agree that it can't be done in any way known today.

It is easy to claim more mileage—easy to claim better tires. But thousands of actual tests have revealed no tire to fulfill such claims.

The Final Verdict

The final verdict seems to be that No-Rim-Cut tires give lowest cost per mile. Our tire sales last year were 11 times larger than in 1909. For the first four months of this fiscal year they increased 55 per cent over last year.

Can you see any reason for paying more for tires than the price of such tires as these? If not, go to dealers who supply you with No-Rim-Cut tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — **Dealers Everywhere.**

London, England — **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities.**

Mexico City, Mexico — **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber.**

(1514)

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She's a Plain **Girl—** *Until She Smiles*

HUNDREDS read your smile-story every day. It is your personal revelation.

If free and unrestrained—showing fine and well-cared for teeth—you express health, refinement, high spirits. The smile that must be guarded because of neglected teeth cannot be otherwise than unfavorable in impression.

Charm—physical vigor—radiant cleanliness go hand in hand with

GOOD TEETHKEEPING

This is, semi-annual visits to your dentist and the night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

***Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor** of Dental Surgery*



Safe to use—cleanses by thorough polishing, the natural way, the acknowledged hygienic practice. Dr. Lyon's is a pure velvety powder, pleasant to use—efficacious in preventing decay and the formation of tartar. The *national* acceptance today of Dr. Lyon's is but the recognition of a dentifrice which has benefited three generations of users.

***What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist** is competent to do.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE



Holeproof—the Hose for Now and *All Summer*

Buy six pairs of Holeproof Stockings or Socks this month and they'll last without holes for six months or longer.

If any of the six pairs fail within six months we will replace them with new hose free.

Thus you can depend on having good hose all summer and *fall*, without the trouble and bother of darning. Think of the convenience.

Wear them for tennis, golf, cross-country walking, or in the evening at dancing.

You will not wear them out. Yet they are trim, neat and stylish. For we guarantee the finest Holeproofs—as sheer as any hose on the market—just the same as the heavier weights.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book which tells all about Holeproofs.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 39 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

By invitation, member of Blue Leaders of the World Association

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; $2.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed three months.

Holeproof Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the name of the dealer who sells them. These are the durable, stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors.

(55)

Brickbats : & : Bouquets

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has for some time been agitating the temperance movement in a very effective way by calling attention to loathsome crimes that have been committed throughout the country by drink-crazed men. And this paper has not laid the responsibility of the crime upon the drink-controlled felon, but has placed it where it would seem it rightfully should be placed—upon the man who manufactures the stuff purposely to stir the beastly passions of men. We can commend the policy of the great National Weekly that is calling upon the people to look behind murder, rape, and other criminality to discern the man who is responsible for the product that has stirred up the passions of crime.

—Hollywood (Cal.) *Citizen.*

✚

A writer of COLLIER'S finds "a steady subsurface drift to the Progressive party." He must have dived deep.

—Rochester (N. Y.) *Chronicle.*

✚

ROBERTA, GA.

Seeing that you welcome brickbats and bouquets alike, I yield to the temptation of handing you a brickbat surrounded by a bouquet. As an opponent of vice and a fighter of evil you easily stand at the head of the list. Other publications seem to take you as their criterion to go by, therefore in your position as leader in the exposure of fraud you are under a tremendous responsibility. You are aware how few publications care to take the stand you do. The harvest, indeed, is great but the laborers few. In view of all this it seems to me you devote too much of your valuable space to short stories and higher athletics. Now I do not object to either—in fact, am fond of a good short story, and believe they have their place, but don't give them humanity's place in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

L. J. LESUEUR, M. D.

✚

WALNUT CREEK, OHIO.

Is my knowledge of literature limited, or *is* "World's-End" the first story of its kind to appear in literature?

We have all read of Hardy's "Tess"—of Hall Caine's "Kate" and of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"—but this story is unlike those. Here we have a girl who falls from virtue and another man marries her and loves her. This is a story of great strength and it contains good, and is far from being "puerile drool." We found it splendid. If there is any other serial or book written where a girl is given a fair chance after her fall, please tell us of it. How many of us would measure up to Owen, I wonder?

EDWARD ROWLAND.

✚

HOUSTON, TEX.

Apropos of "Polite Language from a Candid Friend" from Milwaukee in your issue of April 11, I wish to take issue with H. F. Washburne. When he states that he has asked between twenty and thirty, and he is surprised that any editor would inflict such a dose upon his readers, in our town I hear differently. The postman of this block will bear me witness when I say that all met him every Tuesday morning with the request: "Have you my COLLIER'S? I must read 'World's-End' before I do anything else." I do not wish to pose as a critic, but in this instance I feel justified.

MARY J. REILLY.

✚

"At the present moment," says Mark Sullivan in COLLIER'S, "the country has no conservative party." Mr. Sullivan talks like an echo of this paper. The political leadership of our day, no matter the party label, is fairly whipping itself to spring some new device for the salvation of society. Our hope and expectation is that it will presently wear itself out and let the country settle down to safe and sane practices.

—Waco (Tex.) *Times-Herald.*

✚

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Maxwell's articles on salesmanship are the best I have ever seen or read.

EDW. J. BEACKLEY, JR.

✚

PHŒNIX, ARIZ.

COLLIER'S is in error in ascribing the classical expression, "Where am I at"? to anyone by the name of Watson. The expression was given to the world by the Hon. M. W. Howard, a Populist Representative from Alabama in 1893. . . . Howard asserted that a fellow Representative, generally understood to have been Cobb of Georgia, had uttered the words during a maudlin speech in the House. The Representative from Georgia indignantly denied the charge, and its reiteration is probably to be found in Howard's book, "If Christ Came to Congress."

W. J. GHENT.

✚

I believe COLLIER'S prints the most vital fiction on the market to-day—clean fiction.

GARRARD HARRIS.

✚

FERTILE, MINN.

I like the attitude you take in regard to our professional calamity howlers. Only I think you are too mild.

R. C. NICHOLS.

✚

BLUE MOUND, KAS.

COLLIER'S is making one of those fights against national vices which few men or weeklies have the strength or manhood to make. My hope is that such papers as that of Mr. Capper and the Fort Scott "Tribune" will soon learn a lesson.

S. RIGBY.

✚

FORT SCOTT, KAS.

A friend of mine said to me the other day that Grantland Rice was one writer "who has grasped the real spirit of the twentieth century." Put his whole page in every week.

R. H. TIMMONS.

✚

Were it possible for such a thing to happen, COLLIER'S WEEKLY would take the place of President, Cabinet, Senate, and Congress, and run the affairs of the nation. Thinking people are often amused but never convinced by its attitude on national affairs. It deserves credit, however, for the stand it has taken on the liquor question.

—East Liverpool (Ohio) *Tribune.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY confesses that it has not missed a political prophecy in six years. The place for that run of luck was Monte Carlo.

—Columbia (S. C.) *State.*

✚

GREENWICH, CONN.

As I remember COLLIER'S from way back, there has been a most marked improvement not only in the editorials but in the fiction, which shows diversity of taste and discrimination—particularly in the new writers. I hope COLLIER'S will continue in its present fine, new, democratic way, and not degenerate into the tiresome complacency of certain so-called leading periodicals which do not lead—anywhere.

MARION DE VORE.

✚

EARLE, ARK.

I have been a subscriber off and on to COLLIER'S for years, and your recent articles by William Maxwell on "Retail Salesmanship" are among the best I have ever read. Every word is true to life and poor salesmanship is losing more for employers all the time.

J. C. MOORE.

✚

CAMDEN, N. J.

When some one offered Agassiz a lucrative lecture engagement, he replied: "I can't waste my time earning money!"

—COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Does Secretary of State Bryan understand the Agassiz point of view?

✚

FORT GEORGE WRIGHT, WASH.

Was mighty glad at the way you shot it over on behalf of poor old Alaska. Yours is the gift of saying that we books may only think (occasionally).

I served in Alaska from 1902 to 1904, and what information I have of the country is based on cold, clammy facts. Among other things, I know that its agricultural possibilities are unlimited. My company had a truck garden within two degrees of the Arctic Circle, in which all the ordinary vegetables were grown in quantity sufficient to supply not only the company but most of the residents of the town who cared to buy from us. The only good bargain this country ever got in its numerous trips to the bargain counter is lying up there neglected (except by our predatory friends), and it is truly the national disgrace.

BENJAMIN H. POPE.

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A million people use this pen

This is the fountain pen with the *built-in filler*. The Conklin is dependent upon nothing but an inkwell. It is the simplest of all fountain pens in both operation and construction. Just dip the pen in the nearest inkwell and press the "Crescent-Filler." That's all. The pen automatically *fills itself!* Four seconds from start to finish.

The "Crescent-Filler" is the natural and logical self-filling device—easy to get at, simple to operate.

Remember, too, the Conklin is the original and recognized leader of all self-filling fountain pens. It is the only self-filler proved by sixteen years' use and over a million satisfied users.

Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, on 30 days' trial. Prices, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up. Write for catalogue and two little books of pen wit — all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
282 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

NEW YORK 23-25 W. 42nd Street
BOSTON 49 Temple Place
CHICAGO 700 N. American Bldg., State and Monroe Streets
DENVER 700-720 E & C Building
SAN FRANCISCO 470 Market Street
WINNIPEG, CANADA 248 Donald Street

Pensive Ponderings

(Concluded from page 17)

The *Santa Maria* was big enough to hold a whole fleet of motor boats, and the old Viking ships were twice and three times their length. Of course the modern adventurer has the advantage of knowing that he will not sail off the edge of the world at some ungiven point deftly concealed from human knowledge; and he can look over his maps and pick out South America or Australia instead of aiming blindly at the horizon and trusting to luck to hit something solid before his provisions run out. Nevertheless, the sort of seamanship which takes a two-ton craft with a petulant and temperamental gasoline engine through a North Atlantic gale to foreign lands is the same sort which took Magellan around the world in a ship whose sailing master had to go to the masthead to see over the waves when the ocean freshened up a bit.

Motor boats are making boulevards of American rivers, and are so thick along the seacoast that the steamer captains complain of them as the automobilist does of hens.

In a few more years the high seas will be speckled with them, and the pale tourist, too proud to yell for a life preserver as his fifty-thousand-ton steamer reels in the gale, will look out upon a few white motor boats squatting on water plateaus and hillsides like Mother Carey's chickens and take heart again.

Scientific Inquiry

WITH aeroplanes competing for the honor of establishing a twenty-four-hour, two-thousand-mile, nonstop record, how long will it be until the Standard Oil Company establishes a gasoline station at the North and South Poles?

Those Giddy Young Nations

IN Great Britain a hundred thousand Ulstermen are parading with firearms which are likely to go off at any time with shocking results, while the Unionist party leaders and newspapers are egging them on and gleefully prophesying that the rebellion will ruin the Liberal party.

In France the wife of a Cabinet Minister has assassinated the editor of a leading newspaper of the opposition whose political arguments consisted of exposing the Minister's affairs with women. The trial of the murderess promises to be the social and political event of a decade and will have more effect upon the elections than ten thousand stump speeches.

In Germany the Emperor, who has to keep the Reichstag good-humored, is taking a firm stand against the ventilation of private citizens by army officers, and insists that said officers be reprimanded, or even spatted on the hand if necessary, while the Crown Prince, who is answerable to nothing but the laws of heredity, is giving three cheers by telegram every time an officer wipes his sword on the Constitution.

We have a few political troubles in this country now and then, but being a stable government and conservative in the extreme in our political methods, these foreign outbreaks naturally amaze and interest us. Still we used these methods, too, about a century ago when volunteer armies opposed the whisky tax; when Aaron Burr practiced statesmanship with a dueling pistol, and when any politician who didn't like a bill in Congress could go around and get South Carolina to threaten to secede if it was passed. So we cannot afford to be too scornful of these younger popular governments. They will achieve dignity in time.

Henry Ford's New House

RECENTLY we mentioned Henry Ford's modest Detroit home, which is viewed with awe by hundreds of visitors weekly. Now the newspapers say that Mr. Ford is to blow in a million on a new house. If Mr. Ford is really going to do this, it will be his first pedantic and conventional act in many years. However, it will probably be the most interesting home in America, if only for the fact that the help will get five dollars a day and that there will probably be a special garage for servants' automobiles in the rear.



Here's Ginger Ale That's Made of Ginger!

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Kleek-O
GINGER ALE

Some ginger ales haven't a trace of ginger or ginger extract in them. Clicquot Club is made of finest Jamaica ginger root. In addition, Clicquot is made of sugar instead of saccharin, of fruit juice instead of coal-tar flavors, of carbonated spring water instead of hydrant water doctored with soap bark until it will foam.

The splendid carbonate of Clicquot puts a life into the beverage comparable only to champagne. Clicquot is mildly laxative and is healthful for women and children.

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

If one glass is enough for your thirst we will send — for 4c postage — a patent self-clamping stopper (clever device) that will hold the second glass fresh for 48 hours.

Other Clicquot flavors: Birch Beer, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour and Orange Phosphate

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO. Dept. B, Millis, Mass.
New York Office, The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson St.
Chicago Office, 401 North Michigan Avenue
Western Office, Maritime Building, Seattle, Washington

Are You Ætna-ized?



Five Thousand Dollars Cash

A man was accidentally killed in a train wreck. (It might have been you.) He was on his way home. He had earned a good salary, but had saved little, and his funeral used that little up. His widow and children were left, as they thought, penniless. In his desk, however, a "Folded Paper" was found, which he had obtained only a few months before. It was

An Ætna Accident Policy

It brought to that sorrowing and well-nigh penniless family a check for FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Thousands of accidents occur every day. It may happen that *your life* will be snuffed out; that *you* will suffer dangerous injury or the loss of hand, limb or eye.

Sometime your family may have use for the "Folded Paper" that means food, clothing and shelter to those you love. Ætna Accident Policies cost little and pay a generous weekly indemnity if you are kept from work by accidental injury.

Better To-day than Too Late

Fill out this coupon and mail to us to-day.

Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341), **Hartford, Conn.** Collier's

I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about, Accident ☐ Health ☐ Disability ☐
I am under 60 years of age. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

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Invest $500 In a $2,000 Selden Truck

It's Earnings Will Pay the Balance

The Selden Sales Plan enables any reliable firm to start using the Selden Truck upon the payment of $500, and pay the balance of the cost in monthly payments. Experience of Selden Users proves that the earnings of the truck itself meet these monthly payments.

The Selden Truck

is guaranteed to carry 3,000 lbs. Embodies the general principles of successful truck construction and is built of the best materials. Parts that bear the hardest strains are heat treated and in addition are larger and stronger than the best engineering practice requires.

Actual comparison with any truck of the same rated capacity will show that the Selden Frame, Axles, Springs, Wheels, Bearings, Bolts and Rivets are of larger dimensions than those of any other truck in its class.

Owners of Seldens find that this large factor of safety in the construction of the vital parts of the Selden Truck, by putting the service into the truck itself, saves in maintenance and repair and is the best guarantee of continuous economical performance.

Write today for Se.den literature and a leaflet on buying and operating Motor Trucks, written by an expert on truck installation.

We want dealers in unassigned territory who know how to sell commercial cars and who appreciate the business proposition offered in the Selden Truck plus the Selden Sales Plan.

Selden Truck Sales Co.
320 East Ave., Rochester, N.Y.





Everybody

Drinks



Coca-Cola

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness. It will satisfy *you.*

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
Atlanta, Ga

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

"Woods and Prairie Lands"

(Continued from page 16)

summer, and yet, of all my playmates, I retain the names and faces of only two or three. All others have faded from the tablets of my brain.

"I remember, however, of helping to shock grain at a cent a shock. Hester and I worked together and we took vast pride in the dollars thus earned. We spent it riotously in going to a circus which came wandering through the countryside in the good, old-fashioned way, drawn by horses and trailing a long procession of gorgeous chariots and wonderful animals. I don't suppose it was much of a circus as circuses go to-day, but it was marvelous to us then."

IT was late August or early September when Duncan again loaded his household goods into wagons and, with his small herd of cattle following, started westward for the fourth time, bound for the border line. "This journey has an unforgetable charm," notes Lincoln. "Each mile took us farther and farther into the unsettled land until, in the afternoon of the second day, we came to a prairie so wide that it stretched away to the sky without sign of man. It was covered with tall, dry grass, and when my father stopped his team and came back to us and said, 'Well, children, here we are on the big prairie.' I looked about me with awe, so endless seemed this world of ripened blue-joint and wild barley.

"Far away dim clumps of trees showed, but no dwelling; no living thing was to be seen, save the hawks lazily wheeling in the air. It filled me with fear as well as wonder. The wildness of this region appalled me. I felt for the first time the power of the unplowed primeval sod. It seemed that 'herds of deer and buffalo' might at any moment present themselves. But they did not, and my father had no rifle ready, boys—did not even carry his shotgun.

"HOUR after hour we pushed westward, the heads of our tired horses hanging ever lower, and on my mother's face the shadow deepened, but my father's voice calling to his team lost nothing of its edge. He was in his element. He loved this shelterless sweep of sod. This westward march delighted him. I think he would have gladly kept on until he reached the Rocky Mountains.

"Night came at last, and still we drove steadily into the twilight. Just at dusk we crossed a beautiful little stream and stopped to let the horses drink. Thereafter all is dim and vague to me. I remember nothing further until my mother called out sharply: 'Wake up, children! Here we are!'

"Struggling to our feet we looked about us. Nothing could be seen but the dim loom of a small house. On every side the darkness spread, silent and without boundary.

"Driving into the yard, father hastily unloaded one of the wagons and, taking mother and Hester and Jennie, drove away to spend the night with Uncle David (who had rented a farm near us), leaving Owen and me to camp as best we could with the hired man. We spread a rude bed on the floor, and in ten minutes were all asleep.

"THE sound of a clattering poker awakened me next morning, and when I opened the door and looked out I recognized that an entirely new universe had opened for me. I stood on a level prairie with no tree in sight. A mile away to the west cowered a small stone house. Immediately before us lay a half section of unfenced sod, and to the north, as far as I could see, the land billowed like a russet ocean, with only here and there a small cabin to fleck its lonely spread. I cannot say that I liked or disliked it. I merely marveled at it, and while I wandered about the yard the hired man cooked some corn-meal mush in a skillet, and this, with some butter and gingerbread, made up our first breakfast in Mitchell County.

"TOWARD the middle of the forenoon father and mother returned and the work of setting up the stove and getting up the furniture began. In a very little while the clock was again ticking resignedly on its shelf and the kettle singing on the stove. It appeared that they were getting used to change. Once more, for the sixth time, as a matter of record, my mother adjusted herself to a strange environment, comforted, no doubt, by the knowledge that her father and brother and sister Della were so near. Perhaps she also congratulated herself on the fact that she had not been carried beyond the Missouri River—and that her house was not 'surrounded by Indians who murder by night.'



"Let me tell you, a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, of course, father, you've had more experience than I."

"An hour later just as Owen and I had clambered to the roof of the house, with intent to peer 'over the edge of the world,' something splendid happened. From a low hill to the west, a herd of horses suddenly broke, running swiftly, led by a beautiful sorrel horse with shining white mane. On they came, rushing down across the open sod which lay before the door. The leader ran with most beautiful and graceful action, easily outstretching all his fellows. Forward they swept, their long manes and tails floating in the wind like banners—on in a great curve around to the east. The thunder of their feet filled us with admiration. Surely, next to a herd of buffalo this platoon of colts was the most satisfactory evidence of the wildness of the land which bloomed beneath the sunset.

"Riding to intercept the herd the owner now appeared, mounted upon a horse which very evidently was the mate of the leader. He rode magnificently, and under him the lithe mare strove gallantly to overtake and head off the leader. All to no purpose! The halterless steeds of the plain defiantly laughed at their mate, bridled and saddled, and carrying the weight of a master. The platoon thundered across the sod, dropped into a ravine and disappeared from view. The plain had become our new domain, the horsemen our ideal."

"FOR a few days we had little to do but keep an eye upon our cattle from straying, and we used our leisure in becoming acquainted with the country roundabout. We had a couple of very gentle saddle horses and upon them we spent many happy hours of exploration.

"It burned deep into our memories, this wide, sunny, windy country. The sky was so big and the horizon line so low that the world was at once strange and majestic. The grasses and flowers were nearly all new to us. On the uplands the herbage was short and dry and the plants stiff and woody, but in the swales the wild oat shook its quivers of barbed and twisted arrows, and the crow's-foot, tall and willowy, bowed softly under the feet of the wind and everywhere in the lowlands as well as on the ridges the bleaching white antlers of monstrous elk lay scattered, testifying to 'the herds of deer and buffalo' which once fed there. We were only just too late to see them!"

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To the south the land was nearly all settled upon, and in that direction lay Osage, the county town, but to the north and west the unclaimed prairie rolled, the feeding ground of the cattle, the home of wolves and foxes and massasaugas. Beyond the highest ridges the boys were persuaded the buffalo could still be found.

THIS farm was only rented for a year in order that the new farm might be broken, and the house was a mere shell and needed reenforcing to make it habitable in winter. Therefore one day Duncan said: "Well, Lincoln, I guess you'll have to run a plow team this fall. I must wall up the house and we can't afford to hire a man to take the team." This seemed a very fine and manly commission for a lad of ten, and Lincoln drove his horses into the field one morning with manifest pride, there to crawl around and around his first "back furrow" which stretched from one side of the quarter section to the other.

But his pride and elation did not last. To plow for a few minutes was one thing—to plow like a man was another. It meant moving to and fro, hour after hour, day after day, with no one to talk to but the horses. It meant walking eight or nine miles in the forenoon and as many more in the afternoon, with less than an hour off at noon. It meant dragging the heavy implement around the corners, and it meant also many mishaps where thick stubble or wild buckwheat rolled up before the standard and threw the share completely out of the ground, making it necessary for him to jerk the plow backward for a new start.

Although strong and active, he was rather short, and to reach the plow handles he was obliged to lift his hands above his shoulders; and with the guiding lines crossed over his back and his worn straw hat bobbing just above the cross brace he was a comical figure, and the people on the roadway, looking across the field, laughed, but neighbor Benson said to Duncan: "That chap's too young to work like that," which pleased and flattered Lincoln greatly.

"No doubt facing the wind was excellent discipline," Lincoln writes, "but my heart was often bitter and rebellious. Father did not intend to be harsh or mean. He had always been a toiler, and it seemed natural and in order that his sons should do as he had done. He had been 'bound out' at nine and had lived on potatoes and salt, and corn bread and sour milk—hence he considered his sons very fortunate—and so we were.

"THERE were beautiful hours of respite on Sunday, with time to play or read. I usually read, devouring anything I could lay my hands upon—newspapers, whether old or new, or pasted on the wall or piled up in the garret. Anything in print was wonderful to me. We had very few books, but I borrowed 'Nurse and Spy: A Tale of the Rebellion'—and in some way obtained a book of sea travels called 'Cast Ashore.' This volume was torn in half so that I do not know to this day how those indomitable seamen reached home. We took the Toledo 'Blade' and the 'Tribune' and the county paper, and father kept up with all the political reports of the day."

Finally the day came when the ground rang like iron under the feet of the horses and the bitter wind, raw and gusty, swept out of the northwest, with spiteful spitting of snowflakes. Winter had come! The plow was brought in, cleaned and greased to prevent its rusting, while the horses munched their hay in well-earned holiday.

"That night, as we were all sitting around the lamp, father said: 'Well, Belle, I suppose we'll have to take these young ones down to town and fit 'em out for school.

"We hardly slept, so excited were we, and at breakfast next morning I could not eat. All talk concerned the wondrous expedition. Our only carriage at that time was the farm wagon, but it had two spring seats, one for father and mother and the baby, and one for Hester, Owen and myself, and as we neared the city, we had no sense of being poor, our feeling was merely one of awe.

"Osage was only a village of perhaps 1,200 inhabitants, but to me it was very imposing. Owen clung close to father as Hester did to mother. As we stumbled over nail kegs and whiffletrees our eyes devoured jars of candy and sought out red-top boots and buckskin mittens. When we spoke we whispered in awe, and we pointed out each shining wonder with cautious forefingers.

"EACH of us carried a candy marble in his cheek (as a chipmunk carries a nut) and we stood like hitching posts while the storekeeper with heavy hands placed caps on our heads. But the buying of boots was the crowning joy of the day—or would have been if father had not insisted on our taking those which were a size too large for us."

No one but a congressman wore shoes in those days. War fashions still dominated, and a sort of high-topped cavalry boot was all but universal, even for children. The ones I selected had red tops with a golden moon in the center, while Owen's taste ran to blue tops with a flag of gold. They all had a delicious, oily, *new* smell, and my heart glowed every time I looked at them. I was especially delighted to find that mine did not have copper toes. I considered copper toes fit only for babies like Owen. A youth who had plowed seventy acres of land couldn't reasonably be expected to wear children's boots!"



Getting pa to tell when he was a boy

Sketches from away back

Then there were books to be bought, a geography, a "Ray's Arithmetic" and a slate. "The books had a nice new smell also, and there was inexpressible charm in the smooth surface of the unmarked slates. I was eager to try my gayly decorated pencils upon them. At last with our new boots under the seat, where we could look at them or feel of them, with our slates and books clutched in our hands, we jolted home, dreaming of school and Thanksgiving.

"IT is strange, but I cannot recall how my mother looked at this time. Even my father's image is faint and vague—(I remember only his keen, terrifying eagle-gray eyes). But I can see every acre of our rented farm. I can tell exactly how our house looked. It was an unpainted cottage and stood bare on the plain beside a ravine. It had a lean-to kitchen and a sitting room, bedroom, and pantry below. As it grew too cold to use the summer kitchen we cooked, ate, and lived in the small room which occupied the entire front of the upright. It was, I suppose, sixteen feet square. Back of this was the pantry, a narrow closet, and a bedroom in which father, mother, and little Jennie slept. We older children nested in the unplastered attic which was warmed only by the stovepipe from the cookstove. Hence our toilets of a frosty morning were extremely simple. On very cold days we dressed on the way downstairs or beside the kitchen fire.

"OUR furniture was of the rudest sort and we had no pictures or portraits, only pictures from the newspapers to break the bare walls. However, this was the Middle Border, and nearly all our neighbors lived in the same fashion. Farms were new, houses were mere shanties, and money was scarce. 'War times' were only just fading away behind us. Our clothing was all cheap

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and handmade—mother-made. We boys wore 'cotton flannel' underclothing for the most part, and rough trousers over which we drew brown denim overalls in winter. Our coats were blouses of brown denim; we called them 'wamuses.' Father owned a buffalo overcoat (so much of the song's promise was redeemed) and we possessed two fine fur robes for use in the winter sleigh. But mother had only a cheap coat and shawl to keep her warm.

"NOT one of the boys of the prairie wore knickerbocker trousers. On the contrary, we all looked like miniature men with our long pantaloons, high-topped boots and suspenders. We all carried bandannas in our hip pockets like the hired man, and walked with stern and determined stride.

"My mother, like nearly all her brothers and sister, could play the violin—or fiddle, as we called it—and I have many dear remembrances of her playing 'Napoleon's March,' 'Money Musk,' 'The Devil's Dream,' and other simple tunes which made up her repertoire. It was very crude music, of course, but it added to the love and admiration in which we always held her. Once at a dance at neighbor Benson's house she accepted a violin with blushing embarrassed reluctance and was mightily cheered at the close of her performance. Afterward she and my father danced, which seemed a very wonderful performance to us, for to me they were 'old'—far past such frolicking, although father was but forty and mother thirty-one."

The schoolhouse which was the social center of Sun Prairie stood on the bare prairie about a mile to the southwest, and, like thousands of others in the West, at that time had not so much as a leaf to shade it in summer nor a branch to break the wind in winter. It was merely a square, boxlike structure, with three windows on each side and two doors in front. It was painted a glaring white on the outside and a drab within; at least, that was the original color, but the benches were greasy and hacked until all first intentions were obscured. A big box stove standing on long legs in a square yard of bricks, a wooden chair, and a rude table for the teacher completed the furniture.

The walls, where not converted into blackboards, were rough plastered, and the windows had no shades, and yet within it took place all the meetings, spelling schools, singing schools, and caucuses of the prairie.

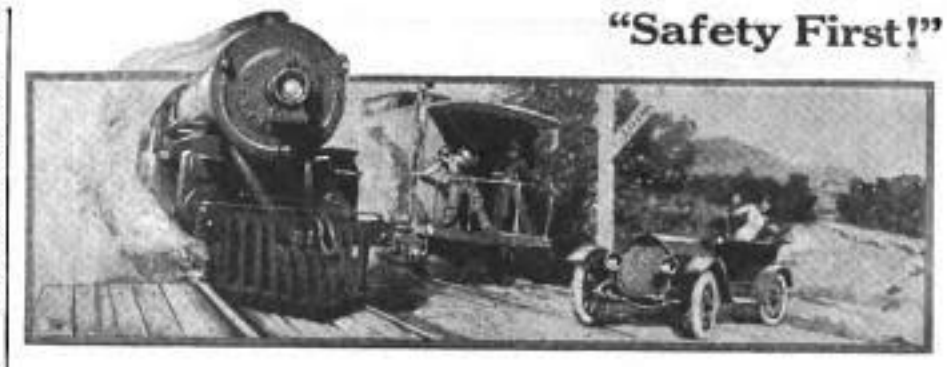
"NOT one line of grace, not one touch of color softened its bare walls and harsh windows. Perhaps this very barrenness made the poetry of our school readers the more memorable—and threw over the face of Frances Beebe and Mary Abbie Gardner a lovelier halo." They were the "big girls"—seventeen or eighteen years old, the admiration and the terror of the teacher, a pale and studious young man."

With what fear, what excitement, Lincoln approached the door on that first day! All the scholars were strange to him, except John Gardner, Cyrus Benson, and Burton Beebe, and he was prepared for rough treatment. However, the experience was not so harsh as he had feared. True, Rangely Field threw him down and washed his face in snow, and Jack Short tripped him up once or twice, but he bore those indignities with such grace as he could command and soon made a place for himself among the boys. Of Burton, his seat mate, you will hear much throughout this chronicle.

"In spite of the intense cold we played open-air games all winter. 'Dog and deer,' 'dare goal,' and 'fox and geese" were our favorite diversions, and the wonder is that we did not all die of pneumonia, for we always came in at the end of recess wet with sweat and coughing so hard that study could not be resumed for several minutes.

"THERE was not much 'chivalry' in the school. On the contrary, it was dominated by two or three rough boys who took their tone from the hired men. To protect a woman, to sympathize with her, to shield her from indignity required a great deal of bravery, and few of us had this. Girls were for the most part set apart as a ridiculous, foolish tribe, to be preyed upon and abused. To shame them was a fine thing. How far I shared this ferocious attitude I can-

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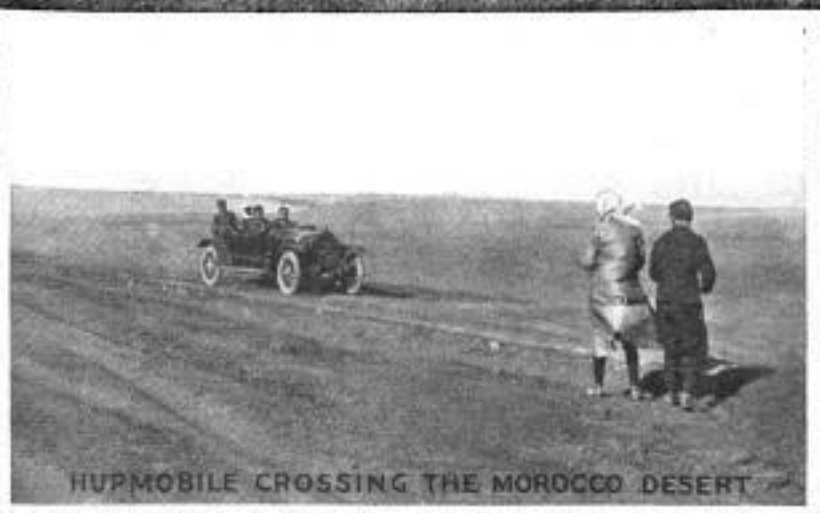
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not now say, but no doubt it affected me, for I had very little to do with my sister during school hours. She kept to her kind.

"Our school readers were almost the only counterchecks to our vulgarity, and I wish to acknowledge my deep obligation to Professor McGuffey, whoever he may have been, for in the pages of his readers I learned to know and to love the poems of Whittier, Bryant, Tennyson, Scott, Byron, and many another of the long line of noble English bards."

I WISH I could say that at this time Lincoln showed astonishing aptitude for literary composition, but I cannot. No, the most I can claim for him is that he loved to read—anything. He devoured stacks of the New York "Weekly" with its stories of noble life in England and hair-breadth escapes on the plains, a shrewd mixture, designed to meet the needs of the entire membership of a household. The joy he took in these tales is disgraceful. He began also to purchase and trade Boodle's Dime Novels, and boldly confesses that he also took an exquisite delight in Jack Harkaway. His tastes, as you see, ranged from Lady Gwendolen to Buckskin Bill.

"Through some agency now lost to me," he writes, "my father was brought to subscribe for 'The Hearth and Home,' or some such rural paper, and in this I read my first chronicle of everyday life. In the midst of my dreams of lords and ladies, queens and dukes, I found myself deeply concerned with backwoods farmers, spelling schools, protracted meetings and the like familiar homely things. This serial (which involved my sister and myself in many a spat as to who should read it first) was 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' by Edward Eggleston, and is one of the earliest successful attempts to put into fictional form the life of the Middle Border.

"To us Mandy and Bud Means, Ralph Hartsook, the teacher, Little Shocky, and sweet, patient Hannah were as real as Cyrus Benson and Daddy Fairburn. And yet they absorbed us! We could hardly wait for the next number of the paper, so concerned were we about Hannah and Ralph. We quoted old lady Means and we made bets on Bud in his fight with the villainous drover. I hardly knew where Indiana was in those days, but these people were near neighbors. The illustrations were dreadful, even in my eyes, but the artist *did* contrive to give a slight virginal charm to Hannah and a certain childish sweetness to Shocky, so I accepted the more than mortal ugliness of old man Means and his daughter Mirandy, who simpered over her book at us as she did at Ralph."

THIS book appears to have been a milestone in Lincoln's literary progress as it is in the development of distinctive Western fiction—and yet it did not displace his love for "Dick Derringer" and "The Mad, Mad Marriage."

"This winter was made memorable by a 'revival' which came some time after Christmas. It must have been late in the winter, for all dances and merry-making ended when it came. It silenced my mother's fiddle and subdued her glorious voice to a wail. A cloud of puritanical gloom shrouded every household, and youth and love became crimes. The preacher was one of the old-fashioned shouting, hysterical, ungrammatical, gasping sort, and in his exhortations lakes of burning brimstone and ages of endless torment abounded. Some of the figures of speech and violent gestures of the man linger in my mind, but I will not set them down on paper. They are too dreadful to perpetuate. One of these evangelists roared so that he could have been heard for half a mile.

"And yet we went—babes and all—and some of the roughest characters in the neighborhood became most repentant sinners—for a season. However, we all liked the singing, and joined most lustily in it. Even little Jennie learned to sing 'Heavenly Wings,' 'There is a Fountain Filled with Blood,' and 'Old Hundred.' As I look back at that crowded little schoolhouse, smothering hot and reeking with lamp smoke, the tragic intensity of the half-lit faces of the congregation, it seems like something visioned in another world. The preacher leaping, sweating, roaring till the windows rattled, the mothers with babes in their arms, the sweet faces of the girls, the immobile men, are merely figures in the phantasmagoria of disordered sleep.

"Spring came to us with wonderful beauty and significance after that long depressing winter, and when at the close of a warm day in late March we heard through the golden haze of sunset the mellow *boom, boom, boom!* of the prairie cock we thrilled with ecstasy of release, for this was the opening note of the springtime chorus. The kitchen door stood wide for the first time, and taking off our shoes we bounded and raced in a delirium of joy.

"Day by day the note of this herald of spring was taken up by other sentinels until at last the whole horizon was ringing with a morning symphony of rejoicing song. '*Boom, boom, boom!*' called the cocks, '*cutta, cutta, wah-ichoop—quaw, quaw!*' answered the hens as they fluttered and danced on the ridges. And mingled with their symphonic hymn ran the slender, sweet whistle of the brown little prairie lark!"

THE boys soon learned the habits of these "chickens" and studied them with deepest interest. They had regular "stamping grounds"—low hills beaten smooth by the pressure of their feet. Lincoln becomes quite lyrical at this point.

"As I close my eyes I can see them again," he writes, "leaping and strutting and fluttering. All the charm and mystery of seedtime comes back to me. I ache with the longing to recover it, to hold it, to preserve it imperishably in some form for my children. And yet it is probable that they are getting an equal joy, an equal exultation from the single lilac in our city backyard, or from a visit to 'the wooded island' in Jackson Park!"

The next installment, "The Passing of the Prairie," will appear in an early issue



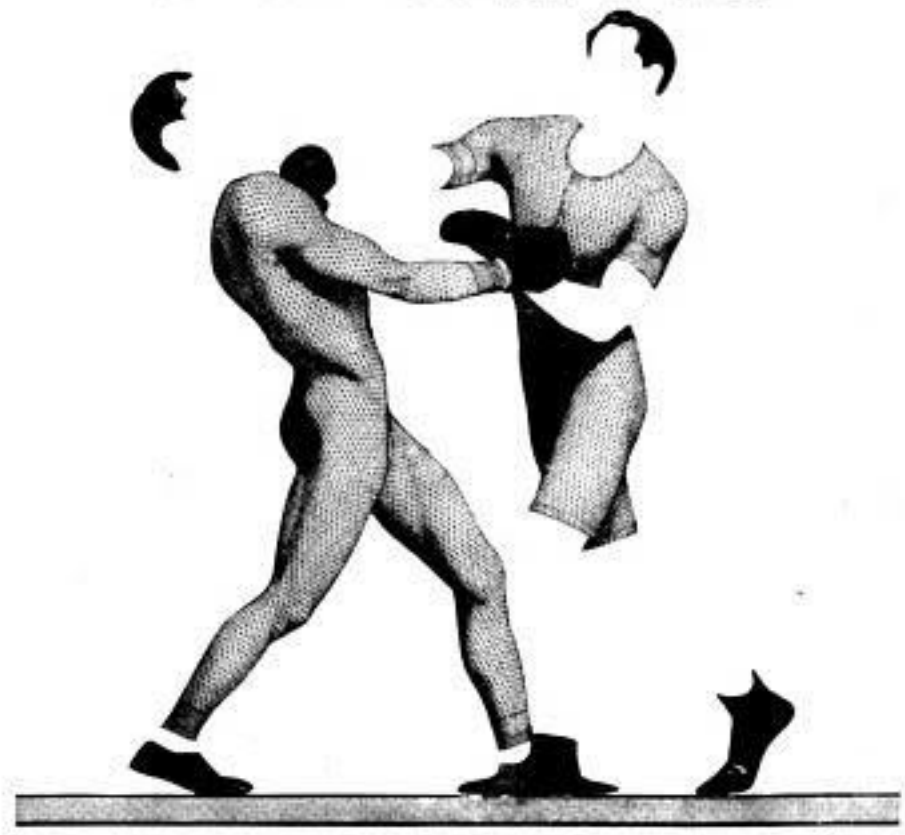
The Third Degree

Waiting for your girl cousin at a girls' boarding school

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BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK U.S.A.



BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK U.S.A.

"Straight from the Shoulder"

(*Why Chalmers "Porosknit" Wins*)

Read this "straight from the shoulder" talk about underwear. Read why Chalmers "Porosknit" is so comfortable—so much for the money—why you should insist on the genuine.

Read of the IDEAL behind "Porosknit's" manufacture. Then judge if imitations will content you.

CHALMERS "Porosknit" has many imitations. But *who* can duplicate it? Who, indeed?

Who can duplicate "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, *coolness!*

Underwear can be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." That is, to hasty eyes—or careless.

But the "look" is all. None may match the genuine in the real features of "Porosknit" supremacy. None.

For this, there are basic, permanent reasons.

The Chalmers Ideal

The manufacture of "Porosknit" has become more than a mere business to its makers. It is a union of the Ideal and the Commercial.

We have been told that the yarn in "Porosknit" is *better* than it need be. Some say we are too "finicky." That we *could* use less costly combed yarn. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars each year. That the yarn would still be good enough. That we *could* "get away with it."

True. We might. None might realize the difference but ourselves. *You* probably would see no change in Chalmers "Porosknit." Nor would dealers be likely to discover it.

The "Hidden" Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn—and "Porosknit" would still *look* about the same.

Yet—the durability—the *wear*—would suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity.

So—we take no chances with durability—no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot *see*. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

Such is the "hidden," *extra* quality in Chalmers "Porosknit," Guaranteed.

The yarn we use is the finest of long-fibre, combed.

Union Suit Comfort

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" garment. Take a Union Suit, for instance. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly all seams are reinforced—double-seamed throughout by cover seaming.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The "stretch" in knit goods is entirely one way. But observe the triangular piece in the back of a Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit.

See how this piece of fabric is reversed. It runs opposite to the rest. This means full elasticity in the seat—up-and-down—as well as across. It *gives*—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw.

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch."

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits *stay* buttoned while on. They do not gape between buttons.

Each has a comfortable Closed Crotch. It fits. It stays put.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. Soft yarn eliminates irritation of the skin.

These features you can *see* and feel.

The extreme care in making, you cannot see—unless you come to Amsterdam. There, in a new mill, clean as a new pin, "Porosknit" is fashioned and sewn. The atmosphere is bright, clear, healthful. Hygiene at the maximum. Dirt at the minimum.

Countless patented machines knit the high-priced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is aërated with hot, dry, pure air, for extra-cleanness' sake.

Other machines complete the finishing touches. Then, each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.

Buy by this Label



This Label on Every Garment Ask Your Dealer

No-Limit Guarantee

If you have read what's printed here, you will understand why Chalmers "Porosknit" can be guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"—none.

Ask Your Dealer

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per Garment	FOR BOYS
50c		25c
FOR MEN	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS
$1.00		50c

Ask Your Dealer

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Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

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Resinol Soap
protects the complexion

Do not imagine that Resinol Soap is only for sick skins. Effective as it is in the care of the many distressing conditions to which the complexion is subject, Resinol Soap is first of all a superbly pure toilet soap, with a rich cleansing lather that *protects* well skins from those very conditions. The Resinol balsams which it contains keep the skin soft, white and clear, the hair thick and lustrous, and the scalp free from dandruff.

The very rich pay as much as three dollars a cake for their toilet soap, but at twenty-five cents, Resinol Soap actually gives equal quality, plus antiseptic Resinol cleanliness. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 54-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

For nineteen years, physicians have prescribed Resinol for the skin.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains Resinol, making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. Trial on request.

The Tyranny of Beauty

(Continued from page 14)

was a different sort from the cut and run of business men who came there. I'd probably not have given him another thought if he'd not, to be specially agreeable I suppose, drawled out: "Your aunt tells me that—ah—you're the power behind the throne—the privy councillor—the high chancellor—the keeper of the State secrets and the seals."

"Your aunt!" So she'd already been telling him about me! What for, please goodness? She'd long since ceased mentioning our relationship to anybody in her set.

"No, I'm only the power behind the pink jar," I corrected.

"Ah! You must find it—so exciting."

"Wildly exciting—the most exciting life I know anything about." Which was very true.

"Really! And what do you do up there locked in with—the mysteries?" He washed me with a smile.

"I keep secrets."

THE smile stopped flowing. He wasn't quite sure whether I'd meant to snub him, or was timidly stating a fact; I suppose I didn't look much like a person who would dare snub anybody, let alone an Oscar Willing, so he turned on the smile again and gravely informed me: "That seems to disprove the old adage about a woman's not being able to keep a secret."

My aunt struck in: "We've disproved a whole lot of old adages in this establishment." and signaled me with her head and eyes to clear out before any more was said. But he laughed and kept on bantering me: "You've aroused my very worst suspicions! Some day I shall investigate your chamber of horrors. I shall knock at your door—"

"And knock in vain!"

"—and demand admittance—in the name of the law."

There was a mocking look in his face as he added those last words that set me thinking. My aunt told him she was ready for lunch, and without stopping to put on her veil, carried him off.

About the middle of the afternoon my aunt let herself in with her key. I was making a fifty-pound batch of cream.

"Making cream?" she remarked, looking into the can.

"Yes," said I shortly, asking myself why she appeared so hesitant, and if I'd take a scolding from her.

"That was Oscar Willing—a singer. He's studying here to go on the operatic stage. Society man in Duluth."

SHE paused, dipped the tip of a finger into the cream and rubbed it on the back of the other hand, and while engaged in this engrossing occupation brought out:

"Temme whatcha think of him."

I thought. "Good-looking young sissy," but didn't say so.

She gave me a sharp glance and went on examining the grease spot she was making on her hand while she said: "I hope he'll like you."

"It's nothing to me if he likes me or not," I flared.

"It is to me." She paused. "I'm going to marry him."

"Going — to — marry — him!" The dasher dropped out of my hands and I stopped creaming, letting the water drip in, regardless. "Why, he's years younger than you are, and—and—and—"

"You'll spoil that cream if you don't keep stirring."

Mechanically I went on, but stared at my aunt. This was a new aunt to me who stood there blushing and undecided what to say, openly courting my good opinion.

"He is younger—four years," she admitted reluctantly; and four years was all either of them ever did admit, though he was eight if a day. "And if he don't care, I don't see why I should raise objections."

"But a singer—and the business—"

"He'll have nothing to do with the business—set your mind at rest on that. I ain't marrying him to bring him here, and I'm glad you made him understand this room's closed to him—all foolishness for a man who knows nothing about business to be poking round in it—only makes trouble for everybody and does good to nobody, not even himself. He's a singer. If he fits himself for the stage properly, that ought to be enough. He'll have his hands full keeping up his end without trying to keep up mine."

"Then you're not going to retire?"

"Who, me? Who'd run the business?" She fairly snorted. "Retire when I'm dead. But I think it's time I married. All these women I go with have husbands — fam'ly connections — establishments—give receptions and dinners in their own homes—musicales—all that sort of thing. It counts in society. Fixed the way I am, I can't—can't entertain properly—you know what mamma is—can't bring anybody home except people like Beekman and little Cryder — see enough of them in business hours. I've come to the place where I gotta spread out more if I'm going to get on to where I want to get—gotta have more room—gotta have more privacy in the whole thing — exclusiveness. Exclusiveness counts — you don't get it at restaurants — anybody with the price in his pocket can sit at the next table with a demimondaine. You can't turn her out, long's she behaves herself. Winkie Wakefield spoke to me last night—after theatre supper at Mouquin's—second time she's done me that trick. Didja ever? I suppose she thinks because Beekman gives her a new face twice a week and moosoo a head of hair that don't belong to her by nature she knows the proprietor socially! Lucky it was only Oscar with me and he didn't know who she was."



The Prodigal's Return

"I wonder," said I, and stirred cream.

"Mrs. Breckenridge knew who she was the other time," continued madame without noticing my comment. "Asked why I had that kind coming to the parlors—it's why she takes her treatments at home. I can't help who comes—long's they're not diseased to show on the surface. No, I can't help who patronizes the parlors and thinks it gives her the right to claim acquaintance in public, but what can I do if I gotta entertain in public? Julia Cryder says it won't do—you can't be always entertaining society leaders simply by feeding them at hotels—they don't do it among themselves except for once in a while—and if you do, they soon begin to think you got no home to invite them to if you never show it."

She paused and flung at my silence: "You take it so queer—as if you never expected me to marry at all!"

"I never thought about it."

"Every woman needs something in her life. Of course there's gotta be changes, but I don't see but you'll be better off. You'll keep on living with mamma and looking after her the way you do now and I'll allow her a regular pay envelope, twenty a week, to run her flat with—that's a-plenty for her with her wants and tastes—if it ain't she can [illegible]



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They have a representative in your locality. He will not only analyze your requirements so as to fit 90% of your needs with standard items, but will build the other 10% along standard lines. He will outline for your particular business, without charge, the very best of modern systems.

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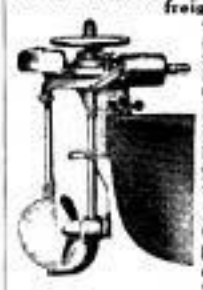
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Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. each of White and Red Radish, Boston and Curly Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beet, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Seeds. 500 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. NO AGENTS.

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The snug "hug" of ideal heating



When neighbors drop in unexpectedly, or the dressmaker comes to demand a fitting, or when you yourself return from a long shopping trip, it is the one biggest feature of the home, immediately the threshold is crossed, to be instantly enveloped in the genial, cozy atmosphere of radiator heating. It has in it the snug hug of hospitality and home cheer—the heat which puts quick welcome into the home—the heat that wins such enthusiastic praises from everybody

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS BOILERS

Old-fashioned methods mean *heating by caprice*—hit or miss—you are at the mercy of winds which chill exposed rooms and also draw half the heat of the burning coal up the chimney. An IDEAL Boiler gives you *regulated* heating, whereby all but a small percentage of the heat made by the burning coal (needed to promote draft) is delivered to the rooms. Each receipted coal bill is evidence of satisfaction—a record of comfort and sane living.

AMERICAN Radiators are made in a multitude of sizes and forms—to go alongside open stairs; to fit into corners, curves and circles; between windows and under window seats; with brackets to hang upon the walls—off the floor; with special feet to prevent cutting carpet; with smoothest surface for decorating in any color or shade to match woodwork, wall coverings, furniture, etc.; thin radiators for narrow halls and bath rooms; with plate-warming ovens for dining-rooms; big radiators for storm vestibules; with high legs for cleaning thereunder; with ventilation bases so air of room may be changed 1 to 4 times per hour—and other splendid features which it would pay you big to know. Our book tells all about them (and all about IDEAL Boilers). You will need it to choose the models from. If you are suffering the cold ills and paying the big coal bills of faulty heating, write us—today's the best time—and enjoy for the rest of your days the snug, hugging hospitality of ideal warmth.



A No. 2-25-S IDEAL Boiler and 400 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner $230 were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Vacuum Cleaner

Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a successful sets-in-the-cellar machine with suction pipe running to each floor.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms in all large cities

Write Department 31 CHICAGO

my room—that ought to near pay the rent—furnished room on the corner. I shan't need the furniture—she and you can keep it—Oscar and I are going to live in a hotel and we'll have to furnish new. Going to get a regular interior decorator to do it throughout—only way to get the real thing, styles change so."

I stirred on without speaking and after a long pause in which she seemed to have forgotten me she added: "You might tell mamma—I likely shan't see her to-night—she'll be in bed when I get home."

MY aunt's marriage took place two years later, after a more protracted engagement than she'd evidently expected when she announced it. It turned out a poetic justice match—one of those balancings apportioned to the too successful. She was then thirty-seven—perhaps the youngest woman owner of a half-million-dollar business in New York. But this two years of waiting—which seemed to be due to the young man's dalliance with his art—stimulated rather than depressed her business activities. Instead of growing softer, she became harder. She bought up a thousand jars of Mme. Granville's cream—it was then making some headway in New York, though it was only a Hinterland preparation—a mixture of paraffin, beeswax, and mineral oil, as I think I've said—sold it at wholesale price and with each jar gave away one of Zulu and a card offering cash prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars for the best reply in a hundred words telling why Zulu was better than Grecian Cream and practically drove Grecian off the New York market and back to the Hinterland where it belonged. When Mme. Granville threatened to bring suit for damages and slander and a few other things of this sort, Mme. Del Mar defied her. "Go ahead—it'll be the best advertisement you can give me. All I ask is the chance to expose you publicly—and I'll get it in court—prove that you don't sterilize and you're a malpractitioner in facial treatment. I got three cases of scalp itch contracted in your establishment and any number of skin removals that failed—they'll all witness for me, and then they'll bring damage suits for themselves. You take Grecian off the New York market—I won't have any pink-jar cream selling here." And Mme. Granville did it, and shortly after retired with her parlors to the wilds of Brooklyn.

THIS is but one illustration of half a dozen similar cases where she drove rivals out of the city. It was money—money—money—now, as it had never been before; she sucked it up insatiably, but still spent it like water, and her staff of demonstrators and the interior staff numbering sixty-five souls in dull seasons and eighty in time of rush, she drove relentlessly through their forewomen and managers with her everlasting war cry, "Get results."

"Miss Jones, the books show the manicure department has fallen twenty-seven in receipts since last quarter—nearly a dollar a day. You got more girls than you got work. Either build up the trade, or cut out a girl."

At the first rebuke, Miss Jones had called her girls together and put it to them; dull season; not their fault; but who should go? She suggested that none need go if they'd turn in their tips till the former level was reached; if not, draw lots and one loses her place. They decided to turn in tips the next quarter rather than lose so excellent a place.

"Miss Jackson, I see you added extra wages in the packing department—what's that for?"

"Why, madame, we were running so behind with the orders through the rush I had to take on extra help to get the goods out on time."

"Then why didn't you call on the girls you had for overtime? A girl that hasn't got my interests enough at heart to work an hour overtime on the rush, ain't worth her wages. Let her go and get somebody that knows which side her bread's buttered on."

"Miss Smith, the home-treatment department has fallen eighty-two dollars—what's the trouble?"

MISS SMITH explains that the women who take home treatments are mostly away for the summer; the slump can't be helped. If she dismisses any of her six specialists she may never get them again. It is a picked staff, hers—six women who can go night after night to a lady's home and be trusted not to notice half they see, flirt with the butler, or

"Well That's Fine!!"



THIS is an important factor with busy self-shavers, and many a missed car and lost train can be credited to a poor or indifferent Safety Razor. You catch the car or train easily if you use a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR with a Gem Damaskeene Blade, for it assures both speed and safety, with the preservation of serene temper. Every *satisfied* self-shaver is using a GEM.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with 7 *Gem Damaskeene Blades*, in genuine morocco leather case, $1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.



Ask your dealer to show you different makes of safety razors—compare them with the Gem—you'll buy the Gem.

One Dollar Outfit

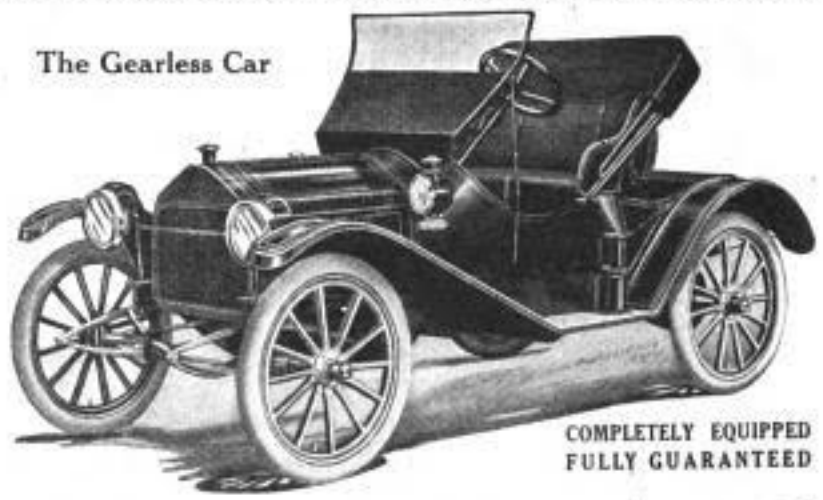
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Facts upon Facts

furnish convincing evidence of METZ all 'round efficiency. U. S. Government engineers, employed at present on canal construction in eastern Washington, tested a number of makes to find the car that would travel the rough roads of that section; and they selected, and purchased, the METZ "22."

In the Australian "Reliability Trials," Sydney to Melbourne, a four days' contest, the METZ "22" made a perfect performance, scoring 600 points out of a possible 600. And here at home it won the Glidden Tour from Minneapolis to Glacier National Park, Mont., the three METZ cars being the ONLY cars that held *perfect scores* for the entire eight days of that contest.

The Gearless Car



COMPLETELY EQUIPPED
FULLY GUARANTEED

METZ "22"—$475

One of the big features of the METZ "22" is its gearless transmission. With no clutch to slip and no gears to strip, it does away entirely with gear trouble.

The METZ "22" is extremely economical in operation. It travels 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on 1 pint of lubricating oil, and often does 10,000 miles on a single set of tires.

The METZ "22" climbs Prospect Hill, near Boston, *on the high speed*. This hill is nearly 1 mile long, with a grade of from 5 to 21 per cent.

The METZ "22" made a record non-stop run of 1,000 miles, Boston to Minneapolis, in 49h. 33m., without requiring a single adjustment to engine or any working part.

EQUIPMENT includes four-cylinder water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, top, 5 lamps, artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, horn, pump, tools, etc. Left-hand drive, center control, $475.00.

METZ "Speedster."—Wire wheels, individual seats, Prestolite tank, and other special features, $500.00.

New illustrated Catalog "C" now ready. We want a representative in every city and town; write for special terms.

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IT'S the wet or grease of the slippery pavement that seals the strong, elastic Vacuum Cups and forms the never-slipping suction grip.

On the slippery slant to the curb—in a hundred close situations where a skid means collision—there's *positive safety* in

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial period.

The same massive cups that hold the slippery surface and thrust deep to good traction on soft roads, also give the greatest *extra* wear of any tread. 4,500 actual miles guaranteed, with average service always nearer twice that distance.

And then—the absolutely oilproof quality—the greatest tire saver known—does away with the only disadvantage of traveling oiled roads.

For complete safety and maximum service equip with V. C. Tires—dealers everywhere

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New York Boston Los Angeles Minneapolis
Chicago Pittsburgh Detroit Omaha
Cleveland San Francisco St. Paul Kansas City, Mo.
Seattle Dallas Atlanta

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

steal the spoons. No one knows better than madame their value to the business, or the loss in turning them off and getting—you don't know what. Three of them give treatments to popular actresses every night—rub them to sleep—and are often kept so late themselves they sleep on couches in the reception rooms and creep away in the morning before even the maids are down. This single treatment earned their day's wage; the three to five they'd given before it went into madame's pocket minus only the amount paid their forewoman who gave them their assignments to calls over the phone.

Madame twirled her rings and thought; then she directed: "Now you go to Miss Beekman and you and she work up some new line of home cures that should be given to some of those old women in addition to their facials. Tell her to talk with Miss Cryder and have her write it out, then get it printed—get it up like an extract from the paper—that style—sign a doctor's name to it. Make it tell how you can't expect to cure those dewlaps for them if they don't have the fat massaged off all over them at the same time—it's in their systems, that fat is—it creeps in from one place as fast as you take it off another. You gotta rid the system of it with medicated baths, vibratory treatment, and special prep'rations—gotta give them a special antiobesity treatment—tell her to call it that—if they got any hopes of getting it off their chins and their cheeks. That'll keep our girls busy through the dull season next time. It's a good idear for a booklet, too, now I think of it." And it was ere long a booklet.

Madame had discovered what few women do discover and the big business man always does—that it's easier to crack the whip than pull the load and much more filling to the pocket; and that the world is full of competent pullers only too thankful for the chance to pull so long as the whipster pays the wages and takes the risks of the business. And Mme. Del Mar, who thought no more now of taking a twenty thousand dollar risk than she thought of taking a cocktail at dinner, reaped her reward.

ONLY—the risks had all to be on future earnings?—never on present acquisitions; never on cash once in hand. That was her profound financial secret: keep what you've got and risk what you haven't! Barring her private office furnishings, our other fixtures bought on installments and the typewriters second hand, was worth possibly four thousand dollars; and our stock!—those ten thousand jars of Zulu Face Food banked in the show window under the sign, "Ten thousand dollars' worth of solid beauty" had in each one cent's worth of ingredients and—a secret.

The world is round, wise men declare,
And hung on nothing in the air.

I've often thought how that couplet from an old geography of my youth applied to our business at that time—a bubble, impressive, and glittering with gold, but "hung on nothing in the air." Such was the general situation when Oscar Willing came with his subtle, incalculable influence into our scheme of things;—a constitutional idler who couldn't earn an honest cent; a spender, a waster, a dreamer; harmless, to be sure, but with no more sense of money than a child—and proud of the fact, too.

(To be continued next week)

Mary Long-Ago

(Continued from page 15)

I began to cast about for other means of avoiding it. The pots and pans were on a little table by the sink, barely out of line from the other room, and, under cover of Jim's jokes and the laughter which followed them, I sneaked over and investigated them. But that was an economical age and they'd been well scraped. Then the pantry came within my range. The door was open just back of where I'd been sitting, and on one of the upper shelves was a row of pans. In front was a chair, which Mary had used to reach the milk for the supper table. It would be a light diet for a boy of my capacity, but it was better than starvation, so I stole across to reconnoiter. I didn't need the chair, but I was afraid to move it; so I knelt on it and reached over the back carefully and brought down one of the pans. As I expected, it was brimful of milk and thick cream, and I car-

Where Is the Pipe Smoker Who Won't Take a Chance?

Every man who smokes a pipe is forever engaged in a more or less happy quest for a better brand of smoking tobacco

That's one reason why there are so many different brands—so many different forms of "cut" and "slice" and "cube" and "twist" and "granulated" and "shredded" tobaccos—and most of these mixtures and blends are mighty good

You yourself probably think a lot of some fellow who smokes a brand that you can't learn to like at all, and he wonders why you buy the kind of tobacco that's in your coat pocket now.

We don't think for a minute, and never have thought, that Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed would please every pipe taste in the country, but the fact that of the many who try Edgeworth the majority cling to it makes us feel pretty good.

Edgeworth is Burley, the best Burley that is raised, and it comes in two forms—Sliced Plug, which is the original Edgeworth, and Ready-Rubbed, which means all ready to pack into your pipe.



Ready-Rubbed is so new that we are still introducing it—giving away decent-sized packages of it and inviting men to send for them.

It is gratifying to us to find that most pipe smokers are willing to give Edgeworth a chance—to try it out at our risk and judge it on its merits. And the number who decide that they want to keep on smoking Edgeworth is surprising until you have smoked a few pipefuls yourself and found out how satisfying it is.

Most any old smoker you know will tell you that Edgeworth is a very high-grade tobacco. Will you write us, give your address and your dealer's name and let us reciprocate by sending you a sample, free?

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold practically everywhere, but mailed prepaid if your dealer cannot supply.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

TO RETAIL TOBACCO MERCHANTS: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

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ried it on the shortest line from the shelf to my mouth and took the longest gulp that a single man probably ever compassed. It was next to sitting down before a barbecued steer to me, and even now I can feel that milk running down into my empty stomach. But the one swallow was all I got—inside. As I stopped for breath I heard something behind me and turned hastily, expecting to see Jim's grinning face at the door. It wasn't anything of the kind, but it made little difference—Jim and all the others were there within three seconds afterward. As a matter of fact, it was nothing but a big white tomcat that had been asleep on a chair in the corner; but when I turned, the pan slipped, and in attempting to steady it I caught it with my sore finger. It was like pressing an electric button to start a world's fair—so many things followed. The pan toppled over; its contents descended like a shower bath around me; the chair slipped out from under my knees, and the whole combination crashed to the floor, with the pan triumphantly bottom-up on my head. Under its dripping edge I saw the cat, with arched back, beginning to make wide circles of the kitchen. From the other room came the clamor of sudden silence, then ejaculations of dismay, and the rush of feet. I knocked the pan off my head, which rattled on the floor—the pan, I mean, though I think my head would have rattled just the same—and scrambled to my feet. The first thing that caught my eye was the gun barrel leaning against the wall, and I grabbed it as though about to repel a charge of Indians. Just then the cat passed me on its second lap, and, suddenly inspired, I followed it, brandishing the poker in one hand while wiping the milk from my face with the other. The handkerchief had fallen off, and the blood from my finger mingling with the milk must have given me a particularly agreeable appearance. Over in the corner the chair and the pan lay where they had fallen in a pool of milk, while the cat with every hair on end was winding dizzily around the room with me in mad and milky pursuit—this was the spectacle presented to the Elliots when they crowded through the doorway the composite picture of amazement and alarm. Their alarm endured but briefly, however. They must have thought me mad, but the scene was too much for them, and, again excepting Mary, they broke simultaneously into a storm of laughter. Jim's was a raging tornado. But Mary didn't laugh. Her look changed, but it changed to anger. It seemed that I had made an unfortunate selection in cats, I was chasing hers. She made a sudden dive in front of me, and as the feline came around again she caught it up in her arms and faced me defiantly.

"'Don't you dare strike my cat, John Weston,' she said—and I didn't. I came to a sudden stop and let the gun barrel slip to the floor.

"MRS. ELLIOT was the first to recover. She came toward me, her laughter changing to kindly seriousness. 'What in the world is the matter with you, John?' she asked.

"I had grown so earnest in the pursuit by this time that the question riled me. 'With me?' I said indignantly. 'There ain't anything the matter with me. It's that darned cat.'

"'Tom isn't a darned cat,' said Mary severely. 'He's just the nicest cat that ever lived. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

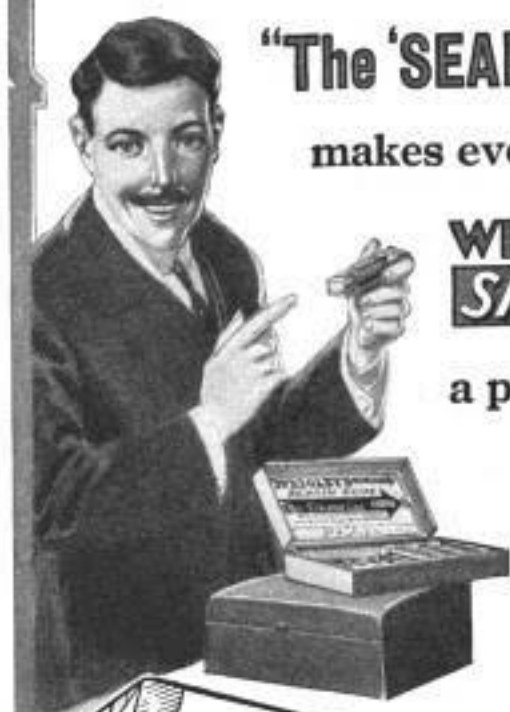
"'Hush, Mary,' said Mrs. Elliot. 'What did Tom do, John?'

"'Do?' I repeated. 'Why, he tried to jump on the pantry shelf after the milk—that's what he did; and when I tried to drive him away he tipped the pan over on me.'

"'Oh, I'm sorry,' said Mrs. Elliot; and she looked as though she believed me. She was a wonderful woman. Mary didn't. Mary looked scornful, and marched into the next room with the cat in her arms. I was so filled with righteous bitterness that I was glad to see them go. 'Tom never did anything of that kind before,' Mrs. Elliot went on; and then she caught sight of my finger. 'Mercy on us! Whatever's happened to your hand?'

"'Oh, it's nothing,' I said; 'the cat scratched it a little, that's all.'

"THAT was my supreme effort. I've never been able to surpass it. To have torn a finger the way mine was torn, that cat would have to have had turbine claws and had 'em all running at



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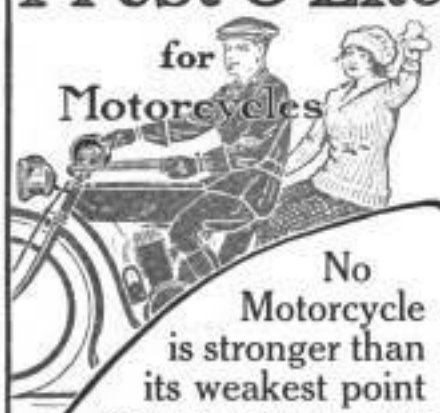
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The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.
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Please send facts on ALL Lighting Systems to

once. Even Mrs. Elliot looked surprised. 'How did Tom do that?' she asked.

"'When I tried to pull him off the shelf,' I explained, 'after he had spilled the milk. I suppose I frightened him,' I added magnanimously, as I heard Mary in the other room trying to soothe the beast; 'he wasn't to blame. But of course it made me mad, and I guess that's why I chased him.'

"'Let me see your hand,' she said; and I put it out reluctantly. 'My, that's awful! David, get the basin and a towel. Jim, stop your laughing and go upstairs and get the liniment and some clean rags out of my third bureau drawer. This must be attended to right away.'

"And then among them I was patched up and cleaned off and settled again in my chair. Mary came back, after secreting her pet somewhere out of reach of my wrath. She looked very dignified, and, for a time, took but a cool interest in my affairs. She got cloths and helped Jim clean up the floor. Then she picked up the gun barrel to restore it to its place. Something came off on her hand and she stopped to look. It was reddened with my finger's best blood. I saw her studying it before she got a cloth and wiped the barrel off carefully. Afterward she became suddenly interested in me and came and watched her mother bathing my finger in cold water. When she turned away, I saw her smile; and I knew that she had guessed everything and discovered what a liar I was. I thought, of course, she would tell the others, but she never did; and after a little she began to busy herself with the supper things, passing back and forth from the pantry to the dining room, and disappearing at once into some other part of the house. Later I learned what her travels meant.

"It was nine o'clock before the supper things were put away. Then, while the others sat down to talk, Mrs. Elliot heated flatirons and went off to iron the beds. 'I've left a big hot one in yours, John,' she said, when she came back. 'It's turning awful cold. I'm sorry, for one of your windows is broken. David has pasted it up with paper, but I am afraid you will feel it to-night. But there's plenty of bedclothes.'

"'It'll be good for the fever,' Jim suggested, with a wink.

"THEN Mrs. Elliot drove David and Jim off to bed. After they had gone she came over to say good night herself. She put her hand on my shoulder. 'Never mind, Jim,' she said; 'he's just a boy. When you get ready for bed, Mary will show you your room. Good night, John. You are growing to look very like your mother.' She bent over and kissed me then, and kissed Mary and smiled and went upstairs. She was one of God's best, young man. She made Jim Elliot Governor and almost made him President —and she was Mary's mother.

"And Mary and I sat there then by the fire, exactly as I had planned all afternoon that we should sit. But nothing else was as I had planned. I was sore and embarrassed and heartily ashamed of myself, and, more than that, I was hungry. I couldn't talk; and Mary realized it and couldn't, or wouldn't, talk much herself. I expected her to charge me with my crimes; she never even approached them. But plainly it was time to touch the subject that lay nearest my heart (if not my stomach), and I had sense enough to know it. So had Mary. It was she who suggested retiring.

"'You must be tired to-night,' she said, 'so I am going to send you to bed early.' She lighted a candle and led the way to a little room opening off the dining room and pushed the door open. The chill air came out with a rush.

"'I hope your hand will be better to-morrow,' she said, with a little smile that faded away into sweetness. 'I'm awfully sorry,' she added softly; 'it was all Jim's fault.' She nodded her head toward my room. 'You'll find something on your table, John; I hope you will like it.' And she said good night and left me.

"I went in and shut the door. The table by the bed was half covered with something under a napkin. I pulled the napkin off, and there, young man, was spread the biggest and finest supper that a hungry man ever looked upon. That was what Mary's travels had meant—and she had done it all for the meanest liar in Clarendon County.

"When I awoke, the first streaks of dawn were coming through the window. So was a forty-mile freezing wind. The paper pasted over the broken pane had blown partly off and was rattling noisily. I tried burying my head under the covers, but it was of no use, and finally I jumped out of bed, and, while my skin goose-fleshed and my teeth chattered, I tried to fasten the paper back in place. The only thing I accomplished was to pull it wholly off. I looked around for something to stuff in the hole, but the only thing I could find was my own trousers, and finally I pushed them into it until I succeeded in shutting the wind out. The hole was so big that it took the better part of the trousers to fill it, and I remember that about half of them, including the waistband and suspenders, bulged outside. The window was on the side of the house, however, and it didn't occur to me that they might be observed before it would be necessary to withdraw them for their regular function.

"I WENT back to sleep, but I don't think it was more than half an hour before I was awakened again. It was daylight, though there was no sun as yet. The wind was whirling through the window and my trousers were not in sight. I was so sleepy that for a moment the situation did not impress itself upon me. Then I sat up in bed wide-awake. My trousers were not on the floor under the window, nor were they anywhere in the room. Young man, did you ever have your only pair of trousers disappear?"

I never had.

"I hope you never will. It creates a situation full of unpleasant possibilities. It is utterly destructive of dignity. I defy any man to be dignified without his trousers. It is worse for a shy man. A shy man, more than any other, seems to need trousers. There's an awful lot of bashfulness in a shy man's legs. I think, if we could trace it back, we should find that a shy man invented trousers. So a shy man ought to be particularly careful in guarding them under all circumstances. He ought never to use them for utilitarian purposes like stuffing broken windows. That's my first 'Don't' now in my 'Rules for the Shy.'



"A high board fence extended to the barns and I vaulted this into the lot where the cow was breakfasting on my trousers"



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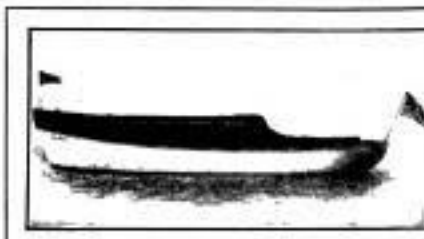
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2 and 4 cycle motors, 2 to 50 horse-power, cruisers 30 and 36 feet, open launches 16, 20 and 25 feet in stock. Catalog free.

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Of RAINPROOFED Silk — COOL and LIGHT

This is to be a *Silk Hat Summer*. The MALLARD is the outstanding. Designed by us on the new oval telescope block; made up in richest silks. Stands the weather; stays on head in wind. Silk-lined; leather sweat-band; 4 in. crown, 2½ in. brim. Ventilating eyelets. Colors: Black and White Check; Dark Gray Striped; Light Gray Striped; Dark Brown Striped. Price, $2 prepaid. Money back if you don't like it. Order name just state size and color and enclose $2. Write for "1914 Spring and Summer Style Book"—*Free*.

FRENCH CO., 285 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Speedaway Detachable Rowboat Motor

now being sold

DIRECT TO YOU

for $50

instead of $70

HERE'S the proposition! Manufacturer's cost ***plus*** advertising expense ***plus*** 10% profit. It comes to within a few cents of $50—and the price to you direct is $50, with all extras.

Get this fact—the Speedaway Rowboat Motor that we are now offering at $50 is the same motor that has been selling at $70. It includes—

Built-in Reversible Magneto. Silent underwater exhaust. Self-locking tiller device. A real rudder. Disappearing crank handle. Water-cooled engine. The 2 cycle, 2 h. p. motor gives a speed of 8 to 10 miles per hour. The entire motor weighs only 50 lbs. and can be applied to any boat or canoe in a minute.

We have simply decided to sell this motor direct to you and give you the benefit of the $20 which has been going to the dealer.

Built-In Reversible Magneto

The price of the Speedaway with magneto built in is only $59—$9 over the price of the standard motor. This is an even more liberal offer than the standard motor at $50.

Don't buy on the strength of this advertisement, but send for our Engineering Specifications and investigate. You will find that the Speedaway is at least the equal of any motor in the market—and it sells at $20 less.

Write today for our Engineering Specifications

Speedaway Boat Motor Co.
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Delivered to you FREE

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SEND NO MONEY but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "RANGER" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our **great new offer** to deliver you a **RANGER** Bicycle on **one month's free trial** without a cent expense to you.

BOYS you can make money taking orders for bicycles, tires, lamps, sundries, etc., from our big handsome catalog. **It's free.** It contains "combination offers" for re-fitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful bicycle information. Send for it.

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and you can make it every day in the year "wrapping the records" at Parking Machines, Ball Parks, Fairs, etc., with a

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marvelous all-metal camera that takes, develops, finishes 4 sizes of Post Cards, including Official size, photo buttons at the rate of 3 to 5 a minute. No EXPERIENCE NEEDED, no plates, films or dark room required. WRITE for free book at once.

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and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1914, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors, 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book.

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WONDER DOUBLE FISH-HOOKS. Sent on earth for Bass, Lake and River Fishing. Harder a fish gets, stronger it holds him. Catches any fish to measure inside one and you can catch your fish every time. These hooks are a dead sure thing. From 10c, 3 for 25c.

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COLLIER'S
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

"I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Then I breathed a sigh of relief. My trousers were lying on the ground only a few feet away. The situation was annoying, but did not appear serious. There was only one disquieting circumstance. One suspender was firmly entangled in the crooked left horn of an old red-and-white cow, which was nosing and chewing the garment in the apparent belief that it represented some new kind of fodder. But for a few minutes I had an unworthy suspicion that David Elliot never fed anything on his farm except when company was in the house.

"I DON'T know to this day whether my trousers fell out, or whether the cow, seeking protection from the cold under the lee of the house, accidentally or purposely caught her horn in the dangling suspenders, or whether there was something still more mysterious in the matter. I have a theory of my own, however. For fifty years I have been unable to convince myself that every living thing on David Elliot's farm, except his wife and daughter, had not conspired against my peace of mind on the occasion of that visit. I hold that that red-and-white cow was doing no more than fulfilling her assigned mission. Otherwise why should she have been out of her shed in the cold at that time of the morning? There was over an acre in that lot, yet there was no other living thing in it. The window was too high for her to have reached up deliberately and pulled my trousers out, but by standing on her hind legs she could have done it easily, and there is no doubt in my mind that this is what she did. Anyway, there were my best trousers, mussed, trampled on, and half chewed over, fulfilling no higher purpose than service as a cow's cud. It was humiliating.

"BUT there was only one thing to do. I dressed myself as far and as rapidly as possible. That is, I pulled on my socks and boots and put on my coat over my underclothes. My coat was blue and my drawers were red, and I must have looked like an intensified circus ringmaster. I tried to open the window then, intending to jump out, regain my trousers, and climb back before anyone was the wiser—but the window wouldn't budge. My mightiest efforts availed nothing. It must have been nailed from the outside; but whatever the cause it changed the situation seriously. It was after seven o'clock, and late, even for Sunday morning on the farm. The Elliots, if not already down, would soon be astir. I opened my door cautiously. There was nobody in sight, and I could hear no one moving above. Without waiting for anything further, I slipped through the kitchen, outdoors, and around the corner of the house. A high board fence extended from the other corner to the barns, and I vaulted this into the lot where the cow was breakfasting on my trousers. She saw me approaching and was disturbed. It may have been her conscience, or it may have been my red flannels, or it may have been that my trousers flapping about her face were beginning to annoy her. I think it was just a part of the general plan. Anyway, she began to move off, and the closer I got the faster she moved. When she came out from under the lee of the house, the wind caught the trousers and waved them over her head like loose canvas in a gale. That frightened her, and she broke into an ungainly trot and then into a still more ungainly gallop, and started around the acre lot with colors flying. It appeared my fate to pursue every domestic quadruped on David Elliot's farm before my visit ended; but for the time being there was nothing else to do but to fulfill my part, and I started after her. For the first two courses I gained materially. At the second turn she started, cowlike, for the corner, and I thought I had her. She doubled, and I doubled; then she doubled again, and I slipped on a clump of frozen grass and went down in a heap, while the cow, with a frightened bellow, dashed over me for the barn. I scrambled up and followed. The door of the cow shed was open and if she went in there my immediate troubles would be ended. That was her intention, I am satisfied, but as she reached the barn, the door opened suddenly and Jim Elliot came out. He had a milk pail in his hand and was no doubt looking for that particular cow. Perhaps it was a

Why you should be interested in Roofing



Wright Wire Company, Worcester, Mass. Buildings covered with Barrett Specification Roofs exclusively.

Barrett Specification Roofs

FREQUENTLY the building of a roof on a factory or warehouse, or any building, is regarded as merely incidental to the whole proposition.

Great care and thought is spent in deciding whether to use stone or concrete for the foundation. Even the choice of materials for the fence about the place gets its share of attention.

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Do you realize that this is the wrong viewpoint?

The roof is the most important part of the structure. If properly specified, you will be free from leaks and trouble and expense.

The Barrett Specification is the scientific standardization of an old established theory of roofing—one that has stood for years as the best in roofs—namely, a combination of coal tar pitch, tarred felt and gravel or slag.

If *you* want a really waterproof, fire-retardant roof covering that will last 20 years or more, be sure you get a Barrett Specification Roof.

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We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

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Architects, Howells & Stokes
Builders, Thompson-Starrett Co., New York.
Barrett Specification Roof



A copy of the Barrett Specification in full sent free on request. Every owner, builder and engineer should have it.

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Which will receive the raise at the end of the year?

Both have only a few minutes a day to give to reading. One occupies *all* his few minutes with the daily paper; the other is mastering a little at a time the few great books of the ages, the books that contain the knowledge which means success.

What are these few great books? The question is answered in the free booklet mentioned below, which contains the advice of 67 great educators on just what and how to read. It explains why 100,000 business men are reading every day

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The booklet is free.

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Mail me, without obligation on my part, your free "Guide Booklet to Books" containing the story of the Five-Foot Shelf.

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Collier's Land and Sea Forces Ordered South

The threat of war created almost as much furor in magazine offices as it did at Washington. Two of the first four battleships to get under way carried Collier representatives; another representative, Jack London, hastened to join the troops in Texas, and two others joined the ships later. At the first intimation of trouble our own particular little land and sea forces were ordered south. Here are their names and their present locations:

Jack London is our war correspondent with Major General Wood and General Funston. His first article will appear in **next week's** issue.

Jimmy Hare, Collier's own war photographer, without whom there could not be a war, is with Rear Admiral Badger.

James B. Connolly, former sailor, famous war correspondent, writer of sea tales, is also with the fleet.

Arthur Ruhl, twice sent to Mexico by Collier's, authority on Central and South American problems, is at Vera Cruz.

Henry Reuterdahl, America's foremost naval artist, is aboard the battleship North Dakota.

Next Week—A New Baseball Story

War or no war, we begin a stirring baseball story called "The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese." It will be published in three parts. Henry Beach Needham, who wrote "The Jinx" and "Baseball and the Briton," is the author. We believe you will enjoy every line of "The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese": and it's only one of several features that make next week's issue big with interest.

Julian Street Bought This Lion

At least the Chicago reporters claim he did. They say that Street was a stranger in town, a long way from home, and so they sold him the lion in front of the Art Institute.



The two men to the left in the picture are Mr. Street and Mr. Morgan, the artist. They are having the time of their lives on this trip, "discovering the United States." Remember the first of their twelve articles, "Abroad at Home," starts May 23rd, only two weeks away.

Our Latest Book Triumph

We spoke two weeks ago about our books. One set of which we are particularly proud is the Lodge History of Nations, edited by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. It is in twenty-five beautiful volumes; we have purchased the publication rights, and have issued it at a price that is astonishingly low.

As a matter of publicity we have printed a little booklet about the Lodge History. If you would like to know about an entirely new idea in history writing and reading, this booklet is well worth asking for. It's free—for you. No obligation, merely clip the coupon.

FREE BOOKLET DEPT.
P. F. Collier & Son
416 W. 13th St.
New York

Please send me, free, by mail the booklet about the Lodge History of Nations.

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G. L. Patterson
General Manager

pet of his. Of course his appearance frightened her again, and she sheered off and started down the field. Jim looked the picture of amazement and immediately afterward the image of a raving maniac. I don't think I ever saw anyone laugh the way he laughed. My last view, until the next time around, showed him doubled up on the ground in the most remarkable convolutions. He must have recovered quickly, however, for his voice caught me. I think it was the only thing that could have caught me.

"'Go it, John!' he yelled. 'I bet on the cat last night, but I'll back you now against a cow.'

"I hadn't the breath for repartee at that range, with the wind against me; and I couldn't go back. On the next lap he was doubled up on the ground again, and I could have got him at a disadvantage, but I was too near the end of the race to quit. Halfway around again it ended in my favor. Old Red-and-White was growing tired; but she tried to double once more, and as she passed I grabbed one leg of the flying trousers and hung on until the suspenders broke and left the palm and the pants with me. And Jim cheered.

"JUST why I didn't stop and dress then no man will ever know. I suppose it was because of Jim. But instead, with my trousers firmly grasped under my arm I headed for the fence and without stopping to look vaulted it and continued toward the kitchen door. Then I came to a sudden halt. Midway between the house and the barn was Mary. I was too far from the fence to retreat, there was no place to hide, and I was too dumfounded to speak. Mary stopped too, probably for the same reasons, and she turned as red as I was—in the face. Then she glanced toward the house and barn in turn: but the barn, being nearest, won, and she picked up her skirts and cut for it. As soon as her back was turned I started for the house again. Just as I reached the steps David came out, and beyond him in the kitchen I could see Mrs. Elliot preparing breakfast. David stopped with a look of amazement which changed rapidly to amusement, and then, when he saw Mary disappearing in the barn, to something like anger. He was a large man, as I have said before. He looked larger than ever then. He started to speak, but I did not wait. My only thought was to get out of sight of everybody, to quit his detestable farm, and to go home. Clutching my trousers I turned once more and headed for the main highway. Over my shoulder I saw that David was following me. At any rate, I had succeeded at last in getting something to take the other end of the chase. My only route lay through the barnyard and outbuildings; but, supposing Mary safely under cover, I followed it without a qualm. Another board fence cut off the barnyard from the kitchen garden, and I reached and vaulted this before I paused again. Then I vaulted back. Mary had come out of the barn behind the fence and was on her way to the henhouses. David was approaching at a rapid walk. I looked at Mary beseechingly over the fence, expecting her to vanish into the barn again. Instead she came straight toward me and I got as close to the fence as possible. Failing trousers, even a board fence is not to be despised. Mary was red again. It may have been the prompting of modesty, the sting of the frosty air, or the strain of controlled laughter. I don't know, but I have always had a strong suspicion. But she was determined as well as flushed.

"'What is it, John?' she demanded. 'What is the matter with you?'

"Then I got mad. 'There ain't anything the matter with me,' I said. 'I'm just going home, that's all.'

"'Why?' she asked quickly.

"'I don't think your father wants me to stay,' I answered, measuring David's approach over my shoulder. 'But there's one thing I'm going to ask you before I go. I came here to ask it, and I'll be darned if I go away till I've done it. Everything I said last night, Mary, was a lie. I guess you know that, and I guess you know why. But what I want to know is—Will you marry me, Mary?'

"She turned white then"—the old man's voice softened wonderfully—"but she did not hesitate. Perhaps she was watching her father too. 'You great big bashful boy,' she said, 'of course I will.'

"And I didn't hesitate either. Before you could say 'Jack Robinson' twice, I had jumped over the fence, trousers and all, caught her in my arms and kissed her and was back on the other side. There are some things trousers can't control. 'Now you cut for the barn,' I directed, 'I've got something to say to your father.' And while she ran I turned to meet him.

"He came up, red in the face and angry. 'Now, look here, John Werdon,' he said, 'I want to know what all of this foolishness means?'

"I held up my hand to stop him. The gesture lost something of its dignity from the fact that I was still holding my trousers in that hand. 'It means just this, Mr. Elliot,' I said: 'I've just asked your daughter to marry me, and she's going to—that's what it means.'

"His mouth opened, and closed. Then he smiled. Then he laughed. 'All right, John,' he said finally; 'I guess Mary knows what she's about. But for heaven's sake, put on your pants—you'll catch your death of cold.'"

THE train slowed down for a station stop. My companion threw away his cigar, long forgotten, and stood up.

"I get off here," he said, shaking hands. "I've talked a good deal. You must forgive an old man."

I reassured him. But there was still one thing I wanted to know. "Of course," I began, "you married—"

"Mary?" he said very softly, when I paused. He shook his head. He waited before he spoke again. "She died just a year later—on the day we were to be married." He paused again, and when he spoke, his voice, quiet and gentle as always, still lacked, I thought, something of the tenderness which marked all his references to his boyhood's love. "I married later, of course. I have two fine boys. They're in the firm. We're making automobiles since people outgrew buggies. The boys made the change. Jim Elliot and I couldn't—we were too old. Jim retired last year. I'm stopping off here to spend Sunday with him."

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

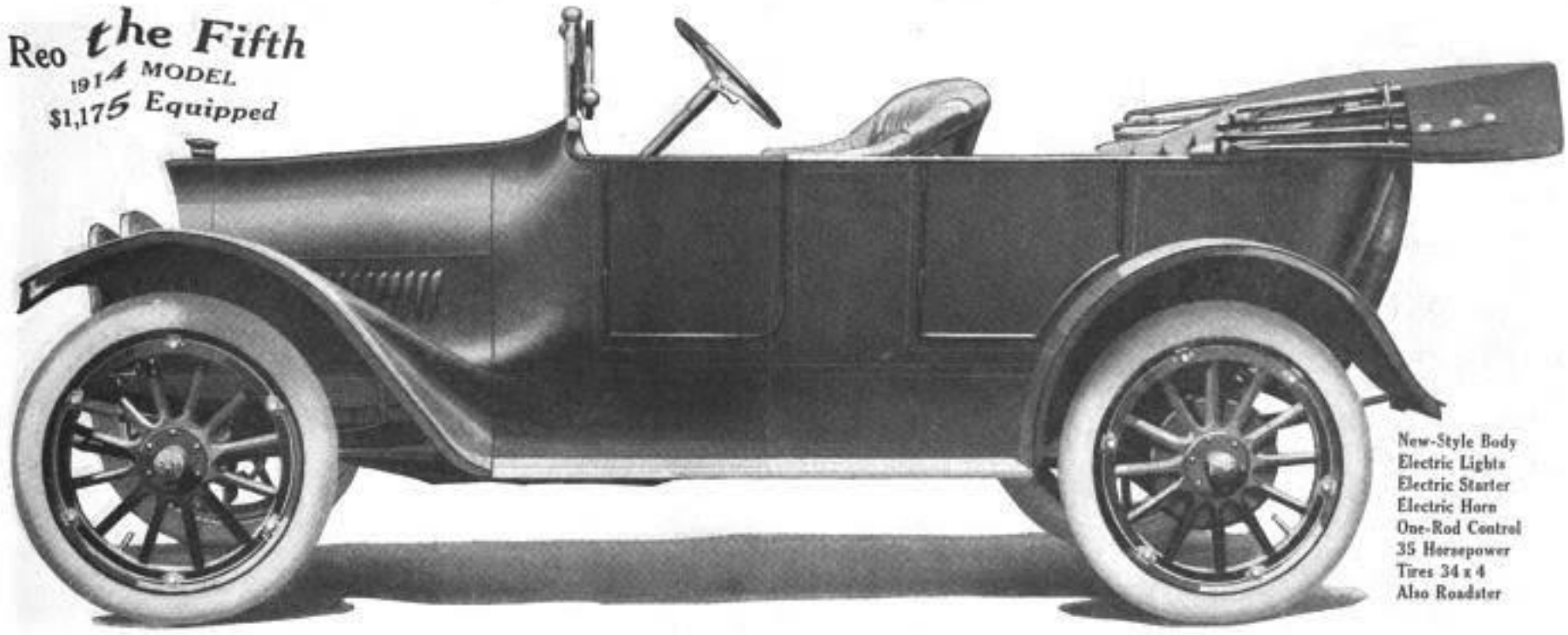
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Six Weeks to Build

It takes six weeks to build Reo the Fifth from the steel to the finished car. And it took 27 years to learn how.

The factory cost is one-fourth more than if built by some other standards. Yet the price this year is $1,175 equipped.

Note the result of this extra time, this extra care and cost. Go over the finished car. Then judge if you want your next car built like this.

For Experienced Motorists

Reo the Fifth is built for men who have learned their lessons about poorly-built cars. Men who have paid the extra upkeep, met the troubles and made the repairs.

It is for men who have seen cars grow noisy and old after a few months' use. Who have seen hidden flaws develop. Who have found some parts too weak for sudden shocks. And who know the annoyances due to makers' mistakes.

It is also for men who wish to escape those lessons. Men who want cars to stay new. Men who buy a car to keep, and want years of perfect service.

We who have built cars since the dawn of this industry, tell you that such cars must be built like this.

Reo Extremes

In Reo the Fifth, the chief materials are made to specifications based on 10,000-mile tests. All steel is made to formula, and each lot is analyzed twice.

In driving parts we ascertain the needed strength, then add 50 per cent as a margin of safety.

No chances are taken. One whole building in our factory group is devoted to tests and analyses.

We use in this car 15 roller bearings. We use 190 drop forgings to avoid risk of flaws.

We use a costly clutch so no clashing of gears will ever strain the transmission. All our gear-shifting is done with one small rod —by a three-inch movement of the hand.

Close-fitting parts are ground over and over—ground by special machines—to give utter exactness. Large tires are used to lessen cost of upkeep. Our electric starter is the best we know.

Radical Tests

Our gears are tested in a crushing machine for 75,000 pounds per tooth. Our springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations.

Each engine gets days of testing in unusual ways. Then each tested engine is taken apart and inspected.

In our slow process of building, countless tests and inspections are applied to every part of the car.

Then for years we have kept test cars on the road. We run them night and day at high speed on rough roads, to bring out any weakness. After 10,000 miles, these test cars are taken apart and inspected. And we require that vital parts, after all that rough service, shall show slight evidence of wear.

Each part in this car, each formula for material is based on those radical tests.

Lines and Finish

This year's model has the streamline body, the coming vogue. It has demountable rims, dimming searchlights, a new tire carrier, instruments set flush with the dash. The finish is perfect, the upholstery deep and covered with genuine leather. In beauty, comfort and perfect equipment it meets all the ideals of the time.

$220 Saved

Yet this year's model costs you $220 less than last year's model with electric equipment. The main reason is that all our special machinery has been charged against previous output. For years our whole output has been confined to this chassis, and the resulting saving is now taken from our price.

The demand for this car, at nearly all times, is far in excess of our output. At times it is five times our output. And that demand is growing all the time as men find this car out. This year's model has broken all of our sales records.

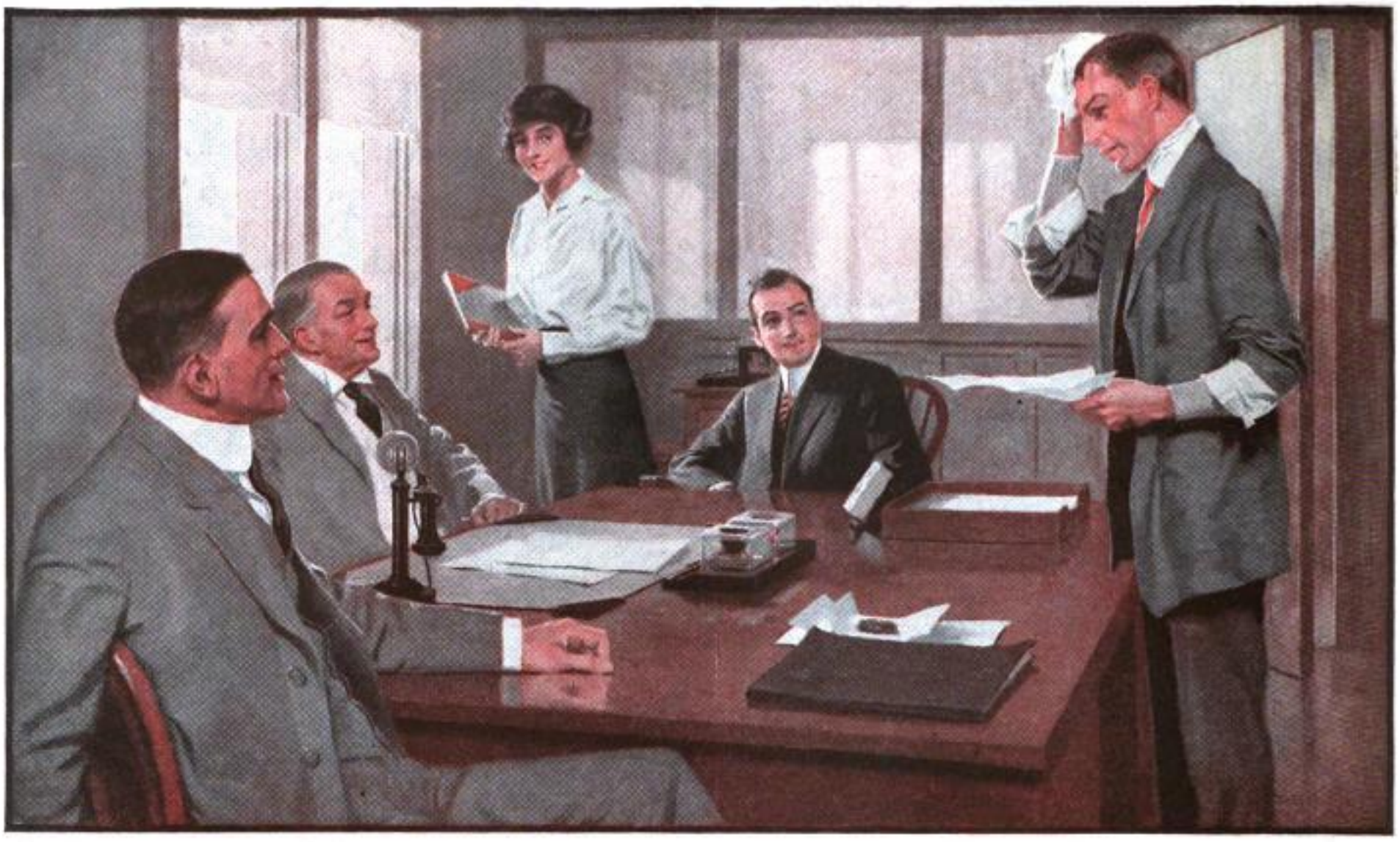
So you will be wise to make early decision if you want a car built like this.

Reo the Fifth is sold by a thousand dealers. Ask for our catalog and address of nearest showroom.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont. Canadian Price, $1,575

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He Mops In Misery Without B.V.D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B.V.D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You,* of course, have B.V.D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it.*



For your own welfare, fix the B.V.D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B.V.D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

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B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

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The B.V.D. Company,

NEW YORK.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for May 16 1914

The Red Game of War

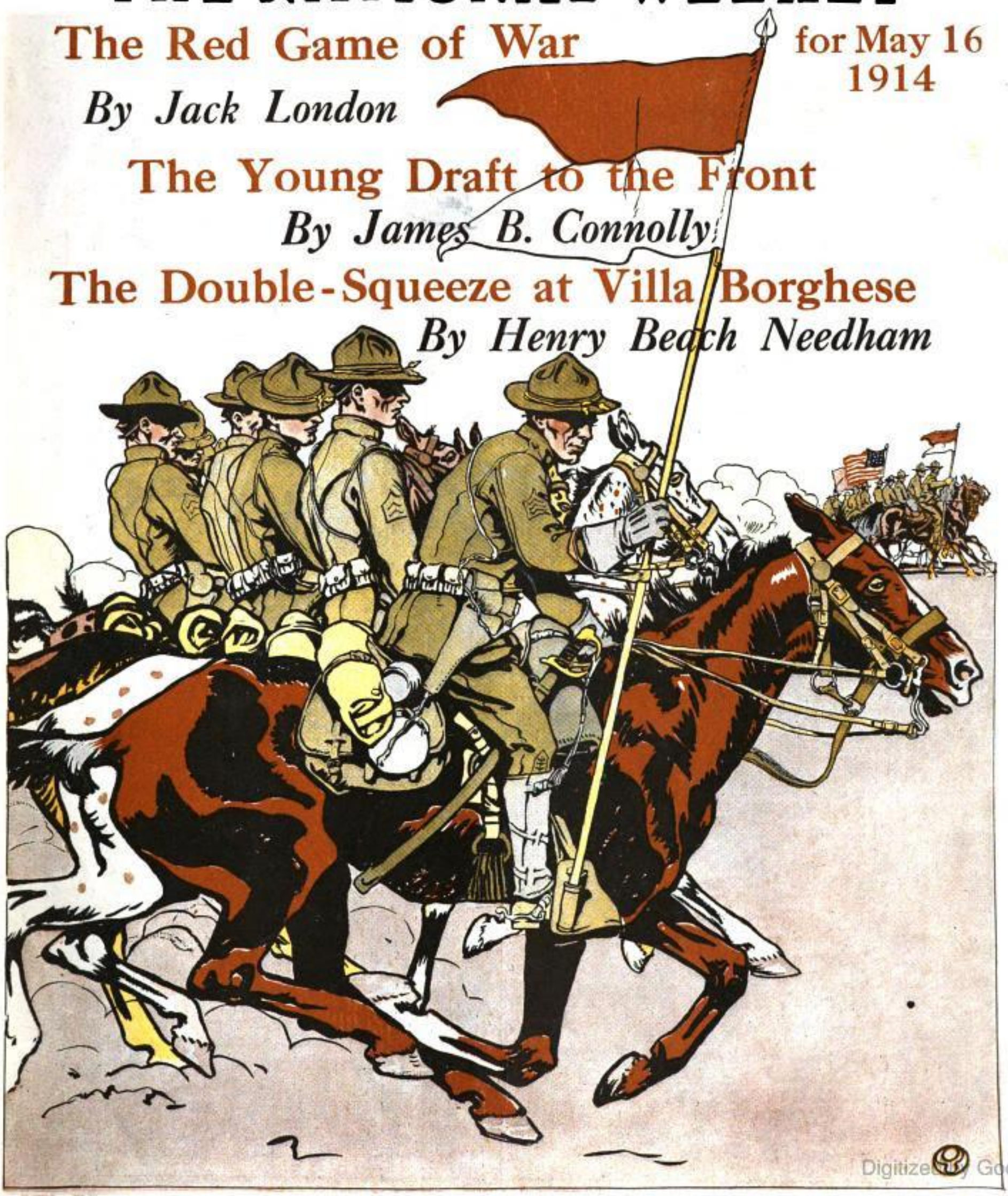
By Jack London

The Young Draft to the Front

By James B. Connolly

The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

By Henry Beach Needham



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Just about time you got yours

The limit of going *some* in the smokings line is to make fire with a match, then hitch it to a jimmy pipe packed brimful of Prince Albert! Me-o-my! Gets you mighty pleased-like, and turns on the sunshine spigot in your system very early in the A. M.

Prince Albert wins every man who's game enough to hit the high spot at the cost of a dime. Doesn't make any difference what you *think* about being able to smoke a pipe, you *can* and you *will*—and get happy on every pull—if you'll nail your flag to the mast of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

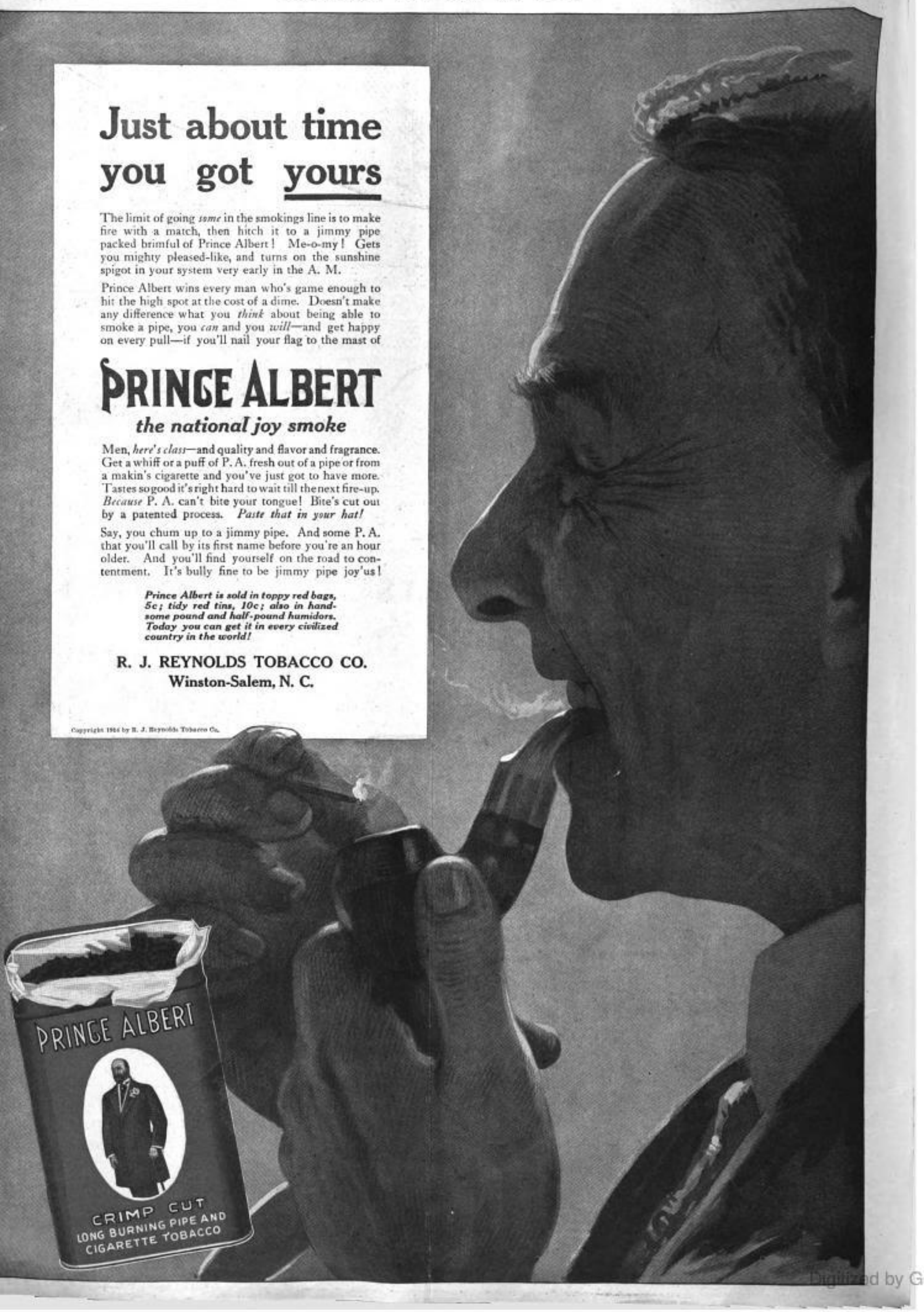
Men, *here's class*—and quality and flavor and fragrance. Get a whiff or a puff of P. A. fresh out of a pipe or from a makin's cigarette and you've just got to have more. Tastes so good it's right hard to wait till the next fire-up. *Because* P. A. can't bite your tongue! Bite's cut out by a patented process. *Paste that in your hat!*

Say, you chum up to a jimmy pipe. And some P. A. that you'll call by its first name before you're an hour older. And you'll find yourself on the road to contentment. It's bully fine to be jimmy pipe joy'us!

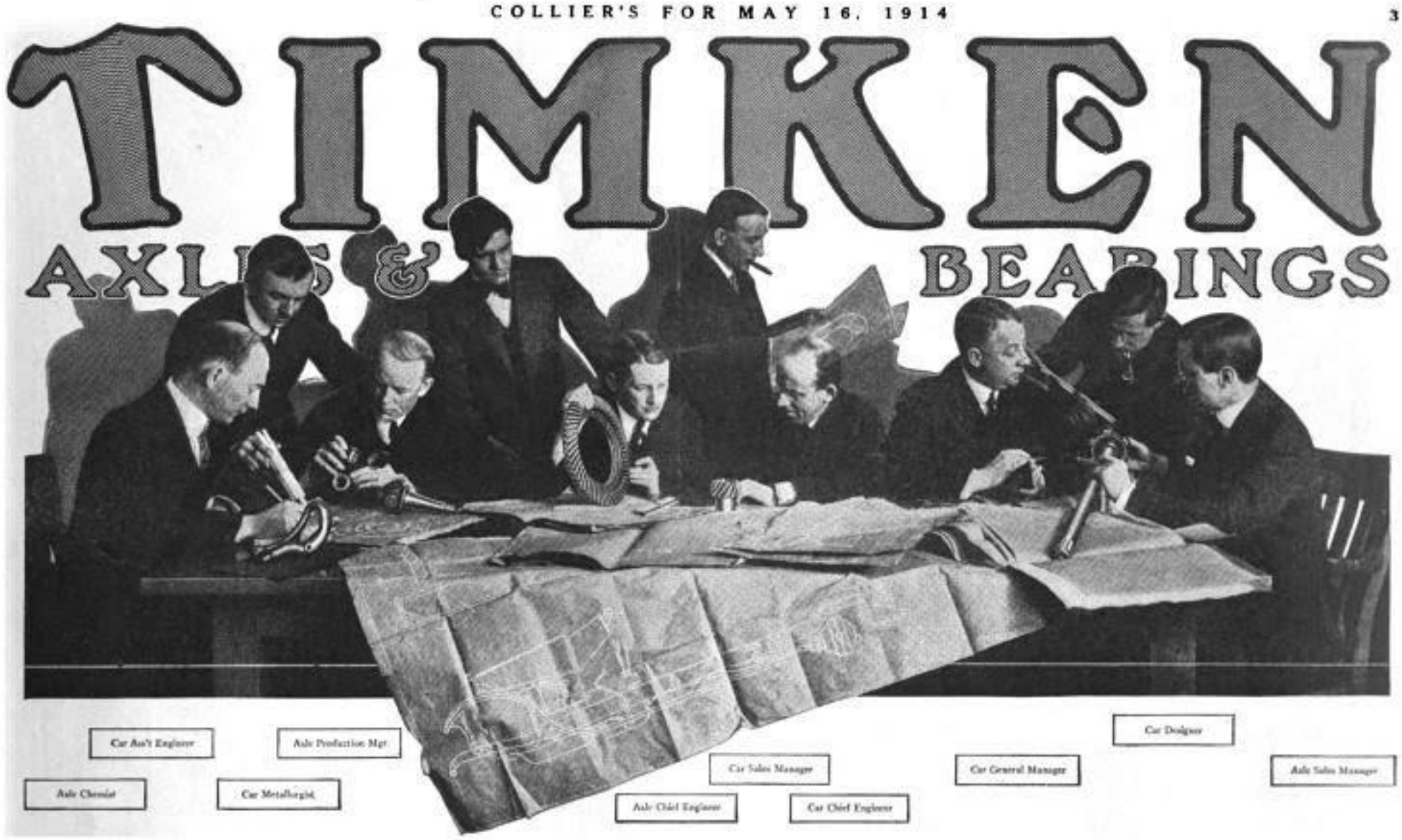
Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors. Today you can get it in every civilized country in the world!

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How Motor Cars Are Planned and Engineered

Designing and engineering a Timken-Detroit Axle into a particular motor car is a matter of many conferences of many men. Men who view the proposed car from widely different angles.

All have the *ideal* of the finished car and each contributes superior skill and experience on some particular part of the problem—a problem too big to be settled in one conference or by one mind.

All the diversity of highly specialized ability requisite to the designing and engineering of all the parts of a complete motor car has never yet been gathered in the organization of any one car-builder.

Every motor car builder—without a single exception—buys several of the fundamental component parts of his car from parts-making specialists.

Not one car-builder makes *all* the essential parts such as frame, wheels, springs, axles, bearings, radiator, motor, magneto, carburetor, starting and lighting system, steering gear, universal joints, transmission, body.

The Law of Limitations is the Cause

Human Limitations.—No one car-building organization has mastered all the intricacies of all the essential parts of the car. Every one of them relies upon the specialized knowledge, ability and experience of some parts-making organizations.

Capital Limitations.—If a single car-builder should attempt to design and manufacture every one of the component parts of the car by his own organization his investment in brains, buildings, land, machinery, tools, jigs, patterns, etc., would have to be so colossal as to be unwieldy and unprofitable.

Cost Limitations.—If it were granted that a single car-builder could get and retain the engineering skill needed to thoroughly cover each of the parts and could so divide his organization and concentrate the attention of individuals on the designing and manufacturing problems of each component part—the cost of that single car-builder's output of such parts as axles would, if those axles were as good as Timkens, be prohibitive.

Experience Limitations.—And there would still be lacking one of the greatest sources of progress toward the perfection of each part—broad, universal experience. For the part-specialist works in close relations with the builders of *several* cars, he constantly gains by *their* wide experience, *their* ideas and discoveries. Each, in his desire for the perfection of his car, helps in the perfection of every detail of the integral part.

Progressive car-builders realize that the designing of the complete unit car is work worthy of master engineering minds—a task severe enough even with the help of other minds that have specialized on unit parts and their interrelations with the other unit parts of the car.

Though car-builders vary in their decisions as to what parts they shall buy, yet all do buy several of the fundamental parts of their cars from component parts-makers. But not all avail themselves of that specialized engineering ability—nor are all parts-makers capable of giving it.

Some builders merely "shop" for parts, buying wherever they can buy cheapest. A few builders specify every detail of the parts they buy. Thus, while utilizing the physical investment and manufacturing ability of the parts-maker, they utterly ignore his broad experience which would help them co-ordinate that part with the rest of the car.

Engineering the Part Into the Car

The great majority of car-designers concede that the car's foundations—axles and bearings—can best be interdesigned with the car and manufactured by organizations that devote all their brains, energy, experience and capital to the production of axles and of bearings only.

And most of those designers whose aim is to produce cars that will give the greatest amount of satisfactory use-service depend on the makers of Timken-Detroit Axles and Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for co-operation in designing and making the right axles and bearings for their particular cars.

The names of those cars are printed in a booklet, "The Companies Timken Keeps," which states specifically where, in each model, the Timken Bearings and Axles are used.

This booklet and the two Timken Primers "On Axles" and "On Bearings" will be mailed free, postpaid on request to Department B-9, either Timken Company.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Co., Detroit, Mich.
The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, O.

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Drawn by "Penny" Ross

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The Red Game of War

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

WAR and rumors of war. That, and naught else, was what was to be heard flying across the country from west to east along its southern border. Conductors, brakemen, porters, and the desert-dusty cattlemen who boarded the train at the last stop seemed unaware of anything else under the dome of heaven but war. And none so humble that he did not know how to conduct that war impending to the south: and none so reticent but that, on the slightest provocation, he would proceed to exposit just how that war should be conducted.

Of course, the passengers, having nothing to do, talked war all the time. It was difficult, speeding through the peaceful country, to realize that these well-tailored, well-mannered, courteous men—some of them even with spectacles—could be so easily divorced from their spectacles and clothes and become raw savages, as ferocious as their talk.

Up-to-Date Destruction

THE cool way in which they discussed battleships, submarines, aerial bombs, torpedoes, and all the rest of the wonderful up-to-date machine contrivances and devices for the abrupt and violent introduction of foreign substances into the bodies of their fellow mortals would have been peculiarly edifying to the contemplative mind of a philosopher. For, come to think of it, that is just what war is—the introduction of foreign substances into men's bodies with violent and disruptive intent.

The hunting animal so introduces claws and fangs. The savage so introduces arrowheads and spear points. We, in the clear white light of the full dawn of the twentieth century, so introduce pieces of iron which we propel enormous distances by virtue of our laboratory method of chemically mixing gunpowder. Also, we introduce pellets of lead, at high velocity, said pellets being cunningly jacketed with steel so that, while being still disruptive, they will not spread and be too disruptive.

So a concession must be made, after all, to the refining influence of civilization. Basically, the game is the same old red game of introducing the foreign substance. But to-day we at least introduce it according to certain set rules, agreements, and conventions. The intent, as of old, is to destroy the fellow creature who blocks our way of life or desire, but we do it with more technique and consideration.

Hearts in the Game

THE foregoing is not urged in the slightest spirit of sarcasm. What is, is beyond all peradventure. And the genus Homo is just precisely what he is—a highly intelligent animal with an amazing spiritual endowment that, on occasion, individually and collectively, functions in violent and destructive ways. War must be dreadfully human, else why did all those well-cultured, ethically trained men in the smoking room and observation car talk the way they did?

Far in the sands of western Texas our soldiers, who have been policing the border for the past two years, rode in to meet the train at every desert station in order to buy and eagerly read the newspapers for the latest war quotations. Where the heart is there the treasure is, and, to judge by the delight shown in their faces as they scanned the bull market in war stock, these soldier boys of ours certainly had their hearts in the game for which they were drilled and uniformed.

Yes, and it is a safe wager that in the heart of the last one of them, weary from long waiting, was the query "How long, O Lord, how long ere things break loose and we are started on our way?"

War and the rumors of war—there was no escaping: one breathed it, read it, heard it, dreamed it—yes, and ate it. For did not the primitive humor of the negro waiter in the dining car achieve the following sally: "Good morning, sah. Two nice scrambled Mexicans this morning, sah?"

We Are Still Warriors

SAID the Pullman conductor to me: "Lucky you're getting off at Houston. Big celebration to-day. Twelve thousand of our regulars are going to parade. San Jacinto Day, you know."

Verily it is so. We set aside holidays for the celebration of old wars and ancient battles. And we thrill, and get tickly sensations along the spine and moisten our eyes as we remember those old days and the deeds of our fathers. Not until we have evolved sufficiently to set aside days in honor of the inventions of industry and the discoveries of science will we cease going to war. In the meantime we are what we are, and it is most evident that we are still warriors.

But Houston was disappointed. The feet of war—or rather, the feet of twelve thousand of our young men—did not tramp along Houston's streets on San Jacinto Day. The feet of the young men were even then speeding south. The night before, Houston had seen them to bed in their wide-pitched camp. In the morning they were gone. Houston rubbed its eyes and stared at the great martial vacancy left on its landscape.

No finer meed of praise can be given to the evacuation of Houston, when the word came over the wire from Washington, than to state that it was equal to the celerity and dispatch of our American circuses in their palmiest days.

For Girls Will Weep

FROM Houston to Galveston, flying fast as electricity could drive, across the green flat land one caught the first far glimpse of long lines of moving, canvas-topped commissary wagons and marching columns.

In the electric car were three girls who looked as if they had been weeping. For ever girls will love a soldier and ever girls will weep when the war medicine is made and the young men go forth.

While many of the men marched, those of the Fifth Brigade, having been selected to lead the way to Mexico, were hurried to Galveston by train. One such train, a long one, we overtook and slowly passed. The windows were crowded with the bright, expectant faces. Just boys they were—a long, moving picture of live, laughing faces. Young fellows, that was all, just young fellows—all trim, fine-bodied huskies, smooth-shaven, boyish, bold, eager-eyed, efficient-looking, capable, adventurous, serving out their wanderlust of youth, as youth will do: for youth will be served, whether at Tampico or Vera Cruz, and youth is prone to like its service to be in foreign parts and oversea.

They were distinctively American faces, the great majority that laughed to us



Our soldiers, who have been policing the border for the past two years, rode in to meet the train at every desert station in order to read the newspapers for the latest war quotations

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from the troop train. The percentage of blonds was high, and numbers of them were astonishingly blond. The brunets sparkled amid the blond types—ranged all the way from fairest yellow hair and palest blue eyes down through the richer tones to dark gray eyes and deep brown hair.

And as we passed that line of bright faces, first one girl, and then another, and, finally, the third, recognized her lover and was recognized. Greetings and love calls flew back and forth, until we drew ahead, whereupon the three girls dissolved in fresh tears. But I'll wager, just the same, no lucky young dog in that lucky Fifth Brigade, vanguard of the advance across the Gulf of Mexico, could have been persuaded by all the lovelorn lassies in the United States to stay behind, even though staying behind could be accomplished with honor. How was it that Laurence Hope voiced the plaint of the woman against the soldier lover? ". . . Desiring in my very arms the fiercer rapture of the fight."

And war rolled south on revolving wheels while the feet of the young men dangled and rested. Yes, and the iron-shod feet of War rested likewise, for car after car was loaded with army wagons and army mules.

Galveston was buzzing. Boys were crying extras, and fresher extras. The Hotel Galvez buzzed. Spurred officers came and went.

"Plenty of war talk in the village, eh?" queried the elevator boy.

Said the barber with impressive solemnity to the bootblack: "They's goin' to be somethin' doin' inside twenty-four hours—you listen to me."

Every porch in the city was a-clatter. Youth everywhere strained at home ties and duty in its desire to stampede to the nearest recruiting office. Old mothers who had lost sons and husbands in the Civil War days wept reminiscently in their rocking-chairs. And while the youngsters were eager to volunteer, the oldsters were sitting back, saying:

"Let the youngsters go. When the pinch comes'll be time enough for us. Hell, ain't it, how a fellow gets patriotic when any other country gets guy with ourn?"

One soldier: "Well, what are they waitin' for? We're ready, ain't we?"

Other soldier: "Been ready two years an' over."

Not Holy War, but Adventure

AND both gaze yearningly out across the blue waters of the quiet Gulf and already see themselves upon it and steaming south for Tampico and Vera Cruz, or any other place so long as it is not this piping place of peace.

I remember the young men of Japan when they went out to war. Never did any generation of young men desire more madly to go out upon the red way. But they went almost hollily to encounter the White Giant of the North, and they little expected and less desired to return.

Now our young men taking the sea path south are going out differently. Primarily, it is adventure. As a matter of course they are patriotic, but they have no sense of any seriousness before them. They feel they face no giant enemy in the south. They tell over again the tale of the Alamo, and recite with glee how Sam Houston lambasted Santa Anna at San Jacinto. Why, what they won't do to the Mexicans is . . . and they discover that speech is a most frail and inadequate means of expression of young blood and rollicking spirit.

What Is Youth Without Danger?

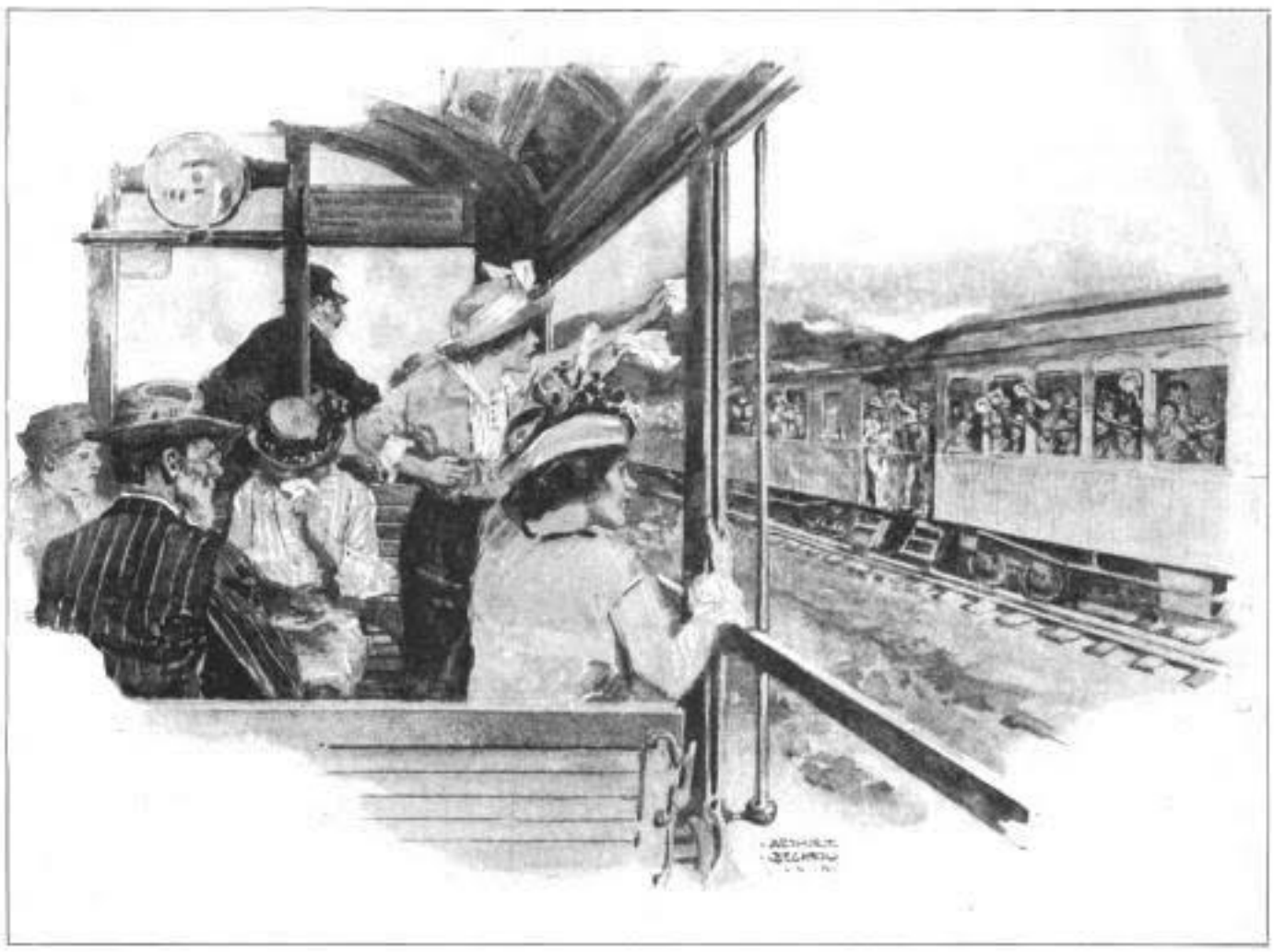
OF COURSE, if one were to pin them down to it—these bright-blooded boys of ours whose feet itch to tread wider spaces and far places—they would admit that a few, a very few, are going to get hurt. But their next thought, which is scarce a thought but rather a blood count of emotion, would be: Aw, what's the use of youth and where's its wages if risks are not to be run in the high tide and heyday of life?

What Texas Could Do

A SORT of picnic, that's what, a sort of picnic . . . somewhat different, of course, from a Sunday-school picnic, and on a colossal scale, but still a picnic.

"A short campaign at the outside," say the youngsters.

But the oldsters shake their heads: "Look at the Civil War—called for three-months' volunteers. You know how long that fracas lasted. You never can tell



As we passed that line of bright faces, first one girl, and then another, recognized her lover and was recognized. Greetings and love calls flew back and forth

what you're goin' to do once you take holt. You can't leave go in a hurry."

A youngster: "Why, we could promenade through Mexico from end to end with twenty thousand men."

An oldster: "Yep, and take five hundred thousand men to police Mexico behind you while you promenaded on your way."

A young Texan of the Seventh Infantry: "Huh! Not if they was Texans. Why, I want to tell you we've threw the fear of—well, of Texas—into them so they ain't never forgot us. Say, d'ye know, I've heard more than one Mexican swear they could lick the whole United States if Texas was cut out of the scrap, an' d'ye know, I guess that's just about right."

"You mean . . . ?" I dared to query.

His words still ringing in his ears, he saw the trap his quick speech had led him into, and he laughed, disclaimed, and said: "I guess what I mean was cut out the whole United States and Texas could lick Mexico."

"Sure thing!" applauded the group; and the youngsters had the decision.

The Looming Figure of Huerta

A MINUTE later they were agreeing with the oldsters in one detail of managing the war, namely, that simultaneously with the movement on Tampico and Vera Cruz, the National Guards and Rangers should cross over and take possession of every Mexican border town and water hole clear to the Pacific.

"The first line of defense is the enemy's territory," was the unanimous judgment.

Little they reck, these younglings of our nation, of what is before them. Their feet are a-tingle to be out on the old red way of man. Colts and calves play in the pastures. Our young men must also play, must romp, must be doing something, either sowing their wildness of youth at home, or, preferably, fighting abroad, vindicating themselves, and the fighting machine of an army which they compose—and, deeper, unreasoned, and unguessed, vindicating the institutions which have molded them and which are woven into the fibers of them.

But always, over it all, back of this glorious dance of youth, one visions the group of the old ones at Washington, the wise ones, the graybeards.

And, over it all and back of it all, most significant and sinister of all, looms the tragic figure of the man known among men as Huerta. And a well-known man is he. This day they are chattering his name from London clubs and the war offices of world powers to the bazaars of India and the deep-matted, twilight rooms of the temples and tea houses of Nippon.

The current theory of Huerta's conduct in embroiling Mexico with the United States gives one pause to contemplate as amazing a situation as is conceivable in a particular man's affairs. Huerta, according to the classic Mexican custom established of very old, old time, has securely salted down in Europe 10,000,000 of pesos as a nest egg—or so runs the rumor on which is builded the theory. Huerta, it is said, was born a peon without a penny or a hope for two pennies all at one time to his heritage. Huerta, in the course of his dictatorship, by the devious ways long established of Mexican rulers, has accumulated and cached in Europe 10,000,000 of pesos extracted from the toil of his brother peons.

Madero saved Villa's life when Huerta desired to execute Villa. Huerta, by custom established of old time, contrived to have Madero shot to death without witnesses, while Madero was in the act of attempting to escape in the darkness of night from a guard of Huerta's soldiers. This, by the way—this attempting to escape on foot by prisoners—is also a custom of old time invariably never practiced by Mexican captives of Mexicans. Yet statistics would tend to show conclusively that it is quite generally practiced. Only—well, sometimes statistics just must be doubted.

Could the Dictator Escape?

VILLA, still the theory runs, remembering the murder of his benefactor, red of beak and claw from many victories, is advancing south upon the failing Huerta with the sworn intent of avenging Madero's death. This means taking the life of Huerta. Perhaps not exactly that. There is the possibility that Villa will merely take Huerta prisoner and that Huerta, some dark night, in an automobile, without witnesses, may inadvertently emulate Madero's feat with the same unfortunate and unforeseen end that Madero met. The how of Huerta's passing, if he falls into Villa's hands, is immaterial. The fact that he will pass is ordained.

So grows the picture and the theory of the tragedy of Huerta. Huerta, sometime peon, rules in Mexico. His ten millions reside in Europe. Death, in the form and visage of Villa, draws closer to him day by day from the north. Problem: how then may Huerta escape Villa and win to his treasure oversea? It is an interesting problem. To Huerta it is mighty interesting.

Might he not, the objection is sure to be raised, have escaped to the coast and away to Europe before ever the American flag was affronted at Tampico? Certainly not. Before he could have covered the distance between the palace and the railroad station he would have had a mob at his heels. The likelihood of getting away alive from the station would have been remote; and, even if successful in riding out his train from his capital a living man, the likelihood of his reaching Vera Cruz still alive, much less of embarking alive from Vera Cruz, would have been too remote for consideration.

At Dice With Fate

SO HUERTA remained in Mexico City with his problem. And, granting the theory, we get the picture of that desperate man in his high capital: ten millions of treasure awaiting him across the salt sea, ruler and prisoner in his great palace, playing the big game of life with death in the toss, Villa, who will kill him,

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sure as fate, drawing nearer day by day from the north.

And Huerta plays the game. The gringo is civilized and a humanitarian within limits of technique. There is only one way for Huerta to escape. The gringo must come and get him. The gringo would never turn him over to the tender mercies of Villa. The gringo would see him safe out of the country and turn him loose to connect with his ten millions.

Very well. Isn't the gringo doing it? Hasn't the gringo already started to come and get him? Huerta was no idiot over the technique of formal saluting of a flag.

It is a pretty situation. Primitive, 'tis true, but splendid pictorially and dramatically.

Incidentally, it will be rather an expensive rescue of one man on the part of the United States. The price will run to hundreds of millions of money, while no one dare forecast how many of the lives of our young men will be paid—all for the saving of the miserable life of a man who is himself already really responsible for so many miserable deaths of other men.

But, correct or not, theory or fact, that mixed-blooded man is playing a big game of some sort there in his palace on the site of the ancient Aztec palace where Cortez long ago so magnificently played a freebooting game. Strange, also, is it to contemplate that in the veins of this mixed-blooded man run the strains of the blended races of Cortez and Montezuma.

Oh, well, not so long ago, and certainly a considerable time after Cortez and his captains were dead and dust, we, too, went a-freebooting, pilfered the owners of most of a continent of their land, and enunciated the working axiom that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Yet there is a difference. We are reformed, and have developed quite a different and indisputably a better technique.

The Order Comes

THE last days at Galveston saw war glower red and redder. Extras appeared with increasing rapidity on the streets; and street boys, made giddy by such sudden wealth, took advantage of the excitement to sell any old paper as the very latest extra. The buzzards—for so are war correspondents named—began to gather. It is interesting to note that, within ten hours previous to the receipt from Washington of the order for the Fifth Brigade to embark, correspondents who had been on the way from New York and Chicago descended upon Galveston in a flock.

Scarcely had they arrived when the order came. The whisper invaded the dining room of the Hotel Galvez, but the news was received without excitement. Here and there an officer rose from the table and went out quietly to begin a night of unsleeping activity. That was about all.

In the ballroom the Fourth Infantry band continued to play and those officers danced who were not lucky enough to belong to the Fifth Brigade. Also, in the writing room every desk was occupied for a few minutes by young lieutenants getting off letters to the girls who just couldn't help loving a soldier at a distance.

In the misty gray of early morning the columns of marching soldiers in their dull olive drab had the seeming of long, lean torpedo-boat destroyers. They were not individuals to the eye, but war projectiles. Upon coming closer they showed a goodly, sturdy lot of trim, well-set fellows, clean and fit, marching as veterans march.

Off for Vera Cruz

THE twenty thousand spectators that flooded the transport docks did not seem to be at all in the way. There was no confusion, no shouting of orders. So quiet and orderly did the embarking of three thousand men with all their necessary gear proceed that one almost wondered if any orders were being issued.

Army wagons, buckboards, motor cars, and reluctant mules streamed steadily on board. It seemed that near the whole city was pouring into four transports without crowding them.

One pathetic note was the soldiers' dogs. Now it must be understood that soldiers' dogs are different from other dogs. They always accumulate about the fixed camps where the men remain for months. They are very wise. They know unerringly an officer from a soldier. They know enough never to presume or to intrude on an officer. Where officers walk they never walk.

They recognize that an officer's tent and the vicinity of an officer's tent are taboo, and never are they guilty of drinking from an officer's water bucket. And they—soldiers' dogs of the Fifth Brigade—were bound for Mexico along with their masters. They crept demurely up the gangway in the thick of the lines of ascending soldiers, and when detected by a vigilant officer at the head of the gangway, they obeyed, as soldier's dogs should, and marched back down the gangway. And when so detected they betrayed no recognition of their masters, for no soldier can recognize his dog—so heinous a circumstance is attempted stowaway. Nor did they whine or complain or voice a bark. They disappeared, these soldiers' dogs, and further deponent sayeth not, save that these same dogs ran down the gangway at Vera Cruz.

It may be nice to be an army woman in time of peace, but in war it is not so nice. Have our army women learned the control that plays so large a part in their husbands' business? Everything was quiet with them: there were no scenes, no violent sobbings, no hysteria. There were heavy eyes and moist eyes, last words, and yet again last words after, and that was all.

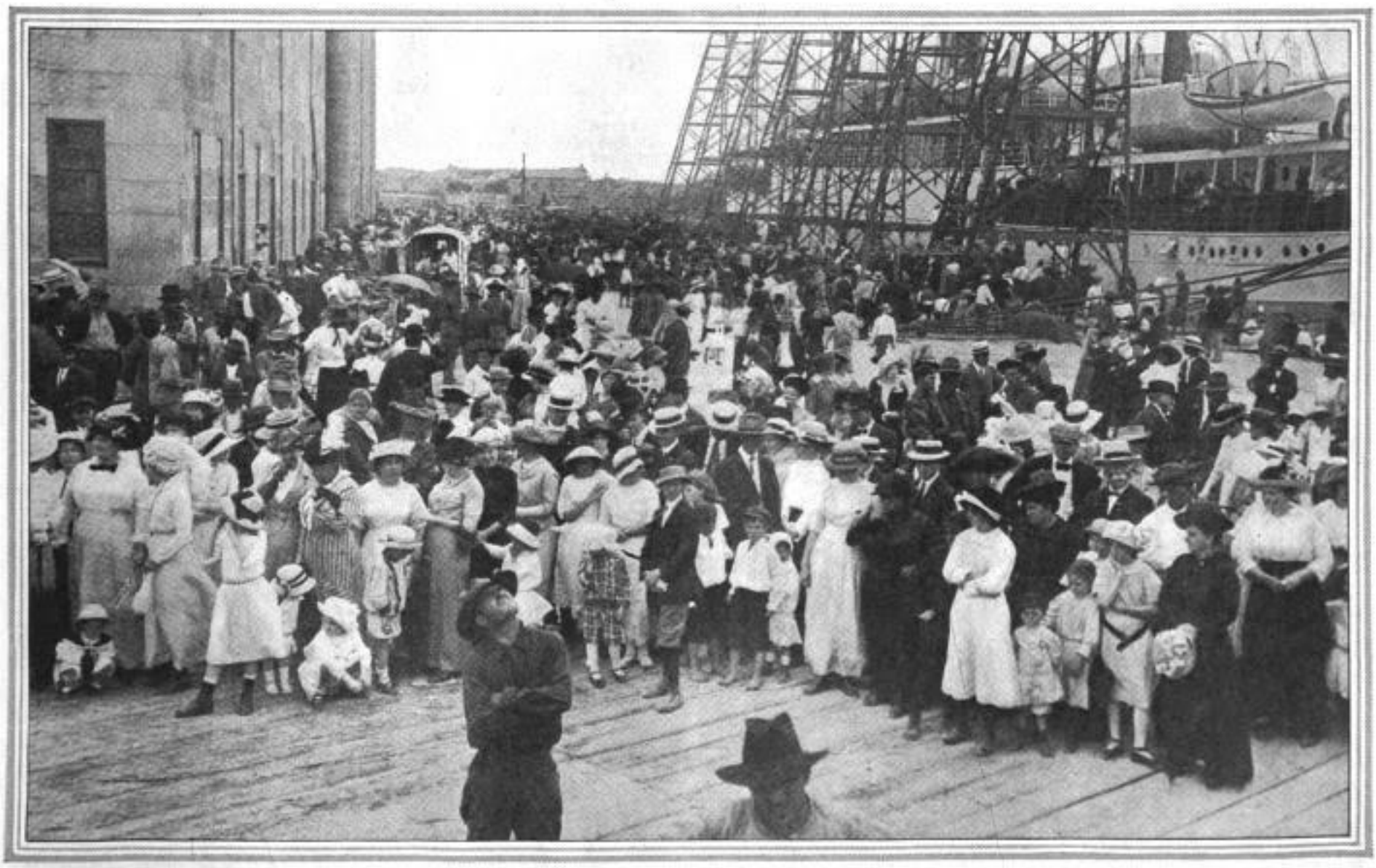
In short, in this act of saying farewell to their men folks the army women were splendid. Some I saw acceding to their husbands' wishes—saying a last good-by and departing before the whistles of the transports blew. One in particular I noted—a captain's wife. He led her down the gangway to the wharf and kissed her a long good-by, after which he returned on board. Then, her lips trembling, she turned and went straight down the dock to the shore. Not once did she turn her head and look back. A color sergeant, his wet-eyed wife beside him, held a very young baby in his arms. For a long time he gazed down on the tiny mite of life and said nothing. A young lieutenant hung about his mother, pressed the last lingering kiss on her lips, and, hand lingering in hand and loath to sever, he bowed his head in old-time gallantry and kissed her hand.

On the Face of the Waters

HIGH in the Gulf of Mexico, the lights of Galveston astern, the four transports, massed with lights from stem to stern, are being formed into a square, two abreast, under direction of destroyers that glide like a long row of shadows out of the gloom: that give orders through megaphones, and that glide away into the gloom, talking across the sea to one another in the medium of chimes of lights—red lights and white that flash and disappear in blinding lucidity on the short signal masts. Up above in the wireless room of the transport the words of the war men back at Galveston are being snatched out of the air.

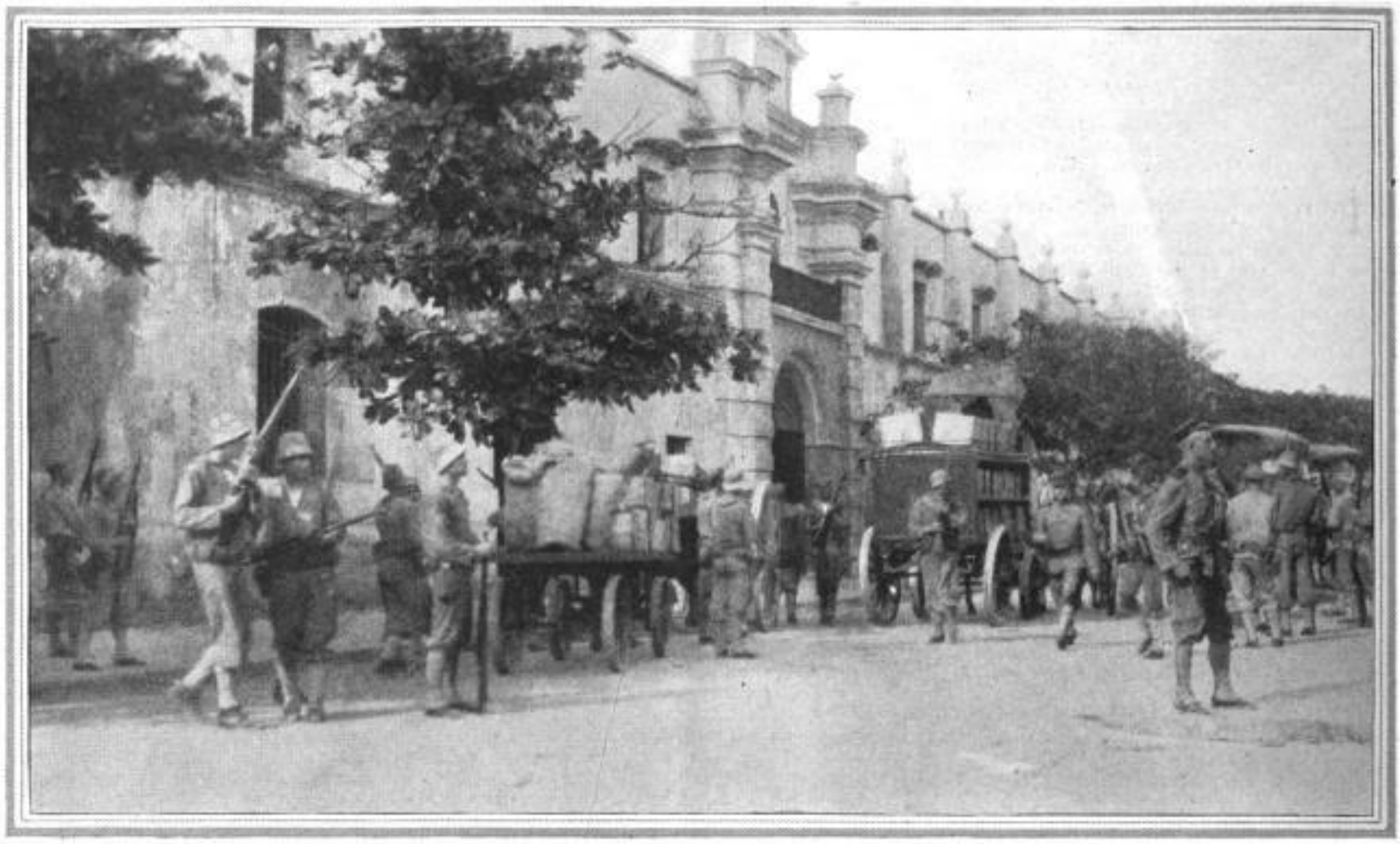
Day on the Gulf of Mexico! All is peace under an azure sky. The sapphire sea is scarcely rippled by the trade wind gently blowing, and across this placid sea steam the white transports—soldier-loaded—with an ominous destroyer convoying on either flank, while a third destroyer scouts ahead.

A blur of smoke rises on the horizon and we know that the battleship *Louisiana* has come up from Vera Cruz to meet us. We know while all that is visible of her is the blur of smoke, for her name and errand have long since been snatched out of the air by wizards' apprentices at work in the wireless room.



"The twenty thousand spectators that flood d the transport docks [at Galveston] did not seem to be at all in the way. There was no confusion, no shouting of orders. So quiet and orderly did the embarking of three thousand men with all their necessary gear proceed that one almost wondered if any orders were being issued. Army wagons, buckboards, motor cars, and reluctant mules streamed steadily on board. It seemed that near the whole city was pouring into four transports without crowding them"

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The "Rebuke with Flames of Fire" at Vera Cruz



Bluejackets landing. They did it as calmly and quickly as if they had been on drill at a navy yard back home

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

TECHNICALLY, the capture of Vera Cruz by our marines and bluejackets was a rebuke, not an act of war. It was, none the less, reprisal of the sort described in Isaiah—a "rebuke with flames of fire." The United States gave seventeen lives to administer it; the losses of the Mexican Federals were well above 200. What the fighting was like is described in graphic fashion by James H. Hare's snapshots reproduced upon this page. The destruction the firing caused and the police work of the victors are described in other Hare photographs on the two pages that follow.

It seems a good deal like war times again to receive a dozen rolls of films from Jimmy Hare and with them such characteristic notes as:

A little sniping going on from housetops answered by our rapid-fire guns. I heard the old "ping" of the bullets whistling around us. An order was given to keep to the sidewalk near the houses and not walk in the roadway. Just as I managed to get into a room in the hotel, first night, soldiers rushed up on the roof. Three Mexicans were killed there. . . . Quite a little sniping all night, answered by our rapid-fire guns and a ugly.

The snapshot above—a typical one—shows how our men in the streets repelled the attacks of Mexican "snipers."



Marching noncombatants to safety. The Americans used extraordinary care in handling peaceful citizens and refugees



Americans defending one of many housetops used as forts



One of our marines getting a machine gun ready for action

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JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer



Mexicans bringing one of their wounded into San Sebastian Hospital. It is estimated that nearly two hundred Mexicans were killed and that as many more were wounded

Some Grim Evidence of Yankee Marksmanship

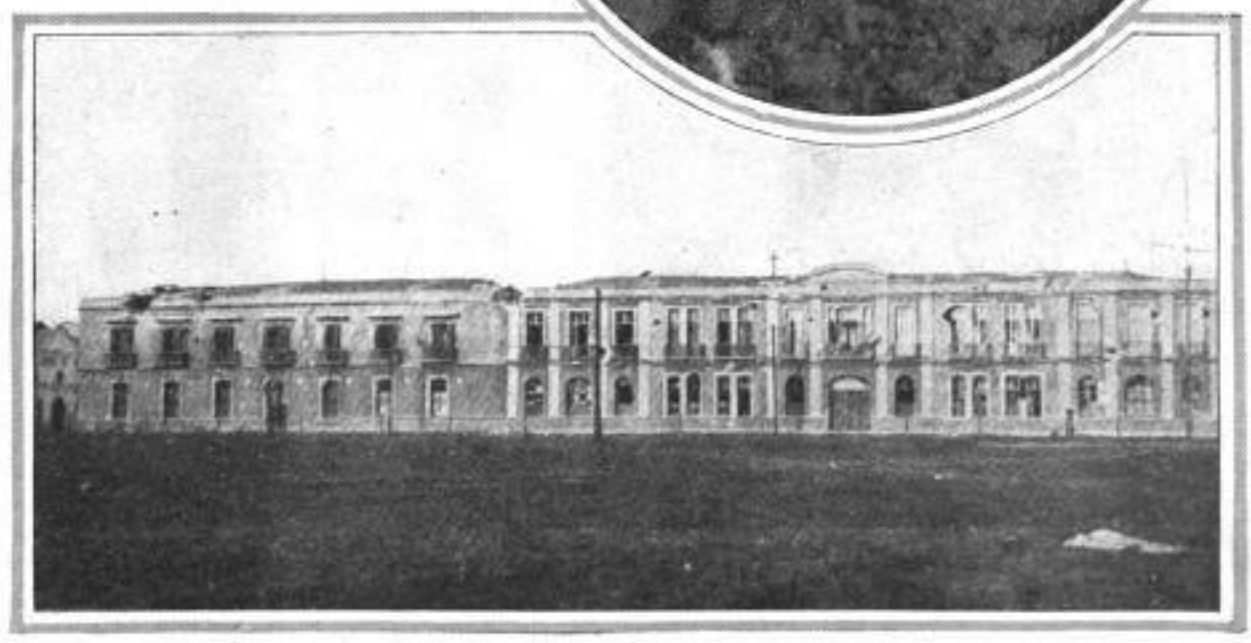
THE capture of Vera Cruz demanded of our sailors and marines a high degree of courage, for they were commanded not to shoot until fired upon. Bravery among our fighting men is a matter of course, however, so it was not courage that became the "feature" of the fight so much as the deadly precision with which the men on shore and the gunners on the ships struck their targets. Bluejackets silenced sharpshooters in the Benito Juarez tower with five 3-inch shells. The *Prairie* wrecked a market house with fifteen 3-inch shells and drove a squad of Mexicans out of the Custom House with a few shots. The *Prairie*, the *Chester*, and the *San Francisco* routed a large force of "snipers" in the Naval Academy. Every shell took effect. The *San Francisco* shot through the windows, taking them one by one.



The Benito Juarez tower, battered by five 3-inch shells. A piece of good marksmanship by bluejackets



A 3-inch gun did this to the naval school



The Naval Academy after it had been shelled by the Prairie, the Chester, and the San Francisco. The San Francisco shot through the windows one by one. Sixty-two Mexican snipers, many of them cadets, were found dead inside

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A squad of marines breaking into a building to search for sharpshooters and for concealed arms and ammunition



"Battle-axing." Hundreds of doors had to be knocked off their hinges to keep Mexicans from firing from behind them



Going through a citizen's clothes for pocket weapons. This process was applied to five hundred in three days

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE

How Riotous Vera Cruz Was Policed

THE task of restoring order in Vera Cruz, the story of which is told in Mr Hare's pictures on this page, was as big a job for the marines and bluejackets as the skirmish fighting. The quick departure of General Maas rendered discipline impossible among the natives, and saloons were looted and scores of Mexicans became so intoxicated that they were dangerous alike to both citizens and foreigners. The policing of the city was made still more difficult by the fact that the Americans were strangers in the city and could not understand the language. Our men arrested 500 persons for sharpshooting and confiscated 11,000 firearms.



The burning of an oil building. The Americans did some good detective work in an effort to find the incendiary



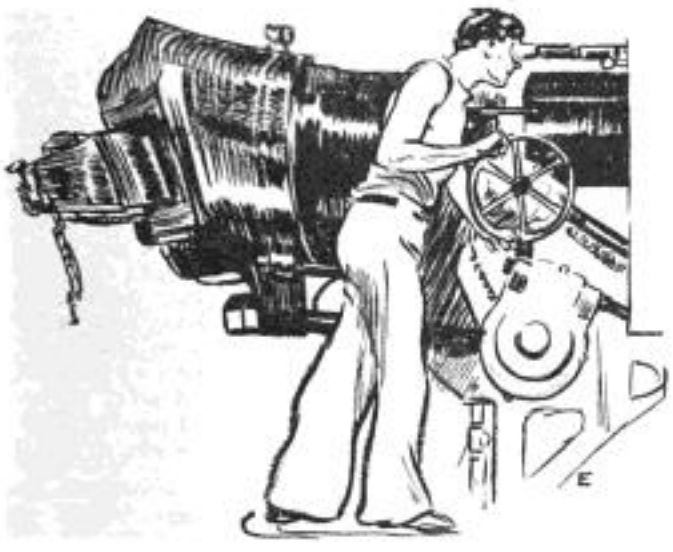
A court in the rear of the Hospicio Zamora (orphan asylum), which was made the headquarters of the marines from the battleship Arkansas who figured prominently in the suppression of the belligerents in the city

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The Young Draft to the Front

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT



THE call to war comes more suddenly now than in olden days. We were assembled in an office in the Navy Yard, waiting word of the ship which was to hurry one of us at least on to Mexican waters, when a tall, slim chap made his entrance.

"Does that gunboat going to Tampico stop off at Hampton Roads on the way down?" he asked, and dropped what we all recognized as a moving-picture machine in a leather-bound box as he asked it.

"She does not," answered the ranking naval authority present without pause.

"Then *good* night," said the newcomer, both hands in the air. "I was to be married a week from to-morrow, but now—good *night!*"

He stared through the window and out toward where the ocean lay. "They telegraphed me she would stop in at Hampton Roads, and my relief would come aboard there and pick me up. But I guess they were kiddin' me." He reshouldered the heavy, black box. "I guess I'll send a night message home." He walked toward the door.

"I think if I was to be married in a week I'd be married," said some one then.

The moving-picture man wasn't too far away to hear. "Maybe you would," he retorted—"but suppose they were countin' on you? And supposing if you didn't have a job you couldn't get married at all, next week or any other week; and your job was to go to Mexico, maybe too you'd go the same as me—'specially if you'd been told you mightn't have to go the whole route. When d'y' expect that ship in?"

"Well, we did expect her in the harbor at daybreak this morning and every hour since then, and it's now, you see, the middle of the afternoon and she's still outside in a thick o' fog, reporting progress from time to time by wireless."

"Then she won't be in right away?"

"She won't be in now before late to-night, then she'll have to stop there to take on a draft for the fleet at Vera Cruz."

Everyone to His Calling

SUCH being the case, the "movie" man and I exchanged a few reminiscences leisurely—moving-picture operators move around the world as suddenly and in about as many different directions as most people these days, and so the chat was not without human interest. And then we adjourned to a little hotel outside the reservation, where was a cannel-coal grate fire in the lobby burning briskly. At the hotel, those first through supper commandeered the wide-bottomed chairs and anchored themselves securely in front of the inspiring blaze, and from there gave out their views. They were for war and against it. Some thought it a queer thing to go to war about—not saluting the flag; but most of them were for it, and for hanging "Hurter" or "Viller," or whoever was most to blame down there, up by the thumbs and letting him know what was what.

Only one man seemed to have anything new on the subject. He laid hold of a breath of silence to say: "The only criticism I got to make o' the Mexicans is they ain't Christians. They can't be and cremate their soldiers killed in battle—right on the battle field, so I hear."

"And why not? In a hundred years we'll all be handled that way."

The free-spoken man raised a wistful protest to that. "Don't say that, brother. If you was in my business, you'd never say it."

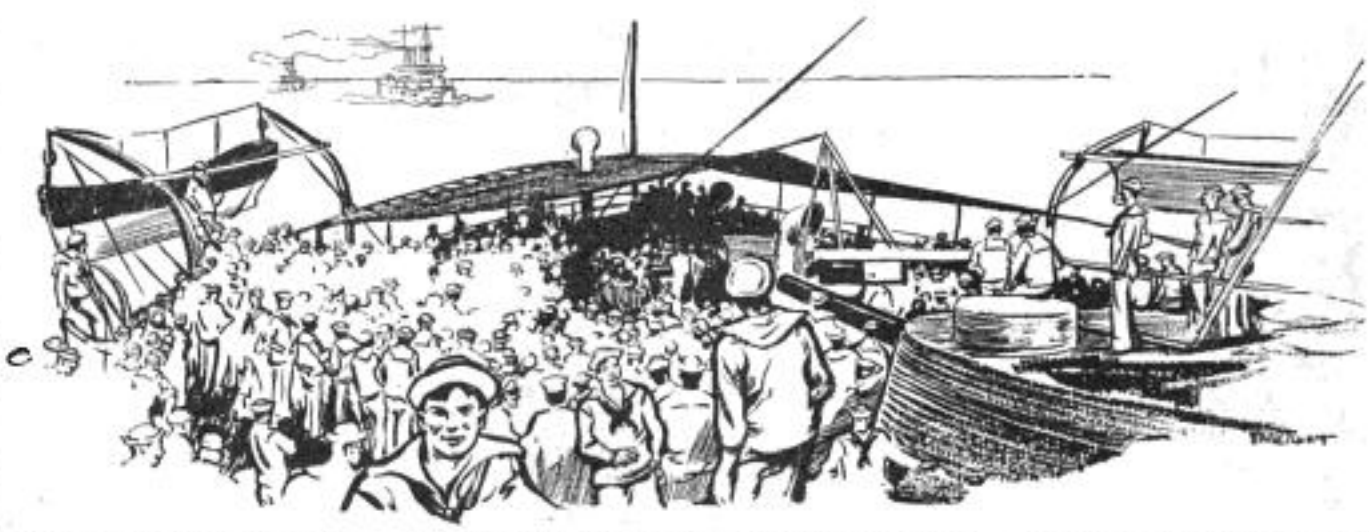
"And what's your business?"

"Undertaking." And he got up to pull from his vest pocket a packet of business cards.

The Reactionary

RIGHT here a tall, bony man with spectacles and a cane and a limp as he walked toward the door piped up: "That's it, not a derned man taking sides in this thing but what's got some pigs to market. One o' you don't like the color o' their skins, and another wants to sell 'em coffins. And's for *you*"—he aimed his cane at the movie man—"you're willin' to see 'em mowed down in rows so you c'n be gettin' your pictures o' the dead an' dyin'." Bang went the door behind him.

"Jee-gooks!" said the movie man, "and all I said was ten or twelve words of explanation of how the machine worked, an' naturally a word or two of hope for a little action after we got there. He must be a Republican and again' Wilson, ain't he?"



"He's all right"—it was the hotel clerk now speaking from behind the grill—"he lives over here on the hill in a house where his folks lived before him for a thousand years, I guess. He's against anything an' everything, right or wrong, that he thinks will make people too proud if they get it. He's all right. A few like him in the neighborhood don't hurt nobody."

Aboard

EVERYBODY concerned may or may not have pigs to sell, but the further business of a war reporter is to record what happened. The movie man and I went back to the navy yard and, it being now near midnight and one ship being in and at anchor outside, we were taken out to her in a stout, gray steam launch of which the grimy little crew, while good-natured, looked as if a few hours' sleep would not do them a bit of harm.

We climbed aboard our storm-tossed warship by way of a sea ladder—our baggage being hoisted up after us on the end of a rope—and presented our credentials to the officer of the deck, who wore an ensign's stripe and looked as if he had not shaved for three days nor slept for three nights, which he had not, as we learned later.

The ensign passed our credentials on to the captain, who had retired but was not yet asleep; and the captain must have passed the word to look after us, for in a few minutes an officer in a pair of dungaree trousers and a sea-going blouse with a lieutenant's stripes came along and dug out a couple of mess boys and roused up the doctor, and the doctor broke out a couple of hospital stewards from their snug bunks, and up came blankets and sheets from the sick bay, and out from a couple of staterooms in the wardroom country came a lot of sea-soaked furniture, and by and by in we went.

The Young Jackies

EVERYBODY was sleepy and weary and worn, but good-natured. They had had a hard time of it outside—a big gale of wind and a high sea running and a thick fog, and in the middle of it their whistle went out of commission; and with your whistle out of commission you have to be careful. They might have gone along hooked up, if it was on the wide ocean, with a busted whistle, but not in a heavily traveled highway—not unless you wanted to pick up some passenger steamer on your bowsprit, and nobody wanted to do that—they had nothing against any passengers.

Anything else? They want a drink aboard, outside of the medicine chest—if there was—

But nobody wanted a drink.

"No? Then good night."

"Good night," and two commissioned officers, two petty officers, first class, and two undistinguished men attendants (except for their color) turned gratefully in for the night.

We turned in also, but not for as many hours' slumber as we thought.

After what seemed a very brief interval we awoke to a commotion. Through the air port a cheerful sun was streaming—the first bright natural light for three days and nights; and the sky was of the color it should be, with only a few little white clouds racing before the west wind across it; and a further look disclosed that little jumping green sea which means fair weather inshore.

The commotion was proceeding from a tender alongside; from the tender a stream of bluejackets was upstreaming, with every bluejacket his hammock roll ashoulder; and every bluejacket agile and alert, with eyes aloft, and back of every pair of eyes, it was plain to see, lay the hope of high adventure to come.

And to a bosun's mate's shrill piping they lay aft on the port gangway, and the officer of the deck looked them over, and the captain looked them over, and the bosun's mate looked them over, and the bosun's mate most critically of all, and blew his high piping call and roared his husky commands again, and down the spar-deck gangway they trooped and stowed their long rolls in the hammock nettings under the ship's wide midship rail; and then they all stood by for the breakfast call, and when the call came down the hatchways they poured like wolves, and



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came up on deck more leisurely then to search sea and sky for what it had to offer them. Before them was Mexico, and who could say what else?

And then, to the bosun's piping, up came the anchor, and a flag fluttered above the ramparts of a fort ashore, and down from our stern jackstaff came our ensign, and then we turned on our heel and passed out to sea. She was a crowded little cruiser between decks, what with her own complement and the new draft, when she put out to sea. They were mostly young fellows, the new draft. They average young enough anyway, our navy lads, but they looked younger than the average, hardly out of their first six months' training stage at the naval station. Most of them had never before stood on the deck of a ship at sea. But no matter that, they would soon enough learn to stand their watch and train their gun, topside, or oil her engine bearings and pass coal, it might be, away down by the double bottoms.

School Keeps On

THEY enjoyed themselves. It was fine weather leaving and fine weather for nigh a week following, except for one night when she pitched a bit under a head sea, and one morning when she rolled with the sea rolling up under her quarter. She was a pretty fair roller when she got going, but only a few were discommoded; and it was soon over with; and, once you leave your seasick period behind you, life at sea certainly does take on a good color.

The little cruiser had been rushed away from the Boston yard before she could have a lot of needful things done to her. It is always that way in war time. In the judgment of her officers she looked like one of those tramp steamers four months out from some Asiatic port, and they got the new draft to work at cleaning her.

Of course the regular ship's crew took a turn at cleaning ship, too, but this was work that was an old story to them, whereas it would be a great chance for the new draft to learn; and the regular ship's crew set about enthusiastically to allow the new draft to learn. When a man-of-warsman's crew set about to clean ship they make a thorough job of it. There may be housewives ashore who think they know what a clean house is, but they only think so. They should view the inspiring action of forty lusty young fellows pushing holystones along the deck, and forty more driving squeegees behind them, and before and behind them another one hundred and fifty or so scattering sand or playing the hose or rushing big bushy mops. It was not a tableau of heroic war,



but when they were done she was a picture to view, with her brass work shining like a jeweler's window; and as for her white deck looking up at you under the afternoon sun—why, you felt as if you ought to put on kid gloves before you laid even your finger tips to her brass rails, and to get into a pair of felt slippers before setting your toes on her deck.

The new draft learned that, war or no war, all the old regulations were in force and some new ones. There was the school period, for instance. Who'd ever think that out to sea, on your way to war, you'd have to be going to school too? But they took it, as they took the rest of it, as part of the game—pinning their faith always to the hope of the surely more stirring better things to come.

Of course, what every hopeful one of them was looking forward to, wishing no harm to anybody, but hoping always for the best, was to be put ashore at some good little port in Mexico and he and his mates started on their march over the king's highroad to Mexico City, dragging their guns after them as bluejackets always did in all the wars they ever read about.

They are not quite sure just what it is that Huerta and Villa are having an argument about, and mostly they don't care; but they do know that they are both Mexicans, and why worry about the details so long as, by and by, they can have a swipe at them? They all look on Huerta, however, as the most hopeful possibility. Their only fear is that he won't hold out till they get there.

The Lights of Hatteras

A GROUP of them were talking it over on the second night out. It was after supper and before hammock call—that delightful hour when you can smoke in peace while the gorgeous sun is setting inshore. Only a few stars were as yet in sight, and what wind there was was suggestive of the warm tropics ahead of them. A couple over by the engine-room gratings were plunking out a few of the very latest tango tunes on a guitar and mandolin, and ahead of them the watch aloft had hailed the lights of Hatteras. Said the speaker of the group: "Wouldn't you like to been old Hurter's Prime Minister, or whoever he is that advises him, when President Wilson's ultimatterm come in? I would. And d'y' know what I'd 'a' said to him if I was standin' by? I'd 'a' slipped him another ball o' brandy and I'd 'a' said: 'Don't let them big loafers from the United States put anything over you, old top. Have another one with me'—they say he likes his grog, the old boy. And (*Concluded on page 29*)

"Soldiers and Sailors, Too"

By James F. J. Archibald and Berton Braley

If you want to join on as a U. S. marine
You've got to get used to the water,
You've got to be smart and you've got to be clean
And ready for drill or for slaughter.
They will give you the hook if you don't learn to cook,
And, out where the sharpshooters hover,
You've got to learn not to stand up and be shot,
But to wriggle around under cover.
In civilized places or tropical scenes
You mustn't be careless or nervous,
But tend to the work of the U. S. marines,
The Oldest Branch of the Service!

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

DOWN in the corner of an almost forgotten cemetery in the swamp lands of Georgia there is a grave marked with a stone telling the casual visitor that Captain Williams of the United States Marine Corps "died of eight grievous wounds." Captain Williams was leading a skirmish party against hostile Indians. That grave was dug almost a century ago, but the memory of his deeds still lives in the Marine Corps, and it is the memory of such deeds that makes it easier for the men at Vera Cruz to give the inevitable little hitch at their hat brims, duck their heads, and run forward into a rain of lead.

The Gallant Record

THEIR service is the least known to the great forgetting public, although their deeds have thrilled every generation. How many of you remember that the first battle of the American navy was fought and won entirely by the marines? Of their work in the battles under John Paul Jones, or of the story of the marines raising the American flag in Tripoli? How many of you remember that it was the Marine Corps that was first in the City of Mexico when we captured it before, and that a party of marines, officers and men, captured Chapultepec? Have you forgotten their fights in Japan in 1863, in Formosa, in Korea, in Egypt, and in China, or their work at Bull Run; or, coming down to these latter days, how much do you remember of the fight at Guantanamo, where that gallant little band held our skirmish line in Cuba against 6,000 Spaniards? And Bill Antony of the *Maine*—do you remember his report to Sigsbee?

They are a tight little squad, these "leathernecks"; there are a few lacking to make up an even 10,000, but they make up in loyalty and quiet efficiency what they lack in numbers and noise. Over 5,000 of that small band are already in Mexico, standing the brunt of the work, and more are on the way. There was a day, between wars, when all they had to do was to shoo the intruders away from the gangway or the admiral's door, but times 'board ship are different nowadays. To-day their duties are many and varied; on shipboard they are sailors and on land they are soldiers.

"We pushed him under the gate"



Just think of this: There are 4,300 of that squad who can hit a Mexican five times in twenty seconds at varying distances of from four to six city blocks. Besides this there are about 700 "expert riflemen" who would hit a running man at ten city blocks in the same fashion. One of the writers has seen their teams beat the best of Europe and Asia, and in actual warfare he has seen these same marines shooting as calmly and deliberately and with as little excitement as any Boer who ever pressed a trigger-finger.

"Some people have got the impression," said Sergeant Smith, United States Marine Corps, "that we're supernumeraries—kind of ornamental decorations around a ship. They ought to try our trick for a while. The recruiting officer calls us 'Soldiers of the Sea'—and that's moderately accurate. On board we act as police, we man the secondary batteries, we guard the ship in port, we help coal when it's necessary, and we do our share of the general work of the ship—everywhere except the fireroom. Here's what the book says about us:

"'The marines form the military branch of the navy, and serve both at sea and on land. They are trained very much as soldiers of the army. They are instructed and drilled in the duties of infantry, field artillery, and machine-gun companies, and in preparation for their

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he barrles from ships of the navy for
lit and ax defenders of naval advance
trained in the use of portable search-
telegraph. lights, the heliograph, and other
ailing. They are taught to erect, op-
main telegraph and telephone lines,
handle torpedoes, build and wreck
buds, knot and splice ropes, scale
intrenchments, build and keep sand-
fenerally maintain themselves in the
up are instructed in the various meth-
ods of landing and transporting heavy
ordnance, and of mounting and knocking down artillery!

"That's the general outlines of our job — with *nothing* to do till to-morrow.' First into a scrap and last out of it. Scouts and advance guard in time of war, police and clean-up corps in time of peace, making the Boxer behave, teaching the Spigotty to use disinfectant, and holding the Gu-gu still while he's vaccinated. It's a gay life!

"But it don't seem exactly right to me for the recruiting office to advertise this as an 'adventurous career,' because it ain't. Of course a marine knocks around a little, but about all he does is to skirmish a bit now and then. Take me, for instance. I've seen quite a lot of service and I've been around the world aplenty, but with the exception of a few engagements with Filipinos, some fighting down in Cuba, and a few pot shots in Panama during the revolution, I never was what you might call in battle, except during the Boxer uprising in China in 1900. That was real interesting. All the way from Tientsin to Peking the Chinks were popping at us and we were popping at them, and the shrapnel shells were going 'Chuh! Chuh! Chuh!' over our heads—shrapnel before it bursts sounds just like a freight engine puffing—and there were troops of every nation under the sun, almost, marching and deploying and yelling and fighting."



John Quick stood up in that rain of shells and rifle fire and with a red bandanna handkerchief signaled "Cease firing!"

Kelly at the Peking Gate

THE Sergeant chuckled reminiscently.

"I wonder if you ever heard how we got into the Forbidden City in Peking? Well, that was rather funny. Mine was D Company, Captain Long, and we were the first foreigners ever to enter that part of Peking. We didn't have any artillery to batter down the gate with, and we were puzzled how to make an entrance until 'Wreck' Kelly—we called him that because he was so thin—threw off his haversack and coat and tried to crawl under where the gate swung a few inches off the ground. He couldn't quite make it, so he yelled: 'Hey, come here and shove!' and we pushed him under the gate. He skinned his face and his arms and blame near tore the shirt off his back, but he got through, lifted the heavy bar off the gate, and in we come. We didn't think much about it at the time, but later on Kelly said: 'Gee, boys, suppose there'd been a Chink on the other side of that gate!'"

But the marines are always taking chances like that. They fight behind cover when possible; they conduct themselves cautiously and intelligently in battle, running no undue risks—ordinarily. But now and then they display the mad, reckless sort of bravery which is just short of folly and which sometimes makes the impossible come true. At Guantanamo, in the Spanish War, for example, that famous troop of marines which formed the landing party would have been wiped out except that the Spaniards, outnumbering them two or three to one, waited for them to land their supplies, planning on capturing both supplies and marines. But when the supplies were landed and they made their attack, they found a fully entrenched camp—from which came a deadly fire of Lee-Metfords. It was also at Guantanamo that the *Dolphin*, during an engagement, mistaking a company of marines for Spaniards, began shelling them. Whereupon John Quick, a noncommissioned officer, stood up in that rain of shells and of Spanish rifle fire and signaled 'Cease firing' to the *Dolphin* with a red bandanna handkerchief. His clothes were almost shot off him, but he escaped injury.

Although the Marine Corps is a part of the navy and therefore under the direct orders of the Secretary of the Navy, they can be and frequently have been used by the War Department. They are also a great stand-by of the State Department, for it does not constitute an act of war to land an armed body of marines to guard a consulate, legation, or embassy.

It is doubtful if there is a more versatile body in any service of any country. Not long ago, while one of the writers was watching the drill of a battalion of marines with Colonel C. H. Lauchheimer, who is now the Adjutant and Inspector of the Corps, he offered to lay a wager that the onlooker could not name a task in mechanics, literature, art, music, business, or sport that could not be performed by one of the men in line, and it wasn't a very long line either. That was apparently a very sporty wager, but it wasn't taken. The said onlooker had seen those same men in the field before, running railroads, telegraph lines, steamships, and typewriters. He has seen them playing baseball in Shanghai and Tokyo, and he has seen them mushing dog sleds in Alaska. It's a sort of tradition in the Marine Corps to be able to master any situation that arises.

The technical term for the work expected of the Marine Corps is "advance base work," and in plain words that simply means that wherever there is to be a fight they must get ashore someway and stay there somehow against all odds until the machinery of the Government has unwound enough red tape and bought enough gunpowder and rented enough ships to allow a main body of troops to reenforce them.

In Each Row at the Start of It

TO TRAIN the marines for this form of work they have maintained a training station at League Island, Philadelphia, for about seven years for practice in the skirmish work of the nation. At League Island, in addition to the usual routine duty of these sea soldiers, which includes infantry and artillery drill, they have been thoroughly drilled in the actual loading and unloading of transports. They have loaded the transports *Dixie* and *Prairie* so often that they have almost worn out the hardtack and ammunition boxes. But they have mastered the art (for it is an art) of placing a six months' supply for a thousand men in the right place in the shortest space of time. Events of the past few weeks have shown that they were drilled like expectant fire horses, and when the alarm was sounded they were in harness and in the lead as usual. During the last seven winters the same training has been carried on at Guantanamo, that beautiful harbor wrested from the Spaniards in time of war and christened into our national family with a baptismal blood of these same marines.

Only twenty-four hours' notice from the Secretary of the Navy is needed to put a fully equipped regiment on board a transport with all the "advance base supplies" for a thousand men for six months. That means that when the marines have landed the army must come along and get all of the glory within six months or else the marines will have to go on and take their supplies from the enemy. When they land they take with them, just as they did at Vera Cruz, sufficient wireless apparatus to keep them in communication with the ships, and sufficient artillery, including three-inch and five-inch guns, for a semipermanent fortification. They take ashore and operate searchlights and electrical apparatus. In fact, they must form a self-supporting fortress to repel all comers from either land or sea until the arrival of the main force.

For once you are truly a U. S. marine
You get in each row at the start of it,
And then, while the bullets are grazing your bean
You land in the thick and the heart of it.
From the pine to the palm you're a preacher of calm,
The brawlers turn pale when you sight 'em,
And if they don't cease when you say to them "Peace!"
You simply jump in and you fight 'em.
Yes, when you can't check 'em by peaceable means,
And while they're still ugly and nervous,
You teach 'em the might of the U. S. marines,
The Oldest Branch of the Service!

"'Oldest branch of the service' is right," Sergeant Smith observed. "The marines were organized in 1798 and they've been fighting more or less steady ever since. I've forgotten how many wars and battles they've been in, to say nothing of riots and brawls in various parts of the world, where they've had to mix in to bring about law and order. As the song has it—

"'They've fought with Tripolitan pirates,
They've hauled the English a few,
They bowed the proud necks of the Spanish and Mex,
And they've walloped the Chinaman, too.
They've reasoned with Zulu and Malay,
They've fought in our own Civil War,
And they've had a few scraps with the brown little Japs,
And with Gu-gus way out in Samar.'

"It must have been a grand thing to be with the marines in the early days. Plenty of action then—now it's pretty dull."



The Sergeant sighed for the glory of the past and the quietude of the present. Then he puffed slowly on his pipe and drifted into a story of the march of the marines under Waller through Samar, to the relief of a beleaguered and famished garrison, so weak from starvation that they couldn't brush the leeches from their limbs; a story of guerilla fighting in a tropic jungle, where men had fairly to cut their way, where the days were full of battle and the nights were full of insects.

"The 'Gu-gus,' that's what we called the insurrectos, used to plant lantakas — bamboo cannon wound with rope —along the trail, and while they weren't highly civilized artillery," the Sergeant said, "they were inconvenient things to go off at you, being full of lead and slugs and glass and stuff like that. If they went off at all, they were sure to bust something, even if it was only themselves."

The insurrectos were ready to roll huge rocks down the bluff

The Lost Are Found

HE TOLD how, during this march, the troop came upon a seemingly impregnable fortress on the bank of a swift river. The insurrectos were at the top of a two-hundred-foot bluff, and they had huge rocks ready to roll down upon the invaders if they tried to storm the fort or to go past the fort via the river.

"We intended to get past," the Sergeant remarked, "but we were squatted

(Concluded on page 30)



"They've fought with Tripolitan pirates"

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The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

Part I—Win Shute's Disappearance



By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

DOWNSTAIRS, in the visitors' room of the University Hospital, smelling iodoform, Tris Ford, manager of the Giant-killers, waited uneasily. Upstairs, reposeful as befitted the true scientist, the resident bacteriologist squinted through his microscope. Before this revealing instrument, on a hanging drop slide, was a liquid globule of bouillon taken from a culture of typhoid bacilli.

Keenly the disease detective observed the care-free bacteria in their native sports. Some of the wrigglers indulged in a continuous round of somersaults. Others tore through space and looped the loop as though riding invisible monoplanes. Those more socially inclined tangoed in pairs. But not one bacillus was static. All were in turmoil. The culture was "good."

With almost cruel cunning the bacillian expert precipitated a tiny quantity of blood solution into a minute amount of the culture, and deftly transferred the combination drop to a fresh slide.

The base of the solution used was the blood of Bill Dart, pitching mainstay of the Giant-killers.

CURIOUSLY the resident bacteriologist awaited results. In five minutes there was to be noted a gradual quiescence in the movements of the wrigglers. They ceased their mad pranks and settled down as if overtaken with languor. One by one the bacilli became absolutely static, curling up in groups and going to sleep in a conglomerate mass, like so many young pups. In a quarter of an hour there was not a sign of life. The bacteriologist had brought his experiment to a successful conclusion.

An interne came to Tris Ford and reported. The manager of the Giant-killers got a dose of heavy language, in which emphasis was laid on "Widal reaction" and "positive." There was something assertively final about the surprisingly intelligible medical term "positive."

"You mean he's got it?" asked Ford.

The interne majestically inclined his head. "There is not a shadow of a doubt. A positive reaction—typhoid."

"A light or a mild case? — suppose you can't tell."

"Not with certainty, of course. But the bacteriologist informed me that the behavior of the bacilli after the mixture of the blood solution and the culture would indicate a pronounced type of typhoid. Probably a severe case."

"Poor Bill," said Tris, half to himself. Then in a tone of authority he addressed the interne: "Everything is to be done to make Mr. Dart comfortable and to get him well. Don't try to save a nickel. Our club will stand it. I'll call again soon. Good day."

Walking to the trolley, Tris Ford came to three important conclusions:

First—To count Bill Dart out for the entire season (not a fortnight old) and recast his campaign without taking his most valued pitcher into account.

Second—To write to the Surgeon General, United States Army, and learn all about the inoculation of officers and enlisted men as a preventive of typhoid fever.

Third—To go in search of Barney Larkin, who was touted as the greatest left-hander outside the breastworks of organized baseball.

Like the manager in the war game, Tris Ford believed in preparedness. He was almost invariably forearmed. But he wasn't prepared for the trick played him by a criminally negligent Southern city which harbored a water supply devoted to the propagation of typhoid bacilli. Otherwise he wouldn't have thought for one moment of hitching up with two yards and fifteen stone of human trouble, even though said trouble did boast a phenomenal fast ball and beautiful control—"control" not of the man, but of the ball.

NOT one of the other fifteen major-league managers would have undertaken the job of handling Barney Larkin. Two had tried. It was Parke of Pittsburgh who discovered Larkin. For fully twenty-four hours after Larkin pitched his first big league game, shutting out Cincinnati, Parke boasted of his find. Then abruptly he ceased to boast; and after two weeks, replete with excitement for the Pirates, the eccentric performer was given his unconditional release. When the parting was over, Parke made this statement:

"I've seen some grand port siders and some bad actors' in my day, but Barney Larkin's got 'em all beat. Curving a ball and crooking his elbow seem to be born in him. Reminds me of a famous Irishman who boasted he could fight a duel and drink a bowl of punch between thrusts. And the more he drank the harder he fought. So with Barney. He can pitch shut-out ball between drinks. The more hard liquor he puts away the faster his ball and the better his control. I'm not joking—drinking actually improved his pitching. But it didn't have the same effect on other players with our club—there was the devil to pay. No more Barneys for me."

Undismayed by the judgment of Parke, the manager of the Cincinnatis grabbed Larkin, bragging: "Observe me—I can handle any player who isn't actually bughouse."

Baldoon observed. It wasn't altogether what Barney Larkin did, although that was "a-plenty." It was what he did to the Cincinnati team. When they next appeared in the East, one of the sporting writers said that nothing so disorganized had come out of Ohio since Coxey's army. Gladly the "load of wild oats," as Barney had come to be called, was given his unconditional release.

He was now officially designated a "free agent." But where had his freedom taken him?

THERE was a sure way to trace Barney Larkin. He loved the spot light; no near-statesman or Thespian of the chorus sought the bright white light more persistently. Barney was either in the newspapers or seeking to break into print. Most generally he found the scribes in a receptive frame of mind. Barney Larkin was to the sporting writers what Harry Thaw was to the sob artists—good for a column any dull day. And the story, nine times out of nine, got on to the wire and traveled over the country.

Tris Ford sent out an "S. O. S." to Barney Larkin, the sporting editor of the "North Star" acting as transmitter. The scribe wrote a story about Barney, rehearsing his exploits with horsehide and highball, and winding up with the query:

"Has anyone seen Barney? Is he far from the madding crowds of fans, bumping along on the water wagon, or is he mixing up drinks and pitching with his old-time abandon and ne'er-failing skill? We repeat—has anyone seen Barney Larkin?"

Back came the answer: "Barney is in our midst." It came from Punxsutawney, State of Pennsylvania.

The rest was merely the correspondence of diplomacy, at which *Tris*tram Carling*ford* was a lineal descendant of Charles Maurice Talleyrand. The culmination was a telegram from Larkin, sent collect, reading:

"Come on and get me."

The manager of the Giant-killers took the first train for Punxsutawney, which is a borough most inconveniently located northeast of the Smoky City. He took with him a corpulent roll of yellow bills. Tris Ford knew that he must buy Larkin's release—not from the outlaw club, but from the tradesmen of Punxsutawney.
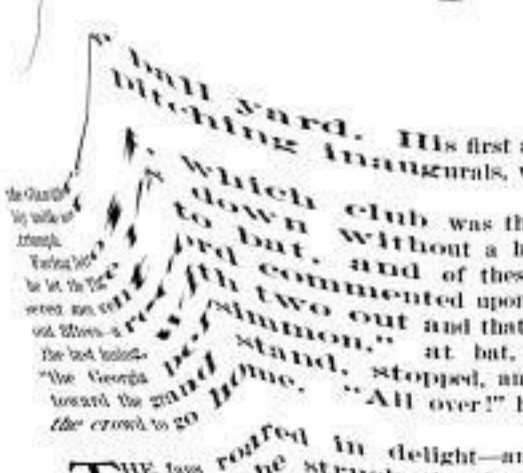


On the dot a triumphant procession moved ceremoniously into the presence of the chief of the Giant-killers. Tris Ford laughed. He couldn't help it

UP Center Street and down the shady side, Ford and Barney tramped, making more calls than the letter carrier. There were the clothier, the shoe-store man, the haberdasher, the laundry, the barber, every bar in town, and both hotels to pay, and the express company. Barney owed the express company for transportation charges on a bulldog shipped in by it. The one thing that saved the enterprise from complete insolvency was the departure of the daily train for Pittsburgh at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Tris Ford did not leave Punxsutawney altogether in a cheerful attitude of mind, notwithstanding he had captured his quarry, for the directors of the outlaw club came to the train in a body and thanked the big league manager because he was taking Barney out of town. Even to the man of iron nerve this was disquieting.

In the manner told was Barney Larkin brought to

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ball yard. His first appearance, nota-
pitching inaugurals, was an unalloyed
which club was then going strong,
down without a hit. But twenty-
but, and of these Barney struck
commented upon to this day. In
with two out and that demon batsman,
Salmon," at bat, Barney walked
stand, stopped, and then motioned
grand home. "All over!" he insisted.
the crowd to go

THE fans roared in delight—and roared louder still when he struck the champion batter out. From that moment Barney Larkin was the idol of the fans. There were times, many times, when he caused Bill Dart, who was fighting disease and death in the hospital, to be forgotten by the heartless rooter. The eccentric left-hander was keeping the Giant-killers in the hunt for the pennant.

Also, he was keeping Tris Ford awake nights. No such prize problem in manhandling had been put up to Ford in the twenty years of his management. Unerringly Tris had sized up Barney Larkin. The manager knew that whenever Barney was pitching airtight ball—mowing 'em down—it was necessary to keep an eye on him about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four: "going good," he was most inclined to give rein to his bad habits. But when he was in a slump he was not difficult to handle. This was infrequent, for he was continually leading the other pitchers in the number of games pitched and in games won.

Early in his association with Barney Larkin, the manager of the Giant-killers decided, first of all, that he must let the unruly pitcher believe he was fooling his boss. Every excuse must be accepted as the ungilded truth; otherwise Barney would have to be disciplined, and that would mean in a short time his release. Usually Tris Ford was "wise." But there was that episode in St. Louis, which illuminates Barney's character, wherein Tris was fooled completely.

It was on the Giant-killers' second trip West. Barney was given an afternoon off. He went at once to a saloon near the ball park and started in by negotiating a loan of five dollars from the proprietor. After the money had gone into drink for himself and his hobo admirers, he struck the proprietor for five dollars more.

The saloon keeper hesitated. As security for the loan Barney offered to "hang up" the gold watch fob which admiring fans had presented to him in appreciation of his mighty pitching. Giving it to the proprietor, Barney made this proposition:

"You let me have the five, which will make ten I owe you and I'll make Tris believe I've lost my fob. Then he'll advertise for it and offer a reward of ten dollars."

BARNEY got the second five and without delay it passed over the bar to the proprietor in exchange for more liquor. Then the wild performer wandered back to the grounds. Tris Ford heard that he was outside, and, as he thought he needed a rescue pitcher to save the game, he sent for Barney. Barney came without protest and entered the clubhouse to dress. But the tide of battle (*Continued on page 32*)

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter VI—The Oscar Willings

By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OSCAR WILLING'S ignorance of money seemed to be the basis of his claim to the artistic temperament, which temperament he set before my aunt as something superior, more delicate and refined, more desirable than any other known temperament—and he made her believe it. She was certainly fond of him, even though she did not love him deeply—that side of her nature had largely withered in the fierce heat of dollar getting. But she was proud of him and revered his taste and judgment—proud of his appearance, proud of his family.

For my part, all I could see in the artistic temperament was a willingness to live off his wife, drain her purse to the limit, and be himself in return. "I must be myself"—he could utter that excuse in a way to administer a rebuke to his accuser. I never saw anything leave madame so at a loss for answer as those few words.

DID he love her? No—at least not in the beginning; later, when he'd won a certain feminine mastery through learning her weaknesses and playing upon them, and as the mother of his two children, he came to something that passed for love between them. He adored the children and they him. Poor touds!—they needed a mother sadly enough—their own had presented each at birth with a trained nurse of estimable character and credentials and had then gone about her legitimate business, so why grudge it to them that their father was—a lady! No—but he liked her, found her good company, and admired her robust ability. She'd glamoured him as she'd glamoured the women with the stimulating atmosphere of a world mysterious to his world—and the vitality of great undertakings successfully put through—a world plaudditing its heroines with hundreds of thousands of dollar bills; but in that two years of ill-explained lingering at the threshold, could he have found another woman his age with fifty thousand a year—or even twenty-five—would he have married Maggie McNulty? As Mme. Del Mar that rose smelled but little sweeter to his snobbish nose. One of the first things he did shortly after they were married was to squander fifteen hundred dollars on a ring and come running to her office to get the money. I was there, discussing a plan for increasing our output, when he came bursting in on us, only to have her scold him soundly for not asking her permission and then telling him she couldn't afford it.

"But, Margaret darling, this ring is so very, very beautiful—it gives me such *joy* in my heart! And you know I thought you'd love to buy it for me! But if you feel that way I'll take it back and explain. And yet—why not let me save somewhere else? That would do it!" and he kissed her—right before my modest, maiden eyes.

SHE paid the fifteen hundred. What he saved on later was never revealed to me, probably because he never saved.

He'd scarcely noticed me during the interview, but turned to me with his mocking smile as he was going out: "Still keeping secrets? Beware, fair lady, lest I become jealous of thy power with my wife!"

"I'd take it as a compliment."

"Are compliments so rare in my wife's establishment as that? I *thought* you manufactured them for the trade."

"We do—it's why *they're* as rare to us as fresh eggs to the farmer's wife: all sold to the city folks soon as the hens lay them. She's thankful if she can get enough—salt pork."



He gave a furtive look about the place as far as he could see it and then whispered: "Well, Miss Lucy—we're on the rocks"

HE GAVE me a quick glance through narrowed lids to see if I were slurring him with the comparison, bowed and went off. His wife followed him to the door and he kissed her effusively, but when she'd closed it on him she stood for some time looking out of the window, her face away from me. She sighed as she turned back: "He doesn't mean anything by the way he does, but isn't it hard to make a man understand his place with regard to his wife's end of the business without hurting his feelings so he turns into a bundle of moods! . . . Yes, we'll have to increase the Zulu output from now on—the business ain't bringing in all I want it to. A mechanical stirrer's gotta come sooner or later—turn out three hundred pounds in one lot—"

"Well, but we've been all over that—you can't get the results—it won't cream the same, and that's all there is to it."

"The Blank Drug Company uses one for all their creams—"

"Which don't compare with ours!"

"But the fool women don't know the difference! . . . Well, look into it, Lucy. You'd ought to be glad—it'll save you three-quarters of your time for something else. But suit yourself. We gotta have an extra ten gross a week from now on—produce it any way you please—I'll sell it.

Her face wore a vague expression as she spoke the last, and I knew that her mind had reverted to her husband. I saw that she, too, would learn what it meant to feel brittle inside—to dread lest some substance of the spirit be shattered with a blow. For the first and only time in my life I pitied her.

A NEW chapter of the matrimonial breaking-in process followed immediately on the heels of the ring incident. Oscar Willing came tripping merrily into the office next morning to see the whole establishment—which he'd not yet done—and his wife, too much taken by surprise to put him off, showed him over—a thing, I believe, she'd had no intention of doing. She had even then discovered that Oscar was one of the men who cut their coats according to their cloth, and she didn't mean to let him see how much cloth there was to cut: she was doing some coat cutting on her own account and preparing to do more for the coming dynasty of Willings.

She thus had no chance to warn me, and my first intimation of his presence was her voice, rather louder than usual, outside my door: "But I haven't my key with me"; and his: "Well, knock. Lucy may be in there."

I held my breath and never moved a finger. It seemed as if I heard her mind say to my mind: "Lucy, don't open this door." Aloud she replied: "I know she's out buying—this is her day."

He knocked—a sharp, heavy-fisted blow.

Poised in my hand was a graduated flask of beet juice. I jumped at the sound of his blow on the door and dropped my juice with a crash and a smash and a splash all over everything.

"She is there!" he gloated, and knocked again. I'd given myself away, and at the same time I knew she was now at a loss how to keep him out without seeming to, but as there was no use trying to conceal my presence, I opened the door on a crack and looked through. "May we peep in?" he asked in his soft, ingratiating way. My aunt's face, a little behind him, was one large "No."

"Well, not to-day," said I sweetly. "Even the boss of the works wouldn't be allowed to enter and see what I've just done."

"Is it so dreadful?"

"Unspeakably awful—a crime against commerce."

"How exciting! So you commit crimes in your den! Now you really must let us in."

"Never!" I retorted.

HE APPEALED from me to my aunt with a look that asked: "Will you let this chit flout me—and you the owner and I your husband?" And I shall never forget the picture they made standing there—he dressed in a new suit of rough brown cloth; very becoming, too, with a black brocade Ascot, held together by a splendid pearl and diamond pin she'd given him; she—much shorter than he—in purple silk with an Irish lace coat over it; his face a mixture of childish curiosity, pique, and determination to get

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what he wanted then and there, or howl for it till he did and make a fuss his mamma'd not forget in a hurry; hers a mixture of pride in the possession of so elegant a being and determination that he'd never see inside that room, no matter what she had to do to keep him out.

"Don't bother the girl now," she urged, putting her hand in his. I saw her rings flash as she did it—thousands of dollars' worth.



"But, Margaret darling, this ring is so very, very beautiful—it gives me such joy in my heart!"

"But, my darling, I want to see in—she's roused my curiosity. Have I no rights?"

My aunt shot me one look. "Don't bother her now—she's met with an accident; she doesn't want us to see." Her tone was peremptory.

"Oh, I'll protect her from my wife's fury—she needn't fear when I am by. And I want to see in."

She shot me another look that said: "Close that door, quick!" and at the same moment he put out his hand and pushed it. On my side I pushed back and pushed harder. The lock clicked. I heard her say: "Come away, Oscar, and don't bother her. She has absolute right in this room—even I don't dare to come in without her permission."

IT WAS the last time he ever went through the establishment, and I knew it would be. She might be his wife, but she'd been a business woman more than ten years before she was a wife, and when it came to an actual show-down of wills, a man like Oscar Willing had no chance against her. She came back an hour later, partly through curiosity to know what had happened, but mainly to make it clear to me then and there that I was never in future to admit my Uncle Oscar. She'd supposed that my barring him out had been due, not to my discretion, but to my accident of the moment previous.

"Well, you acted with more gumption than I gave you credit for," she patronized when I explained. "But he probably won't bother you again; I gotta make him understand sooner or later—and it might as well be soon as late—that I can't have any man messing round in the business; I don't care who he is, husband or brother—it ain't what I married him for. I can't take my time telling him the whys and wherefores of all we do here—and don't do; he'd never understand it in the world if I did—and there's no sense in giving a man the chance to pass remarks on a woman for what he don't understand."

THE incident set my mind at rest on one score—my aunt would never tell him our trade secrets. A man might tell his wife under similar circumstances, but a woman wouldn't be a woman who'd do it.

This idea that a woman can't keep a secret is simply a fiction worked up by men to cover their own Babbling Bessism. A secret to a woman is first a possession, then an obsession, finally part of her anatomy: if she parted with it she'd never feel the same again. Secretiveness is a female instinct.

What a combination of characters and personalities we were! Yet I will say this for Miss Cryder—if she'd had a sheltered life, a little love, a little easy money to spread out with—she'd have been a lady; but Beekman—nothing in the heavens or the earth or the waters under the earth could have made her anything but a lady's maid. And as a lady's maid—Zuluized—oh, very much pink-jarred!—she got her final innings and—crushed me!

But I'm running ahead of my story, and story writers say it's bad art—as it's bad business—to give away your secrets till the last minute. If I were doing a detective story that might apply; but I'm telling the romance of a million-dollar business—a huge balloon of success sailing along over the commercial world and dripping barrels of money—conceived by one woman, brought to perfection by four—my aunt and I at either end, Henrietta Beekman and Julia Cryder in the middle, as it were—and no outsider can understand the final dénouement except by seeing how these four women worked it out together. Inevitably, with Oscar Willing outside the barrel sucking through a straw in the bunghole. All I say is: God help the average business woman if that's to be her fate in matrimony!

IF, through the first four years of marriage, during which she bore two children, my aunt's fuming activities of the preceding periods had lulled to a point where we jogged along and she seemed content to hold the business about at the level to which she'd forced it when she married, meanwhile hailing out the profits by the bucketful, she'd nevertheless made long strides toward social recognition and leadership. With a handsome husband—a singer and reputed society man from one of the best families in Duluth—an establishment boasting the ownership of one of those "surprise cooks" who serve the honest egg-on-toast mattresses, whipped-cream feather beds, lettuce counterpanes and tomato pillow cases—she became a hostess—a bright shade different from an entertainer and treater at big hotels. "Exclusiveness paid—more in New York than anywhere else," she frequently observed.

At last Julia Cryder, engineering things for the Oscar Willings, came into her own. She was very careful always to call them "the Oscar Willings," thus pronouncing them man and wife and accenting the hoss on which Society with a large S invariably rests, with the man uppermost; and she ignored as far as possible the "madame" side of their lives. Through her they were now getting their names in the society column with notices of the various functions they gave at their magnificent apartment at their hotel. Miss Cryder attended most of the functions in the simple capacity of guest—she said it would "never do to let *that* class of people suspect they were watched by a reporter, and the best cook in the city couldn't bring them back once they knew it for certain: press notices with that class were supposed to be given out by the private secretary, not spied out by a newspaper."

I noticed that Julia fattened up quite wonderfully in a very short time.

THE first I knew of madame in the rôle of society leader was one day when she came to the laboratory with a newspaper—a paper opened and folded to exhibit one column and a half-inch paragraph heavily marked in blue pencil.

"Take that home and show it to mamma, Lucy—it may interest her," said my aunt in a casual way, laying the paper down and glancing round the room. "How are things getting on? All right, I see. That's good. Make me up an extra five gross of Zulu this week and five of Nature Tint—I guess five'll do it. I'm going to put a demonstrator on a horse and buggy route in central New York—she's got the outfit and thinks she can dispose of the goods to the farmers' wives. It don't look any too good to me, but I'll stake her for it and let her distribute booklets. I don't see our stock move at the dollar level among farmers' wives—don't see it any way I look at it. Move at the quarter level—plenty of it—and I may put out a one-half jar at a quarter just for that trade. No money in trial sizes—just to excite the territory. Take it off and make them buy it at a dollar soon's they really want it. . . . Well, don't forget—five—and take the paper home to mamma and give her my love. Tell her I'll be round in a day or two."

The marked paragraph was the notice of a reception by the Willings, and among those present were several Vanderwaters and Breckenridges. A good many more papers with marked paragraphs thus found their way into my den, and I noticed that the list of Vanderwaters and their tribe steadily grew; yet all the while there was one fly in the ointment: the "baritone singer" had not arrived. How much voice Oscar had—or might have had but for a too rich wife—I don't know, art being out of my line; but he had kept on with his studies faithfully, dreaming of musical conquests, of concert tours, of grand opera, and of glory and crowning in that world of "the real things of the spirit" he was always burbling about to his wife, and she dreamed with him. "At last I'm really living," she told me once in a moment of expansion. "Think of being the wife of a famous singer!" That was just after he got a church choir appointment as a volunteer on no salary.

AND with that he stuck. No manager would arrange a concert tour, no impresario would give him even a hearing. He said it was professional jealousy and because he wouldn't stoop to the tricks of some who got in; and Julia Cryder said it was a shame, and that no professional jealousy should keep him from his hearing before a New York audience; she and his wife would see that he got the hearing he deserved after all his years of self-sacrificing devotion to art for art's sake.

So he got it—and probably all he deserved. My aunt hired Beethoven Hall and Miss Cryder arranged the song recital. Tickets were given away by the bushel to all the Willings' friends and the friends of their friends; also to the entire staff of the establishment, who were ordered to be present and encore every number. Miss Beekman managed this end of it, delicately hinting the hand work required for the occasion by telling the help when she gave out the tickets: "You know if we can't appreciate all the songs—and he's very classy, they say—we can please the madame by clapping to break the roof, and it won't hurt us any with her."

I was at some distance from my aunt, who sat in the front row with a phalanx of her society friends, a huge plume rising from her coiffure that M. Perriot in honor of the great event had gone to her own home to perfect, but I could see the diamonds rising and falling upon her bosom with her excitement and with the delighted agitation aroused in it presently as the encores boomed forth from the gallery, led by "Buttons," hoping to increase a meager salary through artistic zeal.

PERSONALLY I thought the concert fine—but then I'm no judge anyway—I like a piano or organ; and the paid-for press notices were flattering and predicted a "great future for the new baritone heard for the first time in a song recital at Beethoven Hall."

The unpaid press was silent—a circumstance that troubled my aunt not at all: her husband had made his début before a New York audience—"the papers had recognized him—and you couldn't go back of that," she said. He had professionally arrived and she with him.

That evening, I believe, marked the acme of her life to date—her man had made good in her eyes and she had been fearing in the secret chamber of her heart that he might after all fail her here. She dropped a hint of it next *(Continued on page 37)*



I heard her say: "Come away, Oscar, and don't bother her. She has absolute right in this room—even I don't dare to come in without her permission"

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This Wagging World

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Sonnets on Most Anything

THE EARLY SPRING HEN

When the blithe gard'ner hath the hopeful seed
Dropped in the ground and covered it with care,
Then comes the hen with rapt, envisioned air.
Though empires perish, her young brood must feed.
Soon to the heavens with appalling speed
Clouds, rocks, and dust in horrid fountains fly,
And chasms gawn us with maternal greed
She burrows on until earth's ribs are nigh.
Sing me no shovel with its steamy cry,
Tearing Culebra's quivering flanks in twain.
What need these tooting mastodons to buy
Were we to tackle such a job again?
A few soft seeds, a Plymouth Rock or two—
With tools like these, how swiftly we'd go through!

Hardships of the King Business

THOSE envious people who imagine that being a king is one round of luxury and comfort in these days of great personal liberty when every king is entitled to die with his boots off are sadly mistaken. Especially is this true with William of Wied, who has gone down into Albania to install a system of royalty in that brand-new country.

William has been brought up in some luxury and knows a good thing when he sees it. He didn't see it when he reached his royal palace at Durazzo. To begin with, it was an old, second-hand palace which hadn't been used for the purpose for many years. His faithful subjects had done their best to furnish it in a hurry, but their attempts had been sketchy. There were ash barrels in the throne room, and the royal banqueting hall looked like a sample room in a Southern hotel. Worse than all this, the palace had an extensive system of intramural rat holes, which carry a large traffic.

Doubtless all this discomfort will pass away in the next generation, but in the meanwhile our bosom does not swell with longing when we think of William hunting for a brick to use in lieu of an andiron on a cold Albanian morning, stuffing one corner of the royal ermine into a broken window in the library while trying to write a letter with a rusty pen and sticking his scepter into a rat hole in the royal bedroom at night to discourage audiences with the oldest inhabitants. For us a modern Illinois home with steam heat, storm windows, and a good, hard-working, capacious cat with very little to do!

Let Us So Live—

THAT our enemies will say: "Personally, he's all right."

That nonpartisan combinations will keep pestering us to run for office.

That people who know us well will try to mention the fact modestly.

That when we sicken, our relatives who have had to live with us will be as alarmed as our friends who have merely played with us.

That our death will be harder on our community than on our creditors.

That the recording angel will have to put down no black mark against the person who writes our obituary.

That our great-grandchildren will mention us among their most brilliant accomplishments.

The Terrible Ice-Cream Habit

NOTHING indicates the approach of hot weather more accurately in America than the awakening of the ice-cream appetite. This craving, which hibernates in the cold months, rousing only in a feeble manner to nibble a slice of ice cream at a banquet now and then, comes forth each spring with the first perspiration and takes undisputed possession of the land.

Eating ice cream is one of the greatest of American pastimes. Incidentally it is one of the greatest American vices, according to European ideas.

Residents of Europe look placidly upon the attempt of Americans to drink up all the alcohol which can



be made, even with the distilleries working nights; but when they see an American girl getting outside of a quart of ice cream, washed down with ice water, they shudder with fear and wait around for the coroner to arrive.

They believe that the American digestion has been gradually frozen out by ice cream and other cold delicacies, and that the American nation will become extinct or go into cold storage within a few years. It is useless



to tell the European that the death rate in this country is decreasing, and that doctors have had to invent appendicitis and adenoids in order to live. The European always makes up his own statistics regarding America, and nothing can shake his belief that this land is full of frozen girls stuffed with ice cream and hung with icicles.

Americans who quarrel with citizens of Latin Europe are invited to fight duels with pistols and swords. However, they should, in the interests of peace, challenge their enemies to eat a gallon of ice cream. This would kill the dueling business in no time.

Ice cream has become a habit in this country, just as bread and butter and beefsteak have, and the ill effects are just about as noticeable. In fact, ice cream has cured more dyspepsia than patent medicine has. In thirty years it has advanced from a delicacy to a necessity, and the ice-cream factory has almost as many stories as the bread factory. Ice cream is sold in summer in as many places as are cigars, and is rapidly getting ahead of the cigar business because no one has yet thought of loading cigars into a gold and red wagon with sleigh bells on it and hauling them through the residence districts on a hot summer night.

Why Do We Hunt New Flats?

THE annual restlessness which afflicts the flat dwellers of this land is now over. Hundreds of thousands of families have expended hideous exertions in finding new dwelling places. Expense, toil, worry, and disaster have reigned for a month, and the result is that these families have finally changed places with each other and are at peace again.

The restlessness of the flat dweller is a national mystery. Why does he go forth inevitably in the spring to find another flat and to insert his family and furniture therein? As likely as not, it is the flat which he abandoned five years ago. Since then he has occupied four other flats, each a vast improvement over its predecessor; and he is now delighted with the new flat which he left in disgust five years ago. He has spent hundreds of dollars in arriving at this stage of happiness, but he will abandon the flat again next year and flit on in a moving van as large as a small chapel.

We falter, appalled at the task of discovering the flat dweller's purpose until we consider the strangely similar restlessness of the sick man who lies on one side until he can't stand it any longer and then, with the assistance of his devoted family, is turned over on the other side. The change is a delightful relief, although a few hours before he couldn't endure to lie on that side a minute longer.

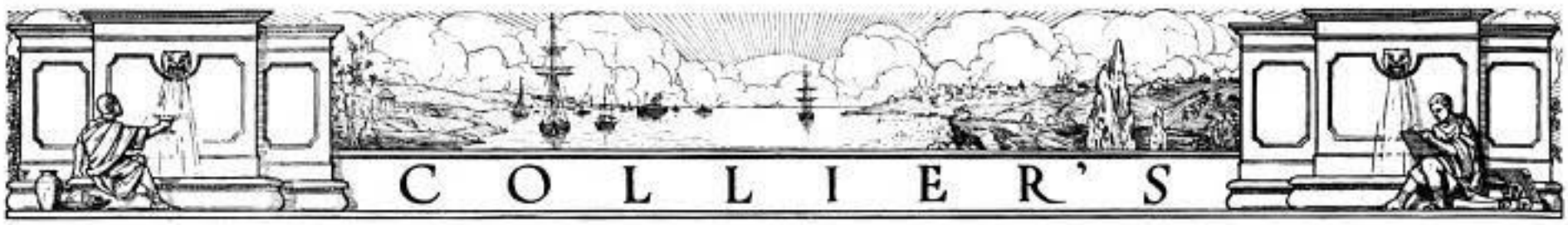
Three flights of stairs is a welcome change from an elevator which declines to elevate—likewise an elevator which sometimes runs is a great improvement over three flights of stairs which are 1,897 feet high at 11 p. m. Such facts as these explain the greatness of moving day in the cities.

Where Is the Mississippi Going?

WHILE we are busily celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal with everything from international expositions to explosions in the Democratic party, it would be well to pause and inquire of the Mississippi River what its intentions are respecting the great new waterway.

Those cautious Americans who have kept an eye upon the Mississippi River will not ask for explanations. They are plainly visible as the traveler passes down the peerless Daddy of Waters in an ocean steamship bound for Colon. Long before the Gulf is reached it has become only too (*Concluded on page 29*)

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The Operating Facts as to Mexico

IN SPITE OF THE ASSURED OMNISCIENCE of these anti-Wilson journalists, it must be insisted that they have no mortgage on the facts. The whole lesson of history is that the relations between nations are complex and difficult and dark, and tend to become more so when pride and ambition are roused by the prospect of war. In such cases it takes years for the historians to sort out the factors so as to be able to give a reasonably clear account of what happened and why. Anyone who bases his judgment of international matters upon a calm assumption that the news is all in print every day is often utterly wrong. It is a most significant thing that the Senate of the United States tried to use the canal-tolls question as a lever to pry out full information on foreign affairs. The President of this country and his advisers are the only ones who have even fairly complete information on all phases of the Mexican situation and its international complications. Peace or war is very largely the President's responsibility, and this will always be the case as long as there is a ship of state and a pilot. Our hope lies in WOODROW WILSON'S ability and character, not in the shallow clamor of would-be advisers. The strength of our position, physically, is that we are in full control on the border and along the coasts. Invasion and a war of conquest cannot be forced upon us, and we must not forget it.

Some Men—and Hearst

WE REFERRED RECENTLY to the experience of Mr. MCLEAN of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" in attempting to create anti-Wilson sentiment in Ohio. HEARST has just tried the same thing in a baser way and got an even harder jolt. In the early fighting at Vera Cruz one of our marines, an eighteen-year-old Georgia boy named RANDOLPH SUMMERLIN, was killed. Whereupon HEARST'S Atlanta "Georgian" tried to turn its own sneaking profit out of the tragedy by wiring its correspondent at Willacoochee as follows:

> Please interview SUMMERLIN'S father on uselessness of sacrifice. If United States is now to accept mediation, does he not think it outrageous to have to send boys to be killed, and the Government decide fighting is wrong? Please send good statement.

HEARST'S employee forgot that he was sending this stuff to men of Georgia. Here's the answer he got:

> Referring to telegrams to GEORGE W. MELTON, beg to say my brother, RANDOLPH SUMMERLIN, was killed at Vera Cruz in defense of our country's honor. We favor President WILSON and the Democratic Administration, and RANDOLPH has four brothers and a father who are ready and willing to make the same sacrifice if called upon. We think the Wilson policy is absolutely right. L. W. SUMMERLIN.

And the local paper chimed in with this telegram to the Atlanta "Journal" (not a Hearst paper):

> R. F. SUMMERLIN, father, and L. W. SUMMERLIN, brother of RANDOLPH SUMMERLIN, killed at Vera Cruz, take the "Georgian's" request as a gross insult, not only to his relatives and friends, but to the entire country. If we could not be loyal to our country, would move out. WILLACOOCHEE "RECORD."

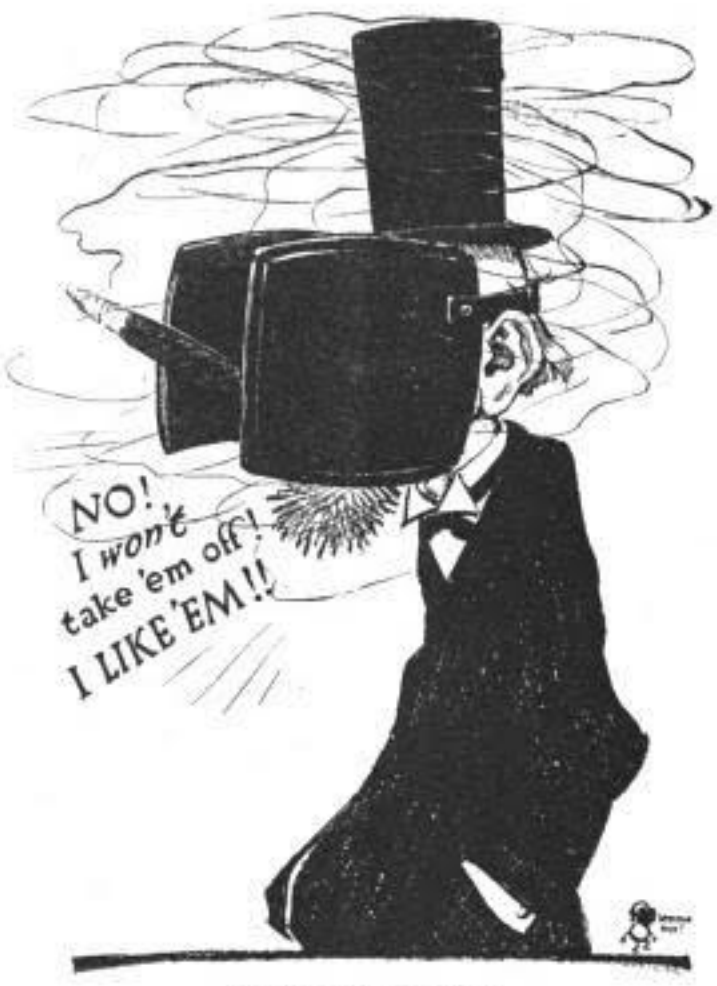
HEARST had better stick to the safe old policy of *manufacturing* any necessary "good statements." It would be less hard on his self-esteem.

Justice in Colorado

THE COAL AND IRON COMPANIES which operate in the war district of Colorado are controlled by men supposed to be among the wealthiest and most enlightened in this country. We have heard for years of their gifts to science, to education, and to religion. They have built sanitary houses for workmen, furnished free entertainment and medical advice, and all that. Why then this hell of slaughter and destruction? Because they have left out the one essential thing: human justice. You do not supervise a remote mining camp by officially issuing "strict instructions" for company storekeepers and camp marshals and superintendents who despise their men. You will not pacify Trinidad, Colo., by writing elegant essays in New York City on "matters of principle." JOHN RUSKIN, in the fortieth paragraph of his lecture on "Work," speaks of

> that motto of the poor halfway Mahometan: "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

The Rockefeller and other great mining interests must learn this by heart and put it into action before peace can come to Colorado.



The Standpatter

Jimmy Hare

A GROUP OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS was gathered at League Island, in Philadelphia, recently. Rain was pouring, and the jackies were laying in stores against their dash for Vera Cruz. "Where," asked one of the scribes, gazing searchingly about him—"where is JIMMY HARE?" The *Morro Castle* was loading, and there, too, correspondents were arriving. "This," said one of them, "cannot be a war; JIMMY HARE is not here." But JIMMY HARE was already aboard the *Louisiana*. The orders for his embarkation were late in coming, so JIMMY, this grizzled veteran youth, who has been JIMMY in affection, not in disrespect, through nearly a dozen wars and broils, took a flying leap into the last launch to leave shore, and said: "I am going anyhow." In Vera Cruz JIMMY landed immediately and went ten miles beyond the city to meet the train that brought in Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, thus getting the first photographs. We thrill and delight in KIPLING'S war correspondents, DICK, THE NILGHAI, CASSAVETTI, and TORPENHOW. But JIMMY HARE, who moves about this office so cheerily when he is at home, has lived enough amid war and excitement to outfit a dozen novelists—for JIMMY HARE is always at the front.

Picayunity

THE NEW YORK "SUN" has asked several Governors what they think of mediation as proposed by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The Governor of Florida comments as follows:

> Coming from small South American republics, we should turn it down.

Considering that there are only eleven words in this sentence, it is, we believe, the stupidest ever written. What on earth have those countries' sizes to do with the proposition? And does the Governor of Florida think we are all fools that we can apply the word "small" to the three greatest republics south of us? In area, not less than in bigness of future, the "A, B, C powers" are worthy of high respect. Anyone who feels as Governor TRAMMELL does about this matter would do well to purchase a copy of an entertaining book published by Charles Scribner's Sons, "The Other Americans: Cities, Countries, and Especially People of South America," by Mr. ARTHUR RUHL. The price is only $2, Governor.

Family Repartee

WHEN ALLIES FALL OUT they usually revile each other, as witness CROKER'S dicta on MURPHY, but the stinging bitterness of this item from the "Wall Street Journal" (of all papers) is well-nigh unique:

> Ex-Speaker CANNON says he "can't understand" why New York papers support the Administration on canal tolls. If he could he might have held his job.

To Mr. Oliver Morosco and Other Managers

ONE REASON why modern drama can so rarely be classified as literature is that playwrights and managers won't give it a fighting chance. What we mean is illustrated by this theatrical jotting:

> J. HARTLEY MANNERS will expand his one-act play, "Happiness," into a three-act comedy for the use of LAURETTE TAYLOR.

Now we have no wish to be bigoted, and we believe that AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S fine play, "The Witching Hour," grew out of a one-act piece. But this is exceptional. The one-act play is of one distinct genre, the long piece of quite another. Yet theatrical managers forget this.

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If the managers of to-day had been the publishers of yesterday, the world might have read these edifying announcements:

Rudyard Kipling will expand his short story, "The Brushwood Boy," into a 300-page novel.

Robert Louis Stevenson is at present engaged in remodeling his "Lodging for the Night" into a romance of François Villon and the days of Louis XI.

Readers of Edgar Allan Poe's "Black Cat" will be interested to learn that he has completed his novel on the same theme.

O. Henry's "Unfinished Story" will be finished in novel form in time for the holiday trade.

We are pleased to inform the public that three of Bret Harte's most popular stories will in the course of time form a trilogy of novels describing every side of the days of '49.

Owing to the solicitations of many readers, John Keats has consented to expand his sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," into an epic dealing with the discovery of the Pacific. It will be ready in time for the opening of the Panama Canal.

The average managerial mind pursues this kind of logic: "If it's a good one-act play, in three acts it'll be three times as good." They also argue that since a certain actor has made money for them in one sort of part, he ought to be kept playing similar parts by the same author.

Names and Ways

WE NOTE in the papers this sort of thing:

"The fundamental difficulty with our present university organization is that it is undemocratic," said Professor J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia University in addressing the association on "Democracy in University and College Administration."

It was old Senator Nesmith of Oregon who said, apropos of some blue-blooded Boston financiers, that the only man parting his name in the middle for whom he (Nesmith) had ever cared a continental was E. Pluribus Unum.

The Saloon and Taxation

IT IS OFTEN ASSERTED that saloon taxes are essential in paying our governmental bills. The fact is that the saloon wastes time, incapacitates people for work, turns into liquor production money which should have been saved and invested, and, above all, is a main factor in creating the social cancer of crime. The commission that has exhaustively studied drunkenness in Massachusetts lately presented its report to the State Legislature and stated: "*At least one-third of all crime* (aside from public drunkenness) *is directly occasioned by the use of alcohol.* Massachusetts prison statistics show that *96 per cent of all criminals in our prisons in 1912 were intemperate by habit.*" The saloon stands in the same relation to the community as the gambler who fleeces a harvest hand and then lends him a dollar so he can get to his next job. That dollar is not benevolent or necessary; neither are saloon taxes.

Feditorially Speaking

WE OBSERVE that the Federal Leaguers of Pittsburgh have been dubbed the Smokefeds. Would it be impolite to call the Federals of Chicago the Porkfeds? And for St. Louis surely the word to connote "pep" as well as civic symbolism would be Hopfed. Too bad the Federals haven't a team in Boston. Yes—Beanfed is the word.

A Gift Well Placed

THE GIFT of arresting and holding the attention of large masses of men is not so widespread as to be commonplace. Only too often, however, it falls into the hands of the charlatan. But Elijah P. Brown's "Life of Billy Sunday," recently published, brings home the singular chance by which that rare talent fell into the hands of a spiritually conscious man. William Ashley Sunday can beat at their own game the spellbinder and the quack, but his object, so far from being quackery, is the highest known to mankind. He falls on one knee and thumps the pulpit boards with his fist, breaks ten blameless vases to show how the Commandments are shattered by our sins, and reads man's miserable faults of character in a stream of vernacular that an angry drummer might envy. His offenses against taste (secular or sectarian) are glaring and habitual—but in hearing him thousands and tens of thousands of frail mortals have left vice and drink and wickedness behind them, and have returned to upright lives. A man of no saintly pretensions, he has surpassed many a canonized saint in accomplishment, and, though of small learning, he has spoken with the tongue of the learned to how many that were weary! All who have come under his spell and all who haven't should read Elijah P. Brown's "The Real Billy Sunday."

An Echo from the Dim Past

WE CAME UPON this bit of thankfulness the other day in a yellowed old newspaper, crackling and blurred with age:

Turkeys sell at 6 cents a pound; chickens, 4 cents; rabbits, 5 cents apiece; partridge, 50 cents a dozen; butter, 15 cents per pound; eggs, 15 cents per dozen; lard, 8 cents, and sausage, 8 cents. Thank God for plenty to eat, drink, and wear, even if dollars are scarce.

It was printed in the initial issue of the Palmyra (Mo.) "Spectator" in 1897—a date which many now living can remember.

The Cleanly Press

WHILE MOST OF THE NEWSPAPERS, the country over, were piling column upon column in narrating the last experiences of four notorious young criminals in the death house, the Providence (R. I.) "Evening Bulletin" limited itself to a couple of stickfuls of matter-of-fact prose. The "Bulletin's" editorial policy in this regard is stated thus briefly:

The "Evening Bulletin" gives to its readers only the essential details of this last act in a tragedy of corruption and bloodshed. The sordid and sickening elements of an execution are always the same, always disgusting, and never of any value for any moral purpose.

It is surprising how few newspapers realize what a good case may be made for journalistic decency. We know of no newspaper anywhere which is so consistent in minimizing the unessentials of depravity and degradation as the "Christian Science Monitor" of Boston.

Green and Growing Things

IN A RECENT ISSUE we referred to Charles Dana Gibson as "one of the kings of black and white." A frivolous correspondent notes that this establishes a clear line of distinction between the artist and James J. Jeffries, the subject of his sketch—the latter being a king of white only. Thus it is that spring invades the mind.

Pride

CAN WE HAVE TOO MUCH PRIDE? Of vanity, yes—but pride and vanity are words often confused—and it is vanity that it is so easy for us to overdo. Pride is built on realities—vanity on appearances. Pride and vanity are as unlike, in essence, as wild rumor and proved fact, pedantry of the schools and wisdom of life. Charles Eliot Norton, the college professor who edited the letters of several friends, Carlyle and Lowell among them, is the subject of two volumes entitled "Letters—With Biographical Comment," and we can think of no American who more perfectly illustrates what pride is at its purest. Old Andrews Norton, his son's theologic parent, was in the habit of writing Polonius-like letters to him at the beginnings of prolonged separations—as when the younger man set out for India as supercargo in 1849. The boy was not yet twenty-two, and his father wrote:

You leave behind you also an unsullied reputation and the belief among all who know you that you have more than the common powers of serving others. These are not things to make one vain. On the contrary, their true tendency is to produce that deep sense of responsibility—of what we owe to God, to our friends, and to our fellow men—which is wholly inconsistent with presumption and vanity.

Norton did not disappoint his father's hopes—or his friends'. Seldom has there lived a man whose life was so rich in inspiration for others—from Patrick McCarthy, the Cambridge cowherd whom he taught at the first night school established in New England (McCarthy later became a lawyer and was elected Mayor of Providence), to the hundreds and thousands of Harvard students who found him a true gentleman as well as an instructor, and, on lonely Christmases spent many miles from home, a generous-hearted host. Norton's spirit was far more potent than his limited achievement; his personality pervaded his work, but was not exhausted thereby. One forgets about the man's reputation in remembering his character. Without vanity, he was a man of pride. One imagines him reciting with appreciation a stanza of his friend Clough's writing:

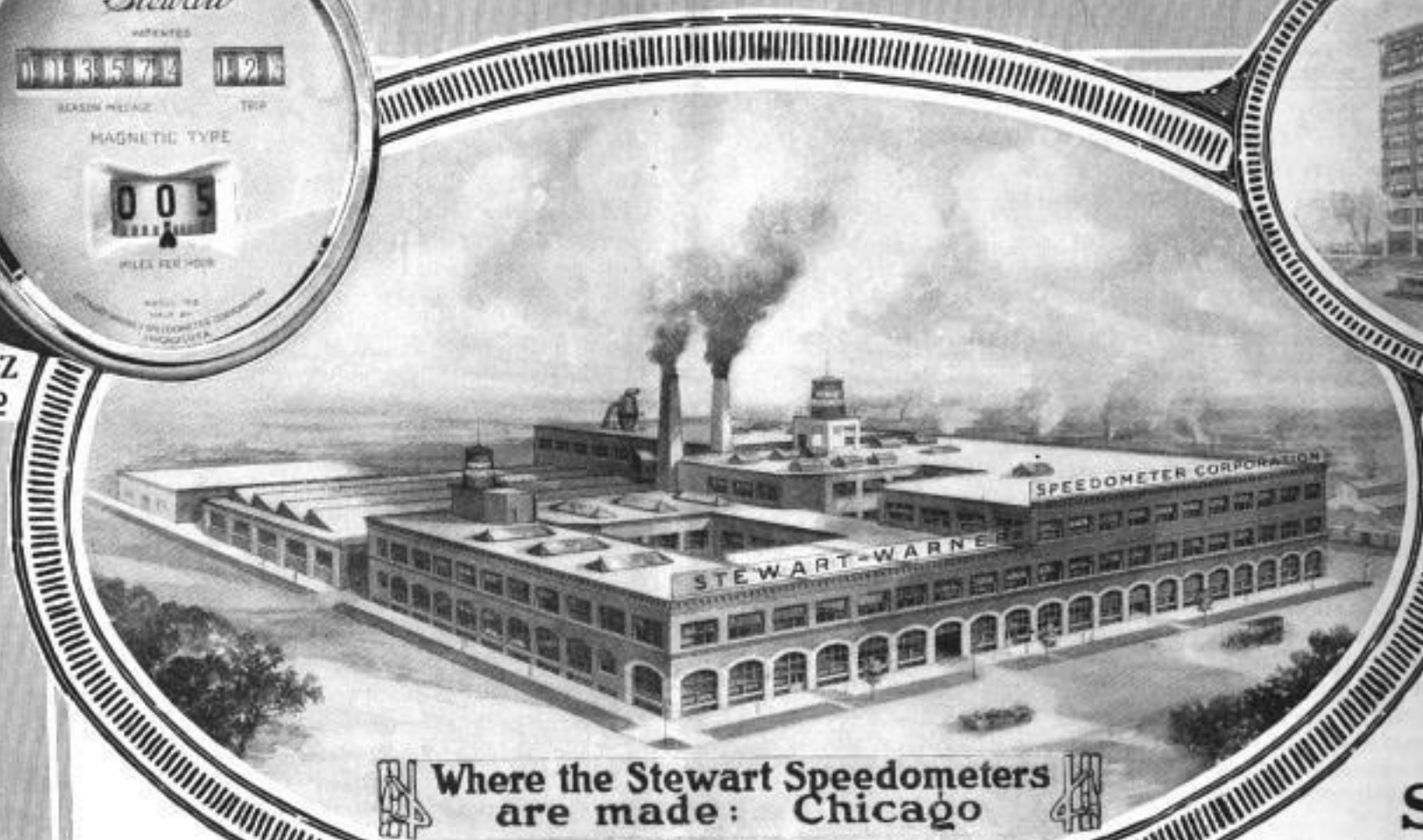
> Then welcome, Pride! and I shall find
> In thee a power to lift the mind
> This low and groveling joy above—
> 'Tis but the proud can truly love.

Norton was a product of the older America, in which (so we descendants like to think) duty counted for more than "success," and there was leisure enough for friendship even between fathers and sons. We refuse to believe, however, that the home life which gave us Norton is wholly a thing of the past—or we should take less pride in our America.

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Arbenz	Colby	Farao	Ideal	Mais	Pathfinder	Triumph
Armleder	Coleman	Federal	International	Marathon	Peerless Truck	Trojan
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Autocar	Continental	Fiftchle	Iroe	Martin	Pizzina	Universal
Available	Crane & Breed	Gabriel	Jackson	Marvel	Pullman	Van Winkle
Avery	Crawford	Geneva	Jeffery	Mason	R. C. H.	Vulcan
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Pickups of Sport

By Grantland Rice



The Lion Returns

BADLY clawed by the Eagle in the first international mêlée, when Gold overwhelmed Covey, the Lion made it 50-50 when the Oxford relay team conquered America's best in the Philadelphia carnival.

The great Jackson's victory was established by only an eyelash, but the point is that England took back home a cup and evened up the year's international count.

Four international events—golf, polo, tennis, and yachting—still remain, and, to establish the edge, America must now win three of the four, a fairly active summer's work. Unless Travers, Ouimet, or Evans can win at Sandwich, England will soon have the astounding percentage of .667, to say nothing of at least two perfectly good silver mugs. Who is the prophet that suggested the idea of there being "nothing new under the sun"?

There seems little doubt that the Lion also will turn if trodden upon often enough.

Half Shots

TOO *much good luck to-day is a poor training camp for to-morrow's schedule.*

Hard luck may be tough on the short sprint, but it's the only real trainer for the Marathon route.

As Colonel John Tratcwood Moore observes: "Only the game fish swims upstream." And gameness isn't developed by drifting with the current.

The Early Pace

ANY contender who has ever entered a long grinding race knows the strain of setting pace. Part of this strain is purely physical—arising from too great a call upon reserve force. And part of it is psychological—the worry of not knowing just what to run against—and then the break when some contender unexpectedly flashes by.

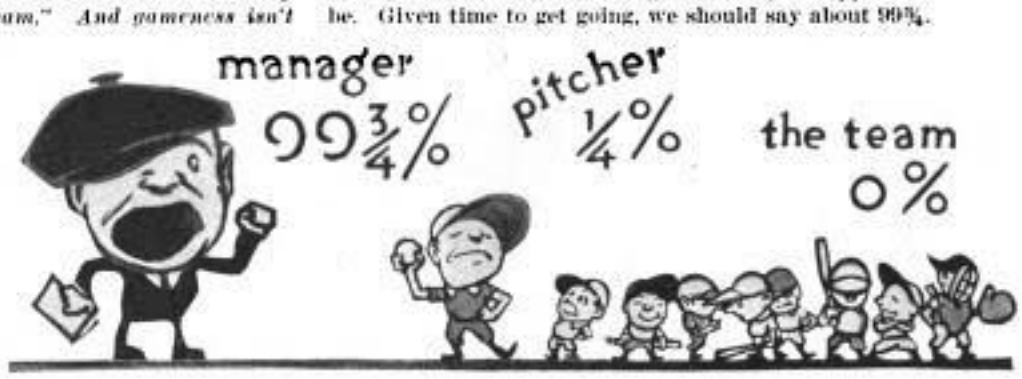
The strain of the early pace is true of ball clubs—as well as of runners—despite the fact that a game won in April is worth as much as one won in September.

In 1905 Cleveland was 113 points beyond the field in mid-June, but the pace told heavily, injuries came and she cracked—finishing far out of it.

In 1911 Detroit captured eighteen of the first twenty games and by June was twelve full battles beyond Philadelphia. But the early pace again told later on—and when the Tigers finally blew, they blew with an indigo vengeance.

In 1912 the Giants started off at top speed. By July Fourth they were sixteen games ahead, outclassing the field. But even with a veteran, pennant-winning organization driven ruthlessly by John McGraw, they broke wide open and by late August were only four games to the good.

Last season Philadelphia and Brooklyn in the National League were the ones to start at full speed—and both were soon lost in the flag mists on ahead. But by mid-August Brooklyn was submerged in the second division and Philadelphia was ten games behind New York. Both clubs had been overworked, especially the early winning pitchers, and the stamina wasn't there to carry the full distance. Baseball history is replete with the records of those who started fast—and finished badly winded; of those who started late and finished far in front. The strain, physical and mental, of playing 154 consecutive ball games is abnormal. April and May furnish no indication of its blighting power, but after June only the elect can survive—only the organization that is finely equipped with reserve force—that hasn't overplayed its strength in the first six weeks as the Reds and White Sox did in 1912.



After the Game

INTO the Darkness—one by one—
The Troop must go;
But whether to face a greater sun
And a rarer glow;
Or whether into the night we creep
Where shadows stay and the dark is deep
With never a dawn to end our sleep,
We may not know.

Into the Darkness—under the sod—
Where no light gleams;
And the rest is left to the Great White God
Of the hills and streams;
And many will look to a pathway steep
That leads to Heaven—where none may weep—
And many will thank God for the sleep
That knows no dreams.

The Managerial Per Cent

THREE managers—McGraw, Chance, and Clarke—have won every pennant set up in the National League for the last thirteen years.

Chance has passed to another league—and the pennant campaign of 1914 already looks to be a death grapple between Clarke and McGraw—with no one else close.

Yet there are those who desire to know what percentage of a ball club's strength a manager happens to be. Given time to get going, we should say about 99¾.

Francis, Jerry, and Chick

MAY *your drives sail straight and your mashies true,*
Out after the golfing crown;
And when you are on in a well-played "two,"
Here's hoping your putts go down.

It was putting that lifted Travers up
And Ouimet to his renown;
The answer comes at the foot of the cup—
Here's hoping your putts go down.

Frederick Clifford Clarke

IN VIEW of the extended praise that has been handed Messrs. Mack and McGraw of late seasons, the sudden spring dash of the Pittsburgh Pirates recalls the fact that another great manager has been somewhat overlooked in these drifting days.

Frederick Clifford Clarke, Pirate-in-chief, is out after another sprig of laurel with his made-over club, and his past record shows that Clarke is no man to be overlooked. In fourteen seasons up to the present start, Clarke has won 1,279 ball games and lost but 801 for a grand average of .614.

He has had four firsts, five seconds, three thirds, and one fourth. And it is something of an achievement, as such things go, never to have finished in the second division, or below third place but once.

In nine out of fourteen seasons Clarke has run 1—2, which is consistent enough to be fairly well thought of.

Clarke is a great leader, one of the game's greatest, and the 1914 duel developing between him and McGraw should bring about a spicy campaign.

To add to the general interest of a battle between these two old rivals, each has a great veteran lieutenant on guard—Wagner and Mathewson, who are still in the thick of the firing.

Another Call

IT IS reported that three members of Yale's track team have been injured while indulging in the tango.

We have repeatedly, in these dispatches, called on the committee in charge to debrutalize the dance—just as football was debrutalized some years ago. But so far our warning has been in vain.

How many more of the "flower of our young manhood" are to be wrecked by the combination strangle hold, high dive, and double flip before these needed reforms are put through? Are we to become a race of twisted shins and mangled insteps?



The Duffer's Invictus

(Awarding an easy half to Mr. Henley)

OUT *of the blight that covers me*
In every trap from hole to hole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For what is left me of my soul.

In the fell clutch of grip and stance
Oft have I winced and wept aloud,
And from the bally kicks of chance
My nerve is broken and I'm cowed.

From valley sweep to bunkered hill,
With aching breast and eyes aflame,
Each club I swing against the pill
Finds, and shall find, me off my game.

It matters not how bunkers mount,
How angry rivals rave and roar,
I am the captain of my count—
I am the master of my score.

"The Last Stand"

AN ARDENT poet, writing in "Punch," characterizes golf as England's "Last Stand" in the field of sport.

But he predicts at the finish that "The gods shall fasten the oleaster to the blade of a British cleek."

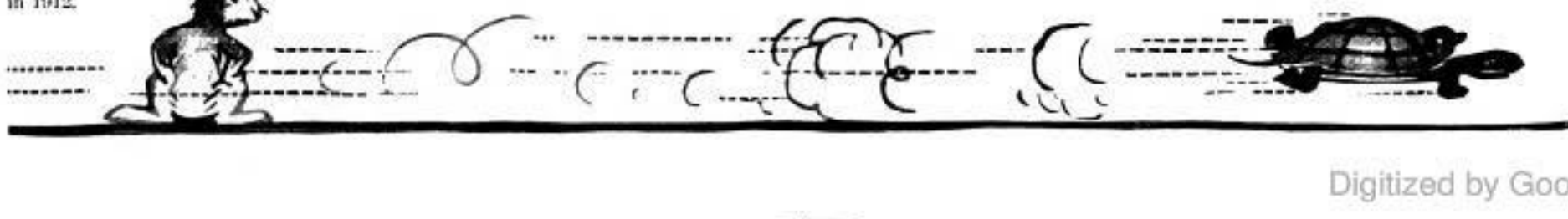
If the British cleek can remain bedecked with the victorious oleaster after the sun has sunk on Sandwich on the 23d of May, it is likely to stay there for some time.

If America is to repeat the triumph of Travis in 1904, 1914 is the year. For on this occasion she has dispatched the flower of her golfing flock—Ouimet, Travers, and Evans—aided and abetted by others of lesser rank, to take the last sportive stronghold of the Lion.

If these are repulsed, we don't see just what anyone can do about it for some time to come. But it's a tough assignment—as good as Ouimet, Travers, and Evans are—for in an 18-hole match a few slips mean defeat—and England is full of almost unknowns who are likely to shoot a 72 or a 75 at a moment's notice. The odds are a trifle too steep—and yet nothing like as steep as they were against Ouimet last fall.

It's merely a gamble after all. Travers, Evans, and Herreshoff, trying it in other years, were stopped hard and early, while Schmidt, rated far below them at home, carried England's champion to the last green in the semifinal round.

Still, here's a hunch. Things happen in decades. And it was ten years ago over the same course, Sandwich, that Travis won the British title and came near jarring England into the surf of her own seas.



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Abroad at Home

In Next Week's COLLIER'S

"I CANNOT say we have visited Milwaukee and Minneapolis and discovered their shame. You see we haven't been concerned with shame." This is the way Julian Street begins a letter to the editor telling about his travels with Wallace Morgan and the series of articles he is writing under the title "Abroad at Home"—beginning next week. But Mr. Street's letter is better than anything we can say about it:

All over the country, when we have appeared, we have found that people assumed that we were gumshoeing around, looking for trouble, or else that we were going to write the kind of article which begins something like this: "Buffalo is a city situated on Lake Erie. . . ." Chambers of Commerce have deluged us with figures about the growth and development of "our fair city," including the dimensions of the new post office and the capacity of the recently erected bottling works. Reformers have invited us to dinner and pumped us full of "uplift."

We have explained and begged and pleaded, but we have seldom been able to convince them that we were mere cheerful travelers in search of adventure. And I have got so tired of explaining and denying that I have found it expedient, in general, to give the "booster" and the "reformer" the slip, or, where I haven't been able to slip him, to hire assassins to make away with him. (You will find charges for these services listed on my expense account.)

Reform? I detest it. It is the most inartistic thing we do. And it is my casual observation that reformers have done injustices almost, if not quite, as great as have been done by those they attacked.

Take, for instance, Mr. "Hinky Dink" Kenna, the famous First Ward Alderman of Chicago, or again Mr. Joseph Smith, head of the Mormon Church.

Mr. "Hinky Dink" Kenna is an exceedingly agreeable and intelligent little Irishman who does not talk that "dese" and "dose" and "dis here" sort of dialect for which he has been made famous by his biographers.

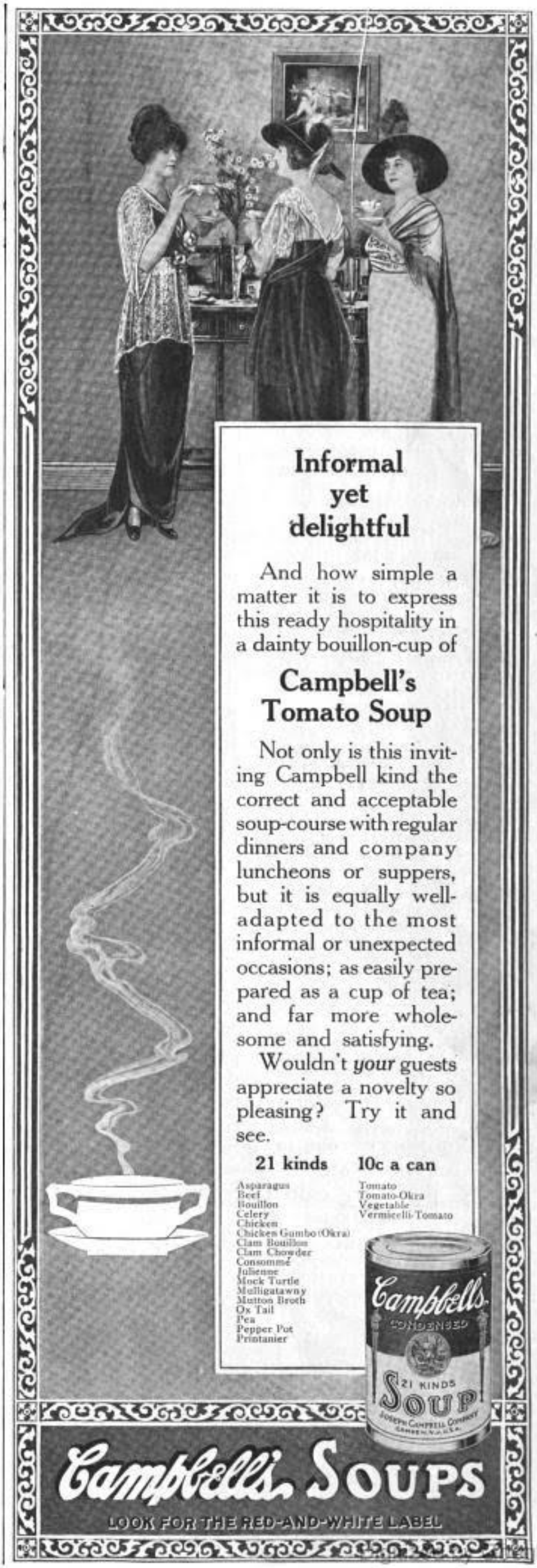
As for the Mormons, I think they are among the most moral people I have ever met. I met one old couple whom—in spite of the fact that there was another wife lurking in the background—I should like to borrow for a grandfather and grandmother for my children. They were as sweet and fine an old pair as I have ever seen. And to hear President Joseph Smith and one of the Mrs. Joseph Smiths indulging in a genial competition with Councilor Penrose as to whether Mr. Smith or Mr. Penrose had gone furthest in peopling the earth—that was delightful and instructive and beautifully domestic. (Penrose won: he had 115 children and grandchildren, while Smith was five or ten behind. But Penrose is older. He is eighty-two. . . . "You just give us time," said Mrs. Smith.)

We have interviewed all kinds of interesting people—known and unknown—famous and infamous. And we have omitted all kinds of people who assured us they were interesting.

In Detroit we spent an interesting morning with Mr. Henry Freer, the art authority, and another with Mr. Henry Ford, the automobile authority. Mr. Freer expressed something like scorn for the automobile (symbol of modern commercialism), and Mr. Ford said: "I wouldn't give five cents for all the art in the world." I think we really "got" Henry Ford. In Minneapolis we rode in a private car with an old gentleman who had been pursued for a week by Indians within a few miles of the enormous family hotel in which he now resides. They killed his companion—and with an arrow! Nothing I have seen has given me a sharper mental snapshot of the amazing growth of the United States.

On the banks of the Mississippi we played poker with a group of carefully selected colonels; we visited Mark Twain's boyhood home at Hannibal and the famous cave; at Excelsior Springs we called on Frank James, the seventy-one-year-old brother of Jesse James. Instead of looking like a bank robber, Frank James looks like the president of a country bank. He is one of the most shockingly respectable old gentlemen I ever saw. He quotes Shakespeare and the Bible, and talks ethics and morality like a Baptist parson. All that is needed to make Frank James complete is music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

But what is "Abroad at Home" going to be? According to Julian Street, it isn't only about people; it is just the story of some of the impressions, experiences, and adventures Mr. Morgan and he have had in traveling across the northerly belt of the United States. They have had a better time than any one in COLLIER'S these last three months. They have seen 10,000 men tearing down a mountain with steam shovels to smelt it into copper. They have seen the Barbary Coast and the new Chinatown in San Francisco. "We are," say they, "amazed and dazed and tired and delighted. We have tried to keep our eyes open—and our minds." They have seen the beginnings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a wonderful drawing by Jules Guérin made into a superb reality. They have found out how wonderful a continent can be, and if these articles and pictures of Messrs. Street and Morgan only make a few thousand Americans a little *better acquainted with* one another their effort will have been worth while.



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Does that insure correct lubrication?

NO!

A low-*quality* or wrong-*bodied* oil, no matter how freely it is used, can never do the work of the correct lubricant.

"Plenty" of too-*light* oil often leads to loss of compression and escape of explosion. This means loss of power and unnecessary consumption of gasoline.

"Plenty" of too-*heavy* oil will often fail to distribute properly through your feed system. Excessive friction, burnt bearings and carbon trouble will result.

"Plenty" of low-*quality* oil simply means plenty of imperfect protection for the moving parts.

The absolute necessity for oil whose "*body*" is correct for his motor and whose *quality* will show maximum lubricating efficiency is entirely overlooked by the motorist who says:

"Oh! I always use plenty of oil."

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You can be sure of it by using the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Lubricating Chart on the right.

Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make sure that you get it. If your car is not mentioned, send for our complete Lubricating Chart.

This standard guide to correct lubrication was prepared after a careful analysis of every make and model of car. It represents the professional advice of the world-leaders in scientific lubrication—the Vacuum Oil Company.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores and others who supply lubricants.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.



Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C)									Arc.	Arc.
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									A	Arc.
Cadillac	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Carnegie	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont'l	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Case			A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)									Arc.	Arc.
Cole	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Empire	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Fleetwing	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.				
" (6 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.		
Ford	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Cont'l	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
G. M. C. Truck					Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Havers			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (Model 6-66)									Arc.	Arc.
Haynes	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hudson	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile (Model 20)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (Model 32)							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)							B	A	B	A
" (water)							A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A				
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Jackson (4 cyl.)	A	A								
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Jeffery									A	A
" Cont'l					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kelly			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
King			A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
" Cont'l									Arc.	Arc.
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Cont'l			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " (Model 48)									A	A
Kline Kar	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	E	E
Lozier	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
" (Model B)							A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E				
" (6 cyl.)	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)							Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mitchell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Moline Knight									A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige Detroit	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder							A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Cont'l			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Regal	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Saxon									E	E
S. C. V.			B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	A	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" Mod.							A	Arc.	B	A
Stearns	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Knight					A	A	A	A	B	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Knight					A	A	A	A		
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
Walter	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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A Real Country-Life School

By EWING GALLOWAY

BACK in 1902 a number of farmers in the vicinity of Concord village in Knox County, Tennessee, got tired of seeing their children given training that started them toward business or professional careers in towns or cities, and made up their minds to establish, if possible, a school that would fit boys and girls for life in their own community. Book learning was all right—the more the better—but scholarship in literature and the sciences was not enough. They wanted their boys trained in practical agriculture and horticulture, and their daughters in rural domestic science.

Famous Educators Help

THEY talked the matter over among themselves, and when they got ready to devise definite plans they called in such men as Charles W. Dabney, then president of the University of Tennessee and now president of the University of Cincinnati; Philander P. Claxton, at that time professor of education at the University of Tennessee, now United States Commissioner of Education; J. D. Eggleston, who afterward became president of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and Wallace Buttrick, executive secretary of the General Education Board, New York City. When the plans were agreed upon Mr. Eggleston made a personal canvass of the district and helped some of the local citizens raise $5,000 by subscription, which amount was doubled by a donation from the General Education Board. The University of Tennessee was interested in the success of the institution, because it wanted to be instrumental in establishing a school that might serve as a model for rural communities throughout the South and be an object lesson to students at the university who intended to become teachers.

An incorporated district board of trustees bought a farm of twelve acres near the intersection of two pikes a mile and a half from Concord, and built a wooden house of six rooms and an assembly hall. They converted the old building which stood near by into a cottage for the principal, and erected a good barn to be used by the school. The institution, known as the Farragut School, was to be a combination primary and high school. The courses of study provided for were similar to those in the usual country school of this size, with modifications to suit the particular needs of the community. The school was opened in February, 1904, and its equipment was gradually improved. Many people of the community looked upon it as an experiment at the start, but it wasn't long before all their doubts about its success were changed to certainties.

Inspired by Fire Loss

THEIR loyalty was proved when, in March, 1906, the building and all the fixtures were destroyed by fire.

The destruction of the building made the patrons more ambitious than ever. They found temporary quarters for the school, collected the insurance money, which amounted to $3,500, raised a substantial sum by subscription, borrowed $4,500, and erected a two-story brick building with basement at a cost of $12,000. A water system and other modern equipments ran the total cost up to $17,000.

Equipments Are of the Best

BESIDES the usual classrooms, there are rooms for household economics and manual training, and a large laboratory for physics, chemistry, botany, and agriculture. The home economics room is equipped with a large range, three tables, a modern kitchen cabinet, a dining table, a fireless cooker, and all the necessary dishes and utensils. There is also a sewing machine, and the room is used by the girls' sewing classes. The manual-training room is the kind you would find in an up-to-date city school. The boys and girls have separate lunch rooms, which also serve as playrooms when the weather is bad.

The school has a $3,000 water system which is supplied from a spring by means of a double-acting ram propelled by the current of a creek. There are two large tanks in the attic of the building and water is piped as far as the principal's residence and a public drinking fountain and a watering trough for horses on the pike. Each of the main floors has two drinking fountains and there is one in each of the lunch rooms. The laboratory and kitchen are equipped with sinks and in the basement there are modern shower baths. Tanks connected with the furnace supply hot water the year round. The building is drained by a sewer which empties into the creek at a safe distance.

The school recently leased eight acres of land adjoining its own tract. The school lot is divided into two equal parts. The six acres about the buildings are used as playgrounds, the other six for farm and garden demonstration purposes. The rented ground is used to grow the larger field products. The school has an up-to-date poultry yard and keeps a fine thoroughbred mare for breeding purposes. A janitor and farm laborer is hired by the year.

Diversification Is the Idea

ALL the agricultural work is purely demonstrative. The school follows experiments made by State officials and the Department of Agriculture. The demonstrations are made on small plats, and the principal, Adams Phillips, who is a Bachelor of Agricultural Science, lays special emphasis upon soil fertilization and crop rotation. He believes that one of the remedies for poor agriculture in most of the country is diversification, and teaches Farragut boys accordingly.

Both boys and girls are taught vegetable gardening. The girls take great pride in garden cultivation and in canning. Some of them have won valuable prizes in the last two or three years.

The primary department now has about 150 pupils and the high school about 90. The tuition is free to resident pupils; those from outside the county pay $3 a month. The course in agriculture is not compulsory, but 90 per cent of the high-school pupils take it. The girls substitute domestic science for part of the agricultural work.



A Farragut School corn husking. First and second year classes in agriculture

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Streets of Gold

Being Further Chronicles of Ireland's Legacy Town

Another Thoroughly Original Article by Our Tyrone County Correspondent

W. J. KELLY

MY previous article in COLLIER'S showed that Coalisland—virtually a part of America, though really a bright, cheery, homely little spot in the land of the shamrock—was different—supremely and most happily different—for many, many sound reasons from—from, from—just from any place perhaps in the whole wide, wide world. In article No. 1 it was seen that Coalisland—owned practically by residents of the United States—was Ireland's legacy town, and that the legacies came mainly from America. The purpose of the present article is further to show the pleasant uniqueness of the charming Irish village.

The Market

COALISLAND'S market ways, like all its other ways, are entirely Coalisland's own. The town imitates no other town, and no other town imitates it. Coalisland is a first-class business spot, but is only a market town, in the agricultural sense of the word, from September 1 to May 1.

Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays are put down as the market days of the season, but any day does, Sunday excepted. There are no set hours either for the market. It begins at any hour and ends at any hour—up to bedtime. People who come later than this and find everybody in bed have only to awaken the weighmaster, or if they do not know where the weighmaster lives they can awaken the house nearest. That house, any house, is only too glad to show them: everybody in the town and district is more civil and obliging than another. Their stuff, then—whether it be corn, wheat, grass seed, turnips, hay, straw, potatoes, or whatever else—they leave in the market house in the care of the weighmaster, where it is kept entirely free of charge until the next or whatever day they wish to return to sell it.

Where is the town that can boast of a like homely, obliging business method?

Signboards

THE next bit of out-of-the-ordinaryism is in regard to signboards. Signboards, as a very general rule, are a sure guide to who lives in the house over which they are placed. Not so in Coalisland. The name affixed to a door head in Coalisland may be that of a person long since dead; or removed to another part of the town; or perhaps away clean out of the country altogether. About the latest case in point is that of the Cooperative Society, which removed two years ago to larger premises. The scene in town has often since been a laughable one. The shop the society left was for a long time unoccupied. It bore the society's name nevertheless. Quite a little crowd of wholesale traveling salesmen and others would almost daily wait in the immediate vicinity until the employees should return, as they thought, from their meals. Funny people laughed from a distance. By and by the house was taken over by a new tenant. The new tenant did not mind to enlighten the public anything. He just let the signboard remain as it was. Confusion remained, too.

Instances of the kind occur quite frequently all over the town; and the fun they create! If one wanted to know for a certainty where anyone lived in Coalisland, one's safest plan would be to inquire.

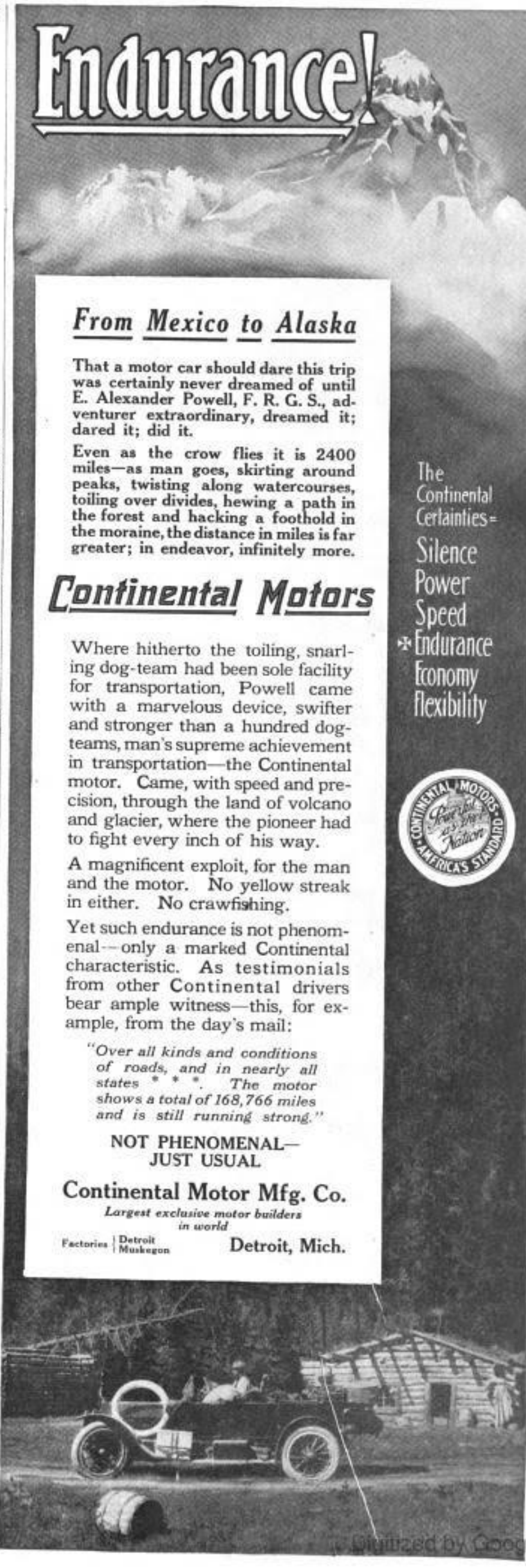
Well Liked

GET another town loved so by its residents! Everybody that comes to Coalisland likes it and would do anything in common fairness rather than leave it. Men even marry to get staying on. Women are often as weak and imitate the men folk for a like temporal reward. Showmen, ballad singers, itinerant musicians, and all grades of the moving fraternity like the town, too, and pay it many a visit. In fact, they feel quite at home in it. They have no other right either. They are all made welcome and get a share of whatever is going. Sometimes, however, but seldom, these people endeavor to stay too long. Coalisland won't have all that. Comers and goers must be treated alike. The first to come must be the first to go, and so on. The best of order is thuswise maintained, and adequate room and fair hospitality provided for the "people of the road" that are coming in. When members of the class refuse to go then they are chased. Not long ago a circus, for instance, was told to leave. They would not. Then force was resorted to. The circus mounted their horses and fought the people with drawn sabers. The battle lasted a whole night. The police ultimately succeeded in restoring order, but the circus were obliged to do as the people had at first directed them—namely, go. At present there are in the little town a hobbyhorse and swingboat party, four carriages of gypsies, a picture-show lot, a circus, a menagerie, also eighteen female tramps or hoboes, who have just marched in in a body—these all in addition to the usual crowds of the ordinary moving-on-hardly-noticed class of roadsters.

Letter "M"

ANOTHER feature, as odd as it is simple, has to do with the letter "M." "M" is a ruling power in Coalisland. Those whose surnames begin with "M" need not be afraid to come here. If they do not get on, the chances are the fault is their own. Luck is beyond doubt on the side of the "M" people. The following instances prove the statement conclusively:

The Catholic faith has been preached here the past quarter of a century by Fathers McShane, McArdle, McNeece, and McKee. Fathers McWilliams, McOscar, and McBrien preach the same religion in Clonoe parish, which largely forms Coalisland town. The Rev. Mr. McKay is the Presbyterian minister, and the Rev. Mr. Monk was the late local Episcopalian minister. The head of the police force is Sergeant McElhenny. The clerk of the Union for the district is Mr. McGuffin. Mr. McGuire is town clerk, and Dr. Marmion is the town's visiting surgeon, while Mr. McGartland is the newly elected district civil bill officer. Miss Magaharan is head nurse in the district infirmary. Recently appointed school-teachers are Mr. McGrath, Miss McGrath, and Miss Murray. Those who



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Just Call, and He'll Bring Van Camp's

Our chefs, Mrs. Housewife, are trained to please men. For many years, in many countries, they have catered to particular men.

You may like better your home-baked Beans—because they are yours, and baked as your mother baked them. But the men folks don't. They flock to the places which serve Van Camp's. Find a restaurant or lunch room famed for Baked Beans and you'll find that our chefs have baked them.

Take this cue in serving summer meals. Learn how the men folks welcome this dish at home. Then, when luncheon or dinner seems burdensome to you, call on our chefs. Serve a ready-cooked meal of Van Camp's.

You never meet men who don't like Van Camp's. And never a man who likes other Baked Beans better.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Van Camp's is distinct and unique. It consists of pork and beans and tomato sauce, but it is like nothing else ever made from these things.

The beans are picked out by analysis. The tomatoes are specially grown. Our chefs have perfected a remarkable sauce, which they bake into the beans.

Live steam does the baking without touching the beans. Thus the Beans come out mellow, uncrisped and unbroken—mealy, zestful morsels.

One of the great summer comforts is a pantry stocked with Van Camp's. Also one of the great summer luxuries. The dish is a delicacy, and will bring you, we think, to want other things we cook.

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preceded them were Mr. Mallon, Mrs. Mallon, and Miss McClune. Miss McMahon has just been chosen for the assistant postmistresship, and Mr. McNally as a postman. Mr. McMullan is railway station master and Mr. McBurnett is the local law clerk.

"M" holds the butchering trade, which is filled exclusively by Messrs. Morrison, McMahon, and McGlade. The various insurance companies are represented by Messrs. Marsh, McEvoy, and McManus. The publicans are Messrs. Murphy, Mulholland, and Morrison. The grocery trade is carried on by Messrs. McCudden, McDaniel, Marsh, Morrison, McGuire, McConomy, McGartland. Restaurant keeper is Mrs. McCudden. Messrs. McGinty and McDaniel are in the drapery business. The only baker is Mr. McGartland. Funeral undertakers and general posters are Messrs. Morrison and Murphy. Painter and glazier is Mr. Meldrum. Building contractors are Messrs. McKeown, Martin, and Morgan. The district billposters are Messrs. Mullan. The district summons server is Mr. McClernon and the village blacksmith is Mr. McManus. Boot and shoe makers are Messrs. McGrath and Mallon. The Catholic Church sextonship has been held for dear knows how long by the families McGladrigan and McStravock.



The successive managers of the Cooperative Society were Messrs. McReynolds and Mullan. The Committee of Management of the same society at present are Messrs. McKeown, McCrum, McEvoy, McLernon, and Montgomery. Mr. W. J. Montgomery, now of New York, was the first president.

Those who have fallen into the fattest legacies in the district may be found in the "M's." These are Mr. McCluskey and Mr. McParland, both millionaires through recent windfalls from America.

There is another good thing about Coalisland—its connection with the flood of Noah. Fine oak trees are growing all over the district from acorns found in Montiagh Moss, which is a township of Coalisland. The acorns are unearthed in the turf-cutting operations, which last from April to September. It is held that these acorns, with the trees that bore them, were swept to the bogs by the great destroying floods. What favors and strengthens the opinion, too, is the fact that acorns are discoverable only in those localities of the bog where there is oak timber also hidden.

Very valuable information not to be found in books, however costly, is quite safely inferable herefrom—that bogs—Irish bogs—have been made to act after the manner of Noah's Ark and preserved for the present period productive relics of the terrible world-wide catastrophe of 3,900 years ago—2,000 years before the birth of Christ; and further than that, namely, as the seed of the oak found is ripe, that the flood of Noah must have occurred in the autumn or winter season. Coalisland is worth studying.

Another strange story to be told about Coalisland is in regard to its streets and roads. A lot of road material raised from local quarries is of beautiful gold and silver color, the same as the sample herewith submitted the editors. The streets covered with these stones look like streets of gold, particularly in the sunshine, and even more so after rain or a shower, when, by their brilliancy, they actually seem to dance before the sun. The appearance of the streets is then quite suggestive of Coalisland as Ireland's legacy town. Yes, and of more, namely, of how beautiful must be the purely golden walks of Paradise, and so force one to regulate one's life that one's eternal home may be the land of inconceivable beauty.

No wonder Coalisland is, and always has been, entirely unconnected with serious wrong.

Colyums and Colyumists

By W. B. BLAKE

"WHAT is a 'colyum'?" People have put this question to us since COLLIER'S inquired some time ago: "Who writes the best 'colyum' in any daily paper in this country?"—and proceeded to name B. L. T. of the Chicago "Tribune" and F. P. A. of the New York "Tribune" as crack colyum conductors. "Is there a third?" COLLIER'S inquired. "If so, do let us hear, for we'd like to rush in a subscription."

Now, if you don't know what a "colyum" is, and how it differs from an ordinary column, we advise you to subscribe to one of the newspapers just named—whichever is published nearest your home town. The only trouble is, in case you don't like humor, you may not stand for these "colyums."

The replies to the question, "Is there a third?" have rained in on us from every second post office in the U. S. A. From Pasadena, Cal., N. P. Spofford post-cards the praises of Henry James—not the James what Maisie knew, but him of the Los Angeles "Tribune." Folks in Los Angeles chant laudations of the verse by E. A. Brinsted in the "Express"—verses full of the life of the wide Western plains, and of visions of the desert, and of figures of big-hearted men and heroic women. Yet colyumists do not live by verse alone. From Minneapolis "C. F. A." writes his opinion that "Quentin's Corner" in the Minneapolis "Tribune" is equal to the Chicago "Line, type." That is only one of the boosts for Quentin—who deserves all the nice things said of her daily pome and bunch of cheery anecdotes. "Quentin" is the only lady in the colyum game whose name comes tripping to our pen; it is Miss Clara Chapline Thomas. "I suggest that you familiarize yourself with the column by 'The Optimist' (Leigh Mitchell Hodges) in the Philadelphia 'North American,'" writes N. H. Converse. "The Optimist" is an uplifter; very different, and very refreshing too, is the learned Philip H..le, who (when he has written the dramatic and musical criticism for his paper) does the Boston "Herald's" "As the World Wags." This is bookish waggery—yes, and gastronomic lore. When some one writes in to ask why and wherefore he wags, "the object of this column," he explains, "is to provide a waste pipe for the intellect of the leisure class, to disseminate useful misinformation and useless information, and, incidentally, to raise the moral tone of the community." "P. M. P." (Paul M. Paine) of the Syracuse (N. Y.) "Post-Standard" deserves the praise he wins by his meditations and babblings o' green fields. One of our correspondents names Newton Newkirk of the Boston "Post" as conductor of the oldest "colyum" in the country—and adds: "But, unlike many things from Boston, it has improved with age." Frank M. O'Brien's column in the New York "Press" is a much more purely recent invention. "A wireless 'In the Air'" (again we quote) "ought to reach you from Leonard H. Robbins of the Newark (N. J.) 'News.'" Then there's "Bix" of the Nebraska "State Journal" (A. L. Bixby). But James Melvin Lee, director of the Department of Journalism in New York University, writes to remind us that "it's bully good stuff COLLIER'S is printing these days from the pen of George Fitch—but no better than he used to put daily in his column in the Peoria 'Herald Transcript.'" That column of Fitch's ran for six years; and, as he himself boasts: "I never quite got fired."

Is there a third?

Well, perhaps no one unmistakable, inevitable third—but there are keen colyumists, some of whom are as affectionately regarded by their public as ever F. P. A. or B. L. T. by theirs. "Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston (Tex.) 'Post' is the par-excellence man when it

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Wilson Bro's
Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

AN undergarment for active men keen for comfort. Fitted with the patented closed crotch which is permanently closed and does not depend upon buttons to keep it closed. No edges or buttons between the legs. No gap or bunch-up. Always orderly and smooth. Separate opening front and rear. *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit is the only one of its kind that can be made with this exclusive patented comfort feature.

Made of imported and domestic woven fabrics. Expertly cut, fashioned and tailored with the same care and skill that have distinguished *Wilson Bro's* goods since the firm was established in 1863—a period of 50 years.

This convenient, comfortable garment is ready for you *now* at your furnisher's—$1.00 and up—sleeveless and half-sleeves, knee length and three-quarter length. Boys' sizes, 50 cents and up.

Other furnishings bearing the *Wilson Bro's* mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard of merit which this house has ever maintained.

All Wilson Bro's Specialties should be at your furnisher's. If he cannot supply your particular need, he can get it for you on short notice.



Look for this Label

Wilson Bro's
Open-Mesh Union Suit

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

The only open-mesh union suit that can be made with the same patented closed crotch as is used in *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit. Airy and absorbent, well fitting and elastic. Long sleeves, half sleeves and sleeveless; ankle, three-quarter and knee lengths. $1 a garment and up for men—50 cents for boys.



Wilson Bro's
Combinette Shirt

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

Combination of outing shirt and drawers with the same patented closed crotch that distinguishes *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit. Can't hike out of your trousers. Always hangs smooth. Allows absolute freedom in swinging a racquet or club. Soft attached collars or without. Half or full sleeves. $1.50 and up.



Wilson Bro's
Combinette Pajama

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

A one-piece pajama. A brand-new idea that eliminates the drawstring—no bind at the waist. Neat and dignified. Convenient and comfortable all over. Has same patented closed crotch as *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit.

$1.50 up, in a variety of cosy materials.



Wilson Bro's Chicago

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Why so many cars equip with EDISON MAZDAS

is easily understood when you add to the unrivalled experience of manufacturing over 500 million EDISON lamps our years of close cooperation with lighting system makers and that world-wide research—"MAZDA Service."

EDISON MAZDA
Automobile Lamps

are so nearly ideal in efficiency and sturdiness that more than 40 leading cars equip with these reliable lamps and owners everywhere use them for renewals on cars, motor boats and motorcycles.

You get these lamps wherever you see an EDISON Agency or Service Station sign displayed. You can get a complete set packed in this handy little lamp-chest. And by keeping this chest always filled with the new EDISON MAZDAS, you protect yourself against emergencies and insure maximum lighting system efficiency.

Be sure the MAZDA lamps you buy bear the name EDISON

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comes to making a fellow really enjoy reading 'comebacks' and original stuff," writes A. Kent Watson, a newspaper man of Orange, Tex. That up-to-date and essentially low-brow joker, "Luke McLuke," on the Cincinnati "Enquirer" ("Bits of Byplay" he calls his column), is about as popular with the traveling public and the scissors journalists as Philander Johnson of the Washington "Star." Some one else praises C. A. Blakesley's "Starbeams" in the Kansas City "Star," and still another Charles L. Edson's column in the New York "Evening Mail," while William Marion Reedy of "Reedy's Mirror" puts in a word for Tubman K. Hedrick of the Chicago "News," P. H. Collier of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," and Clark McAdams of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch." By the way, anyone whose job it is to run a colyum has our advice to read what Reedy writes about this colyum craze. His pointed words of caution are characteristic in their good humor. Reedy knows the difference between a mere "column" of clipped jokes and tabloid editorials and a real "colyum."



"Take care, mum, the soup's terrible hot: Oi very near scalded me thumb off"

The names of numerous excellent editorial writers and old-line impersonal jokesmiths have been proposed for that third place in the galaxy. If you ask us, what are the colyumists themselves? we will make reply in the language of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> "Some think they are crusaders sent
> From some infernal clime
> To pluck the eyes of Sentiment
> And dock the tail of Rime,
> To crack the voice of melody
> And break the legs of Time"—

whereas others of us think the colyumist rather that "guide, philosopher, *but* friend" (which is the way F. P. A. once dedicated a book of verse to B. L. T.) who cheers us over breakfast table or on subway journey with quips and cranks and irresponsible jestings, satire and common sense, and comments on the passing show—city or country, art, literature, and baseball: the humorist who lends to the editorial page a sense of personality that is, in its jolly way, better than the big bowwow editorials from which it furnishes relief—cosmic or comic.

There is, of course, a difference between the metropolitan colyumist and his rival of the back-home press. Somewhere between the two falls "C. C. B.," author of the Detroit "News" "After Thoughts." Personally we enjoy the pungent earthy flavor of Fred Heiskell's "All Over Arkansas" in the Little Rock "Arkansas Gazette"—much of which is quoted matter. Something of the colyumist's methods is suggested in the comment of the Piggott (Ark.) "Banner": "'The All Over Arkansas' man can afford to be funny when the other squirrel heads furnish the dope. However, we don't begrudge him his job. The man who takes it upon his shoulders to squeeze the juice out of the hundred or more rags (one among which ours is often found) that go into the "Gazette" office each week, deserves all the honor his fellows can bestow upon him." And the "All Over Arkansas" man replies good-naturedly: "There are about 300 of them each week, and, taking them by and large, they rank as well as any 300 country newspapers printed in this glorious country of ours."

But—to repeat—"Is there a third?"

"Just look over your exchange table," advises the Owensboro (Ky.) "Messenger." "Bert Leston Taylor of the Chicago 'Tribune' and Franklin P. Adams of the New York 'Tribune' [Franklin *Padams* is C. L. Edson's name for him] are great column conductors. They are, however, of one pattern. . . . Sam Kiser writes in the Chicago 'Record-Herald' every day a column quite as good as the one Bert Taylor writes in the 'Tribune'—not quite so clever, but with a humanness that reaches more people out in the little towns and country places. The same is true of Don Marquis on the New York 'Evening Sun' [Bravo! say we]. Out in the smaller cities there are column conductors as good if not better than any of the four. Old Frank L. Stanton has written 'Just from Georgia' in the Atlanta 'Constitution' since Taylor and Adams and Kiser and Marquis were in their cradles. Edgar A. Guest on the Detroit 'Free Press'—men and women will know by heart his 'It takes a heap of livin' in a house to make it home' when the world has forgotten every word written in 'The Conning Tower' and 'A Line o' Type or Two.'"

The beauty of the colyum is in a high degree evanescent. Its effect is cumulative. You enjoy John D. Wells's "Grave to Gay" column in the Buffalo "Evening News" not merely because it contains good lines to-day, but because you enjoyed yesterday's column. Then much depends upon the way the various items in a column are built up one upon the other; often it is the transitions or the comic absence of them that counts. Many of the colyumist's best laughs are raised by his quotations from exchanges — as when B. L. T. lifts a want "ad": "NIGHT ENGINEER—To Take Care of high-pressure boiler about 45 years old." "The Occupational Zero" is Mr. Taylor's heading for this important item. Pried out of its proper position on the "Tribune" page, the humor of the "ad" is only moderate. It's team work that counts. But here is a letter from Hargrave A. Long:

We in Cleveland rise in tolerant indignation that you should not know of our beloved "Philosopher of Folly" when you ask if there be a THIRD to rank with "B. L. T." and "F. P. A." of the Chicago and New York "Tribunes."

The "colyum" that the "Philosopher of Folly" writes, in the opinion of the readers of the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," is far superior even to those admirable tidbits collected by B. L. T. and F. P. A. Our "Philosopher" has cleverness and wit, charity, tolerance, and discriminating taste that has gone far in building up for him a loyal following that seeks his "colyum" first thing each week-day morning.

Just picture, too, the uniqueness of assembling some fifteen of his volunteer assistants at a "Contributors' Club" banquet—as our "Philosopher" did on St. Valentine's night. Pegasus McNutt, Scripsit, Margheritone, Ino, De Embie, Chester Q. MacDuff, Secra Bonna, K. R. B., and many others graced the festal board.

His name, do you ask? Ted Robinson. A Hoosier, of course.

To paraphrase—"Taylor, Adams, and Robinson, but the greatest of these is Ted."

A good letter—though we're sorry it leaves out W. R. Rose of the same staff as Ted Robinson—Rose's "Plain Deals." But "A Man from Home" writes even more briefly than Mr. Long:

Yes, there is a third.

Harry M. Lynch of the Kokomo "Daily Tribune": Kokomo, Ind., Howard County, U. S. A. Why, but for this here Lynch, Bert L. Taylor would be a tailor and Adams just a common Adam. Now come on and subscribe. Taylor and Adams done it long ago.

Shall we confess? We didn't know Mr. Lynch's work till we got this letter from his enthusiastic admirer—but we know it now. Moreover, we have exchanged greetings with him—and just on the strength of the letter he has written us we are inclined to give him and his Kokomo (Ind.) "Tribune" a Hall of Fame seat alongside the "Tribunes" of Chicago and New York and their Adams and Taylor. Here is Mr. Lynch's letter:

Mine is a small town stuff local, topical piffle. The man (I assume it was a man) who nominated me to wear Adams's and Taylor's custoff shoes has pulled a better joke than I could evolve in a month.

I am not insensible at the distinction of being mentioned even incidentally in big-league company. You had never heard of me and how should you know? But I read my own stuff every day. It has the pale virtue of being my own, but it has nothing else.

And at that I sometimes suspect myself. With your permission—

> When Taylor writes his bloomin' Line,
> His japes and jibes and wheezes pert,
> A heartfelt gratitude is mine—
> I grab the shears and steal from Bert.
>
> And when Frank Adams pulls a MOT
> I have no sinful pride—not me.
> I snitch it, and with head bowed low
> Return due thanks to Franklin P.
>
> Therefore our names are linked, we three
> (Oh, flattering heartstrings, peace; be still),
> Though they have never heard of me,
> I manage on the stuff they spill.





Reeling off mile after mile of the boundless out-of-doors on an

Indian Motocycle



Out into the open! A constantly changing panorama of life and unusual sights. Great driving power under you. Unlimited distances at your command.

You are the master whether throttled down to a walking pace in congested traffic or taking a clearaway road at sixty miles an hour. Comfort is yours—road shocks and vibrations absorbed by the Cradle Spring Frame.

There's a snap and relish to motorcyle riding unlike any other travel. It's a new sport—a fine one—a national one. Today the Indian tribe numbers over 100,000.

1914 Indians have 38 betterments, and full Electric Equipment. A 32-page book illustrated, describes this year's Indians in full—shows all models, describes mechanical perfections in detail and puts you motorcycle wise. To read it is to become a qualified judge of motorcycles. Sent on request.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 802 State St., Springfield, Mass.
(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)
Branches and Service Stations:

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"The Children's Hour"

The best hour of the day for the little folks is when mother shares around a package of those toothsome confections—Necco or Hub Wafers. Little faces brighten up in anticipation—older folks are contented, because they know the kiddies can *safely* enjoy themselves, for these little "disks of delight" are guaranteed pure and fresh.

Necco Wafers
Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers
Transparent Paper Wrapper

are made of the purest ingredients in America's largest, cleanest, brightest, airiest candy factory. Made in nine tasty flavors and protected from the dust and dirt by the familiar sanitary wrapper.

Look for the "Necco Seal" on every package—the synonym of confection perfection.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.
Makers of "Necco Sweets"

Wagging World

(Concluded from page 17)

apparent that the Mississippi River is bound for Colon itself. In fact, geologists, who profess to have known the Mississippi when it was a mere infant instead of a parent, claim that it has proceeded upward of five hundred miles along its journey in the last few million years, and that it is now pushing its famous delta southward faster than ever, owing to the assistance of the Government engineers who have confined the river in narrow, swift channels, thus compelling it to dump its silt far out in the Gulf. In due time, unless some violent change in its present policy is made, the Mississippi will have pushed southward between Honduras and Cuba, into the Caribbean Sea, and on to Venezuela, and the Panama Canal will be merely a surface wound in the swollen and shapeless isthmus. Time was when the mouth of the Mississippi was at Cairo, Ill., and the Western mountains were twice their present height. We of the much-advertised human race, who are boasting about cutting a slot through Culebra Hill and running a ribbon of water across the isthmus, are painfully unappreciative of the force which has been painfully lugging the mountains of Montana thousands of miles to the Gulf and dumping them into it without the aid of steam shovels or Congressional appropriations.

EACH year the Mississippi adds upward of a square mile to Louisiana at the expense of the hills of the Northwest and the cornfields of Missouri and Iowa. Some day Louisiana will be larger than Texas, the Cuban boundary line on the west will be a barbed-wire fence, and all South America will watch the relentless approach of the United States flag at the end of the Mississippi jetties with caustic remarks about the Monroe Doctrine and its sinister ulterior purpose.

There are many who live but for today and insist on letting to-morrow grow up by itself. But to those of us who would rather worry about to-morrow than take any great interest in the present the above condition is highly recommended. It will happen before our coal is exhausted, before the sun becomes subject to light frosts, and before the eugenists put love and marriage out of fashion.

The Young Draft

(Concluded from page 12)

I'd signal the chief palace mess attendant to mix up a couple more with plenty of ice in case he might be feelin' downhearted. 'An' go to it, old scout,' I'd say, and I bet the first thing you know he'd bounce up out of his mahogany chair and pass the word for his high admiral, and to him he'd say: 'Blow 'em out the water!' And soon's he did, in we'd go, and then 'Good *night*, Mister Hurter, there'll be somethin' doing for us all here, you betcher.'"

Dreams of the Road to Mexico City

OF course there is no recruit green enough to take the Mexican navy seriously, but when they say: "D'y' s'pose there's anybody else behind this old Hurter that makes him so stubborn?" and, of course, if there is—if it is only Huerta and Villa who will get together, and so forge a united Mexico—why, then, who knows, the dream of their lives might come true and they yet haul their deck guns over the king's highroad to Mexico City.

And after the bosun's pipe and his seagoing growling voice had called them to stand by their hammocks, they stood by and presently disposed themselves about the deck wherever, in the increasing summer warmth, they could find a more comfortable sleeping spot; and while the mandolin and guitar artists were thrumming away, they lay there and listened, and talked while they listened, of their high hopes for Mexico.

And the little cruiser steamed on, and when every day's run was charted on the ship's bulletin board the new draft were right there to see how she was getting on. Every day was a day nearer. Four days, three days, two days—oh, it wasn't so far away now. Ho! for the beach when they struck there, and ho! for Mexico City and the long haul over the king's highroad then.

It is wonderful to be a young bluejacket in war time!



Photo from life.

Custom Satisfaction in shirts ready to wear.

You get it, at $1.50 up, in the

Emery Shirt

sold by dealers nearly everywhere. The shirt that is not only the criterion of fashion, but also sets the standard of value in men's high-class shirts:

***Fit, color* and *wear* guaranteed**

Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" and catalog of Emery styles.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia
Offices also: New York, Chicago, St. Louis



"Never a Need to Worry"

With the Corbin Cylinder lock on guard. It has the highest degree of security, and serves as an effectual barrier to thievery. The front door cylinder is the same as that used on the finest office or public building and it has advantages which are peculiar to itself. Catalog K112 tells of them. Sent on request.

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NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
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For the Superb Residence Or the Simplest Cottage

for professional decorating or home "tinkering", Ripolin Enamel Paint gives the utmost beauty of effect at the lowest square-foot cost per year.

This is because Ripolin never loses its flawless surface or purity of color. You escape the trouble and expense of re-painting—simple cleaning is all that is needed.

Send For This Tin

which shows the clear, soft tones of Ripolin Enamel Paint. Bend this strip—make any test to prove to yourself that Ripolin is so elastic and tenacious that it cannot peel, flake or blister. This strip will show you why Ripolin retains its freshness year after year without repainting, but merely cleaning.

Made in Holland by the old Dutch hand process, Ripolin is the most satisfactory enamel paint that money can buy—either in that brilliant high gloss like glass, or in a beautiful eggshell finish, or absolutely flat. Any tint desired may be obtained by mixing pure color ground in oil with white Ripolin. Its ease of application, enormous covering capacity, and extreme durability make it the most economical as well. A gallon will cover from 500 to 700 square feet depending upon the surface. Your painter or decorator will tell you the quantity needed.

NOTE SEAL ON EVERY CAN



Let us send you a book showing residences, exclusive clubs and palatial hotels finished with Ripolin. With it we will send the Ripolin coated strip of tin mentioned above. Also name of the Ripolin dealer in your territory.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
92 Pearl St., Boston, Mass. 660 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
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Ripolin adds to the sup rb appearance of high grade apartment houses.



In Hospitals: Ripolin's porcelain-like surface stands constant scrubbing and sterilizing.



Showing of service on steamships proves Ripolin's value for seafaring residences.

Architects will find full RIPOLIN specifications in Sweet's Index, page 1885

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"Smile at Miles"

Too late!

You are a success, aren't you?
Your time is worth money, isn't it?

Can you afford to gamble with punctures—missing important engagements: losing by one such occurrence the cost of puncture-proof insurance for a year?

Play safe! Here is a tire that will protect you against punctures and lost time—*against the high expense for inner tubes that punctures invariably cause.*

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK Pneumatic Tires

must prove absolutely puncture-proof—or you get back every cent you paid for puncture-proof insurance.

Back of that statement stands an absolute guarantee.

Shall we send a copy of the Guarantee, and Pamphlet D, with full details on construction and owners' reports of service?

Stop taking chances. Write today for this free booklet.

Lee Tire & Rubber Co.
Conshohocken, Pa.

Sold in all leading cities. Look up "Lee Tires" in your 'phone book

Note This Construction

Not a troublesome outside cover to kill resiliency—not an inner case to be attached.

3200 steel discs imbedded *in* the tread.

Each disc good for a smile—and far more than a mile.

Every disc a guarantee against puncture.

Discs overlap without touching. Imbedded in rubber with fabric between layers—free from all danger of heating or tearing loose.

Made, like all other Lee tires, of the perfected

"Vanadium" Rubber

which so materially increases resiliency and mileage.

Furnished either in regular tread, or with the effective Lee



"ZIG-ZAG" Non-Skid Tread

"Master of Slippery Situations"

Ask the dealer to show you this sturdier, more efficient non-skid (note cross-section).

"Soldiers and Sailors, Too"

(*Concluded from page 13*)

near the foot of the fortress waiting to hear news of a company of marines which had been lost. Suddenly *bang, bang, bang!* we heard the guns going up at the top of the bluff, and we recognized the sound of the Springfields. It was the lost squad. We joined 'em. I don't know how we got up there, but we did. The lost squad had been wandering around looking for a way back to us; they'd happened on a trail which led directly to the rear of that fort, so they took the trail—and the fort.

"The official reports had it that the whole thing had been planned, but the boys in the lost company weren't told about it if it was. They were almost as much surprised as the insurrectos."

He Couldn't Resist

A GRAY old noncom, walking briskly past the barracks, nodded at Sergeant Smith. "That's Dad," whispered the Sergeant, "the oldest man in the garrison. He was on the *Oregon* when she fought at Santiago and he's been in action in about a hundred other places. Hello, Dad, going to Mexico?"

Dad stopped a moment, his foot on the step.

"Joe," he said, "when this here war talk began I says to myself: 'Dad, you've had twenty-nine years of it—next year you retire. You don't want any more action in yours.' And I just plain prayed for peace—or at least I prayed they wouldn't send me down there."

"So you don't want to go, eh?"

"I didn't at first, but say, when the news began to get real lively at Vera Cruz and Tampico, I could feel the old fever coming over me, and now, like a derned old fool, I'm hoping and praying they'll send me with the next detachment. Heard anything?"

"Nope, but I have hopes, too."

Twenty-nine years in the service—twenty-nine years of drill and discipline, of skirmishing, fighting, and policing in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, the Philippines, Nicaragua, China, Hawaii, and Japan—more than a quarter of a century spent in serving the flag of his country in peace and in war under many skies, away from his home, his wife, and his family, yet the old man was ready for active service again! Spirit of the marines? That's it.

The Marine Corps is the best drilled, the most efficiently trained, and the most perfectly uniformed body in our active service. That is no insult to the other branches of the service. There are many units in the other arms which are nearly perfect in those qualities; the only difference is that the Marine Corps is a little better. There are many reasons for this, but I think the main reasons are that the officers are closer to their men, looking out for their welfare, that they are not everlastingly changing their uniform and equipment the way the army is, and especially that they are taught that cleanliness of mind and uniform is the first requisite.

It is the all-round work of fighting and working on ship and ashore that makes the Marine Corps what it is today. It may not be long before the fickle public forget the story of how Dan Haggerty of the Marines died at Vera Cruz the other day. He was just a private, and the report of his death didn't take many words in the navy cipher book, just "27860 killed in action, April 21, 1914." In the Navy Department some one will take down his envelope and close his military record card with a rubber stamp, "*Dead*," but it will be a long time before his example is forgotten.

The Spirit of Dan Haggerty

IT was a hot moment for those on shore, one of those uncertain moments that you never know and never can realize until you have experienced it yourself. To show your head is almost certain death. A message had to go to the ship, and an officer called for a volunteer—a dozen answered, but Dan Haggerty got his chance. He grabbed the flag and jumped up on top of the works. His message was only half finished when a bullet found its mark, and he fell back dead, still clutching the flag. He never finished that message to the ship, but as long as our flag waves Dan Haggerty will not have signaled in vain.

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A Big "Scoop"

THE foreign newspaper correspondents in Mexico City heard of the landing of marines at Vera Cruz almost by the time the first of our whaleboats bumped its nose against the wharf, and there was a desperate effort to get the news past Huerta's censors. Nothing that looked like a war telegram was allowed to go over the wires to the Vera Cruz cable office, which was still in the hands of Mexicans, and all the correspondents but one were in despair. The one who did not lose hope was William G. Shepherd of the United Press. Shepherd went to the censor's with this harmless-looking message: "United Press, New York. Films forwarded in Vera Cruz."

The censors could see no war news in the dispatch, and let it pass. It was relayed via Galveston and reached New York at 3:10 in the afternoon. The United Press editors referred to a cipher code that Shepherd had sent in several months before and found this:

"Our troops have entered Mexico," will read: "Films forwarded."

"Films forwarded in Vera Cruz" meant, of course, that the American forces had landed there. The dispatch was immediately flashed to all newspapers with United Press service, which reached their readers with it before the other papers knew what had happened. It was a big "scoop" for the United Press, and Shepherd became a hero in newspaper circles.

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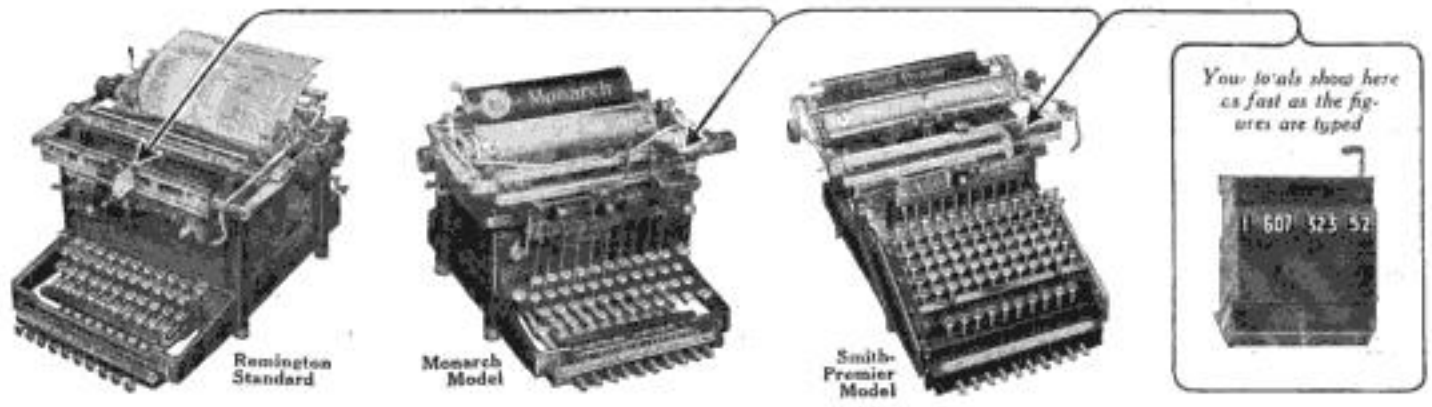
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(*Continued from page 15*)

turned in the Giant-killers' favor, and the left-hander was not called upon.

Shortly before the game ended, Barney Larkin came upon the field, all excitement. He rushed up to the Giant-killers' bench, exclaiming that he had lost his gold watch fob. After the last man was out Barney had twenty willing baseball workers and both umpires raking the field for the fob that the saloon keeper was holding for a reward!

According to Barney's prophecy, Tris Ford, kind-hearted soul, advertised for the "lost" keepsake. Waiting in Chicago when the Giant-killers arrived was a telegram, charges collect, which read: "Fob found. Send on ten-dollar reward."

BUT it wasn't Barney's escapades that troubled the manager so much as the effect his raw behavior might have on the morale of the team. This, too, despite the acknowledged reputation enjoyed by the Giant-killers *sans* Larkin of being the cleanest and most gentlemanly bunch of ball players in the country.

The club was proud of such a reputation. This was what worried Tris Ford. He felt no anxiety lest Barney corrupt the team. What the manager expected was a call-down from his own men. Perhaps something like this:

"Look a-here, Tris! We care something for our good name if you don't. If one rotten apple will spoil the whole barrel, it's a sure thing one rounder like Barney Larkin will ruin our reputation for decency and gentlemanly conduct. Barney leaves a red trail all over the circuit, and we're getting tired of it. If you think there's nothing to our profession except winning ball games, why we'll try something else. And this goes!"

No, Tris Ford didn't want to have to answer back to unanswerable talk like that. Neither did he care to part company with Barney Larkin just yet—not while the temperamental twirler was holding the Giant-killers to the fore of the championship race and incidentally proving himself the best drawing card in the American League. If the team could be brought to look upon Barney as a weak brother—somebody without the pale of the Giant-killers' society—and would tolerate him for the worth of his pitching arm, the club might contrive to scale the heights and win another pennant. It was for the boys themselves to decide. Tris would have it out with them through their natural leader, Win Shute.

IT has been intimated elsewhere that a good story hangs about the discovery and capture of James Winton Shute—"Win" to his team mates as to his college intimates. Suffice it that he was captain of the varsity nine at the big university, and so devoted was he to the national pastime that he was eager to cut short his collegiate training at the end of his junior year and join the Giant-killers. But Tris Ford wouldn't listen to it. He insisted that James Winton finish his education; and ever after, when Shute considered his bachelor of arts degree with pride and satisfaction, he never failed to thank Tris Ford for his part in the capture of it. Ford alone could have kept the budding ball player in college.

Two years after graduation Shute was a regular on the Giant-killers' team, playing second base. He was batting well over .300 and covering second as though he had invented the position and was continually improving his invention. He had earned the sobriquet of the "pepper box," for the obvious reason that he infused life and go into the club. He was in the game every minute, playing always for the team, never for himself.

AND—his lips had never known the taste of liquor, as Ira Landis oratorically said one time at a public banquet; neither did the great second sucker smoke. No wonder Tris Ford looked upon him as a model ball player and sought his counsel. James Winton Shute sat at the manager's right at the meetings of the Strategy Board.

Events hastened Tris Ford's consultation with Win Shute about Barney. First of all, Shute was suffering the tortures of Job with a nasty boil on his groin—the one spot where such an affliction can most harass an active ball player. Tris Ford, sympathetic to a fault, had told Win to stay out of the game.

"With the team in a batting slump, the pitching staff wabbly, and a lead of less than two games? Not on your life, Tris! You may get the umpire to order me off the field, but I'll not quit for anybody else—get that?"

This gingery dialogue took place in Chicago. Three days later Barney Larkin failed to show up the afternoon he was down to pitch. Hawk, who didn't have the stuff, tried to fill the southpaw's shoes, and the Giant-killers were beaten—trounced three games out of four in the series.

Getting back from the grounds, the team found Barney in the hotel lobby, mixing it up with the hotel porter, a friendly soul, who had tried to lure the "full" pitcher into the privacy of his own room. At sight of Tris Ford, Barney sobered up temporarily and lurched into the elevator—and heavily against Win Shute.



"Barney, you're not worth a damn to anybody but the undertaker!"

It was the much-advertised last bale of straw. Barney's kicking over the traces and upsetting the chariot of victory in such a crisis was too much for James Winton Shute. He spoke his mind:

"If Ford doesn't tie a can to you tomorrow, the so-called hundred-thousand-dollar infield will look like a plugged nickel. Barney, you're not worth a damn to anybody but the undertaker—and he'd be taking a long chance, for I don't know who'd give up a dollar to bury you. You're nothing but an ordinary bum."

THERE was a split second when it appeared likely that Barney would strike Shute. Tris Ford, who had crowded into the elevator unseen at the last moment, scenting trouble, contrived to worm his way in front of Barney. He gripped the pitcher's wrists and held them like a vise. The danger was averted. But that evening after dinner, when Shute was sitting in his room reading, the manager came to him and unbosomed himself. Together they discussed Barney's peculiar case from every possible viewpoint.

"You put him in his right class—a bum," began Tris.

"But I oughtn't have said it," admitted Win.

"Never mind about that—you were justified in saying 'most anything—you playing for the club when you should be in bed."

"Cut that out, Tris. I want the pennant—want to get into the World Series money again—you know it."

"So do we all of us," agreed Ford.

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"And there'll be no pennant this season if we can Barney Larkin—that's a cinch." Tris Ford suppressed a sigh of pure relief. He now ventured to remark:

"If you boys want me to let Barney go, why—he goes! You won't have to say the word twice. It's up to you."

"We can't win without him—you appreciate that, Tris. He's a weakling, and we've got to get along with him somehow or other."

JAMES WINTON SHUTE exercised his gray matter for a brief space of time; then his face brightened, and he proposed:

"Have a scheme—why not appoint a keeper for Barney?"

"A keeper?" Tris smiled, but shook his head.

"Some one to look after him—never leave him a minute, 'cept when he's snoring," elaborated Shute.

"'Fraid he wouldn't stand for it," argued Tris; "and if he did, in a week he'd lead his keeper astray."

Win laughed. "But you don't quite get me. Barney mustn't be wise to this keeper, and the keeper must be firewater proof."

"I got you—but where'd you find the man?"

"Right in our squad—Steadman—young giant left-hander we have."

"But I'm going to send him to the minors, to keep the squad down to twenty-five men." This was the league's rule—from May 15 to August 15.

"You *were* going to," corrected Shute with a grin; "but on second guess you've decided to keep him here to learn the pitching art from Barney Larkin—greatest left-hander of his generation."

TRIS FORD flashed his smile of understanding. Then he asked:

"Why do you pick Steadman for the job of keeper?"

"Because he doesn't drink a drop, because in a scuffle he's heavy and strong enough to take care of Barney and put him to sleep, because Barney likes him, and because they have a great common bond."

"A common bond?" Tris looked incredulous.

"Sure—they're both disciples of Isaak Walton."

"You mean—"

"They'll fish all day, both of them, without getting a single bite, and go home happy at night."

"Say, I'll stock a trout pond near the ball park and build Barney a bungalow on the shore," said Tris.

Player and manager laughed with the fervor of a couple of kids.

"I'll revise my list and hold on to Steadman," promised Ford.

"If you say so," said Win, "I'll coach the youngster in his new position. Next to Barney, he likes me better, I think, than any man on the club."

"Next to Barney?" questioned Tris.

"Yes; I don't fish."

AND thus, to the surprise of the catching force, was Earnest Steadman retained with the Giant-killers. Two men only, Tris Ford and Win Shute, shared Steadman's secret that he was officially the weakling's keeper. Steadman stuck to Barney Larkin closer than a brother. "Damon and Piscatorius," Shute had dubbed the pair. And, kept fairly well in leash, Barney Larkin was a big factor in the winning of many a ball game.

Before the season was embalmed in the official baseball guide, Tris Ford exhibited the first signs of age. Long, lean, and immobile, never batting an eye in the most trying situations, he had been wont to follow the game from the dugout. A fiction there was that he signaled with his score card; but otherwise he was as impassive as the copperhead on a penny—until the home stretch of this nerve-breaking season. Then, as the scribes put it, he began to act like an ordinary, flesh-and-blood human being. He moved uneasily upon the bench, sometimes signaled brazenly to a player, and was occasionally known to give vent to disappointment or disgust by actually slapping his knee in public. He was not the same Tris Ford—not by an obstreperous nervous system.

BUT who, save a block of lignum-vitæ, wouldn't have allowed his deep concern to be occasionally seen? From the middle of August, when the Western clubs made their last journey East, the Giant-killers were scheduled, week after week, to "blow"—that is, to drop back in the race. This disaster threatened many times. Once the team was two full games behind the Red Sox, then leaders; but

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lowly Washington surprised the President, the Vice President, Senators, and Congressmen by beating the Speed Boys four straight, and thus taking second place. Collaterally, the Senators helped the Giant-killers back into first position.

Came the very last week of the season with more excitement than the nation's fans had ever experienced. The pennants in both major leagues were in doubt! The Giants, expected to "repeat" and again participate in the World Series, were to engage in a cutthroat struggle with the Phillies. If New York broke even, the championship banner would again float from the Giants' stadium. But if the Phillies won three out of four, then Father Penn would carry off the flag. This series opened on Tuesday.

In the American the Giant-killers had to keep ahead to win. A game and a half separated Tris Ford's charges from the Chicago White Sox. Here, however, there was no rival clash. The two clubs had met for the last time, and honors were even. Washington must beat the Giant-killers and Chicago must win from Detroit in order to bring one end of the World Series into Lakeville. These two "deciding" combats began a day later.

THE fan's diary had these entries:

Tuesday night—Phillies and New York tie in the National.

Wednesday night—Giant-killers still a game and a half ahead in the American; New York leading in the National.

Thursday before dinner—teams tied again in the National; but a half game between Giant-killers and White Sox in the American.

Friday night—Phillies win the pennant!

On the same day, the Giant-killers, with Barney Larkin on the rubber, defeated the Senators, while the White Sox were whitewashing the Tigers. No change in their respective standing—two leading American League teams but half a game apart.

Immediately after the third game, Tris Ford took Barney Larkin into his private office and talked to him as a father to his wild son. He rallied every ounce of manliness, of sentiment, of fighting blood there was in the eccentric left-hander. He told him he must face Washington again the next day—and bring home the bacon. The pennant was at stake!

"You will be a hero if you win," urged Ford, "pointed out by everybody as the man who pitched the Giant-killers to another championship. But if you lose, why—you will be nobody."

Meanwhile, James Winton Shute was giving orders to Earnest Steadman, just as the Secretary of the Treasury would have directed the Chief of the Secret Service.

"You mustn't lose sight of Barney one instant! If he insists on drinking, start a row, and get locked up—the both of you. We'll bail you out, but only in time to get from City Hall to the park in a taxi. See!"

Earnest Steadman slowly nodded his head. "I have been every place but in jail with Barney." The keeper was a man of few words.

THAT night Tris Ford slept badly. Being younger and having done a big man's work out o' doors, Win Shute slept like a babe—the kind of kid you read about. Naturally Tris awoke with a feeling of depression, as if the Giant-killers weren't going to get the day's breaks. But Shute jumped out of bed singing. "To-day we win the bunting!" Which goes to prove that premonitions are closely allied to the "morning after."

At two o'clock that fateful afternoon, when the last man left the locker room for the field, Barney Larkin and Earnest Steadman had not reported at the park. For an hour, by order of Tris Ford, President Benn's limousine had been rushing about like a hack on election day, searching everywhere for the missing pair. In the business office the club's secretary had the telephone directory before him, open at Saloons and Cafés, and one after another the proprietors were called, beginning with Aiello, Michele, and ending with Zbytniewski, Julian. Neither Michele nor Julian, not to mention the rum purveyors occupying the more intermediate portions of the alphabetical directory, had seen the erratic Barney or his slow-going convoy.

ON another telephone, Win Shute, marring the oak furniture with his spikes, was calling the various police stations. He remembered his final instructions to Steadman and was looking for results. But Larkin was not behind the bars—not

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but is equally applicable to any manufacturer of a good automobile who is interested in economical advertising.

There is really quite as much difference in men and women as in any other investment.

But—broadly speaking—publishers make little distinction in the value of readers. In all publications which you would use you have to pay just about the same price, per thousand readers.

Leslie's circulation is guaranteed. Leslie's advertising rate is based on this guaranteed circulation. It costs you no more, per thousand readers, to advertise the Willys-Overland to Leslie's readers than in any other high grade publication of general circulation.

Leslie's should carry your advertising because we offer at the same price you pay for *any* circulation, a class of readers above the average and an opportunity to tell your story without an extravagant use of space.

Leslie's readers may be judged by Leslie's itself and by our circulation methods.

Leslie's editor believes in good business, big or little, and this editorial tone naturally attracts substantial business men.

Our subscriptions are secured by direct representation. Our prizes do not go to salesmen who secure the largest number of subscribers but to those who secure the largest number rated in Dun's or Bradstreet's. Last month 24% of all new subscribers were rated.

This subscription method, in connection with our editorial appeal insures circulation above the average. And we know that these readers have a motor interest coupled with the ability to buy.

Leslie's readers write to Leslie's for information.

With the advent of the automobile so many inquiries were received that it was necessary to establish a motor department in charge of an expert. This department has grown until we are now acting as confidential adviser on the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars. And we know that Leslie's readers have a motor interest and an ability to buy. And so we know that Leslie's is a way to reach them and to find them responsive.

In addition you may put your message before them without an extravagant outlay in space. The comparatively small volume of advertising which Leslie's carries makes it possible to secure the attention of every reader with less space than in any other publication I can think of. For instance, fifteen thousand odd dollars will buy twelve pages, one a month, which would practically dominate the publication. Can you think of any other publication, of the value of Leslie's, where fifteen thousand dollars would mean domination?

F. W. Gleason
General Manager.

Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly Newspaper*

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Ink where ink is wanted, and in no other place: Ink when ink is wanted, your swiftest thoughts to trace



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Self-Filling Regular & Safety Types

$2.50 to $50.00

We intend always to keep Waterman's Ideal the most satisfactory and serviceable writing implement in the world. Illustrated booklet on request

At the Best Stores.

L. E. Waterman Company
173 Broadway, New York

yet. As a place of last resort, John Benn suggested that some one telephone the morgue. Some one did. "No one answering the description!"

"He's made his get-away," said Tris Ford; "there's nothing to that." The game was played with Cummins and Arrow in the points. Washington won.

Tris Ford left the grounds with a face as long as a rainy spell in April. But Win Shute was cheerful. An hour later he telephoned the manager:

"White Sox lose! Pennant's ours. Hoo-ray!"

"I know it—but what d'you s'pose has become of Barney?" were Ford's words. Already his quick mind was looking ahead—to the big battle for the World's emblem.

"He'll show up to-morrow—stop worrying and hug yourself to-night, Tris," counseled Shute.

"Well, I appreciate your grand work, Win—on and *off* the field," said Tris.

Next morning before ten o'clock, his eye bright, his complexion clear, his step elastic, Barney Larkin turned up at the Park. He grinned as he remarked:

"We won the flag, sure enough; am I right?"

"Where you been?" growled John Benn, son of the club's president.

"Up State," answered Barney, unconcernedly.

"What the devil you been doing?"

"Fishing."

"Fishing—this time of year?"

"Didn't catch nothing."

"You'll catch something when Tris sets eyes on you."

"Mebbe."

BARNEY took the most comfortable chair in the room, bit off a generous chew of tobacco, then picked up last night's pink extra, and began laboriously to spell out the "Flashes from the Diamond."

Elsewhere, Earnest Steadman was explaining to his mentor, James Winton Shute. It appeared that Barney had developed a robust thirst, which would not be denied. Lacking confidence in the jail as a haven, the worried keeper, drawing heavily on his meager imagination, had faked the story of a marvelous trout pond up-State. In the crisis he conjured up such a remarkable picture of the pond, which was "lousy with trout," as he expressed it, that Barney was seized with a sudden determination to go thither.

"I tried to make him wait until the pennant was cinched," explained Steadman, "but he said he always pitched better ball on a bellyful of trout. Thought I planned it to get back in time for yesterday's game."

"But I thought this was a phony pond?" said Shute.

"It was—the one I told Barney about. But I hunted up the nearest one in the summer tour book of the Pennsy."

"Why didn't you get back?" demanded Win.

"Because Barney wouldn't come until he had one bite—kept putting off starting until, he says, 'one speckled beauty rises to my fly.' None riz."

"You must have picked a fine pond," said Shute.

"I did. They's an intake there from a cum-a-bear cheese factory and it's killed all the fish."

WHEN Win Shute talked with Tris Ford over the telephone about the disappearance, reappearance and "fool explanation," Tris replied:

"Well, we've won the pennant and they're here. What we got to figure on now is so's it won't happen again. Want to talk over the World Series with you."

There was an entirely new element in the approaching blue-ribbon event. Of course the Giant-killers to a man wanted to win. It meant perhaps fifteen hundred dollars more money in each player's jeans. It meant, also, to continue to be known and pointed out as World Champions. And the club owners were out to win—keen to win. First and foremost for the glory of it. Then for the prestige it would give the Giant-killers all over the league circuit—rather, which they would continue to enjoy another season. There was a third reason, a very important reason.

NOT once before in the thirty-five years of the club's existence had the Phillies won a pennant. Yet within ten years pennant winning had become something of a habit with the Giant-killers. Naturally, therefore, they had the call on the patronage of Father Penn's home town, having commanded popular favor

WHIRLPOOL SANITARY DISHWASHER
FOR FAMILY USE



Thoroughly washes china, glassware, silver and kitchenware in a few minutes of easy operation.

Dries and sterilizes china.

Hands never touch water.

Large numbers are being sold in the

JOHN WANAMAKER STORE
Philadelphia

and the Wanamaker circular says of it:

"At last—a successful dishwashing machine for the home."

"It makes dishwashing a pleasant task."

"The well-known objections to previous types have all been overcome in this machine."

Average family size
$15.00

Information furnished regarding larger sizes.

If not obtainable in your locality, The Whirlpool will be sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

All machines strictly guaranteed or money refunded.

The Whirlpool is self-cleansing and absolutely sanitary. Washes finest china and glassware with no danger of breakage, using a dishpan full of water for washing, and another for rinsing. Durably built of stamped metal; no pump; small in size, and especially adaptable to limited space. Beautifully finished in baked enamel. Refined and ornamental.

Appeals strongly to high class **dealers** and **agents.** Will be shipped to responsible agents, prepaid, upon receipt of price. Returnable at our expense, after ten days' examination. Regular discount allowed thereon when agency is established. Shipped in cartons 18x22 inches, weight 23 pounds.

HERSHEY-SEXTON COMPANY, Manufacturers
1221 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Look for the Mark of Quality printed on the back of the shield

THE name is there for your protection—insist that you see it—it's your "garter insurance policy."

PARIS are the standard the world 'round, 25c-50c

A. STEIN & CO., *Makers*
CHICAGO NEW YORK



PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

This may seem a foolish question.

Yet the area of automobile upholstery made from one cow's hide is about three times that of the whole hide.

How?

By splitting the hide into three sheets, and coating and embossing the "splits" in imitation of grain leather.

Coated split leather is therefore artificial leather much inferior to

DU PONT FABRIKOID

MOTOR QUALITY

which is scientifically made artificial leather based on a fabric much stronger and more uniform than the fleshy split, but coated and embossed in the same way.

The difference is all in favor of Fabrikoid, which is guaranteed superior to any coated split. Not affected by water, heat or cold. Several leading makers have adopted it. Any maker can furnish on your car if you order it so.

Send 50c for sample 18 x 25 inches. Enough to cover a chair seat. Mention this weekly and specify Black Motor Quality Fabrikoid.

DUPONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DEL. TORONTO, ONT.

If at all Particular Drink

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Give Grenville Kleiser, famous speech specialist, 15 minutes daily and

He Will Give You a Mastery of Words

There are no old-fashioned wearisome rules of grammar to memorize. By an entirely new plan you absorb and immediately apply the fruits of years of teaching experience which are compressed into twenty intimate home lessons.

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Become an Engaging Conversationalist—

Enter Good Society—

Be a Man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community.

JOHN BURROUGHS, famous Naturalist and Writer: "I see valuable and helpful hints in these lessons. Any young man or woman who has an undeveloped literary talent ought to profit greatly by this Course."

It matters not what you are doing in the world, a knowledge of good English is *absolutely necessary* if you would achieve the *biggest success*. "Good English is good business"—and it will *pay* you better than any other accomplishment.

Let us send you by mail full particulars of this great Course. Doing so does not obligate you in any way, therefore please

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON *NOW*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 86, New York.
Please send full information regarding Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Good English and Mental Efficiency.

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Date..... State.....



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—*30 days*—one month's free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "RANGER." We will ship it to you on approval, freight prepaid, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine.

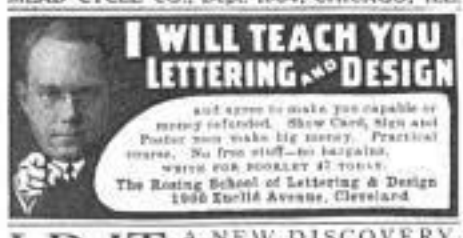
WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at *half usual prices*. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 model **RANGER** furnished by us.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. *Write today.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, CHICAGO, ILL.



LD-IT A NEW DISCOVERY. Needed in every home, office, store, garage—everywhere. Be the wholesale distributor in your locality. Permanent. Profitable. Sales Repeating. Write today. Ritter Specialty Co. Dept. C. Columbus, Ohio

for a number of seasons. This popularity was now in jeopardy. If the Phillies demonstrated that they were the better team, then the fans would turn to the new kings of baseball the next season. For the fan dearly loves a winner.

On form—relying on the weak brother, Barney Larkin—the Giant-killers looked to have a shade the best of the argument. This being so, why were the Phillies the favorites in the betting? Even money was at first the rule. But over in New York the gamblers soon had the odds hammered down until the Nationals were favorites at 10 to 6.

Gambling Tris Ford abhorred, regarding it as the ever-present menace to the integrity of the national game; and if he thought a man, however prominent or important, was seeking a line on the Giant-killers as a guide in betting, Tris would shut up like a steel trap. It wasn't the betting itself, but the information behind the odds that troubled him.

IT did not surprise him—why, he did not know—when he received a letter, special delivery, from the sporting editor of one of the New York papers. The man who wrote it loved fair play and clean sport, and looked upon Tris Ford as the apostle of the one and the exponent of the other. The letter read:

In this town the gamblers are plunging on the Phillies. Regardless of form your club is being forced down steadily in the betting. Jake Stinger and other big gamblers don't look upon this betting proposition as a "game of chance," not they. Gambling to them on such a scale means a sure thing. It is no secret on the inside. They say you have only one pitcher who can stop the Phillies, now at the top of their batting, and that is Barney Larkin. They boast that they have got him.

Take this for what it's worth. You doubtless know Larkin—but I know Stinger's crowd. They are betting on a sure thing or else somebody is fooling them most awfully. Anyhow, look out. Good luck.

AFTER reading this letter to Win Shute, Tris Ford observed: "There's something behind those long odds—I've thought so right along."

"You don't think they could bribe Barney?—with all his vices he wouldn't sell out, would he?" asked Win, rather anxiously.

"Not for one minute," said Tris, positively. "Money means nothing to him—leastwise, a great deal of money. I keep his coin for him—deal it out in small bits. I find he's as pleased over a two-dollar bill as he is over a five. And a tenner looks to him like Rockefeller's dividends for a whole day!

"The money end of it don't worry me," Tris repeated.

"Then what is bothering you?"

The manager of the Giant-killers hesitated, his expression becoming abnormally serious. "I don't know that I ought to speak of it even—it might get the idea started, if it hasn't already."

"What idea?" almost snapped Win Shute. "What's on your chest? If it's something threatening, we ought to plan to beat it. Tell me!"

Tris showed his anxiety in his face.

"Kidnaping!—that's what I'm afraid of," he whispered to Win Shute.

"Kidnaping Barney Larkin? They'd have to bind and gag his giant keeper first."

"Oh, they'd manage that if they set out to try," said Tris gloomily.

JAMES WINTON SHUTE fell back on his gray matter. Then came the beam of dawning solution.

"We'll put some one to watch the keeper that watches the victim," he said.

"Who?"

"The best detective we can get in the city, with two strong-arm boys for a bodyguard." And they did. Unknown to Barney Larkin, his piscatorial friend, Earnest Steadman, sat in front of his bedroom door, keeping watch. Unknown to Larkin and Steadman, downstairs the cleverest detective in the city kept vigil, reinforced by two able diamonds in the rough, very rough.

In his home, not three blocks away, Tris Ford tossed on the bed, unable to sleep. He had a vague feeling of impending disaster.

The day of the first game of the World Series, all Philadelphia's own, was clear and mild, built to order by the gods for the American Olympian. There were crowds of hilarious people, parades, music, and speculation—both idle talk and money talk. The odds closed 10 to 6 on the Phillies. If rumor was right, this was portentous.

Tris Ford deserted his private office shortly after high noon and went to the locker room—an unheard-of proceeding for him. Then he waited round impatiently. On the dot, as the clock pointed to 12.30, a triumphal procession moved ceremoniously into the presence of the chief of the Giant-killers.

At its head was Barney Larkin, a smile upon his boyish face and a cocky look in his eye that brought joy and comfort to the manager. Close behind was Earnest Steadman, also smiling. Next came an inconspicuous citizen, easily mistaken for a prosperous traveling man—the clever detective. Bringing up the rear were two low-browed fellows—either pugilists in ordinary or highly efficient piano shifters.

Tris Ford laughed. He couldn't help it.

Although the team, with one exception, was not a party to the deep, dark secret, the players plainly shared the relief which Tris Ford experienced at sight of Barney Larkin. They sang as they put on their uniforms, and one would have supposed, to look in upon them, that they were preparing for morning practice in the training season, instead of getting ready to fight for the highest honors of the town—and the popularity of the home town.

WILD tumult broke loose at sight of the Giant-killers, answering the yell which had gone up on the appearance of the Phillies. There were the usual preliminaries—all before the camera. There was snappy practice by the Nationals. Then the Giant-killers took the field, to limber up and get their grip on the ball and sure fire into their throws.

"Hit 'er out!"

An acute-sighted fan jumped up in his place back of first, and ignoring the shouts of "Down in front!" scanned the playing field from a point near second base to the Giant-killers' bench, much as an anxious mother would look for her lost child. Then in agonized accents he demanded of space:

"Where's Win Shute?"

Eyes by the thousand traveled to the edge of the clay-base path in right. There an uneasy substitute was trying his hardest to accomplish the impossible—fill the spiked shoes of the king of second basemen.

What on the terrestrial ball did it mean? Was Tris Ford crazy?

TARDILY, fifteen minutes after the hour set for the game to begin, the official announcer raised his megaphone and sing-songed the opposing batteries. The fans howled with delight when they heard that Barney Larkin was to pitch for the Giant-killers, although they knew it of course. But when the announcer added that Pervis was to "play second base in place of Shute," the fans gave loud vent to their disapproval. "What's the matter—Win Shute hurt?" they shrieked.

Around the vast assemblage, starting in the press box, flying through the grand stand, leaping to the pavilions, reaching at last to the bleachers, sped the answer:

"He's disappeared!"

Gloom, impenetrable gloom, settled down upon a majority of the great throng—those who had come to help the Giant-killers win. Their quick minds were recalling what the rival manager, John Muggins, had given out after the Giant-killers downed New York. They remembered every word of it:

"I want to go on record as saying that Shute is the greatest ball player in the world. He wins more games for his club than any other man on the diamond to-day—and winning games is what counts in baseball. He was directly responsible for two of the games which his team won from us, and was there all the time in the other two victories. In defensive work he was easily the king-pin, breaking up our defense and making sensational plays around second base. The record shows that he led his own team in the attack. I say again—Shute is the greatest ball player in the world. With him no major-league team would be weak—without him the best team would be seriously crippled."

Seriously crippled!

OVER in New York, a few feet away from the ticker which was announcing the beginning of play, Jake Stinger and his friends were already celebrating.

Part II of this three-part story will appear next week



Mr. Motorist

Here's a point you may have missed

The greatest power loss with which motorists contend is due to leaky, cheaply built spark plugs—compression leaks through or the charge is only partly ignited.

A cheap plug must be poor; a poor plug always causes power loss, over-heating and costly damage to engine and car.

Bosch Plugs

were designed so that the right plug could be had, so that power losses, over-heating and other ignition troubles could be eliminated and so that the full power always could be obtained.

Bosch Plugs are right and act right. Proof of this fact is in the showing made by Bosch Products in the recent Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prize Races. Both winners and EVERY car to finish used Bosch Plugs; also the Bosch Magneto. This was a gruelling test—more heat was present, more oil was used and greater speed was evident than you ever would require—but Bosch Plugs stood it—because they are As Good As Bosch Magnetos. Try a set in your car—the same plugs as used by the racers.

$1.00 Each in U. S. from any dealer, or from Bosch Service Stations or Branches.

"Locating the Spark Plug" tells what you ought to know about plugs—it's free.

BOSCH MAGNETO COMPANY
222 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.
199 Service Stations in U. S. and Canada to serve you.

The House of
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wants to appoint a Junior Salesman in each city.

BOYS

will find this work congenial and profitable, and in addition to encouraging the ability to sell, we are offering premiums, such as books, baseball bats, baseball suits, etc.

PARENTS

too, should encourage their boys to be thrifty and self-reliant. Ask for our plan.

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The shoe for feet that are "down and out" is the Coward Arch Support Shoe with Coward Extension Heel. Its firm uplift gives immediate help to discouraged arch and ankle muscles, restoring them to position and health.

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"WHY I AM A UNITARIAN"

By James Freeman Clarke and other Unitarian Literature FREE. Address "Associate Department," 25 Beacon St., Boston.

The Tyranny of Beauty

(Continued from page 16)

day when she brought the marked papers to me to take home to her mother, showing real disappointment that she'd not witnessed the triumph. But my grandmother was then too feeble to go anywhere in the evening except to prayer meeting in a little church half a block away, even though my aunt had offered to send the car.

"Mamma always seemed to feel he'd never get there," said my aunt, "and after last night I'll always be glad I stuck to it that he would—all he needed was the chance professional jealousy was keeping him out of. And wasn't he splendid standing up there before that big audience—and the way they clapped! Splendid! Worth all it cost. Well, you heard it all—temme whatcha think."

"Oh, I think he's harmless," said I.

MY aunt felt she was getting her money's worth out of it all. In private life she was Mrs. Willing, but always Mme. Del Mar to the business world; yet she managed to let the light of one name bring out the luster of the other: in the beauty parlors she now posed before us as a society dame, merely dropping round to look after things; in the salon as the thunderously successful business woman, merely taking a little relaxation between two days of strenuous commercialism and success. Both equally were poses—the "pink jar and purple ribbon"—the one to the other; but the result was a slowly gathering prestige of a quite new order, a slowly accumulating power in herself, and a rapidly accelerating recklessness in squandering money.

Was Oscar Willing harmless? Well, under the tutelage of a sweetly parasitic husband, Mme. Del Mar had learned the aristocratic art of spending wholesale. And then before we knew it we were on the rocks!

The knowledge that we were facing a crash came to me more as a shock than a surprise. Little things had dropped here and there for a couple of years showing madame was at times pushed for ready money; she was finding motor cars, receptions, dinners, theatre parties, opera boxes, and subscriptions to this, that, and the other, a very different matter from the hotel entertaining she'd done formerly, to say nothing of the upkeep of a husband whose mere pocket money was a hundred dollars a week as against the upkeep of an aged mother, who received a weekly pay envelope with twenty dollars from the bookkeeper and never so much as hinted for another penny. Flowers alone—an item my aunt never considered in her bachelor days—now ran up immense bills as part of her lavish entertainment, and were even ordered for the parlors and her private office.

It was, in fact, a long overdue bill for flowers that she'd forwarded from Denver to the bookkeeper that brought the true state of affairs to my attention.

LOOKING much disturbed, he called me to his gilded cage one morning while I was making my inspection rounds and asked if I could suggest any means of meeting it—he hadn't the money on hand. "I don't know what the madame's thinking about these days, Miss Lucy—no business could stand up under the strain. Ten gross of Zulu gone for a bank of 'azaleas' and a 'centerpiece of roses'—then coming back on me for it! She knows as well as I do that I transfer all the balance to her account every month—I keep nothing back but what we've got to use in the business. This was due to come out of her funds, not ours. . . . It's the fourth time in a year she's drawn on me this way. . . . I suppose I ought to say something—give the hint that we'll be getting in trouble if it keeps on, but you see. . . . Well, a man in my position don't like to call a woman to account for the way she spends her own money and conducts her own business. . . . If she was to take offense at me . . ."

HE shook his head in bewildered weariness as if he'd been thinking things over a long time and still hadn't told me all that bothered him; then he suggested: "I thought you might speak to her—you being her niece and having more influence with her than anybody else."

"*I* have influence?"

"Why, yes. You're the only person whose say seems to carry with her. I don't know why, but it seems to the rest of us she's afraid of you in some way."

I WAS too astonished to reply, and perhaps because of my silence he added an explanation: "Maybe it's because you're so silent always—she's afraid of what you're thinking and doesn't dare ask, but knows she'll not find out if she don't ask. It catches most people—silence does—but there's always times when it's wiser to break it."

"I'll think it over," said I.

"There isn't much time to think it over—she's got to be told pretty soon if—if it's to do her any good."

His eyes were fixed on the bill and he dog-eared a corner nervously.

"Just precisely what do you mean?" I demanded, suddenly suspicious that he was keeping back something serious or perhaps trying to reveal it.

He gave a furtive look about the place as far as he could see it and then whispered: "Well, Miss Lucy—we're on the rocks." But the words were hardly out of his mouth before his face changed, paled as if with fright, and in a still lower whisper he begged: "But for God's sake don't let Miss Beekman suspect I've told you."

Beekman came up under full sail to where I stood, and I had time to see the questioning look she shot at the man as she greeted me: "Good morning, Miss Lucy—another hot day! I hope the madame's enjoying herself in the Colorado mountains. What do you hear from her?—letter to-day? I had a souvenir postal. Says the baby's doing fine."

All this and a good deal more of the same was, I could see, merely the excuse to examine my face and see what I'd been discussing with the bookkeeper—if she could; and I flatter myself she couldn't.

I asked myself could it be true that we were on the rocks? And then asked myself how we could help being—with a man like my Uncle Oscar?

TO do him this small justice, however, there were other causes than his extravagance and the large establishment my aunt was keeping up under his stimulating influence. Her second child was born in June, and she'd been out of her office for some time before and all the time after; her trip to Denver and a higher altitude being for her health, though she had attended to some business out there at the same time and placed several large orders. Then the heat that summer had been frightful all over the country—people simply would not come for treatments; would not take the trouble to use beauty preparations. Even the hair department had fallen behind—little monsieur was in despair over the way the women refused to bundle up their heads in other people's hair when their own was almost more than they could carry around. Thus every department had suffered. For eight weeks the parlors had been running at a loss—though I did not know it, that matter resting between the bookkeeper and the general superintendent, Miss Beekman.

Wages were paid that were not earned; rent was paid that was not earned. The trade sales of Zulu to the world at large—money that madame considered had nothing to do with the establishment—were drawn on first—without, of course, consulting either her or me—then money was borrowed from the bank to meet the interior expenses, and creditors had been asked for time on bills for containers and raw materials.

MADAME herself had come down for the last time at the end of May, and all seemed clear ahead then for a prosperous season; by the time the pinch declared itself she couldn't be consulted. The head bookkeeper and Miss Beekman carried the whole of this responsibility between them from then on until the first of September. Needless to remark, neither one had the intelligence or force necessary. My being kept in the dark as to the real inwardness of the situation was a piece of stratagem on Miss Beekman's part—her first assertion of herself as my aunt's representative.

I have no illusions about my brilliance as a business woman, though I still think

Now a Loose-Leaf Device and Form for Every Purpose



If you have a Loose-Leaf Device or Form problem of any conceivable nature, you can get its accurate, quick solution only in the I-P line of 1700 items. Don't waste time looking elsewhere—don't waste money on high-priced system experts and costly special-made Devices and Forms. The exact Devices and Forms you require undoubtedly now, await you in the I-P line.

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Only in the I-P line is there ready-made at stock prices a Device or Form for nearly every purpose—Ledgers, Invoice Books, Cash Books, Price Books, Stenographic Notebooks, Journals, Memo Books for Business Houses, Salesmen, Doctors, Engineers and everyone. By investigating the I-P line first you can save the extra cost of system experts and special-made material. If you make the mistake of purchasing costly special Forms and Devices, you will be compelled to have all necessary additional Forms made to order.

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Irving-Pitt Mfg. Co.

Kansas City, Mo.
Branches: Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston

LOOSE I-P LEAF

Only 2 Cylinder Rowboat Motor

MORE POWER GREATER SPEED



The only 2 cylinder Rowboat motor—beats anything on the market. A *real* engine. Powerful, fast—quiet and smooth running, *vibrationless.* Starts on the first "Kick" and reverses easily.

KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR



FULL 3 H.P. Doesn't shake the boat Weedless Rudder

Overcomes vibration, the biggest objection to rowboat motoring. All revolving and reciprocating parts perfectly balanced. Fits any rowboat—can be steered with engine shut off. Weedless rudder propeller. Cost *less* per horse power. If you are going to buy a rowboat motor this is your best bet. Full particulars on request.

Agents wanted.

KOBAN MFG. CO.
264 South Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dull Razors & Blades

How can we be sure **you,** Mr. Skeptical, honed up on dull blades and razor-pastes—especially if you've been dragged into barber-shop hacking, or your hair-ry, whisky "Pre-shaved," face apparently all right at first? We are going to try out the following plan: **Either** mail us your box of blades, at our risk, say the number of the keen Process, and pay only if pleased, **or else,** send postal today for prices and details and our **Free Handy Mailing Case.** For blades or razors—anywhere in the world.

Parker-Warren Engineering Laboratories, 1433-a Broadway, New York

(We alone may use the Hollow Process on USED blades.)

PATENTS

of value secured by Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D. C., and New York City. Estb. 1862. BOOKLET FREE.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

"Rotterdam," 24,170 tons; 17th annual; Feb. 14; 65 days, $468 up, including shore excursions. [illegible]

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THE SHOP WINDOW

HERE YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING FROM A MEMORANDUM BOOK TO AN APPLE ORCHARD. YOU CAN GET VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION ABOUT MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES BY READING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

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The Gold Coast Of Florida. The Groves Of grapefruit and oranges laden with golden spheres bring real gold to the growers. You cannot mine for the metal here, but golden returns are annually had from cultivating the deep rich soil, under a winter sun, ripening products in midwinter. Celery yielding 900 to 1000 crates the acre—Cabbage yielding 200 crates to the acre—Strawberries continuous in bearing November to June—There is gold to be had by intelligent effort on those soils. We will tell you how. J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 363, Norfolk, Va.

Oaco Orchards, 3 And 4 Years Old. Best 10- acre orchards money and scientific experts can develop. Sold on easy terms. Thorough investigation of orchards and company's financial responsibility invited. If interested in something really worth while write for illustrated booklet "Investment Value of an Orchard." Address Oregon Apple Company, Corvallis, Oregon.

Great Opportunities Await You Along The 10,000 miles of Southern Railway in the Southeastern States. Farms $15 an acre up. No Long Winters, droughts or blizzards. Apples, truck, poultry, livestock, etc., find ready profitable markets. "Southern Field" and State booklets free. Write H. F. Richards, Land and Industrial Agent, Room 16A Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

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LONG ISLAND

New York Is Expanding More Rapidly Than Any city in the world. Improved lots in beautiful residential park at Hempstead, Long Island, six miles from New York, $240 upc small amount down; easy monthly payments; all city conveniences; every lot guaranteed high and dry; many fine residences now on property; five cent trolley to ocean; title guaranteed; gilt-edged investment; send for photographic map and illustrated booklet. W. Kaye, 277 Broadway, New York City.

Business Opportunities

Business Men, District Managers, Salesmen wanted every town to manage local, mail sales and jobbing agency; livest proposition in America; repeat-order, money-making products; new sales plan, samples, folders furnished free. Progressive with small capital can create steady life income. Manufacturer, 1267 Broadway, New York.

Start Mail Order Business. Responsible Corpora- tion supplies best mail sellers. Factory prices. Quick return proposition. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 67 E. 5th St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

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Phillips School. Personal Instruction. Story Writing or Photoplay Writing. State which. Inspirational Booklet free. "Story Market" or "Photoplay Market," 10c each. Phillips Studio, 20 DC.—156 5th Ave., New York.

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U. S. And Foreign Patents And Trade-Marks. Free book and opinion as to patentability. Joshua R. H. Potts, Patent Lawyer, 8 Dearborn St., Chicago. 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 805 G St., Washington.

Protective Patents Procured Promptly, Trade- marks Registered U. S. Patent Office. Inventors Blue Book sent on Request. Robb & Robb, 265-268 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

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Why Experiment? Big Firms Demand Results. That's the reason they patronize us. Our service covers the country. No advance fees. Established 1896. Members Chicago Ass'n of Commerce; Wiley & Mark, General Counsel; Highest commercial and bank references. Write us today. Conte W. Mack & Co., Otis Bldg., Chicago.

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Lake, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

From Producer to Consumer

Carque's California Black Mission Figs. Sun- cured. Most wholesome and delicious for eating and cooking. 10 lbs. Express prepaid in U. S. $1.50. Carque Pure Food Co., 1901-1909 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Headquarters for unsulphured California Dried Fruits, Nuts, Olive Oil, Honey, etc. Ask for price list.

Cigars. On Receipt Of $1.50 We Will Send prepaid 50 Londres cigars. Fresh stock. From factory to you. You can save retailer's profit. Consumers Cigar Company, 200 Grant Street, Evansville, Indiana.

Cameras

Have You A Camera? Write For Samples Of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 621 Pope Bldg., Boston.

Motion Picture Plays

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 546 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Show Card Writing

Learn Show Card Writing. My Course, Complete in 14 easy lessons, makes you an expert. Graduates earn big salaries. Booklets, testimonials, etc., free. Bert L. Daily, 100 Rauh Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Pianos, Sheet Music

Unusual Bargains In Used Pianos. 200 Good pianos taken in exchange for Virtuola player pianos, many like new, all overhauled in our workshops, at about ½ regular prices. Included are Steinways, Hallet & Davis, Knabe, Kimball, Chickering, etc., etc., uprights and grands. Prices, $65, $70, $85, $100 and up to $125. Shipped anywhere on approval. Cash or easy payments. Write for illustrated catalog and complete price list. Hallet & Davis Piano Co., 115 Virtuola Building, Boston, Mass.

Sheet Music—Vocal And Instrumental—At Irre- sistably low prices. Beautiful selections—the kind that sell for 15c to 25c per copy. Will send you three big hits for only 10 cents. P. W. Rathbaugh, Plainfield, Ind.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc., ½ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

This Month—100 No. 3 Oliver Visible Type- writers at a sensational price. Terms $3 a month—5 days' Free Trial—completely equipped. Guaranteed same as if regular catalog price were paid. United States Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 200, Federal Life Bldg., Chicago.

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$15 For Dollar 1858. We Pay To $1,000.00 For rare coins to 1909. Many very valuable in circulation. Get Posted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. The Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Earn Big Money. Be A Chauffeur Or Repair man. We teach you at home and assist you to position. Best system, lowest prices. Free models. Write for free Book. Practical Auto School, 115a Pearl St., New York.

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Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Kooster School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

JOBS

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

Agents Wanted

Agents: A New Line With Big Money Making possibilities selling the nationally known Evinrude Row-boat or Canoe Motor at resorts or wherever boating exists. Attaches in one minute. Easy to start. Simple in operation. Economical. Officially adopted by twelve Governments including the United States. Magneto equipped. Drives a Rowboat eight miles per hour. Canoe twelve miles per hour. Weighs 50 lbs. Can be carried like a satchel. Write for particulars today. Get started early. Evinrude Motor Company, 510 F St., Milwaukee, Wis. Agents protected on territory and price. Full co-operation. Profit by our national advertising.

Capable Side Line Salesmen Wanted In Every locality to handle a Nationally advertised Specialty line of exceptional merit. Sells on a gilt, patented and guaranteed. Liberal commission. Splendid incomes easily made by energetic, experienced workers. Give complete details experience, present line, references, territory in first letter. Sanitax Co., 2341 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Agents, Would You Take A Steady Job With regular weekly income to start and chance to work up to big yearly profits? No experience required. Great crew managers' proposition. We manufacture. Middlemen profits saved.—Get posted on our 1914 exclusive territory —business-building selling plans. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Pres., H 61, Davis Bldg., Chicago.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 14 to 70. $2000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents:—Become Christyized. Get Into A Per- manent business selling guaranteed household necessities saving consumer four-fifths. Enormous Profits. Big Special Introductory Offer. Investigate immediately. Arthur N. Christy & Co., Dept. S, Newark, New York State.

The Fuller Dustless Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 52 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—"Large Profit" Free Sample Our Gold & Silver Sign Letters for Store fronts & Office windows. Easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. 432 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad- dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 301 Warren St., New York.

Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel- ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novitas Sales Co., 180 High St., Waltham, Mass.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Agents Wanted

Agents Wanted Everywhere. The I. X. L. Vacuum Washer outwashes and outwells all others. It's the daddy of them all. Lightest in weight (14 oz.), easiest to operate, greatest suction, simplest construction. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and leading women's magazines. Guaranteed to wash perfectly in three minutes without injury a full tub of clothes from carpets to laces. Sells like hotcakes for $1.20. Costs you only 42 cents each (in quantities). Territory free and going fast. Write quick. I. X. L. Manufacturing Company, 325 Westport Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Local Managers Wanted In Each City And Town to co-operate with us in a campaign to establish a paying business all over the country. Do not write unless you are able to finance orders and can furnish the best of references. We have a money-saving device which has a large field for intelligent men. Once sold a steady income earner. Teeko Corporation, 25 Broad St., Office 37, N. Y.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un- occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Feeny Mfg. Co., Dept. F-61, Muncie, Ind., wants a few good general agents for Feeny Vacuum Cleaning machine. New exclusive type; unequalled in power; sells at popular price; good contract with exclusive territory. Answer today.

Agents. We Want Men And Women To Rep- resent us and start sub-agents. "Every house a sale." Big Profits Everywhere. Territory being taken fast. Write us quick. Enclose stamp for particulars. Sun Mfg. Co., 343 Dean Bldg., South Bend, Indiana.

Household Necessity Recently Invented Sells readily at 75c. Costs distributors 25c. Nothing like it on the market. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get your territory now. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavorain tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

Agents—Sell 5 Silk Wash Ties For $1.00, Catchy Gold Filled Tie Clasp and Stick Pin Free. Wins sales. Big Profits. Write for samples and terms. Comet Mfg. Co., 3 Tenth St., Dayton, Ohio.

Wide-Awake Agents Or Crew Managers Can secure special concession and reap the benefit from the best money making agency proposition on the market by writing now for full particulars. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

High-Grade Salesmen

Wanted Calendar Salesmen. We Have Long been recognized as the leading manufacturers of Art Calendars, Commercial Calendars, Monthly Calendars, Blotters and Leather Novelties for advertising purposes. We desire to secure several more experienced salesmen in various sections of the country where we are not already represented. If you are a real producer this is an unusual opportunity for you to form a very desirable connection with a progressive house. Previous experience in this business is desirable but not essential. Don't waste time answering unless you can furnish the best of references and are prepared to work on a straight commission basis, commission payable on acceptance of orders. Address Robert Chapman Company, Grand St. & Morgan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

We Want Real Salesmen To Sell A Number Of well-known specialties marketed for many years through grocery and drug trade, widely established, permanent demand, heavy consumer advertising; on liberal straight commission; territory your own selection; active cooperation. If ambitious to build business of your own, write quick particulars your selling experience and references. Sales Organization, 18 East 41st St., New York City.

Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing $50 a year pays $2000 for accidental death—$25 a week sickness or injury. $5 a year buys policy paying $2000 accidental death—$15 a week injury or sickness. Holland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made- to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $23.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted Residing In Or Making Small towns. Take orders on our special plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales, $4.00 commission on each order. Write for pocket outfit today. Caufield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

Parcel Post Means Many Railway Mail Clerks needed. Commence $75.00 month. Examinations everywhere. Sample questions and schedule of places, free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 116, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer: cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. Price to agents 50 cents. Wendell Washer Co., 232 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Can You Do What Others Are Doing? A Large manufacturer wants reliable workers established everywhere. Guaranteed hosiery sold only through agents. Liberal terms. J. Parker Mills, 730 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi- ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele- phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Photodate Co., 550 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

that had I known the situation earlier I could at least have stopped a few of the main leaks; as it was, I sat in the private office on the mother-of-pearl throne under the moose head asking if all this work of years was to be swept away—if that was what it meant when the financial manager said: "We're on the rocks." What would it mean to my grandmother and me—to my sister in college? And to all these people who were dependent on the establishment for their daily bread? And above all, what would it mean to the woman who'd created it all and hung it—"on nothing in the air"?

Blood after all is thicker than water, and in my apprehension for her some of my early affection came back, enhancing the loyalty that had never wavered, and I forgot Oscar Willing.

PRESENTLY I was back in the parlors. Miss Beekman leaned an elbow on the window ledge of the bookkeeper's cage in the attitude of one on guard and earnestly discussed something with him in a low voice. I fiddled about the show cases on a false pretext of listing stock, then went away to await a better opportunity. I was afraid to send for him to come to the office. An hour later I was back, and, seeing the lady engaged with a customer, strode boldly to his desk, only to be met with a look more frightened than before and the same words: "For God's sake don't let Miss Beekman know I told you—don't let her suspect you know—"

"I've got to know. Are we in debt?"

"Not to any great extent."

He seemed trying to evade me, but I followed him up with a sharp: "Then what did you mean by saying we were on the rocks?"

"We have no credit."

He might as well have told me we had no parlors, no business, no Zulu, expecting me to believe him! And by those words I was sure he was concealing a dreadful revelation. Perhaps he'd been embezzling the funds himself. Perhaps Oscar Willing—perhaps forty things. My head was in a whirl.

No credit, indeed! We with a half-million-dollar business!—we, who'd always paid our bills, not on time, but at the time—paid cash. Why, we were known as "the spot-cash house"!

I DON'T suppose I was any more ignorant of what constitutes credit in the financial world than the next thousand women you'll meet on the street—I thought if you were turning over half a million a year and had always honestly paid every cent you owed and nobody could bring up a debt against you, you could walk into your bank and borrow ten or fifty thousand dollars on a note as easily as you could order a roasting chicken from your butcher and have it charged.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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In our opinion, based on thousands of tests, Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile



Extra Prices

Today the chief question among tire buyers is this:

Is any tire, for any reason, worth more than Goodyear prices?

It comes up now because No-Rim-Cut tire prices dropped 28 per cent last year. And now 16 makes sell at higher prices—some up to one-half higher.

Expert Evidence

Above are the signatures of 40 men in our Department of Research and Experiment, most of them technical graduates.

For years this Department has been trying to lower cost per mile. Its efforts have cost us $100,000 per year.

It has built thousands of experimental tires, to try out every conceivable formula, method, process and material. These tires have been worn out under metered mileage. Rival tires, in the same way, have been compared with our own.

Now all these men say that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile.

Excel in Four Ways

Then No-Rim-Cut tires absolutely prevent rim-cutting in a way which we control.

They save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This because we final-cure on air-filled fabric tubes, under actual road conditions. This one extra process—the "On-Air Cure"—adds to our tire cost $450,000 yearly, and no one else employs it.

They combat loose treads—lessen the risk by 60 per cent—by a patent method which we alone employ.

And these tires alone have the All-Weather tread—tough, double-thick and enduring. A flat, smooth tread on dry roads—a resistless grip on wet.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

In these four ways No-Rim-Cut tires excel every other tire.

The Users' Verdict

What users think is shown by what users buy. Goodyear tires, in the test of time, have out-distanced every rival. On sheer mileage records, on millions of tires, they have jumped from bottom place to the top.

The demand is now increasing faster than ever. So far this year our tire sales exceed last year by 55 per cent. And now we are making up to 10,000 motor tires daily to keep up with the trend toward Goodyears.

Goodyear prices are due to big output, to efficiency and to modest profit. Our profit last year averaged 6½ per cent. Multiplied output has cut overhead 24 per cent. It has cut labor cost per tire 25 per cent.

Those are the reasons for Goodyear prices. It is not that others make better tires.

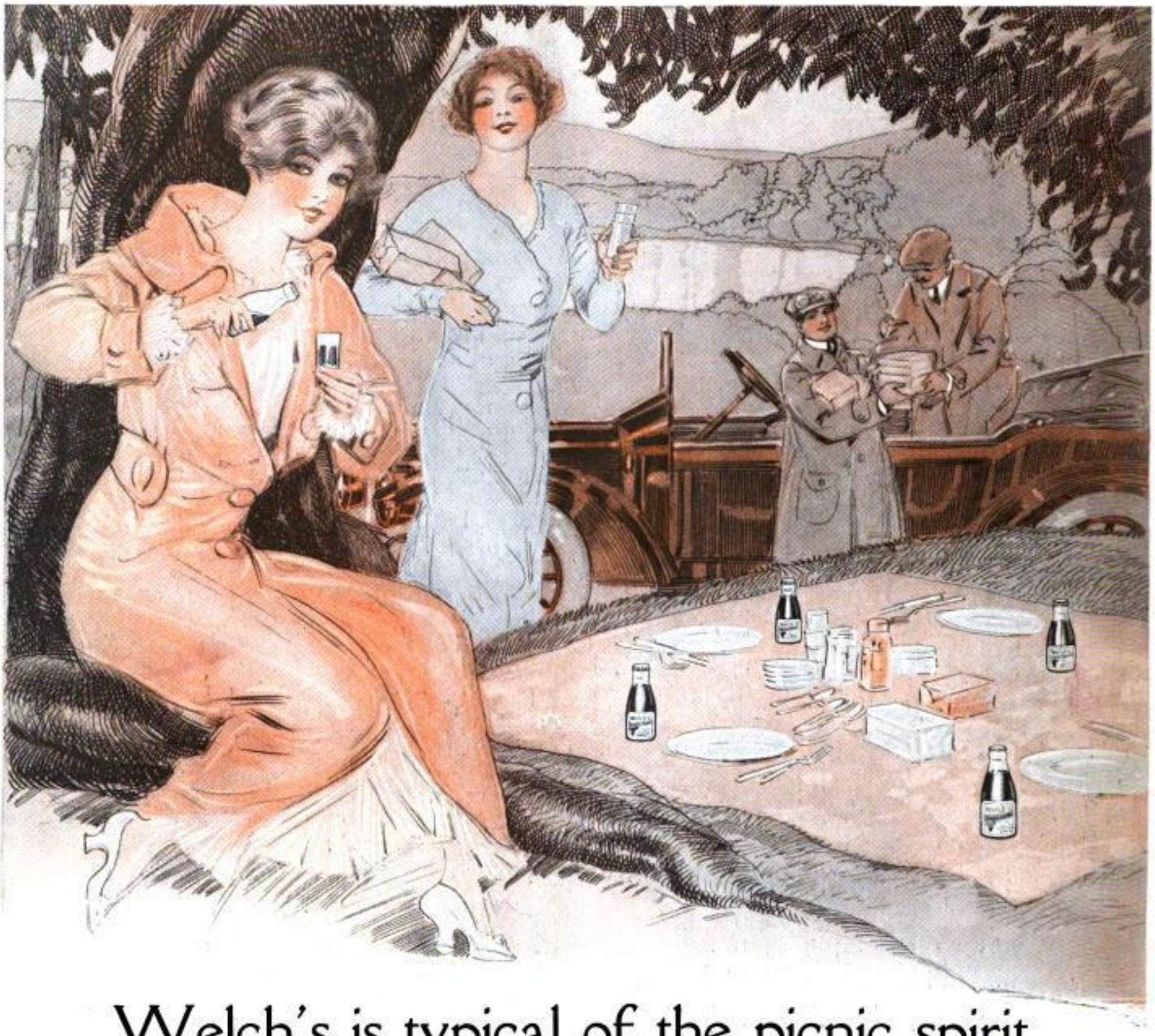
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — **London, England** — **Mexico City, Mexico**

Dealers Everywhere. — **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities.** — **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber.**

[1198]

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Welch's is typical of the picnic spirit

The pure juice of the choicest Concords—more choice this year than ever before—the essence of October vineyards—carrying good cheer and good health in every glass, is the best of outdoor beverages. You cannot but appreciate this when you drink

Welch's

"The National Drink"

The outing in the country, the roadside lunch while touring, the family picnic—all have something "extra" and are made more enjoyable when Welch's is a feature. The individual four-ounce bottles pack closely in the hamper and indicate special forethought.



Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say WELCH'S and GET IT!

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3.00, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-ounce bottle, by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - Westfield, N. Y.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for May 23, 1914

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Beginning

Abroad at Home

By Julian Street

With Funston's Men

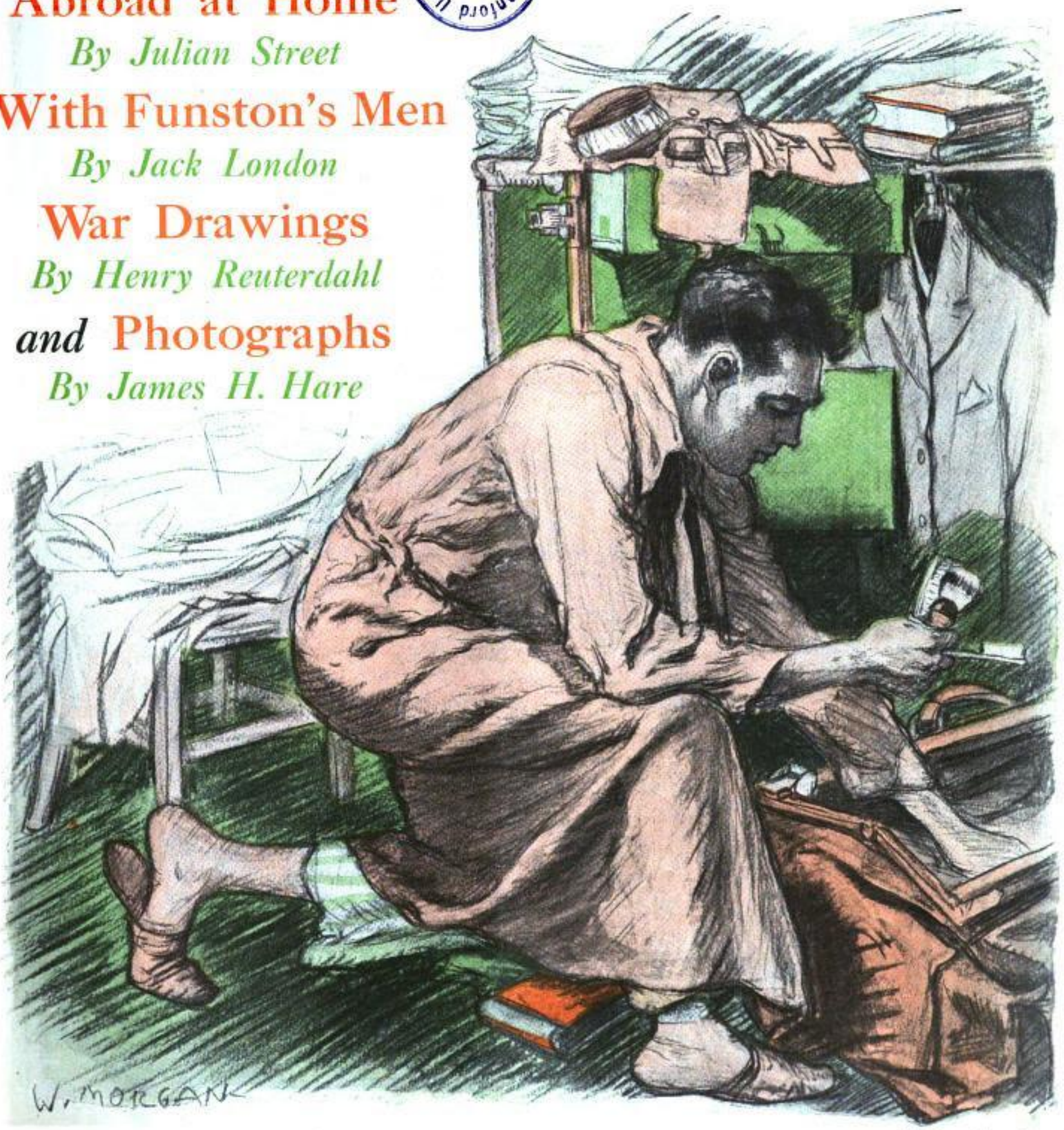
By Jack London

War Drawings

By Henry Reuterdahl

***and* Photographs**

By James H. Hare



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THE HAND AND EYE CAN ONLY APPROXIMATE THE CORRECTNESS OF THINGS. FOR PRECISION IN MANUfacturing certain standards are adopted, which are gauged by instruments that give an absolute check on the required dimensions.

Unfailing maintenance of the highest standard of accuracy is essential in the building of high grade motor cars, as their smoothness of operation and endurance in use depend upon it.

In the making of Hyatt Roller Bearings the component parts are ground and then tested with specially constructed gauges that measure to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

These gauges in turn are constantly checked up with master gauges to obviate any possibility of variation.

This extreme nicety of fit results in long life and quiet operation to a thoroughly dependable product. "Hyatt Quiet Bearings."

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

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Studebaker

SEVEN PASSENGER

SIX

$1575

Full Floating Rear Axle
Electrically Started
Electrically Lighted

This Car Against Any Car—Let Us Prove It

With every sense alert, try, as you ride in the Studebaker SIX, to imagine some one particular in which its riding qualities might be improved.

Try to recall some previous ride in a heavier, costlier car, which seemed to you, then, the uttermost in luxury.

Superfluous weight does, sometimes, make for steadiness, there's no doubt about that—see, now, how this light, strong car attains the same identical result in steadiness and roadability with none of the disadvantages of excess weight.

Take the wheel and see if you ever felt that you had at your command a greater flood of pent-up flexible power.

Test out that flexibility—see how instantaneously obedient this docile engine actually is to the touch of your finger-tips.

Put it through its paces—face it with obstacles and difficulties—and see if it does not respond in every case like the thoroughbred it is.

Demonstration—demonstration against any car, and every car—demonstration drastic down to the smallest detail—that's what Studebaker asks, without fear, from you, for this splendid Studebaker SIX.

F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	$1575
SIX Landau-Roadster	$1800
SIX Sedan	$2250
"35" Touring Car	$1290
"35" Coupe	$1850
Six-Passenger "SIX"	$1550

F. O. B. Walkerville, Canada

FOUR Touring Car	$1375
SIX Touring Car	$1975
SIX Landau-Roadster	$2350
SIX Sedan	$2950

Canadian Factories
Walkerville, Ontario

Descriptive Data

Studebaker FOUR and SIX motors are cast enbloc. They are of the modern long-stroke type, giving the highest possible efficiency in power and gallon-mileage.

Each Studebaker car has a full complement of adjustable Timken roller bearings—a pre-eminent anti-friction device.

Built complete in the vast Studebaker shops, each Studebaker unit fits with perfect alignment into the synchronized Studebaker chassis. Even the tops and the Jiffy curtains of Studebaker cars are built by Studebaker workmen.

Other points of excellence included in each Studebaker FOUR or SIX—

Full floating rear axle; the Studebaker-Wagner electrical system; gasoline tank in cowl with direct line to dash-adjusted carburetor; enclosed valves, quiet and retaining accurate adjustment; running boards clear of all equipment; extra rim, mounted at the rear; special quality electric lamps; electrically lighted dash equipment with lubrication sight feed, battery tell-tale and Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer.

STUDEBAKER, DETROIT

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"FOREWARD:" Here is a Kuppenheimer feature—the Foreward model exclusive and original with us—one of the most notable achievements in the clothing business in a dozen years. Designed to fit perfectly that large percentage of men—62% to be exact—who have a tendency to lean slightly forward. Not necessarily stoop shouldered but who carry the head and neck slightly forward.

You perhaps know by experience how a regular coat "kicks out" in the back, or pulls away from the neck, does not hug closely and fit accurately. The Foreward model does away with this difficulty entirely. It is based on exact data, gathered over a period of four years in over 3000 good clothing stores. This model does not differ from any of the other Kuppenheimer Clothes in fashion.

MEN: we want you to take particular note of this FOREWARD model, because it is typical of the things we are doing to raise the efficiency level of the clothing business.

Two years ago we stated our belief that more could be done than anybody was doing toward certain niceties of fit and tailoring that would still further increase your satisfaction in a good suit of clothes.

With tailoring shops, equipments and methods the most progressive, the most scientific in the world, we are working toward this definite end—that more men can go into the store, pick out a suit they like, put it on, and wear it—without the change of a button.

We wish you would do us the courtesy, and yourself the service, of calling on the Kuppenheimer dealer in your community. Ask to see the Foreward model, or some of the other models in your size, and especially adapted to your type of figure.

Our book, "Styles for Men," mailed on request

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 10 MAY 23, 1914

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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Abroad at Home

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Chapter I—Stepping Westward

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"What, you are stepping westward?"—"Yea."
—'Twould be a wildish destiny
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?
—Wordsworth.

FOR some time I have desired to travel over the United States—to ramble and observe and seek adventure here, at home, not as a tourist with a short vacation and a round-trip ticket, but as a kind of privateer with a roving commission. The more I have contemplated the possibility the more it has engaged me. For we Americans, though we are the most restless race in the world, with the possible exception of the Bedouins, almost never permit ourselves to travel either at home or abroad, as the "guests of Chance." We always go from one place to another with a definite purpose. We never amble. On the boat, going to Europe, we talk of leisurely trips away from the "beaten track," but we never take them. After we land we rush about obsessed by "sights," seeing with the eyes of guides and thinking the "canned" thoughts of guidebooks.

In order to accomplish such a trip as I had thought of I was even willing to write about it afterward. Therefore I went to see a publisher and suggested that he send me out upon my travels.

I argued that Englishmen from Dickens to Arnold Bennett had "done" America; likewise Frenchmen and Germans. And we have traveled over there and written about them. But Americans who travel at home to write (or, as in my case, write to travel) almost always go in search of some specific thing: to find corruption and expose it, to visit certain places and describe them in detail, or to catch, exclusively, the comic side. For my part, I did not wish to go in search of anything specific. I merely wished to take things as they might come. And—speaking of taking things—I wished, above all else, to take a good companion, and I had him all picked out: a man whose drawings I admire almost as much as I admire his disposition; the one being who might endure my presence for some months, sharing with me his joys and sorrows and collars and cigars, and yet remain on speaking terms with me.

The publisher agreed to all. Then I told my New York friends that I was going.

They were incredulous. That is the New York attitude of mind. Your "typical New Yorker" really thinks that any man who leaves Manhattan Island for any destination other than Europe or Palm Beach must be either a fool who leaves voluntarily or a criminal who is taken off by force. For the picturesque criminal he may be sorry, but for the fool he has scant pity.

Repeating the Emotions of Columbus

AT A FAREWELL party which they gave us on the night before we left, one of my friends spoke, in an emotional moment, of accompanying us as far as Buffalo. He spoke of it as one might speak of going up to Baffin Land to see a friend off for the Pole.

I welcomed the proposal and assured him of safe conduct to that point in the "interior." I even showed him Buffalo upon the map. But the sight of that wide-flung chart of the United States seemed only to alarm him. After regarding it with a solemn and uneasy eye, he shook his head and spoke long and seriously upon his responsibilities as a family man—of his duty to his wife and his limousine and his elevator boys.

It was midnight when farewells were said and my companion and I returned to our respective homes to pack. There were many things to be put into trunks and bags. A clock struck three as my weary head struck the pillow. I closed my eyes. Then when, as it seemed to me, I was barely dozing off, there came a knocking at my bedroom door.

"What is it?"

"Six o'clock," replied the voice of our trusty Hannah.

As I arose I knew the feelings of a man condemned to death who hears the warden's voice in the chilly dawn: "Come! It is the fatal hour!"

When, fifteen minutes later, doubting Hannah (who knows my habits in these early morning matters) knocked again, I was moving about my room, my hands full of hairbrushes and toothbrushes and clothes brushes and shaving brushes; my head full of railroad trains, and hills, and plains and valleys, and snow-capped mountain peaks, and smoking cities and smoking cars, and people I had never seen.

The breakfast table, shining with electric light, had a night-time aspect which made eggs and coffee seem bizarre. I do not like to breakfast by electric light, and I had done so seldom until then; but since that time I have done it often—sometimes to catch the early morning train, sometimes to catch the early morning man.

Beside my plate I found a telegram. I ripped the envelope and read this final punctuation-markless message from a literary friend:

you are going to discover the united states
dont be afraid to say so

That is an awful thing to tell a man in the very early morning before breakfast. In my mind I answered with the cry: "But I *am* afraid to say so!"

And now, months later, I am still afraid to say so, because, despite a certain truth the statement may contain, it seems to me to sound ridiculous and ponderous, and solemn with an asinine solemnity. It spoiled my last meal at home—that well-meant telegram.

I had not swallowed my second cup of coffee when, from her switchboard, a dozen floors below, the operator telephoned to say my taxi had arrived. I left the table, said good-by to those I should miss most of all, took up my suit case and departed.



We made believe we wanted to go out and smoke. As we left our seats she made believe she did not know that we were going

The Taxicab Caravel

BESIDE the curb there stood an unhappy-looking taxicab shivering as with malaria, but the driver showed a face of brazen cheerfulness which, considering the hour and the circumstances, seemed almost indecent. I could not bear his smile. Hastily I blotted him from view beneath a pile of baggage.

With a jerk we started. Few other vehicles disputed our right to the whole width of Seventy-second Street as we skimmed eastward. . . . Farewell, O Central Park! . . . Farewell, O Plaza! . . . And you, Fifth Avenue, empty, gray, deserted now; so soon to flash with fascinating traffic. . . . Farewell! Farewell!

Presently, in that cavern in which vehicles stop beneath the overhanging cliffs of the Grand Central Station, we drew up. A dusky redcap took my baggage. I alighted and, passing through glass doors, gazed down on the vast concourse. Far up in the

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lofty spaces of the room there seemed to hang a haze, through which—from that amazing and audacious ceiling, painted like the heavens—there twinkled, feebly, morning stars of gold. Through three arched windows, towering to the height of six-story buildings, the eastern light streamed softly, combining with the spaciousness around me and the blue above to fill me with a curious sense of paradox: a feeling that I was indoors yet out of doors.

The glass dials of the four-faced clock, crowning the information bureau at the center of the concourse, glowed with electric light, yellow and sickly by contrast with the day which poured in through those windows. . . . Such stupendous windows! Gargantuan spider webs whose threads were massive bars of steel. . . . And suddenly I saw the spider! He emerged from one side, passed nimbly through the center of the web, disappeared, emerged again, crossed the second web and the third in the same way, and was gone—a two-legged spider, walking importantly and carrying papers in his hand. Then another spider came, and still another, each black against the light, each on a different level. For those windows are, in reality, more than windows. They are double walls of glass, supporting floors of glass—layer upon layer of crystal corridor, suspended in the air as by genii out of the Arabian Nights. And through these corridors pass clerks, who never dream that they are princes in the modern kind of fairy tale.

Kinds of Grandeur

AS YET the torrent of commuters had not begun to pour through the vast place. The floor lay bare and tawny like the bed of some dry river waiting for the melting of the mountain snows. Across the river bed there came a herd of cattle—Italian immigrants, dark-eyed, dumb, patient, uncomprehending. Two weeks ago they had left Naples, with plumed Vesuvius looming to the left; yesterday they had come to Ellis Island; last night they had slept on station benches: to-day they were departing: to-morrow or the next day they would reach their destination in the West. . . . Suddenly there came to me from nowhere, and with a poignancy that seemed to make it new, the platitudinous thought that life is at once the commonest and strangest of experiences. . . . What scenes these dark, pathetic people had passed through—were passing through! Why did they not look up in wonderment? Why were their bovine eyes gazing blankly ahead of them at nothing? What had dazed them so? The bigness of the world? . . . But, after all, why should they understand? What American can understand Italian railway stations? They have always seemed to me to express a sort of mild insanity. But the Grand Central terminal I fancy I do understand. It seems to me to be much more than a successful station. In its stupefying size, its brilliant utilitarianism, and, most of all, in its mildly vulgar grandeur, it seems to me to express, exactly, the city to which it is a gate. That is something every terminal should do unless, as in the case of the Pennsylvania terminal in New York, it expresses something finer. The Grand Central Station *is* New York; but that classic marvel over there on Seventh Avenue is more: it is something for New York to live up to.

The Man from Grand Rapids

WHEN I had bought my ticket and moved along to count my change there came up to the ticket window a big man in a big ulster who asked in a big voice for a ticket to Grand Rapids. As he stood there I was conscious of a most un-New York-like wish to say to him: "After a while I'm going to Grand Rapids, too!" . . . And I think that, had I said it, he would have told me that Grand Rapids was "*some town*" and asked me to come in and see him when I got there—"at the plant." I think he would have said.

As I crossed the marble floor to take the train I caught sight of my traveling companion leaning rigidly against the wall beside the gate. He did not see me. Reaching his side, I greeted him.

He showed no signs of life. I felt as though I had addressed a waxwork figure.

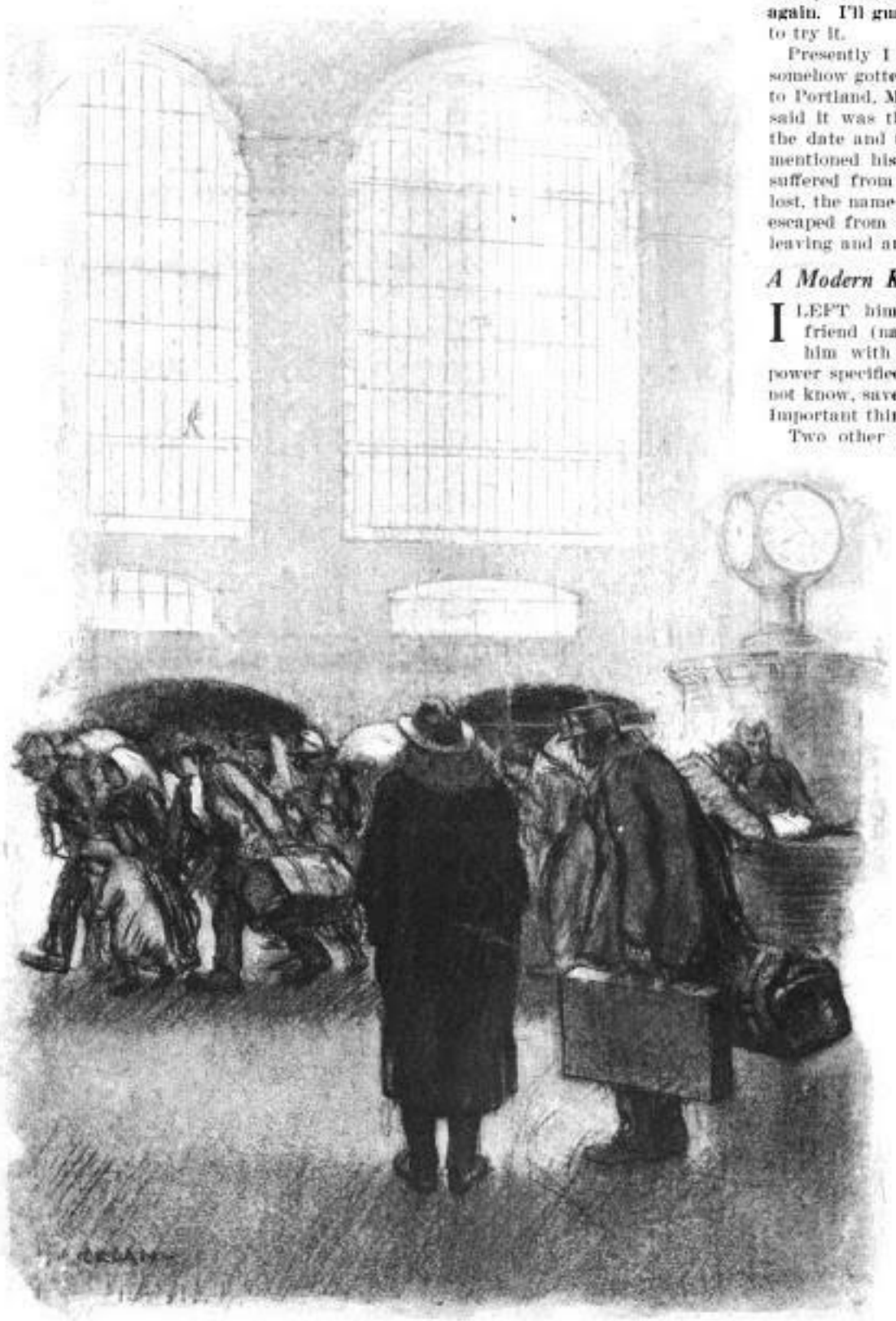
"Good morning," I repeated, calling him by name.

"I've just finished packing," he said. "I never got to bed at all."

A Superstition Exploded

JUST then a most attractive person put in an appearance. She was followed by a redcap carrying a lovely little Russia-leather bag. A few years before I should have called a bag like that a dressing case, but watching that young woman as she tripped along with steps restricted by the slimness of her narrow satin skirt, it occurred to me that modes in baggage may have changed like those in woman's dress and that her little leather case might be a modern kind of wardrobe trunk.

My companion took no notice of this agitating presence. "Look!" I whispered. "She is going, too."



What scenes these dark, pathetic people had passed through—were passing through! Why did they not look up in wonderment?

Stiffly he turned his head. "The pretty girl," he remarked, with sad philosophy, "is always in the other car. That's life."

"No," I demurred. "It's only early morning stuff."

And I was right, for presently, in the parlor car, we found our seats across the aisle from hers.

Before the train moved out a boy came through with books and magazines, proclaiming loudly the "last call for reading matter."

I think the radiant being believed him, for she bought a magazine—a magazine of pretty girls and piffle: just the sort we knew she'd buy. As for my companion and me, we made no purchases, not crediting the statement that it was really the "last call." But I am impelled to add that having later visited certain bookstores of Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit, I now see truth in what the boy said.

The Intimate Fat Man

FOR a time my companion and I sat and tried to make believe we didn't know that some one was across the aisle. And she sat there and played with pages and made believe she didn't know we made believe. When that had gone on for a time and our train was slipping silently along beside the Hudson, we felt we couldn't stand it any longer, so we made believe we wanted to go out and smoke. And as we left our seats she made believe she didn't know that we were going.

Four men were seated in the smoking room. Two were discussing the merits of flannel versus linen mesh for winter underwear. The gentleman who favored linen mesh was a fat, prosperous-looking person, whose gold-rimmed spectacles reflected flying lights from out of doors. . . . "If you'll wear linen," he declared with deep conviction—"and it wants to be a union suit, too—you'll never go back to shirt and drawers again. I'll guarantee that!" The other promised to try it.

Presently I noticed that the first speaker had somehow gotten all the way from linen union suits to Portland, Me., on a hot Sunday afternoon. He said it was the hottest day last year, and gave the date and temperatures at certain hours. He mentioned his wife's weight, details of how she suffered from the heat, the amount of flesh she lost, the name of the steamer on which they finally escaped from Portland to New York, the time of leaving and arrival, and many other little things.

A Modern King Cophetua

I LEFT him on the dock in New York. A friend (name and occupation given) had met him with a touring car (make and horsepower specified). What happened after that I do not know, save that it was nothing of importance. Important things don't happen to a man like that.

Two other men of somewhat Oriental aspect were seated on the leather sofa talking the unintelligible jargon of the factory. But, presently, emerged an anecdote.

"I was going through our sorting room a while back," said the one nearest the window, "and I happened to take notice of one of the girls. I hadn't seen her before. She was a new hand—a mighty pretty girl, with a nice, round figure and a fine head of hair. She kept herself neater than most of them girls do. I says to myself: 'Why, if you was to take that girl and dress her up and give her a little education you wouldn't be ashamed to take her anywheres.' Well, I went over to her table and I says: 'Look at here, little girl; you got a fine head of hair and you'd ought to take care of it. Why don't you wear a cap in here in all this dust?' It tickled her to death to be noticed like that. And, sure enough, she did get a cap. I says to her: 'That's the dope, little girl. Take care of your looks. You'll only be young and pretty like this once, you know.' So one thing led to another, and one day, a while later, she come up to the office to see about her time slip or something, and I jollied her a little. I seen she was a pretty smart kid at that, so—" At that point he lowered his voice to a whisper, and leaned over so that his thick, smiling lips were close to his companion's ear. The motion of the train caused their hat brims to interfere. Disturbed by this, the raconteur removed his derby. . . . His head was absolutely bald.

Corporal Modesty

WELL, I am not sure that I should have liked to hear the rest. I shifted my attention back to the apostle of the linen union suit, who had talked on, unremittingly. His conversation had, at least, the merit of entire frankness. He was a man with nothing to conceal.

"Yes, sir!" I heard him declare, "every time you get on to a railroad train you take your life in your hands. That's a positive fact. I was reading it up just the other day. We had almost sixteen thousand accidents to trains in this country last year. A hundred and thirty-nine passengers killed and between nine and ten thousand injured. That's not counting employees,

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either—just passengers like us." He emphasized his statements by waving a fat forefinger beneath the listener's nose, and I noticed that the latter seemed to wish to draw his head back out of range, as though in momentary fear of a collision.

For my part, I did not care for these statistics. They were not pleasant to the ears of one on the first leg of a long railroad journey. I rose, aimed the end of my cigar at the convenient nickel-plated receptacle provided for that purpose by the thoughtful Pullman Company, missed it, and retired from the smoking room. Or, rather, I emerged and went to luncheon.

Our charming neighbor of the parlor car was already in the diner. She finished luncheon before we did and, passing by our table as she left, held her chin well up and kept her eyes ahead with a precision almost military—almost, but not quite. Try as she would, she was unable to control a slight but infinitely gratifying flicker of the eyelids in which nature triumphed over training and femininity defeated feministic theory.

A little later, on our way back to the smoking room, we saw her seated, as before, behind the sheltering ramparts of her magazine. This time it pleased our fancy to take the austere military cue from her. So we filed by in step, as stiff as any guardsmen on parade before a princess seated on a green plush throne. Resolutely she kept her eyes upon the page. We might have thought she had not noticed us at all but for a single sign. She uncrossed her knees as we passed by.

An Old Story

IN THE smoking room we entered into conversation with a young man who was sitting by the window. He proved to be a civil engineer from Buffalo. He had lived in Buffalo eight years, he said, without having visited Niagara Falls. ("I've been meaning to go, but I've kept putting it off.") But in New York he had taken time to go to Bedloe Island and ascend the Statue of Liberty. ("It's awfully hot in there.") Though my companion and myself had lived in New York for many years, neither of us had been to Bedloe Island. But both of us had visited the Falls. The absurd humanness of this was amusing to us all; to my companion and me it was encouraging as well, for it seemed to give us ground for hope that, in our visits to strange places, we might see things which the people living in those places fail to see.

Concerning a Minx and Her Smile

WHEN, after finishing our smoke, we went back to our seats, the being across the way began to make believe to read again. But now and then, when some one passed, she would look up and make believe she wished to see who it might be. And always, after doing so, she let her eyes trail casually in our direction ere they sought the page again. And always we were thankful.

As the train slowed down for Rochester we saw her rise and get into her "slinky" little coat. The porter came and took her Russia-leather bag. Meanwhile we hoped she would be generous enough to look once more before she left the car. . . . Only once more!

But she would not. I think she had a feeling that frivolity should cease at Rochester; for Rochester, we somehow sensed, was home to her. At all events she simply turned and undulated from the car.

That was too much! Enough of make-believe! With one accord we swung our chairs to face the window. As she appeared upon the platform our noses almost touched the windowpane and our eyes sent forth forlorn appeals. She knew that we were there, yet she walked by without so much as glancing at us.

We saw a lean old man trot up to her, throw one arm about her shoulders, and kiss her warmly on the cheek. Her father—there was no mistaking that. They stood there for a moment on the platform talking eagerly; and as they talked they turned a little bit, so that we saw her smiling up at him.

Then, to our infinite delight, we noticed that her eyes were slipping, slipping. First they slipped down to her father's necktie. Then sidewise to his shoulder, where they fluttered for an instant, while she tried to get them under control. But they weren't the kind of eyes which are amenable. They got away from her and, with a sudden leap, flashed up at us across her father's shoulder! . . . The minx! She even flung a smile! It was just a little smile—not one of her best—merely the fragment of a smile, not good enough for father, but too good to throw away. . . .

Well—it was not thrown away. For it told us that she knew our lives had been made brighter by her presence—and that she didn't mind a bit.

Men, Women, and Cities

RUSHING on toward Buffalo as night was falling, my companion and I discussed the fellow travelers who had most engaged our notice: the young engineer from Buffalo, keen and alive, with a quick eye for the funny side of things; the hairless amorist; the genial bore, whose wife (we told ourselves) got very tired of him sometimes, but loved him just because he was so good; the pretty girl who couldn't make her eyes behave because she was a pretty girl. We guessed what kind of house each one



The gentleman who favored linen mesh was a fat, prosperous-looking person, whose gold-rimmed spectacles reflected flying lights from out of doors

resided in, the kind of furniture they had, the kind of pictures on the walls, the kind of books they read—or didn't read. And I believe that we guessed right. Did we not even know what sort of underwear encased the ample figure of the man with the amazing memory for unessential things? And, while touching on this somewhat delicate subject, were we not aware that if the alluring being who left the train and us at Rochester possessed that once so necessary garment called a petticoat, that petticoat was hanging in her closet?

All this I mention because the thought occurred to me then (and it has kept recurring since) that places, no less than persons, have characters and traits and habits of their own. Just as there are colorless people there are colorless communities. There are communities which are strong, self-confident, aggressive; others lazy and inert. There are cities which are cultivated; others which crave "culture" but take "culturine" (like some one drinking from the wrong bottle); and still others almost unaware, as yet, that esthetic things exist. Some cities seem to fairly smile at you; others are glum and worried like sick men or men with business troubles. And there are dowdy cities, and fashionable cities—resembling one another as fashionable women often do. Some cities seem to have an active sense of duty, others not. And almost all cities, like almost all people, seem to be capable alike of baseness and nobility. Some cities are rich and proud like self-made millionaires; others, by comparison, are poor. But let me digress here to say that, though I have heard mention of "hard times" at certain points along my way, I don't believe our modern generation knows what hard times really are. To most Americans the term appears to signify that life is hard indeed on him who has no motor car or who goes without champagne at dinner.

Undulating Fashion

CITIES even have their costumes. Collars, for example, tend to become lower toward the Mississippi River, and black string ties appear. Missouri likes black suits—older men in the smaller towns seem to be in a perpetual state of mourning, like those Breton women whose men are so often drowned at sea that they never take the trouble to remove their black.

Western watch chains incline to massiveness, and are more likely than not to have dangling from them large golden emblems with mysterious devices. Likewise the Western buttonhole is almost sure to bloom with the insignia of some secret order.

Many Western men wear diamond rings—pieces of jewelry which the East allots to ladies or to gamblers and vulgarians. When I inquired about this I heard a piece of interesting lore. I was informed that the diamond ring was something more than an adornment to the Western man; that it was, in reality, the survival of a fashion which originated for the most practical of reasons. A diamond is not only convenient to carry but it may readily be converted into cash. So, in the wilder Western days, men got into the way of wearing diamond rings as a means of raising funds for gambling on short notice, or for making a quick get-away from the scene of some affray.

Hats and Hearts

WHETHER they are entirely aware of it or not, the well-dressed men of Eastern cities are, in the matter of costume, dominated, to a large extent, by London. The English mode, however, does not reach far West. In Chicago it grows feeble; in St. Louis it is practically nonexistent. Clothing in the West is all American. Take, for example, coats. The prevailing style, at the moment, in London and in the Eastern cities of this country happens to run to a snugness of fit amounting to actual tightness. Little does this disturb the Western man. His coat is loose and broad across the shoulders. And let me add that I believe his vision is "cut" broader, too. Westerners, far more than Easterners, it seems to me, sense the United States—the size of it and what it really is. Time and again, in talking with them, it has come to me that their eyes are focused for a longer range; that, looking off toward the horizon, they see a thousand miles of farms stretched out before them or a thousand miles of mountain peaks.

And even as coats and comprehension seem to widen in the West, so hats and hearts grow softer. The derby plays an unimportant part. In Chicago, to be sure, it makes a feeble effort for supremacy, but west of there it dies an ignominious death beneath an avalanche of soft felt hats. Felt hats around Chicago seem, however, to lack the full-blown Western opulence. Compared with hats in the real Middle West, they are stingy little headpieces. When we were in Chicago that city seemed to be the center of a section in which a peculiar style of hat was prominent—a blue felt with a velvet band. But that, of course, was merely a passing fashion. Not so the hats a little farther west. The Mississippi River marks the beginning of the big black hat belt. The big black hat is passionately adored in Missouri and Kansas. It never changes; never goes out of fashion. And it may be further noted that many of these somber, monumental, soft black hats, with their high crowns and wide-spread brims, have been sent from these two Western States to Washington, D. C.

I Reserve Rights

AT KANSAS CITY there begins another hat belt. The Missouri hat remains, but its supremacy begins to be disputed by an even larger hat, of similar shape but different color. The big black, tan or putty-color hat begins to show at Kansas City. Also one sees, now and again, upon the streets a cowboy hat with a flat brim. When I mentioned that to a Kansas City man he didn't seem to like it. With passionate vehemence he declared that cowboy hats were never known to adorn the heads of Kansas City men—that they only came to Kansas City on the heads of itinerant cattlemen. Well, that is doubtless true. But I did not say the Mayor of Kansas City wore one. I only said I saw such hats upon the street. And—however they got there, and wherever they came from—those hats looked good to me!

But where am I? It would appear that, from the train which was bearing me to Buffalo, I have made a standing broad jump all the way across the Mississippi. That shows you how the West can lead one on!

My contacts with many places and persons I shall mention in the following chapters have, of necessity, been brief. I have hardly (*Concluded on page 24*)

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Ready for Action

Sketches by Collier's Staff Naval Artist

HENRY REUTERDAHL

Aboard the North Dakota off Vera Cruz



Getting more than a "Correspondence Course" in the handling of rifles and bayonets

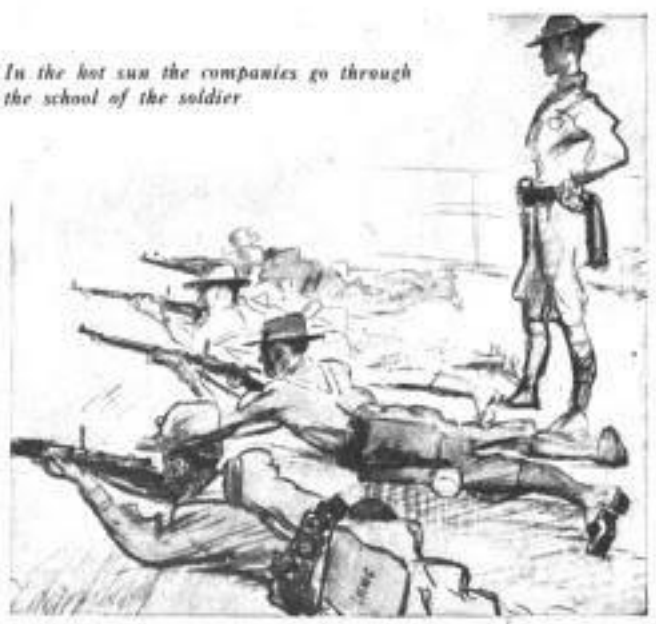


The lads assigned to go ashore in the battalion are happy; the others sad and swearing



The biggest huskies on the ship man the drag of the three-inch field piece

In the hot sun the companies go through the school of the soldier





***The bluejackets** no longer dally with Secretary Daniels's courses in mathematics and geography. They are studying something more stirring*

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With Funston's Men

Our Army and Navy in Peaceful Action

By Jack London

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

DAYBREAK on a glassy sea and startled flying fish are struggling to fly in the absence of wind. Seaward the destroyers, like cardboard silhouettes, pass across the blood-red orb of the sun just clearing the horizon.

Ahead still steams our convoying battleship, the *Louisiana*. Astern, in line at half speed, steam our three sister transports. Coastward are the blinking lighthouse, a long blur of land that with growing day resolves itself into a breakwater, a low shore, a towered city, and a harbor of many battleships. So many battleships are there that they have spilled out of the crowded harbor until several times as many are in the open roadstead. And there are naval supply ships, hospital ships, a wireless ship, and colliers.

And overhead, to give the last touch of modern war to the scene, a naval hydroplane burrs like some gigantic June bug through the gray of day.

Here, where Cortez burned his ships long centuries gone, and where Scott bombarded and took the city two generations ago, lie Uncle Sam's warships with every man on his toes. Yes, and every soldier gazing eagerly ashore from crowded transports is on his toes.

All is peaceful, yet the feeling one gets of the many ships, the burring flying machines, and the thousands of men is that of being on tiptoe to begin.

On Tiptoe for Excitement

ASHORE all is as peaceful and as markedly on its toes as is the sea. Everywhere marines and bluejackets are cooking breakfast. From the roof of the Terminal Hotel sailors are wigwagging. Sailor aids of sailor officers gallop back and forth on commandeered Mexican horses, and commandeered automobiles dash by with officers on the seats and armed sailors standing on the running boards.

American women, quite like American women at home, with never an earmark of being refugees from the interior of Mexico, are breakfasting on the cool arcaded sidewalks of hotels bordering the Plaza. Overhead whirl huge electric fans along the lines of the tables where our women breakfast so composedly and sailor sentries pace back and forth. Sentries are everywhere. So are the newsboys with their eternal extras. Through the confusion of bootblacks, flower sellers, and picture post-card peddlers stride naval and marine officers in duck and khaki, and from the hips of all of them big revolvers and automatics swing in leather holsters. Down the street, in the thick of mule carts and mounted sailors, pass bareheaded Mexican women returning from market with big fish unwrapped and glistening in the sun.

In the Hotel Diligencia's bedroom where I write these lines under lofty, gold-edged beams, there is a spatter of fresh bullet holes on the blue wall. In the lace-patterned mosquito canopy over my bed is a line of irregular rents which, folded as they were originally, show the path of a single bullet. The glass of the French windows that open on the balcony is perforated by many bullets. The wrecked door shows how our sailors entered behind the butts of their rifles in the course of the street fighting and house cleaning. From the fretted balcony one can see the ruins of plate glass and mirrors in the shops and hotels fronting the street and plaza.

Feats of Sailor Ingenuity

MEXICAN officers seem to have notions different from ours in the matter of prosecuting war. When the landing of our forces was imminent, General Maas, who was the Federal commander at Vera Cruz, released the criminal portion of the prisoners confined in the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. These were the hard cases, the murderers and robbers and men guilty of violent and terrible crimes. The politicals General Maas was very careful not to release. And when our forces did land, General Maas fled for the hinterland before the fighting began, having first instructed his soldiers to shift for themselves. While the released prisoners did take some part in the street fighting and housetop sniping, in the main they devoted themselves to pillage. Hard cash was what they went after, as for instance the smashed safes in Mr. Tansey's office at the Pierce Oil Refinery attest. Falling back before our men, these convicts terrorized the country people, looting everything of value and not refraining from attacking the women. So merciless were they that the outraged peons captured and summarily executed two of them who had lingered behind their fellows.



Vera Cruz looked on in silent wonder. After an army of bluejackets and an army of marines, it now beheld the largest force of all—4,000 infantrymen under General Funston

Yes, there is a decided evolution in technique of war as practiced by modern soldiers. Our fighting ships are ten and fifteen million-dollar electrical, chemical, and mechanical laboratories, and they are manned by scientists and mechanicians. They had the street cleaners out ere the bodies were picked up. In a matter of several hours they repaired and ran the two scrapped locomotives which the Federals had thought too worthless to run out. And while this was going on other sailors were rigging short wireless masts on top of a day coach and equipping the car with a complete wireless apparatus.

The ice plant of Vera Cruz had broken down, and Vera Cruz without ice was a condition not to be tolerated, so by afternoon the sailors had repaired the plant, and the sick and wounded as well as all the rest of the city had its ice again. When four knocked-down automobiles were discovered, volunteers were called for and in less than three hours the cars were assembled and were being driven about the city on military business by the jackies who had assembled them. As civilians remarked, our sailors are able to practice all trades and professions under the sun with the sole exception of wet-nursing. Even so, I have seen them carrying Mexican babies for tired mothers across the stretch of railroad which the Federals destroyed.

And the way our sailors drove and rode horses, mules, and burros was even more wonderful than their other achievements. They came off our ships sailors; they will return soldiers.

Navigating a Mexican Horse

THEY tell of one young sailor who mounted a commandeered horse in a lull in the fighting. He had not minded the fighting, but it was with somewhat of the spirit one embarks on a forlorn hope that he got his legs astride the animal. "Well," he said as he settled himself in the saddle, "commence."

"What do I do now?" asked another jacky, mounting at the Plaza.

"Go ahead half speed," was the advice. "Keep your helm amidships to the corner, then starboard your helm and proceed under forced draft."

It is true that, when under forced draft, the jackies hold on inelegantly by main strength of gripping legs; but the point is that they do hold on. I have looked in vain to see one of them separated from his mount. One misadventure only have I witnessed; and then the sailor, at a dead gallop, abruptly put his helm hard over at a sharp corner and capsized his four-legged craft. When the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner" at Admiral Fletcher's flag raising, a marine, mounted on a Mexican horse, took its ear and turned it forward. "Listen to that, hombre," said the marine; "that's real music. It's American music."

On the *Arkansas* occurred an incident which serves to show to what extent our men were on their toes prior to landing. Lieutenant Commander Keating of the *Arkansas* battalion had selected the best and strongest of his men for shore work. The men who were not selected were sad and sore. At the last there remained but one man more to select, and two of the youngsters urged what was considered equal claims of health, strength, and record. How to decide between them was beyond the Lieutenant Commander. The boys themselves suggested the way. They put on boxing gloves and fought for it. Those who saw the battle aver that it was the hottest bout between amateurs they had ever witnessed. At the end of four rounds it was a draw and Lieutenant Commander Keating was more perplexed than ever. His final solution of the problem was the only way it could be fairly solved. He took both lads. Later he reported that, as in everything else, they had played equally splendid parts in shore fighting and shore work.

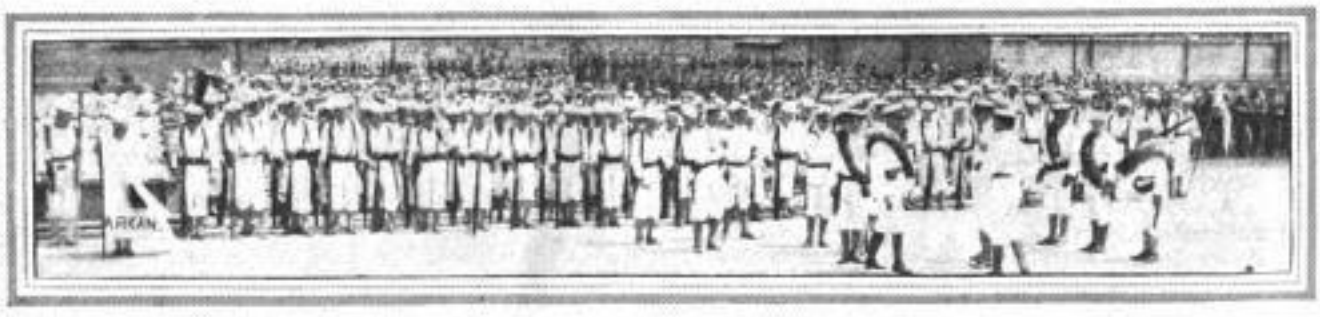
Incredible Marksmanship

ONLY very brave men or fools without any knowledge of modern shell fire could have first upon our sailors and marines from the Naval School. Broadside on, at close range, lay the *Chester*. When the first shots were fired upon our men, the *Chester* went into action for a hot five minutes. Had the taxpayer at home witnessed the way those upper story windows were put out by the *Chester*'s shells, he would never again grudge the money spent of recent years in target practice. Onlookers say that it reminded them of Buffalo Bill's exhibitions of rifle shooting.

The outside of the Naval School was little damaged. Inside it was a vast wreck. Practically every shell entered by way of the windows and exploded inside. When I visited the building, which is a huge affair, many buzzards were appropriately perched on the broken parapets. Inside, through burst floors, rent ceilings, and masses of fallen masonry, one could trace the flight of the shells through massive partitions to the spots where they had exploded.

There was all the

Admiral Fletcher's bluejackets on parade in the Custom House Plaza, Vera Cruz



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evidence of the hot five minutes. In the big patio were great heaps of fallen cement balustrades from second-story balconies. Some of the shells went clear through the building, crossed the patio, and burst in the rear rooms. Many years had been consumed in the construction, equipping, and organizing of that building, and in five minutes it was to all intents and purposes destroyed. Such is the efficiency of twentieth century war machinery. Laboratories furnished with most delicate and expensive instruments were knocked into cocked hats by single shells.

One lecture room was filled with beautiful models of ships. One model, of a full-rigged ship, twenty-five feet in length, with skysail yards and all sails set, precise in every minutest detail aloft and alow, was undamaged save for a rent in her mainsail from a fragment of shell. Other and smaller models, shattered and dismasted, covered the floor with all the destruction of an armada. On a blackboard was scrawled "Captured by the U. S. S. *New Hampshire*, April 22, 1914."

In other lecture rooms, on blackboards alongside academic problems of war as demonstrated by Mexican cadets, were chalked records of boys from the *Utah*, the *San Francisco*, and the *Arkansas*.

Bloodstained cots and pillows showed that more than roof beams and masonry had been shattered. Through knee-deep riffraff of discarded uniforms, sketches, maps, and examination papers, chucked and strutted one live thing left from the bombardment—a trim Mexican rooster that bore all the marks of a fighting cock.

But it was in the second story that the worst devastation was wrought. Roofs, floors, and walls were perforated and smashed to chaos. "Mind your foot," was the constant cry as one trod gingerly over débris and wove in and out among yawning holes.

The touch of the eternal feminine was not missing. My lady's boudoir seemed to have received the severest fire. Fourteen shell holes punctured the walls, the ceiling had partly fallen in, a great hole gaped in the floor, and one shell had burst directly on the brass bed. The floor was hillocked with masses of masonry and broken furniture, and all about were scattered pretties and fripperies of the lady—empty jewel cases, powder puffs, silver-mounted brushes. Most conspicuous of all was a pair of red, high-heeled Spanish slippers.

Aboard the Rescue Train

DOWN in the railroad station, where I boarded the rescue train that runs out each day to the Federal lines, our sailors and marines were cooking, washing clothes, and teaching the Mexican youth how to pitch baseball. All along the track, until the country was reached, our men were encamped and performing sentry duty.

A guard of bluejackets, under the command of Lieutenant Fletcher of the *Florida*, manned the train. The engine was run by our enlisted men, who had repaired it, as was also the wireless by the men who had installed it. Even the porter of the Pullman car was an unmistakable American negro.

Two miles beyond our last outpost we came to the break where the Federals had torn up two miles of track, burning the ties and carrying the rails away with them. Here, also, was a blockhouse of advanced Federal outposts.

Under a white Turkish towel, carried by a sailor, Lieutenant Fletcher met and conferred with the Mexican Lieutenant in charge. The latter was small, stupid-tired, and a greatly embarrassed sort of man. The contrast between the two Lieutenants was striking. The Mexican Lieutenant strove to add inches to himself by standing on top of a steel rail. But in vain. The American still towered above him. The American was—well, American. Little of Mexican or of Spanish was in the other. It was patent that he was mostly Indian. Even more of Indian was in the ragged, leather-sandaled soldiers under him. They were short, squat, patient-eyed, long-enduring as the way of the peon has been even in the long centuries preceding Cortez, when Aztec and Toltec enslaved him to burden bearing.

The Oxlike Peon Soldier

ONE could not help being sorry for these sorry soldier Indians, who slouched awkwardly about while our Lieutenant scanned the far track across the break in the hope of some sign of our countrymen fleeing from the capital. Sorry soldier Indians they truly were. When I thought of our own fine boys of the fleet and the army back in Vera Cruz, it seemed to me that it would not be war, but murder. What chance could such lowly, oxlike creatures, untrained themselves and without properly trained officers, have against our highly equipped, capably led young men? These soldiers of the peon type are merely descendants of the millions of stupid ones who could not withstand the several hundred ragamuffins of Cortez and who passed stupidly from the harsh slavery of the Montezumas to the no less harsh slavery of the Spaniards and of the later Mexicans.

But Even Peons Can Hurl Death

AND yet one must not forget that each one of these sorry soldiers bore a modern rifle, the cartridges for which, loaded with smokeless powder, are capable of propelling a bullet to kill at a mile's distance and farther, and, at closer range, to perforate the bodies of two or three men. Also, each of these sorry soldiers, at command, by the mere crooking of index fingers, could release far-flighted messengers of death. Also, the mark of the cross, rightly applied to the steel-jacketed nose of the bullet, can turn that bullet into a dumdum that makes a small hole on entering a man's body and a hole the size of a soup plate on leaving. It requires no intelligence thus to notch a bullet. Even a peon can do it.

War is a silly thing for a rational, civilized man to contemplate. To settle matters of right and justice by means of introducing into human bodies foreign substances that tear them to pieces is no less silly than ducking elderly ladies of eccentric behavior to find out whether or not they are witches. But—and there you are—what is the rational man to do when those about him persist in settling matters at issue by violent means?

Even Peace Lovers Must Be Prepared

I AM a rational man. I firmly believe in arbitrament by police magistrates and civil courts. Nevertheless, on occasion, I find myself in contact with men who are prone, say, to rob me of my purse, and who elect to do it by violent and disruptive means. So, on such occasions, I am compelled to carry an automatic in order to dispute with such men my path in life which they are blocking and ambuscading. Personally, and for a lazy man, carrying a big automatic is a confounded nuisance. I hope for the day to come when it will not be necessary for any man to carry an automatic. But in the meantime, preferring to be a live dog rather than a dead lion, I keep thin oil on my pistol and try it out once in a while to make sure that it is working.

As it is with rational men to-day so it is with nations. The dream of a world police force and of a world court of arbitration will some day be realized. But that day is not to-day. What is is. And to cope with what is, it behooves nations to keep thin oil on their war machinery and know how to handle it.

Texas was long notorious as a gun-fighting State. To-day it is against the law for a man to carry a revolver in Texas. Times do change. But there is always the time between times. As one regarded the Mexican Lieutenant with his peon soldiers, it was patent that the old order still obtained, and that each peon was equipped with sufficient cartridges to destroy the rationality of a hundred men like me.



Refugees from Mexico City. Jack London's phrase for what they had escaped is: "the perils of the mob-ridden interior"

The Man He Could Lick

AND we stood there under our white Turkish towel, surrounded by armed men, and quested across a stretch of ruined railroad for the sight of some of our own men, women, and children making their way down to the coast from mobs that looted, plundered, and cried death to them.

"I've found him at last," said a friend, a Texas civilian and ex-roughrider.

All the way out on the train he had been lining himself up against one and another of the husky, broad-shouldered sailor boys and lamenting that he could not find a man he could lick. Now he gazed with satisfaction at the little Mexican Lieutenant and muttered in my ear: "I just wish it was up to him and me to settle this whole war. Take him on on any terms—bite, gouge, or anything up to locking us, stripped, in a dark room."

The Goal of the Refugees

A TRAIN appeared in the distance between green walls of jungle. Through our glasses we could make out parasols and sunshades that advertised women of our race who had escaped the perils of the mob-ridden interior.

Permission was reluctantly accorded us, and we advanced a mile along the destroyed track to meet our countrymen. Glad as we were to see them, their gladness at seeing white men from the coast was almost pathetic. For three days and nights they had not had their clothes off nor lain in a bed, nor had they ever been certain of their lives during that time.

It seems the Mexican officers have a very simple and very clever technique of waging war on civilians of the United States. The officers themselves rob civilians of revolvers. This enables the next mob of death-shouting Mexicans to put words into deeds without the slightest risk of being hurt. Of course the Mexican army cannot be held responsible for all the actions and the murders committed by such mobs. Also, officers are richer by the number of weapons they accumulate from fleeing Americans.

By the time our refugees reached the train and saw the American uniform they were stating that it was the finest thing they had ever seen in their lives. As the train backed into Vera Cruz the landscape continued to grow more beautiful, for it was covered everywhere with sailors and marines on sentry duty or in camp. But the sight of the inner and outer harbors filled with our warships was the finishing stroke.

Ashore all is as peaceful and as markedly on its toes as is the sea. . . . Sailor sentries pass back and forth. Sentries are everywhere



Experiences at Mexican Hands

SAID one of the refugees, a doctor: "I just wish the fellows at Washington who are running things could have had our experience. It would change their views on diplomacy and on army and navy appropriation bills. I tell you, if they had been robbed and mobbed and thrown into jail along with their wives and children, and heard the roar going up all about them of 'Muerto los gringos!' and then, finally, got down the country as we have, with their tongues hanging out, and seen these warships and bluejackets—I tell you they couldn't get back to the States quick enough to start working for a larger army and navy."

The views of American residents of Mexico should be of value at the present time, and I shall repeat them without comment to show how blows the wind with those whose personal interests are vitally involved.

"Somehow," said one of them, "we don't enjoy seeing the United States call on the A B C class in Spanish and Portuguese to help her out of this mess."

Another declared: "This waiting and watching, our Fabian offensiveness, is (*Continued on page* 26)

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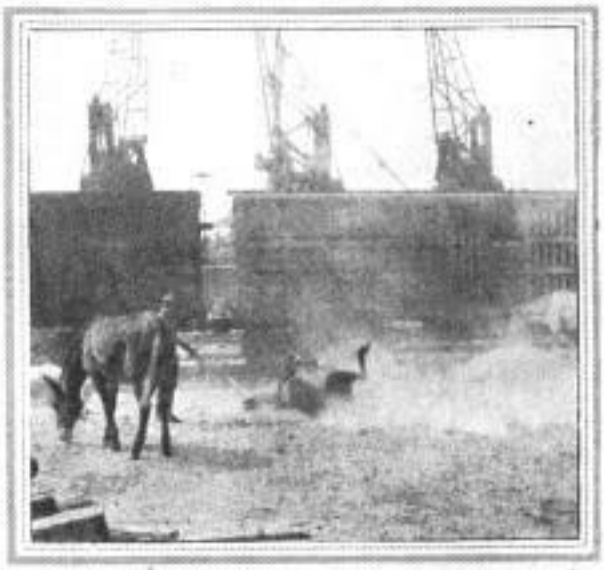
WHETHER THE FORMAL RAISING OF OUR FLAG OVER VERA CRUZ *on April 27 will mean much or little to this country and Mexico in the future, it furnished a patriotic thrill for the Americans present. It was a particularly auspicious event for Admiral Fletcher and the naval officers and men under his command, for it marked the completion of their work in the city. Two battalions of marines and two battalions of bluejackets were lined up in the Plaza. Massed bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," the officers saluted, the warships each fired twenty-one guns, and all American civilians cheered. Captain F. S. Delano and Major J. H. Quick of the Marines, Ensign E. O. McDonell, and Quartermaster Edward Jeffs, the first men to land on April 21, hoisted the flag over the Terminal Hotel, Admiral Fletcher's headquarters. Mr. Hare's snapshot was taken as the marines and the bluejackets were retiring to their quarters to make ready for the landing of General Funston's men next day. The army did not take full charge of the city until April 30*

Photograph by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

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Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

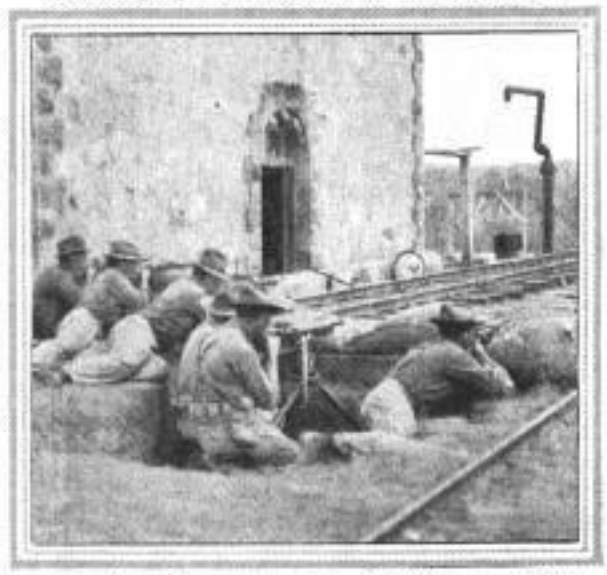
Funston's Men at the Front



An army mule's self-treatment for seasickness



Soldiers going to an outpost on a mule-drawn car



Guarding the pumping station, 8 miles out, which was fired upon by General Maas's men on May 3



A marine "wigwagging" a message back to army headquarters from an outpost 4 miles from Vera Cruz

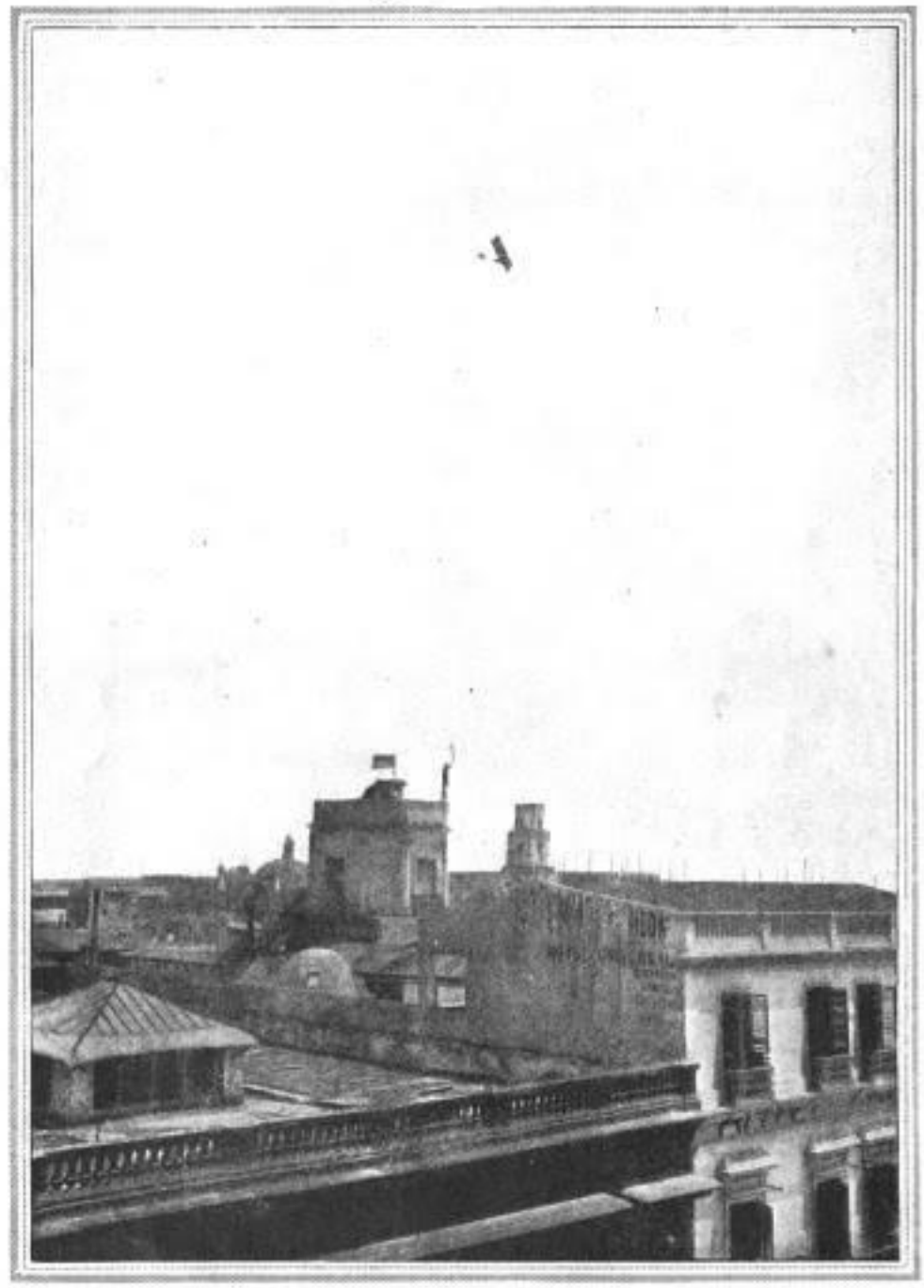
Giving Mexican Jailbirds a Job





THE TIME-SERVING *Mexican prisoners in jail at Vera Cruz at the time our forces took the city from General Maas wondered if they were going to be taken out and shot by the invaders. But their minds were soon relieved. After releasing 300 political prisoners, Admiral Fletcher had all the ordinary offenders put to work cleaning up the city. Mr. Hare's photograph above shows some of them being marched to work. The Americans began a sanitary crusade as soon as order was restored in the city. The three men shown in the circle are Vera Cruz prisoners returning unguarded to their jail lodgings after a day's toil*

Uncle Sam's Sky Scouts at Vera Cruz



One of our aerial scouts leaving Vera Cruz on a trip beyond the American outposts. A message is being "wigwagged" to him by the signalman on the right-hand corner of the tower. Lieutenant Patrick Bellinger and Ensign Melvin L. Stolz of the Navy Aviation Corps made the first flights over the Mexican lines. Bellinger was fired at during a flight on May 6

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Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer



Under the white flags near Vera Cruz. Charge d'Affaires Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the man with the Fedora hat, is just in front of the rear flag, and leading are General Ramon Corona (left) and Captain Harry McL. Huse, Admiral Fletcher's chief of staff

O'Shaughnessy's Exit from Mexico City

IT WAS easy for Nelson O'Shaughnessy, our Chargé d'Affaires, to get to Vera Cruz when given his passports. Huerta, who likes him personally, gave him all necessary protection during the journey, which is described in Mr. Hare's snapshots on this page. Nobody was even permitted to hiss him as he left the capital. Fifty picked infantrymen under General Corona accompanied the diplomat and his party as far as Tejeria, near Vera Cruz.



The conference. O'Shaughnessy at left, next to General Corona, and Captain Huse with back to camera



Taking our white flag off the tender of a locomotive as Captain Huse (at left) and party are preparing to walk ahead to meet Mr. O'Shaughnessy and escort. Accompanying Mr. O'Shaughnessy from the capital were his wife and small son, Consul General Arnold Shanklin, and the subordinate Embassy and Consular officials

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The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

Part II—At Sea

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

AN UNSHAVEN, dishevcled young man, hatless but otherwise completely dressed down to his shoes, turned over on the bed, opened his sticky eyes, then closed and dug his fists into them to dissipate the heaviness of the lids. He tried vainly to moisten his parched lips with his swollen tongue.

His nose itched tormentingly, and he rubbed it vigorously with the back of his hand.

As consciousness returned, haltingly and with brief lapses into stupor, his brain and the senses of taste, smell, and sight began to correlate, slowly but accurately—due to the native resilience of an unabused constitution.

A peculiar taste in his mouth he couldn't label. To one whose lips had "never known the taste of liquor" it was indescribable—indescribably bad, nauseating.

But the smell that rose from some part of his clothing he recognized. It was the repellent odor that exuded from a saloon when the rubber-tired doors swung open. It was stale liquor! And it had been spilled on *his* clothes. Following this loathsome discovery, he raised his hand toward his nose and again he was startled to get another whiff of stale liquor. A shudder of disgust passed through him. He now took a second invoice of the taste in his mouth and classified it as "dark brown." But not yet could he bring his logy mentality to take up the trail from effect back to cause.

HIS bed next attracted his attention. It was narrow—much like a shelf with a wooden side to prevent one's falling out. Looking up he saw above him what, judging from the woven-wire springs, was another narrow bed. The furnishings of the apartment or cell, whatever it was, all tethered to something permanent, were at first unfamiliar to him. It was the aperture admitting the light that helped him to fix the room and its location. This round opening to the outside world was a bull's-eye of thick glass. And as he stared through the circular window on to grayness—nothing more—there came a loud thump, instantly followed by a stinging sound, as if minute pebbles had been thrown against the glass fiercely. Then water ran off, leaving the bull's-eye flecked with drops.

His mind bridged the gap between present predicament and past experience. He recalled the Giant-killers' trip to Cuba after they had worsted the Cubs—the days on the high and low seas. He knew now. He was aboard ship!

Secure in this conclusion, he brought himself to a sitting posture on the edge of the berth. In an upright position he found that he was inclined to dizziness. But he fought it off, got to his feet, and, letting down the washbasin, soused his head in cold water—all the water the tank contained. This revived him wonderfully.



"How can I get you to stop the ship?" The captain smiled. "If you pressed me for an answer, I would have to say that you couldn't"

HE LOOKED about the stateroom more carefully. There was a suit case of real leather on the bunk under the porthole. He was positive that he had never seen it before. Turning it round, he found on the end, in black lettering, the inscription:

S. W. JAMES, New York.

"S.-W.-Ja-m-es?" he questioned. He recalled all the Jameses he had ever heard of—there weren't many—from Bill James, the Yankee pitcher, who had struck him out twice in one game, to Jesse and Henry James. There was no "S. W." in the list.

Mechanically he tried the bag to see if it was locked. It opened, displaying a complete assortment of linen and underclothing. There were shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, stockings, brush, and comb—everything necessary, with the suit he had on, to enable him to make a respectable appearance. The things had been carefully selected and they were all new. But there wasn't a scrap of writing to identify their owner.

This turned his attention to his own means of identification. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out four envelopes. Three of them were addressed to S. W. James, Hotel Longacre, New York City. Two of the envelopes contained bills—one an "account rendered" from a liquor dealer for $67.25; the other a bill for cigars and cigarettes amounting to $23.50. The third was a letter from the steamship agents of the Hamburg Line, reading:

DEAR SIR: *We have booked you for passage from New York to Naples on the S. S. Colonia, sailing from pier foot of West Thirteenth Street, N. R. We have assigned to you Cabin C 39, on the saloon deck, and have arranged that you are to have it entirely to yourself.*

We beg to call your attention to the fact that, owing to the tide on the day of departure, the Colonia will sail at one o'clock in the morning, October 7.



"I do believe that's true." For emphasis she rested her hand for a moment on his sleeve. Her touch gave him an odd thrill

THE fourth envelope inclosed a ticket calling for one first-class passage, New York to Naples, on the steamship *Colonia*, and made out to S. W. James. There was nothing else in the pockets of his coat.

His gold watch was ticking in the pocket of his vest. Attached to it was a narrow black silk ribbon—the useful portion of a watch fob. But the ornamental part of the fob—the solid gold baseball, surmounted by two tiny crossed bats of platinum, emblematic of the World's Championship—that was missing.

Robbed! was his first thought, and he searched in his trousers' pocket for the cash which he had with him—less than ten dollars. He found a roll of yellow-backed bills. Five hundred dollars!

In any sudden lapse into unconsciousness the first faculty to give way is the memory—that is, the mental process of storing facts and impressions ceases. So, also, in returning consciousness the memory has a trick oftentimes of beginning where it left off or of seizing upon some one thing in particular to locate its bearings. The sight of the five hundred dollars immediately brought to mind what had happened before the long, dreamless sleep just ended on the ship. This money—or five hundred dollars just like it—was lying on a table in a suite of rooms in the Belmont-Stratworth Hotel. He was about to come into possession of it—all for signing a contract to report the World Series on behalf of the Transcontinental Newspaper Syndicate, Metropolitan Tower, New York City.

HE SAT down again upon the berth to puzzle it out, beginning with the letter from the syndicate—it was on engraved stationery, he remembered. The secretary, Walter Noble, gave him as references three well-known New Yorkers. But the letter had come, special delivery, on Sunday—the day after the championship was cinched—and reply was requested by telegraph on Monday. Anyhow, what need was there of references, he had argued, when he couldn't lose! For he was to receive five hundred dollars on the signing of the contract and two hundred dollars every day he turned in a story. No, he couldn't lose, and he could make thirteen hundred dollars at least—nineteen hundred dollars at most. Yes, he had looked upon it as "very easy" money and had kept his own counsel, not even confiding in Tris Ford, because of the reports in the newspapers that the National Commission was to prohibit the players from writing for the papers; certainly all those who hadn't contracts.

There was a day's delay in Noble's coming over, he recalled. The secretary of the Transcontinental Syndicate had come—he rubbed his head in bewilderment. When was it? How long had he slept? Yesterday—it must have happened yesterday—last night!

He remembered that he had gone to the Belmont-Stratworth, and the clerk at the desk knew him—had seen him play. He could repeat his words: "Mr. Noble is expecting you—go right up to Suite 1142." He had gone right up, had been admitted to the parlor of a suite, and had met a nice young fellow, obviously a gentleman, who greeted him cordially. This Mr. Noble not only knew baseball and ball players, but they had friends in common. So they had enjoyed a very nice chat—all before the contract was produced.

THE contract—it had the name of the Transcontinental Newspaper Syndicate printed in, he was sure. He had read it very carefully, and the terms were precisely what had been offered him. While he was reading it, he remembered, Mr. Noble had taken from his bill case without any flourish five

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hundred dollars. He could remember seeing the money lying on the table, the bills folded over once.

The bills in his hand now were folded once!

BUT something was going wrong with his memory. It had been spinning the tale of events without effort, but suddenly it had begun to flag. He had to prod it. What was it Mr. Noble had said? Oh, yes—"I'm going to have a drink. What'll you have?" He had declined, of course, because he didn't drink. And then? Mr. Noble had said, walking over to the telephone: "Wise man—wish I didn't," and had added: "I'll order you a soft drink."

The drink—what was it? For some reason he was very uncertain on that score. Slowly he began to form a mental image of it—a brown bottle—it was in a silver holder, because the bottom was round. Of course—ginger ale!—it came in such bottles. He remembered, too, it was imported ginger ale, not so sweet as American. Yes—the first taste had been almost bitter. And then?

Blackness! He could recall nothing, try his best, until he woke up on the ship.

It didn't accord with any experience he knew at all well—of course not with any he had ever gone through himself. He couldn't believe that he had taken an alcoholic drink by mistake unless it had been very thoroughly disguised. The odor from his clothes tended to prove that he had, but his reason told him otherwise. Nothing remained, therefore, but to conclude that he had been given a knock-out!

AS THE only bit of documentary evidence in his possession, the letter from the steamship company seemed to impel his attention. He read it over again, and the last sentence, in its full significance, made him start.

"The *Colonia* will sail at one o'clock in the morning, October 7."

October 7! There was a feeling of depression at the pit of his stomach. It was not due to seasickness. The heartbreaking realization of his situation had come at last. With the Giant-killers fighting for the victory that meant everything to players, manager, and club owners, the team's second baseman, regarded by many as "the king-pin of the defense, the leader of the offense," was far from the scene of combat, probably bound for Naples! Even though there certainly had been no malice prepense on his part, he was a deserter, nothing better, for the World Series was to start this day!

HE LOOKED at his watch. Twelve o'clock, noon! In thirty minutes the team, every man of the squad, was expected to report at the ball park. In thirty minutes! Where was he now? James Winton Shute rang the bell to find out.

The steward came promptly, a smile that was both knowing and respectful upon his face. He spoke with marked cordiality.

"Mr. James—good morning, sir. 'Ope you are feeling better, sir."

"My name is Shute—good morning."

"Mr. Shute—very well, sir." The steward puckered his lips.

"Where are we now?"

"About one hundred and fifty miles out, sir."

"Out?—you mean from land?"

"From New York, sir."

"I've got to get off! Where's the captain? He'll have to stop the boat!"

The steward placed a soothing hand upon the passenger's shoulder. "I 'ud lie down if I were you, sir, and rest a little more—get your sea legs on, Mr. James."

Without taking notice of the persistent error in nomenclature, Win Shute announced: "I'm going to see the captain. Where is he?"

"On the bridge, sir."

"Take me to him!" His inflection compelled obedience.

Once in a championship game Win Shute had worked the pitcher for a free pass to first, had stolen second and then third, and when the pitcher was winding up had raced home, hooking his leg over the plate and eluding the catcher who tried to put the ball on him. This is the only explanation that can be offered why and how "Mr. S. W. James" succeeded in getting to the captain on the bridge. The governor general of the ship was so surprised that he didn't ask the determined-looking young man how he had managed it. "Captain, my name is Shute—mostly called Win Shute."

THE captain nodded, but without a glimmer of understanding.

"You've probably heard of the World Series—championship of the big leagues?"

"American baseball?"

"Yes—games to decide the best ball team in the world," explained Win eagerly.

"What of it?" was the captain's rejoinder.

"This," said Shute, pausing for emphasis: "I'm the second baseman, heavy hitter, and leading base runner on one of the teams—the Giant-killers, folks call us."

"What of that?" varied the captain. His tone was not unkind, but he showed a wretched lack of interest.

"First game's to-day—in two hours."

"I take it you are not going to play." There was amusement in the captain's eyes.

"Not play? I've got to play!" *(Continued on page 28)*

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter VII—On the Rocks

By "Jane Bunker"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I WAS at last discovering that credit is something you lay up as you go along by paying—in thirty days; that you've got to build it when you don't need it, or you don't have it when you do; and that you practically destroy it by paying—spot cash!

Did madame ask credit on that first lot of pink jars? Who knew Maggie McNulty of Jones Street, Columbus, enough to give her credit? She sent the money when she sent the order. She kept on sending money with her orders. Did I ask credit when I bought a quart of Jersey beets to transmute into $84 worth of essence of Persian roses from the garden of a prince? Well—forgive a slight vulgarity—I think I'd see myself! I handed the grocer 15 cents and carried the bag to the laboratory under my cloak. Or did I charge ten pounds of bolted chalk at 2 cents a pound that, dyed pink with 1 cent's worth of dye, yielded 640 boxes of "germ-proof mineral face powder guaranteed not to ferment with perspiration"? Our ingredients were all of the same financial class, therefore our charge accounts for raw materials were, and always had been, too trivial to mention. And thus, because we were *so* honest, paying scrupulously as we went along, rumor whispered we were "spot-cash people because we had to be": the dealers wouldn't trust us for a 2-cent pound of chalk!

EXQUISITE irony! The "pink jar and purple ribbon" methods, by which we could enhance a penny's worth of filler to a dollar's worth of value in the commercial world, were exactly reversed in the financial world—turned our business upside down and showed it—a pink jar with a penny's worth of credit inside!

But I had no inkling of all this as I stood before the bookkeeper's cage and surveyed his stricken face. Poor, worried man!—I read "Guilt" upon his forehead, and "Forgery" in his hand!

"Please talk to me some other time," he implored in a tragic whisper, his eyes on the distance back of me. Then I saw him take his elbow, shove a ledger off onto the floor and dive after it.

Miss Beekman scudded up at the same moment. "Any news from the madame in the morning's mail?"

"No." I turned my back and scudded off in the opposite direction. But what was I to do? It was the 27th of August. My aunt was due at the office not later than the first. She might even then be on the train; probably was. How was I to reach her and what was I to communicate if I did reach her? What did I actually know about the finances of the business? Nothing—except that a man who affirmed we "had no credit" said we were "on the rocks."



Monsieur received an impudent retort to the effect that this time next week he'd have nobody to reprimand for anything

Those were exciting days for humble, silent Lucy—manufacturer—keeper of the secrets—responsible head—sub rosa partner—nobody! Twenty-four hours later my one friend in the place—little M. Perriot—unearthed the plot to run off with the works and steal the business root and branch, bud, blossom, and fruit!

BEFORE I found the chance to see the bookkeeper alone I realized that, no matter what I learned of our straits, I could do nothing effective until my aunt came home, and my prying—or seeming to pry—into his responsibilities might stir up more trouble than it would help, while even she herself could do nothing until the expert accountant had reported on the books. He, after all, was the person to tell her when her business was on the rocks and why—not one as much outside her financial dealings and confidence as myself. So I was prepared to sit tight, and tighter still when little M. Perriot came rushing to the house next evening with the news that Miss Beekman was about to walk off with our whole business on her own shoulders.

"Nevaire do I trus' zat woman," he cried. "Her character—it is portray in her coiffure—*false!*"

SHE had some capital—about $6,000—partly from the sale of her former beauty parlor and a little money left her, but mostly from the savings of ten odd years with us and very large tips, so she had a cash string to her bow in case of a break, and she was playing her cards for a partnership with my aunt. Failing of that, Beekman—"formerly superintendent of the Del Mar Beauty Parlors"—was ready to set up for herself: it was a question, apparently, of which way the cat jumped. To this end, she'd not merely made herself solid with the trade—a glorified lady's maid for anybody—but she had made herself solid with the help. Since madame's marriage, no one was ever discharged with Beekman's consent—she made that evident all along the line, even down to the porter. It was not only Beekman who engaged the operators and gave them the chance to earn their daily bread and a large lot of treacle tips, but she was continually beholden to as she stood between them and the furies of madame, whom the rest of them seldom saw and knew little or nothing about now, and whom she had painted to their imaginations as a cross between a commercial Minerva and a bumblebee: a woman brilliant, literary, irascible, despotic, incalculable, rewarding her favorites, crushing her enemies, a Moloch to be admired and feared by all, and placated by just one—Miss Beekman; that is, Miss B. had capitalized the general mystery of the establishment and turned it to her own account. An accident, a mistake, a loss—it was Beekman who covered it up and hid it from their tyrant of the magnificent private offices.

It was in pursuance of her policy of being the one true friend that she kept us on at full pay through the summer when the help wasn't earning half its wages—and knew it. And she took care that they knew it and made it appear in the nature of a personal gift on her part for not laying them off, though it was clear philanthropy on the part of the house.

And on that coming first day of September, the entire operating staff: the chemist who got up all the side lines and declared he knew our secrets and could produce a better cream than I; the packing depart-

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ment; part of the hair-goods department; the outside salesman; most, if not all of the New York demonstrators, and probably the whole clerical staff, were ready to follow Beekman out, and Beekman was ready to say: "A partnership, madame, or we leave." It was neat!

Whether the bookkeeper was involved in the scheme I never learned—it was one of those matters wiser ignored. I fancy he was trying to "run with the hare and go with the hounds." From what he said, I'm sure he knew what was going on, yet loyalty, responsibility, and policy prompted him to a partial revelation of the difficulties of which Beekman was about to take advantage; and I'm equally sure he'd not have given her away to me. Which didn't matter. Next morning monsieur, reprimanding a shampoo young lady for being late, received an impudent retort to the effect that this time next week he'd have nobody to reprimand for anything and followed up the clue, first by quizzing her, then some of the others, until he'd run the outlines of the plot to earth and seen how widely the establishment was involved. With that in hand he marched straight to Miss Beekman, told her he was thinking of setting up for himself, and hearing she was about to do the same, he'd like to rent a whole floor of her and move his department bodily out, so please let bygones be bygones between them. That is, he made her the same proposition she knew he'd made once to madame.

MISS BEEKMAN fell into the trap and forgave him everything, only too delighted at the thought of getting rid of a floor so advantageously and securing so powerful an ally and weapon at the same time in her own scheme, but she explained the situation to him—nothing was decided yet, and if the madame would agree to a partnership, of course Miss Beekman would stay; if she wouldn't—well she was bound to better herself—she was the beauty business since madame's marriage, and she'd decided it was about time for her to have her just reward.

"And of course your aunt gives zat woman no partnership!" he cried. "She laughs in her face wis not so much as to listen to a why, and Mees Beekman gets one big mad and walks out and it will be to start all over wis zis business for little Mees Lucy and her so brilliant aunt." I suggested that when it came to the point perhaps the others wouldn't go; but he felt very sure they would.

"Mon Dieu—mon Dieu!" he wailed, almost pulling his mustache out by its beautiful waxed ends. "To sink zat a woman wis nossing in her head for big beesness can convince my little fools dat are so clever wis zeir fingers she can pay zem more wages zan ze madame herself, and in a few weeks—*pouf!* It is too much—I cannot do it'—a few weeks more—*pouf!* 'Still too much—we mus' cut down'—ze dull season—*pouf!*—all is over!

"And I sink of your poor aunt—zis to come upon her so inopportune—to begin all over at ze opening of ze season wis a powerful rival. She mus' lose ze season building up her staff and meanwhile her rival takes all her trade. She is ruined—ruined. Mees Lucy is ruined. I am ruined. All who stay wis her are ruined. All who leave her will be ruined so soon as one lousy season is over! Mon Dieu, Mees Lucy, you and I mus' save her, but how?"

HOW indeed, we two against so many? He walked the floor, then brought out the bright suggestion that I start west at once and meet my aunt somewhere along the route and warn her.

But something loud as the voice of conscience urged me: "Don't tattle! Don't raise false alarms. Leave her free to meet the situation precisely as it is presented to her."

Early on the morning of the first, my aunt breezed in, ruddy of cheek, sparkling of eye, robust, a human dynamo ready for action. She had reached home late the night before and had telephoned down at opening hour to expect her, so the great establishment was first a-flutter, then a-thrill, and a-jerk as if with electricity, when she got inside the building. I was in the parlors making my daily inspection as "Buttons," privately instructed by Miss Beekman, came racing up to warn her that the madame's auto had just drawn up at the curb and she was in it.

"Well, hello, everybody!" she called out with unwonted affability as "Buttons" now solemnly flung the parlor doors wide for her. "Well, Lucy, you're looking fine." She hesitated, then delivered a kiss on my cheek. "How's mamma? She oughtn been out in Col'raydo with us this summer—done her worlds of good. It's simply grand."

I felt like observing that my grandmother hadn't been invited, but there was no time, even if I'd let myself go to that extent, for my aunt was rushing through like a baby cyclone, firing off critical glances and questions as she went, and leaving a trail of gaping mouths behind, and by the time she'd reached the sacred sanctuary of the private office, she had given fifteen orders and accumulated the expert accountant's report for the last quarter and the one before, which she'd never seen. The bookkeeper had thought it expedient to send for him to go over the books ahead of time, and the old gentleman was there awaiting her arrival. Then her office swallowed both of them and a hush fell and the whole establishment was on tiptoe. I waited, as one waits to hear the result of a terrible operation. But with that revelation, sprung on her all unawares, we began to discover the stuff the woman had bred into her bones!



M. Perriot came rushing to the house next evening. "Nevaire do I trus' zat woman," he cried. "Her character—it is portray in her coiffure—false!"

Two hours later my call bell summoned me to her presence and I found her walking the floor in such excitement as I'd never seen her in before. Both men were with her—the bookkeeper looking haggard and gray, shrunk into his chair; the accountant, irritable and blustery.

"Did you know about this, Lucy?" she cried, shaking a bunch of rumpled papers at me.

"Know about what, Aunt Maggie?"

"This—all this—the condition of the business—$7,000 in debt?"

"I know nothing about the financial end of the business—as you must know by this time."

"I've already told you, madam, that nobody in the establishment has been told—" (he gave me an appealing look that begged me not to reveal the words he'd let drop a few days before). "Your niece could do nothing—she's not the financial head—the bank wouldn't take her note—"

"Who supposed it would? I'm trying to find out why I wasn't told—why I wasn't called home—"

"You gave written orders on that, Aunt Maggie," I put in.

"What of it! You, Lucy—my own flesh and blood. . . . Well, you'd have had the gumption to call me home, orders or no orders—that's what I'm driving at—why weren't you told?"

SHE flung the question direct into my face, repeating: "Why weren't you *told?*" But without waiting for an answer I couldn't seem to think up, she rushed on: "Never heard anything in my life to equal what these men have told me to-day—never saw such management—debt's bad enough, but a debt's soon mended by a going concern like mine—can't meet this week's pay roll—can't get money from the bank—and why? Why, Lucy, why? Because we haven't any *credit!* No credit—no credit! The Del Mar Beauty Business—no credit! Why, my God—it would make a horse laugh—me that never owed man or woman a dollar in my life—"

I saw the two men exchange glances as if one said to the other: "We might as well give it up," then another look in my direction as if they said: "We might try to make her understand—"

"Why, looka the business I'm doing—half a million a year—and you two men can sit there and temme I got no credit? Lucy, do you understand it? Sounds perfectly crazy to me."

"But I've already explained that, madam, over and over—you've got nothing to show for it—"

"I got *the business* to show for it—got the books to show—"

"—no collateral—no real estate—no property, except personal, and your diamonds—"

"Glad you remembered to mention them—you been talking 's if you considered me a pauper—a woman who's got $80,000 worth of diamonds has got something to fall back on—buy a loaf of bread for a day or two."

"With all these hundreds of thousands pouring in," he repeated, "there's nothing to show for it—no capital invested in the business—no stocks and bonds in other business—and the banks naturally ask what becomes of all that money—"

"Spent, of course—same as men spend their money," she interjected.

"—and they say if she can't hold on to her own money—keep enough on hand to meet a little emergency like $1,000 or so—what'll become of my money?"

"Well, I'll see that it's kept after this—so don't let that worry you," she conceded with one of her disarming smiles. "The mother of this business has got home, and there'll be some changes — this don't happen again."

"It oughtn't to have happened now, madam," the accountant told her quietly. He was an old man and had watched her books and her growth from the start, and I think he was one of the few people in the world who had sincere interest in her and her concerns. "I'm trying to point out the causes—all the causes—but I know if I can't make *you* understand to-day, I'll never be able to and I'm not equal to strains such as you put on me." He gave her one of *his* disarming smiles. "You didn't see the last report—it was on my mind to have a serious talk with you then—"



"The Del Mar Beauty Business—no credit! Why—it would make a horse laugh—me that never owed man or woman a dollar in my life—"

"Well, there'll be no more babies breaking into the business—so set your mind at rest—I've had my last. Pity the men can't be made to have every other one—I tell Mr. Willing he ought to had them both by rights—seeing I keep up both the establishment and him."

The accountant forced a laugh, but used it to seize on her reference to her husband and tell her: "But that's one of the causes of all this—the business won't provide for a husband at the rate you're providing for him and keeping him up—it can't. He's costing you more than a wife's—and

(Continued on page 23)

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COMMENT ON POLITICS

IN THE lull that came with the promise of mediation the thought and talk of Washington turned from war to the political atmosphere of the country. Four hundred and thirty-five—the entire membership—of the Lower House will be elected anew next November. To the great majority of these the days of travail are now on, for the primaries, which in many cases are fully as decisive as the November elections, are being held in many States already and will be completed in most States during June, July, and August. The problem is: Will these primaries and elections result in a manner unfriendly to the Democrats? The make-up of the House at present is as follows:

Democrats	291
Republicans	124
Progressive Republicans	6
Progressives	13
Independent	1
Total	435

It will be noticed that the Democrats have more than two to one of the entire membership of the House. Will they be able to keep this preponderous majority? Assuredly not. But how much will they lose? Will the loss in November be so great as to put them in a minority? And who will gain most by the Democratic losses, the Republicans or the Progressives? Opposition leaders, even in private conversation where ostentatious boasting is not called for by any political expediency, claim that the Democrats will lose the House. To any less temperamental observer this seems absurd. It would be conceivable, of course, if the opposition to the Democrats were united, but it is not united and will not be. In every Congressional district in the United States, except possibly a few Democratic strongholds in the South, there will be a Republican and a Progressive running against the Democrat. Even so, the Democrats are sure to lose a large number of the seats they now hold. Whether their loss will be large enough to amount to a vote of lack of confidence in the Democratic party is a question whose answer will not appear until November.

An Important Element

THE leaders of the Progressive party in New York State and throughout the nation are unanimous and enthusiastic in the hope that they can persuade Mr. Roosevelt to run for Governor on the Progressive ticket in New York this fall. Whether Mr. Roosevelt himself is willing will probably be known soon after his arrival in the United States. If this should happen, it would give great vitality to the Progressive campaign throughout the nation and would have an important bearing on the future of national politics.

A Bad Record

IF THE opponents of the Democrats at the Congressional elections next November are wise, they will focus their campaign on the record which the Democrats have made for gross extravagance. The



Comment on a famous hunter's departure from South America:

"Come on out, fellows; he's gone"

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

course of the Democrats in regard to "pork" has been thoroughly vicious. One of the important slogans upon which the Democrats came into power was "economy."

The Democratic Record

THE Democrats "point with pride" to a large number of achievements. Only two stand out in a way that is likely to appeal to the people's imagination at election time: the tariff and the currency bills. The Democrats can hardly be credited with any very important quality of heroic courage for the tariff. The demand for a reduced tariff had been emphasized in practically every election since 1909. Historians will be likely to say that the real credit for informing the public about the tariff, and bringing about tariff revision, belongs more nearly to the Insurgents who broke away from the Republican party in the spring of 1909. And it is well known that in making up the currency bill the Democrats profited greatly by the work of the Republicans, who began work on this subject immediately after the panic of 1907. If the Democratic Congress had more time, or if it had made better use of the time it has had, it might be able to make a showing of legislation due to itself alone. Indeed, persons familiar with the Administration's future legislative program have great confidence in it, and hope the Democrats will hold at least a slight majority in Congress, to give it a fair test. Against the Democrats is the very obvious muddle they have made so far of antitrust legislation, and their record with respect to our foreign affairs. The attitude of the country toward the Administration's conduct of the Mexican crisis may fairly be described as restrained disquiet.

The House of Humorists

THE House is much more simple and human and naive than the Senate. The other day it had under consideration a resolution providing for the printing of 60,000 copies of a public health report entitled "The Care of the Baby." The cost of the printing was $291, and it led to this instructive colloquy, which also shows the quality of humor that appeals to the House:

MR. MOORE—May I ask the gentleman, who has children of his own, as I have, whether it would not be worth $291 if only the life of one child was saved through the distribution of the 60,000 pamphlets?

MR. BARNHART—Most assuredly.

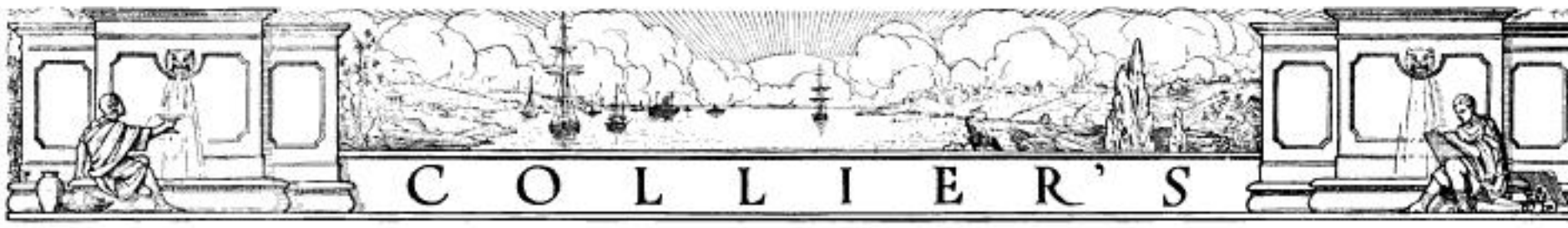
MR. FITZGERALD—I want to say that I have more children than the gentleman from Pennsylvania and the gentleman from Indiana put together.

MR. BARNHART—I am not a boastful man. [Laughter.]

MR. MOORE—So far as the "gentleman from Pennsylvania" is concerned, he does not acknowledge that the gentleman from New York is a rival in that matter at all, and never did acknowledge it. But having passed through several periods of "watchful waiting" [laughter], long midnight hours, as it were, he knows that if there had been at his service some of these pamphlets he might have been spared a great deal of time and saved a great deal of rest. In the interest of the fathers and mothers of this land, the gentleman from Pennsylvania ventures to think it is mighty small business to raise the question of economy on the expenditure of $291 in a matter that is of so much concern to the health of the children and the happiness of the home.

MR. FITZGERALD—Let me say that if this expenditure would save the gentleman from Pennsylvania long hours of patient waiting and midnight walking the floors, and would enable the gentleman to take on some flesh, I would not object. [Laughter.]

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The Unending Problem of Immigration

THE BEGINNINGS of this present civilization in our United States were founded by European immigrants in the seventeenth century, and immigrants have been coming here ever since. Every age has wrangled over this matter of the newcomers, from the early persecutions of the Quakers to the latest proposal to exclude Armenians. The immigrant usually represents the positive side of the argument—he has fixed on a plan, has worked and saved money, has cut loose from old associations, and put his plan into effect. The immigrant's critic leans rather toward prejudice—he doesn't like the fellow's race or language or religion, and (especially) the way he sometimes succeeds. Meanwhile the economic forces which control the situation continue impersonally in effect. The United States has vast resources, especially of freedom, initiative, and intelligence. Therefore it is full of people who tend to better their condition and to minimize their families, and others who come in willing to start at the foot of the ladder have plenty of room to do so. Furthermore, we live in a period of constant economic change, and those eager to take whatever chance offers are fairly sure of some success. Thus our progress has gone thundering on to an industrial development which is probably the most active and efficient the world has ever known. Our business enterprise relies to an amazing degree upon the willingness of the newcomer to go anywhere, and to work hard and effectually at anything which offers him a chance to get along and get ahead. The power of this movement can be judged by its reflex action in breaking up big estates and raising the price of land in the backward districts of Italy and Austria. There are those able to argue that the foreign laborer injures us by "sending his money out of the country," but this silly jingoism would stop all foreign travel and trade. He does not send the work he has done "out of the country."

Immigration and American Life

BUT WHAT HAS BEEN THE EFFECT on general conditions here? The economic service of the immigrant may be unquestionable, but has he not lowered our standard of living? Those advancing this argument usually ignore history and assume a sort of "Golden Age" of pure Americanism, which ended when the immigrant came. This is a mere fairy story. The facts are that most of our cities have always been squalid and unsanitary over large areas. We are only now beginning to see how to run them. Rural life, in large part, has always been hard and dreary; we are now taking up the problem of how to vitalize and enrich it. Our politics were infested by privilege and incompetence from the very beginning; wherever there was plunder there were grafters. We are now learning better methods. There never was time, somehow, to work out the problems of social justice: the drink evil, the commerce in vice, pure food, child labor, fair wages and hours, efficient and enjoyable living conditions, and all the rest of it. The immigrants themselves have suffered most from our failure to administer justice in all these things, and it must be remembered that our present standards as to them have been developed in an age of highly active immigration. The United States is now committed to the cause of social justice and will work out the problem. In that great task we have need of all the energy, good will, and idealism that can be attracted hither. The problem is one of selection, not of exclusion: of national well-being, not of racial or other prejudices. We do not want failures or criminals, but we do want the active and hopeful. Any scheme of regulation that proposes to shut people out on some other basis is, primarily, a denial of the forces that have made our country great. It is on this level that our immigration policy must be determined.

A Cossack College President

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT is quoted in advertisements as having dubbed Marietta College "one of the model small colleges of the country." Was that before or after GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN became its president? HINMAN turned to this academic job after it had ceased to be profitable for him to go on editing the "Inter Ocean" of Chicago as spokesman for the Lorimer interests. While HINMAN is in charge there can be nothing model about Marietta except its subserviency to the influences that make for political medievalism, intellectual reaction, and academic slavery. The little Ohio college is passing through a crisis at this time. If its trustees do not at once correct the policy of repression upon which they seem to have entered, if they do not throw off the influences for which HINMAN stands to-day and has stood ever since he served as tool of CHARLES T. YERKES and the traction interests, Marietta College will soon be a model of nothing better than a deserted village—sans poetry. Marietta's crisis has been emphasized for the general public through the resignation of the head of the department of political science, Professor ANSON MORSE, a doctor of philosophy of Princeton University. We have read Professor MORSE's doctoral dissertation; its subject is "The Federal Party in Massachusetts in the Year 1800," and the thesis itself is neither better nor worse than most documents of its kind. Whether President GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN has read Professor MORSE's thesis we don't know; but apparently the professor's resignation (after six years' service) was not forced on account of his writings, but because of his political faith. President GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, advocate of LORIMER and Lorimerism, is a "conservative"; Professor MORSE is a member of the Progressive party; they call it incompatibility in the divorce courts. Now, HINMAN has a right to his opinion in political matters—in spite of his editorial advocacy of LORIMER, the Illinoisome, and his work as a Lorimer agent at the State capital. The point is that MORSE has a right to his opinion, too. Moreover, it is preposterous that HINMAN, servant of YERKES and of LORIMER, should ever have been chosen to instruct young men or head a college faculty. Think of this man HINMAN giving four compulsory courses in American government!

The New Policeman

WE ARE WEARY of the brutal bluecoat of the magazines, and are obliged to Mr. HENRY BRUÈRE, Chamberlain of New York City, for a statement of what an intelligent town ought to do with the "cops":

> The most important social department in the city government is the Police Department. The city employs 10,000 men to protect its life and property and to deal with conditions which are intolerable in a civilized community.
>
> I suggest that instead of having the police mere watchmen to guard against lawlessness, the police should be expected to observe and report upon every condition in their neighborhoods, concerning which the city should take some form of action. They should be the eyes, ears, and feeling fingers of the city government, to learn where conditions exist about which the city should do something to reduce crime and to minimize unfortunate conditions which lead people to crime.
>
> The police are still largely governed by the traditions of 1850. We need new ideals of police work.

It is interesting to note that Mayor MITCHEL of New York has appointed a Police Commissioner (ARTHUR WOODS) whose character and training are a guarantee that this new theory will guide him. "Golden Rule" JONES had this ideal for Toledo. What city will be next?

A Willing Correction

IT APPEARS that we have made the mistake of believing in the accuracy of a news dispatch sent out from Pittsburgh some weeks ago. We reprinted it with some comments thereon, which, because of an error in the dispatch, involve an unkindness to a good man now dead, and to his relatives. The matter will probably be set right so far as we can do so by stating that Mr. JACOB FRIDAY, who left a will cutting off any beneficiary who directly or indirectly engages in the liquor business, was not himself a liquor dealer but made his money as a government contractor. We shall try not to lapse again into assuming that news dispatches from Pittsburgh report facts accurately.

Poverty and Riches

A HEADLINE in the New York "Tribune" is diverting. It is one of those that top the account of the wedding in which our richest young man played the rôle of bridegroom:

> STAATSBURG HOME GAY WITH GUESTS AND BLOSSOMS WITHIN AND HAPPY VILLAGE FOLK WITHOUT

Happy without what?

Where Young Men Succeed

THE SECRETARY OF THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL contributes to the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine" an article, "How Young Law School Graduates Succeed," and includes some enlightening statistics. From his Table of Average Earnings we cull these figures—representing annual earnings for eight years after graduation:

Cities of less than 100,000..	783	1,210	1,736	2,001	2,552	3,290	3,950	3,550
New York	720	1,243	1,918	2,261	3,109	3,457	3,834	4,210

Figures can lie, of course, but there is nothing to suggest that the writer wants those figures to lie. If statistics prove anything, these statistics prove that, generally speaking, the young law-school gradu-

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ate who goes to New York is not likely to go ahead very much faster than it is possible for him to do in his home town. Moreover, living—especially living for lawyers—is much higher in New York. The temptation to sell out is greater and the opportunities for public service are perhaps rather less.

The Hen at Home

BACK TO NATURE, cries the nerve-exhausted brain worker, the doctor seeking to stamp out the diseases of civilization, and now the poultry breeder, who finds his stock weakened and subject to disease through artificial hatching and brooding. Yet those three words are not all of it. Back to Nature, perhaps, but a Nature very much assisted by civilization. The old farmhouse is fitted with modern comforts and conveniences, scattered homesteads must have telephones and rural delivery, and the hen, called upon to produce the next generation, is offered every assistance within a human's gift. Her owner has come to trust her with his finest eggs from which to hatch his breeding stock. He toils with infinite care over hygrometers and thermometers in his big hatcheries. But he does not leave the hen absolutely to her instincts. He shelters her from her enemies and from the weather. He sets her table with the care we use in modifying the modern baby's milk, and with the same gratifying results—the survival of many more individuals than Nature, unassisted, could possibly achieve. Certainly the knowledge of the process of incubation is instinctive. But even here practice is valuable, for an old hen will hatch much better than a young pullet. Caution in youngsters is without doubt taught, for chicks hatched in an incubator are perfectly fearless—and as cheeky as certain modern schoolgirls. Some chicks hatched and raised by a turkey hen were as wild as wood things and even learned "to freeze" in the long grass, like young turkeys.

A Portrait

WHEN HE CAN'T GET front seats at the theatre he growls about box-office discrimination; when he can he decides not to take them after all—for the show can't be a good one, or they would have been gone long ago. We all know the complete pessimist. He is almost as depressing as the professional optimist.

Men and Verses

READING the latter-day poets, one is struck by the thought that there is plenty of room for a "masculine movement"—at least in literature. Here we have a young Englishman, W. H. DAVIES, whose poetry is described by reviewers as "the melody of a man's voice singing for the pleasure of singing," and this is offered in proof:

> Those glowing eyes, those smiling lips,
> I have lived now to prove
> Were not for me, were not for me,
> But came of her self-love.
> Yet, like a cow for acorns that
> Have made it suffer pain,
> So, though her charms are poisonous,
> I moan for them again.

A good deal could be said for this stanza, but the main point is the philosophy that underlies it. Apparently the singer is unable to tolerate the fact that the young woman has a life of her own, that she does not risk all on the poet's fidelity. Yet, so complaining, he can neither win nor lose, he can only whimper about it! The same situation was dealt with in quite another fashion by a man of about the same age, JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose, at some time in the first half of the seventeenth century. His final stanza sums the thing up:

> But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
> And constant of thy word,
> I'll make thee glorious by my pen
> And famous by my sword;
> I'll serve thee in such noble ways
> Was never heard before:
> I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
> And love thee more and more.

These famous lines are the words of a man—one who, in his own phrase, "dares put it to the touch, to gain or lose it all." It is notable that he does not talk of sex conquest nor yet of body-beauty, but of faithfulness and constancy. MONTROSE did his part, possessed his soul, and stood by the event. That is what a man does. That is why MONTROSE'S verse endures while Mr. DAVIES and a number of others are "living English poets" only in the sense that they are not yet dead.

The Best Biographies

IN HIS PLEASANT VOLUME, entitled "A Bookman's Letters," Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL classifies the six best biographies, in order of merit, as follows:

> BOSWELL'S "Johnson," LOCKHART'S "Life of Scott," Mrs. GASKELL'S "Life of Charlotte Brontë," TREVELYAN'S "Macaulay," FROUDE'S "Carlyle," MORLEY'S "Life of Gladstone."

Biography is almost the most interesting reading of all when one is over forty years old. How many of the half dozen have you read, in what order would you arrange them in the list, and what changes or additions would you make? Of very recent American autobiographies, by the way, one of the most delightful is BRAND WHITLOCK'S "Forty Years of It."

The New Freedom

IT IS A NOTABLE SIGN OF THE TIMES that the Joint Rules Committee has decided to bar coaches from the side lines during football games. The young men of our universities and colleges are to do their own playing. Thus liberty triumphs on still another field. We hope that, eventually, it may become possible for these collegians to do some of their own thinking. Getting a degree is not always the same as getting educated.

For Antisuffragists

IN NEW YORK, Commissioner of Correction DAVIS has ruled that prisoners may smoke their pipes if they so wish. At which Dr. PEASE has vehemently protested. The unknowing might conclude that Commissioner DAVIS is a broad-minded man. Broad minded is right, but Miss precedes her name. Of course Dr. PEASE is a woman, you surmise. Well, no; the first name happens to be CHARLES, but on the subject of tobacco we shan't attempt to prove he isn't a bit of an old woman.

"Not a Bad Man"

IN ROMAIN ROLLAND'S remarkable novel, "Jean-Christophe," one finds this account of the hero's father:

> He was not a bad man, but a half-good man, which is perhaps worse—weak, without spring, without moral strength; but, for the rest, in his own opinion, a good father, a good son, a good husband, a good man—and perhaps he was good, if to be so it is enough to possess an easy kindness, which is quickly touched, and that animal affection by which a man loves his kin as a part of himself. It cannot even be said that he was very egotistic; he had not personality enough for that. He was nothing. They are a terrible thing in life, these people who are nothing. Like a dead weight thrown into the air, they fall, and must fall; and in their fall they drag with them everything they have.

The world is full of people who are nothing—people who drift with the tide instead of stemming the current. The purpose of education, as opposed to mere windy instruction, is to teach the young to swim.

Gold

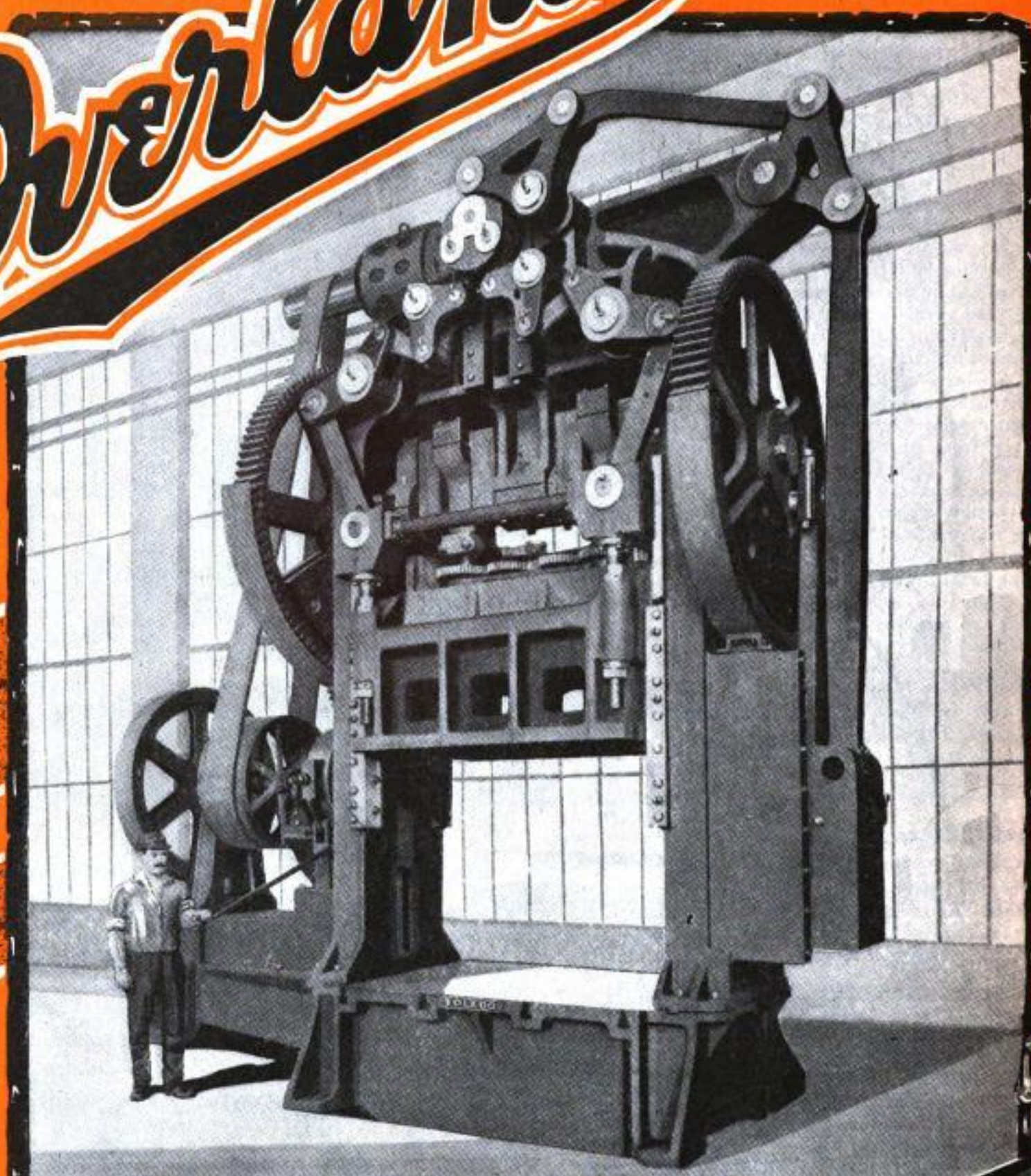
WHAT IS this lifeless thing men so industriously take to their firesides? This thing of beauty to which we compare our sunsets? This precious metal for which men, leaving home and friends, race across continents and brave the melting tropics or the frozen north? This element upon which our civilization has founded its system of exchange? Just what is, after all, the true character of GOLD in this ironic little drama of ours, called Civilization? In view of all that has been said by his friends, from the time of AARON onward, it is good to know that gold will shortly speak for itself—for himself, rather—in a drama symbolical of world meanings. At St. Louis, the last four days in May, GOLD will actually appear on the stage, though by no means on a pedestal. Not GOLD the hero, but GOLD revealed, through the art of PERCY MACKAYE, as the arch enemy of our youthful civilization. But let GOLD speak for himself—as he will on the boards:

> GOLD . . . I am the element, earthborn, to be master and maker of men.

GOLD'S supremacy is disputed, of course, by the youthful crusader SAINT LOUIS, who is fighting for the cause of a more socialized civilization; and yet at the call of GOLD there will stand revealed his offspring and allies: the WAR DEMON and his cohorts; POVERTY, the mother of SHAME; the twins, VICE and PLAGUE; DUMBNESS and DESPAIR, and the brooding son REBELLION. No pretty picture, this group of misery; yet the poet's gloomy vision yields truth for the multitude. The moral is spoken by GOLD himself: Misery walks after when Gold is master and maker of men.

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IT is impossible to judge an automobile by price comparison or its appearance. The best time to judge is after six months' or a year's use. It is then, and then only, that its real merits or defects are apparent.

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The material in the Overland is of the highest standard. The workmanship is no better in any car, no matter what the price, and it cannot be better. The Overland price is simply and solely the result of enormous production. It is secondary to Overland quality.

Friction is what causes wear and consumes power in machinery of any kind, whether it be a watch or a thrashing machine. Therefore, every device known to mechanics is brought to bear to eliminate friction in the Overland car. To that end, every part that coordinates with another part—such as pistons, bearings, shafts, gears, etc.,—is machined and ground to one one-thousandth part of an inch, has a mirror finish, is tested, inspected and retested, until it is as perfect as human ingenuity and the finest machinery can make it.

In precision, fineness in fit and thoroughness in testing and inspecting, no car selling at or near our price exceeds the Overland. That accounts for the long life and economy of the Overland.

That is precisely why, while cars may appear on the surface to look as good, and may in a demonstration seem to act as good, they do not and cannot compare with the Overland after, say, a year's use.

When you buy an Overland you not only make a very material saving on the first cost, but, what is far more worth considering, on the second cost—that is to say, the cost of operation and maintenance.

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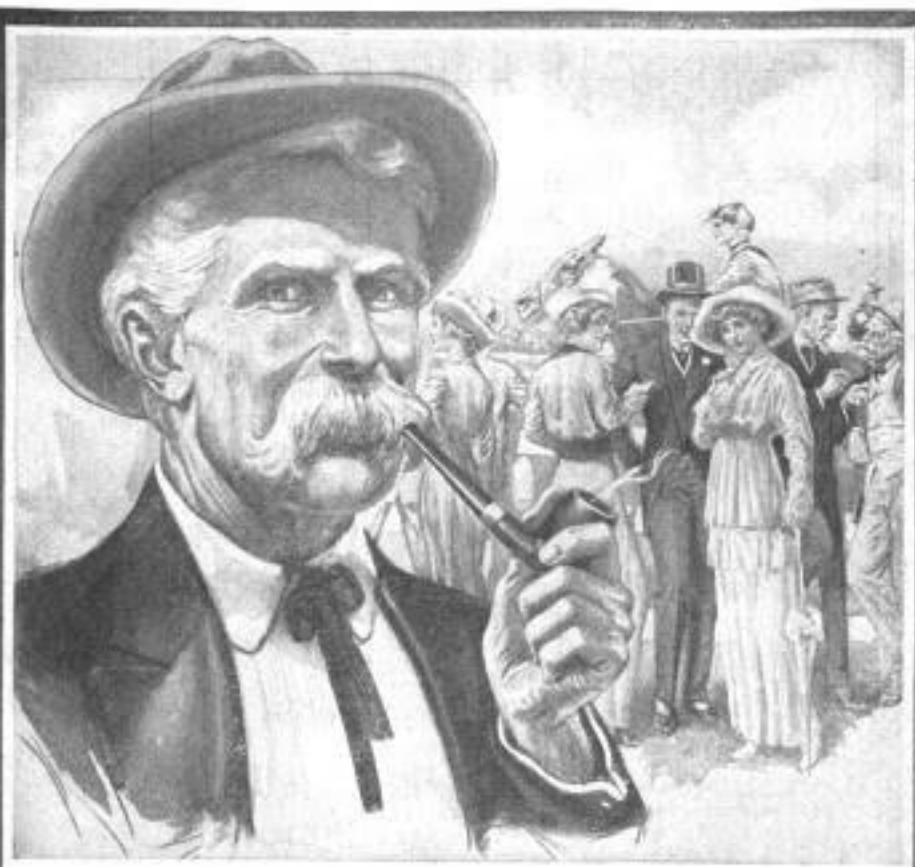
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Some folks sez th' state o' matrimony causes th' most happiness. I sez not quite—for thar's th' State o' Kentucky whar VELVET comes from.

Velvet Joe

IN one way Kentucky's got a sort of monopoly on happiness.

There are beautiful women, and fast horses, and even a fair article in the way of—lemonade, let's say—in other states, but you can't grow the "VELVET" Burley except in the Blue Grass Country. That's pretty much the same as saying that, without old "Kaintuck," many a pipe smoker would lose the big slice of happiness and contentment he now gets out of his VELVET tobacco.

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5c Bags
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Uplift via the Kitchen

By ELIZABETH KELLY LAHINES

"BETTER homes make better workmen," ventured the efficiency experts.

A coal corporation undertook to test the theory. Mrs. Anna R. Scott of Philadelphia was sent into the camps of West Virginia to revolutionize kitchens. The work she accomplished justified the principles of the theorists. Long ago it was maintained that the road to a man's heart lay surely, though somewhat tortuously, via his stomach: but a discovery of this "commercial age" is that the same route leads also to brain and brawn.

For weeks Mrs. Scott worked with the wives of miners at Tams and MacAlpin, couching in the simplest language the chemistry of food and pleading for a revision of the culinary code. With the limited assortment of utensils of which the average camp kitchen boasts, Mrs. Scott undertook to do and to teach scientific cooking with a view to conserving at one time the energies of the overburdened housewife and the underfed breadwinner.

From the College of Necessity

THE trail that Mrs. Scott is blazing will be followed in a short time by hundreds of young women. For just as soon as they can be trained, the department of the Young Women's Christian Association, which concerns itself with industrial education, will present a broad field of opportunity. Corporations in the East and in the West are ready to make the test.

To begin with, Mrs. Scott is not handicapped by a degree from a school of domestic science. She turns aside the anticipated accusation of captiousness by announcing in introducing herself that she is a graduate of the college of necessity, which is unchartered. Teachers of the household arts have labored among the wives of workmen under the fostering eye of various welfare organizations, but the attitude of those whom they sought to benefit has been militant. Women of mature years resented the suggestions of domestic theorists. They hugged their old methods to their breasts and with such politeness as they could muster dismissed the well-meaning intruders.

But it is a different sort of task to which Mrs. Scott has set herself.

"My work," she says, "is chiefly among those young wives and mothers who have gone from factory to home without the rudiments of domestic education. They do things the hardest way and the way that is least conducive to the proper nourishment of their husbands and children. The schools to-day provide a course in domestic science for the girls after they have reached the sixth grade. They give them one lesson a week, and just as soon as the compulsory education law gives these girls licenses to leave the schoolroom they are working in a store or factory. Then at sixteen years or so they marry, and without any practical experience, without any domestic education beyond the making of cream puffs and pickles, they assume the most serious responsibility of a woman's life. It is for such as these that the new work is planned."

To show those specializing in domestic science at Teachers College of Columbia University just what her field of activity is, Mrs. Scott cooked and served a dinner recently in the model kitchen in the Speyer school. With fine scorn she put aside the casserole that had been left for her and the spatula that gleamed from the whitest of kitchen tables.

"Those are not things that you will find in the kitchens in which I am working now," she laughingly said. "A spatula costs but thirty cents, but it is a luxury in the camps, and a casserole can be found on sale often for a dime—'only two to a customer'—but it's an extravagance in the eyes of a great many housewives. Now we will just fix up this dinner for father, mother, and the two hungry boys who have played hard since school, and we will do it at cost of not over fifty cents."

The Fifty-Cent Dinner

TO be accurate, the dinner which Mrs. Scott prepared after these few preliminary remarks cost just forty-eight cents, and it consisted of soup, meat pie, two vegetables, and a dessert. There was a sufficient quantity for six even with the appetites to which Mrs. Scott was hypothetically catering. Then, so that the esthetic souls of those who watched her might not be offended at the homely wholesomeness of the repast, she made a few criss-crosses of paprika and did a little garnishing with parsley.

It took just two hours to prepare and serve the dinner. All of the supplies were purchased in the neighborhood of the Speyer school in Harlem.

Mrs. Scott did the marketing, accompanied by Miss Marguerite Jordan, a young woman who was doing volunteer uplift work in the Tams district when Mrs. Scott went there in January with her new ideas. Miss Jordan was promptly impressed with the practical side of the welfare campaign and joined forces with Mrs. Scott.



Prices in the particular neighborhood selected by Mrs. Scott for her experiment are about the average charged in communities consisting largely of workingmen and their families. Neck of beef, the cheapest and toughest cut that could be selected for the lesson, was bought at eighteen cents a pound. So, for twenty-seven cents Mrs. Scott bought a pound and a half of the meat. For five cents she secured a quart of potatoes, and five cents covered the cost of carrots and onions. A bunch of parsley was one cent, bananas two cents, and in the estimate which Mrs. Scott itemized during the evening she listed the flour at two cents, the baking powder at one cent, the milk at one cent, an egg at two cents, and shortening at two cents.

Proper Feeding the First Need of the Worker

THE meat, after a thorough washing, went into two quarts of boiling water, and after cooking for an hour five cups of stock were taken from it for the soup. A crust with scant shortening was prepared and into it was put the meat with a few carrots, onions, and potatoes

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which had been boiled with it. A side dish of stewed carrots, German style, was cooked, and rice was added to the soup stock. Banana puffs made with one egg was the dessert.

Then Mrs. Scott mixed a luncheon dish for "next day," a meat substitute. With rice, hard-boiled eggs, and sautéd onions she covered a platter, then garnishing it with parsley, explained that it served the dual purpose of being good substantial food and looking pretty.

The Experiment Station

IT was in the mill district of Philadelphia that Mrs. Scott gained her knowledge as an economical and efficient cook. From keeping house for two with one servant to keeping house for 550 with thirty servants has run the gamut of her experience. At Kensington, where her apartment hotel was located, she touched very closely the lives of the workmen. She was called upon to help usher their babies into the world and to lay the little half-starved bodies to rest. She saw men doing trying physical labor on a diet that failed utterly to give them the necessary nourishment. This observation was the inspiration for her first step in welfare work. She equipped, at her own expense, a kitchen where the mothers and daughters of the workmen could learn food values and their conservation.

"Employers of manual labor," Mrs. Scott says, "are back of the movement for better homes. One corporation of which I know opened a restaurant for its men, and at an actual cost of twenty-six cents served meals for which a charge of fifteen cents was made. After the system was established and various economies were discovered, the cost was reduced to seventeen cents, which, it would seem, would entail a loss of two cents to the firm on every dinner served. But it is not so. Those employers claim that they have made money on their venture already because of the increased efficiency of their workmen. Now, instead of spending their fifteen cents for three beers and whatever free lunch they can get on the side, these men buy with that same amount of money soup, a choice of three meats, two vegetables, a choice of three desserts, and hot coffee or tea. They go back to their work well nourished and with their heads clear.

"The industrial world is awakening to the importance of the proper feeding of the worker."

The Tyranny of Beauty

(*Continued from page 16*)

you don't even get your stockings darned in return. Something's got to go—if not to-day, then a month from to-day, or a year from to-day—if you can hold out another year at this speed. It don't matter about the date—the thing is bound to fall if you don't begin an immediate policy of retrenchment all along the line. Retrench at home first—you can't talk sixty-horse cars this winter; then retrench in the business—"

"Retrench at home!" she blazed. "It's a pity with a half million dollar business if I can't have a new car when we need it!"

He was silent and looked at me. She went on: "I can't understand it — I simply cannot. Business increasing all the time—this dull season and all, and me being away four months — I don't mean that — I'll soon make that up—and you telling me that profits are falling all the time—profits falling and I gotta retrench." She looked at him almost as if she thought he had had something to do with the papers he'd handed in.



The Way to a Woman's Heart

He rose at that. "Well, I've explained it all to you—or tried to, madam—on several previous occasions: it's the law of diminishing returns. Your business is growing, but at the same time it's costing you more and more to grow it in proportion to what you get out of it. That is because it costs more in proportion to get the small trade than the big. If you'll look on—page four, I think it is—you'll see that introduction costs in the small towns—and that's practically all you have left to conquer with Zulu—eat up all the sales your demonstrators make across the counter. That wasn't true in the large cities—your demonstrations always left you with a profit. Why, I remember the time when you did your own demonstrating that you'd clean up from $150 to $300, and come home with your pocket bulging. Look at that table—those four demonstrators in Minnesota this summer have left you to the good just $18!"

"I placed some pretty big orders myself out in Col'raydo," she couldn't resist bonsting to him. "Lucy'll tell you—she had to ship twice."

"Yes, but your expenses! You and a husband, two children, two nurses, a lady's maid, and a valet! Why, madam, you spent all Colorado will earn for you in a year from now! — spent more than the whole country west of the Mississippi did earn for you while you were out there having a good time!"

This was the first I'd heard of the valet, though I knew she had had a lady's maid for some time before the last child was born—that was the excuse for the maid; nor did I know there was a butler until Mr. Winston hurried on. "As for your living in New York the way you are — your automobiles and chauffeur and butler and maids — why you're eating and drinking and automobiling and Parisgowning all that the rest of the country earns for you with the whole line of goods and the business thrown in! You're trying to compete with Goulds and Vanderbilts and Astors and Rockefellers and other people that are living on their incomes—"

"And ain't I living on my income?" she demanded. "If I choose to enjoy life a little as I go along—only life I got—only live once— Why, you talk most as if you thought I was robbing a bank, or running in debts I couldn't meet. I've lived on my income—that's one thing you can't throw up to me, anyhow."

"But you haven't! You've lived on your *earnings*—your potential capital—money that ought to be turning into capital and earning income for you. These people that you're imitating don't have to lift a finger—their money comes in just the same—yours doesn't. How long do you think this business would

Smooth Riding *on* Rough Roads



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TRADE K-W MARK **K-W Road Smoothers**

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Quickly applied to your Ford Car

THEY take the roughness out of the road and eliminate the pitching, swaying and vibration that racks and shortens the life of your car. K-W Road Smoothers seem to level off the high places and fill up the low places. Wherever you ride the bumps and jolts are gone—*ironed out* by the K-W Road Smoothers. They give you *big, heavy car comfort,* combined with *light-weight car advantages.*

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They save tire bills by keeping the wheels on the road where they belong.

They add to the life of your car by stopping vibration.

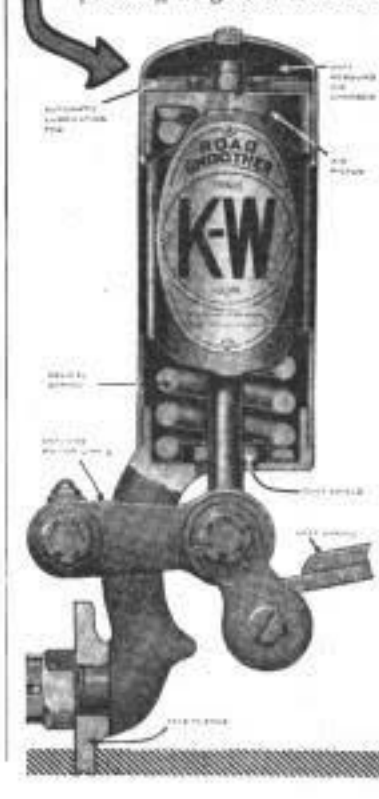
They add greatly to your safety by making the car wheels cling to the road.

They save gasoline bills because the weight of the car doesn't have to be lifted out of every hole and over every hump in the road. It is only the wheels that follow the contour of the road's surface. The body and its load of passengers travels along on the level, ***"just like floating through the air."***

The "anti-rebound air chamber" prevents the rebound of the spring. It is an essential feature and found ***only*** in the K-W Road Smoothers.

The "anti-side-motion links" of the K-W Road Smoothers prevent side rocking and swaying when turning corners, and greatly reduces any tendency to skid.

There are no wearing parts or friction surfaces, consequently no oiling or packing in grease is necessary. No attention required after installation.



K-W Quality Throughout

K-W Road Smoothers are built of the very best materials obtainable. We use no cheap castings but instead, high-grade, heat-treated drop forgings. Our springs are made of electric smelted chrome, Vanadium steel—the most expensive spring steel that money will buy. They will not bend—they will not break—they will not lose their easy riding qualities because K-W quality is built into them all the way through.

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

The principle is right—the design is right—the workmanship is right—and the price is right.

K-W Road Smoothers are sold by reliable dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a set direct to you on receipt of price. Don't confuse these with ordinary shock absorbers. Write for free booklet—"Taking out the Bumps." We will gladly send it on request.

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GINGER ALE

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last without you and what would it be worth as a paying proposition? Three months more of this vacation, and you'd have been in the hands of a receiver."

SHE looked at him wide-eyed and began to pace the floor again; he too was walking, and spoke fast and excitedly as if he felt himself in some way responsible for her future yet knew that this was his last appeal, and if he failed he meant to let her go.

"But all you seem able to grasp is a temporary patching—how quick you can get this hole plugged up and a few leaks stopped and then go right on spreading out bigger than ever—but I'm trying to show you the principles of the thing. You can't go on blowing up the business balloon indefinitely—it either gets so thin it bursts, or it strikes the law of diminishing returns and becomes—bible-bound. It's only a question now of a very little time before it's going to cost you more to capture new territory than the territory will return in years. The very profits that you're advertising broadcast by your style of living are going to attract a dozen rivals to the field to get those profits away from you."

She stopped in front of him looking into his face as if she were at last beginning to understand the significance of all he'd been saying and he suddenly brought his hand down on her shoulder.

"Mme. Del Mar, I used to think you were a 'big man' in business—one of the biggest men I ever certified books for—but I'm beginning to think you've had your head so turned by success that you can't see a truth when it's staring you in the face. If you can't see now—to-day—that you're up against *laws*—and laws that you can't change—if you can't meet them by retrenchment—those laws will strike you off your high perch, then grind the meat off your bones and fling you on to the commercial discard."

Without waiting for a word he bowed and left the room, the bookkeeper bolting out unceremoniously at the same time.

Madame sank into her chair and gazed motionless at the report still in her hand and I looked at her in silence.

The silly little expensive clock on the glued-to-the-wall mantel began to strike.

My aunt counted the strokes, but glanced over her shoulder to make sure.

"Twelve! Didja ever!" she cried. "A whole half day wasted in a scolding to temme I gotta retrench!—temme something's gotta go—I gotta cut down—gotta wear my last winter's clo'es—now ain't that like a man! Always take it outa the woman first! These old men—that's all they see in business—get in a tight place—*retrench*. What's he know about the public, anyhow? He ain't a salesman—he ain't a captain of industry. He knows the figgers and thinks that's the market.

"I TELL you something's gotta *come*—that's how to talk! It's always come before—it'll come again. The world ain't dead—I ain't dead—hear him talk you'd think he thought so. Increase the business—thing is to find out *how*; get the new territory if it does cost all the introduction earnings, and *wait* for it to pay. I gotta have money two years from now—the new territory'll be bringing it in.

"I gotta get a bigger staff and push more goods, that's all. He think I'm going to let his ole law of diminishing returns put me outa business? Huh! How's anything start? Starts on the big market and goes till the law catches up with it. Well, then—all you gotta do is find something new that'll skim the cream off the trade; then get something else new, and keep on.

"You'd think after all the years he's watched my business he'd have learned that everything new's got the big territory in front of it and the territory's there, same as it ever was, and more'n there ever was before. I see that out in Col'raydo. But these men don't know how to sell goods. What I gotta do is put the demonstrators on the new things and make them sell Zulu at the same time. . . . You looked into that mechanical mixer yet? You better do it soon's you can."

SHE pushed a button and the little pink-and-white page appeared—a thin, anemic child who wore twelve-size uniform and claimed fourteen years as her portion of an ill-paid world. Madame nodded pleasantly at her and ordered: "Mamie — Sally — Jennie — gemme Miss Beekman right away. And page Miss Cryder and see if she's in the building."

(To be continued next week)

Abroad at Home

(Concluded from page 7)

more than glimpsed them as I glimpsed those fellow travelers on the train. Therefore I shall merely try to give you some impressions, from a sort of mental sketchbook, of the things which I have seen and done and heard. There is one point in particular about that sketchbook: in it I have reserved the right to set down only what I pleased. It has been hard to do that sometimes. People have pulled me this way and that, telling me what to see and what not to see, what to write and what to leave out. I have been urged, for instance, to write about the varied industries of Cleveland, the parks of Milwaukee, and the enormous red apples of Louisiana, Mo. I may come to the apples later on, for I ate a number of them and enjoyed them; but the varied industries of Cleveland and the Milwaukee parks I did not eat.

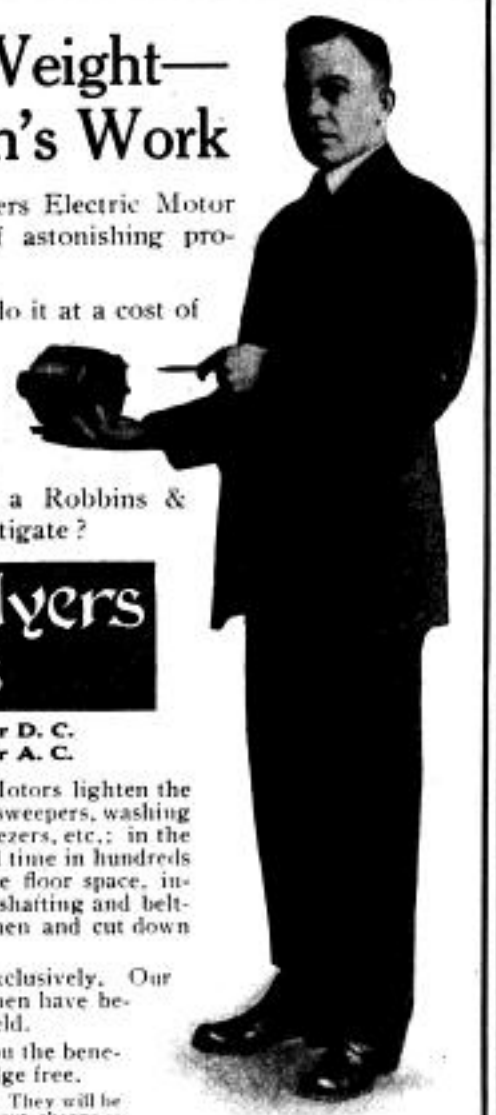
I claim the further right to ignore, when I desire to, the most important things, or to dwell with loving pen upon the unimportant. Indeed, I reserve all rights—even to the right to be perverse. Thus I shall mention things which people told me not to mention: the droll Detroit Art Museum; the comic chimney rising from the center of a Grand Rapids park; horrendous scenes in the Chicago stockyards; the grotesque placing of a statue before the splendid capitol of Minnesota; the Free Bridge, standing useless over the river at St. Louis for want of an approach; the "wettest block"—a block full of saloons, which marks the dead line between "wet" Kansas City, Mo., and "dry" Kansas City, Kas. I never heard about that block until a stranger wrote and told me not to mention it.

As for statistics, though I have been loaded with them to the point of purchasing another trunk, I intend to use them as sparingly as possible. And every time I use them I shall groan.

(Next week—Buffalo)



An Infant in Weight—But Does a Man's Work



In this little Robbins & Myers Electric Motor there is potential power of astonishing productivity.

It will do a man's work, and do it at a cost of but a few cents a day. Its uses are countless. If you operate any machine or device by foot or hand-power you can do it without labor, and do it at less cost, quicker and better with a Robbins & Myers Motor. Why not investigate?

Robbins & Myers Motors

1-60 to 15 Horsepower D. C.
1-60 to 1 Horsepower A. C.

In the home Robbins & Myers Motors lighten the housewife's labor by running suction sweepers, washing machines, silver buffers, ice-cream freezers, etc.; in the shop or store they save drudgery and time in hundreds of tasks; in the factory they conserve floor space, increase output, eliminate cumbersome shafting and belting, increase the efficiency of workmen and cut down manufacturing cost.

We build small motors and fans exclusively. Our factory is systematized for it. Our men have become specialists in the small motor field.

And these men are ready to give you the benefit of 18 years of training and knowledge free.

Write them about your power-problems. They will be glad to consult with you, without charge or obligation. Address "Engineering Board."

Write for Booklet, "Doing the World's Work"

An interesting brochure on the economy and efficiency of the small motor in the home, office, store, shop. Shows scores of ways in which you can use it.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO., Springfield, Ohio

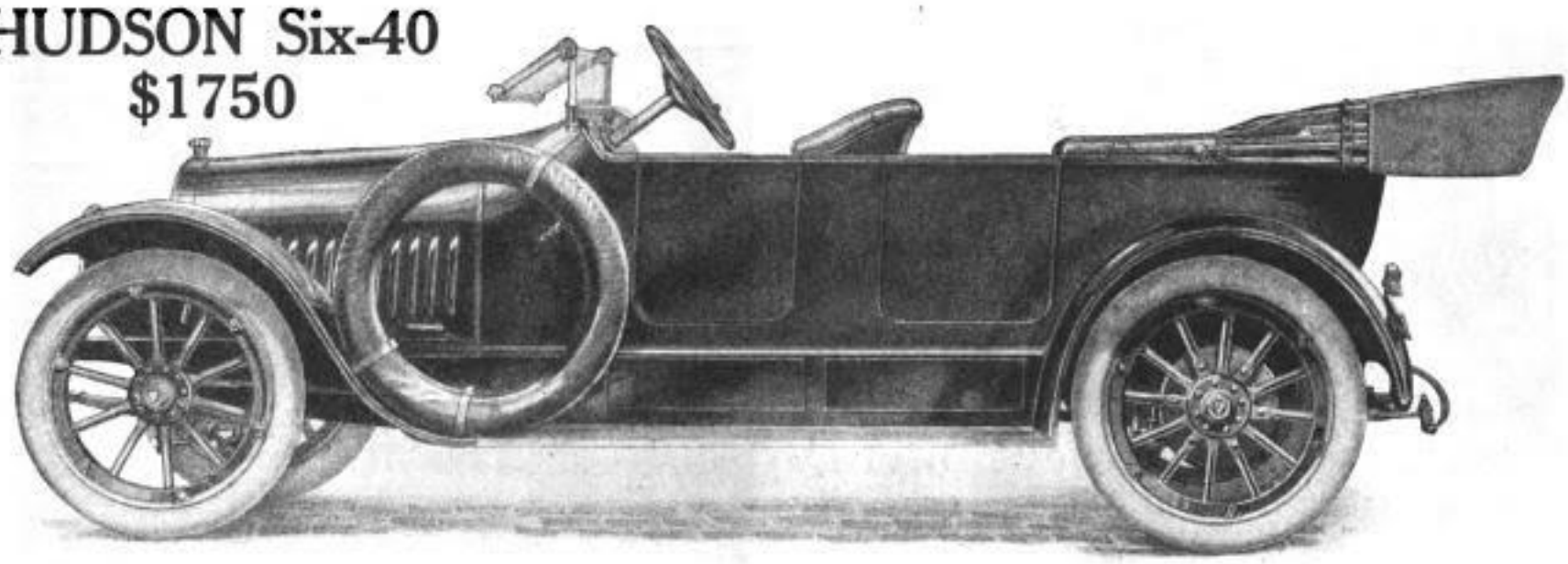
Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, New Orleans

Agencies in All Principal Cities

(300)

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HUDSON Six-40
$1750



Now Supplied with a 5-Passenger as well as a 6-Passenger Body

The Car to Measure By

The verdict seems to be that this LIGHT HUDSON Six-40 meets the present-day ideals. It has won an amazing welcome. These are standards undreamed of a short time ago. But the evidence is that future cars are going to be measured by them.

Even years ago designers began to suggest that motor cars had almost reached perfection. The boast of some leaders, from season to season, was "No essential changes."

Yet all standard cars then were heavy. All Sixes cost $3,000 or over. Fuel consumption, for the power developed, was at its highest point. The body lines were broken at the dash. A hundred features in this new HUDSON Six-40 were entirely unthought-of then.

Hudson Engineers Kept at Work

It was then—when other engineering corps were being cut down—that the HUDSON corps was increased to 48. And then—when others began to be satisfied—Howard E. Coffin, our chief engineer, told us he had only begun.

About the same time, European engineers began to experiment with small-bore motors in Sixes. And they found a way to reduce operative cost from 30 to 40 per cent.

Now all men can see that some of the greatest advances in motor car history are among these men's recent achievements.

Now This New Hudson Weighs 2,980 Lbs.

Now comes a new HUDSON which completely upsets nearly all the standards of even two years ago.

By skilful engineering the weight has been cut to 2,980 pounds, with no sacrifice of strength. That for a car with 123-inch wheelbase and two tonneau seats.

Compare that with like cars whose makers failed to work along these lines. You will find here a saving of 450 to 1,200 pounds—or the weight of from three to eight extra adults.

Operative cost has been immensely reduced by this lightness and this new-type motor. Cars of this capacity, built along the old lines, consumed from 30 to 50 per cent more fuel.

And the price has been brought down to $1,750—a record price for a quality Six. A price below cars of any type, comparable in class and capacity.

Other New Standards

The awkward dash angle has been wiped out by this beautiful streamline body. All hinges have been concealed. The speedometer gear is concealed.

The "One-Man" top has been adopted, with quick-adjusting curtains. The left-side drive has come, the dimming search-lights, the disappearing tonneau seats.

To save the old overload on the rear tires, the gasoline tank has been put in the dash. Extra tires are carried ahead of the front door.

These, and scores of other changes, have fairly revolutionized last year's ideals in cars.

Measure Others by It

These are the coming standards. These seeming innovations will soon be essentials, like the new-born electric starter. Men are coming to Sixes. They are coming to lightness. They are coming to reasonable prices, to lower operative cost. And they are going to demand the beauty and equipment which you find in this HUDSON Six-40.

The wise thing to do, in buying this year, is to measure other cars by this. If we are right, then cars which cling to old-time standards are bound to depreciate fast.

And we are right. Motor car buyers have fairly flocked to this car. There has not been a day since this car came out, when we weren't weeks behind on orders. We have built many popular models, but never a model which was half the sensation of the HUDSON Six-40 of this year.

Car like picture, with extra tonneau seats, $1,750 f. o. b. Detroit. Five-passenger body, same price. Standard Roadster, same price. Convertible Roadster, with lined leather top and windows that drop into doors—a luxurious enclosed car for rough weather, but an open roadster in fair weather—$1,950.

Our Larger Six-54

On the same lines we build the new HUDSON Six-54. The design and equipment are almost identical with the car pictured here. But the wheelbase is 135 inches, the engine more powerful, and the price is $2,250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7879 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

(134)

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He Mops in Misery Without B. V. D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is *"the first aid"* to coolness. *You*, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it.*

For your own welfare, fix the *B. V. D.* Red Woven Label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed



This Red Woven Label
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company,
NEW YORK.
London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.





A Tooth Brush composed of thirty-four perfect little brushes—*each made like the famous RUBBERSET Shaving Brush.*

The bristles of each tuft are gripped in a cone of solid vulcanized rubber. Each tuft is a perfect RUBBERSET brush in miniature—not a single bristle can be pulled out of its solid base.

The bristle tufts are inserted in cone-shaped holes in a plate—and they can't be pulled through these holes with a pair of pliers.

Over this plate is moulded the top of the brush and you have a tooth brush whose bristle-base is water-tight, and impervious to all use and misuse. You have the

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
THE SAFETY TOOTH BRUSH

The RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is made in all styles and sizes—plain, curved and serrated brushing surfaces for men, women and children.

Each brush in individual, sanitary package. The price is 25c and 35c—the same as you pay for the ordinary tooth brush. Ask for, insist on, and GET!—R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T.

NOW 25¢ & 35¢

Rubberset Company, S. & C. H. T. Co., Props. Newark, N. J.

Brickbats : & : Bouquets

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.

YOUR editorials lack broadmindedness and purposeful thinking. They are superficial. C. R. LONG.

✦

COLLIER'S stands for truth and exposes sham and whitewash.

WILLIAM SANFORD in the *Writer's Bulletin.*

✦

RICHFIELD, IDAHO.

The editorial service of COLLIER'S is worth while. It is the least conventional and so the most effective and readable as well as helpful of all the great magazines. CHAS. J. LISLE.

✦

MONTREAL, CANADA.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is a fixture in my home. Your editorials alone are worth the subscription price many times over. Your paper is clean and pure. Hammer the booze. You are fighting a winning fight. Booze and degeneracy go hand in hand. PHILIP J. ELLIOTT, JR.

✦

KANSAS CITY

One cannot help but admire the desperate attempt Mr. Needham made at trying to be a humorist in his story of "Baseball and the Briton." J. A. WHITTY.

✦

CHICAGO, ILL.

Henry Beach Needham's article, "Baseball and the Briton," will appeal to every lover of baseball in this country. COLLIER'S has earned a rich reward for its splendid enterprise in sending a correspondent to meet the world tourists on European soil. B. B. JOHNSON.

✦

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The writer, his lady fair, and some of his business associates, have read with much pleasure Jane Bunker's story, "The Tyranny of Beauty," in the last two issues of your magazine. The main reason why all your articles appeal to us and are read eagerly is that they are so red-blooded, virile, and thoroughly American. A. W. VON BUCHHOLTZ.

✦

AKRON, OHIO.

COLLIER'S fiction is the only part of the magazine I ever hear criticized. And most of us simply ignore its stories. Pray tell us why we must be served up with continual brawls. It makes no difference in what section of country or with what class of people, if there is a roughneck brawl in the story, COLLIER'S is tickled to pieces with itself for finding it. We're so sick of these continual illustrations wherein one sees emerging from clouds of smoke the figure of a man with a smoking pistol standing over the prone body of his victim. L. W. SCHWAN.

✦

DETROIT, MICH.

The team that will cover the present unpleasantness with Mexico for COLLIER'S is certainly the best all-America selection ever picked by any publication. H. G. SALSINGER.

With Funston's Men

(Concluded from page 10)

a whole lot easier at Washington than at Vera Cruz. Besides, I can't help worrying over what the Mexicans have done or are doing to my wolfhound. That dog—why, sir, just standing on her four legs, she could reach her head over and take anything from the center of this breakfast table."

"How are the people at home feeling now?" inquired a refugee. "They got us into this mess. Are they going to get us out of it?"

Refugee Criticism of Policy

THE thorough agreement of all American residents is that the present crisis was brought on by the policy of our Government, and that the only way out is to go on through. The taking of Vera Cruz by the naval forces of the United States precipitated the bad feeling against Americans that has been fermenting during the past several years, and if the United States should recede from its present position, it will forever be impossible for Americans again to live in Mexico.

As one man, a twenty-year resident, said: "I've lived here ever since I was man-grown. I know what I am talking about. Humpty Dumpty has had a great fall. Chile, Brazil, and Argentina can never put him together again. Only our army and our navy can put us Americans back again and insure us a fair deal. And when I speak of ourselves I mean the people who have made Mexico what it is to-day, or, rather, what it was the other day before the Tampico flag incident. More than any other country—than all other countries added together—have we put in the capital, the brains, and the technical skill; we've supplied the mechanical engineers, the mining engineers, the agricultural chemists, and the scientific farmers. By virtue of what we have done in Mexico we have a right here, and we should be protected in that right, especially since our Government by its own action has endangered that right."

"Just Turn Texas Loose"

SAID a man of action, his State obvious by his remark: "Never mind the rest of the United States. Just turn Texas loose and we'll lick them to a frazzled finish."

"Huh!" from another man of action. "Send a single man upcountry with a big bag of money and the whole thing could be settled out of hand."

Another long dweller in the land: "I've lived in Oaxaca fifteen years, and I make the statement, founded on personal knowledge, that 80 per cent of the middle class and educated Mexicans throughout Oaxaca would hail intervention by the United States. They are tired of this era of continual revolution."

A mining engineer: "My people represent millions invested in development. We are not afraid of the next step the United States may take. What we are afraid of is that she may not take any step."

A locomotive engineer: "Well, our country has got us in bad. It's up to her to get us out good."

A marine guarding a sand hill: "This is a hell of a war."

Our Diplomatic Utterances

A BUSINESS man from the City of Mexico: "They have insulted me, broken windows of my home, and looted my store. Also they have robbed me of my automobile; on the way down to Vera Cruz a Mexican officer took my revolver away from me. At the present moment I have two hundred pesos and the clothes I stand up in, and my country is talking compromise."

Another business man: "For years the United States has been watching and waiting. Now it has made one step into Mexico, imperiled all our lives, caused us incalculable losses of property and personal possessions, and is hesitating whether to withdraw from that one step or not."

A university man: "I thought I understood the English language. I find now that I don't. My brain is fuzzy with trying to get ordinary sense out of our diplomatic utterances."

An officer of marines: "We've lost many times as many sailors as were lost in the Spanish-American War, and yet this is not war. We have merely occupied a customhouse and courteously taken the government of Vera Cruz out of the hands of Mexican officials."

A staff officer of the Second Division: "It is not a question with me of the merits or demerits of the affair. I am the servant of my country. It spent a whole lot of money training me. When it says advance, I advance; when it says retreat, I retreat. Nevertheless, I remember that my old father was always fond of quoting Davy Crockett's 'Be sure you are right and then go ahead.' Well, we've come ahead from Galveston to Vera Cruz. And here we stop. What's the matter? Did the United States go ahead and then find out that it was not right?"

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Another officer: "It wasn't the flag incident at Tampico; it was the sum of many incidents preceding the flag incident."

A lawyer: "But, as a jury decided long ago in England, two hundred blackbirds do not make a black horse."

"And twenty thousand looted refugee Americans plus a thousand insults to our nation make a sum no larger than the smallest of the parts, and therefore no casus belli," was the retort of a fellow lawyer.

"Whisper!" says an American farmer from Cordova. "Within a week look to see Huerta in Vera Cruz, safely on board a foreign warship, and headed for Europe."

Again is limned the lurid picture of that Indian dictator in his high city—with Villa threatening death from the North, with Zapata unpacified in the South, with a great treasure cached in Europe—trying to solve the desperate problem of how to get from his high city to the sea coast and to Europe.

Speaks up a refugee: "I came out of Mexico City two days ago. Huerta was then sandbagging the palace."

"Against American shells?" queries the latest newspaper man from the United States.

"No," answers the refugee. "Nor against Villa. He is sandbagging the palace to withstand attacks from the populace!"

"Mexico Arms!"

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING : : : Decoration by H. L. Drucklieb

NEW ORLEANS, this April Sunday evening, breathed deep of the June-like air and smiled contentedly. In Boston spring overcoats had not yet been put away and steam heat still sizzled in the apartment-house radiators; but New Orleans was promenading Canal Street in summery white duck and flannel. Straw hats were too numerous to count.

Though ten streams of traffic flowed between Canal Street's banks of shop fronts, they coursed so quietly in the broad avenue that the street seemed almost tranquil. A dull silver of moonlight was the tone over all; where the arc lights cast their circles of radiance the silver took on a bluish polish of steel. Uptown the glow from shop windows added a note of dusty gold. At the foot of the long street a river steamer chugged away from the wharf, her yellow lights glittering on the water and her moonlit decks marble white. A picture of peace!

IN the daytime Canal Street is as hazardous a ground to cross afoot as New York City's notorious Broadway; first, a countermarching parade of pedestrians to pass on the sidewalk, then a river of vehicles, four endless processions of street cars, and a second stream of trucks and motors before you reach the other curb and step into the ranks that countermarch upon another sidewalk.



At night the currents run in the same courses, but without the daytime's surge and swiftness. The rattle of truck wheels dies, the harrowing tattoo of steel riveters is stilled, the crossing cops' whistles seem to lose their shrillness and turn musical. . . .

A Sunday night, joyously peaceful. The ferry bells no longer sounded like impatient warnings to hurry. The yellow lights of the shops lured me back uptown from the river front. Past a railway station where through an iron gateway I caught a glimpse of straw-hatted travelers comfortably settled to watch the sights from the observation platform of a limited train. . . . Everywhere Sunday quiet and contentment. Past cigar stores doing business as usual inside, but showing a Sabbath reverence by keeping the front shades pulled down. Past tanned planters under wide-brimmed Panama hats, and young swells in the latest from Fifth Avenue, twirling walking sticks. Soldiers and sailors. Old-fashioned young women wearing Janice Meredith curls, and elderly show girls with bare necks and slit skirts. Taxis streaming along among old-time victorias; stiff-backed negro coachmen crowned with high silk hats. A muted rumble, broken with the toots of the crossing cops.

"In all this land," I was thinking, "no scene more joyously peaceful."

YOU have heard a stage hand rumble a piece of sheet iron? Slowly and faintly at first, then in a crescendo to deafening thunder? So came the bawl of newsboys that peaceful Sunday evening as they poured from around the corner into Canal Street with arms full of extras. They ran with their shirt collars open and their hair flying. They croaked and screamed. The sidewalk paraders broke ranks and ran into the streets to meet them; nickels clinked; the venders darted on again. Policemen looked over soldiers' shoulders. Strollers halted under arc lights and in the glare of shop windows to read, or walked on slowly, reading and bumping into other pedestrians and the awning posts. For a minute or two the city seemed to hold its breath as it scanned the screaming headline:

"MEXICO ARMS!"

On the front page the surly face of Huerta, half-breed peon exalted to power by the sword—a face sodden and heavy, with sottish eyes and greedy lips—looked out beside the bent head of our scholar President. Two admirals of our fleet below them. On another page the slit eyes and animal grin of Pancho Villa. . . .

ONE incident of that night will live in my memory forever: In the yellow radiance of a shop window a tanned, square-shouldered man in a dark civilian suit, but with the mark of the military in all his bearing, was reading an extra. His wife and a little boy in a sailor suit listened. At last he folded the paper and slid it into his coat pocket. There was a painful pause. Then the woman questioned: "It means—"

He nodded twice in answer, slowly, almost solemnly.

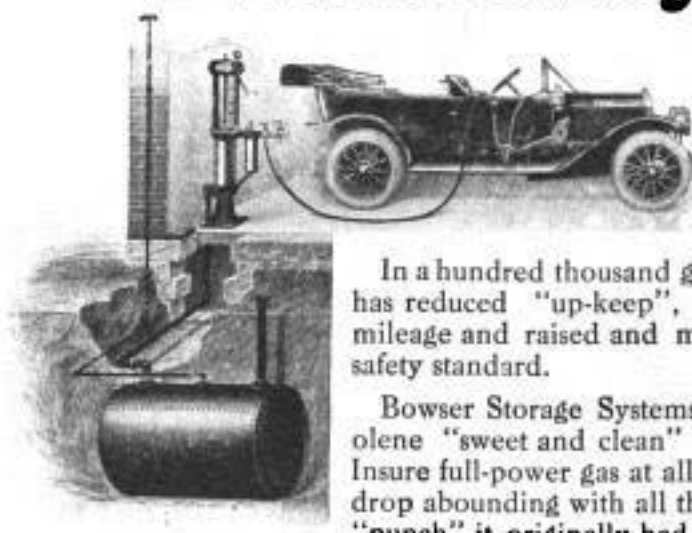
When the little boy caught querulously at his mother's skirts she gathered him into her arms, kissed him, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

I had seen the clock set back ten thousand years. Somewhere ranks were forming, drums and trumpets sounding, arms a-clatter again for bloodshed.



How Bowser Saves Gasolene and Oils

Safety=Saving=Efficiency



In The Garage

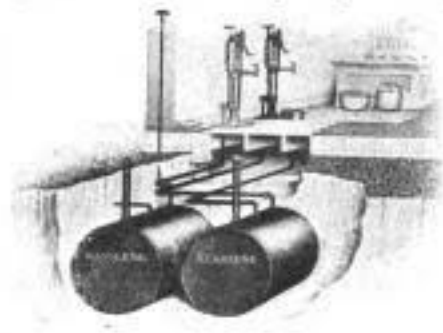
In a hundred thousand garages Bowser has reduced "up-keep", has increased mileage and raised and maintained the safety standard.

Bowser Storage Systems keep the gasolene "sweet and clean" underground. Insure full-power gas at all times—every drop abounding with all the "kick" and "punch" it originally had. No more lost motion lugging gasolene the "old way." No more lost car-motion "chugging" along on weakened gasolene.

BOWSER ESTABLISHED 1885 Oil Storage Systems

In a Bowser underground tank the gasolene is kept at an even temperature of about 57°. No loss through evaporation. No fire danger from shuffling feet. Pipes and pumps gasolene any distance to the garage. Measures the gasolene as pumped. No loss, waste or theft. All sizes from 65 to 500 gallons or more capacity. Easily installed.

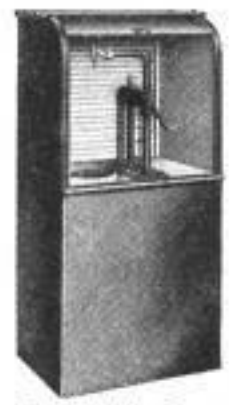
Also lubricating oil outfits and portable units for the commercial garage. Save oil. Increase Efficiency.



In The Store

For Stores and Factories

Bowser also makes upwards of five hundred different systems for storing, handling and conserving oil products in stores and factories—from simple kerosene, paint oil, etc., outfits to Individual and Centralized storage, filtering and circulating systems for Power Plants. Each has its own particular use, based on twenty-nine years of Bowser experience in the economical storing and handling of oils.



In The Factory

Let Bowser Help You

Whatever your oil storage problems, put them up to Bowser. Probably Bowser can show you just how and where you can save oil money. That's part of Bowser Service. It costs nothing to find out. There will be no obligation. Act today, whether you're a garage owner, merchant or manufacturer.

Use the Coupon NOW.

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Engineers and Manufacturers of Oil Handling Devices
362 Thomas Street Fort Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.

COUPON
S. F. BOWSER & CO., Inc.
362 Thomas St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Without expense or obligation on my part send me particulars regarding a Bowser Oil Storage Outfit for the purpose which I have indicated with an [X]
[ ] Private Garage [ ] Power Plant
[ ] Public Garage [ ] Dry Cleaners
*[ ] Manufacturing †[ ] Stores
* STATE WHAT YOU MANUFACTURE † FOR SELL
Name
Street No.
Town State

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"Well Put"

This label on every garment

Putting the Shot

IT has been said that Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed is "imitated widely, duplicated never." Well put. You buy by this label.

Underwear may be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." But none can give the genuine "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, *coolness!* None—now, and we doubt if ever

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

The **Union Suits** are particularly comfortable. They cannot "cut in the crotch." There is full elasticity in the seat. It gives. There can be no pull, no bulge, no draw.

Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit."

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men	50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	25c	For Boys
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Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

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HAVOLINE OIL
"It Makes a Difference"

on LAND and SEA



OUR Marine Oil is to the life of your Motor Boat what our Motor Oil is to the life of your Car. Each oil is made only from *one uniform, base crude* of tested quality and lubricativeness. It is manufactured by a special process which preserves the molecules of the oil and consequently its lubricating value. Thus while the molecules are thoroughly filtered of free carbon and impurities, they nevertheless hold their potency and life.

By forming an even film of oil between the metal parts, Havoline preserves the life of the Motor and increases its efficiency. This lubricating oil "cushion" eases the contact between parts and leaves the least carbon deposit upon them, because it burns up evenly and cleanly. Frictional losses are thus minimized.

Sold on Land at the Garage, General Store or Grocery selling Auto supplies

Sold on Sea at the Motor Boat Club or on the Float

If your dealer cannot supply you, get it from us direct.

Buy the Oil in the Blue Can. 2 Five-Gal. Cans to the Case.
Tell Us Your Make and We'll Tell You Your Grade.

INDIAN REFINING CO.
Dept. "B"
NEW YORK

The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

(Continued from page 15)

The captain looked at him searchingly, shook his head, and turned his eyes to the sea.

"Captain, you don't appreciate what this means—not to me alone, but to our club and to the fans of our city. Why, it's the biggest event of the year. I *got* to be there."

THERE was another scrutinizing look from the master of the vessel, who said nothing.

"How can I get you to stop the ship?"

The captain smiled. "If you pressed me for an answer, I would have to say that you couldn't get me to stop the ship."

"For whom would you stop her?"

"The officers of the line," replied the captain, smiling amiably.

"Very well, then," said Win quietly, "you'll get orders from the Humbard Line to stop her. See you later, captain."

The steward, in the expectant attitude of a curious person anticipating trouble, was surprised when "Mr. James," who wanted to be called Mr. Shute, returned from his encounter with the captain in perfect composure, though a trifle hurried. He plucked the steward by the arm and again spoke authoritatively:

"Now take me to the wireless operator — and what's his name?"

"Mr. Mansel—Jerrold Mansel. You may 'ave 'eard of 'im, sir."

"Mansel? Not Jed Mansel, the man who saved the steamship *Regent?*"

"Yes, sir, the hoperator who saved the *Regent*. 'E's not the regular 'wireless' on this ship—our regular's sick, and Mansel is making the voyage for 'im, sir."

The quarters of the wireless operator were temporarily unoccupied, however. The "Hero of the *Regent*" was not at his post of duty.

"'E might be at luncheon, sir, or shaving for luncheon," volunteered the steward; "or 'e might be taking 'is exercise."

"We've got to find him *quick*," insisted Shute.



The sight of the $500 immediately brought to mind what had happened before the long dreamless sleep

THEY didn't. It was after much searching that they came upon the operator.

Jed Mansel was seated in an inconspicuous corner of the library, engaged in what seemed to be an intimate conversation with an uncommonly pretty girl. After pointing him out, the steward made a hasty retreat. Win Shute didn't lose a moment's time.

"Pardon me for butting in—but are you the wireless operator of the ship?"

Mansel scowled and nodded impatiently.

"I want to send a message, please."

"I'll be in my room on the boat deck in about fifteen minutes." And Jed Mansel turned to the pretty girl.

"Fifteen minutes won't do," said Shute positively. "I must get it right off—it's very important."

Mansel was inclined to put up an argument, but a certain look in the eye of James Winton Shute—that or something else—caused him to think better of it.

"An S. O. S. from duty, Miss Riley. May I hope to see you after luncheon?"

"You may hope," she replied half jestingly, and began to select a book.

JED MANSEL laid the course, but Win Shute set the pace.

This was the wireless message which was given to the operator of the steamship *Colonia* to transmit to the nearest station in the United States:

TRIS FORD, *Philadelphia:*

Was probably drugged last night and carried aboard steamship Colonia, Humbard Line. We are one hundred fifty miles out New York, bound Naples. Have officers line wireless captain to stop ship and you send fast boat for me. Well and able to play. SHUTE.

"How long will it take you to get that off?" inquired Win.

"Can't say—no telling how long it'll take to raise 'em."

"I'll wait," said Shute.

"Hope you don't expect to land in time for to-day's game?" joked Jed Mansel.

WIN SHUTE didn't smile. He came back strong: "You speed up that machine so there'll be no delay starting that relief ship. To-day won't decide the series. There's a ball game to-morrow—just as important."

It was an hour before the wireless operator reported that the message had been transmitted to the shore. He then announced that he was going to lunch.

"But how about the reply? Who'll be here to receive it?"

"It'll be two hours at least before we get an answer," said Mansel. "If you'll pardon me, you'd better get something to eat, too. You can't play ball on an empty stomach, you know," he added, jestingly.

An hour later Jed Mansel returned and found the persistent passenger waiting at his cabin door. Slowly a half hour passed.

"Can't you raise 'em?" asked Win impatiently.

"Here comes something," said the operator encouragingly. After much clicking, Mansel shook his head. "Sorry, but it's not for you."

He was an endlessly long time receiving and transcribing the message. Then he summoned a deck steward and told him to find Miss Riley and give her the Marconigram.

"Repeat my message," ordered Shute, "word for word. Here's for both." He paid the operator in gold.

Four times that afternoon the wireless operator repeated, at twenty-five cents a word, including the address and signature, the message to Tris Ford. But there was no reply. Win was getting desperate, and showed it, when the operator remarked:

"Here's something—mebbe this is it."

Win braced up. But after a bit of the metallic chattering, Mansel again shook his head. "Not for you—for the captain."

"For the captain?" Win's tone was eager. "That's the stuff!" He was thinking of orders from the officers of the line.

THE operator transcribed the message, put it in an envelope, and went off to deliver it himself. When he came back he confided the information: "I'm going to send a message from the captain—about you." That was all, but it raised the wavering spirits of the young man who would not leave the upper deck.

There was another tedious delay. Finally, along about five o'clock, there were the auditory evidences of the approach of a winged message. Then further delay while the wireless operator played his important part in the space-conquering trick.

"Sorry, but it's not for you. For the captain again," he volunteered.

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The fourth annual 500-mile International Sweepstakes race will be held on the famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway May 30th.

An Invitation—and a Profit

To see this 500-mile race you must come to Indiana. Why not come a few days ahead of time and make a tour of the state and visit Indiana's automobile and accessory factories? Or, plan to remain a few days after the race. It will pay you.

The race is worth coming to see—about 90,000 people came last year and more are expected this year. Thrilling and spectacular as the race is, of greater importance to you, is the romantic story of the growth and success of the automobile industry in Indiana.

We have a little book we want to send to you free—write for it today. Let any one of Indiana's motor car or accessory companies know when you will arrive and they will meet you at the train. Visit our factories. See Indiana-made cars *made right* in Indiana. Meet the men responsible. Learn about our high quality and excellent service. Are you familiar with our superior shipping facilities? Do you realize how instant, and adequate our service really is? This concerns the car owner as well as automobile dealers.



Indiana-made cars have proven their superiority in every line of automobile activity, in racing, in touring, in hill climbing, in commercial work, in daily routine and in being thoroughly uptodate in refinements as well as being fundamentally correct mechanically. The name of "Indiana" is to motor cars the world's best guarantee of actual worth.

Accept this "family" invitation and visit the Indiana automobile and accessory companies at the time of the 500-mile race. It is decidedly to your advantage to do so. Mix business with pleasure. Make your trip here pay dividends. All the Indiana factories welcome you. Write them now and let them know exactly what train you will arrive upon.

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Double Fabric Tire Co., Auburn
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Gasoline Pleasure Cars

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Electric Equipments

G & J Tire Co., Indianapolis
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Great Western Automobile Co., Peru
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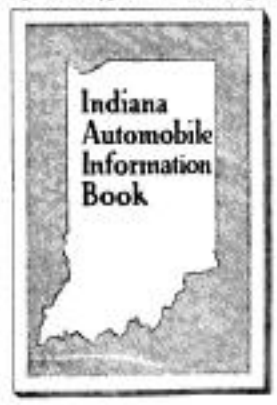
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Electric Vehicles

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Members of Indiana Automobile Manufacturers Association

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK

Complete information regarding the World's greatest race course and the international 500-mile races, with data concerning the cars and accessories made in Indiana, is contained in this book which will be mailed to you on request by any one of the factories mentioned on this page. Be sure you get this book at once and take advantage of the opportunities it offers you.



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he'll tell you the
crowd drinks

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



The drink with dash—
vim—vigor and go to it.
The thirsty one's one
best beverage. Delicious
and refreshing.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

"Might be just as good," said Win, "perhaps better."

The operator didn't reply. He went away to deliver the message and was gone "ages." Returning, he informed the "good waiter" that the captain would like to see him.

WIN SHUTE was off to the bridge as he might have started for second. High ran his hopes. He could almost feel the ship slowing down!

The captain invited him into the chart room and closed the door. Without a word he handed him a Marconigram, which ran:

CAPTAIN, *S. S. Colonia:*

Must be some mistake. Our player Shute here in game to-day. TRIS FORD.

After reading it over a second time to make sure, the captain's visitor, shaking his head doggedly, spoke in no uncertain voice:

"The *mistake* is in *this message*. Tris Ford *never* sent it."

"Why not?" asked the captain indulgently.

"Why not?—it shows on its face why not. It says I was in the game to-day. And I'm on this ship!"

"Sit down," said the captain, who paused until his invitation had been accepted, Mr. James—"

"My name isn't James—it's Shute."

"Well, then, Mr. Shute, if you prefer it," said the captain, wishing to humor his guest, "I have made a careful inquiry about you. Your room steward reports, and the quartermaster on duty at the gangway confirms it, that you came aboard intoxicated—I may say, were *brought* aboard *drunk*."

"It's a lie! Was never drunk in my life—never took a drop of liquor in my life. What happened, I was given a knock-out!—brought aboard drugged."

THE captain appeared puzzled, then continued: "I hardly think so, Mr. James—"

"Shute!"

"—Mr. Shute. The ship's doctor examined you, at the request of your friends, after you were assisted aboard. He reports that he found you in an advanced state of intoxication. Your friends said that you had been celebrating unwisely before sailing."

"I tell you it's a lie!"

"Mr. Shute, if you are not inclined to take my view of this unfortunate circumstance, you will have to be sent where you will be looked after. Not infrequently, I regret to say, young full-blooded fellows like yourself, and occasionally older birds, come aboard with so much extra baggage that a good night's rest does not set them up. They have what is popularly called a 'hang-over.' Sometimes they are quarrelsome, sometimes—out of their heads. Once in a while a fellow comes powerful near having the d. t.'s. But the steward in charge of the hospital knows how to take care of them—he's an old hand at it. You will find him quite capable, I assure you."

"Me? What d'you mean?"

"I mean that if you don't stop your nonsense and behave yourself, I will order you to the hospital. Good morning."

WIN SHUTE had never been put out of a game in his life. He eyed the "umpire" of the high seas critically and turned to go. But, like the average ball player, he couldn't leave the "field" without the last word.

"Captain, you've got me—I acknowledge that. And I'm not going to make any trouble for you—not while you're managing the ship. But once we strike dry land I promise you I'll start a brand of trouble that will bring up on this boat. I've been drugged—I repeat it. And there's been the dirtiest kind of a frame-up against me. What's more, that message you hold in your hand is a pure fake. Either the man who sent it *or the man who received it* is a crook—take your choice!"

Before the captain of the *Colonia* could reply, S. W. James, or, as he demanded to be called, J. W. Shute, was gone.

QUICK thinking was a portion of his business in life. In less than the distance from home to first base he had definitely outlined his plan of action. Of course he would give the head man of the ship no cause to resort to war measures: that would be silly—worse than kicking yourself out of a big game which you might help to win. No, sir-ee! He would stand for "James"—he would *be* S. W. James. Quietly, but none the less decisively, he would devote himself to an unemotional consideration of his highly exasperating plight. He would see if past devotion to the stories of the Great Detective had taught him anything worth while regarding inferences and deductions from a limited array of facts. For the next nine days, or until the ship touched at Gibraltar, he would do nothing else!



"Here Comes the Dog Catcher"
Sketches from Awayback

On land James Winton Shute would have kept steadfastly to his resolve. The lure of Chestnut Street at the shopping hour on a bright morning would not have deflected him from his charted course. But he was to find it different on shipboard. He was to discover something revolutionary about a sea voyage, something that jars one loose and cuts one off completely from ordinary life. The great white trail which fetches up at the stern of the ship leads away from everyday existence, lengthening the space back to the confines of duty and custom and habit as one nautical mile is tossed high on another.

For the first time in Win Shute's experience the pleasing shape of a girl bending to the wind, skirts taut like a sail close-hauled, tousled wavy brown hair brushing her animated face, Irish blue eyes bright and beaming, cheeks aglow with the delight of living, suddenly swept into his ken, and away went the restraints of an orderly, carefully planned scheme of life.

"Gee, what a swell girl!" he muttered. Then: "Why's she with that crook?"

It was Miss Riley, and she was attended by Jerrold Mansel, the wireless operator. More to the point, they were having a jolly time together.

MISS RILEY and her mother, Mrs. Daniel Riley, occupied Suite A 9 and 15 on the upper promenade deck, listing at $700 for the voyage to Naples. It was the finest suite on the ship.

There was, however, nothing undemocratic about Miss Riley. Although she was the most fascinating person on the ship, she didn't let that bother her. Her mother was a subdued, almost timid, woman past middle age, who had a habit of fading into the furniture and becoming a stationary part of her surroundings. She was easily the best listener on the boat. Her daughter was devoted to her, and Mrs. Riley plainly showed that her interest was restricted to her "Girlie," as she called her daughter.

Necessarily, first impressions prevail largely at sea. Unless a person is preceded aboard ship by a reputation with a wide circulation, he is known and estimated by what appears to his fellow voyagers. Nothing was known about Mrs. and Miss Riley. But they occupied the most costly rooms on the ship, and, although they dressed simply, it was that simplicity for which tailors and modistes

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Appeals strongly to high class **dealers and agents.** Will be shipped to responsible agents, prepaid, upon receipt of price. Returnable at our expense, after ten days' examination. Regular discount allowed thereon when agency is established. Shipped in cartons 18x22 inches, weight 23 pounds.

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charge the highest prices. "Wealthy people," was the ship's verdict.

Miss Riley's beauty, which, of course, endeared her to the masculine element, for some reason did not detract from her favor with the women. They liked her because she never failed to "notice" them. "She's nice to everyone" was another general observation. Finally, and this was perhaps the real test, she was considerate of the servants. The deck steward hovered about Mrs. Riley continually, simply because Miss Riley was too active to require much of his service. The room steward so fortunate as to look after A 9 and 15 was in constant argument with the pantryman on account of his raids for delicacies. It was within reason to say of her: "Gee, she's a swell girl."

WIN SHUTE was not one of those who worshiped from afar. Just as in baseball he was in the game every minute, so in this new game he played it assiduously. The day of his interview with the captain he had performed a slight favor for Mrs. Riley, the ubiquitous steward being off duty. This led to an introduction to "my daughter," and that resulted in the transformation of the voyage. From the first he got on swimmingly with Miss Riley. They seemed to "perform in the points," as he put it, "like a veteran battery."

"What's a battery?" asked Miss Riley.

Win Shute was amazed, but he cheerfully explained: "Pitcher and catcher. Aren't you a baseball fan?"

"I never saw a game in my life," she confessed.

"You've got something coming to you," said Win.

"You can't get me excited about any game to watch. I'm devoted to tennis and golf, and I played hockey and basket ball at school. But I *played*—I didn't merely look on. A baseball fan must be the laziest sort of human being: he runs away from his business and then he hasn't the energy or the get-up to play. He sits idly by as other persons exert themselves. It's too vicarious for me."

"Too what?" asked Winn, who was far from joyous over the turn of the discussion.

"Vicarious—letting a substitute play for you."

"I never let a substitute play for me if I can help it," boasted Win. Then he pulled himself up short and shifted the conversation to astronomy. He had flunked it at college.

It was a decided shock to him that Miss Riley didn't care for the national game.

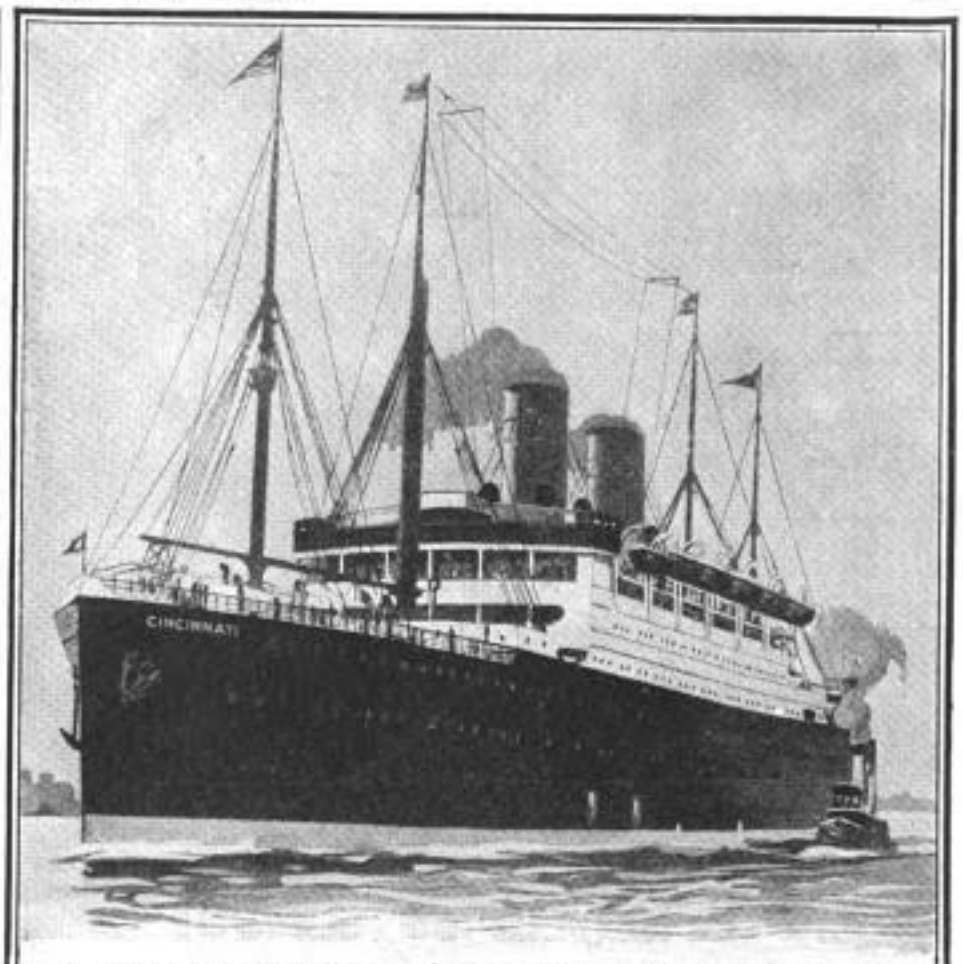
IF anything were needed to enhance Miss Riley's charm, it was the mystery that developed about or enveloped her the third day out. Win Shute heard of it from his room steward, who had picked it up from the waiter at the purser's table. The purser was the agent of publicity, and it was surmised that he had gleaned his intelligence from the captain. Anyhow, it was a matter that the captain and the purser would naturally talk over.

Via wireless had come an inquiry to the captain of the *Colonia* about a passenger. The inquiry was from the United States Government—so much was known. It concerned a young woman who was traveling with her mother. She was described in the general terms of strikingly handsome and clever. From this the descriptions varied according to the whim or imagination of the person repeating the morsel of gossip. The nub of the tale was that the young woman was a fugitive from justice!

Nothing could have been invented by the wit of man so to whet the curiosity of a seagoing bunch of lively-minded people as this—that among their number was a person passing as a lady who was in reality fleeing from the clutches of the law. Indeed, one might be talking to her this very minute!

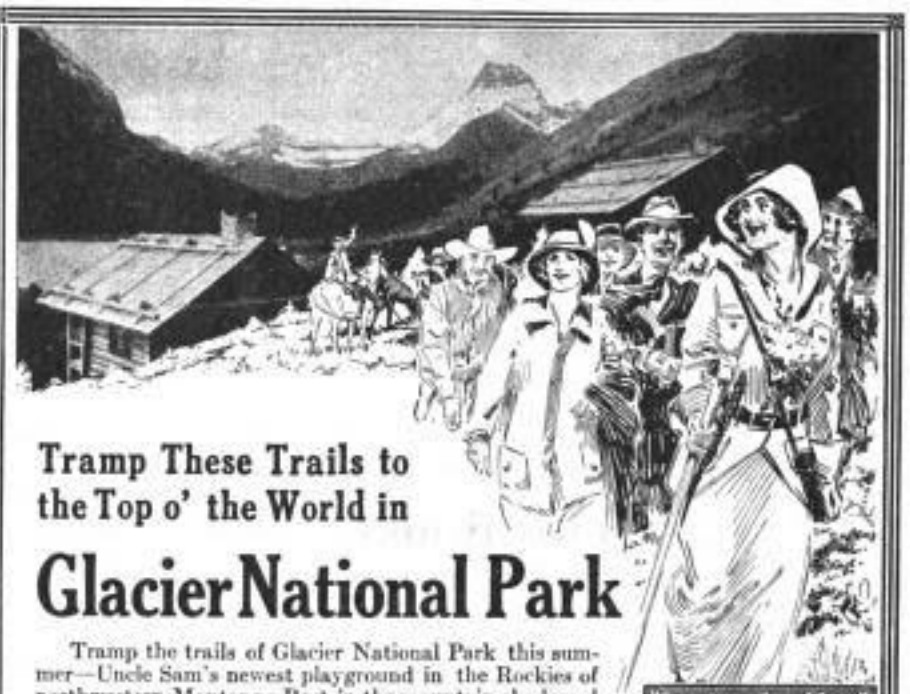
IMMEDIATELY a new ship's game was started—find the fugitive. The search was carried on by a process of elimination. First the sailing list was combed for a mother and daughter. It turned out, unfortunately, that in the first cabin there were exactly twenty-one pairs of mothers and daughters. As to whether these twenty-one mothered maidens were handsome and clever, opinions differed markedly. Some of the daughters were good-looking but undeniably dull; others were clever but plain. Not half a dozen could come within range of the specifications.

When the consensus of opinion was about to pounce upon Miss Riley, who



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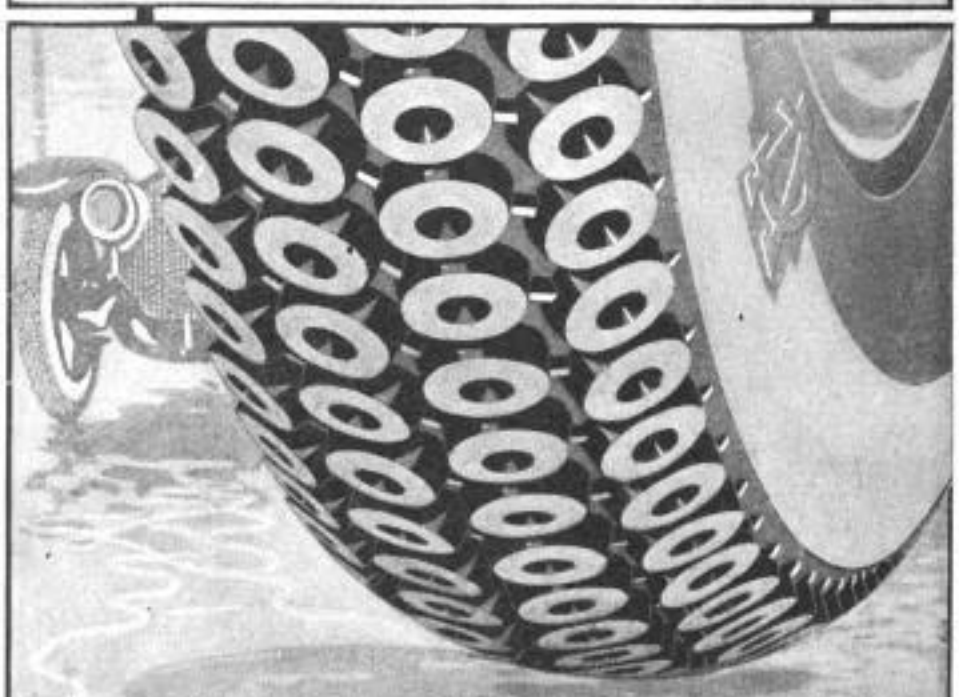
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headed the list of "suspects," another bit of information leaked out. The woman wanted was a *stenographer*. Here the search for the guilty one began all over. Miss Riley was wealthy—her ship accommodations and her dress denoted that—so it must be some one else. But after considering the qualifications of other possibilities for hours on end, Mistress Consensus again hovered about Miss Riley. Thus the first cabin divided itself into two camps—the partisans of Miss Riley and those of "the field." But paradoxically, in this instance, partisan meant enemy.

The ship got hectic about it, and because of it Win Shute got into trouble.

HE was watching the poker game in the smoking room—"playing vicariously," he expressed it—when the loose-jointed conversation switched to the unsolved mystery of the ship—the identity of the fugitive from justice. Eventually there was an argument over the demerits of Miss Riley.

Win Shute was angry at mention of her name. To him it was contemptible that it should be dragged in and bandied about over booze and poker chips. His reason prompted him to get out before he heard anything which he would be compelled to resent, but he decided that that would be deserting a lady in distress. So he remained and bottled up his rising wrath.

Two men—one an ordinarily decent chap who had taken a little too much, and the other a cynical, self-contained man, the best poker player at the table—brought the unmanly discussion to a precipitate conclusion. There had been many references to Miss Riley, most of them complimentary in nature, and the decent but tanked-up chap had proved her champion. As a clincher he asked:

"That girl has the finest rooms on the boat. Does that look like she is a stenographer?"



"Oh, look, Kitty; he's got a illustrated arm!"

THE cynical man answered:

"If she is the steneg. of one of them Pittsburgh millionaires, it's the kind of a suite you'd expect to find her in. Get me?"

There was a coarse laugh, which changed in the middle into an expression of concern. What happened was swift.

Win Shute said something in the gambler's ear and neatly slapped his face. The gambler, raging, jumped to his feet, scattering glasses and chips, which went clattering to the floor, and made a vicious pass at the interloper. With the celerity of dodging a wild pitch, Win Shute avoided the first, and, catching the gambler off his balance, floored him with a pretty uppercut. Then the gambler, blind with rage, seized a whisky bottle from the wreckage. But before he could use it his arms were pinioned from behind. And Shute was pushed out of the smoking room.

As the loss in rum and glassware, generously estimated, was made good, and as the smoking-room steward was properly rewarded for his future reticence, the episode did not come officially before the captain. But unofficially, through the human wireless system, the story went all over the ship. In its travel it became embellished with the ship's doctor's account, based on personal observation, of "that James's arrival on the ship—dead drunk.

THE story did get to Miss Riley in expurgated form. An uncomplimentary remark had been made about her—"Oh, nothing of any consequence—bless your heart, no!"—and "James" had thought himself called upon to defend her with his fists. Idiotic boy! But then—"You know, my dear, he's a terrible drinker. Yes, indeed, he was brought aboard the night we sailed so drunk that two men had to carry him—two men; the doctor saw them!"

WIN SHUTE, in his wholesome and innocent view of things, believed that the unfortunate affair in the smoking room would be hushed up. Having liberally rewarded the steward for the trouble that had been caused him, and thinking that "those present" would treat the episode from the standpoint of the least said the quickest forgotten, Win went about in high spirits, as if nothing had happened—headed straight for Miss Riley.

They were getting on famously. Together they had won many of the events in the sports, and at ship's tennis, which required agility and a sure, quick grip on the elusive ropen rings, they were in the finals to be played that morning. Miss Riley couldn't have avoided seeing him had she been so minded. They won, and were proclaimed champions of the sea—at least of that part of it dominated by the steamship *Colonia*.

It had been a hard-fought match, in which physical condition played not a small part. Miss Riley rather amused Win as they were resting in steamer chairs on the boat deck by saying:

"You seem to be pretty fit."

"Fit?" His tone had in it a shade of sarcasm. "I'm always fit—always ready to jump in and play—anything."

"Always?" She looked at him quizzically.

He was blind as a bat. "You bet—in season and out of season."

"You must have a splendid constitution."

"I have—but I don't abuse it. I want to *last*." This had a queer meaning, he saw too late, but he didn't try to explain.

To his surprise she said, quite impulsively: "I do believe that's true." And for emphasis she rested her hand for a moment on his sleeve. Her touch gave him an odd thrill. It was as good as delivering a hit with a man on second, which struck him queer! Not once did he consider the reputation as a hard drinker borne by "S. W. James."

MISS RILEY got up to go to her stateroom, and then, as if under the spell of impulsiveness, added quite shyly:

"It was good of you to take my part in the smoking room."

"You didn't hear?" asked Shute, his face horror-stricken.

"Oh, I didn't hear verbatim what was said about me," she explained, her tone a little hard. "But I can imagine. Men are such brutes—most men. And I wanted you to know that I—I liked what you did, no matter what others say about it. I must go now."

She slipped away, leaving Win happy and angry, turnabout: happy at her unexpected tender of gratitude, angry at the man who had blabbed. But happiness soon took the ascendancy. In his limited experience he hadn't much to compare it with, except breaking into the majors the very summer he graduated from college. This, on second thought, seemed a most unhappy comparison, as Miss Riley didn't care for baseball.

Then she could never care for a professional ball player! He hadn't thought of it before, but now, for some imperative reason that he didn't try to analyze, the idea forced itself upon him. If she couldn't care, what then?

"WE land at Gibraltar to-morrow." Win Shute heard a passing remark, and suddenly it dawned on him that the day he once had looked forward

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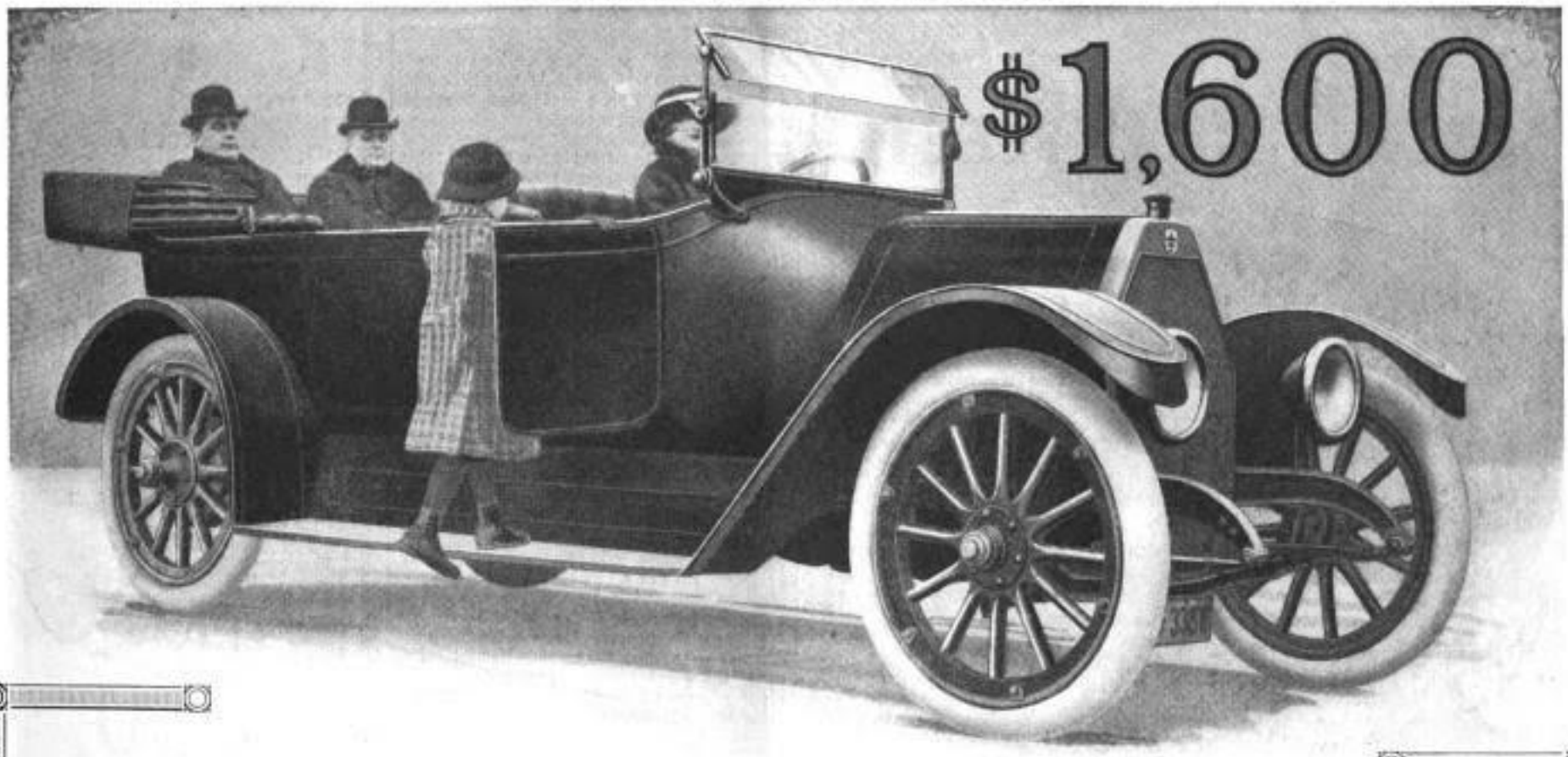
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to most keenly, but which he had almost forgotten, was at hand. At last he could move against his enemies! Now he could establish his identity!

BUT something held him back. Miss Riley wasn't fond of baseball! She had come to like "Mr. James," but would she, a "real swell," ever look with favor upon Win Shute, professional ball player? He shook his head gloomily.

Looking upon the much-advertised rock next day, he wasn't at all impatient to leave the ship.

"Going ashore?" inquired a voice at his side. It was Jed Mansel, the wireless operator.

"S'pose so," answered Shute without show of enthusiasm.

"Better not if you don't want to get skinned," warned Mansel. "Those brigands could skin a Bowery pawnbroker."

"Want to stretch my legs," returned Shute.

"Why not join me? I know the spot and the ways of the native holdup artists. I'll act as guide if you say so—glad to."

Never before had Jerrold Mansel offered to do him a favor. Their only contact after the first day's consultation over the wireless messages had come in rivalry over Miss Riley's time. Now the hero of the *Regent* was brimful of friendliness. Win Shute's suspicions, already sufficiently aroused regarding Mansel, were considerably augmented by this urgent invitation. But he smiled as he might have done in facing a pitcher who had something "on" him.

"Thank you—I've no time for sightseeing. I have some business to attend to here."

WIN SHUTE was off the ship among the very first—before the wireless operator; he saw to that. He hired a conveyance and ordered the driver to make tracks for the cable office.

"If you get there before anybody from the ship I'll give you double fare!" promised Shute—and he had to.

He wrote out a long message to Tris Ford, explaining in detail what had happened to him and how he had done his best to communicate by wireless, and he stood over the operator while he sent it. Then he asked how long it would take to get an answer.

"From two to six hours," was the reply.

"I'll wait," announced Shute.

"But don't you want to see the fortifications?" asked the operator. "You will have ample time."

"I want to see nothing except the reply to that message," replied Shute, sitting down and making himself comfortable for a long wait. "On second guess, I do want to see something else," he added. "Have you any newspapers—newspapers printed in English?"

THE operator pointed to a file of the Paris edition of the New York "Dispatch." Shute grabbed it and began to run his eye over the last paper of the file. There was nothing on the first page—nothing but foreign stuff. Buried away on an inside page was a brief cable dispatch headed:

BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

"The Philadelphia Nationals won"—Win Shute's heart sank—"the so-called world's baseball championship to-day, defeating the American League champions 1 to 0, and taking the series, four games to three. The contest between the two professional leagues is restricted to America, and the high-sounding phrase, 'world's championship,' is nothing but an advertising dodge to increase the attendance. However, the trick worked, for it is estimated that 235,000 people paid to see the games. At present America is baseball crazy. But your correspondent believes that it is a phase of American life that will pass."

Win Shute threw down the paper in deep disgust. "And over here they call that an American newspaper! I see I'm going to like this Europe," he concluded.

After six hours of waiting, the operator handed him a cable dispatch. It read:

Ford touring West, traveling to-day. Cable your next address. Do you need money?

It was signed by the club's secretary.

HE cabled back word to address him care of the American consul at Naples. He did not ask for money. And he went back to the ship in no hilarious frame of mind. His team had lost the world's

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championship—the plot against him had been thoroughly successful! And he was no nearer spotting his enemies than he was before going ashore. And Miss Riley didn't care for baseball! This seemed to cap the climax. Strange how values change in a voyage across the Atlantic.

Aboard ship he ran upon the ship's doctor and the wireless operator in close confab. Win Shute was not curious until he caught the doctor's words:

"The Giant-killers lost, I see by the 'Dispatch,' and you won. I'll pay you when we get paid off."

"My tip was pretty good," admitted Jed Mansel. "I made quite a killing. Cleaned up two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand!" repeated the doctor. "You *were* lucky."

"Not lucky—wise," corrected Mansel, winking slyly. "I knew that one of the Giant-killers' best men couldn't play."

WIN SHUTE was certain! The wireless operator *was* a crook. He was a party to the devilish conspiracy that had drugged and put him away on the ship!

Rage such as he had never felt in all his life consumed him. He could not curb his desire to hurl himself upon Mansel and beat him to insensibility. But as he was on his toes to spring, a restraining hand was laid upon his arm.

It was Miss Riley. "May I speak to you, please?"

Reluctantly and none too cordially, Win Shute turned from his enemy. He and Miss Riley walked along the deck until they were out of hearing of everybody.

"I looked for you before the passengers went ashore," she said.

"Guess I was the first one to land," Win explained.

"You see," she went on, then faltered—"you see—I wanted to ask a favor of you." She stopped.

THE ship's mystery unaccountably flashed across Win's mind! But he didn't pause a second in replying:

"Sure! Ask something hard. Wish I could do a real big favor for you."

"You can. I have a queer feeling that something is going to happen. It's perfectly silly, of course, but—but if something should, will you look after mother? She is so devoted to me and so dependent on me that I don't know what she—" Again she faltered.

"I sure will—and look after you, too," answered Win.

"That's so good of you. But don't trouble about me. It's mother I'm worried about." Then with a look of unconcealed admiration she concluded:

"But I feel better now. It seemed to me that you were the only one on the ship that I could go to—the only one I wanted to trust my mother to."

Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment of the day, Win Shute went into dinner that night with a heart as buoyant as a toy balloon. He was planning a walk and a talk by southern moonlight with Miss Riley.

But all evening she paced the deck in earnest conversation with Jerrold Mansel.

Win Shute was unable to explain it. Did he suspect Miss Riley? Not for a fleeting second would he admit it to himself! He dropped off to peaceful slumber that night satisfied beyond cavil that she was the finest girl in the world—new or old.

A LESS healthy-minded person than James Winton Shute, a less trustful nature, would have worked himself into a state of both irritation and doubt over Miss Riley's growing intimacy with the wireless operator. Every day she walked with Jerrold Mansel, and there was a conspicuous attentiveness on his part, coupled with an authoritative way of commanding her comfort, that indicated to a close observer how well the hero of the *Regent* believed he stood with the most attractive woman on the ship. Evidently he looked upon himself as Miss Riley's preferred companion, if not as a suitor whose advances were far from distasteful.

Win Shute figured out to his own satisfaction why things were thus. He knew that Miss Riley was receiving wireless messages—he had seen Mansel hand her more than one—and Shute decided that the operator was taking this means to keep in touch with her. Whereas a steward would carry Marconigrams to other passengers, Jed Mansel invariably delivered Miss Riley's messages himself. Naturally this attention would be recognized by an appreciative person like Miss Riley.



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Further, Win Shute made generous allowance for Jerrold Mansel's advantages in the game of "fooling the ladies." He was good-looking—rather the dashing officer type, so much admired by young women at sea. Added to this, he was a real hero. His heroism was unquestioned, and he was in the habit of making the most of it. Therefore, Win Shute thought that Miss Riley was entitled to indulge her womanlike partiality for heroes, in common with every other female passenger. But it did make him jealous.

THAT Jerrold Mansel was downright crooked, there wasn't much doubt. But Win had to admit that his proof was far from conclusive. Tris Ford's wireless was a fake—but there was the possibility of faking somewhere along the line of transmission. Mansel had bet heavily against the Giant-killers—but so had thousands of other persons. The operator's remark about the player who would be missed from the line-up was strong circumstantial evidence against him—and still it could have been a "second guess"; he might have heard after the series that one of the best men had been out of the game. Certainly there wasn't enough solid proof to warrant Win Shute in denouncing the wireless operator.

And if he did—if he warned Miss Riley against Jerrold Mansel—it would involve a disclosure of the fact that he, James Winton Shute, was a professional baseball player. He wasn't ready to make that admission. The fact that the finest girl didn't care a hang for the national pastime constituted a mighty serious problem. It wasn't pleasant to continue to masquerade as "Mr. James," but it was an incognito enforced. So things were permitted to drift. Drifting seemed to accord with the dreamy atmosphere of the Mediterranean.

WIN SHUTE insisted that Lake Erie, as he had seen it on the boat from Detroit to Cleveland, was "exactly as blue."

"Steel blue—cold," argued Miss Riley, "but no turquoise tints. If Lake Erie separated Florida from Georgia, instead of Ohio from Ontario, then you might get a bit of the same coloring. But as it is, there's nothing like it—according to Baedeker—except the Ionian Sea from Taormina."

"Where's that?" asked Win irreverently.

"The most beautiful place in Sicily."

"Sicily? Not for mine," said Win. "They tried out a Sicilian once on the Pirates—"

He saw Miss Riley's look of perplexity, and remembered that she wasn't a fan.

"I was talking baseball," Win confessed.

"Here—facing the storied land of the Alhambra?" she mocked. "You foolish youngster, You'll be talking of baseball in the gardens of the Villa Borghese."

"Rome?"

"The Eternal City."

"I've got you!" exclaimed Win excitedly. "The Chicagos and the All-Americas played there—in the Villa Borghese—in eighty-nine!"

"Baseball?" Miss Riley couldn't believe it.

"Our national game," emphasized Win, "and say—the King of Italy stayed till the last man was out in the ninth!"

IT was moonlight on the Mediterranean, the last night but one of Win Shute's long voyage to Naples from unconsciousness. He had started out to act the part of a "trusty"—to do nothing against the captain's authority, but secretly to work toward one end, namely, the circumvention of his enemies. After a fortnight at sea, although he was naturally interested in his own case, he had lost much of his violent anger against those who had forced him to become a passenger on the ship. For if they hadn't—if he had remained at home—he would not have met the finest girl! As Tris Ford would have said: "There ain't nothing to that."

It was early, scarcely dark, but with a full moon, and together they were on the lookout for the first sight of Genoa. They had arrived at that important stage in their acquaintance when the original discovery was to be made of front names.

"You've never told me your name," he urged.

"Mother always calls me 'Girlie,'" she responded, half in fun.

"I know—but I never was strong for



Your Daughter's Feet—

WHAT will be their Future? Will they step with the rhythm and grace of a *Pavlowa* or an *Isadora Duncan?*

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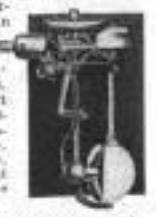
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They are good tobaccos and have solaced millions of men, but their biggest value is that they have made "Whip" possible.

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The refinements we have brought into the production of "Whip" make it a delight to every smoker. They glorify the pipe with new degrees of pleasure.

First of all, "Whip" is the mildest smoking tobacco ever produced. It is so mild and gentle that you can smoke it all during your waking hours without "feeling it."

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pet names—in public, I mean. Tell me your real name."

She was plainly embarrassed. It was a perfectly justifiable question, and there was no reason, which he could see, why she should hesitate. Yet she did.

"I'm not going to use it—till you want me to."

"Oh, it's not that—not that at all. I'd be glad to have you call me—Imogen. It's Imogen."

"Imogen Riley," repeated Win. "Say, that's some name. If I'd named you myself, I'd have called you—Imogen."

"Mother will be glad." And she laughed.

"Now, what's *your* name?" she asked.

It was his turn to be "fussed" and to hesitate. "My middle name's Winton—most everybody calls me Win."

"I suppose because you always *do*."

"Till now I have."

She edged away a trifle.

"Winton James is an excellent name," she declared. "I don't believe I would have it anything else."

HE kicked the rail with his toe. It was an impatient kick. Masquerader!

"Look!"

She pointed to the lights, myriads of lights, bobbing on the shipping in the harbor and stretching high up to the summits of Monte Peraldo, where they lost their identity in the winking stars.

"Genoa!" he exclaimed.

"—the Superb," she completed.

"But to-morrow we go to Naples, and then—" Win regarded Imogen wistfully.

"Don't let's speak of to-morrow," she hastened to say.

"No," he agreed. "We have to-night—all to ourselves."

"Yes," she whispered.

But they didn't.

As the *Colonia* was warped in to the dock, olive-skinned officers, most of them with black mustachios, swarmed about the head of the pier. In their dress and cocky bearing they closely resembled soldiery. And they formed a guard about each gangway before anyone was permitted to land.

Other officers came aboard immediately, and the word soon flew around the decks, started by some prattling petty officer of the ship, that the "boarders" were connected with the secret service of Italy. This resurrected the ship's mystery, and tongues began to wag and heads turn in excitement over the imminent disclosure of the fugitive's identity. At length was circulated the information that the officers were seeking a young woman who was wanted by both the Italian and the United States Governments. Finally came the name—a Miss Leonard.

HEARING it, Imogen trembled and clutched Win Shute by the arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked, staring into her terrified face. "It's—it's Leonard."

"My name's Leonard—Imogen Leonard. Forgive me!"

(To be concluded next week)

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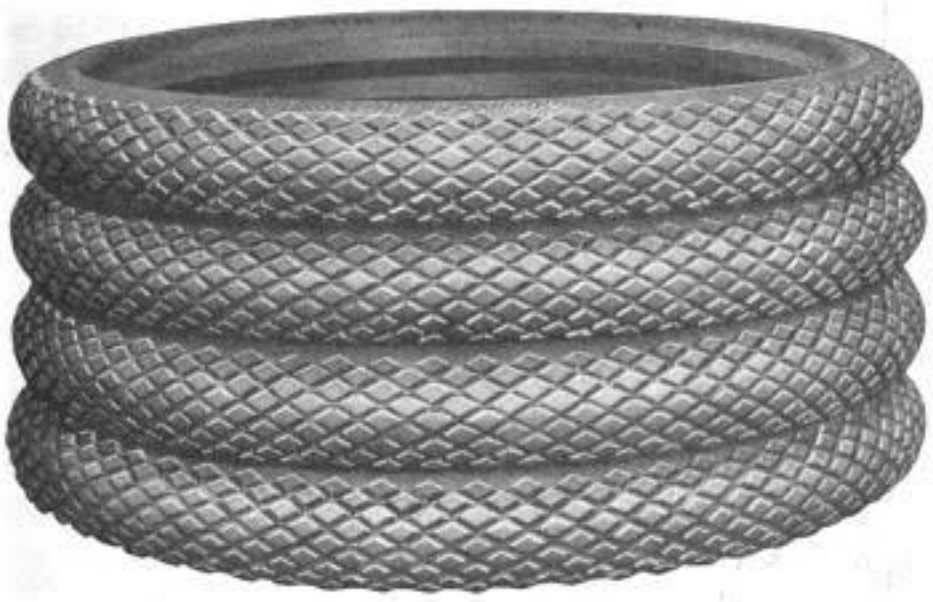
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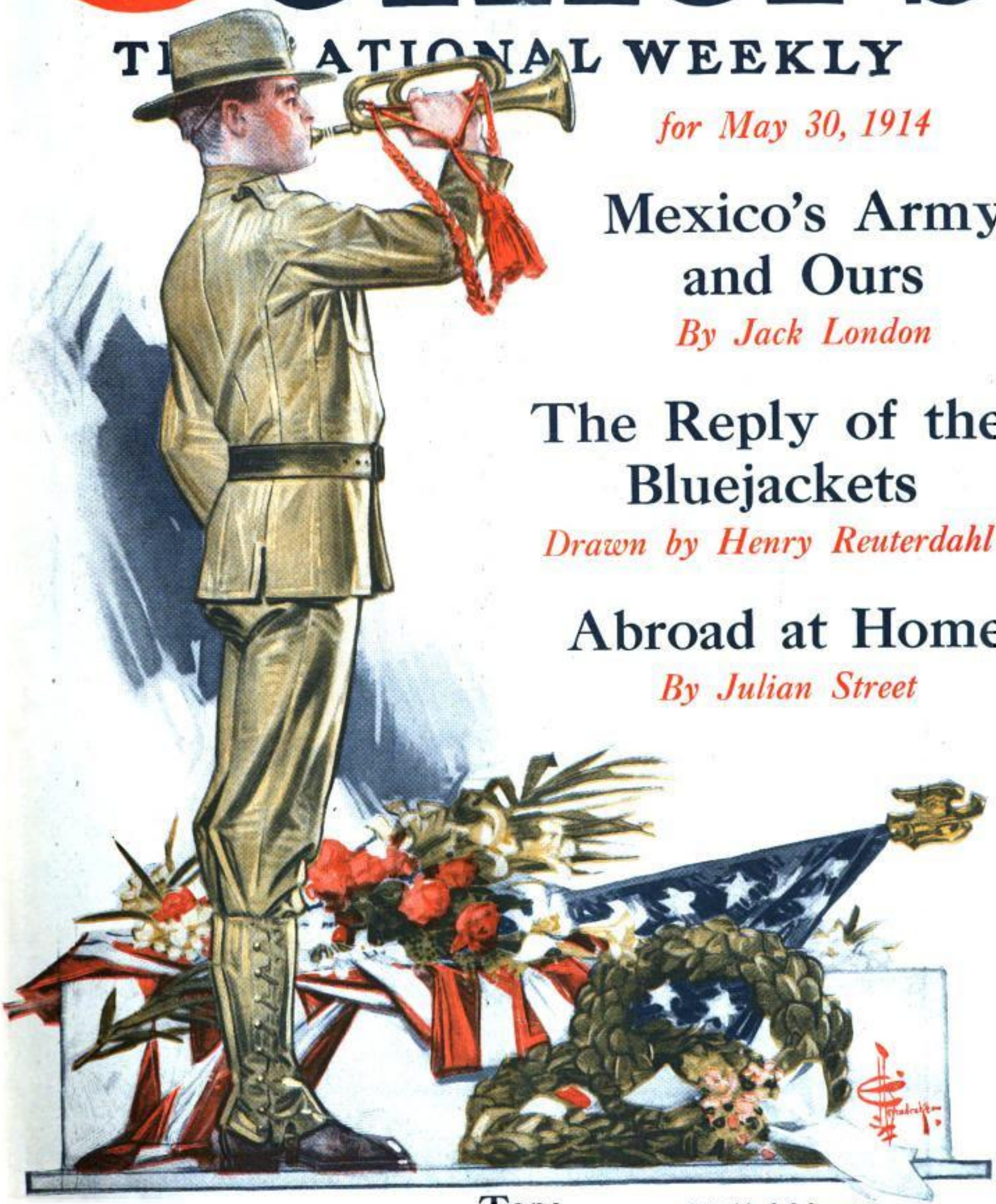
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for May 30, 1914



Mexico's Army and Ours

By Jack London

The Reply of the Bluejackets

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

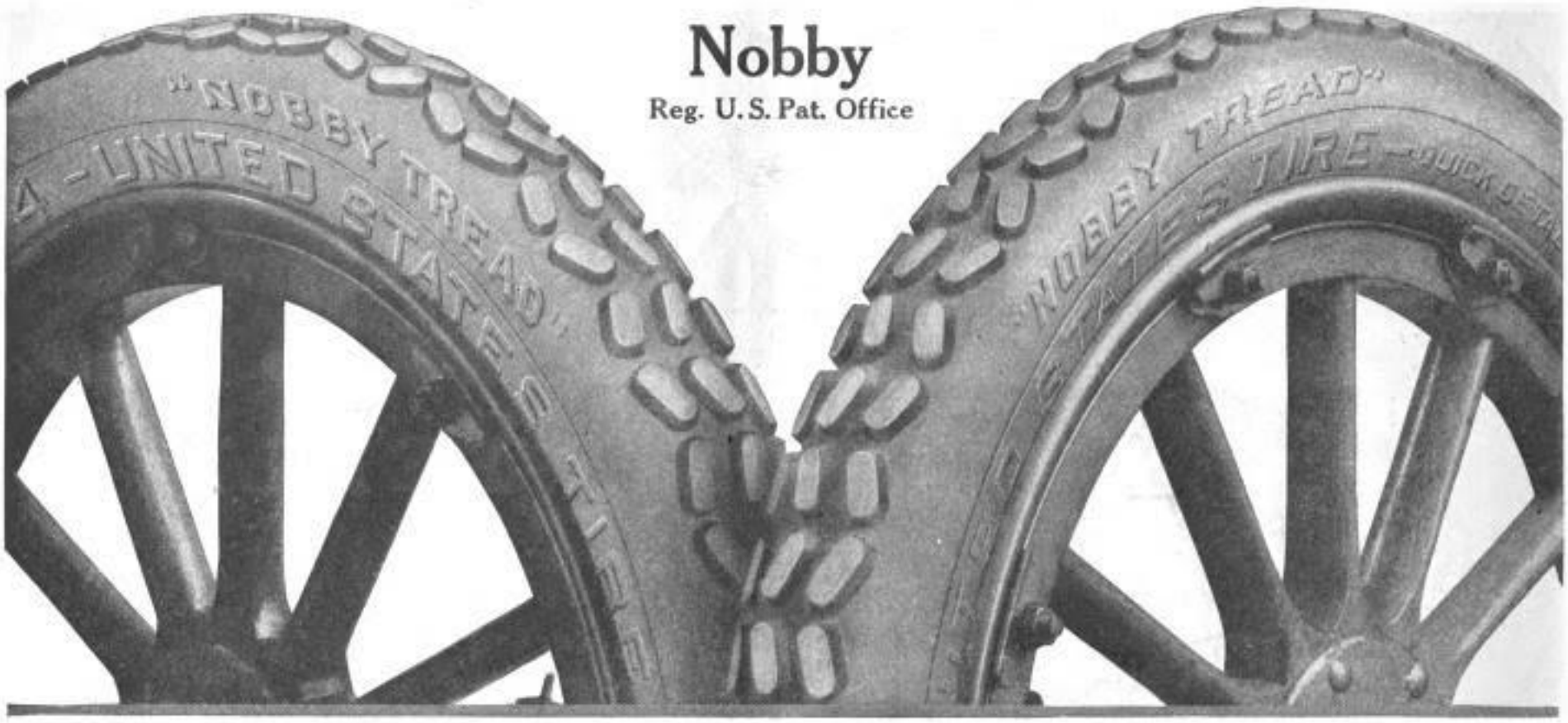
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United States Tire Company

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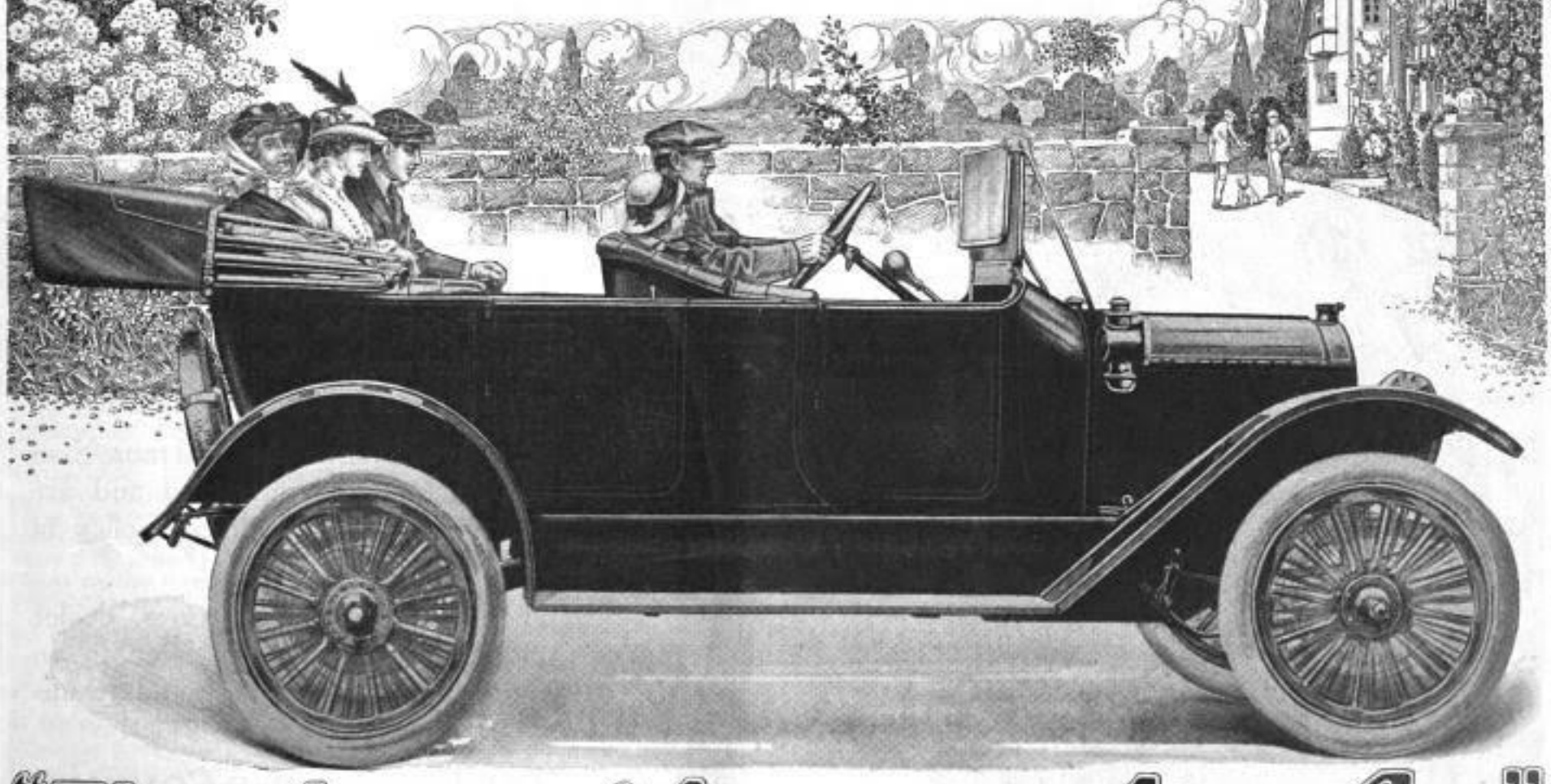
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Mexico's Army and Ours

By Jack London

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

MANY officers and men have I shaken hands with in the brief days since this wave of war rolled south and broke on the shore of Mexico, and no officer nor man have I found who was immune to a certain infection. This infection, however, might be described in surgical jargon as "beneficent." On the face of it every mother's son of them has told me something that cannot possibly be true. Only one out of all of them could have told the truth, and it is beyond my powers of discernment to pick out this man. But I have yet to meet an officer of soldiers or marines who has not only solemnly assured me but with glistening eyes of enthusiasm has averred that his regiment or battalion, officers and men, for discipline and efficiency, is the finest in the entire army of the United States. Furthermore, each one disclaims any personal prejudice in the matter, and usually concludes with the statement that it is generally conceded in army circles that his regiment or battalion is the finest. I wonder if such esprit de corps exists in the Mexican army. What our army and navy is was splendidly demonstrated when our bluejackets marched aboard their ships before our drawn-up soldiers while Admiral Fletcher transferred the command of Vera Cruz to General Funston. Boys they were, all boys, the flower of the young men of our land, and they marched with the clacking rhythm of "boots, boots" on the pavement along the broad lane formed by the regulars on one side presenting arms and on the other side cheering American civilians. It was a joy to see the faces that tried not to smile with pleasure over the applause for work well done, and to catch the involuntary sideward glances of boyish eyes not yet quite disciplined to the level impassive look of war.



The soldiers' legs move more mechanically than the sailors', more like clockwork legs. . . It is prettier to watch the sailors marching with all the swaying elasticity of their bodies, and yet one receives the impression that, when it comes to the long killing hiking, the soldiers would easily outwalk their comrades of the sea

These thousands of sailors marched straight down the dock end and disappeared. The effect was uncanny. What was becoming of them? The smokestacks of a couple of tugs showed at the dock end, and that was all. And yet the river of men flowed on and on, sailors and marines, officers, bands, hospital squads, and moving banners, sun-tanned men of the *Arkansas*, the *Florida*, the *Utah*, the *San Francisco*, the *New Hampshire*, the *South Carolina*, the *Vermont*, the *Chester*, and the *New Jersey*, all without hitch or halt, and disappeared. It reminded one of the tank of the New York Hippodrome, when the long lines of stage soldiers march down into the water, knee-high, hip-high, shoulder-high, then heads under and are gone.

But out at the dock end, besides the tugs, was a flotilla of launches and cutters that received those thousands as fast as they arrived and carried them at a single trip to the battleships lying in the inner and outer harbors.

Two Types of "Gringo" Fighting Men

OUR soldiers and sailors are markedly different in type. It must be curious how this happens to be so. Do land life and sea life make the difference? Or does one common type of man elect the sea and another common type elect the land? The sailors are shorter, broader shouldered, thicker set. The soldiers are taller, leaner, longer legged. Their faces are leaner, their lips thinner. They seem to the eye tougher, stringier, sterner. The sailors' faces seem broader across the cheek bones. Their lips seem fuller, their bodies more rounded.

Most notable is the difference when they are grouped into marching masses. The sailors have a swinging, springing, elastic stride. The soldiers' legs move more mechanically, more like clockwork legs, with a very tiny minimum of waste motion. It is prettier to watch the sailors marching with all the swaying elasticity of their bodies, and yet one receives the impression that, when it comes to the long killing hiking, the soldiers would easily outwalk their comrades of the sea. A great throng of Mexicans, numbers of them without doubt having sniped our sailors during the first days, looked on this display of what manner of men we send to war. The haste and advertisement with which they doffed their hats to the Stars and Stripes were absurd and laughable.

One cannot but imagine what the situation would be like were it reversed—were Vera Cruz populated by Americans and in the possession of a Mexican army. First of all, our jefe politico, or mayor, would have been taken out and shot against a wall. Against walls all over the city our soldiers and civilians would have been lined up and shot. Our jails would have been emptied of criminals, who would be made soldiers and looters. No American's life would be safe, especially if he were known to possess any money. Law, save for harshest military law, such as has been meted out by conquerors since the human world began, would have ceased. So would all business have ceased. He who possessed food would hide it, and there would be hungry women and children.

Quite the contrary has been our occupation of Vera Cruz. To the amazement of the Mexicans, there was no general slaughter against blank walls. Instead of turning the prisoners loose, their numbers were added to. Every riotous and disorderly citizen, every sneak thief and petty offender, was marched to the city prison the moment he displayed activity. The American conquerors bid for the old order that had obtained in the city, and began the bidding by putting the petty offenders to sweeping the streets.

No property was confiscated. Anything commandeered for the use of the army was paid for, and well paid for. Men who owned horses, mules, carts, and automobiles competed with one another to have their property commandeered. The graft which all business men suffered at the hands of their own officials immediately ceased. Never in their lives had their property been so safe and so profitable. Incidentally, the diseases that stalk at the heels of war did not stalk. On the contrary, Vera Cruz was cleaned and disinfected as it had never been in all its history.

The Various Benefits of Being Conquered

IN SHORT, American occupation gave Vera Cruz a bull market in health, order, and business. Mexican paper money appreciated. Prices rose. Profits soared.

Verily, the Vera Cruzans will long remember this being conquered by the Americans, and yearn for the blissful day when the Americans will conquer them again. They would not mind thus being conquered to the end of time.

An exciting sight was the cleaning up of the Naval School, which had been so disorganized the first day by the five minutes of shell fire from the *Chester*. Immediately the city had been turned over to the army by the navy, the first battalion of the Fourth Infantry and Fourth Field Artillery descended upon the Naval School. In a trice every window was vomiting forth the débris that clogged the interior. And then was fought the second battle of the Naval School. Thousands of poor Mexicans—men, women, and children—surrounded the building and battled over the old shoes, shattered furniture, and discarded clothes. It was the women who fought fiercest and most vociferously, and, to the accompaniment of much hair pulling, many a pair of linen trousers had its legs ir-

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The whole appearance of the Americans bespeaks efficiency

revocably separated. They struggled and squabbled and ran hither and thither like ants about a honey-pot. For once war was kind to them, and, instead of being looted, they were themselves tasting the joys of looting. And alas! I saw the ruined pretties rain down amid the mortar dust from my lady's boudoir and the two red, high-heeled Spanish slippers borne off in opposite directions by gleeful Indian women.

Fighting Qualities of the Peon

As I write this, beneath my window, with a great clattering of hoofs on the asphalt, is passing a long column of mountain batteries, all carried on the backs of our big Government mules. And as I look down at our sun-bronzed troopers in their olive drab, my mind reverts to the review the other day of our soldiers and sailors. Surely, if the peon soldiers of Mexico could all have been brought down to witness what manner of soldiers and equipment was ours, there would have been such a rush for the brush that ten years would not have seen the last of them dug out of their hiding places.

And yet this is not fair. The peon soldier is not a coward. Stupid he well is, just as he is illy trained and sillily officered; but he is too much of a fatalist as well as a savage to be grossly afraid of death. The peon bends to the mailed fist of power, but never breaks. Like the fellah of Egypt, he patiently endures through the centuries and watches his rulers come and go.

Changes of government mean to the peon merely changes of the everlasting master. His harsh treatment and poorly rewarded toil are ever the same, unchanging as the sun and seasons. He has little to lose and less to gain. He is born to an unlovely place in life. It is the will of God, the law of existence.

With rare exceptions he does not dream that there may be a social order wherein can be no masters of the sort he knows. He has always been a slave. He was a slave to the Toltecs and Aztecs, to the Spaniards, and to the Mexicans descended from the Aztecs and the Spaniards. It must not be concluded that there is no hope for him in the future. He is what he is to-day, and what he has been for so long, because he has been made so by a cruel and ruthless selection.

The Elimination of the Spirited

If A breeder should stock his farm with the swiftest race horses obtainable, and employ a method of selection whereby only the slowest and clumsiest horses were bred, it would not be many generations before he would have a breed of very slow and very clumsy horses. Life is plastic and varies in all directions. Occasionally this breeder would find a beautiful, swift colt born on his farm. Since kind begets kind, he would eliminate such a colt and perpetuate only the slow and clumsy.

Now this is just the sort of selection that has been applied to the peon for many centuries. Whenever a peon of dream and passion and vision and spirit was born he was eliminated. His masters wanted lowly, docile, stupid slaves, and resented such a variation. Soon or late the spirit of such a peon manifested itself and the peon was shot or flogged to death. He did not beget. His kind perished with him whenever he appeared.

But life is plastic and can be molded by selection into diverse forms. The horse breeder can reverse his method of selection, and from slow and clumsy sires and dams breed up a strain of horses beautiful and swift. And so with the peon. For the present generation of him there is little hope. But for the future generations a social selection that will put a premium of living on dream and passion and vision and spirit will develop an entirely different type of peon.

A Soldier Against His Will

But we must not make the mistake of straying after far goals. The time is now. We live now. Our problem, the world problem, the peon problem, is now. The peon we must consider is the peon as he is now—the selected burden bearer of the centuries. He has never heard of economic principles, nor a square deal. Nor has he thrilled, save vaguely, to the call of freedom—in which event freedom has meant license, and, as robber and bandit, he has treated the weak and defenseless in precisely the same way he has been accustomed to being treated.

I was through a Mexican barracks. It was like a jail. All the windows were barred. They had to be barred so that the conscript peon soldiers might not escape. Most of them do not like to be soldiers. They are compelled to be. All over Mexico they gather the peons into the jails and force them to become soldiers. Sometimes they are arrested for petty infractions of the law. A peon seeks to gladden his sad existence by drinking a few cents' worth of half-spoiled pulque. The maggots of intoxication begin to crawl in his brain, and he is happy in that for a space he has forgotten himself in God knows what dim drunken imaginings. Then the long arm of his ruler reaches out through the medium of many minions, and the peon, sober with an aching head, finds himself in jail waiting the next draft to the army. Often enough he does not have to commit any petty infraction. He is railroaded to the front just the same.

He does not know whom he fights for, for what, or why. He accepts it as the system of life. It is a very sad world, but it is the only world he knows. This is why he is not altogether a coward in battle. Also it is why, in the midst of battle or afterward, he so frequently changes sides. He is not fighting for any principle, for any reward. It is a sad world, in which witless, humble men are just forced to fight, to kill, and to be killed. The merits of either banner are equal, or, rather, so far as he is concerned, there are no merits to either banner.

He prays to God in some dim, dumb way, and vaguely imagines when he has been expedited from this sad world by a machete slash or bayonet thrust or high-velocity steel-jacketed bullet that all will be made square in that other world where God rules and where taskmasters are not.

Yet, deep down in the true ribs of him, there is a vein of raw savagery in the peon. Of old he delighted in human sacrifice. To-day he delights in the not always skilled butchery of bulls in the game introduced by his late Spanish masters. He likes cock-fighting with curved steel spurs that slash to the heart of life and cast a crimson splash upon the dull gray of living.

His Fatalism

And still the peon is not exposited. There is another side to him. He is a born gambler, as well as fatalist, and he is not averse to taking a chance: though his own life be the stake, he plays against another's life. How else can be explained his nervy conduct, deserted by his officers, in defending Vera Cruz against our landing forces?

Now I am not altogether a coward. I have even been guilty on occasion of taking a chance. And yet I am frank to say that I would not dream of taking a chance on the flat roofs of Vera Cruz against thousands of American soldiers and a fleet of battleships with an effective range of five thousand yards.

But this was the very chance many a peon soldier took. He sniped our men from the roofs in the fond hope that he could kill a man and escape being killed himself. Also, he was stupid in that he did not realize how little chance he had. Nevertheless, and on top of it all, he was not afraid.

They say that he and his fellows even dared to crawl unwounded, amid the wounded, into the hospital cots under the Red Cross, and to draw blankets over themselves and their Mausers, and to crawl out occasionally to the roofs for another shot at our sailors. When it became too hot for them they hid among the wounded again. Now this is a deed too risky for my nerve or for the nerve of any intelligent man. But I insist that these Mexican soldiers were stupid enough voluntarily to take the chance. From this another conclusion may be drawn, namely, that the sorry soldier of Mexico is not altogther amiable and is prone to be nasty and dangerous to the American boys who have crossed the sea to take "peaceable" possession of a customhouse.

I saw the leg of a peon soldier amputated. It was a perfectly good leg, all except for a few inches of bone near the thigh which had been shattered to countless fragments by a wobbling, high-velocity American bullet. And as I gazed at that leg, limp yet with life, being carried out of the operating room, and realized that this was what men did to men in the twentieth century after Christ, I found myself in accord of sentiment with the peon: it is a sad world, a sad world!

An Example of Swift Destruction

It is a sad world wherein the millions of the stupid lowly are compelled to toil and moil at the making of all manner of commodities that can be and are on occasion destroyed in an instant by the hot breath of war. I have just come back from the vast Cuartel, or Barracks, of Vera Cruz. Such a destruction of the labor of men! Bales upon bales and mountains of bales of clothing, of uniforms of wool, of linen, of cotton, disrupted, torn to pieces, scattered about, infected by possible diseases that compel a final cleansing by fire. Huge squad rooms, knee-deep in the litter of things the toil of men has made—hats, caps, shirts, modern leather shoes and rude sandals of the sort worn on the north Mediterranean half a thousand years before the days of Julius Cæsar; saddles and saddle bags, spurs, bridles, and bits; entrenching tools, scattered contents of soldiers' ditty boxes, canteens and mess kits of tin, serapes from the north, mats from the hot countries, meals partly eaten, half-cooked messes of food in the kitchen pots, smashed Mausers, cymbals and tubes, drums and cornets of a brass band that had departed abruptly and bandless.

In the matter of a few minutes the feet of war had trod under foot and passed on. Those who fled had fled hastily, leaving their last-issued rations behind. Those who pursued had paused but long enough to fire a myriad shots and race on. The empty bandoliers marked the trail of the American sailors and marines. In the stables were the officers' automobiles and carromatas with seats for grooms behind. But there were no horses, and the automobiles had been smashed. Thousands of hours' toil of men's hands had been annihilated.

The streets of Vera Cruz teem with beggars. Our soldiers are pestered by the starving, ragged poor. A thousand meals cluttered the Cuartel, already mildewed and being eaten by cockroaches and stray cats; woven cloth and manufactured footgear sufficient for ten thousand poor were destined for the flames. I agree with the peon: It is a sad world. It is also a funny world.



The peon soldier is not a coward. Stupid he well is, just as he is illy trained and sillily officered; but he is too much of a fatalist as well as a savage to be grossly afraid of death

A Square Deal?

The query inevitably rises: How is the peon to get a square deal? And who will give him a square deal? By square deal is not meant the Utopian ideal dreamed of a far future, but the measure of fair treatment that is possible here and now in civilized nations. The men of the civilized nations are only frail, fallible, human men, with all the weaknesses common to human men just in the process of emerging from barbarism. Nevertheless, with such men a squarer

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deal obtains than does obtain in savagery. The much-mixed descendants of the Spaniards and Aztecs can scarcely be called civilized. They have had over four centuries of rule in Mexico, and they have done anything but build a civilization. What measure of civilization they do possess is exotic. It has been introduced by north Europeans and Americans, and by north Europeans and Americans has it been maintained. The peon of to-day, under Mexican rule, is no better off than he was under Aztec rule. It is to be doubted that he is as well off. On the face of it, his much-mixed breed of rulers cannot give him the square deal that is possible to be given by more intelligent and humane rulers—that is given to-day by such rulers in other countries of the world.

Motes and Beams

THIS is the problem to-day for the big brother to the nations of the New World. Oh, make no mistake! The big brother's hands are not clean, nor is his history immaculate. But his hands are as clean and his history is as immaculate as are the hands and histories of the other nations in the thick of transition from barbarism and savagery. He even has societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the members of which very frequently interfere between a horse and its owner, and hale the owner to court for punishment.

The mixed-breed rulers of Mexico seem incapable of treating the peon with the measure of fairness that is possible in the world to-day and that is practiced in the world to-day. The Mexican peon residing in the United States at the present time—and there are many thousands of him—is far better treated than are his brothers south of the border.

Never mind what his legal status may be or is alleged to be. The fact is, the peon of Mexico, so far as liberty and a share in the happiness produced by his toil is concerned, is as much a slave as he ever was. He is so much property to his rulers, who work him, not with treatment equal to that accorded a horse, but with harsher and far less considerate treatment.

Of course the owner of a horse, when arrested by an agent of a humane society, indignantly protests that the horse is his property. But a wider social vision is growing in the foremost nations that property rights are a social responsibility, and that society can and must interfere between the owner and his mismanaged property. But somehow the old order is hard to change. There is a narcotic magic in phrases and precedents. It is an established right for society to step in between a man and his horse, but it is still abhorrent for a nation to step in between a handful of rulers and their millions of mismanaged and ill-treated subjects. Yet such interference is logically the duty of the United States as the big brother of the countries of the New World. Nevertheless, the United States did so step in when it went to war with Spain over the ill treatment of the Cubans. But it required the blowing up of the *Maine* to precipitate its action.



Then was fought the second battle of the Naval School. Thousands of poor Mexicans—men, women, and children—surrounded the building and battled over the old shoes, shattered furniture, and discarded clothes. . . They struggled and squabbled and ran hither and thither like ants about a honey-pot. For once war was kind to them, and, instead of being looted, they were themselves tasting the joys of looting

Big Brother's Job

AND here in Mexico the United States has stepped in, still dominated by narcotic precedent, on the immediate pretext of a failure in formal courtesy about a flag. But why not have done with fooling? Why not toss the old drugs overboard and consider the matter clear-eyed? The exotic civilization introduced by America and Europe is being destroyed by the madness of a handful of rulers who do not know how to rule, who have never successfully ruled, and whose orgies at ruling have been and are similar to those indulged in by drunken miners sowing the floors of barrooms with their fortunate gold dust.

The big brother can police, organize, and manage Mexico. The so-called leaders of Mexico cannot. And the lives and happiness of a few million peons, as well as of many millions yet to be born, are at stake.

The policeman stops a man from beating his wife. The humane officer stops a man from beating his horse. May not a powerful and self-alleged enlightened nation stop a handful of inefficient and incapable rulers from making a shambles and a desert of a fair land wherein are all the natural resources for a high and happy civilization?

The Unfinished Drama

By Arthur Ruhl

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

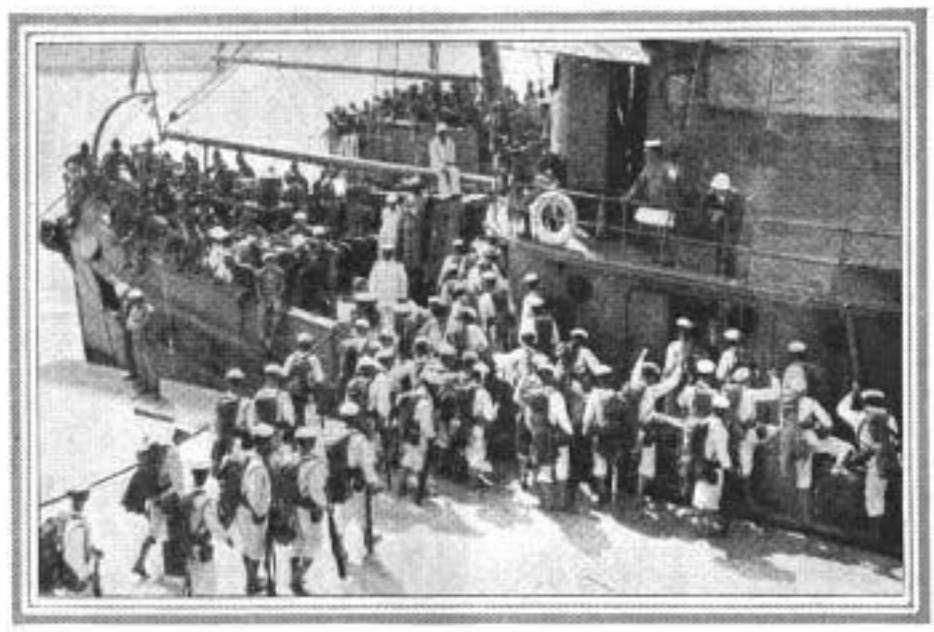
AS I NEARED the harbor of Vera Cruz and the western horizon gradually dissolved into sand hills, white walls, and a line of ships, I thought of the last time I had come through the blue Gulf to the selfsame port. It was just such another morning as this—indigo water, the soft humid smell of the tropics, the peaks of the Mexican mountains rising above the haze. And the ill-fated Francisco Madero, in the full flight of his tragic career, was landing from the south.

He had come up from Yucatan—it was in the last days before the election—bringing with him the young journalist, Pino Suarez, whom he insisted, in spite of opposition in the north, on making his vice president. Their little Mexican gunboat tied up to her dock as our Ward Liner came to hers, and a shouting crowd—the roustabouts and cargadores of a seaport town, that brown, downtrodden mass which Madero dreamed of lifting—was there to greet him. There were "Vivas!" and band music, hundreds of little homemade skyrockets whizzed upward and burst in the bright tropical sunshine, and that night Madero talked hard work, thrift, and temperance to the wild cheers of men who climbed on each other's shoulders and flung up quivering hands at the prophet they fancied was going to bring them millennium.

We Supply What Madero Lacked

GONE was that dream—tarnished, broken down bit by bit, crushed, at last, by the brute force of a world which demands that dreamers shall have the strength—and good luck—to turn their visions into concrete fact.

And here was coming all that that unhappy man lacked—strength and clear-eyed efficiency, officers and men and 12-inch guns, all the beautiful, highly organized strength of these great gray fighting ships. What was ahead of us nobody knew—we were rushing to join the fleet. For days and nights the air had crackled with radios—then the sudden shift from Tampico to Vera Cruz; then, the night before, the news that Admiral Fletcher had landed and the quiet order to "expedite."



The men who had taken Vera Cruz, dusty and sunburned now, came marching back to their ships, . . . with as little confusion and delay as if they had marched straight off the wharves on some sort of invisible bridge

Decks and awnings black with cinders, stokers throwing in their last ounce of strength, the whole great steel fabric quivering with speed, the big dreadnought plowed through the warm Gulf water and raised land at breakfast time. Across the still sea now came the occasional thud of shell fire and the rattle of machine guns. As we slowed down to our anchorage a large open launch put-putted close under our quarter. The young bluejacket at her tiller looked up as if what he was doing were the most usual thing in the world—bringing the fleet its first dead. On a few boards amidships, four bodies, with faces covered, lay stiffly, side by side, in the bright sunshine. Our young sailormen, fresh from Middle Western farms many of them, in service kits and talking as if war were a picnic, went quiet as they looked over the rail. It was evidently not a picnic they had come to, at any rate.

When Resistance Meant Death

FROM the fire-control turret forward we had picked up through the glass a long yellowish façade near the water front, and a swarm of khaki-covered men moving backward and forward in front of it. The long building was the Naval School, just smashed by the shells from the *Prairie*, *Chester*, and *San Francisco*, and the little specks moving in front of it the sailors and marines who had stood up against the stiffest fire of the two days' fighting. Marching across the open space between the sea wall and the school, it was not until they were under its windows that the whole front blazed fire. It was not a pleasant ambush to walk into, and the spirit with which the landing party met its surprise was as admirable as the neatness with which the ships' gunners planted shells through the roof and along the upper story, to explode inside and wreck the building without hitting their own men.

No less remarkable was the behavior of those who chose to shut themselves up in such a place and open fire. It was like shutting one's self in the Aquarium on the sea wall in New York, and firing on a landing party from a fleet of battleships anchored between the Battery and the Statue of Liberty. They faced not only an overwhelming force but looked straight into

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the guns of anchored battleships, a salvo from any one of which could have blown their building to bits.

Everywhere in the ruined dormitories were picture post cards and letters—bits of handwriting, all the more eloquent now that one did not know the fate of those to whom they were written. On the floor of one room, apparently that of an officer or instructor, were scores of letters addressed to the same woman—while she was still "Señorita," later when she had become his wife. "Little adored one," they began, and told, for instance, of a trip to San Francisco, "where everybody was curious to see a Mexican ship of war"; of the church at a little west coast port, "tiny but very comfortable and unusually clean, as if it were intended only for official affairs"; of the "tristeza" he had felt the day before, which "your letter tranquilized a little," yet "in the late afternoon the same profound sadness returned again, and very early, without lighting the lamp, I shut myself in my stateroom."

Another, from Guaymas, addressed to Mexico City, asked if she really wanted to keep quarreling. It was he, to be sure, who quarreled with her, yet was not she, too, a little to blame? He did not want to do something he would be sorry for, but to "care for her much, much more even than now." "Write me—it isn't too much to ask," and then an "Adios!" and the assurance that he loved her "con toda el corazon."

Glimpses like these, of how those who lived here had thought and felt, stared up at one from heaps of rubbish and plaster. Schoolboys, graduates, or convicts just out of jail, whoever they were, faced a fleet, and deserve to be remembered by their countrymen with the cadets who defended Chapultepec in '47.

A City's Fear

IT WAS afternoon before we could get ashore and the heavy fighting was over. The average Vera Cruzaño no doubt expected that the town would be sacked, and was surprised when the outrageous stories of violence which the papers in the capital were already printing never came true. It was partly this misconception which made a peaceful occupation of a customhouse—a simple enough proceeding, doubtless, as viewed from Washington—so ironical a command. People asked breathlessly if the fleet were going to bombard the city that afternoon. One old woman begged me to permit her to go into the artillery barracks for her husband's *petate*—the rush mat which is the lower class Mexican's usual bed. We tramped upstairs and through a long room littered with Federal uniforms, guns and equipment, and out of scores like it she picked a ragged old mat and hurried away rejoicing.

People were trying to get into their houses, do a thousand little necessary things, and puzzled bluejackets under orders, and with nerves strung up to the breaking point by the knowledge that they might at any time be shot from ambush, were stopping them. One very respectable-looking old gentleman with his grown son was trying to get from the street corner to his house a few doors away. The sentry would not let them by, and, searching the old man, found two bottles in his inside pocket. They were medicine, he said, for his daughter, frightened to death by the firing, but the conscientious young bluejacket, thinking, doubtless, they were poison, hurled them to the pavement.

One broke. The son, stooping excitedly to pick up the other to show that it contained only ether, contrived to throw the contents in his eyes. Howling with pain, he dashed round in a circle, the old gentleman raised despairing arms, women peeping through barred windows began to wring their hands. I finally got both father and son to their house, where the son, pointing out each in turn, explained that they were all really and truly the same family—this his wife, this his mother, this his "padre politico," and so on.

I took off my hat, but they would not hear of such condescension and insisted I keep it on. I explained that it was hot and I preferred it off—no, I must "cover myself"—and the old gentleman proceeded to do it for me. It was all very quaint and amusing—yet not so amusing either. A few moments later the battalion from our ship marched up Independencia Street, and almost at the very corner of the old gentleman and his ether bottle, Boswell, chief gunner's mate, was killed by a shot from a doorway as they marched by.

Liberation of the Prisoners

ONE afternoon, into this already wildly varied scene, a door suddenly opened on the Middle Ages. It was the door to a prison, the old fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, on an island in the harbor. Built in the sixteenth century, with walls six feet thick, interior moats and unlighted dungeons slimy with seepage, it has long been one of the hideous relics of these tropical waters. Madero was going a part of what is most significant in Mexico to-day, was a gang of a hundred or more of prisoners raked in from one of the southern provinces to serve as food for cannon in the Federal army.

We unlocked one set of heavy iron bars, passed through a room or two built in the solid masonry, and entered a vaulted chamber, thirty feet by fifteen perhaps, in which these men were confined. There was neither light nor air except what drifted in from the passage behind us and through a small hole in the vaulted ceiling, perhaps a foot square. The room was like a cave, and so dark that the light from overhead fell in a dusty searchlight beam—no stage manager ever concocted a thing more creepy.

The men, filthy and in rags, scrambled to their feet, and whether or not at some word or sign from the Mexican keeper, arranged themselves in a line, facing us, their peaked straw hats in hand. A more abject row of faces, with less of the light and life of ordinary humanity left in them, it would be hard to imagine—hard, at least, if one had not seen faces very like them in the gangs of enganchos on sugar and tobacco plantations in the Mexican "hot country."

We asked several of the most intelligent looking what they had done to be put in prison.

"*Nada, señor! Nada, patron!*" ("Nothing!") they answered, and explained that they had been dragged from their homes in the south and brought north on a steamer. They were all *campesinos*, ordinary country folk. The young captain told them to have patience, they would be fed, and the admiral would attend to their cases as soon as possible. They listened with their almost expressionless, dull, animal stare, and a faltering murmur of thanks went along the line as we passed out.

Medievalism

THE air in this hole was bad enough, but that in another, still more crowded, where prisoners under criminal sentence were herded, was worse. The warm acrid stench of the place was all but unbearable. Yet here men were living, doubtless in the past have gone on living for years, while bands played in scores of Mexican plazas, bugles blared their *dianas* over the matador's death thrust, and the vivid, charming Mexican life went on under its blazing sunlight and bright plateau moons.

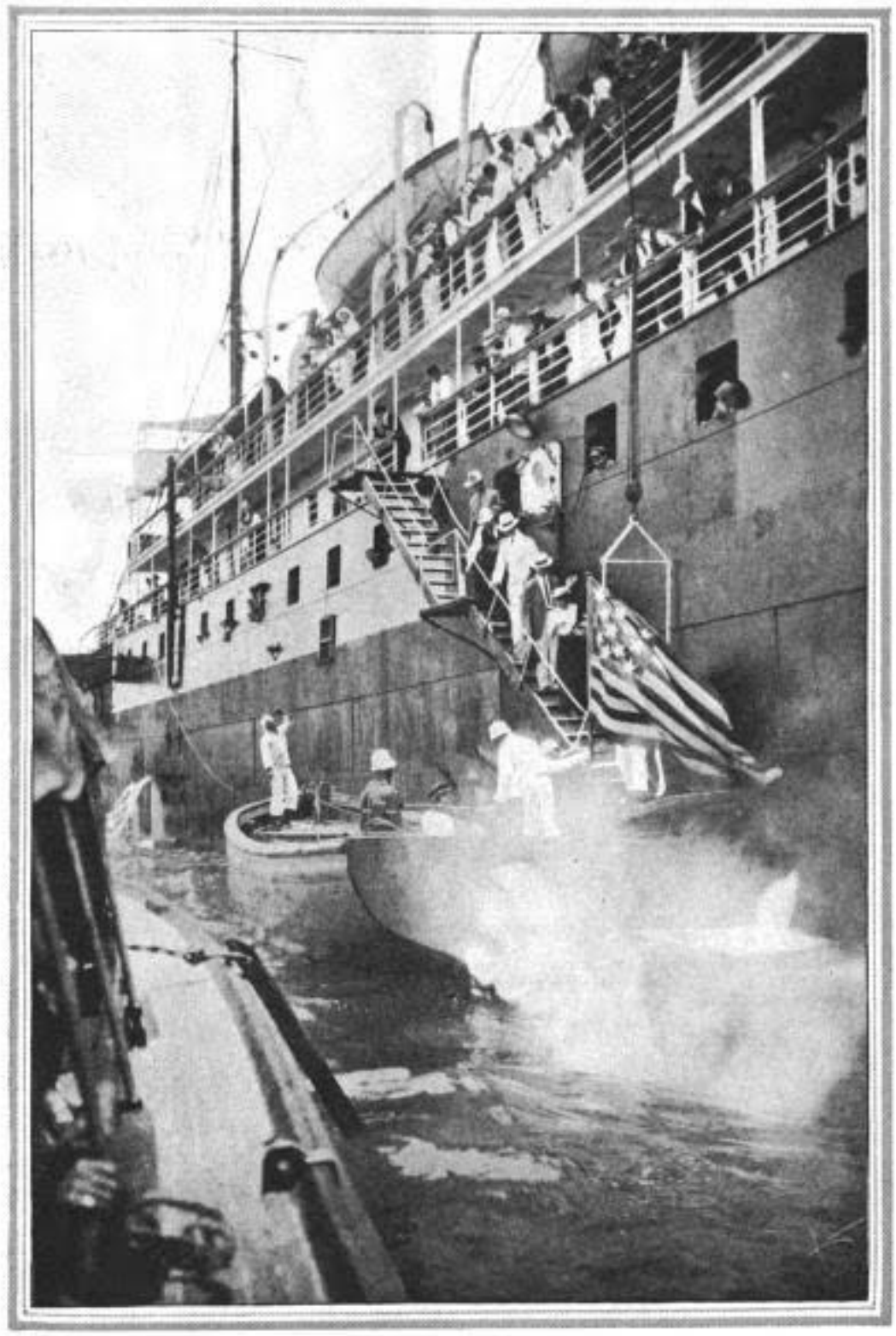
This last chamber, which also had a hole for light in the roof, opened into still another tunnel barred and black as ink—dungeons which must have been kept for punishment of the last resort.

We came out into the daylight and a breath of the outdoors, and while at lunch with the young captain, on navy corned beef, bread, and coffee, a petition came in from the men caught for the army. They could scarcely have written it themselves, but here it was, at any rate, done in a fine pencil hand on long foolscap and addressed to "El Almirante de Escuadra Norte Americana."

They apologized for the pencil, and went on in ornate Spanish—like something that might have been sent to a viceroy three centuries ago—to say they were all natives of San Juan Bautista in the State of Tabasco, whence they had been dragged to the "gloomy dungeons of this historic castle—those dungeons sad as the recondite sorrows of their deserted families, who, on those far-off Tabascan shores, daily wept their absence, ignorant of where they were or what might be their fate."

They were all released next day, yet without money, food, or the ability to get to those "far-off Tabascan shores" without being caught for the army again, they were almost as helpless as before. I saw them that evening, in front of headquarters, hats in hand, asking a young ensign to give them work or orders and say where they might go.

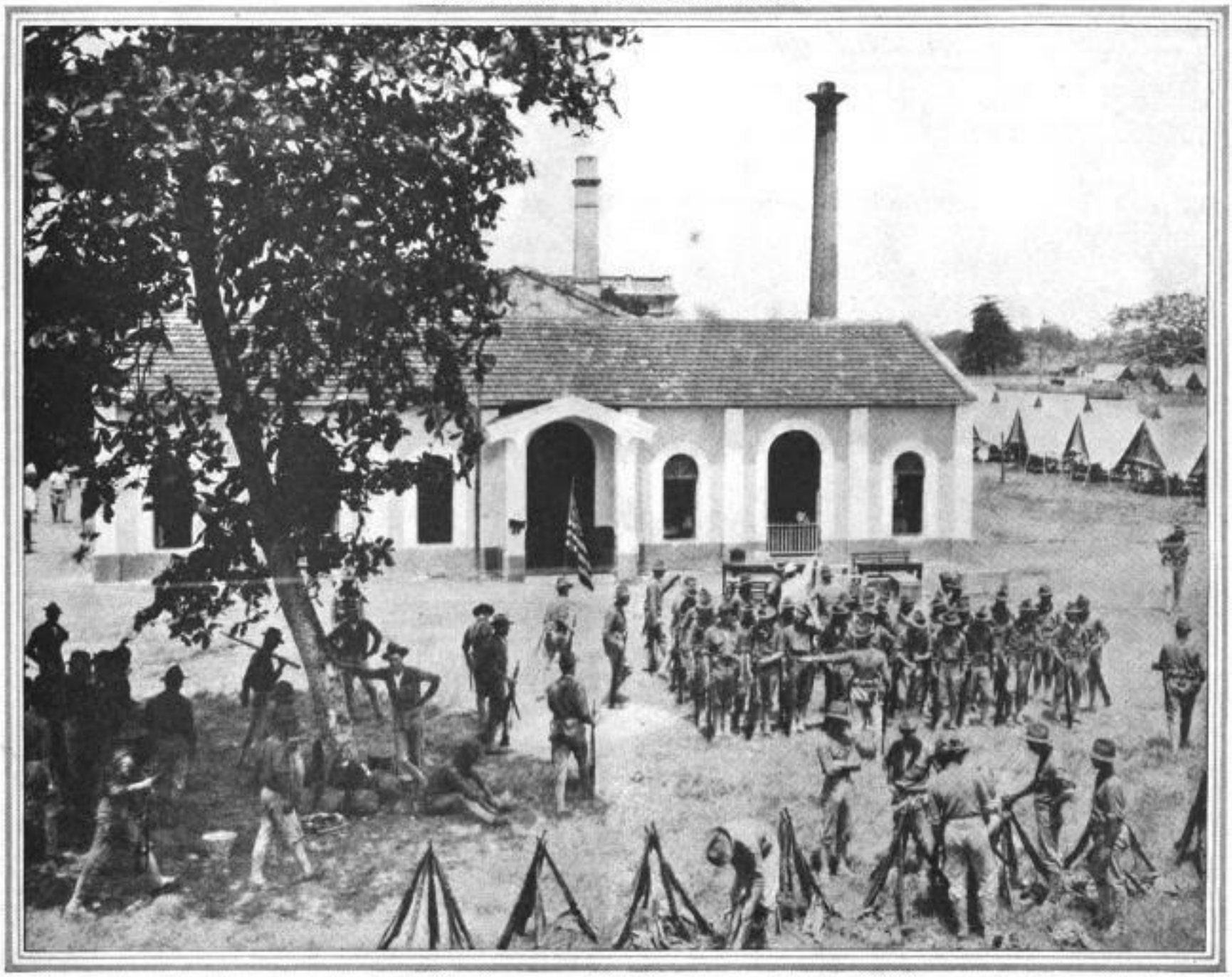
Where they finally drifted I know not, but it was characteristic of the quaint clashing of different centuries that went on daily, that before these medieval serfs were forgotten in the swift procession of new happenings they should be marched up Independencia by a band of yellow-journal photographers, and, patient and respectful as (*Continued on page 22*)



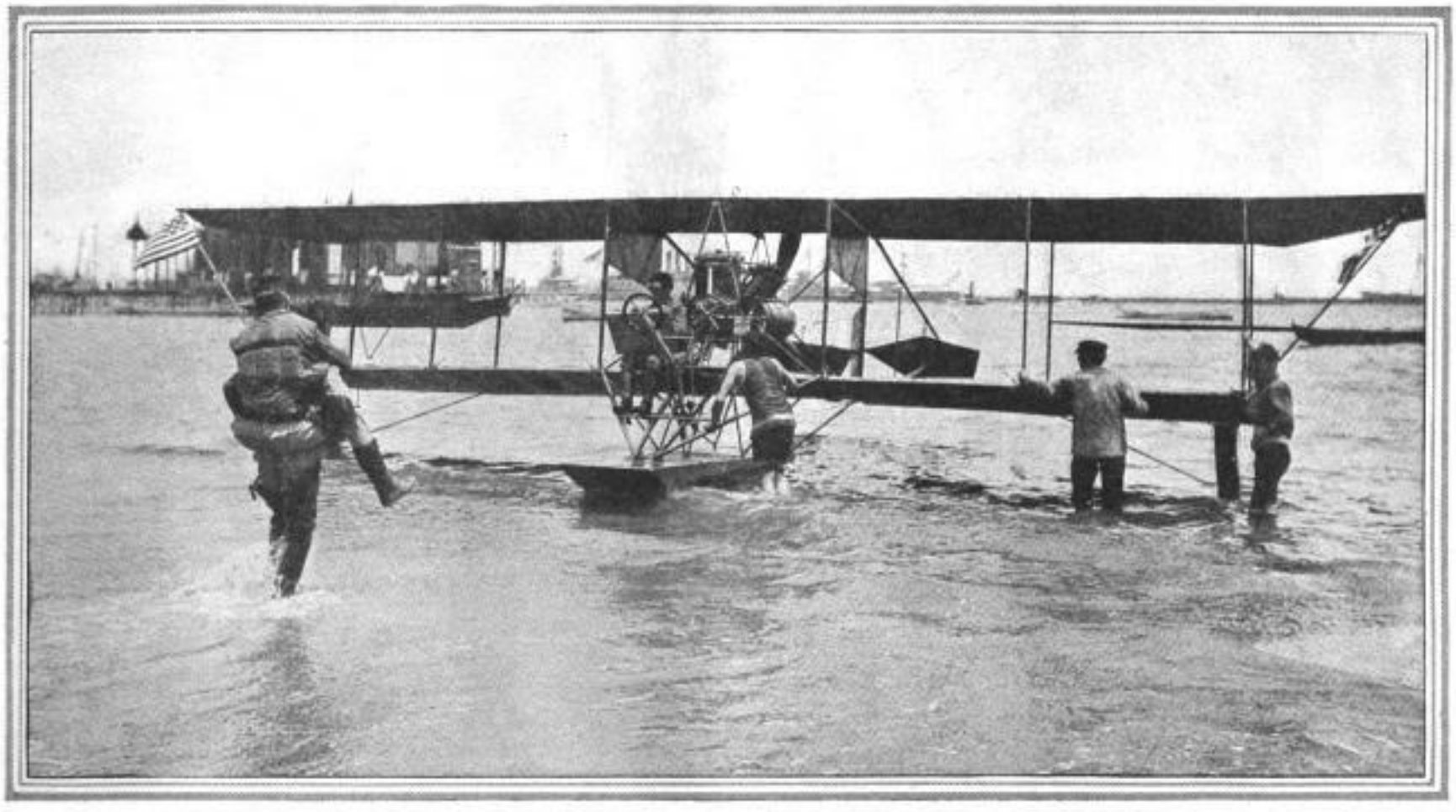
Refugees transferred from the Government transport ship Hancock to the Monterey preparatory to leaving for the United States. Those on the companionway have turned to look back as the last passenger disembarks. "There were business men leaving the work of years, without knowing whether they could ever return to it. . . . And then there were those who . . . came in worn and dusty from a week's slow progress under guard in crowded day coaches. . . . They were typical American prairie farmers —lean, sunbaked, patient, quizzical, with tired-looking wives"

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Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer



FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF FUNSTON'S MEN *at the pumping station at El Tejar, nine miles out of Vera Cruz. Five hundred Mexicans approached the station the afternoon of May 2 and demanded that our guard of 240 marines surrender. Major John H. Russell, the American officer in command, curtly refused and called to Vera Cruz by wireless for more men. General Funston hastily reenforced him with 960 men. The Mexicans retired, firing a few shots, which were answered by the Americans. Huerta's men had no intention of fighting. They evidently hoped to frighten the Americans away and shut off the city's water supply*



THE FIRST BRANCH OF THE SERVICE TO RESPOND *to Major Russell's signal for help was the aviation corps. Our snapshot was taken as Lieutenant Patrick Bellinger was about to start from Vera Cruz harbor for the pumping station. To keep his shoes dry he is riding pickaback to the machine. Lieutenant Lamont, already seated, is scanning a map of Vera Cruz and surrounding country. Soon after his arrival in Mexico General Funston ordered the aviators to make daily flights as far as San Francisco railroad bridge, 25 miles out, to find out whether the Mexicans were making any attempt to destroy it*

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Sniping with a Camera Along the Picket Lines

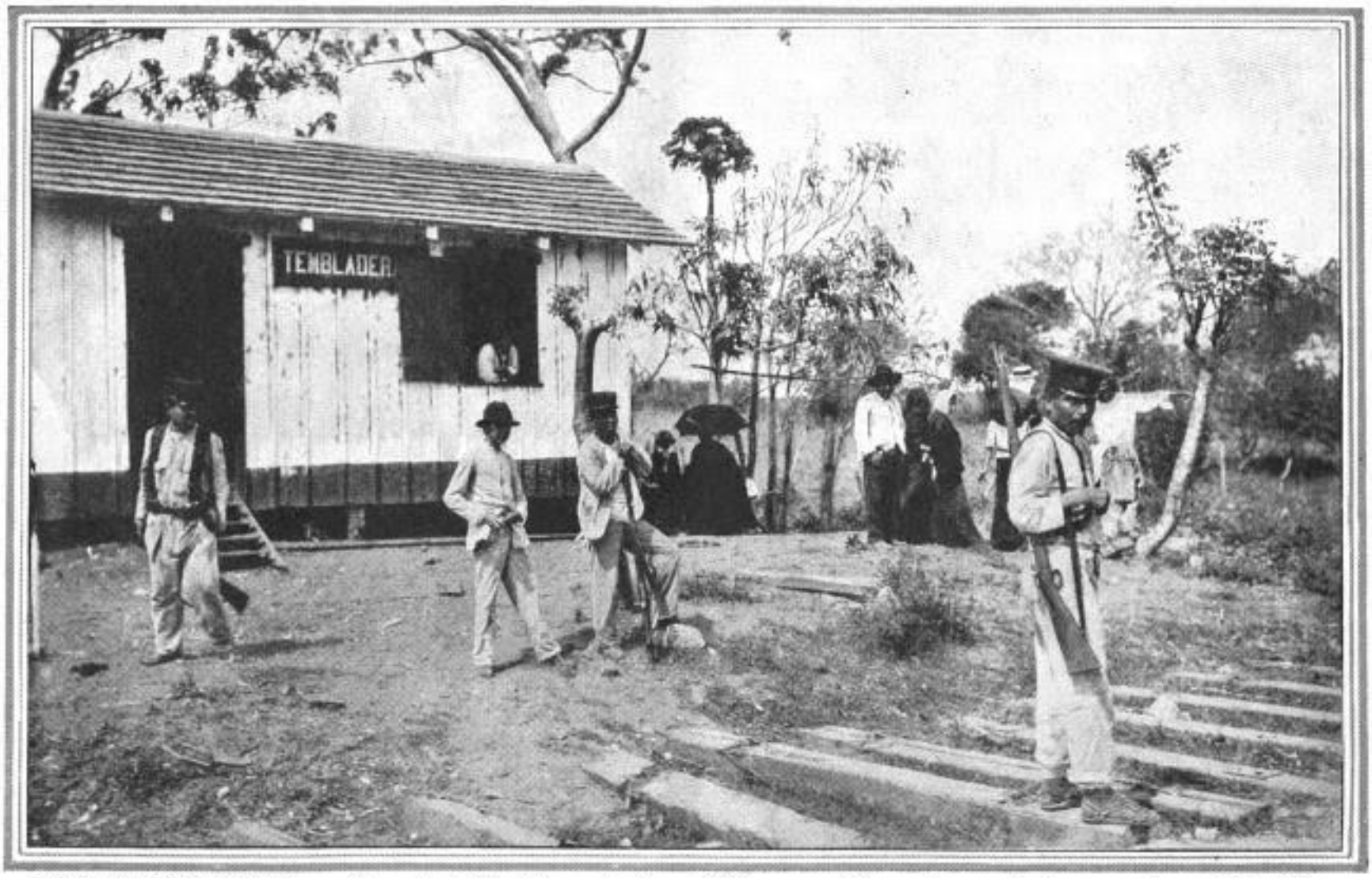


THE FOURTH U. S. INFANTRY, *under Col. Robert C. Van Vliet, returning to camp after a hurry call for reenforcements at the Vera Cruz pumping station*



Photographs by
JAMES H. HARE,
Collier's Staff Photographer

THE THREE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND *of Mr. Hare's photograph are sabering grass and weeds—clearing the way for their comrades with spades. When some of General Maas's men threatened the marines guarding the Vera Cruz pumping station, one of the first things the Americans did was to prepare for battle. Digging trenches was one of the first tasks, and our men went at it with as much vim as characterized their seizure of the city. The Americans dug trenches at strategic points all along their lines. They planned to use rifles, machine guns, and field pieces to repel attack*



INSIDE THE MEXICAN LINES *at a village outpost of Tembladera, where James H. Hare, our staff photographer, several other correspondents, and five of General Funston's soldiers had an odd adventure. While exploring the country around El Tejar they suddenly found themselves confronted by Mexican soldiers. The Americans pretended to take the incident as a matter of course, treating the Mexicans with all possible indifference. The Huertistas offered no violence. They reluctantly consented to be photographed, and then directed their unexpected and unwelcome visitors back to the route from which they had strayed*

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Abroad at Home

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Chapter II—Buffalo

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

ALIGHTING from the train at Buffalo, I was reminded of my earlier reflection that railway stations should express their cities. In Buffalo the thought is painful. If that city was, in fact, expressed by its present railway stations, people would not get off there voluntarily; they would have to be put off. And yet, from what I have been told, the curious and particularly ugly relic which is the New York Central Station there, to-day, does tell a certain story of the city. Buffalo has long been torn by factional quarrels—among them a protracted fight as to the location of a modern station for the New York Central Lines. The East Side wants it; the West Side wants it. Neither has it. The old station still stands—at least it was standing when I left Buffalo, for I was very careful not to bump it with my suit case.

This difference of opinion between the East Side and the West with regard to the placing of a station is, I am informed, quite typical of Buffalo. Socially, commercially religiously, politically, they disagree. The dividing line between them, geographically, is not, as might be supposed, Division Street. (That, by the way, is a peculiarity of highways called "Division Street" in most cities—they seldom divide anything more important than one row of buildings from another.) The real street of division is called Main.

No Magic in That Name

MAIN STREET! . . . How many American towns and cities have used that name, and what a stupid name it is! It is as characterless as a number, and it lacks the number's one excuse for being. If names like Tenth Street or Eleventh Avenue fail to kindle the imagination they do not fail, at all events, to help the stranger find his way—although it should be added that strangers do, somehow, manage to find their way about in London, Paris, and even Boston, where the modern American system of numbering streets and avenues is not in vogue. But I am not agitating against the numbering of streets. Indeed, I fear I rather believe in it, as I believe in certain other dull but useful things like work and government reports. What I am crying out about is the stupid naming of such streets as carry names. Why do we have so many Main Streets? Do you think we lack imagination? Then look at the names of Western towns and Pullman cars! . . . The thing is an enigma.

Main Street is not only a bad name for a thoroughfare; the quality which it implies is unfortunate. And that quality may be seen in Main Street, Buffalo. On an exaggerated scale that street *is* like the Main Street of a little town, for the business district, the retail shopping district, all the city's activities string along on either side. It is bad for a city to grow in that elongated way just as it is bad for a human being. To either it imparts a kind of gawky awkwardness.

Features Are All It Lacks

THE development of Main Street, Buffalo, has been natural. That is just the trouble; it has been too natural. Originally it was the Iroquois trail; later the route followed by the stages coming from the East. So it has grown up from log-cabin days. It is a fine, broad street; all that it lacks is "features." It runs along its wide, monotonous way until it stops in the squalid surroundings of the river. And if the river did not happen to be there to stop it, it would go on and on developing, indefinitely, and uninterestingly, in that direction as well as in the other.

The thing which Buffalo lacks physically is a recognizable center; a point at which a stranger would stop, as he stops in Piccadilly Circus or the Place de l'Opéra, and say to himself with absolute assurance: "Now I am at the very heart of the city." Every city ought to have a center, and every center ought to signify in its spaciousness, its arrangement and its architecture, a city's dignity. Buffalo is, unfortunately, far from being alone in her need of such a thing. Where Buffalo is most at fault is that she does not even seem to be thinking of municipal distinction. And very many other cities are. Cleveland is already attaining it in a manner which will be magnificent; Chicago has long planned and is slowly executing; Denver has work upon a splendid municipal center well under way; so has San Francisco; St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Grand Rapids have plans for excellent municipal improvements.

Even St. Paul is waking up and widening an important business street.



I was prepared to take the field against all comers, not only in favor of simplicity, but in favor of anything and everything which was favored by my hostess

A Wave of Good Taste

EVERYONE knows that what is called "a wave of reform" has swept across the country, but not everyone seems to know that there is also surging over the United States a "wave" of improved public taste. I shall write of this later. Suffice it now to say that it manifests itself in countless forms: in municipal improvements of the kind of which the Cleveland center is, perhaps, the best example in the country; in architecture of all classes; in household furniture and decoration; in the tendency of art museums to realize that modern American paintings are the finest modern paintings obtainable in the world to-day; in the tendency of private art collectors not to buy quite so much rubbish as they have bought in the past; in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which will be the most beautiful exposition anybody ever saw; and in innumerable other ways. Indeed, public taste in the United States has, in the last ten years, taken a leap forward which the mind of to-day cannot hope to measure. The advance is nothing less than marvelous, and it is reflected, I think, in every branch of art excepting one: the literary art, which has in our day, and in our country, reached an abysmal depth of degradation.

Only an Earthquake Is Needed

WITH Cleveland so near at hand as an example, and so many other American cities thinking about civic beauty, Buffalo ought soon to begin to rub her eyes, look about, and cast up her accounts. Perhaps her trouble is that she is a little bit too prosperous with an olden-time prosperity; a little bit too somnolent and satisfied. There is plenty to eat; business is not so bad; there are good clubs, and there is a delightful social life and a more than ordinary degree of cultivation. Furthermore, there may be a new station for the New York Central some day, for it is a fact that there are now some street cars which actually *cross* Main Street, instead of stopping at the Rubicon and making passengers get out, cross on foot and take the other car on the other side! That, in itself, is a startling state of things. Evidently all that is needed now is an earthquake.

The Timidity of Millions

I HAVE remarked before that cities, like people, have habits. Just as Detroit has the automobile habit, Pittsburgh the steel habit, Erie, Pa., the boiler habit, Grand Rapids the furniture habit, and Louisville the (if one may say so) whisky habit, Buffalo had in earlier times the transportation habit. The first fortunes made in Buffalo came originally from the old Central Wharf, where toll was taken of the passing commerce. Hand in hand with shipping came that business known by the unpleasant name of "jobbing." From the opening of the Erie Canal until the late seventies, jobbing flourished in Buffalo, but of recent years her jobbing territory has diminished as competition with surrounding centers has increased.

The early profits from docks and shipping were considerable. The business was easy and involved comparatively small investment and but little risk. So when, with the introduction of through bills of lading, this business dwindled, it was hard for Buffalo to readjust herself to more daring ventures, such as manufacturing. "For," as a Buffalo man remarked to me, "there is only one thing more timid than a million dollars, and that is two million." It was the same gentleman, I think, who, in comparing the Buffalo of to-day with the Buffalo of other days, called my attention to the fact that not one man in the city is a director of a steam railroad company.

From her geographical position with regard to ore, limestone, and coal it would seem that Buffalo might well become a great iron and steel city like Cleveland, but for some reason her ventures in this direction have been unfortunate. One steel company in which Buffalo money was invested, failed; another has been struggling along for some years and has not so far proved profitable. Some Buffalonians made money in a land boom a dozen or so years since; then came the panic, and the boom burst with a loud report right in Buffalo's face.

Back of most of this trouble there seems to have been a streak of real ill luck.

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There is a great deal of money in Buffalo, but it is wary money—financial wariness seems to be another Buffalo habit. And there are other cities with the same characteristic. You can tell them because, when you begin to ask about various enterprises, people will say: "No, we haven't this and we haven't that, but this is a safe town in times of financial panic." That is what they say in Buffalo; they also say it in St. Louis and St. Paul. But if they say it in Chicago, or Minneapolis, or Kansas City, or in those lively cities of the Pacific slope, I did not hear them.

Those cities are not worrying about financial panics which may come some day, but are busy with the things which are.

On the Quality of Cities

IF YOU ask a Buffalo man what is the matter with his city, he will, very likely, sit down with great solemnity and try to tell you, and even call a friend to help him, so as to be sure that nothing is overlooked. He may tell you that the city lacks one great big dominating man to lead it into action; or that there has been, until recently, lack of cooperation between the banks; or that there are ninety or a hundred thousand Poles in the city and only about the same number of people springing from what may be called "old American stock." Or he may tell you something else.

If, upon the other hand, you ask a Minneapolis man that question, what will he do? He will look at you pityingly and think you are demented. Then he will tell you very positively that there is nothing the matter with Minneapolis, but that there is something definitely the matter with anyone who thinks there is! Yes, indeed! If you want to find out what is the matter with Minneapolis, it is still necessary to go for information to St. Paul. As you proceed westward, such a question becomes increasingly dangerous.

Ask a Kansas City man what is wrong with his town and he will probably attack you; and as for Los Angeles—! Such a question in Los Angeles would mean the calling out of the National Guard, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, and all the "boosters" (which is to say the entire population of the city); the declaring of martial law, a trial by summary court-martial, and your immediate execution. The manner of your execution would depend upon the phrasing of your question. If you had asked: "Is there anything wrong with Los Angeles?" they'd probably be content with selling you a city lot and then hanging you; but if you said: "What *is* wrong with Los Angeles?" they would burn you at the stake.

The Ingrained Habit of Muckraking

AT THIS juncture I find myself oppressed with the idea that I haven't done Buffalo justice. Also, I am annoyed to discover that I have written a great deal about business. When I write about business I am almost certain to be wrong. I dislike business very much—almost as much as I dislike politics—and the idea of infringing upon the field of friends of mine like Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Miss Tarbell, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Will Irwin, and others, is extremely distasteful to me. But here is the trouble: so many writers have run a-muckraking that, nowadays, when a writer appears in any American city, everyone assumes that he is scouting around in search of "shame." The result is that you don't have to hunt for shame. People bring it to you by the cartload. They don't give you time to explain that you aren't a shame collector—that you don't even know a good piece of shame when you see it—they just drive up, dump it at your door, and go back to get another load.



We made excuses to go downstairs and wash our hands in the public wash room, just for the pleasure of doing so without fear of being attacked by a swarthy brigand with a brush

The "Shame" of the City Dumped at Our Door

MY COMPANION and I were new at the game in Buffalo. As the loads of shame began to arrive, we had a feeling that something was going wrong with our trip. We had come in search of cheerful adventure, and here we were barricaded in by great bulwarks of shame. In a few hours there was enough shame around us to have lasted all the reformers and muckrakers I know a whole month. We couldn't see over the top of it. It hypnotized us. We began to think that probably shame *was* what we wanted, after all. Everyone we met assumed it was what we wanted, and when enough people assume a certain thing about you it is very difficult to buck against them. By the second day we had ceased to be human and had begun to act like muckrakers. We became solemn, silent, mysterious. We would pick up a piece of shame, examine it, say "*Ha!*" and stick it in our pockets. When some white-faced Buffalonian would drive up with another load of shame I would go up to him, wave my finger under his nose and, trying to look as much like Steffens as I could, say in a sepulchral voice: "Come! Out with it! What are you holding back? Tell me all! Who tore up the missing will?" Then that poor, honest, terrified Buffalonian would gasp and try to tell me all, between his chattering teeth. And when he had told me all I would continue to glare at him horribly, and ask for more. Then he would begin making up stories, inventing the most frightful and shocking lies so as not to disappoint me. I would print some of them here, but I have forgotten them. That is the trouble with the amateur muckraker or reformer. His mind isn't trained to his work. He is constantly allowing it to be diverted by some pleasant thing.

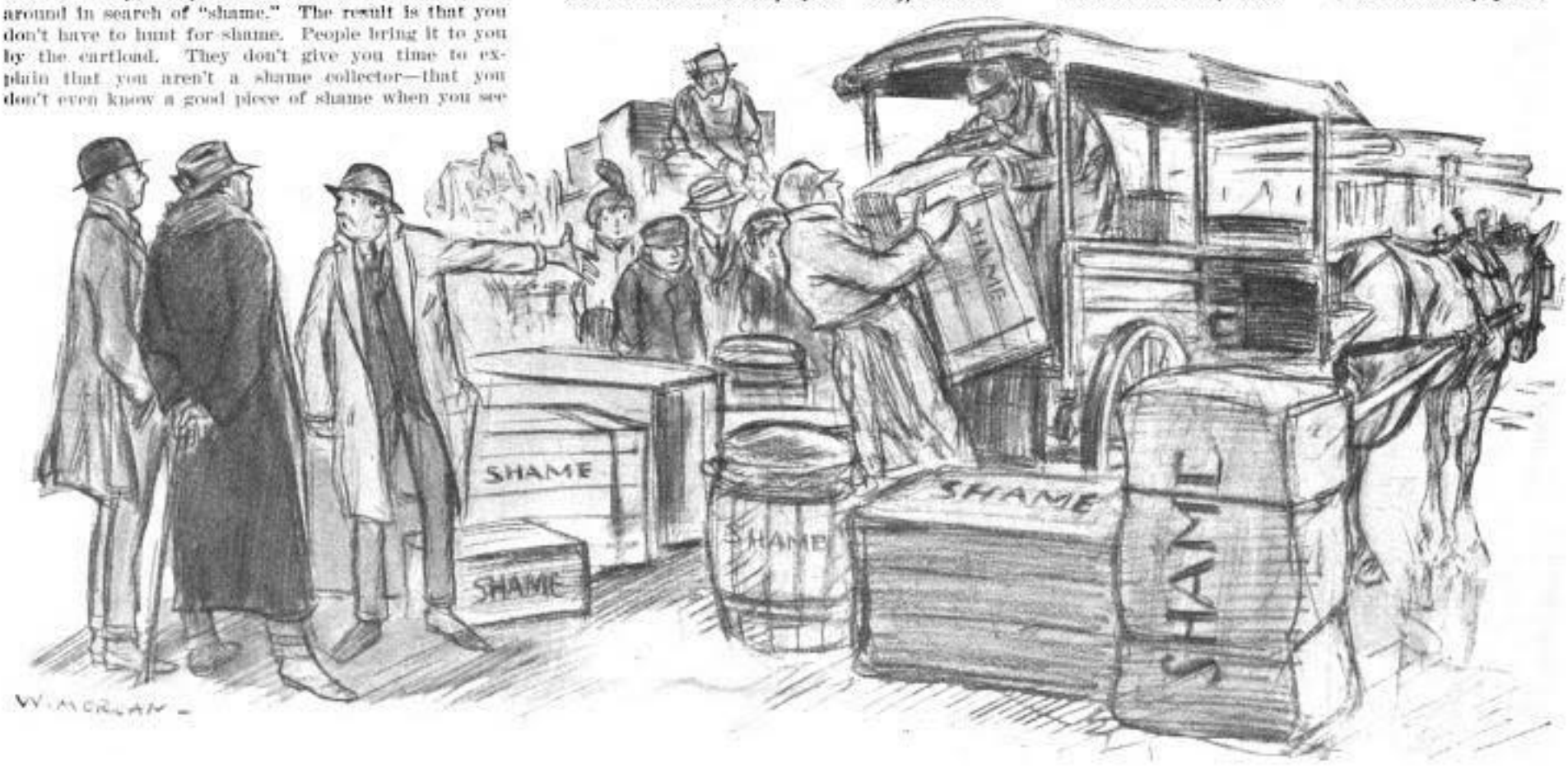
In a few hours there was enough shame around us to have lasted all the reformers and muckrakers I know a whole month. We couldn't see over the top of it. It hypnotized us

For instance, some one pointed out to me that the water front of the city, along the Niagara River, was so taken up by the railroads that the public does not get the benefit of that water life which adds so much to the charm of Cleveland and Detroit. That situation struck me as making an excellent piece of muck to rake. Isn't it always the open season so far as railroads are concerned? I ought to have kept my mind on that, but in my childlike way I let myself go ambling off through the parks. I found the parks delightful, and in one of them I came upon a beautiful Greek temple, built of marble and containing a collection of paintings of which any city should be proud. Now that is a disconcerting sort of thing to find when you have just abandoned yourself to the idea of becoming a muckraker! How can you muckrake a gallery like that? It can't be done!

Why Is an Art Dealer

WITH the possible exception of the Chicago Art Institute my companion and I did not see, upon our entire journey, any gallery of art in which such good judgment had been shown in the selection of paintings as in the Albright Gallery in Buffalo. Though the Chicago Art Institute is much the larger and richer museum, and though its collection is more comprehensive, its modern art is far more heterogeneous than that of Buffalo. One admires that Albright Gallery not only for the paintings which hang upon its walls, but also for those which do not hang there. Judgment has been shown not only in selecting paintings but (one concludes) in rejecting gifts. I do not know that the Albright Gallery has rejected gifts, but I do know that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the Chicago Art Institute have, at times, failed to reject gifts which should have been rejected. Almost all museums fail in that respect in their early days. When a rich man offers a bad painting, or a roomful of bad paintings, the museum is afraid to say "No," because rich men must be propitiated. That has been the curse of art museums; they have to depend on rich men for support. And rich men, however generous they may be, and however much they may be interested in art, are, for the most part, lacking in any true and deep understanding of it. That is one trouble with being rich—it doesn't give you time to be much of anything else. If rich men really did *know* art, there would not be so many art dealers, and so many art dealers would not be going to expensive tailors and riding in expensive limousines.

Those who control the Albright Gallery have been wise enough to specialize in modern American painting. They have not been impressed as so many Americans still are impressed (Continued on page 24)



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A Rally on the Colors

By Rose Kidd Beere

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

"QUARTERS" had blown at the California barracks on the Rio Pasig.

But lights still burned brightly among the trees in the Plaza of the First Reserve Hospital, where night brought no cessation of work among stewards and doctors as the sick and wounded were brought in by launch or ambulance following the advance of the American lines toward the north.

For an hour, however, the wards had been quiet; only now and then corridors faintly echoed to the footfalls of some belated visitor or hurrying orderly.

In the Botanical Gardens across the street firefly trees gleamed against the darkness, and blossoms of the "Dame de Noche," that open only with the twilight, threw their heavy perfume to the breeze. The yelping dogs in the great Aroseros Market had been silenced. No sound was heard within the long tent ward, save now and then a groan from behind the ghostly mosquito nets that hid the rows of bandaged forms. The men on night duty moved about silently in the dim light of lanterns, hung midway of the long aisle, that cast their faint glow on the canvas.

The Government nurse had gone at six o'clock.

THE Red Cross nurse tucked the netting about her cot, and with a sigh of relief sank to rest after seventeen hours of continuous duty.

"Maybe I can get my accouterments off and turn into a real bed to-morrow night in my own quarters, if some of these poor boys are better. If I ever do," she soliloquized, "I'll never get up."

"Ben South Dakota," "Artillery," and "Pennsylvania" called "good night" to her across the aisle and settled to their long hours of pain, broken only by fitful snatches of oblivion.

The First Reserve Hospital in Manila was asleep.

Suddenly the hush of the summer night was broken by the sharp whistle of the hospital launch from the landing; lights awoke in the operating room, the men on night duty became alert, and soldiers passed to and fro at a quick pace in obedience to orders given in low tones.

To "Ben South Dakota," "Artillery," and "Pennsylvania" the whistle of the launch meant news, another fight, another victory, and more glory for the flag. To the volunteer nurse it meant meeting fresh pain and suffering and need of her help. Exhausted by her long day's work, under no obligation to do more, yet at that sound she sat up on the side of her cot. She wondered how many were hurt, and whether the hospital corps was adequate.

"Do you know anything of the fight?" called "Artillery" from under his netting to a passing soldier.

"Yes," came the reply. "The scrap was up beyond Marilao early this morning. Twelve dead, eighty-five wounded. The 'Utah Short Line' has been since noon making the seventy miles. The Gu-gus have kept the track torn up. They are bringing the wounded in now."

The nurse sat listening in the darkness to further fragmentary details which little by little floated in from other passers-by.

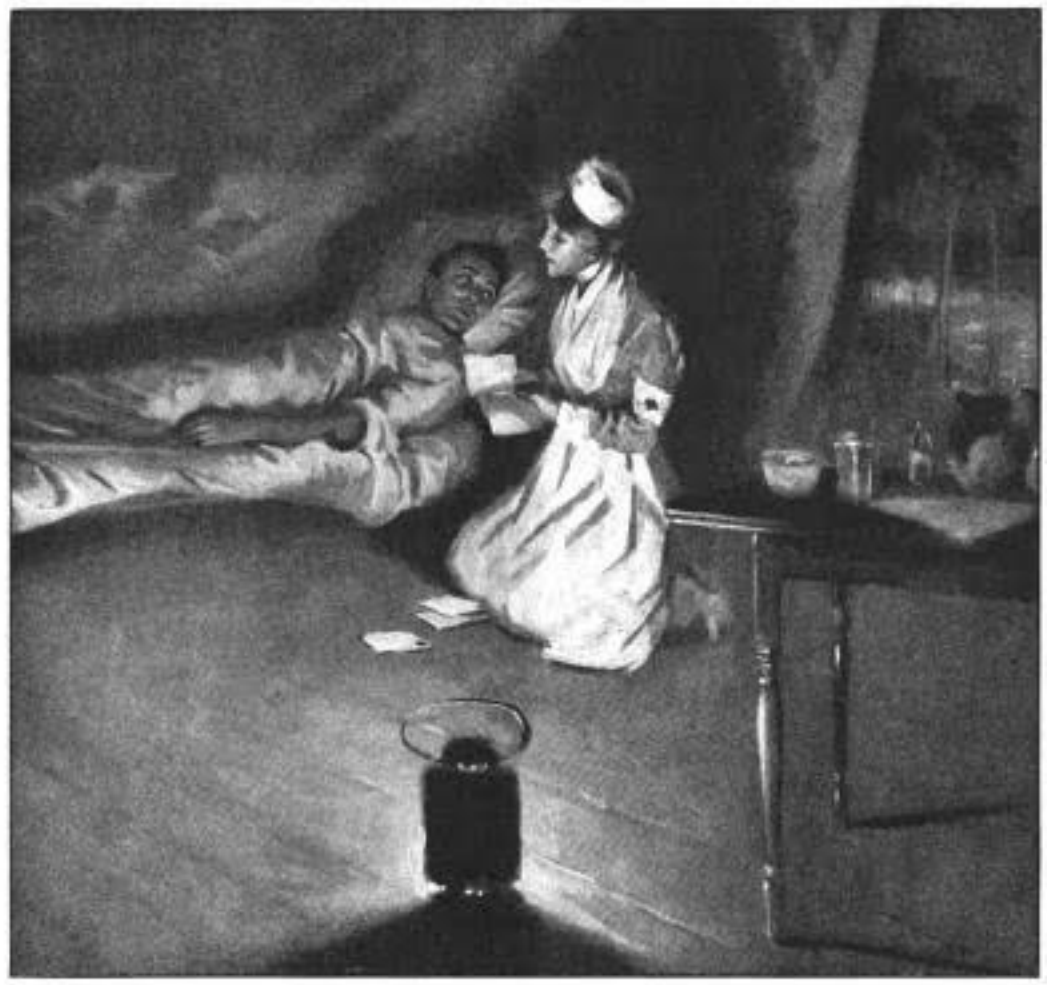
She realized what it all meant.

She saw the launch come alongside the little landing, and the long procession of wounded, mostly young boys, some on foot, some carried on litters, take its way toward the operating rooms. She saw those on the stretchers quietly laid in rows under the ylang-ylang trees, many with "Urgent" cards attached, and the others, able to help themselves, dusty, bandaged, weary, hungry, and thirsty, silently range themselves along the walls and on the floors of the corridors, each patiently waiting his turn to be cared for.

SHE knew they had been without food all day, possibly since the night before; she knew the kitchens were closed and the cooks gone and that there would be nothing for them to eat unless she prepared it.

But, in utter weariness of body and spirit, she could not bring herself to the tasks usual to such emergencies. It would require two hours of hard work in her little Red Cross diet kitchen to prepare coffee and distribute it to so many.

"'Ben South Dakota,' do you really think I ought to get up and go out there to help?"



She placed the lantern on the floor and knelt close to the pillow that her voice might not reach the others, and slowly read

"Ben South Dakota" loved his country, and had followed her flag 10,000 miles over the sea. And now, shot through the jaw, he ate through a quill and talked by signs and kicks. One kick on his cot was "no," and two were "yes," a logical arrangement, for in a government hospital "no" is needed oftener than "yes." His head bandaged like an Arab sheik, his efforts at conversation were limited, but he promptly gave the signal neither expected nor desired—two kicks on the foot of his cot.

"'Artillery,' what do you say?"

"Artillery" was an Indiana boy who had got a Mauser through both knees, and had to lie on his back all day and all night; but the cheerfulness of his eighteen years had never deserted him, and his handsome young face was an inspiration to his neighbors. "Well, I know you are awful tired, ma'am, so I don't like to vote according to my views," he said.

"Now fancy you two youngsters telling me my duty," the nurse expostulated. "Nobody here does his duty, why should I? You all eat everything you can get, when your duty is to stick to slops; you sneak cigarettes, you bribe Pancho to bring you beer, you think that because you may be going to die you are privileged characters. I'll have none of your advice. 'Pennsylvania,' what do you say?"

THE soldier addressed was not a boy as were the other two, but an educated man of the mature age of twenty-five or twenty-six.

"Well," he said slowly, "when I think of the way you have gone up and down these wards since early dawn, I want to say: 'No, go to sleep,' but when I recall the night I was brought in, and I remember how that coffee tasted when you lifted my head and poured it down my throat as I lay out there under the trees, and then think of those poor devils coming in, in the same fix I was, I can't say it—I can't, ma'am, much as I want to for your sake. We all know you'll go anyhow, no matter what we say, so what's the use of putting us on record against the boys?"

"Me to the coffee boilers," sighed the nurse.

A half hour later she knelt by a litter in the dim light under the ylang-ylangs, a tin cup in her hand. Noticing the "Urgent" card fastened to a man's blouse, she paused before lifting his head.

"Can you take some coffee, my boy?"

"Yes," came in a far-away voice.

"Where were you wounded? Can you tell me about it?"

"Over the heart. This morning about daylight. I had to be carried twelve miles by the Chink bearers, and the train has been a long time getting in from the lines."

"Yes, I know. I'll get you to one of the surgeons right away. They are running six tables, and it will not be much of a wait now."

"Don't let them probe, will you?" he begged faintly. "I can't stand it." She felt his pulse, so weak and intermittent she marveled that he could speak at all.

"Oh, this will warm you up nicely, and you'll have all kinds of nerve when you need it," she said cheerily, tipping the cup as he slowly drained it.

On the table under the powerful light that searched out the tiniest arteries and nerves, when the stiffened clothing was cut away and the wound cleaned, only a little red spot in the left breast showed where the bullet had gone on its deadly mission.

When he was bandaged, the surgeon said to the record man standing with ready pencil: "Wound of entrance, fifth intercostal, three inches left of median line. No exit. Hot-water bottles and a quarter of a grain."

The volunteer nurse understood the significance of the brief order. It meant to keep the patient warm and to ease his pain with an opiate until the end came. And the Colorado boy was borne away to the ward where she could look after him for his few remaining hours, his cot across the aisle from "Pennsylvania," next to "Artillery," with "Ben South Dakota" at his feet.

TWO days passed and, to every one's surprise, "Colorado" did not succumb to the first shock and loss of blood. Then he said grimly that it seemed worth while to watch for symptoms of poisoning from the brass-coated bullet that might be lurking in his interior department. But another two days saw no change for the worse, and hope began to dawn.

"I'm still bidding myself good morning," he whispered to the nurse as she drew aside his netting on her early rounds a week later. "And I think I have located the bullet. A fellow hates to die until he knows the truth about himself."

But a month crept by, and "Colorado" did not die. The first shock over, the clean little bullet hole healed, and it looked as though he had a chance. Then malaria seized him and he grew weaker, more emaciated day by day, until at last only the shadow of a man lay under the netting, uncomplaining, indifferent, fretful only when compelled to take medicine or nourishment.

"Why can't you let me go in comfort?" he murmured querulously. "I don't want to eat; I only want to be let alone."

The nurse was in despair. Tact, persuasion, artifice, were unavailing. "Colorado's" energy was at an ebb, his vitality sapped till all power of resistance was gone; he was tired of the struggle.

As the Government nurse was going off duty one evening at sunset she said: "Your boy in the last tent will not be here to-morrow when I come; he has failed fast to-day."

"It's a case of giving up. He has had such a long pull he is worn out," was the reply.

A transport had arrived that morning from home. At dark the mail orderly came from regimental headquarters with letters for those in the hospital. There were three for "Colorado" from his wife. The nurse told him of them, hoping to rouse him. "In the morning," he said, pitifully weak; "I'm too tired to-night."

"Even for letters from home?" she asked.

"Yes," and he turned away with closed eyes.

AFRAID to quicken his heartbeat through irritation, she slipped the letters, usually so eagerly welcomed, under his pillow. But she went about her preparations for the night very thoughtfully. There might be something in the letters to awaken a new desire to live, a stimulus that would arouse him from his lethargy, could he be persuaded to hear them. And if he should die before morning she would regret not having been more insistent. As she bent over to arrange the netting, he reached for her hand, saying: "I will not

(Continued on page 25)

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The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter VIII—Madame Del Mar's Napoleonism

By Jane Bunker

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



BEEKMAN! I'd totally forgotten the conspiracy. A glance at my aunt's face showed her still unconscious of it, and I thanked my stars I'd held my tongue. The woman herself came in with a look at me that said: "If you've been talking about me, you'll be sorry!" Her manner was at once defiant and cowed.

Madame motioned her to a chair and boomed at her: "What I can't understand is how you let things run behind here the way you did. This beauty business ain't a charity organization for the hired help—"

"Pardon me, madame, but I acted under your orders."

"How's that—my orders?"

"The last time you were down to the office before the baby came I suggested the summer might be dull—it was getting warm then—you mentioned it yourself, don't you remember? And you said just what you said before about the home-treatment staff—we must carry the help through the dull season—picked operators like them—got their own trade; comes to them regular. And you know how much that counts with these old women. You spoke of it yourself, though it was my idea to lay off some of the manicures and two or three facials for the summer. But you said not. I didn't dare disobey your orders and I've had none since."

MADAME considered this statement in puzzled silence for a moment, trying to recall words on that occasion which I knew she'd never said, and Miss Beekman seized the pause to add instantaingly: "Your word is law to me, madame—always has been—as you know—and you surely can't blame me for following it to the letter."

"Oh, very well—very well," said madame vaguely, looking at the papers in her hand.

"And, madame, it's been a hard summer here in the East—you may not have thought it out there in Colorado—a terrible summer for us as had to stay in the city, but I've stuck to my post and all the time worried to death the way things were going and no one to advise me what to do. If it had been for anybody in the world but you, I'd have resigned sooner than take the responsibility and go through the heat. But after I had your positive orders, I thought—"

"Oh, very well—very well," madame cut her short. "I don't seem to remember the words now—a good many things have happened since May—a woman can't have babies and business at the same time—business is bound to suffer—I found that out good and plenty this time if I didn't with the first. But there'll be no more babies—so you needn't worry on that score—and I ain't come home from a pleasant summer to blame a faithful servant. If you had my orders, you had them; and if you stuck by the ship, you done all could be expected of a saint."

SHE smiled one of those disarming smiles and I could see Miss Beekman fairly eating out of her hand. She stammered: "It's nice to feel yourself appreciated by your—superiors."

"You can't accuse me of not appreciating your good points, but what I don't see is why you people—some of you here—didn't push one of the other preparations. You say you saw the trade wouldn't put on fat—Mr. Winston says you told him that yestiddy when you talked with him—but when the trade won't put fat on, then's the time to help them take it *off*.

"You'd think even a man could see that. So why didn't you push the antiobesity treatments—and the pills and soap both? Here was the whole country laying up fat it didn't want—you had all that treatment we worked out with the imitation press clippings Miss Cryder and the newspaper artist got up—you had that imported soap. Oughta put that right on the market—twenty thousand dollars right here in New York waiting to be picked up off the counter through those hot months. What I'm driving at is why some of you didn't do it?"

"Nobody had the authority, madame, to develop a new line like that." Miss Beekman had at the moment the queerest expression—as if she'd suddenly seen the one crack in the wall through which she could have crept into the partnership and—saw the crack close up before her eyes. "I—I thought of it," she lied glibly, "and I worked off a little on that idea with some of our fat regulars and a few Hinterlanders; but, madame, I had no authority for a sales campaign. Miss Lucy was the only person here who could have given orders for it, and she did not—so far as I am aware."

"PITY you didn't take the authority—seeing how much you got already and the condition I was in for weeks before and after the baby came," observed madame dryly, ignoring the reference to me; and Miss Beekman turned yellow under her dye. "Well, it can't be helped now—no use crying over spilt milk and spilt trade. There'll be hot days yet—September always is—and those fatties coming home from the seashore, where they've been gorging their stummicks all summer, 'll want to get put in shape for the winter. Need a little taken off myself."

"Oh, no—you never looked so splendid!" interjected Beekman, squirming in her chair. "Don't take off a pound. You're simply queenly."

"You think so?" beamed madame.

"Oh, madame! And in that Paquin gown! Ain't she, Miss Lucy?"

But madame had no inclination to palter with the question of her own beauty—she had too much at stake in other women's beauty at the moment. She rang up the little jag and ordered her: "Sally—Mamie—Sadie—"

"Muriel," whispered the anemic child, frightened half out of her small wits. It was the first time she'd seen the Great One on her throne.

"Oh, Muriel! Well, run to the *salon* and gemme a cake of that antiobesity soap—that imported consignment we got last winter."

"Yes, ma'am." Muriel flew off and flew back, bearing a large, apple-green package, which she breathlessly deposited on madame's hand.

"Green? Green! Why is this green?" she demanded, and Miss Beekman told her "because it came that way from the other side."

"Well, here's one reason why that stock didn't move



Thus died the Beekman conspiracy, stillborn, entombed, and sunk to oblivion in broiled squabs and turtle soup

—*green*. Oughta been rewrapped in pink with one of our own labels. Order the stock-room forewoman to have it all changed—make it appear to be our own make. I'd forgotten about this—meant to have it changed—shows you can't have babies and business at the same time. . . And marked a *dollar!* How ever did you expect this sort of thing to move at a dollar? Oughta been marked two or two-fifty."



Miss Beekman protested that if it wouldn't move at a dollar, how could it move at two, and my aunt stared at her several seconds before telling her blandly: "Beekman, I sometimes think you got the intellect of a hen. You'll never make a business woman—if that's your aim—so put that idear outa your head. After all the years I've had you in training you still don't know the first rule of pricing goods on the value to the customer: When you're selling farmers' wives, double the size and halve the cost; when you're selling the Four Hundred, halve the size and double the cost.

"You ever see farmers' wives buying antiobesity soap? You ever see one buy one cake? No—because they don't; therefore, you don't play their trade—there ain't any to play. Yet just looka this size! Laundry! Any lady seeing it would take it for a bar of washing soap if the price on it don't convince her it ain't. I think I see a society woman paying a dollar a bar for this in a green wrapper! How much we got on hand of it? . . . Near the whole ten gross?—twelve hundred cakes in the stock room? My Lord! You been asleep all summer that you let this stand on the shelves—"

I THINK I never saw a sicker face than Miss Beekman's. She opened her mouth to defend herself, but the words died away in her throat. Instead, tears sprang to her eyes.

"Well, I suppose you can't help it if you got no intellect—people are born the way they are—so don't take on," soothed madame, who hated tears. "The thing is now to pull outa the hole we're in. You turn to and do your share and we'll let bygones be bygones on this summer—I ain't going to punish you because I had a baby—that's what it amounts to. We still got this stock and I can sell it if you can't—and I gotta sell it in thirty days to take up my notes. I suppose Mr. Winston dropped some hint to you on how the parlors have run behind—but let that go—it's nothing if we pull out; and if we move this stock at three dollars—and I *see* it moving at three—and then get out a proper shape and size cake of our own to do the work. . . . Here, Sadie—Sally— What you say your name is?"

"Muriel, please."

"Go tell one of my secretaries to come here with her book. You didn't find Miss Cryder? Tell the girl at the phone to call her paper and see if she's there—I want her to get some litterchure in a hurry—a new scientific booklet on our 'Beauty and Health Course.' Then tell the chemist I want him. Run, now—that's all. . . . We'll get this antiobesity business settled first and then go on to the next thing. Zulu puts the fat on—soap takes it off."

During the lull waiting for the chemist she unwrapped the cake and we watched her in breathless silence. What Miss Beekman was thinking I don't know—misery of soul sat upon her brow; but to me it seemed as if fortunes hung in the balance of those seconds

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while madame ran her thumb under the seal and turned the naked cake of green soap into her hand, holding it at different angles, hefting it for weight, and then experimentally rubbing it on her left wrist to see how her right hand held it for the purpose.

"The color ain't bad," she announced, nodding to the chemist and motioning him to take a chair. I saw a look pass between him and Miss Beekman that asked: "Has anything been said yet?" to which she replied with a quick frown and a barely perceptible shake of the head; all lost on madame, who was going on: "But the rest of it's built wrong for first-class trade. Oughta be half as large—oblong—curved at the edges—curved in the middle, likely—I can't tell just how it oughta be till I see some dummies. It don't hold right—it don't smell right. Take a note of that, Mr. Pusey—make it smell right."

"ARE we going in for soap manufacture?" he inquired sourly. Madame paid him thirty a week and he felt she already asked much too much of him. Miss Beekman had offered him forty—which was better than nothing—though he knew his scientific attainments deserved a hundred.

"Not common soap—antiobesity. Getta bar of castile and whittle me out some dummies the first thing—so big—so thick—so long, about"—she showed him on her fingers—"ten at least of the different shapes and styles. Round the edges. I'll give you my decision before I go and you can order the molds made to fit the cake I see right for the trade. . . . Dull pink, suède-finish paper—that's all it needs in the wrapper—and the right price—once we got it built proper size and shape. . . . Green—this is a good color, so copy it—green and dull pink—reminds me of apple blossoms. Apple Blossom Soap! (Gotta get a catchy name, too.) Apple Blossom Soap. . . . Apple—blos—som. . . . I don't seem to hear that name called for across the counter. . . . But out in Col'raydo you hear nothing but apples—all the craze for the health—raise them by the ton—saw a place where they talk of starting an apple cure—wanted me to put money in it—lots of money in apples now while the craze lasts—they say they're healthy—the apple acid does it. . . . Apple Acid! *Apple Acid Antiobesity Soap!* That's it! That name'll sell it! Use the apple craze to float it on! . . .

"Here, Bessie, take down some notes for Miss Cryder to work up into the litterchure for our new Apple Acid Soap. . . . Everybody knows by experience that apples are the most nourishing of all foods because the most common. . . . Wait—cross that out—common ain't the right word—nothing common about this new soap. Because the most perfect in form and color. Also the wholesomest, and the reason is because of the apple acid. Apple acid tones up the system, aids digestion, keeps the blood pure, and assists in the elimination of superfluous fat, thus keeping the body in its perfect natural shape of beauty. When, however, through overeating, the fat is deposited in and under the skin, it is outa reach of the apple acid which circulates in the blood after having been eaten by the stummick, and such fat can only be removed by external applications.

"Apple acid is nature's own remedy, and Apple Acid Soap—a companion to our famous Zulu Skin Food and made from the same pure oils and fats that has made Zulu famous—supplies apple acid to the skin in the exact right proportions that have been determined by the experiments of—

"Put a note in here, Bessie, to say she's to go to some doctor, and find out if there's been any experiments and gettum if there has. If not, ask him about what they'd be if there had been—the figgers, I mean—or something that'll sound right. Sign a Scotch doctor's name to this medical opinion—we've had so many of these made-in-Germany names the public's getting sick of them. . . . Make a few things here on our own account, I guess!

"WHERE was I? Oh, yes—exact right proportions for dissolving the fat once it's deposited in the skin. Apple acid is the one safe and sane dissolver of human fat, and the fact that nature has provided it in abundance by covering our glorious land with apple orchards whose blossoms perfume the balmy breezes of spring. . . . Well, no matter about that—just put down a note for her to work up about the orchards—no need of me spending time on it. And there ought to be a good color print for the frontispiece—lots of pink in it—but I guess that'll have to go over to the second edition of the booklet. Still, there's gotta be some illustrations to the first edition, so tell her to get that newspaper artist who did the scientific drawings for our booklet on the hot-milk (*Continued on page* 26)

The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

Part III—The Sporting Ambassador

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"She'll never care for me a second when she knows I'm a professional ball player"

WIN SHUTE had been jolted at Genoa. Another but more agreeable surprise awaited him at Naples. After the *Colonia*, having cut a white lane across the cobalt Bay of Naples, was maneuvering to dock, he saw on the wharf, scanning every face looking down from the big black ship—Tris Ford.

Ashore it's customary for an accommodation train to be sidetracked for an express—for one person to leave after a friend and beat him to their common destination. But when in sea travel no other ship overtakes and passes you, it is curious, almost preternatural, to have a friend you had left at home greet you on your steamer's arrival in a foreign port. This experience was all the more inexplicable to Win Shute because of scheduled intervening events. He knew, from the cable dispatch in the un-American newspaper which he had read at Gibraltar, that the World Series went to seven games before the Giant-killers were beaten. With Sunday interrupting, this involved eight days—eight days after his boat had sailed from New York. The cablegram from the club secretary informed him of the manager's absence from the city, but the idea that Tris Ford was on his way to Europe hadn't suggested itself to the "shanghaied" ball player.

AS WIN SHUTE learned afterward, the manager of the Giant-killers had kept his objective a secret from every living soul save his wife. Even the club officials supposed, for several days, that the manager had slipped quietly out of the city to rest after the hardest-fought diamond battle in the records of the national game. The secretary had been told to reply to any cablegram from Win Shute in one way: to say that Tris Ford was out of town, and to urge the second baseman to remain on board until the ship called at Naples, where he would be met by the American consul. The big series ended on Tuesday, and at 1 a. m. next morning Tris Ford, under the *nom de mer* of Anson Jones, had sailed on the *Laurentania*. The following Monday morning he landed at Fishguard, boarded the special train for Dover, crossed the cantankerous Channel, and arrived in Paris in the afternoon. Ford left the Gare de Lyon at ten o'clock that night, and after a night, a day, and a second night on the train de luxe arrived in Rome early Tuesday morning. (The *Colonia* wasn't due at Naples until the next day.) He was at the palace leased by the Hon. John Bismer, American Ambassador to Italy, before that Chicago millionaire had finished his uncontinental breakfast of fruit, oatmeal, ham and eggs, and coffee, eaten to the accompanying perusal of the London "Daily Mail."

THE Ambassador was expecting *Tris*tram Carling*ford*. John Bismer's boss, the President of the United States, was a thirty-third-degree fan; also, the White House staff were fans down to the clerk who addressed the social invitations; and when the assistance of Washington had been solicited in the hunt for the king of second basemen and the pursuit of his kidnapers, all other Government business, foreign and domestic, was shunted into second place. President Bancroft of the American League afterward observed that not for naught had he been distributing annual passes in Morocco leather cases to the executive branch of the Government.

So if Ambassador Bismer succeeded in rendering valuable service in the search and capture, he would be certain of more official favor even than when he secured the contracts for two Chinese battleships for Yankee shipbuilders—his one real diplomatic triumph. Which explains why he was more than cordial in his greeting of the manager of the Giant-killers.

As in all of the pourparlers of diplomacy, the interview between John Bismer and Tris Ford was some time arriving at the main point. Ford had to play over the World Series for the Ambassador's benefit before he could get down to the business at hand.

"What a heartbreaking finish!" exclaimed the Ambassador—"deciding game—score 1 to 0 against you—men on second and third—nobody out—and you mean to tell me you couldn't squeeze a run across the plate?"

TRIS FORD was literal-minded when talking baseball. He took it that the Ambassador used *squeeze* in the technical sense—that he meant to ask why the "squeeze play" hadn't been attempted.

"You'd naturally think we'd 'a' tried the squeeze, now wouldn't you?" said Ford. "It was a great chance for it—for our double-squeeze, in fact."

"You got me," confessed the Ambassador. "What on earth's the 'double-squeeze'? Must have come in since I put on velvet pants."

John Bismer laughed at his own joke on the diplomatic service, as did Tris Ford.

"It's this way," explained Ford. "You have a man on second and a man on third, and nobody out, we'll say."

"Just the situation in the seventh game of the World Series," emphasized the Ambassador.

TRIS FORD nodded and went on: "You also have a man at bat who is a natural bunter. Well, the batter signals to the base runner on third—hitches up his trousers, or some such ordinary signal as that. Then when the pitcher begins to wind up, the man on third breaks for the plate—comes sailing into what looks like a sure put-out. But the batsman reaches out and taps the ball—if you pull off the play—and the man scores! You see—a ball knocked to pitcher, or halfway even, will be enough to 'squeeze' the man across the plate because he's got such a long start."

"I see!" exclaimed the Ambassador, his eyes shining like the orbs of an American boy. "But what about the double-squeeze?"

"I'm just coming to that," said Ford, smiling. "Taking the same play—when the man on third starts for home, the runner on second legs it to third. But he doesn't stop—keeps right on running, and—well, somehow or other the pitcher—or it might be the catcher, if it was a short bunt—seeing that the first man is bound to score and fearing he won't get any put-out, throws the ball to first to head off the batter. And—the second man scores!"

"Couldn't the pitcher get the second man at the plate?" asked the Ambassador excitedly.

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"Sure he could," grinned Ford; "why—the second-base runner isn't more than halfway home when the pitcher fields the ball."

"Then why in Sam Hill doesn't the galoot throw to the plate?"

"You tell me," said Ford. "That's the queer part of it. Of course the crowd is yelling like maniacs; the man scoring first is upsetting, and the desire to get at least one man on the play, overwhelming—all that, I suppose. Anyhow, we tried the play seven times last season and got away with it all but once. That time the batter failed to connect with the ball, and the first man was an easy out."



"I'm sorry — very sorry — that you didn't hit the ball," she assured him

"NOW you've explained it so a woman or a foreigner could understand, tell me why you didn't try it at the crisis of the world's championship."

"Because the man at bat couldn't bunt—and we didn't have a sure bunter to substitute. The man who would have batted had he been in the game is the best in the country at pulling the squeeze," added Tris Ford sadly.

"You don't mean—"

"Win Shute—yes, I do," finished Ford.

"And if he'd been in the game, you'd have won it?"

"Nine chances out of ten we would."

"So losing Shute lost you the World Series?"

"Lost us the world's championship—there ain't nothing to that."

"The skunks!" exclaimed the Ambassador. "Those kidnapers ought to be strung up!"

"Ought to be," agreed Ford. "But, as far as I'm concerned, all I want is to put the chief crook in stripes—Jake Stinger, the New York gambler."

"You've got some of the gang, I understand, from Washington."

"Yes—the Secret Service men got hold of a fellow who squealed."

"How'd they work the dirty trick?"

"They faked up a newspaper syndicate—'Transcontinental'—headquarters New York, engraved stationery," recounted Tris Ford, "and offered Shute big money to report the World Series. Naturally he accepted, so they sent a man to Phillie to arrange details. He was supposed to arrive the day before the series opened, but was actually there a week earlier—at our best hotel, spending money, paying his checks with cash, and scattering coin in tips until he was solid with all the hotel people. Called himself 'Walter Noble'—nerve of it!"

"Who gave him away?" interjected the Ambassador.

"Why—they had to have a double for their victim—some one to masquerade as Shute. That's where they fell down—picked the wrong man. The 'dummy' couldn't stand prosperity. After he left the hotel with his pockets full of money, he started in to make a night of it—kept the taxi and blew in most of his money, then got in a row with the taxi driver over the fare. 'Twasn't so hard to trace him after that. He 'gave up' to the Secret Service men."

"HOW'D they manage with Shute?"

"Something like this," explained Ford: "The dummy came to see Noble in the afternoon, and the two of them kept ordering drinks right along—probably throwing most of the stuff away. When Shute called on Noble in the evening he was shown into the parlor of Noble's suite—the dummy was in the bedroom, keeping dead quiet. Well, the crook—that's Noble—gave Shute a knockout in ginger ale—Win Shute never took a drink in his life; but they tell me ginger ale disguises that knockout powder better'n any beverage. Moment he began to pass away and lose consciousness, the dummy put on Shute's hat and overcoat, went downstairs, and was sent away by the doorman in the taxi ordered 'for Mr. Shute.' Just before Shute became helpless—when he was able to stagger, but too dazed to know anything—the porter was called. Noble told him that his friend—Shute now passed for the dummy—must be helped down and put into his automobile, as Noble was leaving town. Thinking it was the case of a 'drunk,' the porter—probably well feed—willingly helped Noble to carry his victim down and put him in the machine.

"There was a doctor in the touring car—we got him, too; he's a sure-enough crook," continued Ford. "The doctor watched Shute every second of the ride to New York, keeping his hypodermic handy. But the lad didn't rouse before they got him to the *Colonia's* pier. Then they woke him up a little by slapping his face, so they could carry him aboard as if he was drunk—lots of young bloods are carried aboard steamers that way, I understand. They spilled liquor on his clothes and face, then called the ship's doctor—you know the ability of the average ship's doctor! Told him that Shute—who was booked as S. W. Jones—had been celebrating before sailing! The doctor looked him over and said: 'He's all seas over, all right.'"

"But weren't they afraid he might come to before the ship sailed?"

"THEY took care of that. After the ship's doctor had gone, the doctor crook gave him a hypodermic—enough morphine to keep him asleep till noon the next day, when the ship would be away out to sea. A liberal tip to the room steward, who didn't suspect anything wrong, and the greatest second baseman in baseball was shanghaied!"

"All for the purpose of making a killing?" asked the Ambassador.

"The biggest killing the gamblers have made in years," said Ford. "Jake Stinger and his crowd are supposed to have cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars."

"But you've got him now—Jake Stinger!"

"That's the trouble—we haven't," admitted Ford. "Not one of the crooks caught so far will admit Stinger had anything to do with it. They're being paid big money, no doubt, to protect him."

"Then how do you know that he's mixed up in it?"

"We know that the fellow calling himself Walter Noble has done dirty work for Stinger before. He would probably go to the penitentiary for Stinger—for money."

"Then you're up against it?"

"Yes—unless we're right in the way we size up the case. You see," continued Ford, "the crooks had to do more than put Shute aboard that ship and keep him unconscious until she was out at sea. When he came to and realized where he was he'd naturally send a wireless to me. If it went through, why—I'd try to rescue him. Say—I'd have chartered the fastest motor boat and overtaken him if necessary! The crooks guessed that. So what would they naturally do?"

"Try to buy the wireless operator!" answered the wily diplomat.

"They did better'n that, we figure. They made sure of their man and then put him on the boat—got him installed as the Marconi operator for the voyage."

"You don't tell me! Who'd they get?"

"You'd never guess. He's popularly regarded as a hero—the hero of the *Regent*."

"Wireless operator who saved the steamship *Regent?*" The Ambassador was astonished.

Tris Ford nodded. "Jerrold Mansel."

"British subject, isn't he?"

"Believe he is. Does that complicate matters?"

"Somewhat. But we'll try to manage it," the Ambassador assured Tris Ford.

"If you don't mind I'll give you our position in regard to Jerrold Mansel."

"Certainly—go ahead," said the Ambassador.

"We have no desire to prosecute Mansel—*provided* we can get from him proof which will convict the 'man higher up.' We aren't bothering with the *fools.*

"Anyhow, that man Mansel saved many lives—protected women and children—when the *Regent* was sinking. That deed shouldn't be forgotten—and we ain't going to forget it. We look upon Mansel as the victim of other men's greed. First, a greedy theatrical manager tempted him to commercialize his heroism—then cast him aside when he was no longer a box-office attraction. Mansel was broke, got to drinking, and had no job. He was just ripe for Jake Stinger to pluck."

THE Ambassador nodded vigorously. "So if Mansel will confess—and name the man higher up—"

"We're satisfied," finished Ford. "We're after Jake Stinger. And it ain't just for revenge. The only menace to the integrity of baseball is gambling—and I want to hit the gamblers a crack that they won't forget. Say—putting Jake Stinger in stripes means as much to me as putting a trust magnate in jail means to the President! Understand, he's got his heart set on it."

The Ambassador smiled—but gave no sign. After a diplomatic pause he continued the conversation: "We ought to be able to bring Jerrold Mansel to time, somehow. He could be detained on the landing of the *Colonia* to-morrow and paroled in the custody of the British Ambassador. Then it could all be fixed up diplomatically—quietly. I'll see Sir George Claughton at once."

Tris Ford looked puzzled.

"The British Ambassador to Italy," explained John Bismer. "Great cricketer in his day—he'll take a keen interest in this case."

"Tell him if he'll help us out with Mansel, I'll acknowledge that American baseball came from English cricket!"

"You're a born diplomat," was the Ambassador's compliment.

"That's strange—for I happen to be an Irishman."

Tris Ford thought it a good joke.



Win Shute bowled Tris Ford over with his effusiveness. "How are you, old boy? Tickled pink to see you! Le'me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard"

IF WIN SHUTE marveled at sight of Tris Ford waiting on the quay at Naples, the manager of the Giant-killers returned the compliment and opened his mouth in astonishment. For James Winton Shute, quite evidently in the best of health, did not disembark alone!

On his arm, glancing up at him in perfect trust, was a timid, sweet-faced woman of middle age, whose wistful eyes confessed that she had been weeping. She was treated with a kind of gallant deference enjoyed only by the mother of a particularly attractive daughter.

Win Shute bowled Tris Ford over with his effusiveness. "How are you, old boy? Tickled pink to see you! Le'me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard—Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Carlingford—isn't this sky some blue!"—all before Tris Ford could get in a word. Incidentally, Win Shute had never said "Carlingford" on any other occasion. Pulling the manager aside, while Mrs. Leonard obsediently (*Continued on page* 30)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT MAY help to understand the Mexican muddle if we consider two possible points of view. The first—and this is the best conceivable presentation of the attitude which President Wilson took at the beginning and has maintained: Revolutions in Latin America are commonly financed and instigated by persons who expect to make money by getting mining, oil, or other kinds of concessions and franchises from the successful revolutionists. If a way could be found to prevent these concessionaires from reaping the fruits of their efforts, it would discourage revolutions. Finally, if the United States should adopt a policy of refusing to recognize governments like Huerta's, founded on revolutions, it would result in a financial embargo and would deprive the financial supporters of revolutions from reaping the results of their speculation.

The Anti-Wilson Point of View

THE second way of looking at our relations in Latin America is to say that all we want there is a measurable amount of law and order such as will give reasonable security to the lives and property of Americans and of Europeans to the degree in which the Monroe Doctrine makes us responsible for Europeans. This includes the view that the internal affairs of Latin-American countries are their own concern; that we will not inquire into the way in which a government has been established and indeed will inquire into nothing beyond the maintenance of order. This second view is the one taken by persons who have any familiarity with international law or diplomacy. Practically every person of this description in Washington was shocked by President Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta, and predicted from the beginning that no good could come of it. President Wilson's point of view was a marked advance in idealism. If it should be successful, it would more or less establish him in history as a statesman. Of course, from a practical point of view, there were and are many objections to it.

The Worst Result of Wilson's Policy

FROM the point of view of the present writer, the chief objection to his course is this: Here in the United States we are just in the middle of a very intricate political situation resulting from an intelligent attempt to carry out experiments in idealism which we have just attempted on our own account. Whether we shall be successful in this earnest attempt of our own is not yet certain. It is just the moment when we are in the midst of a delicate stage in this process that President Wilson chooses for implanting some idealism on Mexico, more or less against Mexico's will. If this attempt of his should result in our intervention in Mexico, it would postpone indefinitely the program of domestic legislation in which we were engaged. Indeed, that postponement has already happened. It might have been better to recognize Huerta as a strong man capable of maintaining in Mexico the same amount of law and order that has existed there for a long time, leaving us free to go forward with our own affairs. Aside from conceding that President Wilson took the first step with the best intentions, it is necessary to say that the complications which followed have not been handled with the highest efficiency.

What Wilson Should Do

ONE clear responsibility is laid upon President Wilson. If the efforts at mediation fail, if we have to go into Mexico with an armed force, the President must take the whole country fully into his confidence with respect to what he has done and has sought to do in Mexico since his Administration began. There has been no disposition to force his hand. Mr. Wilson's reticence on public affairs has been one of the marked features of his Administration. He has had public confidence and public support to a notable degree in his handling of the Mexican problem. This confidence has manifested itself in an extraordinary patience. The President has no ground for the complaint he voiced at the ceremonies in honor of the bluejackets killed at Vera Cruz. That plaintive, querulous note had no justification. The President, if he could only realize it, has been much favored by popular sentiment. His ways have never been obstructed or criticized to their hurt in Congress or out of it. In effect, he has had a free hand. If anything in the whole business is clear, it is that, whatever the outcome, the whole responsibility, the whole credit, or the whole discredit attaches to the person of Woodrow Wilson. It is proper that it should. At the very beginning of the enterprise, when there were manifestations of restlessness in Congress and of partisan debate, President Wilson asked that discussion in both branches of Congress be withheld. This request was made to the whole membership, regardless of party, and was granted. Congress refrained, virtually without exception, from criticizing or questioning the acts of the Executive. But if conflict comes, it is the right of the country to know all the facts; whether the business has been managed well or badly; whether the call to arms is justifiable or unjustifiable.

Wilson's Sole Responsibility

TWICE Congress has complained of the President because he asked its cooperation without giving his full confidence. The first time was when he asked in a message for the repeal of the tolls-exemption provision of the Panama Canal Act. That message had an unhappy effect. Members of Congress found it vague and unsatisfactory. They thought the President should lay his cards on the table. The second time complaint was heard was when Mr. Wilson asked Congress to justify him in using the armed forces of the United States against Huerta to compel reparation for the flag incident at Tampico. Comment heard in Congress at that time was that the President had not presented adequate reasons for employing the army and navy in Mexico. There was a debate that would have been longer had not decision been rushed by events at Vera Cruz. President Wilson was fully aware of the complaints in both instances. He will be well advised if he takes them to heart, and if it becomes necessary to send troops to Mexico City and put an army of occupation in the country, to tell the people at home who have supported him so loyally and with so complete a faith a plain, straightforward tale of the whole negotiations, step by step, from the beginning. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind includes, in this instance, if there shall be failure to prevent intervention, a complete account of the unavailing efforts, so that the country may determine whether they were wise or unwise. Mr. Wilson cannot do less than that.

Hogs, Congressmen, and Babies

THE House Appropriations Committee has recommended that the budget of the Federal Children's Bureau be cut from $164,640 to $25,640; also that $165,000 be spent on free seeds for constituents; also that $400,000 be spent to stamp out hog cholera. When your Representative is up for reelection this fall, ask him how he stands on these matters and what his theory is as to spending our money for these three objects, respectively. The House Appropriations Committee is at least seventy years behind the times.

After the Season Opens

FROM some remarks by Senator Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota as reported in the Congressional Record:

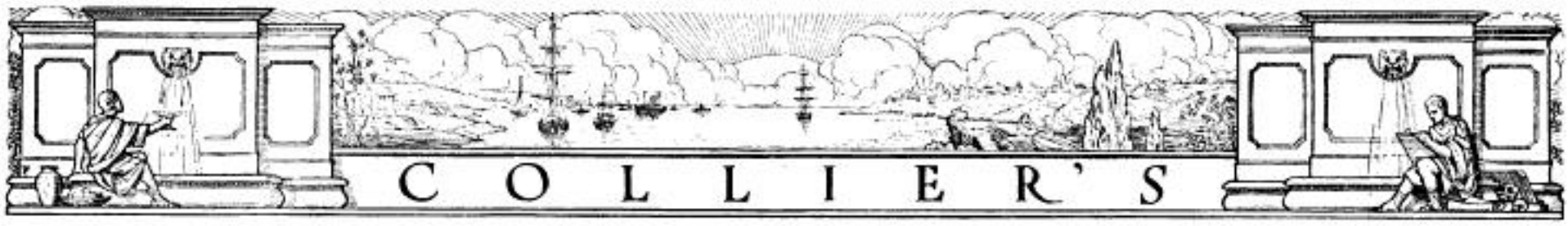
> If it is possible that the Chair can look over and see three or four Senators here, and a Senator desires to take the afternoon, while the rest, or 90 per cent, of the Senate is at the ball game, and there is no method by which you can call the Senate back into the chamber—if there is a rule that will prohibit us from obtaining any relief under those circumstances, I really want that rule pointed out.

HOW SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN VOTED

FOUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelecton. The best basis for determining whether they should be elected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish and address

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Conscience and Controversy

THERE WAS AN UNHAPPY TOUCH in the speech which President WILSON delivered in honor of the eighteen sailors and marines killed at Vera Cruz. Starting out to give tribute and praise to these young men, and sympathy to their relatives, he ended by including himself in both the praise and the sympathy:

> I never went into battle, but I fancy that there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you.

President WILSON must have been seriously preoccupied with other affairs when he failed to see the rather repellent violation of taste in including himself with the objects of his formal speech of tribute. It is as if President LINCOLN, in the wonderful little letter which he wrote to Mrs. BIXBY about the death of her sons in war, had gone on to say: "But I, too, am just as brave as your sons were and just as much entitled to sympathy as you are." President WILSON went on into a very obvious example of one of the less pleasing of human traits—self-pity. "When they shoot at you," he said, "they can only take your natural life. When they sneer at you they can wound your heart." And then he used phrases which he apparently meant to be a description of himself:

> Men who are brave enough, steadfast enough, steady in their principles enough to go about their duty with regard to their fellow men, no matter whether they are hissed or cheered. . . . The cheers of a moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and of the consciences of mankind, so when I look at you I feel as though I also and we all were enlisted men.

Mr. WILSON talks about his conscience as if it were of some superior variety. Senators and Congressmen who differ from him, and from us, on the Mexican imbroglio have just as good consciences. It isn't a matter of conscience; it is a matter of finding out the best way.

Our Mexican Problem

HUERTA'S HOUSE OF SAND is crumbling day by day. The capture of Tampico gave the Constitutionalists an important port on the Gulf of Mexico, completed their conquest of the north, drove HUERTA'S defense back on the line of Mexico City, and deprived him of important sources of revenue. There are no signs that any foreign power is coming to his aid, and the fall of his régime seems to involve little more than arranging an exit which will be safe and not too disgraceful. Now the work of reconstruction must begin. If the United States, acting as the first friend of the Constitutionalists, can supply the plans and practical methods for such a system of public instruction as has been put into force in the Philippine Islands, then Mexican civilization may in time be made over and faced toward the future. It is essential, however, that the old merciless exploitation of the peons be stopped. This will involve some such purchase and redistribution of the land as has been accomplished in Ireland and New Zealand. The concessionaire problem is one of great diplomatic delicacy, but may be approached by means of a just franchise-tax policy and rigid requirements as to conditions of employment. These measures will not appease the blood-and-iron fanatics, but the United States can do more for Mexico by carrying them to successful establishment than by leaving a trail of death and glory from Chihuahua to Campeche. Tyrannies rise only to fall, and the life of a nation must be based on justice. Is our idealism equal to the task?

Inspiration

ANOTHER THIRTIETH OF MAY COMES. Whether it be called Decoration Day or Memorial Day, it is an occasion at once grave and inspiring. The mission of the day has intensified with the gradual oozing away of all the rancor that once lay behind it. Under the blurring of the years, May 30 has become less a tribute to individual achievement and memory and more a consecration to that love of country which transcends all thoughts of self. The issues of the old conflict have long been forespent; what remains is the ardent sincerity of the men who fought, whatever the color of their uniforms. Yet many a veteran who dons his faded uniform and the cap with its tarnished acorns realizes that his place may be empty a twelvemonth hence, when those still hale move along dusty roads to the village cemetery with its sky-pointing flags. In their passing is a certain pathos, but inspiration also, for the spirit that burned in their veins will not become extinct. Behind them in the procession of the day tramp their sturdy sons; still farther behind, carrying flowers, come their grandchildren. One flag is above them all. A single, passionate patriotism animates them all alike.

It Is Up to Marietta

WHOSE BRILLIANT MIND conceived the plan of bringing GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN to Marietta to serve as college president? That this servant of YERKES and HINES and LORIMER should ever have been chosen to instruct young men or head a college faculty is more than preposterous. HINMAN in charge of youth with its idealism and aspirations; HINMAN as guide of character and guardian of good citizenship! It would all be uncommonly comic were it not grave indeed that this one-time "Inter Ocean" editor should be administering academic justice. We are not surprised that such acts of repression as have been committed at Marietta have been made in the name of the trustees and the dean and that HINMAN hugs the background when he is not lecturing upon the perils of the Republic. But think of this man HINMAN giving four compulsory courses in American government! We hope that the young men of Marietta College will not stop short at protesting against an academic reign of terror. We do not know personally Professor MORSE—HINMAN'S first victim—nor do we care what his politics is, or how he wears his hair; that a professor should be forced out of his position because he teaches economics which the college president does not accept is (we are trying hard to speak judicially) intolerable and, to-day, almost unthinkable. It makes it all the harder when a HINMAN is the tyrant before whom Marietta must bow down or resign. MORSE is gone now and, so far as we know, welcomes his release; it is up to the students to find means of procuring the unconditional reinstatement of their fellows, editors of the college monthly—one of whom has been suspended, the other expelled, for daring to criticize the college administration. Discipline in colleges, as in the world at large, is relative. Cossack methods are peculiarly out of place in an American college in 1914. What do the students and alumni of Marietta College think about HINMAN'S work as editor of the late lamented Chicago "Inter-Ocean"? Do they propose to let him finish wrecking Marietta too—all in the name of "college loyalty" and "this representative Republic"?

Correcting an Error

IT SEEMS that some of the friends of darkness in Oregon have misunderstood us. They have construed our recent criticism of an example of poor English composed and printed by students of the University of Oregon into an attack on the institution itself. Nothing could be more false or more silly. Oregon has needed the service of a great State university for years, and is now only beginning to give the support in money and enthusiasm which other and more enlightened States gave their universities years ago. If Oregon is to be a great commonwealth, this progress must go on. We are sure it will.

Why We Like F. P. A.

WE REFERRED some time ago to our enjoyment of the "colyum" which FRANKLIN P. ADAMS runs in the New York "Tribune." Here's the reason—when the howling over Mexico was at its yellowest, F. P. A. came forward with this ray of sunshine:

BRIGHT SAFFRON SHEETS

After "Bright College Years"

Bright saffron sheets of crime and strife,
The wildest of our hectic life,
How many, many times a day
Ye have your 96-point say!
The papers come, the papers go,
The circulations wane and grow—
This be your slogan, an ye burst:
"For God, for Country, and for Hearst!"

In Mexico when troubles rise,
Who is the wisest of the wise?
Who gleams like Henry of Navarre?
Who but our hero, Willie R.!
What benefits the human race?
War, WAR!—all o'er the well-known place.
War—though the order seem reversed—
"For God, for Country, and for Hearst!"

We like this combination of horse sense, fact, satire, and wisdom. It springs from a rarer talent than most folks realize.

As to Panama

THE RICHMOND (VA.) "TIMES-DISPATCH" rises to remark (apropos of the noisy and noisome free-tolls issue) that "a ship subsidy by any other name costs as much." It smells exactly the same, too.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Is the Price Worth Paying?

SINCE 1902 New York City has had a Domestic Relations Bureau, with a court attached. Last year 4,000 cases were dealt with, more than half of them without recourse to the court. The superintendent of the bureau, Mrs. IDA T. USHAW, tells a reporter of the New York "Evening Sun" that drink is responsible for more of the cases than any one other cause. Her remarks are to the point:

There are other troubles—infidelity, incompatibility, no economic sense, inability to prepare for emergencies, and lack of knowledge of how to manage a home. These are all important elements in the discontent which is breaking up so many families. *But drink is by far the most frequent, and, in this country at least, it is the man who drinks much oftener than it is the woman.*

Mrs. USHAW concedes that men sometimes take to drink because of wives' shortcomings. She does not claim innate superiority for her own sex. The fact remains that, but for drink, there would probably be less than half as many divorces and separations. In Chicago drunkenness is responsible for 46 per cent of the cases tried in the Court of Domestic Relations; in Brooklyn the percentage is 45.8. We never, even in our most somber moments, have any doubt of the remarkable experiment in self-government now in progress on this continent. But of all the things that disturb us occasionally, none is so menacing as the phenomenon that, with all the facts about alcohol before us, we continue to permit unscrupulous men to exploit it.

Latin-Americans and Yankees

THE FLOOD OF FICTION—novels and short stories—inspired by our Mexican mix-up will probably soon arrive. But we doubt whether any of it will have more appositeness and quality than RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "Soldiers of Fortune," published way back in 1897. That was concerned not with Mexico, but with the imaginary republic of Olancho, yet we know of no more timely study in contrasts between ebullient, go-as-you-please Latin America and well-focused Yankee alertness. The novel has bits which seem written of this very crisis. Here is a description of the arrival of United States jackies in the midst of a local revolution:

CLAY saw that the Americans on the balconies of the club and of the theatre had thrown themselves far over the railings and were all looking in the same direction and waving their hats and cheering loudly, and he heard above the shouts of the people the regular tramp of men's feet marching in step, and the rattle of a machine gun as it bumped and shook over the rough stones. He gave a shout of pleasure, and KIRKLAND and the two boys ran with him up the slope, crowding each other to get a better view. The mob parted at the palace gates, and they saw two lines of bluejackets, spread out like the sticks of a fan, dragging the gun between them, the middies in their tight-buttoned tunics and gaiters, and behind them more bluejackets with bare, bronzed throats, and with the swagger and roll of the sea in their legs and shoulders. An American flag floated above the white helmets of the marines.

There is such a thing as waving the national flag too frequently and indiscriminately. But "Soldiers of Fortune" does it the right way.

Trails

ROAD WALKING, such as WESTON practices and HAZLITT and STEVENSON have eloquently praised, has its proper place in civilization. Ready-made travel is, all the same, despised by the lover of the woods. Give us a path through the pines, a path carpeted with needles that are the softest and most fragrant of carpets, urging the feet onward. Then are one's steps rapid and springy: then does one realize the full truth of the poet who said that travel's joy lies not in arriving but in setting forth, in pressing on. To make a new trail through the forest is man's work; to tread an Indian trail through the woods of Maine is to taste pleasure beyond the ken of city dwellers.



Phew!

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

A Sample "Professor"

WHY DOES the average practical man distrust college professors? Why do so many otherwise sensible editors think it a sufficient refutation of WOODROW WILSON to call him "Professor" or "Schoolmaster"? Here is a case: SIMON N. PATTEN of the University of Pennsylvania, one of our most original and active-minded economists (he once wrote a defense of the protective-tariff policy), is giving his views on everything south of New Orleans. He says in part:

Sugar, fruit, rice, bananas, and other tropical plants have now become an essential element in our food supply, and only through further development of the products can a low cost of living be restored.

Now, the market pages of the papers in which this rhinestone of thought was published prove that bananas, rice, and sugar are exceedingly cheap. Any family that will base its diet as far as possible on these foods will save money. Our high-cost-of-living problem is the problem of growing, moving, and marketing the farm products of our own country. Professor PATTEN either did not know what he was talking about or he did not care. Practical men prefer statements that have some relation to the facts.

The Simplicity of Algebra

THE BUMPTIOUS FOOLISHNESS of many of our "business experts" and "uplifters" is very well shown in the following item from one of their magazines:

The psychology of success is important. It is composed of ambition or aspirations and confidence or self-esteem. The following equation by WILLIAM JAMES is interesting:

$$\text{Self-esteem} = \frac{\text{Success}}{\text{Pretensions}}$$

By a simple process of algebraic transposition, WILLIAM JAMES'S equation becomes: Success = Self-esteem × Pretensions.

This latter equation may be true sometimes in New York City, but is not likely to be true very often anywhere else. The expert who so deftly transposed WILLIAM JAMES is one RICHARD PRENTICE ETTINGER, Director Efficiency Bureau, New York University, and he ought to go down in history as the man who put the "bray" in algebraic.

It Is and It Is Not

FROM A RECENT BOOK of uplifting tendencies:

On the other hand, it is marvelous how much nerve disease or weakness entirely disappears if the mind can but realize the fact that no disease is actually present.

What would become of the Republican party if this great truth should be applied in the field of politics? And why not?

The Real Argument for Religion

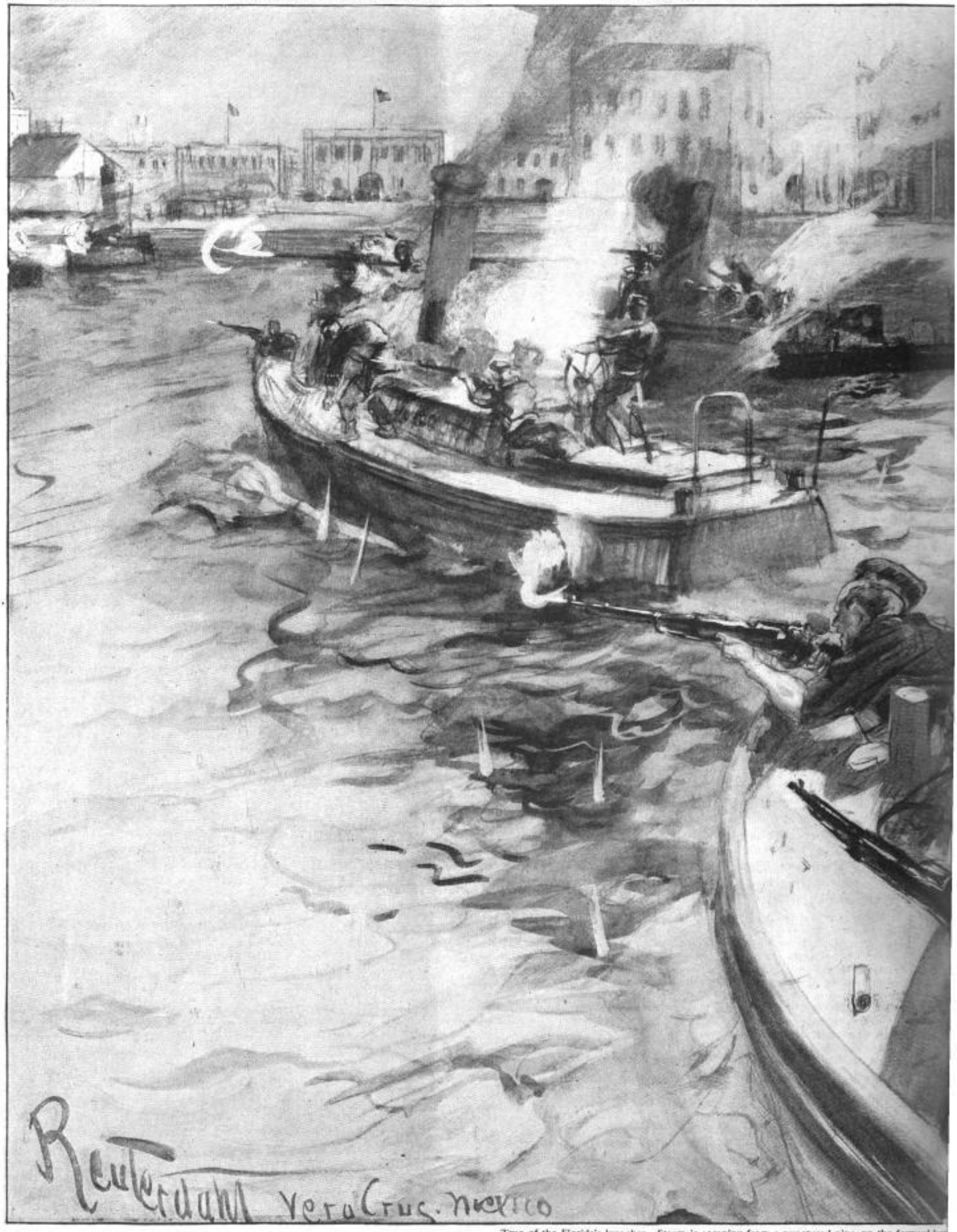
FOR GENERATIONS theologians have written learned treatises to prove the existence of God. Each generation has overthrown the contentions of its predecessor, and forced a restatement of the arguments. Yet through it all the faith of men has gloriously persisted, with small regard for the theologies, natural and dogmatic. One reason for this is compactly stated by that incorrigible idealist, RUDOLF EUCKEN, in his newly translated "Knowledge and Life":

The peace of mind and the fullness of hope which religion brings to the souls of men have undoubtedly meant far more than all the efforts of theologians and philosophers to found religion upon a scientific basis. . . . It is because religion is no mere theory of divine things, but the inauguration of a new life, that it cannot possibly doubt the real presence of a Divine Being within the human soul.

More and more we incline to think that one who has had no experience of religious power cannot, after all, be argued into accepting the Divinity and His religion by any intellectual persuasion. The person who has experienced the saving power of religion needs no proof of its validity. It is real to him as love is to the mothered child.

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Post Office U. S. Consulate: artillery from the Florida in front Steamer from the Utah nearest shore



Two of the Florida's launches. Steam is escaping from a punctured pipe on the forward boi

The Reply of the Bluejackets

Drawn by HENRY REUTERDAHL

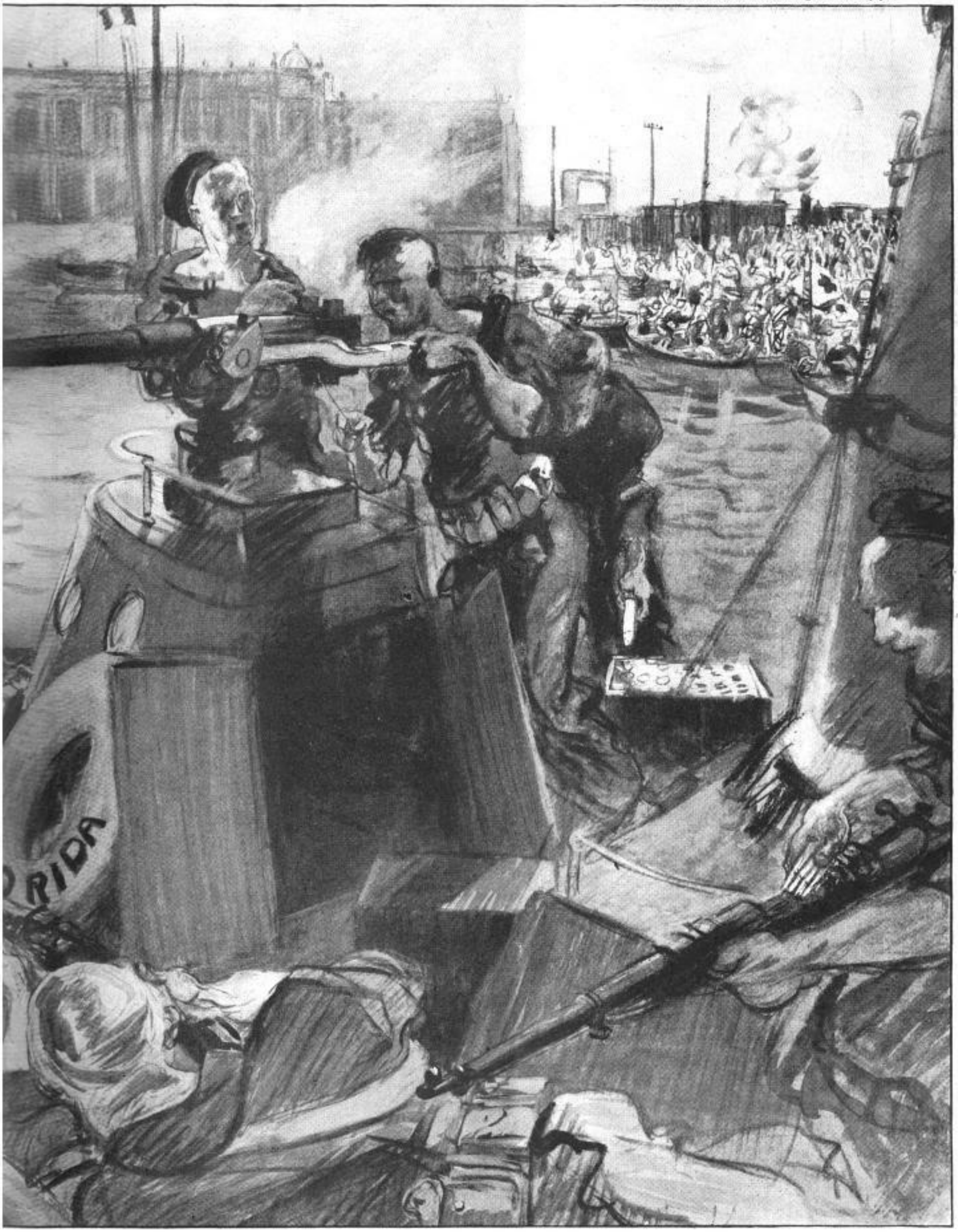
Collier's Staff Naval Artist

IN THE WAY OF NAVAL FIGHTING, *in most dramatic scene was one that came several h landed and engaged in the fighting around the Custom the Utah was disembarking alongside the steamship incessant rifle fire from the Mexicans swept the water*

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Hotel Terminal

The Utah's battalion disembarking at steam-ship pier



action at the taking of Vera Cruz, the after the first of the Florida's men had use. A battalion of reenforcements from r in front of the Hotel Terminal. An ngside the pier opposite, and in steamers, tugs, and barges the puff of the smokeless powder showed the line-up of the enemy. Our bluejackets in the harbor were not slow to reply. Soon the steam launches covering the landing let loose their one-pounders and the boat crews picked off the Mexicans one by one with their rifles. Three of our men were hit and the launches were struck repeatedly. The steam pipe of the Florida's forward launch was pierced and the little craft was thrown out of action in a cloud of steam

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The Unfinished Drama

(Continued from page 8)

ever, arranged before an effective background and made to wave their tall straw hats and give a bewildered cheer for the American flag.

Back to the Groove of Habit

GRADUALLY, partly because of the strong hand used quickly when needed, partly because the townspeople began to understand that our way of treating a captured city was different from theirs, the indolent old tropical seaport began to be itself again. Shutters came down, shops opened, soft-eyed women with hair down their backs began to appear on the balconies—even, now and then, to smile at some smart young officer riding by. Newsboys and peddlers awoke, donkeys with milk jars bobbing on their flanks pattered through the streets. The Portales became gay again.

Every Mexican plaza is a sort of general reception room—that of Vera Cruz peculiarly so, because of the cosmopolitan crowd always coming and going through the port. Officers from the fleet, coffee growers, mining men, business men from the capital, soldiers of fortune and adventurers, wives and children, and even a Mrs. Hanksbee or two with susceptible ensigns buzzing about her—you had but to take a table under the Portales, order something to drink, and sooner or later everybody in Mexico, so to speak, passed by.

A band from one of the battleships played away in the center, companies of marines or bluejackets in service equipment went tramping by, and people ate and drank and heard rumors and declared over again—at least all those who had left their investments behind—that we must go all the way to the capital now, or every American might as well leave the country.

On the first Sunday morning mass was said as usual in the old church from whose belfry snipers had been firing a few days before. Rows of women, like blackbirds in their black mantas, kneeling on the stone floor, peons at the back and sides, with melancholy eyes fixed on the altar and blazing candles, the intoning of the priest coming through the cool interior with its vague, sweet incense smell, and, outside, armed men marching by and the pounding of the band.

The Classes of Refugees

IN the midst of the service a dozen sailors in white, wearing cartridge belts and bayonets in scabbards, slouched in. There was a hush and fans stopped waving as they shuffled across the rear of the church to the center aisle. There the first, turning to the altar, knelt on one knee and crossed himself. The others did the same, and they found places in the pews with the rest.

For a moment, in that cool interior, these people of different race and speech knelt together, and through the clatter of the Plaza and the strangely clashing forces of the moment reached the power in whose name the conquistadores fought through tropical jungles, burned, sacked, tortured, and civilized and founded cities like this. Then a bell tinkled, feet stirred, and the people drifted out. The sailors came with them, dipped their fingers at the font, crossed themselves, and, meeting the sunshine, picked up their rifles and were soldiers again.

There were many sorts of "refugees." One or two were women who held a quaint sort of court at the tables under the Portales—gossiped, flirted, were furious when somebody else's dress clashed with theirs—in brief, attracted more attention and had more excitement probably than ever before in their lives. There were men, ferocious and voluble beyond words, sitting thus in the shade of the Diligencia's arcades, with plenty to eat and drink, and a fleet and thousands of capable men to fight for them—café warriors whose shrill-voiced complaining contrasted oddly with the reserve and almost universal tact and big brotherliness of the professional fighting men. There were business men leaving the work of years without knowing whether they could ever return to it, and impatient of any other suggestion than that of going through with what had been started, and pacifying the whole country if Americans were ever to be secure in it again.

And then there were those who had no money to waste in the Portales, and came in worn and dusty from a week's slow progress under guard in crowded day coaches, with nights spent herded in dirty provincial jails.

Such were the farmers and their families who came in one hot afternoon from a land-development colony in Oaxaca. They were typical American prairie farmers—lean, sun-baked, patient, quizzical, with tired-looking wives and incredible numbers of tow-headed children—just the sort of queer, hopeful fish who jam the home-seekers' trains to some Government land opening in the Northwest.

Like Those of Acadia

THEY had come to the tropics just as they had gone to Texas and Oregon before, learned the new ways, got used to the climate, put in their oranges and pineapples, and were just getting ready to make a little money when the order came to go. One man told me that he and his family had four hours to pack up and get out. A squad of Federal soldiers rose up and told them it was not thought safe for them to stay.

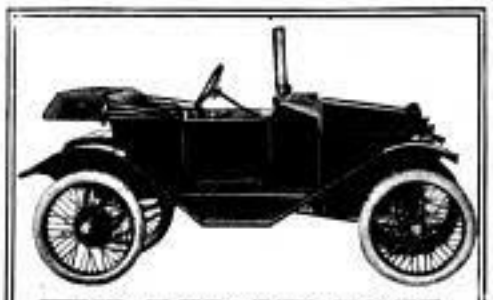
"It's a fine country," he said: "ain't a richer country nowhere. The Mexicans round our colony liked us all right, and we liked them. Why, they actually cried, some of 'em, when we come away. Just two weeks more and we'd had them pines ready for market." His weather-beaten face lit up as he thought: "They're them long ones—you know what they are all right if you've ever been to Mexico City. There was twenty thousand dollars' worth of them pineapples our colony growed. And now they'll go to waste." They were treated well enough, he said, along the line, although they were crowded into jail at Cordoba and had to listen all night to what the guard said was going to be done to them in the morning. "The worst of it"—and again his face lit up as if a new idea had struck him—"was our Jersey cows. We had nine of them, nine Jerseys, and had to leave 'em behind!"

A New Method of Conquest

WITHIN a week the navy had taken a hostile town, put it in order, and all but made friends with its people. Just what may result from that sudden



A squad of soldiers succeeding the bluejackets as police in a Vera Cruz square. "Within a week the navy had taken a hostile town, put it in order and all but made friends with its people"



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CYCLE CAR

YOU could write an almost perfect description of this wonderful little car just by putting down the car qualities you have wanted for years: lightness, low fuel cost, lowest possible tire cost, the rugged strength of a truck and the graceful, stream lines of an imported racer: all achieved without freakiness or experimental vagaries.

Every mechanical device that insures strength and durability, every refinement of design that has been developed in the automobile industry is incorporated in the Trumbull.



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order to take a customhouse—this war which isn't war—can scarcely be surmised here and now. It was not the navy's part to reason why, but to do what they were told, and they did it well and quickly. Many, especially among the poorer classes, were doubtless sorry to see their conquerors, who first smashed doors and then fed and cared for them, go away. Everywhere their work seemed to be done, not only bravely and well, but with a certain gentleness and understanding sympathy. One battalion of bluejackets which made its headquarters in an orphan asylum adopted the whole hundred and fifty little brown, bright-faced youngsters, fed them, and gave them the time of their lives. During the first two days this part of the town was handled more roughly perhaps than any other, yet the night before the battalion left, the women of the neighborhood, to show their gratitude, brought an embroidered tablecloth to the battalion commander and a hatrack for his adjutant, and when the battalion marched down to the water the next day the orphan boys' band played at the head of the column over the same space across which the advance, under fire, had been made a week before.

Our Own Legionaries

THE army transports came—white steamers covered with men in khaki, swimming slowly in in single file behind a line of black destroyers in the hush of a tropical dawn. There was a sound of band music shortly after lunch that day, and suddenly, from a dozen different directions, the men who had taken Vera Cruz, dusty and sunburned now, came marching back to their ships. Past the commanding officers of the navy and land forces these amphibious gentlemen of the sea returned to their native element. Infantry and marines presented arms as the bluejackets tramped past, the marines swung in, there were cheers back and forth, a band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the navy's work was done.

The Sailors Swallowed Up by Ships

THE manner in which the five thousand men stepped off into the sea, so to speak, with as little confusion and delay as if they had marched straight off the wharves on some sort of invisible bridge, was characteristic of the quiet efficiency of all the navy's work at Vera Cruz.

All at once they were gone, and that highly organized strength and intelligence, officers and men, signal flags wigwagging against the sky, sentries in the dark, steamers and "kickers" boiling back and forth at the landing stage—all that flexible, closely articulated, watchful mechanism which had flung itself through the streets of Vera Cruz and out into the dunes and sand ticks eight miles away—shrunk down to a few black specks against the Gulf.

Brickbats & Bouquets

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Please allow me to contribute a few bouquets and perhaps a brickbat. I like your paper because of its entertaining stories, its fearless handling of the pure-food problem, and the weekly series of photographs of current events. I also like the editorial page.

Now for brickbats!

I find that because the paper is not returnable it is not kept by most news dealers except on order. This is especially inconvenient when one is traveling and desires the paper regularly. Another feature that I do not like is that of serial stories. At present there are two of these running, and that seems to me like "crowding the mourners."

I have been a regular reader of COLLIER'S now for a year or more, and but for these two features could feel quite satisfied. KELSEY S. ORDWAY.

✚

CAMP MEEKER, CAL.

"The Last of the Family," appearing in your issue of May 2, is a splendid thrust at the vicious and erotic trend in the popular fiction of the day. All honor to the author and to the publisher—and to the dear old "lady of Virginia"! She represents the type of femininity, now obsolete, which produced the "true Southern gentleman," a term synonymous with courtly gallantry and knightly devotion to womankind.

Also, I will say that your present serial is truly refreshing after the tainted melodrama which preceded it. This story is "different" from the ordinary run of fiction, and yet is eminently down to date and true to the spirit of our hustling age. The "Madame" with her keen business instinct and supreme selfishness is as much a character in her way as "Becky Sharp." The story presents a fine illustration of the humbuggery which people love, and it has pathos, too. The pathos is expressed in the title, "The Tyranny of Beauty."

For a fact, COLLIER fiction is improving—hope it doesn't backslide!

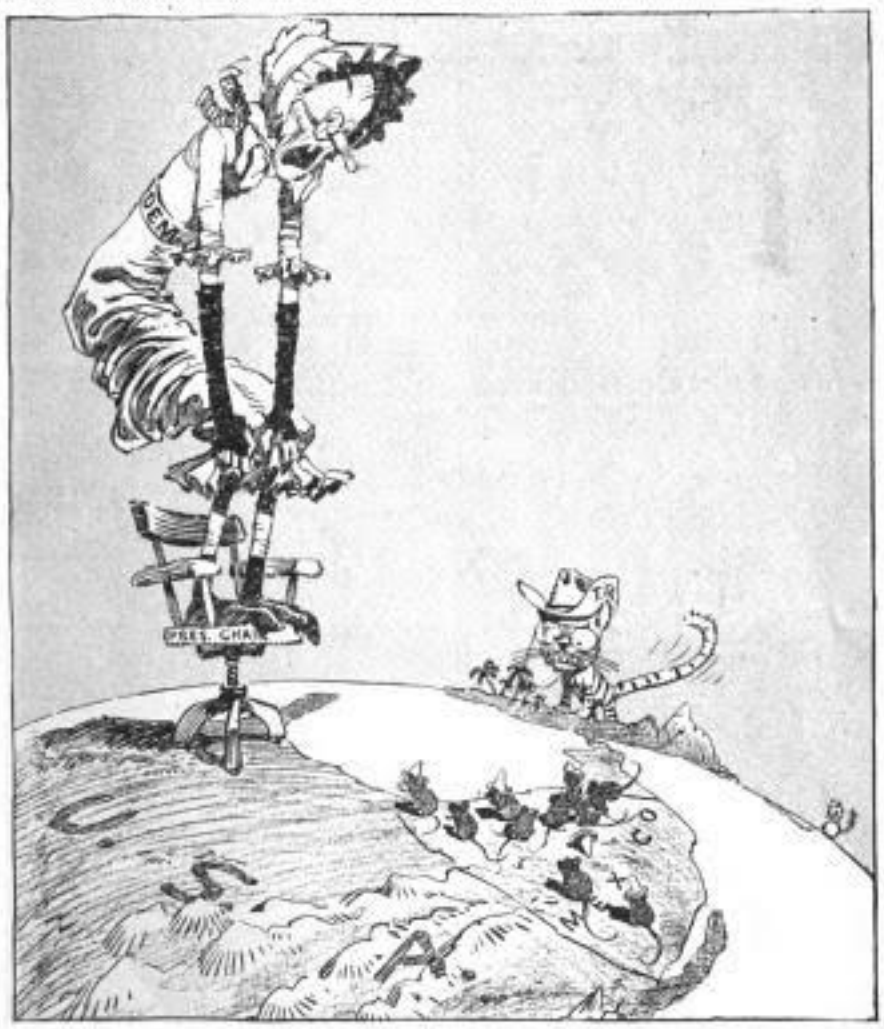
MRS. RUSSELL JAMES.

✚

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J. H. ZENOR.



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Assured Safety for Record Race or Pleasure Ride

Specify the Springs That Won't Squeak

The "veteran" drivers in the big Indianapolis Race demand Detroit Springs. They know all championship chances may be ruined, the driver's life imperiled, by the slightest spring trouble. Detroit Springs alone possess flexibility to absorb big shocks at highest speed. They alone own the emergency-strength that warrants confidence against accidents.

And—this safety assurance is every bit as important for the pleasure car. Avoid all spring trouble, riding discomfort, danger—by specifying

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Guaranteed For Two Years

from date stamped on top of shortest leaf. A guarantee that covers emergencies and unusual service for twice as long a period of time as the usual spring guarantee. One that necessitates a standard of quality that makes possibility of accidents and replacements too remote to consider.

An exclusive advantage of Detroit Springs is the self-lubricating device. Detroit Springs wipe out that pest of motoring — squeaking. Every movement of the spring automatically spreads the long lived lubricant with which the cups are filled. The leaves softly, silently slide one over the other. This assures a velvety resilience not to be reasonably expected of any other spring.

Is it any wonder that careful drivers, car buyers, are demanding Detroit Spring equipment on their new cars?

Is it any wonder that dealers are learning that one of the best "closing" arguments they can point to is Detroit Steel Spring equipment on their cars?

Every car owner every dealer —every maker of motor cars —You—will profit by prying into the facts about Detroit Springs. You will be interested in

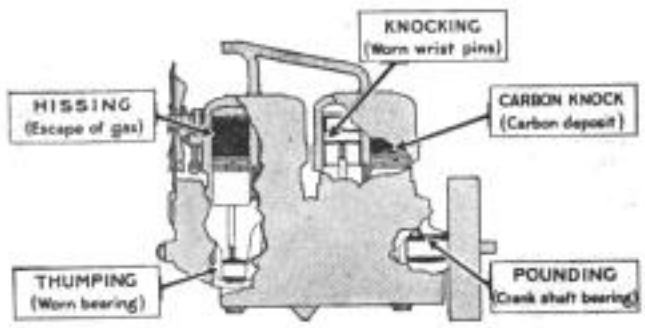
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Easily Identified by the Lubricating Cups

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NOISE

The motor's complaint against incorrect oil

If your motor makes some unusual sound, stop your car. Investigate.

Noise frequently means unnecessary friction—the direct result of incorrect lubrication.

Common noises are:

"Thumping." A dull thump at each revolution of the main shaft indicates worn main or connecting rod bearings. This trouble is hastened by oil of low *quality* or incorrect *body*—will finally result in badly worn bearings and knocking.

"Knocking." This may be due to loose wrist-pins. It may be due to badly worn bearings or bushings which should be refitted or replaced. Incorrect lubrication will cause both of these troubles.

"Carbon Knock." A sharp muffled ring, at ignition, indicating excessive carbon deposit usually caused by oil of low *quality* or incorrect *body*.

"Pounding." Due to engine laboring under overload. Lubrication plays no part in this trouble.

"Hissing." This is frequently due to heavy scoring of cylinder walls. It is most often brought on by inefficient lubrication.

* * * *

There is only one insurance against the results of incorrect lubrication. That is the use of oil of the highest *quality* which is correct in *body* for your type of motor.

You can secure this oil by referring to the Lubricating Chart which is partially shown at the right. For a number of years this Chart has been a standard guide to correct lubrication.

It represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company—the recognized world leaders in scientific lubrication.

Our complete Chart will be mailed to any motorist on request.

We will also send on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils, in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C)									Arc	Arc
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									A	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Carnegie	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc
" Con't	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Case			A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)									Arc	Arc
Cole	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaunay Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	Arc	Arc					
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc		
Ford	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" Con't	B	A	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
G. M. C. Truck					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Havers			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (Model 6-66)									Arc	Arc
Haynes	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile (Model 20)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (Model 32)							A	Arc	A	Arc
I. H. C. (air)							B	A	B	A
" (water)							A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A				
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A								
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Jeffery									A	A
" Con't					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
King			A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
" Con't									Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Con't			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " " (Model 48)									A	A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
" (Model B)							A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E				
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Moline Knight									A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Paige Detroit	E	E	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder							A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Con't			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Regal	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon									E	E
S. G. V.			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Mead							A	Arc	B	A
Stearns	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" Knight					A	A	A	A	B	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker-Dayton	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	-	-
" Knight					A	A	A	A		
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Walter	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

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DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Indianapolis, Chicago, Minneapolis

Abroad at Home

(*Continued from page 12*)

by the sound of the word "Europe." Nor have they attempted to secure old masters.

Does it not seem a mistake for any museum not possessed of enormous wealth to attempt a collection of old masters? A really fine example of the work of an old master ties up a vast amount of money, and, however splendid it may be, it is only one canvas, after all; and one or two or three old masters do not make a representative collection. Rather, it seems to me, they tend to disturb balance in a small museum.

Thirty-Thousand Corots

TO many American ears "Europe" is still a magic word. It makes little difference that Europe remains the happy hunting ground of the advanced social climber; but it makes a good deal of difference that so many American students of the arts continue to believe that there is some mystic thing to be gotten over there which is unobtainable at home. Europe has done much for us and can still do much for us, but we must learn not to accept blindly as we have in the past. Until quite recently, American art museums did, for the most part, buy European art which was in many instances absolutely inferior to the art produced at home. And unless I am very much mistaken a third-rate portrait painter, with a European name (and a clever dealer to push him), can still come over here and reap a harvest of thousands while Americans with more ability are making hundreds.

One of the brightest signs for American painting to-day is the fact that it is now found profitable to make and sell forgeries of the works of our most distinguished modern artists—even living ones. This is a new and encouraging situation. A few years ago it was hardly worth a forger's time to make, say, a false Hassam, when he might just as well be making a Corot. . . . Which reminds me of an amusing thing a painter said to me the other day. We were passing through an art gallery, when I happened to see at the end of one room three canvases in the familiar manner of Corot.

"What a lot of Corots there are in this country," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied. "Of the ten thousand canvases painted by Corot, there are thirty thousand in the United States."

A Hotel Worth Imitating

THERE are two interesting hotels in Buffalo—one with a kind of solid dignity which has for years enjoyed a high reputation and which is patronized to-day at luncheon time by many of Buffalo's leading business men; another more "commercial" in character. My companion and I happened to stop at the latter, and we became very much interested in certain things about it. For one thing, every room in the hotel has a bath—either a tub or a shower—and running ice water. Everywhere in that hotel we saw signs. At the desk, when we entered, hung a sign which read: "*Clerk on duty, Mr. Pratt.*"

There were signs in our bedrooms, too, I don't remember all of them, but there was one bearing the genial invitation: "*Criticize and suggest for the improvement of our service. Complaint and suggestion box in lobby.*" While I was in that hotel I had nothing to "criticize and suggest," but I have been in other hotels where, if such an invitation had been extended to me, I should have stuffed the box.

Besides the signs, we found in each of our rooms the following: A clothes brush; a card bearing on one side a calendar and on the other side a list of all trains leaving Buffalo, and their times of departure; a memorandum pad and pencil by the telephone; a Bible ("Placed in this hotel by the Gideons"), and a pincushion, containing not only a variety of pins (including a large safety pin), but also needles threaded with black thread and white, and buttons of different kinds, even to a suspender button.

The Reward of Virtue

BUT aside from the prompt service we received, I think the thing which pleased us most about that hotel was a large sign in the public wash room, downstairs. Had I come from the West I am not sure that sign would have startled me so much, but coming from New York—! Well, this is what it said:

Believing that voluntary service in wash rooms is distasteful to guests, attendants are instructed to give no service which the guest does not ask for.

Time and again, while we were in Buffalo, my companion and I made excuses to go downstairs and wash our hands in the public wash room, just for the pleasure of doing so without fear of being attacked by a swarthy brigand with a brush. We became positively fond of the melancholy wash-room boy in that hotel. There was something pathetic in the way he stood around waiting for some one to say: "Brush me!" Day after day he pursued his policy of watchful waiting, hoping against hope that something would happen—that some one would fall down in the mud and really need to be brushed; that some one would take pity on him and let himself be brushed anyhow. The pathos of that boy's predicament began to affect us deeply. Finally we decided, just before leaving Buffalo, to go downstairs and let him brush us. We did so. When we asked him to do it he went very white at first. Then, with a glad cry, he leaped at us and did his work. It was a real brushing we got that day—not a mere slap on the back with a whisk broom, meaning "Stand and deliver!" but the kind of brushing that takes the dust out of your clothes. The wash room was full of dust before he got through. Great clouds of it went flouting up the stairs, filling the hotel lobby and making everybody sneeze. When he finished we were renovated. "How much do you think we ought to give him for all this?" I asked of my companion.

"If the conventional dime which we give the wash-room boys in New York hotels," he replied, "is proper payment for the services they render, I should say we ought to give this boy about twenty-seven dollars."

A Landmark

THERE are many other things about Buffalo which should be mentioned. There is the Buffalo Club—the dignified, solid old club of the city; and there is the Saturn Club, "where women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest." And there is Delaware Avenue, on which stand both these clubs and many of the city's finest homes. Unlike certain famous old residence streets in other cities, Delaware Avenue still holds out against the encroachments of trade. It is a wide, fine street of trees and lawns and homes. Despite the fact that many of its older houses are of the ugly though substantial architecture of the sixties, seventies, and eighties, and many of its newer ones lack architectural distinction, the general effect of Delaware Avenue is still fine and American.

My impression of this celebrated street was necessarily hurried, having been acquired in the course of sundry dashes down its length in motor cars. I recall a number of its buildings only vaguely now, but there is one which I admired every time I saw it, and which still clings in my memory both as a building and as a sermon on the enduring beauty of simplicity and good, old-fashioned lines—the office of Spencer Kellogg & Sons, at the corner of Niagara Square.

A Recipe for the Simple Life

IT happened that just before we left New York there was newspaper talk about some rich women who had organized a movement of protest against the ever-increasing tendency toward show and extravagance. We were, therefore, doubly interested when we heard of a similar activity on the part of certain fashionable women of Buffalo.

Our hostess at a dinner party there was the first to mention it, but several other ladies added details. They had formed a few days before a society called the "Simplicity League," the members of which bound themselves to give each other moral support in their efforts to return to a more primitive mode of life. I cannot recall now whether the topic came up before or after the butler and the footman came around with caviar and cocktails, but I know that I had learned a lot about it from charming and enthusiastic ladies at either side of me before the sherry had come on; that, by the time the sauterne was served, I was deeply impressed, and that, with the roast and the Burgundy, I was prepared to take the field against all comers, not only in favor of sin, laxity, but in favor of anything and everything which was favored by my hostess.

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Throughout the salad, the ices, the Turkish coffee, and the Corona-coronas I remained her champion, while with the port—nothing, it seems to me, recommends the old order of things quite so thoroughly as old port, which has in it a sermon and a song. After dinner the ladies told us more about their league.

"We don't intend to go to any foolish extremes," said one who looked like the apotheosis of the Rue de la Paix. "We are only going to scale things down and eliminate waste. There is a lot of useless show in this country which only makes it hard for people who can't afford things. And even for those who can, it is wrong. Take the matter of dress—a dress can be simple without looking cheap. And it is the same with a dinner. A dinner can be delicious without being elaborate. Take this little dinner we had to-night—"

"*What?*" I cried.

"Yes," she nodded. "In future we are all going to give plain little dinners like this."

"*Plain?*" I gasped.

Our hostess overheard my choking cry.

"Yes," she put in. "You see, the league is going to practice what it preaches."

"But I didn't think it had begun yet: I thought this dinner was a kind of farewell feast—that it was—"

Deprivation of Champagne

OUR hostess looked grieved. The other ladies of the league gazed at me reproachfully.

"Why?" I heard one exclaim to another, "I don't believe he noticed!"

"Didn't you notice?" asked my hostess. I was cornered.

"Notice?" I asked. "Notice *what?*"

"That we didn't have champagne!" she said.

Cleveland will be the subject of the next article, to appear in an early issue.

A Rally on the Colors

(Continued from page 18)

be here in the morning. You have been so good to me. I can't thank you, but I appreciate it."

"If you were really grateful you would let me read the letters to you. Come," she urged gently, "hear just one, and if it wearies you we will keep the others till morning."

"Well, if you insist," he sighed indifferently.

She placed the lantern on the floor and knelt close to the pillow that her voice might not reach the others, and slowly read:

DEAR HARRY, MY OWN SOLDIER BOY—*I know that you are getting well or I would have heard before now, but the suspense is hard to endure. I have had no news except the brief cable that you were seriously wounded, and I am counting the hours until the first mail comes, for, of course, some one has written if you could not.*

You must not worry about me, but get well as fast as you can and come home to our boy. You can't think how dear he is and how he grows. He has six little teeth, tiny pearls in the sweetest mouth, and he sits up so strong. I am shortening his dresses and he isn't a little baby any more but a real boy. He says "Dad, dad," quite plainly, and I think he suspects he has a daddy neither "present nor accounted for," who might be coming home soon.

We write you a letter daily, so you will probably get a whole series by each transport, and oh, sweetheart, I hope you are sending us word by each returning boat, for these days are pretty bad and the long nights worse, waiting for weeks for letters. But I mustn't talk about it, just keep busy with the boy, our boy, whom you have never seen. We kiss each other for you and send a hundred in this letter. Get well and come home to your lovers,

Your wife and baby.

The letter ended, but the nurse still knelt in the lantern's dim light. It was a supreme moment. She felt if it failed "Colorado" was lost.

"Are you willing to die and leave such a wife to face the future alone?" she said. "Are you willing this boy should be left to fight his own way with no father helping—at first for her the bitter loss and loneliness, and then the long years when she will need you for his sake? Think it over, and when I come back, if you have concluded to make another try for it, you will take your glass of milk and give yourself at least a fighting chance," and shading the lantern she hung it on the tent pole and left him.

An hour later the nurse returned, making her last rounds, but there was no request from "Colorado" for milk, or any sign that her effort to rouse him had been successful. She saw in the moonlight flooding the tent where the sides were rolled up to admit the breeze that he was not asleep, and she threw herself down on her own cot, wondering if he would silently drift away alone, while all about him slept.

THE Shadow seemed very near. Its presence made her wakeful. Was there nothing to stir the boy to one more effort? He was a brave man with a record for nerve and courage, and for weeks he had made a great fight against fearful odds, but he was giving up now. Yes, one thing might rouse him. She resolved to try it though it might snuff out his heartbeat in an instant. She took the chance, weighing swiftly the consequences.

Kneeling by the pillow, she spoke in low, tense tones that pierced the sluggish brain and burned themselves into his consciousness.

"I want to say one thing more that I think you may not have remembered in this easy scheme of dying to get out of your troubles. You excuse yourself because you are so worn and ill that you can't fight any longer—"

A note of scorn crept into her voice.

"Well, I want to say that nobody but a coward would do that, nobody but a quitter, and you know God hates a quitter. What can you expect from Him when you run up the white flag like this?"

PAUSING a moment, that his wavering faculties might be arrested and his emotions stirred by her words, she went on: "Oh, it's nothing to die—any one can do that—but it takes a brave man, a soldier of the real sort, to tackle what you are up against and come through with colors flying. They'll put you with the heroes, of course, but you will know through all eternity that you have no right there, and I shall know that a man who can storm an entrenchment with his line to cheers and red fire couldn't muster up courage enough alone to pull himself out of a hole." Silence—but the boy's eyes were on hers.

"Pennsylvania" was still across the aisle—he had had a bad time; but he was better now, and just here he took it upon himself to speak.

"'Colorado,'" he said, "I've been hearing what she says. You don't know all I know about her right to talk. You wouldn't be here to play the quitter, you'd have been out of it all that first night if she hadn't got up when you fellows came in; seventeen hours she'd been at it, and she'd just lain down; at first she told us boys she absolutely





In the Picture—a Week's Output—Twenty-Five Thousand Rims.

Tires Last Longer on Stanweld Rims

THE best tire built is soon made inefficient if fitted to an imperfect rim. Makers of few rims cannot afford to spend the time, money, and energy spent to make Stanweld Rims the most perfect rims.

Safety

To begin with, Stanweld Rims are made of a special steel, according to our own rigid specifications. Every lot of steel is tested chemically and physically before being made into rims on which will depend the lives of thousands of car-owners. And the rim is again tested for strength when finished.

Perfection

Stanweld Rims are inspected three times for accuracy of dimensions, perfection of form, smoothness of tire-seat, and ease of operation. There is another point, however, that means more from the standpoint of tire-economy than anything else. That point is design.

Stanweld Number Sixty Rims

Take Stanweld Number Sixty Rim, for instance. It is positively the only rim made from which casings and tubes can be removed without stretching, contracting or distorting them in any manner. That's a great advantage, because no tire will return to its exact original form after being pulled out of shape. And a tire out of shape is soon a tire out of service.

Operation

To operate Stanweld Number Sixty Rim you first unlock six automatic clamps—and they stay unlocked. Then you remove the tire, with the outer rim attached. Next, with a screw-driver, you unlock a toggle-lock and remove the inner band.

This inner band is in no way attached to the tire proper. It can't freeze to the casing, and you don't have to use special tools to pry it off.

After the band is removed, the entire inside of the casing is easily accessible. You can remove the tube as easily as you'd remove it from the box it came in. Or, you can conveniently repair or replace the casing without destructive stretching or pulling.

Makes Straight-Side Tires Bigger

Stanweld Number Sixty Rims can be changed from clincher type to straight-side type by merely changing the side-rings.

When used for straight-side tires the Number Sixty Rim allows greater spread of the tire at the base than any of the old-style rims. This feature gives the tire greater air-space; reduces the strain on the tire-walls; gives the car greater riding-comfort; and increases tire-mileage.

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You'll find Stanweld Number Sixty Rims on high-quality cars. But that doesn't mean you have to buy a high-priced car to get them.

Nearly every car sold with demountable rim-equipment can be purchased with Stanweld Number Sixty Rims at no additional cost—if you just ask for them. Or, if you already own a car, you can equip it with Number Sixty Rims for very little money. Then you'll have the best rim-equipment made, and you'll save your time, temper, strength, and a large part of your tire-expense.

The main office is glad to furnish any one with complete information about the Number Sixty Rim, or any other type of rim.

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Pioneers and World's Largest Producers of Rims for Motor-Driven Vehicles

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The leading makes of pneumatic tires are guaranteed only when applied to rims bearing one of the accompanying inspection marks. You'll find these marks on Stanweld Rims.

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The Howard Watch

THE predominance of the HOWARD Watch among yachting men illustrates some interesting conditions in American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class; as such. Practically every American yachtsman is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the water, and who takes his HOWARD Watch with him when he goes aboard.

The thing that makes him a yachtsman and an American disposes him to like the HOWARD Watch—with its fine traditions, its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing its clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making world.

The wonderful character of the HOWARD Watch is that it meets men of so many different kinds and occupations on their own ground. Men in commerce, in the technical industries, in the professions, in official life.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in 18K gold case at $170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U.S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. A, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
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For griddle cakes or waffles; and for cooking
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For tea and coffee
The American Sugar Refining Company

couldn't make another turn, but we knew she'd do just what she did; get up and work for hours for all of you. She was no quitter, she was a man; and now, say—you're going to shame us all or you ain't." They waited a tense moment; they heard "Taps" blowing along the bay, where a newly arrived regiment was tented on the Laneta; and through the ward floated the perfume of the "Dame de Noche," that blossoms only with the twilight.

"Colorado" sighed; then in a voice weak and quavering, but vibrant with a new note, he said: "Bring on your milk."

He got well.

TWO years after he got back home there was a new baby, a girl this time. He said he had asked the volunteer nurse's name on purpose before he left the hospital so as to have it handy when the time came; now the time was come, and for her the new baby was named.

The Tyranny of Beauty

Continued from page 15

pack, showing how the milk works through the pores of the skin and feeds the muscles underneath, to do another set of the same kind showing how the apple acid works through the pores and dissolves the fat. Have him draw it just the way she writes it in the text—these drawings that don't go with the text ain't with a row of pins. And there's gotta be a picture of a bottle—mark it 'Pure Apple Acid'—"

"A photograph of a test tube half filled with liquid would look more 'scientific,'" suggested the chemist with a sneer which she did not apparently see, for she snapped up the word and ordered a photograph of the test tube in place of the bottle.

"PUT down a note on that, and then put down another note that she's to look up some statistics about the consumption of apples and the death rates in the States where they're most used. Cancer—that's a good idear—put that word down. With the right sort of tables we could show that apples—apple acid, that is—are a preventive of cancer. Apple States and cancer States. . . . But tell her she's got no time to be running round to libberries looking up facts—write what oughta be facts about the action of apple acid on the human system and have that young newspaper man do a line of pictures that'll convince the public. She can pay him five dollars for his work. The most important thing now is to get the proper shade of pink and the right finish on the wrapper, and I guess I better have her look up the samples, she's got such taste. Put down 'heavy pink, suède-finish paper for wrappers'—that's the first thing she's to do—something extra classy. . . . It might pay to put a foil underwrapper on this soap—give the idear that the acid's very powerful. Miss Beekman, you see that there's a foil underwrapper—tell the forewoman to rewrap this French soap that way.

"You know what's in this soap, Mr. Pusey?"

"About what's in it. I can analyze it for you and tell exactly."

"Don't waste time on that. I simply want a new antiobesity of our own make—cheap—so all you gotta do is get a good formula and start manufacturing it. But the main thing now is to decide on a shape and size that looks expensive. Do that this afternoon."

A SNEER at her had been growing on his face while she dictated, and, barely concealing it, he inquired with supercilious coldness: "Do I understand that you wish me to put 'apple acid' in this new soap?"

"Put apple acid in the soap?" she snapped. "Where are your ears? Who said anything about putting it in the soap? Didn't you understand those were notes to Miss Cryder telling her to put it in the advertisement? . . . Here, Bessie, take another note—tell her to be extra particular not to say the apple acid's *in* the soap—somebody thinking himself smart might take it into his head to analyze it and then accuse me of selling goods under false pretenses. Say for her to be sure to add a guarantee in fine print: 'No acid in this soap'—that'll keep us on the safe side. . . . That'll do, Mr. Pusey. Gemme those dummies right away."

Exit Mr. Pusey with an assorted glance at Miss Beekman that would probably have been lost on madame even if she'd seen it. He pitied himself immeasurably, and raged with his whole scientific soul. She heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, that's settled. Now if we can get the pink paper this afternoon and rewrap that French lot as our own make—introduction size, only three dollars—won't be sold in this size or price after this month—next size twice as expensive—twelve hundred cakes oughta run out in a week with a proper demonstrator and the right 'dope' after Julia Cryder's got it sounding scientific. . . . Henrietta dear—you better see to the fittings of the demonstration booth—you got such taste in those things. Arrange boxes of soap between boxes of Oregon apples—that'll carry out the idear of the apple acid: make the booth a bower of apple blossoms—those new paper flowers, you know—you can gettum at any of the stores. Might be prettier to have an apple tree in full bloom in the middle of the booth with the demonstrator standing under it. Then we'll have some small pink flowers to stick under the ribbons on Zulu—we oughta move about a thousand Zulu at the same time—'Put on fat, or take it off'—play up that idear—and another thousand on the preparations. Give-away flowers do a lot of talking, so get something that costs about a dollar a hundred and looks like a present. If we work it right, a week's demonstration oughta net us five-six thousand—that'll near pull us outa the hole and square us with the bad season. Trouble is to find a demonstrator who can handle it—draw in the crowd on her own account—not the goods at all. There's one if I could get her. Have to pay her a thousand dollars, but I'd offer her a deal—every dollar over six she can keep, every dollar under five she makes up outa her fee. But could I get her?"

"I know who you're thinking of," purred Beekman. "I know—Winkie Wakefield!"

"Winkie Wakefield!" I cried, horrified, at the same moment that my aunt uttered the name in Eureka tones. "Surely, Aunt Maggie, you must have seen some of the New York papers this summer—you must know her latest—"

"Know her latest scandal? I should say! Why, they talked of nothing else out in Col'raydo this summer. Did me a good turn—I placed a ten-gross lot of Zulu with one firm on Winkie Wakefield's name—told them she'd been coming to the *salon* for years—I made her face—she used Zulu night and morning. But I suppose she's in retirement—ain't she, Henrietta?"

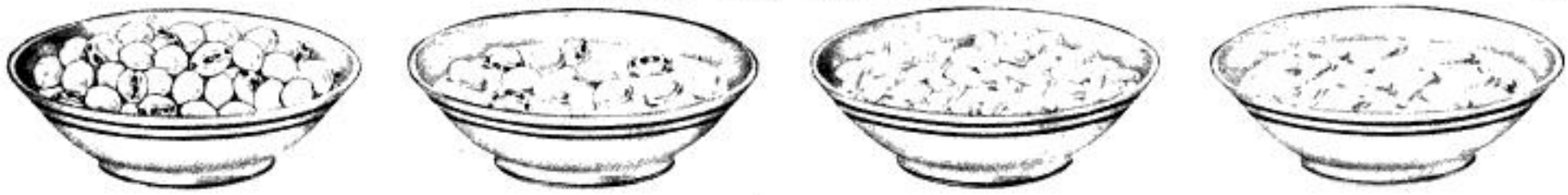
DEAR Henrietta, with a sidewise glance at me under her lashes, communicated that Winkie was in retirement—after the fashion of her kind—and would be in for a very private treatment at four o'clock. She was also in money difficulties and might be open to a—suggestion.

I protested hotly: "Aunt Maggie, you surely wouldn't let a woman of that sort represent you publicly?"

I can't be too explicit on Winkie Wakefield's special qualifications for the position now opening her way—I shouldn't wish her recognized under the name I've given her; suffice it that she was very beautiful and had achieved one of the largest notorieties in the country, capping the climax of a gay career through the usual channels of stage and divorce court by getting herself mixed up with one of the most sensational murders of the day—a person my aunt scorned to speak to in public, fumed when Winkie accosted her before women, and wouldn't have dreamed of inviting to the house.

"She don't represent *me*—I got nothing to do with her character outside her honesty in money matters," returned my aunt loftily. "She can move this stock—the White Sisterhood's aching in their bones to have a squint at her even a mile away and with a cake of soap in her hands! All it needs is the right staging for her act—you'll see to that, Henrietta dear—and Winkie Wakefield and I, we'll give ole Winston quite some pointers on his ole law of diminishing returns! I guess after he's certified

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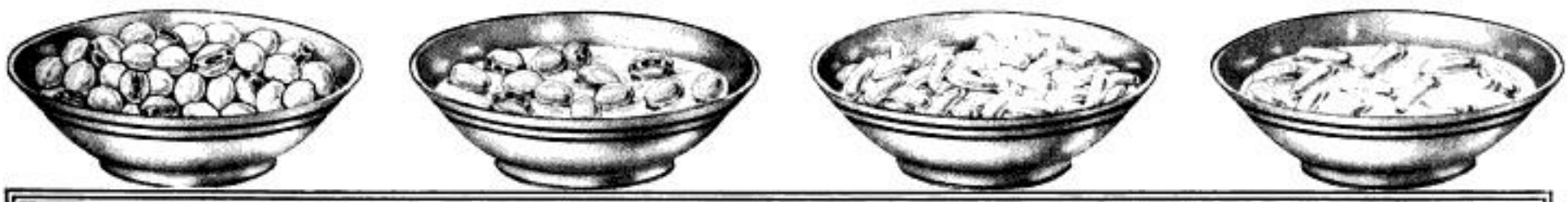




10 Meals With Us

Ten meals like these—delightful meals of Puffed Grains served in various ways. Breakfasts and suppers which you'll never forget. Our offer today is to pay for all ten, so all your folks may know the joys of Puffed Grains.





The Coupon Pays for All

Today we make this offer to you, as we make it every spring. Every year, on the verge of summer, when millions of homes enjoy Puffed Grains.

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Take this coupon with you. He will give you for it a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat, and we will pay the dime.

Thus for 15 cents you get two packages this week—ten meals of Puffed Wheat and ten of Puffed Rice. And ten of the meals are our treat.

You Will Never Forget

After this test you will never forget the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. You will see grains thin and porous, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

You will see bubble-like grains which fairly melt in the mouth into almond-flavored granules. And a thousand future meals will be made more delightful because you know of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Every Granule Exploded In Prof. Anderson's Way

Those cells in each Puffed Grain are caused by a hundred million explosions. Each separate food granule is exploded from inside.

The grains are sealed in guns, then subjected to fearful heat. Thus the trifle of moisture inside of each granule is changed to explosive steam.

Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. Each granule is blasted to pieces.

This is Prof. Anderson's process for making digestion easy and complete. No other process does that. In the best of cooking at least half of the granules remain solid and unbroken.

So Puffed Grains are more than enticing. They are scientific foods. Your physician knows them to be the best-cooked foods in existence.

Good for 10 Cents

Buy from your grocer a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. He will collect the 10 cents from us.

Serve some of these grains with cream and sugar. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper, like bread or crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish for ice cream. And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. You will find these both foods and confections. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 58.

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

Address _____

To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
The Quaker Oats Company—Chicago

Dated _____ *1914*

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

10-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

(537)

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You do a bit of fussing with some Prince Albert rolled into a makin's cigarette or jammed into a jimmy pipe. Then some fire—trumps that clean up the table!

Smoking P. A. is like beating it cross country. *It's the short cut to tobacco joy!* All the fun of the best smokings you ever hit is yours for the say-so, if you'll take a tip and go to

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Don't overlook this bet: P. A. can't bite your tongue. Oh, no; that's not the old kidemagain idea. But real and true stuff hot off the griddle! Prince Albert is made by a patented process that *cuts out the bite!* Prove it for your own sake—and satisfaction!

And get this, too: You always find P. A. fresh, wherever you buy it! *And here's why:* P. A. never sticks to the dealers' shelves! Salt down that thought!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere you happen to drop in—at home, or get it in any civilized country in the world! Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

books for me a few years more he'll begin to discover that the law of diminishing returns ain't all there is to the beauty business—not while I'm on top, anyhow. There's another law—the law of crossing the footlights. It don't matter how good your goods are—if they don't cross, they're no good. And it don't matter how bad they are—if they cross, they sell on the craze, and then you get the law of accelerating returns. The craze—that's what does it. You gotta start a *craze*—let the craze work for you. Or else you gotta hitch your goods on to a craze already started—like Winkle Wakefield's. Why, men'll buy this soap as much as women!... No, Henrietta, I wasn't thinking of her—I was thinking of Lillian Russell—if I could get her for a thousand for one week. But your suggestion is worth a mint more money to us—stand Winkle under the old apple tree and have the old oaken bucket beside her for a cash box to drop the money into as she takes it outa their hands and a dipper to fish out the change with—why, she oughta move a thousand cakes of Apple Acid Soap a *day!* Three dollars a cake—eleven cents that cost us, didn't it?—and three-four hundred Zulu along with it—oughta clean up twenty thousand fer us on a week's demonstration if the police don't interfere with the crowds—that's all I'm afraid of. When these good women turn out for a free view of one of her sort, they get to crowding and pushing and stamping and tearing off veils, and before you know it somebody's fainted, and then there's a riot, and in come the police and break up the sale for you. But three or four officers in pink uniform to match the wrappers, and set Winkie up real high so's the ones on the outside can see her too, and I guess we can manage the crowds that'll come—all that's needed is to get a popular preacher to denounce her from the pulpit the Sunday before—tell what she's going to do and warn his congregation notta go near the store. But I guess Julia Cryder can fix that—she'll find the right one and poke a stick in his cage."

All of a sudden she rose and stretched, exclaiming: "Will you looka the time! Most two! I gotta place in here"—she pointed amidships—"calling for clear green turtle soup and broiled squabs with French artichokes. Henrietta dear, you look like you had the same sort of place and call in your insides. We can plan out Winkie's act while we eat—that'll save time—I gotta see her this afternoon and then secure the department-store assignment for her and see about the ads—so hurry with your hat."

Thus died the Beekman conspiracy, stillborn, entombed, and sunk to oblivion in broiled squabs and turtle soup.

ARE the spiritually significant moments of life ever dramatic? I wonder! I had set my mouth for a dramatic, exciting exposé of Miss Beekman's schemes and a denouement by which she'd get her just desert. Nothing happened: my aunt, without knowing it, pricked the bubble of Miss Beekman's ambition and the rest of the conspiracy flattened out through those spontaneous readjustments that take place automatically in the presence of creative individuals. With invisible emanations given off from her personality she denatured the plots against her and went about her own affairs. The establishment was reanimated, quivering with a fresh vital energy after its long languishing. Orders flew right and left—different wrappers, different tints for this and that, different names for old stock that wasn't moving fast enough. Next morning she told me to make up ten thousand jars of Zulu for a window demonstration and put a sign over it: "Ten thousand dollars' worth of pure skin food—what New York uses in one day."

THESE changes, apparently trifling and often looked at askance by her underlings at the time—like changing the name of a soap and making it a tremendous seller—all brought results in hard cash—changes that seemed to come by inspiration and that she usually graced with the remark: "I think I see myself sitting down under any ole law of diminishing returns."

BUT in spite of her bravado, I knew that the argument had made a profound impression on her by the way she was constantly studying out some new method of eluding its workings. "Play up a new line on the big market—" and that happy inspiration put into effect with the aid of Miss Cryder and Winkie Wakeman for a week in a department store netted twelve thousand dollars and sent Apple Acid Soap booming and soaring to the skies. And who but a genius—confronted as she was that day with a debt, no credit, and two remonstrating men—could almost on the instant have perceived that way out: the law of the footlights—the law of accelerating returns through crazes—and have thrown herself upon uncaptured markets with the elements that came to hand?

Looking back, I like to tell myself that on that first of September when the clock struck twelve I witnessed the birth of a commercial Napoleon—a woman of greatness, though she was a kind of monster. In her loyalty to a petty cause she showed a courage of conviction, a singleness of purpose, a devotion to the thing she'd created that might well have graced a saint. Even her mad rush for wealth was in some sort a self-denial and an austerity: if she loved money for what it brought, she loved it far more as the measure of her capacity to wrest it from the world. She saw it not as the fruit of fraud, but as tribute to her worth and usefulness. Out of her claptrap and tricks she certainly won a hardy self-respect; she was ethically a rudimentary type.

FROM the first of September I noticed a change in her difficult to define except with the word Napoleonic. Her operations grew larger and were also of a somewhat new type—her main idea now was to push across the footlights and let the craze do the rest. That was where the money lay—in cutting the selling costs—for the production costs could not be cut by the infinitesimal fraction of a cent except by using inferior ingredients, and that, as I've already said, she never considered. Indeed, filler for all our standard articles on the one-cent test cost too little to bother about, and my labor added only the twenty-fifth of a cent a jar to Zulu and less on the germ-proof face powder where a dollar's worth of labor was sufficient to dye and scent a hundred pounds of chalk which in turn yielded 6,400 quarter-ounce boxes of mineral paste for the trade.

As a logical consequence of the Napoleonic stage, my aunt now made her plunge into the retail mail-order business—on a wholesale plan. Though originally one of the reasons she'd given for taking a whole building, this had been



The Del Mar Beauty Parlors would weigh and measure you, standardize you as to fat and lean, and make you well and keep you well

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Carafes $3.50 up

THE busy man of to-day has a **Thermos Carafe** filled with his favorite bottled water chilled to his taste and placed upon his desk every morning. **Thermos** keeps it cold until the last drop is consumed.

THERMOS
Serves You Right—Food or Drink—Hot or Cold — When—Where—and As you like

Thermos makes every walk of life easier. In the home it is a wageless servant, saving endless steps for Father and Mother, and keeping Baby's milk clean, sweet, and free from infection. Afoot or afield, **Thermos** makes its presence felt in a thousand-and-one ways. No home is truly complete until it has its **Thermos** equipment.

For the June Wedding Gift you will delight the heart of any bride to be by sending the **Thermos** Tea, Coffee or Chocolate Jug.

*The genuine has **Thermos** stamped on the base*

Bottles $1.00 upward
Carafes $3.50 upward

THERMOS COMPANY
Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

Write for Thermos Picture Puzzle Cut Out FREE

COLORADO
The Beautiful and Economical Place for Your Vacation

Do you know that the mountain people are proverbially strong and sturdy? Why? The Rocky mountains are always healthful. The dry, high altitudes are a-tingle with vital forces. If you're spent and worn; if your mind is sluggish; if your ideas come slow; if you're jaded, tired and draggy—it's time to cut the traces of your tasks and strike out for Colorado.

The journey means one night on the cars from Chicago or St. Louis—and such a trip! Great, commodious steel sleepers, beautiful dining cars, valet, barber and music on the Rock Island Lines' "Rocky Mountain Limited," daily from Chicago.

We maintain Travel Bureaus in all important cities. Our representatives are travel experts, who will help you plan a wonderful and an economical vacation, give you full information about hotels, camps, ranches, boarding places, and look after every detail of your trip.

Write today to L. M. Allen, Rock Island Lines, Room 722 LaSalle Station, Chicago

Low fares June 1 to September 30.

For Interesting and Valuable Information about
PATENTS WANTED
and Sought by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Visible Results* and Terms Book.
E. E. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 8, Washington, D. C. Estab 1869.

BOATS For pleasure or business. Cruising Yachts, Fast Runabouts, Row Boats for Portable Motors, Dingheys, and Canoes. Some big bargains in shopworn craft.
RACINE BOAT WORKS, Muskegon, Mich.

hanging fire for several years. First she thought she would—that was under the stimulation of Mme. Granville; but while organizing the new establishment, one of the big drug concerns put out a line of facials with demonstrators, then, becoming disgusted with the expense, threw over the demonstrators and relied on magazine advertisement entirely, only to discover presently that their stock would not move. They were compelled to revert to their demonstrations.

"What fools men are dealing with women," was her comment. "You'd think an idiot child would know that when it comes to toilet preparations, women buy on smell—more afraid of getting the wrong scent tag on them than they are of a rattlesnake." Which means that perfumes not merely go out of fashion—they become absolutely taboo at certain trade levels—the badge of the "other class"; so the printed advertisement can never capture more than a portion of the women with the dollar. Madame's own demonstrations had trained her in the target advertisement that aimed a pink jar at a woman's eye and nose and told her: "You can be beautiful!" and picked off sales as it went along. Shotgun methods that aimed vaguely at the dear public, hit or miss, were to her mind abhorrently wasteful of cash and uncertain of result. She said she "knew ole Granville was a liar," and let the mail-order business go at that.

But now with a load of high-priced stock to move in a hurry through the fall season, goods easy to pack and mail without fear of breakage, she opened her advertising campaign with Apple Acid Soap and saw results that surprised her.

MISS WINKIE had done her duty by the house and herself—took the fat White Sisters into her childlike confidence and told them she wasn't half as bad as the papers had tried to make her out—not nearly so black as she'd been painted, as they could see by looking at her—and that her lovely form and face were the result of using Apple Acid Soap, and bit an Oregon apple to prove it. She sold the bitten apples for a dollar each and pocketed the proceeds as one of her perquisites.

Madame overlooked this trifling peccadillo—because she had to or lose Winkie, who was making more off bitten apples than her thousand-dollar fee—and rushed a small advertisement of the soap with Winkie's indorsement into one of the women's journals just as the forms were closing. Two hundred women responded in one week—nine hundred dollars! We were still using the French soap as an "introduction size" while waiting for our own small cake, "made in our laboratories and guaranteed to contain no acid," that was to sell at the same price, and madame had to send around town and buy it even of retailers to fill the orders. But the deed was done, and we became a mail-order house forthwith.

My aunt flung herself into this new line of activity as a hungry dog grabs a bone. She fairly barked and growled over it. Place had to be made for the department, a staff organized, a special catalogue system installed. And then—the "litterchure."

JULIA CRYDER and she hobnobbed together for hours—lunched together, dined together often—in the throes of creation; for it had suddenly seemed to come to my aunt that she could make her advertisements as personal and talky as a demonstration. I do not say she actually wrote the advertisements as they appeared—Julia, dear, fricasseed them into shape for serving—but she delivered the bone and meat; she gave them that something—Heaven alone knows what it is—that crosses the footlights. "Fat—the Vital Index"—she and Miss Cryder wrote a scientific booklet under that title to prove it: if you had too little, you were sick; if you had too much, you were sick; you might not know it, but you were. Fatty degeneration of the heart was an awful thing—the young newspaper artist drew a picture to show what you looked like with a fatty-degenerate heart; and several more to show the heart strangling with its degenerate fat. On the other hand, if you were too thin . . . But you need be neither—the Del Mar Beauty Parlors would weigh and measure you, standardize you as to fat and lean and make you well and keep you well. Scales were introduced into the parlors for this purpose and card records for the use of customers.

(To be concluded next week)

Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents



MADE BY Wilson Bro's EXCLUSIVELY LICENSED UNDER THE Klosed-Krotch PATENTS OCT. 18-1910

Look for the label

THE favorite undergarment for the active men who desire the maximum of comfort and neatness. The closed crotch prevents binding and chafing—no edges or buttons between the legs. Front and back openings are separated and cannot gap open—always orderly and smooth. Combines freedom, coolness and lightness—the ideal undergarment for sultry days. Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit is the only garment of its kind licensed to be made under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Comes in a variety of woven fabrics. $1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bro's
Open-Mesh Union Suit
Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

MADE with the same patented closed crotch as the Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit. A superior open-mesh fabric, airy, absorbent, elastic, long-sleeves, half sleeves and sleeveless; ankle, three-quarter and knee-length. $1.00 and up for men—50 cents for boys.



Wilson Bro's
Combinette Shirt
Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

A ONE-PIECE garment that combines outer shirt and drawers. Ideal for playing golf, tennis and other open air activities. Crotch is closed like the Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit. No working up or bunching of shirt tails. Half or full sleeves. Soft attached collars or without. $1.50 and up.



At your furnisher's or he can get them for you.

Wilson Bro's Chicago

SAXON $395



Price of $395 includes windshield, top, sheet curtains, lamps, tools, jack and tire repair kit.

3000 SAXONS Now in Use

The Saxon is a tried and proved car. A car that is making good throughout the land. A car that has proven its mettle on the hills of Pittsburgh, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston, Cincinnati. A car that is standing the strains of country driving in Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New England, Colorado, Texas and all the other States. A car that is pleasing the fancy of wealthy buyers in New York and Chicago—and fitting the pocket book of thousands all over the country.

More than 3000 Saxons are already in use and we are shipping them at the rate of 75 a day.

No Test Too Hard

Saxons stand the trying test of owners' use because long before we put the cars on the market they had received at our hands all the testing we could then devise.

But we are still thinking up new tests. At Detroit a Saxon has just completed a grind of 135 miles a day for thirty consecutive days.

Under official observation it has gone a distance in thirty days of 4050 miles, equivalent to a year's use in the hands of the average owner.

It has averaged 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline with two passengers. Similar tests by our dealers show similar results.

Saxon Sturdiness Throughout

The old Saxon virtues of simplicity, sturdiness and endurance have been built into this car. Every bit of material used in it is of high grade—equal, in all the essential parts, to the quality of material used in cars costing five to ten times as much.

The smooth running, powerful motor of Saxon design is of Continental make. We use vanadium steel springs. The material in our axles, frames and transmission is as good as you will find in cars at $1500 to $2000.

And every Saxon car is thoroughly tested in the factory and on the road before it goes to you.

Good Looking and Economical

Saxon cars from the first have won the public by their good looks. They are snappy and up-to-date. Streamline body, tapered bonnet, molded oval fenders, racy lines give a smartness and distinction wholly new in low-priced cars.

The Saxon is wonderfully economical. You get 28 to 32 miles from a gallon of gasoline; 150 miles from a quart of oil. A set of tires should easily run 5000 miles, and when replacement is necessary a complete tire costs only $11.95.

Order Your Saxon Now

The uses of the Saxon are numberless. The demand for them has been far ahead of what we anticipated. Some folks are going to have to wait. The wise thing to do is to order now.

Write Dept. E **Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.**

You get a whole new novel every month in

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

and get it first, get it before it goes into book form.

The Munsey with its complete novel and all other features costs you 15c.

The same novel when it goes into book form will cost you $1.50.

The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

(Continued from page 16)

examined the sky once again, Win whispered: "My name's James—S. W. James—remember! Explain later."

Getting the sign, Tris Ford nodded.

"When's the next train to Rome?" asked Win, smiling significantly upon Mrs. Leonard.

"I don't know exactly," answered Ford.

"Must start at once," announced Win.

"W-h-a-t for?" Tris Ford could not suppress his curiosity entirely.

"To see the American Ambassador."

THE manager's face brightened. "He's here—on the dock—waiting for—" Win scowled.

"—for an American he has to meet," completed Ford.

"After he sees his friend—whoever he is—have the Ambassador look us up at the Excelsior—that's the top-notch hotel, isn't it?"

"Mebbe it is," acknowledged Ford. "I'm stopping there."

"On our way," ordered Win, rather arbitrarily. But he winked at Tris Ford.

"I'll join you there in—half an hour," said the manager—"after I've arranged with the Ambassador. Say—John Bismer's all right. Why—he's a real fan."

But Win Shute was hurrying away—out of range of the human ear. With Mrs. Leonard he rattled off in a one-horse victoria fortified by a taxi-fare register. That's why he didn't see the wireless operator of the *Colonia* taken from the ship and paroled in the custody of the British Ambassador.



Judge—Well, you certainly performed that robbery in a brutally ingenious way, but—
Crook—Aw, Judge, yer flatters me!

At the time agreed Tris Ford knocked at the door of S. W. James—for so James Winton Shute was registered at the hotel in Naples. "Shall we talk here?" Ford asked, "or go to my room?"

"Here—Mrs. Leonard is across the hall."

"Say—who's this Mrs. Leonard and what's the game?" demanded Tris Ford. "You didn't wise up to it, but the American Ambassador was down on that dock looking for *you*."

"Honest? Are you next to the Ambassador?" Win Shute asked, eagerly.

"Sure I am. The President of the United States has 'released' him to me!" There was a matchless smile.

"Fine business! Now you can help me get Miss Leonard out of trouble."

"Miss Leonard?—daughter—"

"Only daughter—only girl!" Win's eyes gleamed. Then, catching the look of understanding on Tris Ford's face, half humorous, half glad, he blushed—blushed as a bush leaguer sometimes does when returning to the bench after his first safe hit.

"You haven't been signed, have you?" asked the manager.

"Not yet," confessed Win, suppressing the inevitable sigh. "But I'd sign in a minute if she'd offer me a contract—contract with a reserve clause for life," he announced boldly.

THEN he told all about it, ending with the why and the wherefore of his incognito of "S. W. James."

"She'll never care for me a second when she knows I'm a professional ball player. *She's* a dead swell," Win exuded gloom with every syllable.

"If she won't have you," said Tris Ford, "you wouldn't have her." This was not an Irishism.

"Tris—the unclad lad with the bow and arrow has winged me—might as well confess it."

"You don't have to tell me that," laughed Ford.

"Why not?" Win was startled. Had the world begun to guess?

"Because you haven't so much as referred to your own case—how you got aboard that ship, and how you were treated."

"Oh, I cabled that from Gibraltar. I'm all right—so what's the use bothering over it now?"

"Well, I'm—" Tris Ford didn't finish. His expression was enough.

"I know—you think I ought to be fighting mad at the crooks that put me aboard that boat drugged," said Win. "One way I am—another I'm not. If I hadn't been sent off on the *Colonia*, I shouldn't have met Imogen Leonard."

TRIS FORD wagged his head from side to side, looking the while like a fair reproduction of Resignation. He asked the king of second basemen if he had any objection to further activities on the manager's part to land the chief crook in prison. Win Shute had none, provided he was not dragged into it until he had made his "play for the girl." But when Tris Ford sought information about Jerrold Mansel, there was a protest.

"See here, Tris," argued Win, "what Mansel did to me—suppressing my messages and faking a wireless from you to the captain—was rotten bad, I know. But let me tell you something: at the same time he was protecting Miss Leonard!"

"How?"

"The captain of the *Colonia* was getting messages asking him if a person answering her description was aboard the boat—she traveled under the name of Riley, remember I told you. Same time *she* was getting messages from some friend ashore, warning her. As I understand it, her wirelesses were in code—but she didn't have the right code with her: so couldn't read 'em, and had to ask for translations in plain English. Of course then the wireless operator spotted her. But Jerrold Mansel didn't give her away to a soul on the ship—not even to the captain!

"What's more—he didn't take advantage of his inside information; he didn't try to—to work on her sympathies because he was shielding her. There's some good in that chap yet."

Tris Ford gave assurances of fair dealing in regard to the wireless operator—for Miss Leonard's sake! Abruptly he asked about the young lady: where she was. He was told that Imogen Leonard was detained in the best hotel at Genoa, which was surrounded by guards, and that Win Shute wouldn't have left her there alone if she hadn't insisted that he take her mother to Rome to see the American Ambassador. This mission had made it possible for Win to obey the cablegram directing him not to leave the ship until arrival at Naples. "Why is Miss Leonard detained?" Tris Ford asked, pointedly.

"Her mother knows—I don't," answered Win.

"You don't know?"

"Of course not! You don't suppose I tried to pry into her secrets." Win Shute's manner said further: "How very preposterous!" But Tris Ford wasn't taken in. He looked Win straight in the eye, smiled in a way to take the sting off what he intended to say, then let fly: "You batted .337 this last season, didn't you?"

"B'lieve I did—but what are you driving at?" The manager paid no attention to the question, simply went ahead:

"That means you made a safe hit every third time you faced the pitcher—a remarkable record. But two times out of three you failed to deliver the punch. Perhaps you went out on a pop fly, perhaps you struck out. I remember one

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Why are Delco Equipped Cars So Eagerly Sought After by Intelligent Automobile Buyers?

Why is it that before the end of the season Delco Equipped Cars are almost invariably oversold?

Why is it that Delco factories in spite of their constantly increasing output have never been able to supply the demand made upon them?

Frankly—it is because more than 115,000 car owners have so emphatically demonstrated Delco efficiency—

Because—owing to the fundamentally correct principles upon which Delco engineering is based, the owner of a Delco Equipped Car is practically certain of perfect cranking, lighting and ignition no matter whether he drives his car sixty miles an hour with few stops or fifteen miles an hour with many stops.

There are three underlying principles of successful electrical equipment for a gas car—

First—Its ability to maintain a fully charged battery no matter how fast, or how slow the car is driven.

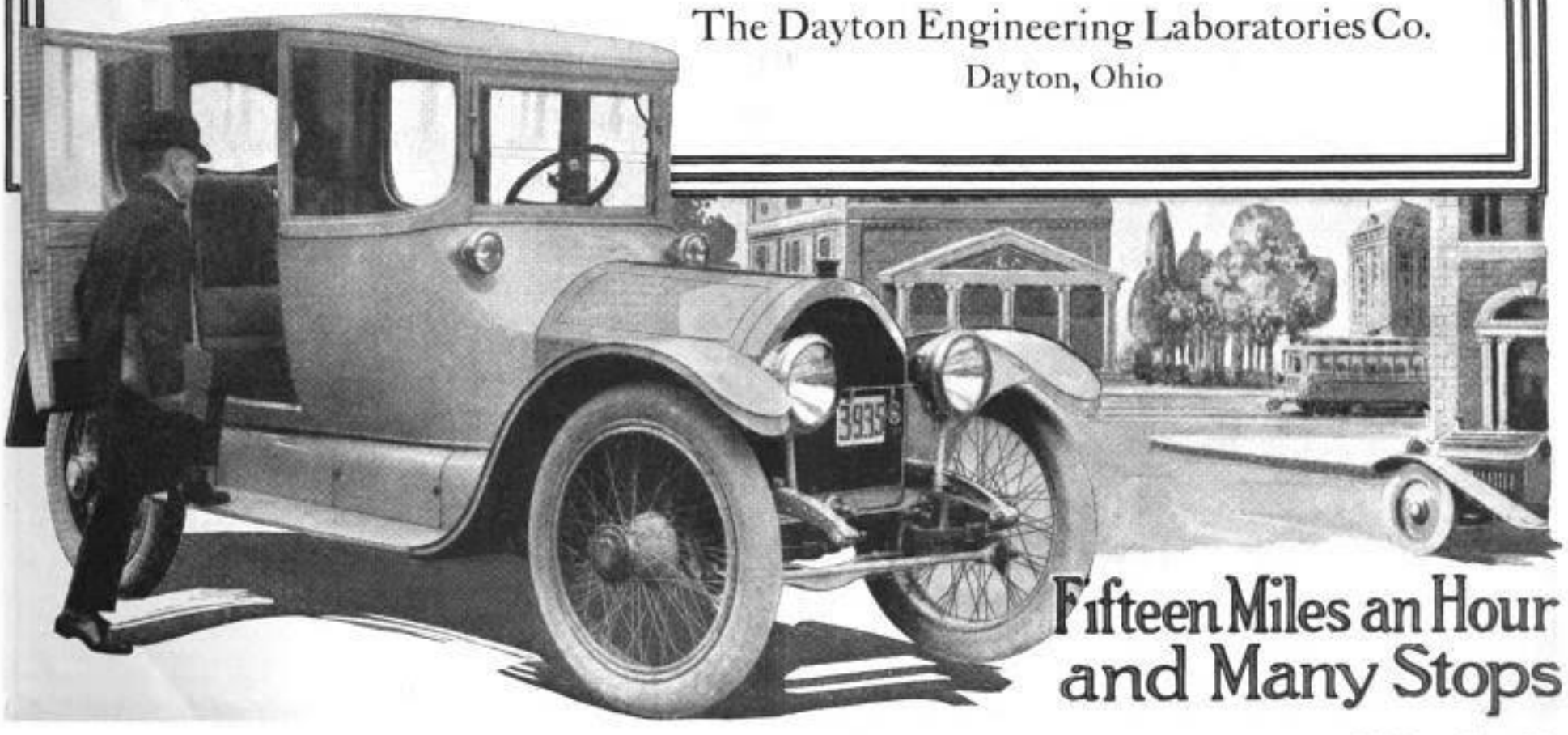
Second—Its ability to stand up under the excessive strains and stresses of hard driving.

Third—Its adaptability to the particular car upon which it is used.

The simplicity and correctness of Delco design—the almost unbreakable character of Delco construction and the wide range of Delco efficiency have back of them the testimony of three years of actual service on the very highest type of American cars, and the experience of more than 115,000 thoroughly satisfied owners.

That is why this season as in former seasons, the demand for Delco Equipped Cars is greater than the factories can supply.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio



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$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes

to more firmly establish this Emblem and its significance in your mind. This Emblem is the token by which you may identify the members of this Association. It typifies the ideals that are the Qualifications for Membership.

The privilege of using this Emblem has been bestowed upon these manufacturers so that wherever you see it you may know that it is associated with those concerns whose record of achievement has won for them this merited distinction evidenced by the endorsement of public approval.

We believe implicitly that there are men and women everywhere to whom these concerns mean infinitely more than merely successful commercial enterprises. We *know* that their years of fair dealing with worthy products have built up a legion of warm and loyal friends, and we say to each member's friends, "You are justified in having confidence in every other member."

It is one of the axioms of this Association that "an exchange of ideas creates new ideas." The offer that is here described on this page has been arranged to create an even greater appreciation of the integrity and merit that underlies these products. To give a just reward for the time and thought that will be spent, we are offering these prizes. Read every line of this message—then turn your ideas into dollars.

To Everybody

$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes for IDEA LETTERS

on either of the following subjects:

1st. Your ideas of the Superior merits or any new uses of our Members' products, such as may be used for an advertisement; privileged to use illustrations, if desired.

2nd. Your suggestions of NEW BUSINESS IDEAS pertaining to production or sales in any branch of any Member's business.

First Prize	$1,000.00	Eighth Prize	$100.00	Next 25 Prizes	$50.00 each
Second Prize	500.00	Ninth Prize	100.00	Next 50 Prizes	20.00 each
Third Prize	250.00	Tenth Prize	100.00	Next 100 Prizes	10.00 each
Fourth Prize	100.00	Eleventh Prize	100.00	Next 200 Prizes	5.00 each
Fifth Prize	100.00	Twelfth Prize	100.00	And $3,000.00 in prizes of $1.00 each for the next 3,000 ideas accepted.	
Sixth Prize	100.00	Thirteenth Prize	100.00		
Seventh Prize	100.00			Total, $10,000.00	

SPECIAL: "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted ideas," with your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

CONDITIONS: 1st—You may submit one letter only for each Member of the Association.

2nd—Each letter may be written on any or all of the subjects as listed above the prizes on this page.

3rd—Each letter must contain the respective Member's name at the top, followed by your idea, expressed in not over 50 words. Sign your name and address at the bottom.

4th—Each letter must be on one sheet of paper, written on one side only.

5th—This contest closes on May 15, 1915, and all contest mail must bear postmark not later than that date. No questions can be answered in this contest. Do not send any of your suggestions direct to Members of the Association, but mail them in one package

ADDRESSED TO: "Idea Letter Department"
Rice Leaders of the World Association
Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City

where they will be officially stamped, entered in the contest, and forwarded to each of the respective Members who will judge and pass upon the ideas submitted for their respective concerns.

6th—No contestant shall submit the same idea for more than one Member.

All ideas submitted will be judged upon their merit and value, and will become the property of the Association and its respective Members, and will not be returned.

The person having the largest number of idea letters accepted will receive the first prize, the second largest number second prize, etc.

Should there be a tie for any of the prizes, full prize will be given those tying.

Prize Winners' Names, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be on display in the windows or stores of various merchants whom you see making window displays in the Window Display competition. These lists will be mailed to merchants from our New York Association offices on August 14, 1915.

Power and Riches Come from Ideas

Read Every Word of this Unusual Message.

It carries beyond the thousands of dollars in cash prizes unparalleled opportunity to submit your ideas to these great concerns; consider what it would mean to you, beyond a cash prize, to have your ideas accepted by such concerns.

Add your own ideas to those that have been behind the sale of these famous products. Successful as they have been, such ideas have by no means exhausted the fertile field of possibilities. Some of the best advertising and sales ideas in use today have been inspired in just this way.

Look for the window displays of these products at your dealers; ask your dealer and friends about these products. An exchange of ideas creates new ideas.

To Dealers

$15,000.00 in Cash Prizes for WINDOW DISPLAYS

of any of our Members' Products as herein listed.

Consider the magnitude of this opportunity. Nearly Five Hundred Cash Prizes. Did you ever hear before of $2,000.00 in Cash being paid for one Window Display?

First Prize	$2,000.00	Eighth Prize	$250.00	Next 20 Prizes	$100.00 each
Second Prize	1,000.00	Ninth Prize	250.00	Next 30 Prizes	50.00 each
Third Prize	500.00	Tenth Prize	250.00	Next 100 Prizes	25.00 each
Fourth Prize	250.00	Eleventh Prize	250.00	Next 300 Prizes	10.00 each
Fifth Prize	250.00	Twelfth Prize	250.00		
Sixth Prize	250.00	Thirteenth Prize	250.00	463 Prizes Total	$15,000.00
Seventh Prize	250.00				

SPECIAL: "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted model window display," with your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

Special Prize to Every Contestant

An album containing the first 100 prize-winning window displays, with each winner's name, will be mailed free to every contestant after the cash awards have been made.

This album of model window displays and valuable ideas brought together from all parts of the country could not be purchased, nor could a value be placed upon it. It is made possible only by this universal campaign, embodying displays of such varied lines as represented in our membership. The cost of producing this album will represent a small fortune.

CONDITIONS: 1st—A display can be made of any of the products herein listed as being produced by any of our Members.

2nd—Each display must be exhibited for at least one week, any time between May 16th, 1914, and May 15th, 1915.

3rd—Each display must contain the Association Banner, which bears the Association Emblem and list of members. It will be mailed free upon request.

State which Members' products you will display, and when you will make the first display.

Address "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

4th—Photograph of display—mailed flat—bearing on the back the name of the store in which display was made, address, and date of display, photographer's name and contestant's name, to be mailed to "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, on or before May 15, 1915. All photographs submitted shall become the property of the Association and will not be returned.

5th—In the event of a tie for any prize, full prize will be given those tying.

6th—If any merchant in the United States desires to enter this contest and does not handle any of the goods listed as produced by our Members, the Association will see that he is loaned during the time of the contest some product of some Member free of cost in order that he may enter this contest.

We reserve the right to disqualify any contestant whom we learn is using, what we consider, unfair methods in this contest. The judges, whose names will be published, will be men of authority on window display.

PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES: Large sheets containing list of all prize winners in Idea Letter Contest, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be mailed August 14, 1915, to every merchant who enters this Window Display competition, to be displayed in his window or store, whereby the public may see who are the prize winners.

Enter this Unusual Window Display Contest. It will further the *prestige* of your store and the *confidence* of your customers.

BY INVITATION, THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS:

Rifles—Shotguns and Ammunition
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Connecticut

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Veribest Specialties, Grape Juice
ARMOUR & CO.
Bouillon Cubes, Laundry and Fine Toilet Soaps

Pillsbury's Best Flour
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Fine Furniture
BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves & Ladies' Silk Underwear
NIAGARA SILK MILLS
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Rugs and Carpets
M. J. WHITTALL
Worcester, Mass.

Linoleums and Oil Cloths
COOK'S LINOLEUM CO
Trenton, N. J.

Fine Brass Beds, Steel Beds and Springs
THE SIMMONS MANUFACTURING CO.
Kenosha, Wis.

Typewriters
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
New York

Sharpening Stones and Abrasive Materials
THE CARBORUNDUM CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialties
THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio

Watches
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Chicago, Ill.

Umbrellas
HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO.
Toledo, Ohio

Hoho Syphon Refrigerators
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Alabastine Sanitary Wall Coating
ALABASTINE CO.
Grand Rapids Mich.

Fruit Jars, Packers' and Druggists' Glassware
HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.
Wheeling, W. Va.

Varnishes, Japans, Enamels, Fillers, Stains, Shellacs
BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

"Yale" Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Hoists
THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
New York

Revolvers and Automatic Pistols
SMITH & WESSON
Springfield, Mass.

Lawn Mowers
COLDWELL LAWN MOWER CO.
Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens and Ink
L. E. WATERMAN CO.
New York

Holeproof Hosiery
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Clockmakers since 1837
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven, Conn.

"Indestructo" Trunks and Luggage
NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.
Mishawaka, Ind.

Electric Heating Apparatus
SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

"I-P" Loose Leaf Books and Forms
IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationery
EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
Pittsfield, Mass.

Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear
CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Women's Fine Shoes, "Queen Quality"
THOMAS G. PLANT CO.
Boston, Mass.

Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Lenses, "Fits-U" and Other Optical Goods
AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.

Electric Pleasure & Com'l Autos "Detroit Electric"
ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
Detroit, Mich.

"Dildag," "Gredag," "Acheson-Graphite and Electrodag"
INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Lead Pencils, Pen Holders, Rubber Bands and Erasers
EBERHARD FABER
New York

Fine Mechanical Tools
THE L. S. STARRETT CO.
Athol, Mass.

California Canned Fruits and Hawaiian Pineapple
HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY
San Francisco, Cal.

Onyx Enamel Ware
COLUMBIAN ENAMELING & STAMPING CO.
Terre Haute, Ind.

Additions to our membership as admitted will be published in future Association announcements.

Complete membership participating in this competition will not exceed fifty concerns, and will be published in October periodicals, including the "Saturday Evening Post," October 10th, 1914; the Window Display Competition and the Idea Letter Competition as outlined on this page will be open until May 15th, 1915. Any contestants sending in their contributions prior to October 10th, 1914, will be privileged to send in the extra contributions for additional members any time prior to the close of contests, May 15th, 1915.

Rice Leaders of the World Association

Elwood E. Rice, Founder & President **Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street** **New York, U. S. A.**

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game where a bush-league pitcher didn't allow you a safety and fanned you twice."

"What *are* you driving at, Tris?"

"Merely this: the best of us get fooled once in a while."

"And you think I'm fooled on Miss Leonard?" asked Win, frowning. "I'm not fooled—not for one minute."

"Not necessarily," was Ford's diplomatic rejoinder. "But you might be fooled and still keep out of the bonehead class. They tell me history's full o' brainy men who get fooled by women. And the better looking and the cleverer they are the easier a man's fooled. I assume Miss Leonard's—eh—good to look at?"

"Well—rather!"

"And not exactly dull," drawled Tris.

"Clever enough to dope out new plays for the Giant-killers! And she doesn't care for baseball," Win Shute sadly remarked, failing completely to note the incongruity of his characterizations.

TRIS FORD didn't. He laughed gleefully. Then announced that he must keep his return engagement with the Ambassador. As he was leaving the room Win called after him:

"Want to talk over the World Series with you when you have time."

"When *I* have time? Say—you've got it bad, ain't you?" The manager of the Giant-killers walked down the hall chuckling.

THE Ambassador of the United States accredited to Italy welcomed Tris Ford with a broad, see-what-a-big-boy-am-I grin. Ford could guess—'twas the symbol of accomplishment.

"Job's done!" exclaimed John Bismer. "Jerrold Mansel has confessed and incriminated that scoundrel Stinger! Seems it took a lot of work and pull to get Mansel reinstated as an operator and assigned to the *Colonia*. The wireless company had kept tabs on him—knew he was drinking and slipping down grade—and they weren't keen to have him back at the key. Jake Stinger had to give that part of the plot his personal attention. He dealt directly with Mansel. So you'll get your man higher up all right."

"Will Mansel testify against Jake Stinger?" asked Ford, joyously.

"No doubt of it—that is, if you promise him immunity."

"We'll do more than that," said Ford. "Iv'e been thinking of what Mansel did—saving the *Regent's* passengers—and can tell him that after he's helped us out by testifying he can come to me and I'll see that he gets a fresh start."

"I call that mighty liberal of you," said the Ambassador.

TRIS FORD shook his head. "No—Mansel will be doing a great thing for baseball—helping to soak the gamblers—so he deserves consideration. Besides, there must be plenty of good in a real hero like him."

"Ought to be and bet there is." The Ambassador pulled out his watch, caught the time, and got quickly to his feet. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll complete this job with the British Ambassador so's we both can get back to Rome. Won't I see you there?"

"Sure," answered Tris Ford—"we play a game of ball there before long—our club and the new world's champions."

"Of course! I hadn't forgotten that big event. Keep this under your shirt—I've promised the President to get the King to see the game!"

"Fine!"

The Ambassador gripped Tris Ford by the hand preparatory to going.

"One minute, please," begged Ford.

John Bismer bobbed his head.

"Funny thing—but Mr. Shute has got it awful bad—got stuck on a girl! Why"—Tris Ford leaned toward the Ambassador—"she's made him forget all about being kidnaped—forget all about baseball!" This was the climax.

Forget baseball! The Ambassador couldn't believe it.

"Yes, sir. Why—he hasn't asked me a thing about the World Series yet, and I haven't had a chance to tell him about the round-the-world trip of our club and the world's champions."

"You don't tell me! He *has* got it bad. Hope she's the right girl."

"Shute swears she is—all right in every department. She's what I want to talk to you about, if you'll give me a minute more."

THE Ambassador was obviously surprised.

"You can help," Tris Ford added quickly. "You see, she's an American girl, and she's in trouble—in trouble over here."

"Over here? Where?" For the first time the Ambassador spoke sharply.

"Genoa."

"She's not Imogen Leonard?"

"That's her name—Imogen Leonard. And Win Shute says she's a mighty fine girl."

"I'll be damned!" exploded his Excellency John Bismer. Then after a period devoted to deep thought: "Does the White House know anything of this—know your man Shute's interested in this particular young woman?"

"Not as I know," answered Ford. "Didn't know it myself till less'un an hour ago. But I say—why did you ask?"

It was the born diplomat, Tristram Carlingford, who put the question.

It was the Ambassador ex officio who parried:

"Because Washington knows that Imogen Leonard is under surveillance by the Italian Government. It is an international matter. And for the present, I regret to say, I can do nothing for you. I bid you good morning, Mr. Ford."

The Ambassador bowed—rather stiffly, the manager of the Giant-killers afterward thought—and hurried off. His gait at least was not according to the canons of diplomatic usage.

Literally and figuratively Tris Ford threw up his hands when he got back to Win Shute's room.

THE President of the United States had been inducted into office with one dominating ambition, namely, to place a trust magnate behind the bars. While engaged in popularizing himself with the electorate he had attacked the giant combinations and especially lambasted the heads of the trusts. Guilt, he insisted, was *personal*, therefore nothing short of a magnate's confinement in a penal institution would "make the punishment fit the crime."

But when it came actually to picking the one trust—the one magnate upon whom the presidential wrath was to descend, it was far from an easy assignment. The ramifications of big business were multifarious, and to turn in one direction was to tread on some important body's money-crusted corns in another. Ultimately, the President's own predilections influenced him—unconsciously of course.

AS a boy he had been afraid of firearms of every variety. Hunting held for him no lure. Even when he became first citizen the presidential salute of twenty-one guns made him jump. He much preferred "Hail to the Chief" capably rendered by sounding brass and jingling cymbal. No, the President wasn't a sportsman. He was an advocate of peace. Thus, unwittingly swayed by his personal bias, the head of the nation selected the president of the Powder Trust for the role of horrible example.

J. Pierce Lamont, president of the Pierce Powder Company, was the magnate marked for sacrifice. And the At-



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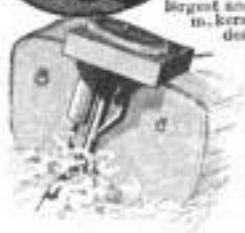
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torney General, aided and abetted by the Secret Service, got busy, very busy. This was some time before Win Shute was shanghaied, before Imogen Leonard sailed for Alexandria, via Genoa, under the name of Miss Riley—as directed by her employer, who explained that her confidential relations with him, big figure in the business world, would subject her to the importunities of interviewers.

EVERYTHING was done with unwonted secrecy, considering that it was a government undertaking, and the man hunt was progressing most favorably when, one day, the Washington correspondent of the New York "Standard" called at the White House and requested an interview with the President. The "Standard" was an independent paper which leaned toward the President's party; its support the executive fervently desired for his administrative and legislative program. The "Standard" was a great newspaper, therefore not untinged with "yellow."

The details of that interview will never be known. But it subsequently leaked out that the President, later in the day, made the big mistake of his term in attempting to go over the correspondent's head by appealing directly to the editor. In a word, the President tried to suppress news! Result—"pitiless publicity." (The phrase is quoted because it was the President's own, uttered before election and turned on him when he ran counter to it.) In twenty-four hours the country rocked with indignation.

AN American girl, sole support of a widowed mother, while enjoying her first real vacation in years—a trip to Europe—had been torn from her parent by Italian soldiers, thrown into prison, and there given the "third degree." Poor, persecuted Imogen Leonard!

Such was the "flash," in newspaper parlance, that traveled over free America. In more detail:

Miss Leonard was stenographer and private secretary to one of the officers of the Pierce Powder Company. This concern, sometime called the Powder Trust because of its command of the industry, had manufactured powder for the Italian Government under a secret formula furnished by Italy—a powder peculiarly adapted for transportation and for use in the tropics. This manufacturing was done by agreement that powder so made was not to be sold to any other country than Italy, excepting of course the United States.

In the war with Turkey over Tripoli, Italy found that the Turks were using identically the same powder! And while the Turkish supply could not be directly traced to the Pierce Company, the Italian Government was convinced in its monarchical mind that the American Powder Trust had violated its agreement.

IF Italy could prove this, there was a large monetary forfeiture provided in the original agreement—something that could be enforced either through diplomatic channels or through The Hague. All that Italy needed was the proof.

Imogen Leonard could furnish the proof! Because of her confidential relations with the head of the trust, Italy believed there was no doubt about it. This was why she had been forcibly taken from the *Colonia* when the steamship called at Genoa and placed under surveillance.

Regardless of party affiliations the press, the country hurled at the White House the verdict—outrage!

The President was not without his excuses. Proof of J. Pierce Lamont's guilt under the criminal section of the Sherman law lay in a secret memorandum whereby the restraint of the powder trade was maintained. This memorandum had been dictated by Lamont to his stenographer, Imogen Leonard, and by her transcribed and mailed unsigned to the smaller fear-ridden manufacturers of powder. Wherefore, Miss Leonard could give testimony that would convict J. Pierce Lamont—land a trust magnate behind the bars!

UNFORTUNATELY, Miss Leonard's vacation, comprehending a sea trip at the expense of her employers, was so timed—owing to a leak in the United States Attorney's office—that she was beyond the three-mile limit before the Secret Service knew of it. Nothing remained, therefore, but to engage the cooperation of some foreign power in the enterprise of detaining the vitally important witness and effecting her return home—to the witness box. Italy's fight with the Powder Trust dovetailed nicely into this scheme. Miss Leonard was to be detained by the Italian authorities and pumped, but with the American Ambassador standing by, ready to offer a refuge—and safe return home!

ON the part of the Administration at Washington it was Machiavellian, on Italy's part the execution of America's "third degree." At best it wouldn't look well in print—at worst it would defeat the President's party at the next election. Wisely, the White House kept silent. But the American Ambassador to Italy bestirred himself.

Less than twelve hours after the storm broke in the United States, Imogen Leonard, under the courteous escort of His Excellency John Bismer, started for Rome to rejoin her mother.

The same day in the White House, after his "shop talk" with the correspondents, the President buttonholed one of the newspaper men with whom he maintained confidential relations, and asked him how the story about Imogen Leonard had broken loose. He received this reply:

"The 'Standard' got it from its correspondent in Italy. American by the name of Shute gave the tip."

"Not Win Shute—second baseman of the Giant-killers?" inquired the Chief Magistrate.

"Dunno," was the newspaper man's confession. He was not a fan.

The next morning the "Standard" had another gorgeous beat. Its correspondent in Italy had discovered the lost ball player, Win Shute! Followed a most dramatic story of the drugging and shanghaing of the king of second basemen.

James Winton Shute had *paid in news* for the release of Imogen Leonard!

OUT of the horde of Americans who have invaded Europe, three are remembered: General Grant, Colonel Roosevelt, and Pitcher Larkin. Each made his impress, but of these impressionists Barney Larkin contributed by far the most color. He said when he got back to the Giant-killers' ball park that he might forget his trip abroad but he didn't think Europe would!

Naples, where the globe-running baseball players landed, was the one place where Barney devoted himself strictly and whole-heartedly to sightseeing. Accompanied by Earnest Steadman, his guide, custodian, and friend, he fared forth, with the best intentions to behold every treasure that the city and its environs advertised. But he was first conducted to the Neapolitan Aquarium—and never left it. Here "Damon and Pisentorius" were enraptured with the curious marine wonders of the Mediterranean—cuttle fish, crested blubbers, impossible-looking crabs, crayfish, and pipefish, the electric rays, which Barney, after experiencing a shock, pronounced, "lives wires, all right!"

Above all, the eccentric twirler was delighted with the Octopus! At home Barney had seen pictures of it in the papers, usually labeled Standard Oil, or Sugar, or Steel, but in a foreign land he saw it in the original—mother of the trusts! He had to be dragged away to the train.

At Rome he announced that he was tired of "lookin' round." But some one told him of the Catacombs—cellars where the early Christians were laid on the shelf. He apparently became fascinated with the subterranean phenomenon, and devoured all of the literature he could find on the subject. The reason he gave for visiting the Pantheon was that "twenty-eight wagon loads of the best bones" had been carried there from the Catacombs and planted beneath the altar.

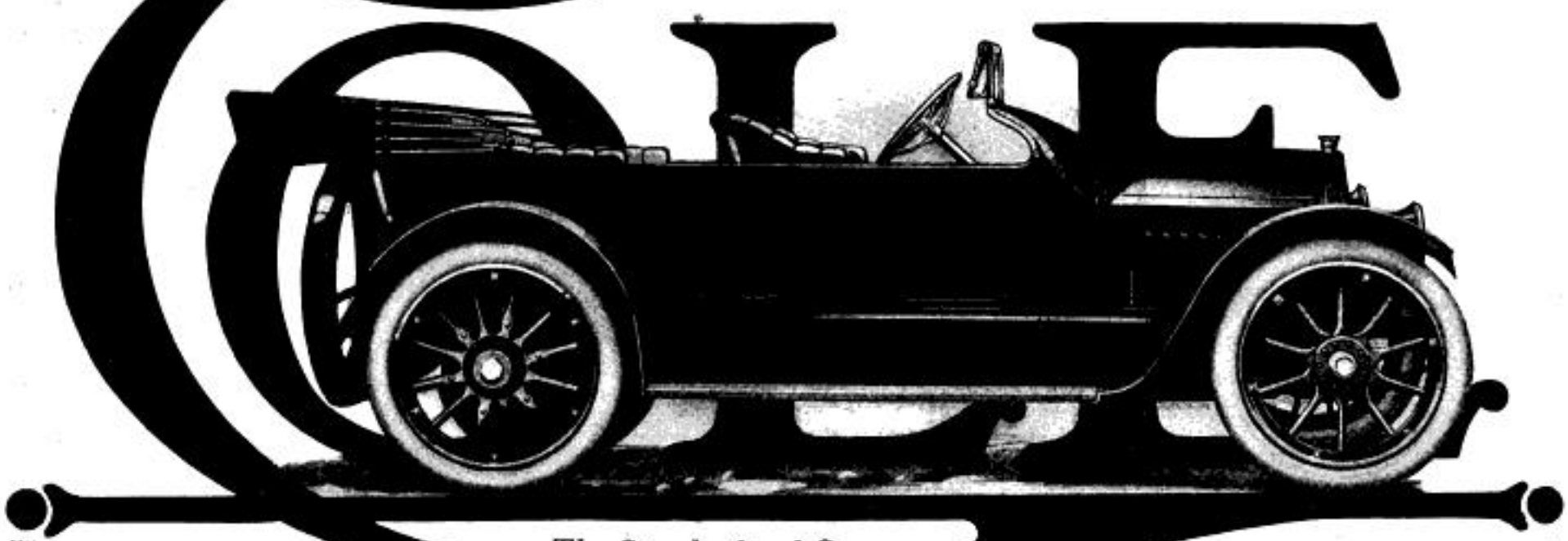
WHEN he made his excursion to the Roman Catacombs, he took Earnest Steadman with him. Apparently he wandered through the galleries absorbed in what he saw. But there was malice aforethought in his wanderings. He succeeded in losing his keeper!

Rome remembers to this day what ensued. The alcoholic eruption ended shortly after midnight. Barney Larkin, a dirty sweater draped togawise about his powerful shoulders, his head bare save for a wreath filched from the tomb of Raphael, paraded up and down the middle of the Piazza di Spagna, pausing only to cool his brow in Bernini's nautical fountain, and proclaimed himself Cæsar! At his heels shuffled the riffraff, tagrag, and bobtail of modern Rome shouting "Eviv-va l'Amer-i-ca-no!" It

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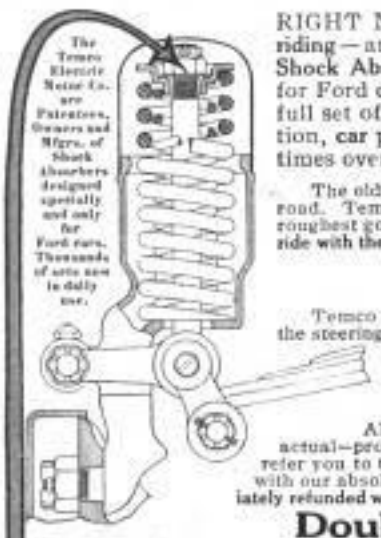
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required six Roman policemen, reinforced by a pair of Carabinieri, to complete his arrest. The next day he pitched one of the most effective games of his careless career.

This game was staged in the Villa Borghese, where Rome annually engages in the Battle of Flowers. It was a rare occasion, honored by the King of Italy and his suite, all in brilliant uniform—especially the representative of the cavalry arm who wore a long cape of Alice blue. The diplomatic corps contributed quantities of gold lace to render the spectacle even more splendid. It really transcended the posters with which the late Phineas Barnum was wont to commemorate the performances of his circus before "the crowned heads of Europe." Barney Larkin said it beat pitching on ladies' day with the President of the United States looking on—"beat it all hollow."

TRIS FORD was in the King's loge, seated next to Victor Emanuel III, to explain the game to his Majesty. In the adjoining box was the American Ambassador. His Excellency John Bismer had with him Mrs. Leonard and her daughter Imogen Leonard. He had insisted that they be his guests, and as James Winton Shute offered no objection—indeed, offered no conflicting invitation—the ladies had accepted.

Baseball history repeats itself. The Giant-killers went to bat in the last half of the ninth inning with the score 2 to 1 against them. On the first ball pitched, Ryan singled—and the King nodded approvingly at Tris Ford, who was trying to sit unmoved in his chair. The Giant-killers then fooled their opponents—rated as the world's champions—who figured that Olds, the next man up, would bunt. Instead of that, the signal was given for the hit and run, and Ryan sprinted for second base at the same time Olds was swinging at a fast ball. Expecting a bunt, the first baseman was almost toppled over by the "grass cutter" and juggled it long enough to let the batter get to first and Ryan to second. A moment later the pair pulled off the double steal. There was a man on third, a man on second, and nobody out!

JOHN BISMER leaned into the adjoining box and whispered to Tris Ford: "Exactly the situation in the last game of the World Series!"

"One big difference," corrected the manager of the Giant-killers, "there ain't the same lad at bat. Watch!"

The man who came to bat in the crisis had a familiar bearing. He carried himself like a figure known to this recital. But his face was either unknown or strangely transformed. The sporting writers at home could have explained this: Those prehistoric caps worn by the Giant-killers! Long had the homely headgear been condemned as something which dated back to the time when baseball was known as "rounders," but Tris Ford wouldn't change. To alter the design might bring bad luck! Now the man at bat was glad that there had been no change. Not a soul—not *the* soul—would recognize him!

He shifted around restlessly at the plate. "Hardest man to pitch to in the league!" he was called.

"One ball."

"One strike!" he had let it go by.

He moved about, swung his bat, raised his shoulders to let out a kink in his muscles, and—quickly but unostentatiously pulled down the visor of his cap.

Instantly the runner on third edged off the bag, more and more, and the moment the pitcher lifted his arms and began to wind up he dashed for the plate. There was a gasp, for it seemed that the man was rushing in to certain destruction. But the agile youth at bat reached out and deftly tapped the ball! It rolled with exasperating slowness toward the pitcher, who was hurrying to field it.

UP went a shout. The tying run was scored for the Giant-killers! And like unleashed lightning the batsman was making tracks for first base.

At the same time, rounding third and never pausing for an instant, the base runner who had been on second was coming home. Of course he was crazy! The pitcher would look up, see him halfway to the plate, toss the ball to the catcher, and the foolish base runner would be an easy out.

But the pitcher was rattled. Already the score had been tied. He must make sure of one put-out! So, blindly he

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THE efficiency of a motor can be made or marred by the spark plugs used. Bosch Plugs are the right plugs for every motor. There are scientific reasons why they are right. Here are three of them:

1. The intense heat of ignition sparks will burn away soft spark plug points. That is why the points or electrodes of cheap plugs fail to last. Bosch Plugs have especially heavy, nickel electrodes that persist in withstanding the intense heat. That is why the 1914 Grand Prize and Vanderbilt Cup Race winners used Bosch Plugs.

2. Bosch electrodes are not pointed; because pointed types make a thin, streaky spark and burn away quickly. Bosch electrodes are crescent shape and have a knife edge that provides a ready path for the electric current and makes starting easy. For a quick get-away use Bosch Plugs.

3. The three exclusive, crescent shaped electrodes form the spark into a ribbon of flame, igniting a larger number of gas particles than any other form of electrode. That is why Bosch Plugs give new life to engines not previously Bosch-Equipt.

Perhaps your car is not efficient, perhaps it needs new plugs. Try a set of Bosch Plugs; the same as those used by all such high grade cars as the Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Mercer, Garford, Speedwell, Jeffery, Velie, Marmon, Case, Stutz, Moline-Knight, Lozier, etc.



Bosch Plugs can be bought for $1.00 each from your dealer, Bosch Service Stations, or direct.

Write for "Locating the Spark Plug," sent free to any motorist upon request.

Bosch Magneto Company
222 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.
199 Service Stations to Serve Bosch Users



THE TENTH YEAR A Money-Making Business



We have been advertising in the Leading Magazines for ten years. That means that we have made good with the

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

A 6 cent pound of ordinary sugar with this machine will within 8 minutes make $1.50 worth of candy floss. No experience necessary. Over $100.00 a day profit has been made with this wonder money-maker. And it will keep on making this enormous profit year after year with no expense for repairs. Ten years of big money-making experience have proved this your opportunity.

HERE IS PROOF:—

"We received the Empire Candy Floss Machine and have operated it daily. It does beautiful work and we sell all we make." E. F. Passey, Logan City, Utah.

"Send me catalog of Candy Floss Machine. I operated one for three weeks and averaged from $15.00 to $126.00 per day with it and like it very much, and now want to buy one of my own." M. M. Wenzel, Emporia, Kansas.

"I have just finished a very successful week at El Paso fair. My profits were over $1,000.00." H. A. Adams, El Paso, Texas.

"The Empire Candy Floss Machine you shipped me on June 5, 1909, was in every respect what you represented it to be. It will make floss rapidly, is a novelty that attracts crowds wherever operated. Everybody buys it and it has proven a great money-maker." O. M. King, Mercur, Utah.

Today is the day to get the facts. Write to Dept. C

STEVENS MFG. & SUPPLY CO., Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PUMP Your TIRES With The WOODWARD

Your Motor does the Work

$10 NO EXTRAS

The new Powerful WOODWARD, equipped with tire pressure gauge, registering the exact pressure, set in place of a Spark Plug, pumping PURE FRESH AIR only is the "WOODWARD WAY."

Uses no oil or grease to injure the tire.



WOODWARD Power Tire Pump



Every Woodward pump sold under WRITTEN GUARANTEE for one year. Pumps tested to 200 lbs. pressure before shipment.

Twelve feet of silk covered hose, with an accurate tire gauge furnished with each pump at $10.00 post paid. No extras.

If your dealer is not supplied we will deliver anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of $10.00. Order today.

The Woodward Pump Co.
24 Third St., Detroit, Mich.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT



MEN'S 12 SIZE THIN MODEL WATCH, 17 JEWELS, ADJUSTED, ILLINOIS, ELGIN, HAMPDEN or WALTHAM movement. Warranted accurate. Finest gold strata case, guaranteed 25 years; engraved, engine turned, fully polished or your monogram engraved FREE. Eighty per cent of all men's watches sold today are thin model open face. This Model. At our Special sale price of $18.75, with monogram engraved free, this watch has no "equal mate" in the world. Best all charges prepaid on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
THEN $2.00 A MONTH

If not satisfactory, return at our expense

These Diamond Rings are the famous Loftis "Perfection" 6-prong 14k solid gold mountings. Finest pure white diamonds. CREDIT TERMS: One-fifth down, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly, post prepaid on approval. Write for free Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, on credit terms.



Guaranteed 25 Years

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Diamond Merchants
Dept. N897 100 to 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in: Pittsburgh. St. Louis. Omaha.

If You Value Hair Beauty Hair Health and Scalp Cleanliness



Send For This Valuable Booklet Today

Hair seldom falls from a healthy scalp. The use of a clean hair brush keeps the scalp healthy, tends to prevent dandruff and other scalp diseases. Everybody who appreciates the importance of cleanliness will welcome this booklet because

Every Page Tells How To Keep the Hair Beautiful and the Scalp Healthy—

How to stimulate the blood-cells of and cleanse the scalp; how to keep it free from dandruff; how to properly dress the hair; prepare an "Egg," "Dry" or "Cream" Shampoo, and many other valuable hair hints make this one of the most helpful booklets ever printed on the subject, yet we send it free upon request.

SANITAX BRUSHES

At All Good Dealers $1 and Upwards

are positively germ-proof because of their sanitary, all metal, open work construction. They are beautifully designed and heavily plated. Rep-utest washing, boiling or sterilizing will not injure them. **Sanitax Brushes** are sold by all good dealers, prices $1.00 up, guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. A complete assortment together with a copy of the above booklet will be mailed FREE on receipt of your Dealer's name. Simply address:

SANITAX BRUSH CO., 2339 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

The Junior Sales Manager of

Collier's

The National Weekly

would like to correspond with a few more boys who desire profitable employment.

Address 416 West 13th Street, New York City.

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BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

When you go to buy a trunk, keep this one fact before you: that you are buying for now and for the future.

A trunk is the poorest thing in the world on which to try and save money. No trunk can be too good for you—too strong—too serviceable.

Pay enough for your trunk to get real value, sure service, but see that you get what you pay for. That means, remember the Indestructo name.

Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the stores.

You will find that not one of them has the distinctive features of the Indestructo—that not one of them gives you the same solid assurance of real worth and service—not one of them is so well able to care for itself in the crash and crush of hard baggage handling.

One proving bit of evidence as to the standing of Indestructo Trunks in the business world is the way leading merchants—the best and wisest merchants have accepted the Indestructo.

Remember that no other trunk can give you the service, satisfaction, the beauty and lasting value, and the special Five Years insurance and Registry features that are all yours with the Indestructo Trunk. It is worth your while to buy right and be satisfied.

Say to yourself, "The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo"—then make good on that promise.

Our booklet explains that fully—ask for it.

National Veneer Products Company
705 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Ind.



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—*30 days' free trial* on this finest of bicycles—the "RANGER." We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid*, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at *prices never before equaled for like quality*. It is a cyclopedia of bicycle, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at **half usual prices**. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 model **RANGER** furnished by us.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. **Do not buy** a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS

Our Hand Books on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

LD-IT A NEW DISCOVERY

Needed in every home, store, office, garage—everywhere. Be the wholesale distributor in your locality. Permanent, Profitable, Sales Repeating. *Write today.*

RITTER SPECIALTY CO.
2.C. Columbus, Ohio

wheeled and threw the ball to first base. The man who had bunted was out by inches. But—another runner had flashed over the plate!

The Giant-killers had won! When it was explained to him, the king congratulated Tris Ford. The next thing John Bisner got the manager's ear:

"That proves it—proves you have the best team. With the king of second basemen in the game you would have won the world's championship—sure!"

IN a grotto of the Borghese Gardens they met right after the game. With his uniform there was no mistaking his profession. He was a ball player. And she had said she didn't care for baseball! Courageously, but not with much confidence, he had submitted to the test. She should look upon him in his true setting—in the pastime he loved. If he was to lose out in the Important Game, as he had come to think of mating, he would be seen playing for all he was worth. And he had so played—had never played better in his brilliant service on the diamond.

"You know now—I'm a ball player," he said.

"And *you* know—I'm a 'stenog,'" she returned.

"Mighty glad you're not a swell," he told her.

"And I'm glad your side won," she told him.

Then a look of sadness swept over her. His heart almost stood still. Was it the end of the Important Game—and defeat?

"But I'm so sorry—very sorry—that you didn't hit the ball," she assured him.

"When?" He was confused.

"That last time—with two of your own men on bases, nervous to get where they started from!" She was very earnest. "I knew you wanted to send the horrid little ball way out—far out so it couldn't be gotten back till after the two men were through running. And you tried—tried so hard, you dear boy. I was so disappointed—for your sake—that you couldn't knock it square—but just rolled it on the ground as I did when I tried to play golf. If it's any comfort to you, I'm heartsick over it!"

HE stared at her, wondering if possibly she could be making fun of him. Then, noting the heartfelt pity in her Irish blue eyes, he said, for the first time: "Imogen!"

And for the first time she answered: "Win!"

What eventuated was not lost upon Tris Ford, who came that way, with Mrs. Leonard in charge, at the right—or the wrong moment. To the surprised matron Tris Ford observed:

"Say—that young fellow was always the best in the country at pulling the play."

"What play?" anxiously inquired the mother of Imogen.

"Why—the double-squeeze!"

THE END

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

Volume 53 May 30, 1914 Number 11

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated,
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Robert J. Collier, *President*; E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*; J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*; Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*

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Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber



THE change from high shoes to oxfords reminds the particular dresser that close attention must be paid to the fit, quality and appearance of his socks, and for that reason men of good taste should turn to

Bachelors' Friend SOCKS

Reg. in U. S. Patent Office and Canada.

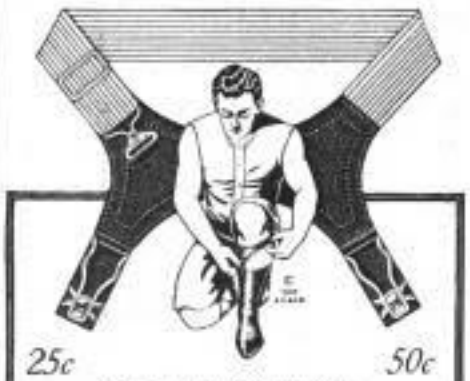
These socks are made from such fine quality yarns and knit and reinforced so expertly that they have the look and feel of silk. They fit snugly at the ankles, have a genuine French Welt at the top that insures long wear, feel comfortable and are guaranteed as to wear. Sizes 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.

Put up in boxes containing 2, 3 and 4 pairs at *$1.00 per box*, according to quality. Every pair guaranteed 30 days.

SPECIAL—In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight guaranteed *gauze* socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, $1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future wants.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.



25c *50c*

The man who wears Double Grip

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

has not only the physical comfort of fit and snug, smooth socks. He has the mental satisfaction of knowing that he's wearing the best possible garter. The name PARIS is stamped on the back of the shield.

A. Stein & Company
Makers
Chicago New York

You Must be *Trained* to Command



IN times of trouble, this nation trusts its welfare to *trained* men. In the *Battles* of *Business* only *trained brains* become leaders—get the big jobs, the thick pay envelopes.

Sheldon has developed the power of Business Leadership in 70,000 men—taught them to *command* men—to *command* bigger salaries. Let

Sheldon Make You a Business Leader

Sheldon's Science of Salesmanship and Business Building classifies the laws of human efficiency—develops your personality—your business power. Learn and collect them and you are bound to attain leadership and money. 3000 business institutions are using Sheldon's methods with acknowledged success. If you are an employer—investigate.

Get the Sheldon Book Free

Write today for the book that has started thousands to bigger positions and enviable salaries. It will give you the basic laws of Business Leadership. Start toward a Position of Command today.

Sheldon School, 433 Gunther Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

If at all Particular Drink

MOXIE



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Goodyear Prices

What They Buy

At Goodyear prices, this is what you get today in an automobile tire:

The tire which—starting from a tiny factor—won against some scores of rivals the topmost place in Tiredom.

The tire of which more than three million have been put to the test of use. And which this year—after those millions of mileage comparisons—has jumped 55 per cent in sales over last year.

The tire which scores of experts—working in laboratories—have spent years and years in perfecting. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to learn how to better this one. In these ways they have spent $100,000 yearly to attain the farthest limit in low cost per mile. And all their achievements are embodied today in this Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

You get the tires which once cost users one-fifth more than other standard tires. They retain the same costly features. And today—as then—No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which have them.

Four Exclusive Features

Our No-Rim-Cut feature is found in these tires alone. That completely stopped rim-cutting, the major cause of tire ruin. And it brought you this saving in a feasible, faultless way.

Our "On-Air" cure is employed in no other tire. It adds $1,500 per day to our tire cost. But it saves our users the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions.

Our rubber rivets are created in these tires only. Hundreds are formed, during vulcanization, to combat loose treads. Thus we lessen this danger by 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads are exclusive to Goodyears. These are double-thick, tough anti-skids. They are flat so they run like a plain tread, yet they grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Note again those four exclusive features. Mark that they cover the four greatest tire troubles. Together they have made No-Rim-Cut tires the most popular tires in the world. They've saved motorists millions of dollars. And no other tire, whatever its price, offers you one of them—or anything that fairly compares with them. **You get them all in No-Rim-Cut tires, and you get them at Goodyear prices.**

Higher Prices

Are They Just?

Now comes a condition where 16 makes are being sold above these Goodyear prices.

Some are nearly one-half higher. Numerous makers charge for three tires as much as four Goodyears cost. Tires which once undersold No-Rim-Cuts now cost you $4 to $15 more than these per tire.

It has come about in this way:

In the past few years No-Rim-Cut prices have been cut in two. Last year alone these prices dropped 28 per cent.

Other makers shared our lower cost for rubber. But we made other savings. We built new factories, modernly equipped. We invented and built money-saving machines. We employed efficiency experts.

Our output doubled over and over, until it lately exceeded 10,000 motor tires in a day. Our overhead cost dropped 30 per cent—labor cost 25 per cent. All because of this matchless output.

Profit Down to 6½ Per Cent

With multiplied output came the need for less profit. Last year we brought the average down to 6½ per cent.

The result of all is this year's Goodyear prices. They have come down so fast and far of late that others have ceased to follow. And the paramount question in Tiredom today is this question of extra price.

The self-evident truth is this:

You get in Goodyears the utmost in a tire. Their place and prestige prove that. Their amazing sales, after years of comparison, show what men have proved about them.

You get in Goodyears four great features which no other maker offers. Each adds to our cost but reduces your upkeep. And no extra price can buy one of them.

As for "quality" in a tire—that can mean only minimum cost per mile. And all our tests show that we have that. Any item of "quality" which means higher cost per mile is something no user wants.

It is folly to add to your tire cost. Get Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices. Almost any dealer will supply them.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1576)

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TUXEDO—And That Spring-y Feeling

IN comes Spring and that old lazy, yawny feeling. Makes a man get out his old pipe, puff away and start dreaming of good times to come.

Air's mighty sweet in his nostrils—and so is Tuxedo, too. Tuxedo has that "ethereal mildness" that the poet spoke of. A grand old tobacco to dream over.

We keep it mild and aromatic on purpose. Our idea is to make a tobacco that a man can smoke day in and day out and always find it a pleasant, light, easy, gentle smoke.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Only ripe, mellow, perfect leaves of the highest grade Kentucky Burley are used in Tuxedo. This superior tobacco is further refined by the famous, original "Tuxedo Process", until every trace of harshness and "bite" disappears. All the exquisite mildness and mellow fragrance of the Burley leaf are developed to perfection.

Tuxedo is recognized as the favorite tobacco of critical American smokers—endorsed by hundreds of prominent men.

Tuxedo will afford *you* wholesome enjoyment and pleasant relaxation—try a pipeful.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



THOS. E. NEWTON

President of the Michigan State Fair; and owner of the Gayety Theatre of Detroit, Mich., says:

"For a long time I wondered why so many of my friends were taking to the pipe. One day I tried it myself, and now I congratulate myself for having started with Tuxedo, for since then life has been very enjoyable."

Thos. E. Newton



JOHN E. NORTHUP

Former Assistant State's Attorney and one of Chicago's leading trial lawyers, says:

"I enjoy a good game of golf, enjoy a good meal, enjoy the society of my friends, but the pleasure of all combined is lost unless I can top it off with an enjoyable smoke of Tuxedo."

J. E. Northup



GEO. C. DANIELS

New England Passenger Agent of Southern Railway Co., Boston, says:

"For heavy smokers, Tuxedo's mildness lets them smoke as much as they want of it. For light smokers, this mildness proves beneficial and healthful."

Geo. C. Daniels



GEO. A. KINGSBURY

Manager of the Chicago Opera House, says:

"I've smoked more expensive tobaccos than Tuxedo, but I never smoked a better one—and never hope to."

Geo. A. Kingsbury



MILTON OAKMAN

Sheriff of Wayne County, Detroit, Mich., says:

"Tuxedo represents the top notch in tobacco quality. It is the mildest, smoothest, most soothing smoke I have ever enjoyed."

Milton Oakman



EDW. H. CROSBY

Dramatic Editor of the Boston Post, says:

"I get genuine joy out of a pipeful of Tuxedo. I like its mildness and the fact that it doesn't bite my tongue."

Edward H. Crosby

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch



Illustration one-third of actual size.

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a drawstring and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1258, 111 Fifth Avenue New York

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Beautiful women the world over are constant in the use of

NYAL'S FACE CREAM

—with peroxide—

It gives health to the skin, brings out the rosy blush of beauty.

Softens and gives smooth elasticity to the dry skin.

Prevents sunburn, keeps off freckles.

Prevents chapped lips. Is delightful for the hands.

Will not soil the daintiest fabrics.

25 cents and 50 cents

Sold only at Nyal Drug Stores.

Send 10c, stamps or silver, for valuable booklet by an eminent authority on *"The Care of the Complexion."*

There are more than 16,000 of the best Druggists in America selling—

NYAL'S FACE CREAM

—with peroxide—

There is one of these Druggists near you.

Look for the *Nyal* Trade mark (on door or window).

Where you see it, you will find a high-class Drug Store.

Send 10c, stamps or silver, to pay for packing and postage, and we will send you prepaid, a generous sample of Nyal's Face Cream.

NYAL COMPANY
1249 JEFFERSON AVE.
DETROIT, MICH.

NYAL AGENCY

This is the sign of the Nyal Store

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5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for June 6, 1914

The Strange Adventures of Mike, "the Vagabone"

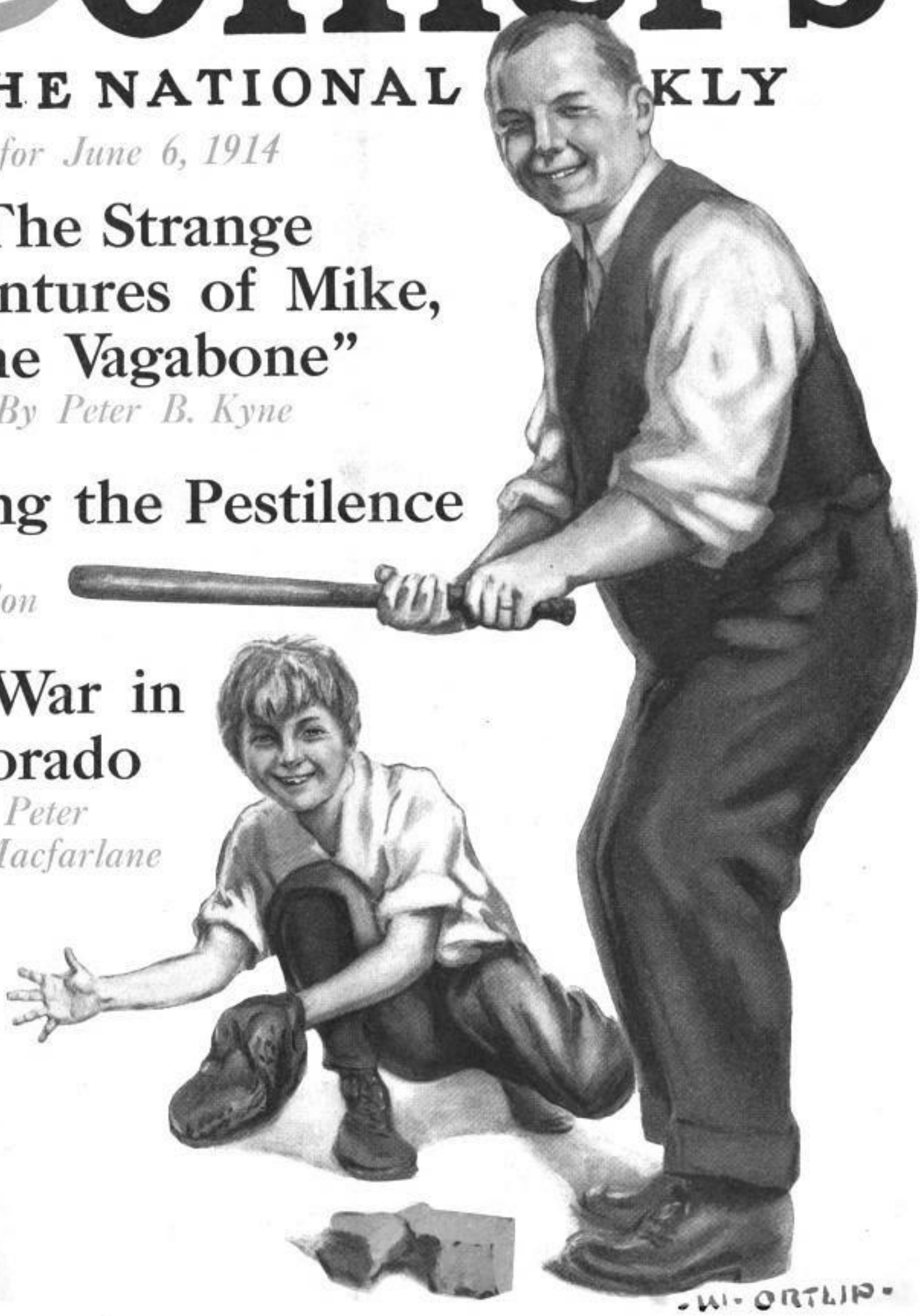
By Peter B. Kyne

Stalking the Pestilence

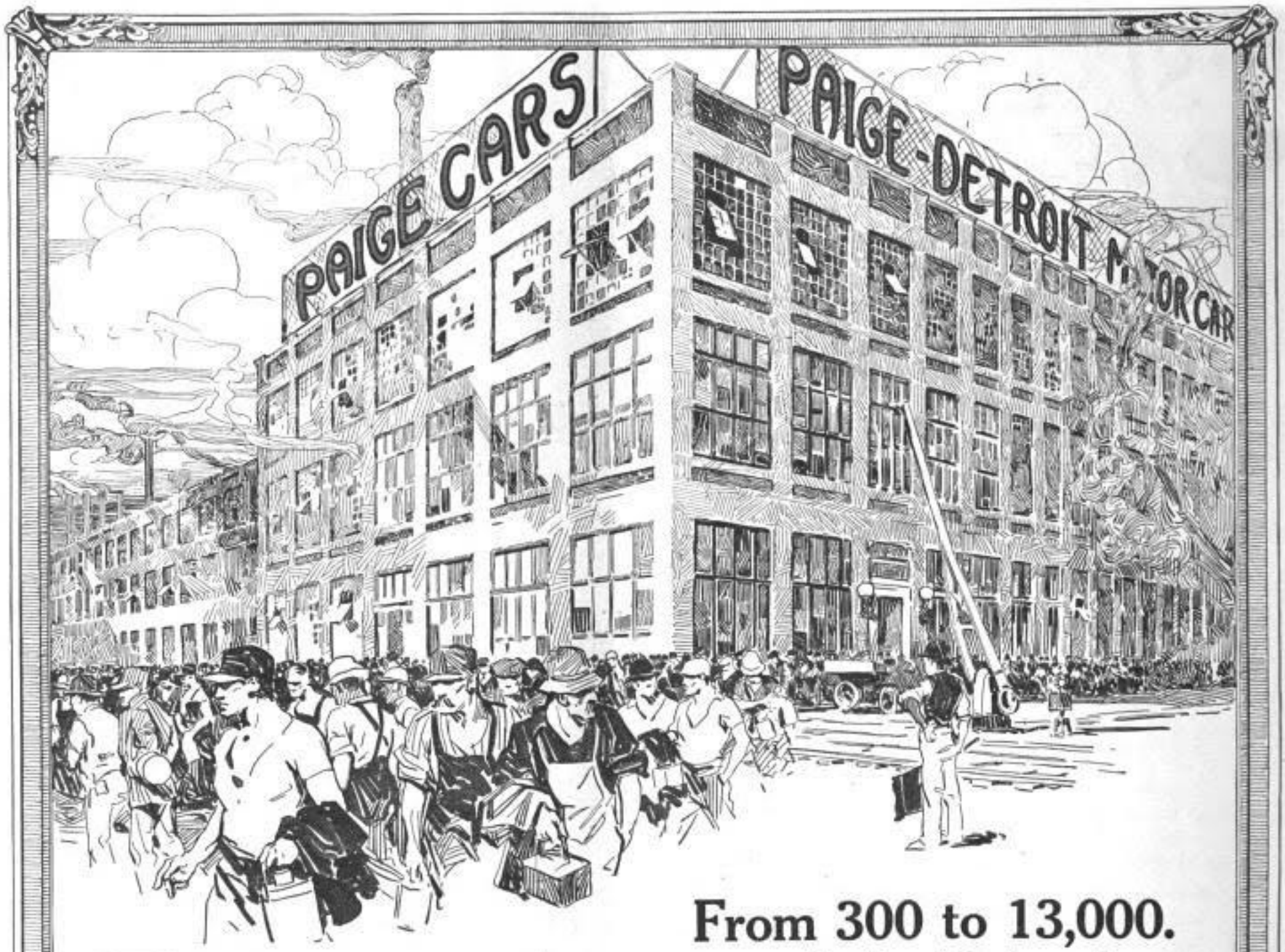
By Jack London

The War in Colorado

By Peter Clark Macfarlane



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From 300 to 13,000. Three years ago, the output of the Paige factory was only 300 cars. Now, we build 13,000

Just consider these figures for a moment.

From 300 to 13,000 is a tremendous stride. Reduced to terms of **men** and **human activity,** these figures become an inspiration that must seize upon the imagination of every American man and woman. Three years is but a short time. Yet—within this period—the Paige has sprung from nothingness into the very front rank of a national industry.

The public has demanded more and more Paige cars each year. And step by step with this increasing demand has come the expansion of the Paige Company.

Public demand has moved us bodily from a small, tumble down building into the present mammoth Paige factory.

Public demand has replaced a small handful of workmen with a veritable army.

Public demand has increased our sales organization from 39 to 1026 Paige agencies.

Public demand has absorbed Paige cars in every State of the Union—and many lands oversea.

Public demand has increased Paige sales from **$44,000** to more than **$1,250,000** a month.

As you consider this three year record, one perfectly irresistible conclusion will begin to lodge in your mind. Such a tidal wave of public appreciation must be based upon something more substantial than mere fancy. **Paige value must be unusual value. Paige cars must have earned their reputation of "preferred investments" with the motor buying public. The answer must be in the car itself.**

Make it a point to investigate Paige cars at your first opportunity. Approach this investigation from any angle that you will. Then—beyond any question of doubt—you will understand the motive which has prompted so many hard headed men to stake their faith and money to the extent of more than a million and a quarter dollars a month.

Paige Literature will be sent upon request.

PAIGE "36"—Glenwood Model **$1275**

116-inch wheel base—left side drive center control—multiple disc cork insert clutch—silent chain drive for camshaft, pump, generator and magneto—fully equipped, including Gray & Davis large unit electric starting and lighting system.
Paige "25"—116-inch wheel base, fully equipped, $900—with electric lighting and starting—$975.

Get acquainted with the Paige dealer in your community and ask for a demonstration.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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"SIXES" RUN 32.8 MILES ON ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE

NINETY-FOUR CARS MAKE STARTLING AVERAGE IN "FRANKLIN" TEST

"Stock" Machines With Three Passengers Each Make Simultaneous Record Runs in All Parts of United States

VICTORY FOR LIGHT-WEIGHT IDEA

Many Dealers, Sold Out, Compelled to Borrow the Machines of Local Owners to Take Part. Varying Weather Conditions Met.

Syracuse, N. Y.—On May 1st, 94 Franklin dealers in the United States and Canada, in 94 Franklin Six-Thirty stock touring cars, regardless of weather conditions, made a test to demonstrate the best possible mileage on one gallon of gasoline.

The rules required that the finish be as near the starting point as possible. Each test was made with two official observers, and results sworn to before a Notary Public. The test represents the average of 94 cars, 94 drivers, various road conditions, all kinds of weather, different grades of gasoline and, therefore, what can be obtained by skillful driving in the scientifically light-weight six-cylinder Franklin car.

The highest mileage was made by Wm. F. Sanger, Milwaukee, Wis. (See list.)

The different conditions under which the tests were made are graphically shown by the following telegrams:

Salt Lake City, Utah—"40.1 miles. High wind and wet roads or could easily have made 50."

Laramie, Wyo.—"32.1 miles. Weather cold. Roads rough but hard."

San Diego, Cal.—"33.1 miles. Roads very slippery. Drizzling rain during run. Rather cold. Conniry drove. Top and glass front down. H. C. Covell, Club representative, Louis Elmgren, Fire Chief, observers. Car with load weighed 3385."

Georgetown, Texas—"Made 17.2 miles. Top and windshield up. Wet and badly washed pike roads. Very little wind. Three passengers and car weighed 3310 including accumulated mud. Showered just before starting. Average speed eighteen miles per hour. Affidavit follows by letter."

Bangor, Maine—"21.5 miles. Dry dirt roads, rough in places, and hilly. Weather cold, thermometer 31 at six, 45 at end of run. Strong wind. Driver, Hall. Weight 3250. Glass front and top down. Snowed lightly during night. Started at ten, finished at eleven-thirty."

Newark, N. J.—"On official test obtained 34 4-10 miles. Roads dry, fair condition. Weather clear, mild. Driver, Walter Parcells. Weight of car including passengers 3320 pounds. We doubled back over identical course. Course contained 15 hills (grades from 2 to 8 or 10 percent). Demonstrating car used, run total 5,000 miles covered period 6 months."

York, Pa.—"Made thirty-seven and nine-tenths miles on turnpike which was covered one-tenth of way by deep blue stone. Can do forty-five miles if roads are in good condition."

Kansas City, Mo.—"Williams makes forty-two and eighty-eight hundredths miles on one gallon gasoline. Weather cool. Slight wind. Roads good."

(Continued in booklet, sent free on request by Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.)



THE MILWAUKEE TEST CAR—51.2 MILES ON ONE GALLON

THE CERTIFIED INDIVIDUAL RECORDS:

City	Dealer	Weather	Record
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	WM. F. SANGER	FAIR	51.2
ABERDEEN, S. D.	G. M. WORTHINGTON	FAIR	18.3
AKRON, OHIO	A. AUBLE, JR.	WINDY	39.3
ALBANY, N. Y.	C. G. HECK	WINDY	33.1
AUBURN, N. Y.	GEORGE H. LEONARD	WINDY	36.6
BALTIMORE, MD.	W. F. KNEIP	WINDY	36.0
BANGOR, ME.	EDWIN O. HALL	WINDY	21.5
BAR HARBOR, ME.	FRED L. SAVAGE	FAIR	36.1
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.	S. H. LEWIS	FAIR	32.8
BOSTON, MASS.	OTTO A. LAWTON	FAIR	49.5
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	ARTHUR L. CLARK	WINDY	34.4
BUFFALO, N. Y.	GEORGE OSTENDORF	WINDY	27.7
CANTON, OHIO	GEO. W. BELDEN	FAIR	39.9
CHARLOTTE, N. C.	J. B. WOODSIDE	WINDY	36.0
CHICAGO, ILL.	F. H. SANDERS	FAIR	31.3
CINCINNATI, OHIO	NEWMAN SAMUEL	FAIR	37.3
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.	G. W. BLAKE	RAIN	30.0
CUMBERLAND, MD.	A. E. GLISAN	FAIR	50.9
DALLAS, TEXAS	W. G. LANGLEY	WINDY	23.9
DAYTON, OHIO	F. B. HEATHMAN	FAIR	33.2
DENVER, COLO.	F. C. CULLEN	RAIN	26.3
DULUTH, MINN.	D. PEACHA, JR.	WINDY	32.7
EAU CLAIRE, WIS.	G. R. WOOD	FAIR	23.7
EDMONTON, ALTA.	HOLLAND W. ROSS	FAIR	30.3
ELIZABETH, N. J.	P. V. PRICE, JR.	WINDY	41.2
ERIE, PA.	JOHN GRIFFITH	WINDY	30.5
GALESBURG, ILL.	E. T. BYRAM	FAIR	20.2
GENEVA, N. Y.	W. W. McCARROLL	FAIR	35.7
GEORGETOWN, TEXAS	T. J. CASWELL	RAIN	17.2
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	JOHN VLASBLOM	FAIR	22.5
GREAT FALLS, MONT.	B. D. WHITTEN	FAIR	31.4
GREENSBURG, PA.	E. L. TURNER	FAIR	25.7
HAGERSTOWN, MD.	H. E. BAKER	FAIR	35.3
HARTFORD, CONN.	H. P. SEYMOUR	WINDY	33.8
HOOSICK, N. Y.	JOHN MOSELEY	FAIR	36.5
HUTCHINSON, KANS.	L. B. YOUNG	FAIR	25.0
KANSAS CITY, MO.	E. P. WILLIAMS	COOL	42.9
KINGSTON, N. Y.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS	WINDY	31.7
LA CROSSE, WIS.	ALFRED JAMES	FAIR	25.0
LARAMIE, WYO.	E. LOVEJOY	FAIR	32.1
LOS ANGELES, CAL.	R. C. HAMLIN	RAIN	34.8
LOUISVILLE, KY.	GEORGE M. YOUNGER	FAIR	35.1
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	J. F. JONES	FAIR	34.1
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	L. A. McKAY	WINDY	42.8
NEWARK, N. J.	W. L. MALLON	FAIR	34.4
NEWBURGH, N. Y.	GEORGE MASON	FAIR	33.9
NEW HAVEN, CONN.	COWLES TOLMAN	FAIR	48.5
NEW YORK CITY	G. A. TISDALE	WINDY	39.4
NORWICH, N. Y.	A. M. JONES	WINDY	30.0
OAKLAND, CAL.	FRANK BARTELS	WINDY	31.5
PATERSON, N. J.	J. S. HUGHES	FAIR	25.1
PENDLETON, ORE.	J. W. McCORMMACH	FAIR	33.8
PEORIA, ILL.	S. K. HATFIELD	FAIR	32.2
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	JAMES SWEETEN, JR.	WINDY	38.3
PHOENIX, ARIZ.	GEORGE HAGEMAN	RAIN	28.6
PITTSBURG, PA.	W. MURRAY CARR	FAIR	30.5
PORTLAND, ME.	W. M. CHELLIS	FAIR	26.2
PORTLAND, ORE.	J. C. BRALY	FAIR	39.1
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS	WINDY	31.6
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	WALLACE L. WILCOX	WINDY	34.4
PUTNAM, CONN.	O. C. BOSWORTH	WINDY	33.3
READING, PA.	JAMES M. KALBACH	FAIR	27.8
RISING SUN, OHIO	E. F. DAY	WINDY	24.0
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	G. R. MacCOLLUM	WINDY	34.8
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS	M. C. RAGSDALE	RAIN	26.3
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	L. F. BIRDSONG	RAIN	30.8
SAN DIEGO, CAL.	WILSON S. SMITH	RAIN	33.1
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	JOHN F. McLAIN	WINDY	36.1
SAN JOSE, CAL.	L. NORMANDIN	FAIR	34.9
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	J. E. LANGFORD	WET	40.1
SCRANTON, PA.	O. D. DeWITT	FAIR	31.7
SEATTLE, WASH.	W. A. WICKS	FAIR	43.0
SIOUX CITY, IA.	THOMAS MURPHY	FAIR	39.6
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.	KNAPP BROWN	FAIR	28.1
SHEBOYGAN, WIS.	N. P. HANSON	WINDY	28.6
SHREVEPORT, LA.	W. H. JOHNSON	FAIR	23.7
SPOKANE, WASH.	J. A. NICHOLS, JR.	WINDY	42.5
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.	W. W. ANDERSON	FAIR	36.8
ST. LOUIS, MO.	JOS. B. DRYER	FAIR	37.9
ST. PAUL, MINN.	A. H. CLARK	FAIR	32.5
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	T. A. YOUNG	WINDY	40.3
TULSA, OKLA.	W. P. CHAPPLE	FAIR	24.8
UNIONTOWN, PA.	C. W. JOHNSON	WINDY	18.9
UTICA, N. Y.	W. W. GARABRANT	WINDY	30.4
VICTORIA, B. C.	G. H. GRANT	FAIR	22.0
WALLA WALLA, WASH.	R. H. TUTTLE	WINDY	34.0
WASHINGTON, D. C.	DAVID S. HENDRICK	WINDY	32.4
WASHINGTON, IA.	SIDNEY S. SMITH	FAIR	26.2
WATERLOO, IA.	R. H. CRAMER	WET	35.1
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	WILLIAM S. LEE	WINDY	31.5
WINNIPEG, MAN.	JAMES B. STEPHENS	FAIR	38.0
WORCESTER, MASS.	V. J. ECKBERG	WINDY	34.3
YORK, PA.	T. S. PFEIFFER	WINDY	37.9
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	J. STUHLDREHER	WINDY	26.4
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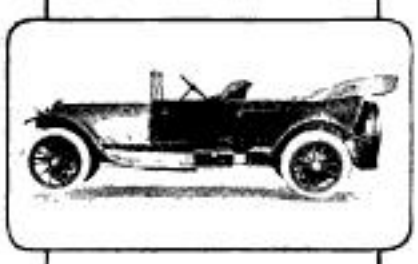
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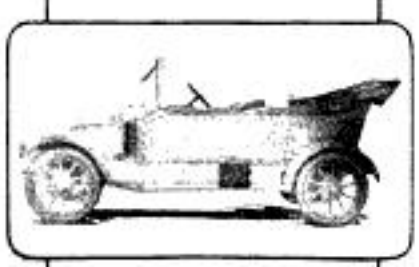
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The Strange Adventures of Mike, "the Vagabone"

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

A YOUNG Chinese Prince of the recent dynasty, together with a gorgeous retinue, having arrived in San Francisco Bay that morning, international etiquette demanded that his host, our own avuncular relative, should receive him with due pomp and circumstance; wherefore a battalion of infantry, three companies of coast artillery, a field battery, and a squadron of cavalry were waiting in the Embarcadero when his Royal Highness came down the gangplank of the *Mongolia* and disappeared in a sea of bobbing silk hats, beneath which gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce, municipal dignitaries, and kindred unfortunates, whose fate it is to ride in open carriages at the tail end of any and all parades, struggled to express the hospitality of the city.

To B Troop had been assigned the task of escorting the royal carriage, in consequence of which that gallant galaxy of dare-devils, known throughout the service as "The Suicide Club," had formed on the dock, troop front, facing the gangplank. On the right flank my friend, First Sergeant John Ryan, a trifle bored, sat his chestnut mount, Jack Dempsey II.

Presently the tumult and kotowing died, the silk-hat brigade was forced back in favor of the local Chinese gentlemen who were really giving the party, and the Prince, closely convoyed by a slashing-looking big white man in a handsome but distinctly Oriental uniform, entered the carriage through which he was to drive through Chinatown and eventually (through the mercy of all the gods, Christian and Pagan, and the watchfulness of B Troop) to his hotel. The pleasant call of a C trumpet quavered along the dock and B Troop came to attention. Then that same melodious sound bade them draw sabers, and as a unit eighty-odd blades came to a "carry." A third call, and the long line of gleaming steel flashed forth in that most beautiful of all military courtesies, the saber salute.

The Prince's carriage started slowly down the dock toward the entrance, the Prince bowing and smiling his delight at this graceful compliment, while the white officer with him lifted his hand smartly to the visor of his cap. And then a strange thing happened!

The big white man started, surprised, his great red mustache lifted to reveal a wide mouth with an atlatis work of gleaming, strong white teeth. He smiled—and instantly I knew that man for the exile of Erin that he was. Even had I been in doubt his bellowing voice would have crystallized my suspicion into certainty.

"The saints protect us! Jawn Ryan! And are you shtill bitin' holes in the atmosphere? Sure I hearrd tell you were kilt in the cornfield at Yang-Tsun! Thrue it is the divil always minds his own!"

Beyond the peradventure of a doubt he had addressed First Sergeant John Ryan of B Troop! And, since that son of Mars was at attention with the hilt of his saber at salute beneath his Irish nose, it is not surprising that, what with the saber and the twitching head of Jack Dempsey II, the Sergeant's view of the man who thus addressed him was slightly obstructed. But the glad hail of that booming voice evidently was sufficient. Sergeant Ryan forgot that he was at attention saluting royalty, for out of the mists of the long ago he saw the face of a bunkie, shining humorously in the light of many a wet and hungry bivouac. And now that same comrade's face smiled at him from a (temporarily) royal carriage; the raw Irish immigrant he had taught to stand erect on his hips as a soldier should was now the companion of the heir to a throne, and twenty years of discipline were not proof against the old cavalryman's joy and amazement. He stood in his stirrups, dropped his point until the blade rested across Jack Dempsey's neck and stared over the horse's head at the man who marveled that he was "shtill bitin' holes in the atmosphere."

"Mike the Vagabone!" he yelled joyously. "Glory be! Since when did you take to hobnobbin' wit' royalty, ye sinful skut?"

"Attention!" cried the troop commander angrily. "Sergeant Ryan, what are you thinking of? You, of all men? Come to attention!"

So Sergeant Ryan returned to attention—but not with his eyes to the front as prescribed in the Regulations. His fascinated stare followed Mike the Vagabone down the dock, as the latter, caring little for princes and less for troop commanders, stood erect in the carriage, leaned over the rear seat, and tapped his martial breast, upon which gleamed dully a silver sharpshooter's badge, the campaign medal issued to participants in the Spanish War and the late disturbance in our island possessions, the special Congressional medal "for patriotism, loyalty, and fortitude" issued to the Spanish war veterans held over to fight in the Philippine insurrection, and lastly the inconspicuous bronze medal of honor that Congress so grudgingly gives for conspicuous gallantry in action.

"I'm a Chinese colonel from the County Mayo," he called back. "'Tis the hardware that helps, Jawn, and you have as much yourself. Come to me when ye've serrved ye're hitch and I'll have ye made a major. Ye should see me parade the Imperial Guard—"

And then the troop commander, suppressing a grin that augured complete forgiveness for his top cutter, barked out an order; B Troop clattered away behind the carriage that bore the Prince and Mike the Vagabone; a snare drum rattled a brief preliminary solo, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the incident was over. Naught remained save the story of Mike the Vagabone, for assuredly, when a vagabond named Mike rides in state with the Hope of a Nation there must be what Frenchmen call *le raison d'être!*

When the parade was over, therefore, I followed John Ryan and B Troop back to the Presidio, and at the stables, in the box stall where he maintained Jack Dempsey, I cornered him. Here, while rubbing down his horse's dripping legs with a clean piece of sacking, he told me this tale of Michael Joseph Kelleher, one time private in a regiment of United States infantry and now companion to a prince.



"I'm a Chinese colonel from the County Mayo," he called back. "'Tis the hardware that helps, Jawn, and you have as much yourself"

IN ME young days [began the old soldier] I was that flighty and unsettled that 'tis small wonder I found meself one fine day lendin' a regiment av me own forlorn hopes. I'd been sent to America to grow up into a shtreet-car conductor, but what wit' goin' broke a mont' afther landin', and the blandishments av a recruitin' sergeant, I was forced to take on in the arrmy from necessity and shtay wit' it from choice. I was out av place in the infanthry and left it afther two enlistments, bein' discharrged a sergeant. I was the Firrst Dijooty Sergeant av E Comp'ny av the Bloody Fourteenth, and as such it was me evil luck to acquire a reputation as a dhrillmasther. I was a bright, clane young man, if I do say it that should not, born wit' a good commandin' voice and a diz-

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like for a dirrty soger. Back av that I had a tongue that was worse nor a clanin' rod across the back av a recruit, so 'tis no matther av wonder that the rooks did bether with me in awkward squad than most. I'd give a rook five days in the Manual av Arrms, right and left hand salute and squad formation, and bad luck to him if he didn't make comp'ny dhrill on the mornin' av the 6th. While 'tis usual to let every comp'ny dhrill its own recruits, whenever we got a large batch our Colonel (he had an eye on me) would say to the Adjutant: "Be in no hurry to assign these men to their comp'nies. Lave them mess wit' the band and do fatigue, and turrn them over to Sergeant Ryan av E Comp'ny for a week av eddication. They'll be the bether for it."

Well, sor, at the first call for volunteers in the war wit' Spain, I got Michael Joseph Kelleher. He come to me wit' a detachmint av rooks from Plattsburg Barracks, and the minute I clapped eye on him I knew him for the rascal he was. He was a long, handsome, red gossoon wit' grass on his teeth, as fine a figger av a man as ever shtepped into a Government sock, and me heart wint out to him. He hadn't his uniform issued him as yet and sure he was wearin' the corduroys he'd landed in, and them a ruin av rags entirely.

"Kelleher, avic," says I, "if there was ever a born color sergeant, 'tis you," and I give him some good advice to guide him. For why should I not? He was wan av me own. And I give him me copy av the Blue Book and bade him shtudy hard, which he did, although be the same token 'tis little good it did him for many a day. Bright as a heliograph he was, but a hobbledehoy he was then and shtill is, and what wint in wan ear come out the other, double time.

Dear knows I rode him rough, but he'd only shtand and smile, like he was makin' game av me. Two mortial weeks I had him in the awkward squad and I'll never believe till me dyin' day that he wasn't divilin' me afther the second dhrill. Glad I was to get rid of him for a spell the mornin' we bruk camp at the Presidio and hiked down to the transport.

Auld Bill Cooney, our Colonel, was shtandin' outside his tent watchin' the camp bein' shtruck, when Michael Joseph Kelleher come rompin' by, proud as could be bekase he was a soger bhoy and off to the wars, where he wanted to be; for, as he often remarked to me (off djooty): "I didn't come here to fiddle me time away doin' fours right and fours left. I kem to fight," and he was the happy lad that mornin' to think he was bound to the fightin' at last. He seen auld Cooney shtandin' there as solemn as a bull carabao, and what wit' his youth and innocence and the good feelin' wit'in him he shtepped up in back av the Colonel and fetched him a slap bechune the shouldher blades that would have put a volunteer on the retired list.

"Well, Colonel darlint," says Private Kelleher, "we're off to the front at last, are we not? And good news, say I."

THE Colonel coughed and shtaggered, and whilst waitin' to get back his breath he turrned slowly for a long, long look at Kelleher. Then he tossed an eye at me, shtandin' froze a little distance off. I come a-runnin'.

"Sergeant Ryan," says he, "who is this vagabone?"

"Private Michael Joseph Kelleher, sor," says I. "He do be a rookie, sor, and knows no bether," for I was fond av the omadhaun, for all his nonsense, and was for makin' it right for him.

"Have ye not, then, taught him his manners?" says the Colonel.

"I've thried, sor," says I. "Dear knows I've bruk me heart on his thick head."

"For the sake av his name and his brogue," says Cooney (he was Irish, but second-growth), "I'd like to overlook his insolince. But he do need dhrillin'. Havin' failed to learrn from the best dhrill sergeant in the regimint, let the sergeant av the guard have a back at him. Take the blackguard and turrn him over to the guard. And tell the orficer av the day he's to be confined in an ambulance wit' the curtain's dhrawn, on his way to the thransport. 'Twould plaze him well to march t'rough the crowds wit' his cumrades, posin' as a hero, kissin' every girrl that looks at him and struttin' wit' a posy in his piece. You vagabone!" says he, "you bloody young vagabone! Thirrty days and thirrty blind for your enthusiasm."

SO I LED the lad away and turrned him over to the guard. But others in the comp'ny had hearrd the Colonel call him out av his name, and from that day to this I've never hearrd him called aught but Mike the Vagabone, except at roll call.

And he was the "vagabone"! Well named he was.



"If I live to be a t'ousand years old, divil a prettier sight will I see than I saw at that minute"

A clane suit av white ducks he never owned and clane equipmint av his own he was long showin' to the Adjutant at guard mount. He'd borrow mine instead. Let the rigimint have ordhers to parade in pith helmets, white ducks, and brown leggings, and Mike the Vagabone would come sneakin' into line av file closers wit'out pipe clay on his helmet, and wearin' fatigue clothes and yellow leggings. Let the order be to parade in karki and campaign hat and the Vagabone would fall in wit' blue trousers and forage cap and a white duck blouse. And when the comp'ny commandher would ax him what in this and that he meant be such actions, he'd lie and swear he'd sent to the wash the clothes he should have paraded in, but the thievin' Filipino had promised to bring them back and failed him. Or else some wan had stolen his white duck trousers, lavin' him only the blouse. He was borrn wit' a good excuse and the brass face that ye can never see the lie in back av. Well do I remember the day he appeared at guard mount wit' a week's growth av red beard. The Adjutant flew at him.

"Me man," says he, "how dare ye appear on guard mount lookin' like an ugly ducklin'? Have ye no razor? Shtop! Not a wurrd out av ye—I'll confine ye for this."

The Vagabone was took be surprise. What wit' my equipment, that I'd gone over wit' a burnishin' chain until I could see meself in the metal, and some clane new clothes from his cumrades, Mike was lookin' like four aces and a king, barrin' his face, and to give the divil his due he'd clane forgot to shave that and only remimbered it when he saw the Adjutant and the guardhouse shtarin' him in the eye. But 'twas a cute adjutant that could down the Vagabone.

"Confine me, if ye plaze, sor," says he, "but thry me ye must wit'in twenty-four hours, and the Colonel'll turrn me back to djooty. I've done nothin' amiss, may it plaze the Adjutant. I'm only raisin' a Van Dyke beard, and Gawd knows, sor, if I'm to raise a beard I've got to give it a shtart some time, and wan time is as good as another. What opportunity have I to raise it bechune guard mounts, sor? I'm detailed to guard wanst a week. Ye cannot thry a man for raisin' a beard. If ye're to thry anybody for my whiskers, sor, thry Sergeant Ryan. I axed him if I might raise a beard, and he informed me that there was nothin' in the Regulations agin it," and he looked the Adjutant in the eye and winked at him, as much as to say: "Put that in ye're pipe and smoke it."

Colonel Cooney, who'd been watchin' guard mount, hearrd him and sure he laughed long and loud, whilst the poor Adjutant grew red in the face. Well, they both realized the Vagabone's Irish wit had saved him in the nick av time, for all they knew he was a liar. In the army ye cannot confine a man for raisin' a beard, even though a smooth-shaven man is considhered dirrty if he doesn't shave! Arrah, 'tis the quear wurrld we live in—the queer wurrld!

Wan day he was walkin' No. 2 post, at the end av which he connected wit' a volunteer sinthry from a camp close by. Av coorse, bein' a sociable divil, he made friends wit' the volunteer and shtood gassin' with him instead av walkin' his post in a millit'ry manner, and auld Cooney, comin' down the shtreet of a sudden, almost surprised him in the act. But he turrned lazy-like and walked back to meet the Colonel, for well he knew the Colonel had seen him and was bound to give him what Paddy gave the drum.

"Me man," says the Colonel, afther acknowledgin' the Vagabone's Present arms, did I not see you talkin' wit' that volunteer sinthry just now as I turrned the corner? I'll have none av that in this regimint, and well ye know it. Call the Coprll av the Guard and give me ye're belt this minute."

"Sor," says the Vagabone, throwin' the look av murder into his eyes, "I'm only a private soger and ye can insult me if ye feel like it. But the day I get me discharrge ye'll apologize for the hurrt ye're tongue has dealt me this minute. Coprll av the Guard! Relief! No. 2!" and he unbuckled his belt and handed it to the Colonel. The Colonel looked at him in the greatest surprise, wondherin' whether to get mad or hear what the Vagabone had to say further.

"I have not insulted ye, me man," says he kindly. "I'm simply makin' ye do ye're djooty. Ye know 'tis agin millit'ry discipline for a sinthry to gossip on post."

THE Vagabone raised his two eyes to heaven. "Dear knows," says he, "I'm not above a bit av gossip on post, provided I don't get caught at it, but gossip wit' a blackguard av a thievin' volunteer—may Gawd forgive ye, Colonel Cooney, but that's one thing I will *not* do. Kill, shteal, and lie I might, but forget I'm a regular soger—never!"

"Put on ye're belt," says Cooney, "ye're a good soger and I was wrong to speak as I did. I wasn't sure, but I thought I saw ye at it."

"Sor, I never spoke to a volunteer in me life."

"Continue the motion, then. They'll do ye no good," and the Colonel saluted him and walked back to tell the Coprll av the Guard wit' the relief to go back about his business.

Two weeks later, Major Knox, the regimintal trial orficer, and a good pious Catholic wit' a heart as big as a breech-block, had the Vagabone before him for absince four days wit'out lave. He tackled the Vagabone in the usual way av all thrial orficers, shtrivin' to get a confession av past misdeeds before findin' him guilty av the present charrge. He give Mike a long, harrd look, and says he:

"Me man, when did I see you before?"

"I don't know, sor," says the Vagabone as meek as Moses, "unless it was at Mass in the Cathedral San Ignacio last Sunday."

At that the Major's harrd look vanished, and says he: "So you were to Mass, were ye? Well, I can't deny I wasn't there. Where was I sittin'?"

"Beggin' the Major's pardon, ye were not sittin', sor. Ye were kneelin'."

"Case dismissed," says the Major; "go to ye're quarthers and thry to behave yerself in the future. There can be no real harm in an enlisted man that goes to his Mass on Sunday."

SO YE can see from what I've just been tellin' ye what a rascal the Vagabone was. I was full six months makin' a clane soger out av him and fillin' him wit' a proper pride in the serrvice, for a heedless divil he was and always will be. But be degrees I got him to shtand erect on his hips and keep his blouse but-

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toned and I shaved him wit' me sharp tongue, but left him a mustache. "A wide flowin' mustache for a soger, ye vagabone," says I, "but a Van Dyke beard for a Dutch docthor." So in time he blossomed out into a real soger, and won great respect be rason av challengin' and batin' the regimintal bully in the finest fight ever seen in the auld Eighth Corps. He was ripe for a coprilship when he decided he would get sick.

YE MUST know, sor, that from the 5th av February, '99, until the followin' April our brigade lay quiet in the trinches we'd trun up from auld Fort San Antonio Abad on the bay clear acrosst counthry to the Pasig, and whilst we had shootin' day and night on the outposts all that time, 'twas a quiet life we led and the Vagabone got tired av it, as he got tired av everything else, and wanted a change. He was what Colonel Cooney called "a damned fine soger but a timperamintal Irish jackass," and a little outpost firin' was hardly the kind av active service to suit a temperamintal jackass av the breed that only death can shtop wanst he's fixed bayonets and shtarted a charge. So the Vagabone grew lonely and sad, and what wit' frequent outpost, indifferent rations, mosquitoes, and the rainy season comin' on, he lost flesh and spirit and made up his mind he'd quit sogerin' and go to hospital until something wort' while developed in the way av war. The arrival av fifty pounds av books and auld magazines from a deluded maidservant in the Shtates, to whom he'd give all his brass buttons before we sailed, put the idjee into his schamin' head.

"Be the Great Gun av Athlone," says he to himself, "I'll go to hospital now and spend a quiet three weeks or a month lyin' on the broad av me back in bed, readin' and smokin' and gossipin' with the other unfortunates and gettin' three good, well-cooked meals daily" —and wit' that he cast about in his wicked head for the right disease. Firrst he thried atin' soap to bring on a simblance av bowel complaint, but the soap had more lye in it than the Vagabone himself. He got sick to his stomach and give up the idjee simultanyus wit' the soap.

HE HAD more luck wit' his next illness. Afther considherable speculation over the merits av lockjaw, insanity, rheumatism, Charley horrse, and locomotive-attacks-ye, he decided to fool the docthors and become paralyzed in his off hind leg!

Well, sor, the next mornin' he failed to answer reveille, but when the comp'ny was dismissed he come limpin' up to the comp'ny commandher, usin' his Krag for a crutch and dhraggin' his leg afther him like a run-over dog.

"I was unable to be present, sor, to answer me name," says he. "I have a great notion somethin's wrong wit' me. Whin I woke up this mornin' I had pins and needles in the calf av me leg. It spread to the knee, then to the middle av the thigh and then to the hip, and there it shtopped. Captain, dear, if I was to close me two eyes this minute, I'd have to take your worrd for it that I have two legs instead av wan. Divil a bit av feelin' in it at all, at all," and wit' that he commenced to whimper and fell in a heap agin the Captain.

"Musha now, me poor lad," says the Captain, "but this is terrible news ye have for me, Private Kelleher. I'll be a badly disapp'inted man if ye're not paralyzed," and he called four men to pack the Vagabone off to medical headquarthers down in the village av Pasay, whilst the Firrst Sergeant entherel the scamp's name in sick report.

Sick call went at eight o'clock and at nine-thirty the Copril in charrge av the sick report come back wit' the book and the information that Mike the Vagabone had been sent to the Second Reserve Hospital in Malate for observation and threatmint, and would wan av the bhoys be so kind as to bring his readin' matther and equipmint down to Pasay and put it in the ambulance alongside av him? Ye must know that in them days, wit' the throops on active serrvice, when a man went to the Second Reserve he took his field equipmint wit' him and it was checked and stored at the hospital, for what wit' a big sick report and us in the field, we could not be hampered carryin' exthra equipmint around wit' us, whilst the owner was in the hands av the poultice wallopers.

SO THE Top Sergeant detailed a man to bring the Vagabone's effects down to the ambulance, and away he went, bag and baggage, to hospital. And at hospital the guard checked his rifle, belt, haversack, canteen, poncho, and shelter half, whilst a brace av big buck hospital corps men laid Mike on a stretcher and carried the malingerer upstairs to a clane, white bed in a clane, cool room, along wit' half a dozen convalescents, where they shtripped him and bathed him and put a suit av pajamas on him and left him alone wit' his happiness and a flour sack filled wit' readin' matther.

And there the Vagabone shtayed for three mortial weeks, livin' on the fat av the land and foolin' the docthors. But wan av these was a bright young conthract surgeon, and afther three weeks, when Mike's dead leg showed no signs av decay, he got suspicious that the Vagabone was malingerin' and said as much to the Major docthor in command.

"What makes ye think he's malingerin'?" says the Major docthor.

"His leg do have a healthy color and it shows no shrinkage," says the young man; "besides which the red divil do look too happy for a man wit' one leg in the grave."

"Jab an inch av needle into his dead leg unbeknownst to him," says the Major docthor. "'Tis very simple. If he jumps he do not be paralyzed."

"I've jabbed the divil until in all pity I've had to lay off on him, sir. He do be as foxy as Napoleon Bonaparte, and divil a jump out av him. I think he suspected I might thry that trick and he was primed and waitin' for the jab."

"Do he give ye a black look?" says the Major.

"He do."

"And ye say he's not melancholius and down in the mouth?"

"As brisk as a bee and as playful as a kitten. Sure he do be whistlin' like a t'rush from mornin' till night."

"Hah-hah!" says the Major docthor, for a wise auld lad was that same Major, and he hadn't been docthorin' sogers forty year for nothin'. So he knew a trick or two that Mike the Vagabone had never heard av.

"We'll give him his degree this day, then," says the Major docthor, "and if he come through it safe, be the Rock av Cashel, he do be paralyzed! Do you move all the convalescents out av No. 3 ward, save and exceptin' this Private Kelleher, and when ye have them all out do ye come back here and wrap me in cotton battin' from heels to hair, and put a nightcap on me. Then do you take two men and carry me on a stretcher into Kelleher's room and lay me in bed there. Bein' Irish, he's inquisitive, so he'll ask the nurses what's up wit' me. They'll tell him. I'm helpless and dyin' av inflammatory rheumatism. Lave Kelleher alone wit' me ten minutes and then do you and half a dozen men come runnin' down the corridor, yellin' fire."

SO 'TWAS done as the Major docthor ordhered, and, sure enough, the minute the hullabaloo shtarted Mike the Vagabone forgot he was paralyzed. Faith, he was a soger agin. The time for action had arrived, and wit'out thinkin' he made one grand lep out av bed and made for the Major.

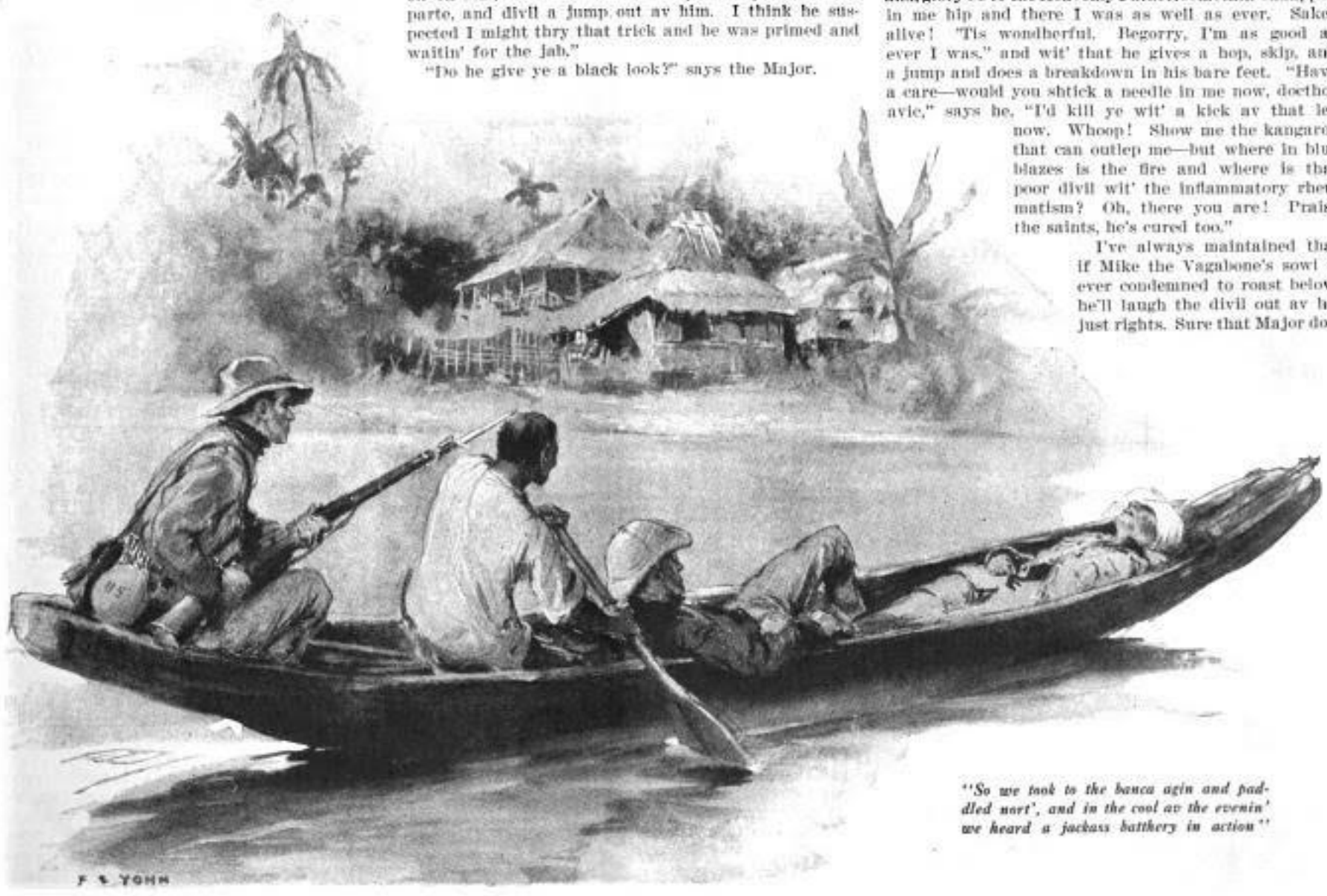
"Come with me, allanah," says he, "ye poor misfortunate divil; 'twould be like them to lave ye here to burrn to a crisp," and wit' that he scooped the Major docthor off the bed and went peltin' down the corridor wit' him to beat four av a kind! At the head av the stairs he was met be that young contract surgeon and the Sergeant av the Hospital Guard.

"Wan minute, please," says the Sergeant av the Guard, shovin' a bayonet agin' the Vagabone's belly, as the Major docthor shlipped out av his arrms.

"I congrate ye, Private Kelleher," says the contract surgeon. "Ye're a fine light lad on ye're feet. Be the same token take a look at what ye've been runnin' away wit'," and the Vagabone looked, and there shtood the Major docthor wit' his nightcap off! The Vagabone knew the jig was up and that he'd been tricked be smarter men nor himself, but did he give up? Not he! He let out a whoop av pure joy and grabbed the young contract surgeon around the neck, for 'twould not have been policy for him to let on he'd recognized the Major docthor.

"GOD bless ye, docthor dear," says he, "I'm cured at last! Sure ye scared the paralysis out av me shoutin' fire, and I made wan lep on me good leg, and, glory be to the Heavenly Father, somethin' shnapped in me hip and there I was as well as ever. Sakes alive! 'Tis wondherful. Begorry, I'm as good as ever I was," and wit' that he gives a hop, skip, and a jump and does a breakdown in his bare feet. "Have a care—would you shtick a needle in me now, docthor avic," says he, "I'd kill ye wit' a kick av that leg now. Whoop! Show me the kangaroo that can outlep me—but where in blue blazes is the fire and where is that poor divil wit' the inflammatory rheumatism? Oh, there you are! Praise the saints, he's cured too."

I've always maintained that if Mike the Vagabone's sowl is ever condemned to roast below, he'll laugh the divil out av his just rights. Sure that Major doc-



"So we took to the banca agin and paddled nort', and in the cool av the evenin' we heard a jackass batthery in action"

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thor could no more get mad at the villain than he could fly. He rowled on the floor in his cotton battin' regimintals and praised his Maker for creatin' a Private Kelleher!

"I'm neglectful av me bounden djooty, you scamp," says he, "be not havin' a gineral court-martial sit on ye, but I haven't the heart. What the divil were ye up to, acushla, for ye're no coward? The way ye thried to save me proved that ye're the last man in the wurrld to think av yerself and the first to think av others. What do ye mane be such actions?"

"Not givin' ye a short answer, sor," says the Vagabone, "I might as well admit I was be way av takin' the rest cure. Sure there was no fightin' to fit a man av spirit, and our comp'ny cook was an assassin, and I was tired av listenin' to tree lizards and upset lead whistlin' so high the thrill was all out av it. But I suppose I'll have to go back to it now," says he.

"What's your comp'ny and regimint and where stationed?"

"E av the Fourteenth, sor. They're stationed in the trinches at Pasay on the south line."

"They're stationed there no longer. They moved out last night, wit' Gineral Lawton. He's took them up the river in cascoes, and across Laguna de Bay to take Santa Cruz and the Lake towns. Faith, if it's wurrk ye're lookin' for to fit ye're spirit, me lad, ye'll get ye're belly full av it in the hill provinces."

THE Vagabone's face fell a foot. "Then do I have to shtay here until they come back to the coast, sor?" says he.

"Ye do not. Ye've been here too long already, but as ye appear to have some good in ye I'll give ye a chanst. If ye have to wade t'rough hell fire and swim a bloody river, ye must report for djooty to ye're comp'ny commandher wit'in forty-eight hours, or I'll prefer a charrge agin ye if the provost guard can find ye, and ye'll be bobtailed out av the serrvice."

"I'll be off directly," says the Vagabone.

"Ye will take wit' ye a note to ye're comp'ny commandher, which ye will present upon arrival. He will then give ye a receipt for ye're worthless carcass, and ye will mail that receipt to me, or bring it in person if ye ever come back alive, which I much misdoubt. Forty-eight hours ye have to report for djooty somewhere in the wilds av Santa Cruz Province. Forty-nine hours will not save ye from charrges if I find it out, and find it out I will. Dhress now, get ye're equipmint from the guard, dhraw two days' rations from the hospital commissary, and go where glory waits ye. The *Napidan* leaves the dock at Binondo at two o'clock to follow the throops that went up last night, and ye may get a ride on her."

The Vagabone saluted and went back to his room to dhress himself. Wan hour later, wit' a note to his comp'ny commandher in his pocket, two days' rations in his haversack, and the light av heaven in his eyes, he was shtandin' on the Bridge av Spain, lookin' across the Pasig to where the *Napidan* was lyin' at Binondo. She was a little, light-draft, flat-bottomed river gunboat thrown together in a hurry and armored wit' sheet steel just thick enough to shtop a Mauser bullet. She had a pirate crew av 'tillerymen aboard, wit' a rovin' commission, two jackass guns, two Gatlings, and two automatics chuckin' half-pound shrapnel. She was the joy av life on the river.

THE Vagabone looked at her from the causeway on the Puente de España, and says he to himself, says he: "That divilish Major docthor said she'd sail at two o'clock. I have two hours to wait, and to kill time I'll cross into the Escolta, get a haircut and a shave and the last dhrink av San Miguel beer for many a day," and away he went. But what wit' hoppin' and jumpin' he took a beer too many, wit' the result that when he got down to Binondo at four o'clock the *Napidan* was twelve miles up the river beyond Pateros, and the 'tillerymen was that busy swappin' compliminits wit' the amigos on each bank a message from their guardian angels wouldn't have caused them to turrn about and wait for the Commandher in Chief himself. So what did Mike the Vagabone do but—

"Is Sergeant John Ryan somewhere around here?" demanded a booming voice from the stable entrance.

"Come in, ye divil," the sergeant yelled. Then, turning to me: "'Tis the Vagabone himself, God bless him! He's come to look me up for auld sake's sake." Then again—and aloud: "Come in, ye vagabone, and explain to a bethter man nor yourself why I find ye keepin' comp'ny wit' Chinamen. Have ye no pride, ye Sassenach?"

BI'T Mike the Vagabone had entered and his great arms closed around the bunkie of other days, the while he hugged him with an ursine hug.

"We were just talkin' about ye—" began the sergeant.

"'Twas nothin' good, I'll warrant. But come out av this. I'm not used to bein' enthertained in a stable. Take me to the canteen, as a bunkie should, and let us have a beer, as sogers should."



"Captain, dear, if I was to close me two eyes this minute, I'd have to take your worrd for it that I have two legs instead av wan"

The sergeant raised his eyes mournfully. "The serrvice has gone to the dogs since you left it, Michael," he said. "We have no canteen. The W. C. T. U. took it away from us. God forgive them!"

"Which I shall not," supplemented the Vagabone, "for 'tis to beer I owe the greatest event av me entire life, and the proud position I at present occupy as Colonel av the Imperial Guard av the Chinese Empire. Sure, if I hadn't missed the *Napidan* goin' up the Pasig in April av '99—"

But here the Sergeant, remembering his manners, introduced me to Colonel Kelleher, who graciously acknowledged himself felicitated thereat and sat down on a bale of hay.

The Sergeant silently handed him a plug of vile black chewing tobacco, the Colonel bit off as much as he could, forgot his high station, and became again Mike the Vagabone.

The Sergeant winked at me, counseling silence, and presently the Vagabone spat at a crack and commenced his story.

"YE WILL remimber, Jawn, in April av '99 I was took wit' a bad case av partial paralysis and sent to hospital in Malate. Well, sor, the day before I was discharrged cured, Lawton took a flyin' column up into the Laguna de Bay counthry—"

"Aye! Well do I remimber it! They've called us Lawton's Billposters ever since, from a habit we had in that campaign av rushin' a town and clanin' it out; afther which we'd post up notices in Tagalog and Spanish, tellin' the poor divils av natives our intintions were peaceful, and nobody but a fool blind to his own best intherests would doubt it. Dear knows, we thried hard to give them the glad right hand av brotherly love—"

"We did—back av the ear," supplemented Mike the Vagabone dreamily.

"Gwan wit' your shtory," continued the sergeant, "and tell us no lies. Ye were malingerin' in hospital, and the docthor found ye out first and kicked ye out afterward. Ye were to go up river on the *Napidan*, and ye went hellin' around and missed her. That much we know. Proceed, ye vagabone."

WELL, sor [the Vagabone resumed patiently], I arrived at the stone wall where the river boats touch at Binondo, to find all things as quiet as could be and divil a gunboat in sight. The siesta was not yet over, and every coolie and cargador was curled up sound asleep wherever he could find a bit av shade, but I shpotted a Kansas volunteer fightin' wit' a switch engine at the terminus av the Manila & Dagupan Railroad back av the Captain av the Port's office. Ye will recall they made the Kansans run the railroad on the advance to Malolos. 'Twas too hot to walk over to him, so I yelled. Says I:

"Ye Kansas man! There's a regular talkin' to ye. Where is the *Napidan*, avic?"

"To hear ye ax that question," says he very uppish, "wan would think I had her in me pocket. Go to the divil and hunt for her."

"Will ye fight?" says I, for I had little use for militiamen.

He got down from the engine and come over for a look at me. "Will *you* fight?" says he.

"Troth I will, and gladly," says I, puttin' up me dukes.

"Indeed!" says he, "ye surprise me. I didn't think ye would."

"And why not?" says I.

"For the reason that ye're regimint's in action up in Santa Cruz Province this very minute, whilst you're loafin' around here, dhrunk and disordlierly. Faith, if you're a regular, I'm glad I'm a volunteer."

I was on the p'int of assassinatin' him when a carromata dhruv up behind me, and a small, slight, red little fox av a man wit' thick eyeglasses shtepped out.

"What's this?" says he. "Have ye nothin' else to do save make a brawl in public?"

THE Kansas man flew back to his engine, whilst I faced about and give the new arrival the figger four. And whilst salutin' I had a chanst to look at him. He was wan av these auld-young men that might have been thirty-five or sixty, accordin' to the light he was in. He was wearin' a broad, flat, cork helmet wit' a sun cloth hangin' down over the back av his neck, like the pictures av Stanley in Darkest Africa, an enlisted man's blue Chambray shirt, corded drab ridin' trousers, pigskin puttees, and tan shoes wit' toe caps on them—and he was hidin' a bit av a smile as he looked at me.

"Bad luck to ye," says I, "but ye shpoiled a beautiful fight. I thought ye were an orficer, for ye have the same nasty-nice way av addhressin' a man. I'll give ye to undherstand I'll have no war correspondents makin' game av me, ye little scrawny gossoon." I was a mad young man, for I'd give him a salute he was not entitled to, and as I said he was wishful to smile his contimpt at me. "Wipe off that smile," says I, "or be the Rock av Cashel I'll shpank ye. I've ducked many a man in the river for less."

AT THAT he burst out laughin' and shtuck out his hand. "Peace! Peace!" says he. "Did ye not see the Kansas man had a monkey wrench in his pocket. He'd have kilt ye wit' it if I hadn't snapped out at ye like an orficer. What have ye rolled up in that paper undher ye're arrm?"

"Not givin' ye a short answer," says I, shakin' hands wit' him, "'tis a quart bottle av Milwaukee beer, no less. Did ye think it was a map av me father's estates in Ireland?"

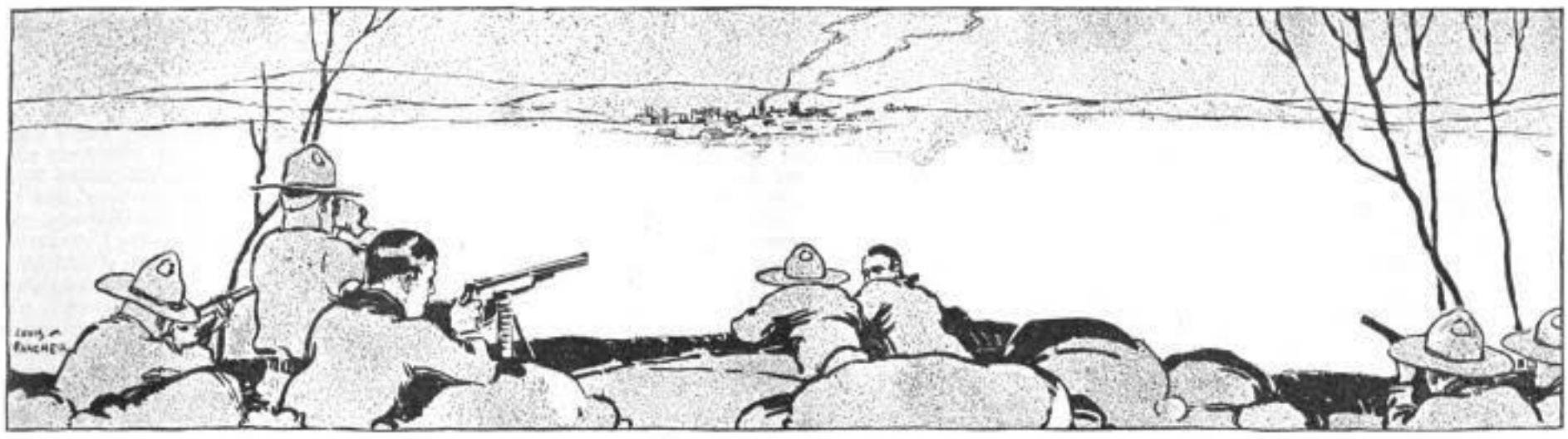
"I did not," says he, "but ye might have the manners to ask a man if he has a mouth. 'Tis crool hot on this open dock. Shtep into the carromata."

So we got into the carromata and I unwrapped the bottle and produced a corkscrew, for in them days I always went arrmed. I handed the bottle to him for a shantha.

"I'd dhrink to ye wit' more pleasure," says he, "if I knew ye're name. I can tell ye're comp'ny and regimint from the device in ye're campaign hat, but if I'm to dhrink wit' a man I must know his name."

"I'm Private Michael Joseph Kelleher," says I, "numbher wan in the front rank av the first set av fours first squad, first section. *(Continued on page 23)*

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The War in Colorado

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS FANCHER

THE WAR! For that is what it amounts to. The two factions of an industry have organized, armed, raided, pillaged, given battle! The State of Colorado is shocked and shamed. Expiation is demanded. Impeachment threatens. Courts-martial impend. Popular indignation clamors for a scapegoat. Let us hope it does not find one. To do so would make the devil laugh. It would be such an easy, shiftless, fruitless way out.

The situation calls for slow thinking. Monstrous things have been done in Colorado, yet the men who did them are not monsters. They are of like passions, and often of like sympathies with ourselves. If we had been where they are, we might have done what they did.

The mine owners (hereafter to be known in this story as the operators) are the usual rugged, aggressive type of American business man. The mine workers are Austrians, Greeks, Italians, and Mexicans, with a sprinkling of men of Saxon and Celtic blood. The operators tell me that the strike was caused by agitators. I think we may admit that fact. However, no scientist has ever been able to agitate a vacuum.

Let me illustrate: The Colorado mines are peculiarly subject to explosions caused by gas or dust or both. For a long stretch of time they have killed twice as many workers as all the other coal mines in all the rest of the United States combined, which by itself is something to pause and think about.

Now for our illustration: Let us take a single instance of one of those explosions. Its cause was undetermined. One theory was that a Japanese miner, "sneaking a smoke," struck the match that fired the gas that exploded the mine and slew some scores of men, tearing many bodies so far from human semblance that they were scarcely recognizable as such. Now, in that hypothesis, the match of the Jap was the voice of the agitator. But if there had been no gas or dust there would have been no explosion.

Injustice the Primal Cause

IN THE present situation Frank Hayes, vice president of the United Mine Workers, we will say, was the agitator. He struck the match. But if there had been no long-continued, no high-heaped series of wrongs, real or fancied, floating in the minds of the miners like a gas, coating memory thickly with explosive dust that flared up with the fiery words of the agitator, there would have been no strike—and especially no such stubborn, blood-flowing contest strike as has resulted.

And now to look for gas and dust.

Take first the matter of corporation domination in the political life of Colorado. To an astonishing degree the State has been controlled during a score of years by the great corporations, some of which, it must be admitted, have played a conspicuous part in the development of its natural resources.

These corporations have influenced courts, legislatures, and even the voters themselves. Wherever the corporation overshadows the commercial interests of a locality, political freedom has been endangered, and justice for the individual, as against the combination, has been difficult or impossible to obtain. For instance, the counties of Huerfano and Las Animas have been the center of trouble in the present strike. Going back, you will find that these two counties have been dominated commercially for years by the coal operators. You will be told that in these two counties the corporations vote the sheep on the hills and the mules in the mines to carry their ends. You will hear that the dominant ring can convict or acquit as it will; that it can send its enemy to the State Penitentiary or let its friends go free. In consequence there is a widespread belief that there is no justice in these counties for a private individual when a corporation interest is concerned. Concerning this general situation a recent Federal Grand Jury report says:

"The coal companies have been sufficiently influential to nominate, elect, and control many county officers, and have done so, with the result of complicating the industrial situation by arousing political prejudices. Some county officers reputed to have the support of coal companies have shown undue activity in controlling elections, presumably to eliminate unfavorable votes of miners, and have thus aroused political and social dissatisfaction."

Miners' Cry for Fair Dealing

AND now if, in the midst of a corporate principality of this sort, we turn to consider the situation of the mere mine worker, we shall begin directly to smell the gas. The coal mines are scattered about through the hills and frequently tucked away in the cracks of inaccessible cañons. About each mine springs up a little town, the whole life of which is drawn from the mine.

Sometimes the little town is incorporated, and sometimes not. If it is, almost every municipal officer is a mine employee or a man who draws his income from the mines. The superintendent of the mine



"Camp marshals, acting in the capacity of judge and jury, passed sentence: 'Down the canon for you!'"

is to all intents and purposes the superintendent of the town. The justice of the peace may be a boss in the mine; the town marshal may be another employee of the mine, and both subject to orders of the superintendent.

Under conditions like these in the town, in the township, and in the county, the situation of any individual miner is easily comprehended. He has only such rights, civil and industrial, as his employers feel disposed to accede.

Now there is no use arguing that every coal superintendent is a tyrant, or that every mine boss takes continual advantage of the position in which he finds the men who work for him. That is not so. It is not in human nature. Most of these superintendents and bosses have come up out of the mine themselves. They know how it is with the miners. But their point of view is shifted. They have to hold their jobs, to get out the tonnage, to take orders from above—and being human they choose the easiest way. What that easiest way often results in another extract from the Grand Jury report will indicate:

"Many camp marshals, whose appointments and salaries are controlled by the local companies, have exercised a system of espionage and have resorted to arbitrary powers of police control, acting in the capacity of judge and jury and passing the sentence, 'Down the cañon for you' (meaning thereby that the miner so addressed was discharged and ordered to leave the camp) upon miners who had incurred the enmity of the superintendent or pit boss for having complained of real grievances or for other cause. These, taken with brutal assaults by camp marshals upon miners, have produced general dissatisfaction among the latter."

Nor can there be any doubt that the offenses of which the miners complained were often very real. Take the matter of weights. The coal diggers are paid by the ton. Man after man has testified before the recent Congressional Investigating Committee to dissatisfaction over company weights and the belief that he was being cheated every time his car of coal was weighed. Officials of the State Labor Department testified to finding scales that would not balance, scales that were tricky, that weighed short hundreds of pounds, and of places where they were not permitted to inspect the scales at all. At least one superintendent has testified that he knew the men in his mine were being robbed systematically of their weights, and that he was powerless to prevent it because of orders from above direct to the weigher. Experience has shown that the only sure protection to the coal miners in the matter of weights is the right to combine in the employment of a man of their own choice at their own charge to check the weights registered by the company.

The Principal Grievances

NOW the astonishing fact is that for seventeen years there has been a law upon the statute books granting to miners of the State of Colorado this right to have weights checked by themselves. The record shows that this law has been almost habitually violated by one subterfuge or another. The testimony before the Congressional committee was that men who signed petitions for check weighmen, or served on committees named to intercede for them, found themselves mysteriously discharged, "sent down the cañon" upon one pretext or another, and that this happened so regularly that finally men knew better than to ask for a check weighman. The operators have nearly all testified that they would grant the check weighmen if they were requested, and the strikers have cynically replied that "requesting" check weighmen had proved unhealthy.

The fact certainly speaks for itself. There were practically no check weighmen, and one of the seven principal demands of this long and bloody strike is for a right which the laws of Colorado have conceded for seventeen years. Four others of the seven principal demands cover grievances of the same sort.

Since 1901 there has been a law enjoining semi-

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monthly pay days. The president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company told the Congressional committee that his company had instituted the semi-monthly pay day on February 1, 1913, or twelve years later.

In 1899 there was enacted a law dealing with the so-called "truck system." This law forbade the paying of men with scrip in lieu of lawful money, forbade compelling them to trade at company stores or to board at company boarding houses. Testimony was produced before the Congressional committee showing that up to within a short time of the strike scrip was used and men were threatened if they did not trade at the company stores and board at the company boarding houses.



Officials of the State Labor Department testified to finding scales that would not balance . . . and scales that weighed short hundreds of pounds

Elusive Laws

SINCE 1899 there has been an anticoercion statute, making it unlawful for an employer to prohibit his employee from joining a labor organization. This law appears in some places to have been observed in the letter, but it was generally violated in spirit.

Mr. J. F. Welborn, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Rockefeller concern which mines more coal than any other operator in Colorado, denied that men had ever been discharged for belonging to a union, and said: "We have known that they not only do belong to a union, but that they have their order and hold occasional meetings." But the Federal Grand Jury, before quoted, found that "the coal companies have discouraged and opposed the organization of labor unions and fraternal societies in the camps, etc. . . ."

But the record as to the State eight-hour law must be regarded as the crowning instance of contempt for popular government of which the Colorado corporations have been guilty.

Since the middle nineties public sentiment in Colorado has demanded an eight-hour law. After several years one was passed, only to be declared unconstitutional by the courts. In 1901 the people remedied this by voting a constitutional amendment, but the corporation's influence in the Legislature of 1903 was strong enough to defeat the majority will of the voters. The bloody strike of 1904 was in part a protest of the workers against such nullification of their will. The Legislature of 1905 got as far as to pass an eight-hour law, but it was a "fake" bill framed by the enemies of the idea; and it was not until ten long years after the constitutional amendment that the Legislature of 1911 did enact a real eight-hour law for smelters and mines.

Against this belated statute the operators next invoked the referendum, thus suspending it automatically, and into this referendum-election ballot slipped a proposal for a "fake" eight-hour law in order to divide the vote and confuse the electorate. But so anxious were the people to get the eight-hour law that they both sustained the legislative enactment and carried the fake proposal. The result, of course was the raising of a constitutional question as to which law was the real law, which again meant more delay, and it was not until the Legislature of 1913 that the matter was cleared up by a ruling of the Supreme Court and the passage of a new law with a "safety clutch" in it, so that the day of its effect could not be postponed.

Is it to be wondered at if the working miners of Colorado lost some of their respect for law? Would it be strange if this record with regard to the laws which have not been enforced—the control of elections, legislatures, courts, and juries—kindled rebellion in the hearts of working miners against the very Government itself?

Perhaps this, too, will explain why the coal miners of Colorado have grown so stubborn in their devotion to the union idea. The conviction has been hammered into them through from ten to twenty bitter years that they are helpless as individuals and that their only way of escape from a condition bordering on hopeless peonage is in allegiance to a great national labor union, like the United Mine Workers of America. The State having utterly failed to protect them, their forlorn hope now is that the union may.

Now it must be borne in mind that what has been written here about the violation of laws and the violation of the rights of workingmen did not lie against all employers or against all mines; one was guilty of one wrong, another of another, and the whole effect was cumulative; and, further, that resentment against one was transferable to all when all presented a common front of arrogant indifference.

It must be remembered, too, that some of these charges the operators have denied specifically, and that while they would admit others, they deny altogether their importance and refuse to recognize that they are any particular factor in the present situation. On the other hand, however, these very denials were themselves denied by actions of operators in the year preceding the strike, for at last they began to be alarmed at the ominous feeling among their men. In the North a stubborn strike had been in progress since 1910. They knew that union agitation was going on in the South. They knew that there was gas enough and dust enough to make match striking dangerous, and they began to clean house. One hears of changes in the rules, of the inauguration of the eight-hour day before the last law was passed, of generous proposals regarding check weighmen, and, most significant of all, of an advance in wages claimed to represent 10 per cent. This was the back-firing of the companies against the explosion which they themselves had made inevitable, but it came too late.

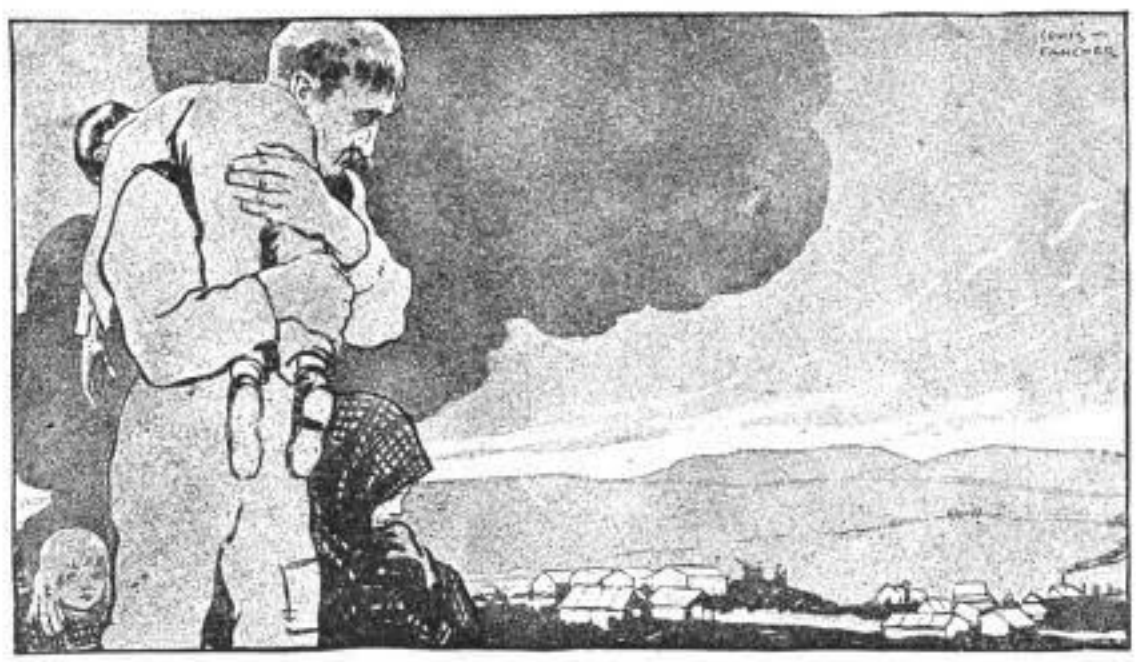
Operators Ignored Miners' Overtures

THE men were not to be satisfied with concessions. They demanded the union and power, so that they might treat with their employers on terms approaching equality, now and always. The agitators were striking matches all over the district.

The first move in the present belligerency was the writing of a letter to the operators, dated September 8, inviting them to "a joint convention of miners and operators," and containing the following explanatory paragraph:

"We are making this last endeavor to settle our differences peacefully, and with the hope of preventing a strike. If you will kindly come to this joint convention we feel sure we can adjust all points at issue between our respective interests in a satisfactory manner."

This letter was signed by Frank J. Hayes, vice president of the United Mine Workers of America; John R. Lawson, International Board member of the same order for the Colorado district; John McLennan, president of the district local, and E. L. Doyle, the district secretary, as "*The Policy Committee Representing Colorado Mine Workers.*"



A miner with his dead son over his shoulder, and the remainder of his family, marching out of the Ludlow tent colony after the attack by Troop A

The operators did not reply to this letter, and they likewise ignored its invitation. Not that they objected to dealing with a labor union theoretically. Far from it. As Mr. Osgood told the Congressional committee:

"I cannot question, and do not question, the right of men to organize and sell their labor collectively."

But, referring to the United Mine Workers' organization, he added: "From my knowledge of this organization, I don't want any business relations with it, and I am not going to have any business relations with them."

Now that was exactly what the copper operators told me in Michigan, that they believed in unions and the right of men to bargain collectively, and if their miners would, for instance, affiliate with some nice gentlemanly labor organization like the United Mine Workers of America they would be very glad to recognize them. Yet here were the Colorado coal operators telling me they did not like the United Mine Workers, and preferring that their men should affiliate with, say, the International Sunday-school Union, or something like that. Pardon the flippancy, but surely we must admit that this presents a very human picture. The operators do not want their men affiliated with any unions that have power behind them—they want to own their own business, make their own laws, try their own cases, and—send the recalcitrants "down the cañon."

Rockefeller Justice in Colorado

ON THE other hand, the mood of the strikers is equally human. Imagine one little Greek who can barely mumble a few words in English trying to make a bargain with a superintendent who has the Rockefeller millions behind him. Where does the Greek get off? Has he any right of bargain at all? Can he do anything but take what is offered or "go down the cañon"?

Imagine, on the other hand, the same superintendent representing the same Rockefeller millions, but on the other end of the table, not the poor little Greek alone, but with him stout-hearted John Lawson, having behind him the 400,000 members of the United Mine Workers' Association. That is different. If I had a lot of coal mines and had got into the notion of thinking that they were mine, and that I had the right to run them as I saw fit, I would much rather deal with the Greek, and I would go to just about any length to keep from having to deal with John Lawson.

If I were the lonely Greek, and if I had a background of three or ten years' experience in the mines I would endure just about any kind of a fight to get John Lawson to stand with me when I talked to the boss.

Despite all befogging, this is the real issue in Colorado to-day, the right of the miner to bargain collectively for the sale of his labor, and there is no real gain from being hypocritical about it.

Mr. Rockefeller's recent statement says:

"Surely, no thinking man can ask, much less expect, that we will abandon our own employees and the cause of the workers of the entire country because violence and wholesale slaughter are brought about by an element which has come to regard itself as above and beyond the reach of the law."

This fine sentence hints at a passion for social justice with which, unfortunately, the Rockefeller name and enterprises are not associated in the public mind, and indicates that the real issue in Colorado is the sacred concern of the coal operators for the rights of their employees. I am sorry to say that there is small evidence of this sacred concern for the rights of employees to be found upon the coal fields. The men who work in the coal mines appear to have been deliberately and systematically deprived of the rights to which we are accustomed to believe that free men in America are entitled, and the issue is: Shall this continue?

Miners' Grievances

AGAIN, Mr. Rockefeller's reference to the strikers as "an element which has come to regard itself as above and beyond the reach of the law" indicates a further misconception. He would have put it more accurately to speak of them as "an element which has come to regard itself *as unable to secure the benefit and protection of law.*"

The convention issued a demand for the recognition of the union; for a 10 per cent advance in wages; for an eight-hour day; pay for labor unproductive of tonnage which the miners were compelled to do in getting ready to take out coal, called "dead" work; "the right to trade in any store we please, and the right to choose our own boarding place and our own doctor"; and "the enforcement of the Colorado mining laws and the abolition of the notorious and criminal guard system which has prevailed in the mining camps of Colorado for many years." These demands met with the same reception as the invitation to the convention. They were ignored. The strike became effective on September 23. The number of men who left the mines is variously estimated at from 50 to 90 per cent. The few mines where conditions had been especially good continued to

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Stalking the Pestilence

By Jack London

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

IN ALL the long red history of war, disease has stalked at the heels of armies. In the present generation it bids fair to cease stalking, at least at the heels of armies that are scientifically and modernly handled. I have just been studying the mortality statistics of Vera Cruz for the last sixteen months. There is a peculiar blank space at the head of the column marked "Cerebro-spinal Meningitis." For the first six months of 1913 there were no deaths from meningitis. In July there were three deaths. By December, in that month alone, there were twenty deaths. The abrupt appearance of this disease led me to inquire of Major F. M. Hartsock for an explanation.

The appearance of meningitis in Vera Cruz seems to have been due to Mexico's customary way of doing business. From far up to the north a drove of Constitutionalist prisoners, infected with meningitis, was sent south. They were moved right along. No one in authority cared to segregate them and stamp out the disease. This wretched drove became a perambulating plague. It was a case, in poker parlance, of "passing the buck."

At last they arrived in Mexico City, where they promptly infected their prison. Again the buck was passed, and they were shipped on to Vera Cruz. I do not possess the date of their arrival in the latter city, but it is patent that it must have been some time in July, 1913, at which date the death figures suddenly appear in the meningitis column.

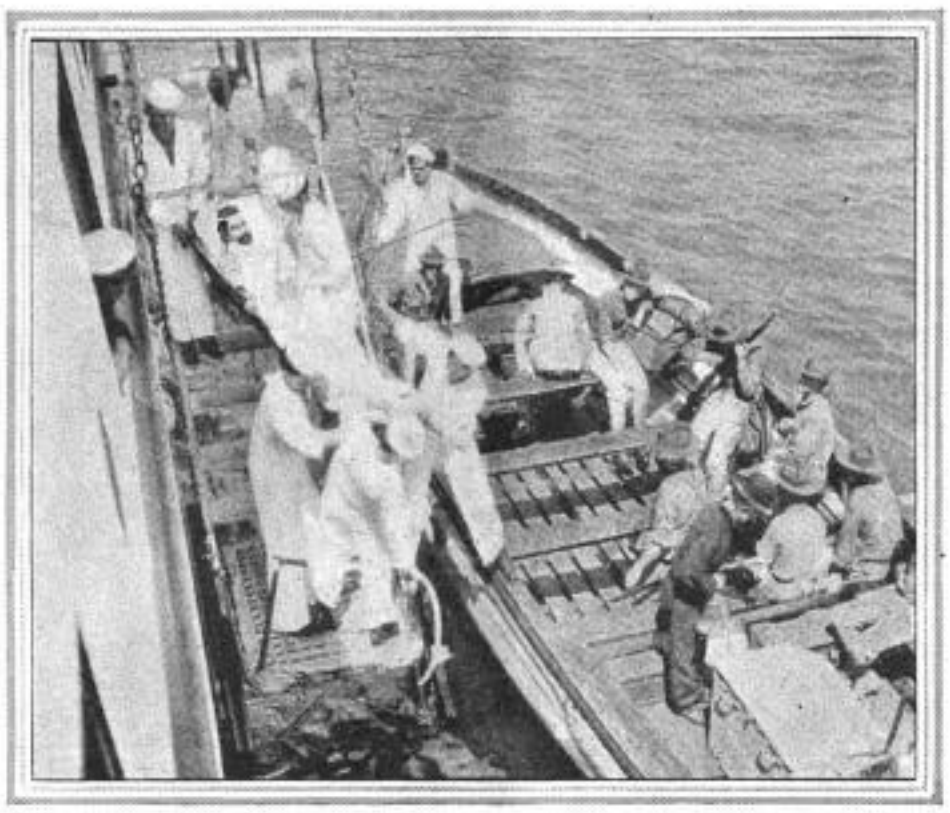
There seems to have been no further place to which to pass them along, so they were finally segregated in prison. From the first to the twentieth of April, 1914, there were six deaths from meningitis. It was about this time that the American forces landed and took possession of Vera Cruz, while General Maas, his soldiers, and released prisoners took to the brush. And they took their meningitis with them, for there has not been a case of it since in Vera Cruz.

Conquering the Grisly Monster, Typhoid

WHAT the adventures of this meningitis will be now that it has again gone wandering may be imagined. The very clothing of these men, as well as themselves, is saturated with meningitis, and that they will spread the infection cannot be doubted. At any rate, the times have changed, for the disease left town with old-fashioned war when modern war marched in.

Smallpox appears to be endemic, rather than epidemic, in Vera Cruz, while tuberculosis, strange to say, collects a greater toll of death than all the more serious diseases added together. Here, in the *tierras calientes*, or hot lands, where it is so continuously warm that in a room flung wide to the outer air and every vagrant breeze even a sheet over one at night is suffocating, the natives crowd into small, unventilated rooms, weaken their lungs, and fall victims to the White Plague. Malaria, also, is a never-absent disease, the death line of it rising rhythmically in the rainy season and falling in the dry season. It, too, by its weakening effect on its victims, is the cause of their contracting other diseases from which they perish, chiefest of which, of course, is tuberculosis.

But our army surgeons, wise in tropical diseases from their service in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, and the Philippines, are not apprehensive of any grave epidemics in Mexico. They have learned much and rapidly in the last decade and a half, and what they have learned is demonstrable by statistics.



Mexican wounded were cared for along with the American on the hospital ship Solace, but when the vessel sailed north they and the advanced convalescents among the marines and sailors were transferred ashore

Typhoid has ever been a grisly monster to north European and American armies. The Latins and the Asiatics are more immune, this being doubtless due to a rigid selection, operating through many centuries, by which typhoid killed off all that were predisposed to typhoid. Thus, whenever men are gathered together in armies, there will be found a far greater proportion of nonimmunes among the north Europeans and Americans than among the Latins and Asiatics.

In 1898, in Florida, the United States mobilized 12,000 men for a period of four months. During this time there were 2,600 cases of typhoid and 480 deaths from typhoid. Nor is this the whole story. The soldiers carried the disease with them into Cuba, where many another death resulted from the four months spent in Florida.

The Weapons—Sanitation and Vaccination

IN 1911, in San Antonio, Tex., 12,000 soldiers were mobilized for four months. During this period there were two cases of typhoid and no deaths.

In 1913 and 1914, at Texas City and Galveston, 12,000 soldiers were in camp for many months, during which there was not a single death from typhoid nor a single case of typhoid. In this last long mobilization all other infectious diseases were practically negligible. In the year 1913, in the entire army of the United States, whether stationed at home, in Panama, Hawaii, or the Philippines, there were only six cases of typhoid. This remarkable record, covering so brief a period of time, has been made possible by two things: first, the education of the soldiers in camp sanitation and personal hygiene; and, second, the inoculation, or vaccination, of the soldiers against typhoid.

Uncle Sam's Sure Method

THE United States was the first country to inoculate its soldiers and sailors against typhoid, and it is safe to assume, no matter in what other ways its soldiers may lose their lives in Mexico, that none will die from typhoid. This inoculation is a fairly simple matter. The serum is hypodermically injected into the arm in a series of three injections, the intervals between injections being ten days. In a way, the injectee becomes a sort of peripatetic graveyard. The first injection puts into his blood the nicely dead carcasses of some 500,000,000 microorganisms along with all their virtues of deadness which bring about a change in the constitution of the blood that makes it resistant to future invasions of full-powered, malignant typhoid microorganisms. With this first injection, theoretically, the man has had reduced the 100 per cent of his nonimmunity to typhoid to 32 per cent.

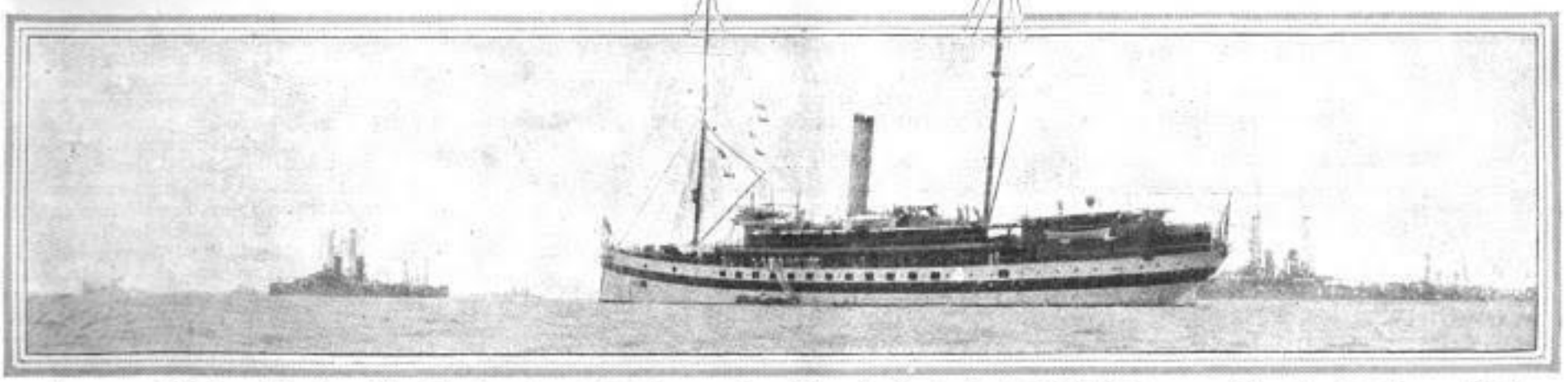
The second injection, ten days later, consists of a thousand million nicely dead carcasses of the disease. Also, it reduces his nonimmunity to 8 per cent. The third injection introduces another billion of the same ably efficient carcasses, and reduces his nonimmunity to zero. In short, when his body has become the living cemetery of half a billion more dead bodies than there are live humans in all the world, he has become so noxious to the particularly noxious and infective typhoid that he may be classed a positive immune.

No Indisposition from Inoculation

IT IS very easy, the actual process of inoculation. I have had the pleasure of reducing my nonimmunity of 100 per cent to zero per cent. The first inoculation was perpetrated in a transport hospital, the second in a captured academy turned into an army hospital, the third in a field hospital. The stab of the hypodermic syringe, different from the manner of administering morphine just under the skin, goes straight down and squarely down into the meat of the arm for half an inch; but the pang of the stab is no severer. The hurt of the stab is over the instant the skin is punctured. It is only the nerves of the skin that protest in either case.

After an inoculation there is no indisposition. The arm is a trifle sore for several days, and that is all. Some inoculatees aver that they awaken from the first night's sleep with a dark brown taste in their mouths. In rare cases a mild increase of temperature is noted, reaching its height some six hours after the inoculation and fading quickly away. I have talked with a daring one who took the total quantity at one time, and who stated that the impact was equivalent to a man's fist between the eyes and that he was not quite himself again for all of twenty-four hours.

But the big thing about the whole affair is the statistics. Individuals do not count. What counts is the results achieved by the inoculation of thousands of men. What counts is the reduction to nothing of typhoid cases in the army hospitals. What counts is the reduction to nothing of the army funerals due to



I was reminded that while a fleet of battleships lay about us, the Solace was the only hospital ship in the entire United States navy. More than that—I remembered that she had not been originally designed for the purpose, being merely a merchant vessel purchased by the Government and made over. . . . Surely the United States, that pays twelve to fifteen million dollars for ships like the Arkansas, the Texas, and the New York, should be able to afford the modest cost of a real hospital ship

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typhoid. Modern war of men against men on the field of battle is now preceded by microorganic wars on the part of our surgeons before ever our men depart for the front. And, Heavens, what tremendous wars are waged by the surgeons! The mortality stuns one when endeavoring to contemplate its totality. When two billion five hundred million microorganisms are slain merely to make one soldier immune against one disease, the sum total of slain microorganisms for a whole army is as much beyond mere human conception as is the entire visible sidereal system along with what is invisible outside of it. Yet there can be no discussion of the efficacy of inoculation against typhoid. The morbidity and mortality tables of our large-scale army experiments tell the incontrovertible tale.

Surgeon Pioneers

NO HEALTHY recruit, having successfully passed the rigid physical examination, is any longer permitted immediately to join the organization to which he is allotted. Healthy recruits have a way of coming down with all sorts of diseases as soon as they change their environment, particularly with measles, mumps, diphtheria, whooping cough, and scarlet fever. In the old days so recent, before it was understood, the recruits spread these diseases among the regiments they joined.

But to-day, ere they are received into the ranks of their company and regiment, no matter how healthy they may be at the time, they are forced first to undergo twelve days of isolation. In this phase the clean record of the Texas City and Galveston mobilization in such simple diseases exceeded the record of the previous mobilization at San Antonio. While all this is a very recent practise, it is a practice wider spread than the army. No scientific hog breeder to-day, whether importing a prize boar from another State, another country, or another farm, is rash enough immediately to turn it in with his herd. It must first undergo its quarantine in a segregated part of the farm.

The army surgeons to-day are our foreloopers and pioneers. Not only do they stay at home with the army and make it fit, but they scout ahead of the army so that its fitness may continue in strange lands and places. They gather the data on the diseases prevalent in all countries, and their battles and campaigns are planned and mapped and ready to be fought on an instant's notice, no matter to what intersection of latitude and longitude the army may be summoned.

So it is, first, that every soldier up to the present moment landed in Mexico is free of all disease and immune to such diseases as smallpox and typhoid; and, second, that a completer and better body of data has been gathered by our surgeons on diseases in Mexico than has been gathered by the Mexican Government. Our men start uninfected with a fair promise of escaping infection when they tread Mexican soil.

Thanks to our discoveries in Cuba some years ago regarding yellow fever, Vera Cruz was cleaned up. Hitherto, along with Panama (since cleaned up by us), it ranked with Guayaquil as one of the three plague ports of the New World. Remains Guayaquil—still revolutionizing—as great a yellow fever pesthole as ever. We have cleared yellow fever out of Panama, and it is to be doubted if a single case of yellow fever shows itself among our troops in Vera Cruz.

The Petrolero to the Front

YELLOW fever is so simple a thing to manage. Yet we paid a terrible death penalty for our ignorance through all the centuries down to just the other day. We know now that a certain breed of mosquito is the only carrier of the disease. We know that the way such a mosquito becomes infected is by biting a human being who is stricken with yellow fever. We know that only in the first three days that a human being is so stricken is it possible for the uninfected mosquito to become infected.

The remedy, or rather the preventive, is equally simple. First, wire screen the yellow fever patient so that no mosquitoes may be infected by him. Second, fumigate the house in which he lies so that no possibly infected mosquitoes therein may infect other humans. Third, and purely a prevision, destroy all mosquitoes in the neighborhood.

In the days of the Paris Commune the *petroleur* flourished. To-day, in the American armies on service in the tropics, the *petrolero* flourishes. He is the man who spreads oil on all stagnant waters. The larva of the mosquito cannot hatch in running water, nor in fish-inhabited water. But it can hatch in a sardine can or in the depression made by a cow's hoof in soft soil when such receptacles are filled with rain water.

Not content with their own tropical experience, our army surgeons in Vera Cruz are reinforced by such experts from the Marine Hospital Service as G. M. Guiteras and Rudolph von Ezdorf, who have taken charge of the public health of this one-time death hole of Vera Cruz.

Killing two birds with one stone, or performing two



On the deck of the Solace—"One was struck by the preponderance of youth. . . . Lord, lord! they were . . . healthy-bodied and lusty so short a time before"

actions with one movement, is a joy forever and cuts down the overhead. It so happens that the same preventive measures for yellow fever are preventive of malaria. Every wire screen about a patient, every drop of oil on the surface of standing water, performs the double duty. Further, purely as a prophylactic measure, each soldier will receive a determined number of grains of quinine daily until such time that Vera Cruz has been metamorphosed into a health resort.

Putting the Taxes at Honest Work

THE authorities of Vera Cruz did not know as much about their own water supply as did our army surgeons before our expedition started. They knew that the source of the water supply, the Jamapa River, was a fast-flowing stream and uncontaminated. Also, to make doubly sure, they were in possession of analyses of the water.

Amebic dysentery is of rare occurrence in Vera Cruz. Smallpox is no longer a thing of which to be afraid. And, further, most of it seems to have deserted Vera Cruz along with General Maas and his soldiers.

The United States is large. The United States army is small. It is scattered here and there in army posts. The average citizen knows less of his own army than he knows of north and south polar exploration. As regards the duties and activities of the army surgeons he does not dream of anything beyond the fact that they keep the soldiers well in time of peace, and in war dress wounds and amputate limbs. It would make him sit up and take notice if he could see how complex and multifarious are their activities here in Vera Cruz.

To commence with, the army is not their only problem. To keep the army well, they must keep the city well. Not only must they attend to their own sick and wounded, but they must attend to the sick and wounded of the Mexican populace and army hospitals, public hospitals, charity hospitals, women's hospitals, and orphan asylums. Now Uncle Sam is somewhat meager in such matters. The people of Vera Cruz supported these institutions before, says Uncle Sam. Therefore make Vera Cruz support them again. Do you think I am spending my money like a drunken sailor? Uncle Sam concludes indignantly.

And our surgeons go and do it, though it takes all the rest of the army to help. Vera Cruz must pay for these institutions. But these institutions are two months behind in their bills and salaries, and there is no money in the city treasury. The last was clean looted by the officials who had charge of it. Army officers are told off to handle the collection of taxes. So far as the Vera Cruzan taxpayer is concerned, the taxes are as they always were. But for the first time in the history of Vera Cruz the taxes are expended without graft for public service. The back bills and salaries are paid, and the future bills and salaries are guaranteed.



A fine physical example of inoculation against typhoid—Jack London himself, snapped on the street in Vera Cruz

Hospitals First

THE hotels and cantinas are crowded with thirsty refugees, soldiers, sailors, and foreign guests, all with a penchant for long, cool drinks. More ice than ordinarily is consumed. The ice plant is a private enterprise. Its output is limited. There is not enough to go around. Hotels and cantinas are cash buyers and they pay a premium for ice. Result: (*a*) the hospitals are skimped in ice; (*b*) the surgeons make the suggestion and the army takes charge of the ice plant, supplying the hospitals first and letting the hotels and cantinas have what is left.

The naval authorities have already taken possession of the island and lazaretto of Sacrificios, just outside the port of Vera Cruz. There is no yellow fever at present, but if a sporadic case should appear, Sacrificios is just the place to segregate it.

I was in the field hospital just after an operation for appendicitis had been performed on one of our officers. In old San Sebastian Hospital lie many of the sick of the city and many of the soldiers that General Maas left behind to fight from the housetops. Many amputations had been performed, and more were being performed.

Also, I watched the dressing of the wounds of these poor Federals, and I want to register my protest right now that modern war, for the man who gets bullet wounded, is not at all as romantic as old-time war. Furthermore, a modern bullet, despite its steel jacket which keeps it from spreading, is a terribly disruptive thing to have introduced into one's body. I would far prefer being struck with an old-time bullet than with a modern one.

It seems that the flight of our long, sharp-nosed, lean, cylindrical, modern bullet is divided into three flights much as the spinning of a top is divided into three spins. When first a top is spun, it jumps and bounces, and bounds about in an erratic way. After a time it attains equilibrium. This is its mid-spin. It makes no perceptible movement, and to the eye seems stationary and dead. It is this stage that the small boy calls "sleeping." Then comes its last spin. It bounds and wobbles about as it loses the last of its momentum, and it finally lies down on its side and is dead.

Sleeping and Wobbling Bullets

ALMOST precisely the same thing occurs with the modern bullet. Its first flight is something like seven hundred yards. During this period, like the top, it is erratic. It wobbles. If it hits anything while it is wobbling, a bad smashup is inevitable. In its mid flight, between seven hundred and twelve hundred yards, it "sleeps." If it hits anything while it is sleeping, it drills a clean hole. From twelve hundred yards on, losing momentum and equilibrium, it again wobbles, and this is no time to be struck by it.

In the hospital of San Sebastian I examined the wound of a finely formed and muscular young man. Midway between knee and thigh a wobbling bullet had ploughed a path two inches wide and three inches deep. It was a clean path. Not an atom remained of the flesh that had filled that groove. You who read this, just draw with a lead pencil a groove two inches wide and three inches deep, and you will more

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Bothering Nobody

By Ed Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

FOUR of the six members of the unregenerate group of waiters known in Maxmum's Mammoth Café and Cabaret as "The Sinful Six" had chanced to meet in a semisecluded corner of the kitchen. They were earnestly assuring themselves that last night's affair had forever cured them of the poker fever, and that never—no, never again—would one of them take a chance on a card or any other mortal hazard whatsoever. They had been cleaned out—their souls purged clean along with their pocketbooks, and, after three hours' work to-night, it began to look very much as if their luck had been swept away with their money. While they were mourning this fact and telling awesome stories to each other about rapacious and nontipping customers, Jim Fitch came hurrying up.

"Anybody in this bunch made any money to-night?" said he in a right-down-to-business tone. "I ain't myself, and I gotta get some coin somewheres mighty sudden."

"Jim has been and gone and done something brilliant again," groaned Manners.

Butterfield raised one sandy eyebrow close to the hair line and closed the other eye as if it hurt, while he plunged his fingers into the capacious pocket wherein he stored his tips, and drew forth the enormous sum of fifteen cents. "Here, my boy, go pay the villain his blackmail and get the fatal papers."

"Quit kiddin'," said Fitch. "This dilemmer I'm in is some emmer. I got to have at least five bones."

The four laughed callously, preparing to depart.

"Why, you poor, knowing innocent, you," said Gresh, "there isn't five bones among the whole passel of us. But you might try touchin' Frawley; maybe he's had a few live ones to-night; we haven't. It's a safe bet that we are the poorest bunch of waiters in the place."

"I just come from Frawley. He says he ain't made a bean. Putrefying Purée! What'm I goin' to do?—that's what I'd like to rise to inquire."

"You might tell us your troubles," said Butterfield, "but be quick about it. I've already kep' my guy waiting fifteen minutes for his chuck, and most likely he's doin' the big contortionist act in his chair now lookin' for me."

"The trouble is that the little Irish-faced kid singer in the cabaret owned up to me that she ain't had a bite to eat all day, and I up and asked her to have a good feed with me after she quits to-night. She's busted flat and she won't get a sliver of pay until to-morrow. You know how much good it would do her to try to get a meal on account around here. Maxmum's that stingy he'd rather fire her than feed her."

"Holy parsnips! And her singing away like a whole bush full of thrushes, the game little bog trotter!" cried Maloney. "Boys, if Jimmie's broke and all the rest of us are broke, it's up to the Sinful Six to hustle up some feed money somewhere."

"IT WON'T do to let her starve," rumbled Butterfield, "for she's a nice little shamrock and no nonsense about her."

"You bet she is. Say, I heard a Johnny asking her just before I did and she turned him down so hard that the jar most made him bite his tongue off. She don't know me so terrible well, but she's the kind of a girl that would sooner go out to ham and beans with a respectable waiter than to terrapin and trimmings with a Johnny."

"Take a look at the only respectable waiter in captivity," scoffed Gresh.

"Aw, you know what I mean, and you can pan me all you like if you'll just give me a idea where to get the feed money. That kid is hungry for real eats."

This set them all to exploring their pockets again, but there was a ludicrous lack of result. It was within an hour of closing time, and to rely on the tips to be garnered during that interval would be extremely risky.

"It's a desperate situation and requires desperate measures." Maloney threw out his chest at the phrase.

"It will need desperate characters to apply the remedy," remarked Butterfield, arranging the order on his tray with great deliberation, "and I guess we must be them. I respectfully call the attention of the meetin' to Cubby's Lunch."

"Nothing stirring there," objected Fitch. "Cubby could not make a go of it and shut up for good this morning. That is, his landlord shut him up and now the landlord's got a furnished lunch room to rent to the next sucker, for he grabbed everything but the dishes and the linen and the kitchen tools. Cubby managed to clamp on to them and get them away."

"So much the better. We won't have Cubby tumbling around under foot. It'll be nice and quiet and select. You and the Dublin Daisy can eat in peace and the service that you'll have will be tiptop."

"Huh?" Fitch was dull, but Maloney instantly perceived the beauty of Butterfield's idea. "Yes," said he, beginning where Butterfield had left off, "there's going to be some class to this dinner. Exclusive is too promiscuous a word for it. It is going to be the finest that money can buy and still not cost us a red cent. Now there ought to be blue points to begin with, then some of that nifty turtle soup and some celery hearts and olives. I'll tend to all of them if you boys will see to the rest."

"A rubber-lined stunt!" they chorused in a delighted whisper, glanced wearily around, and felt to see if the inside pockets of their coats were still there.

"Jim," promised Manners largely, "this dinner is on us. You're to fear nothing. All you have to do is to ease yourself into your good coat and escort the Irish Thrush around to Cubby's, where you will both be fed like absentee landlords lordin' it on the Riviera."

"MANNERS has said it. Now, Fitch, don't be a muff and let her get on to it that we're opening up specially for her." Maloney constituted himself head of affairs.

"How can we do it when—"

"Everybody duck!" warned Butterfield; "here comes the steward."

"I'll slope along ahead and open up," said Maloney; "the rest of you come along on as fast as you can. Divide up the courses among you and everybody bring service for his stuff. I'm tending to the first two, you know." The little group melted away before the steward's disapproving eye, Gresh remarking to Maloney as they fled:

"I know where to get a pair of broiled squabs as easy as breathing."

"Get 'em then. I've got to annex some of that soup if I have to carry it away in a sponge."



Gresh went behind the counter and unloaded his pockets



Butterfield bustled forward and obsequiously and addlepatedly relieved the newcomer of his hat and stick

A TALL, red-haired young man, with a back as straight as a gun barrel and a head held rigidly level, stepped out of Maxmum's service entrance and set off at a lively pace.

He turned the first corner he came to and stepped into a convenient doorway where he removed his hat.

A saucer reposed on the top of his head, and set into the saucer was a paper container with a wire handle.

"Gosh, Maloney," said he to himself approvingly, "that was as neat a piece of work as you ever did. Think of the convulsions the steward would be in if he could see you now, making off with three dollars' worth of real green turtle soup under your hat with a perfectly good saucer keeping it from scorching your crimson head."

He removed the container from the saucer, dropped the latter into a side pocket, put on his hat and struck out, carrying the container in his hand, remarking whimsically to nobody in particular: "If anybody looks any honester than me, I'd like to see them."

Turning down a quiet side street, Maloney soon came to a halt before a dark window lettered in giant characters, "The Cubby Lunch." He set the soup down in a sheltered corner and fell to work upon the lock of the door with a hairpin, which he had providently secured in advance from a pantry girl.

In less than two minutes he heard the welcome click which announced that this one of his many minor accomplishments had not failed him, and, catching up the soup, he walked in as casually as though he were not now in actual fact guilty of burglarious and unlawful entry.

"Oh, fine, if the light has not been turned off at the meter and the meter locked." He struck a match and found the switch, snapped it and was rewarded with a flood of light.

HE REMOVED the "To Let" sign on the door and looked around. Cubby's was a small place, with just room enough for four small tables in a row against one wall and a counter, flanked by a row of high stools on the other with a narrow aisle between. Behind the counter, near the door was a gas range and across the rear of the room was a partition to mask the grosser culinary processes.

Another match proved that the gas had not been turned off and that the range was ready for business.

"Fine! Oh, fine!" hummed Maloney, setting the soup where it would keep hot and proceeding to disgorge his pockets of their loot.

From behind his false shirt front came three small tablecloths freshly folded from the laundry. From an upper waistcoat pocket came three hearts of celery wrapped in the remains of a fine napkin. A lettuce leaf, reposing in his tip pocket, was filled to bursting with ripe olives. One trouser pocket gave up a handful of silver, oyster forks, spoons, and knives sufficient for service for two, while the other revealed two water glasses conveniently telescoped. From one of the deep, rubber-lined pockets in his waiter's jacket he

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drew twelve first-grade blue point oysters still in their unopened shells, and from the other large pocket two oyster plates and two shallow soup plates, swathed in napkins so that the sound of their clinking might not strike upon the ear of the trustful doorkeeper at Maxmum's and send Maloney back to the locker room to be searched.

He put the oysters under the cold water tap, and, finding an old broom behind the partition, he proceeded to whisk the litter on the floor out of sight under the tables. A more or less white coat hung forgotten on its peg, and, after turning the inner and cleaner side out, he donned it. Then he spread the tablecloths over the three foremost tables and considered the stage about set.

MALONEY looked at his watch. It was nearly Maxmum's closing time. He wondered if any of the boys would succeed in getting a good steak, and then the paralyzing thought struck him that he had nothing to cook it in if any of them should. A profane searching of every nook and corner in Cubby's revealed nothing nearer a griddle than a cracked teapot. He thought of sprinting up and down the near-by streets in search of a hardware store, but the voice of reason promptly discouraged that. How many of them would be open at a few minutes to one in the morning, and with no more than ten cents in his pocket how many could he buy?

Vainly hoping that the patch of ground behind the building would yield a griddle among its other débris if only he burned matches enough exploring, Maloney went to the back door.

STEPPING outside, he was attracted by a light shining from an uncurtained window of the house next door. The street was one which had recently been invaded by small businesses, and Maloney saw that the imposing store fronts only masked remodeled private dwellings. His neighbor was one of these, and evidently the rear was occupied by a family, for here was a kitchen with a row of heavenly pots and griddles hanging behind it in full view.

As he looked and coveted and cursed the blooming cook, who was seated upon the knees of a big policeman in the middle of the room, the shrill alarm of approaching fire engines smote the air, and, perhaps in answer to Maloney's prayer, came nearer and nearer.

The cook and the policeman jumped up and ran out of the kitchen toward the front of the house.

Without a moment's hesitation, Maloney swung himself over the fence, skipped up the steps and was into that kitchen almost before the cook and the policeman had reached the street. He snatched down a giant frying pan and swept a bowl of loaf sugar and a salt and a pepper shaker into it from the kitchen table, and on the way out opened the ice box. A bottle of cream stood temptingly in the way, so Maloney added it to his collection in the pan and took a chunk of ice which stood beside it protectingly under his arm. Then he shoved open the door with his foot, let it close noiselessly behind him and fled to the fence. It was a simple matter then to drop ice and pan over first and follow it with the bottle of cream carefully held in his free hand.

"There's no stopping the righteous when they're bent on business." He closed the back door and drew the shade at the back window. The fire engines clattered past and Maloney blessed them as they clattered.

GRESH was the first of his collaborators to put in an appearance. "I sneaked a minute ahead of time to see if you got the place burgled all right," said he. "Fitch is terrible scary for fear something will go wrong and we'll all get nabbed. He said Miss Duveen is the kind of a girl that thinks it's a disgrace to get pinched."

"He's too nervous a guy to be allowed with girls," said Maloney: "I passed the word to him that I would telephone if anything went wrong and as he's not heard from me he ought to (*Continued on page* 35)

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter IX—The Anatomy of Success

By Jane Bunker

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

EVERYBODY still remembers the famous magazine advertisements of her "take it off or put it on" scheme—"Go look in the glass and ask that face, *Why so fat?*" or else it read, *Why so thin?* for Zulu. People soon took it up as a gag; a popular song came out with the words, and funny picture post cards innumerable.

For months she literally ate, drank, and slept the mail-order department. It was no affectation now when she told her guests that she was "merely taking a little relaxation between two days of strenuous toil." She had her lunch sent in almost every day, and dictated to two stenographers between bites and chews. She had discovered that with magazine advertisements she could talk to a million women *in their homes* about their secret vanities, and in some cases talk better than in the hurrying crowds around a demonstrator. For instance, this little appeal inserted in one of the smaller magazines as a "tryer": "Write to me to-day and tell me frankly your trouble and I will advise you free of charge. All communications confidential!" It brought her over seventeen hundred responses. Most of them were common vanity cases, but a few that she showed me were pathetic—terrible disfigurements from burns, scalds, chemicals, accidents, or disease. Some were comic even while they were tragic. One woman wrote that her husband had got drunk and bit off her ear—"he did it in fun and didn't know what he was doing"—so she'd forgiven him and asked if we could supply a wax ear—if there were any way of fastening one to her head.

Of course the bulk of these inquiries were handled with form letters by the manager of the department, but there yet remained hundreds of odd cases like the above to be sent on to madame, and she answered them all in her snappy, energetic way and signed them. To the earless lady she suggested the Mérode style of hair to cover the bit-off piece, and if her own hair weren't ample, our hair department could supply a perfect coiffure of the sort, ready made, and then advised a course of facial treatment for heightening her beauties. The earless one bought a bill of nearly forty dollars in consequence of a timely letter and the repentance of her sponse.

The two stenographers who took these letters—very competent and high-priced women—attended to the orders or to the follow-ups when the orders hadn't materialized within a reasonable time, carefully referring in a sweetly sympathetic way to the troubles mentioned in the previous communication, and hoping they were no worse.

"MAKE friends—make friends with all the troubled ones because they're the ones that talk for you," said madame. "You catch more flies with molasses than vinegar, and there's nothing a woman loves more'n her ailments, unless it's her delicate skin." And with that in view she not only spent her own time and that of a high-priced staff, but flung ten, fifty, then a hundred thousand dollars into magazine advertising with no more concern than she'd fling a handful of kindlings in the fire. "I gotta keep the pot boiling till the soup's ready to eat," said she.



She had her lunch sent in almost every day, and dictated to two stenographers between bites. With magazine advertisements she could talk to a million women **in their homes**

EXPANSION and ever more expansion claimed us for the winter, and I seemed to drop out of all relation with her. Whether she merely forgot me or was so occupied with her business, so absorbed in her own thoughts, I hardly knew. More and more often did her name appear in the society column, yet more and more seldom did she bring the columns marked to my laboratory for me to take home and ask: "How's mama?" Even during the time when my grandmother was quite sick, threatened with pneumonia, my aunt came only once—a hasty call in her car—and dashed off after telling me: "Get whatever she needs, Lucy; don't save on doctors and nurses—two if you need them; you can't be spared outa the business to take care of her. Hand the accounts to the bookkeeper—I'll speak to him about it when I go back. Is there anything you want, mama?—anything I can do for you?"

"I was hoping—you'd bring that baby over—I've not seen her yet—I'd like to see her—just once before—I die," whispered the poor old lady painfully.

It was pitiful enough to turn a stone to wax. Dear soul!—she'd counted so on being a grandmother to Maggie's children. She was a grandmother by instinct, but she'd never been able to indulge her longing to cuddle her children's children, spoil them surreptitiously, and make them adore her and think a day lost when they didn't "go to gamma's." All her family was scattered—the boys years before we came to New York—and I could see how tenderly she'd been looking forward to Maggie's children—first the boy, whom she'd seen only half a dozen times in his life, now a little girl to be named Margaret for mother and grandmother. And yet the baby was eight months old—living in the city with her—and her grandmother hadn't yet had a glimpse of her.

MY AUNT drew back at the request. "I forgot you hadn't seen Marguerite. I'd oughta let the nurse bring her over soon's we come back from Col'raydo; but you understand how that was—so much going on in the business I couldn't think of anything else at the time. I don't know about it now, mama—you threatened with pneumonia. I'll have to ask my doctor first and see if it's safe. If he says yes, I'll send her over the first clear day. Oscar'd have come over with me now, but he's laid up with one of those beastly colds everybody's having these days, but I'll send him over to pay his respec's soon's he's able to be out."

My grandmother sighed and closed her eyes. My aunt with a questioning look at me, to which I returned a signal that we'd better leave the room, bustled off to the office. Later my grandmother whispered she was glad Maggie took such good care of her children and seemed fond of them, but if Oscar came to the house, please not let him see her—he was more than she could stand.

He never came. He had far too much on hand running the social side of his ménage and arranging for other hired-hall concerts under Julia Cryder's management to bother his head with an old sick mother-in-law belonging to a world other than his. So, with two trained nurses and a doctor, we pulled her through, and I—stirred perfumed pork fat.

In this way winter passed and summer came, and though the business had increased tremendously, my aunt had not been able to escape either the law of diminishing returns in the business or the law of increasing extravagance in her own home. The spectacular success with which she'd put herself over the reef into wider waters had made her, if anything, more reckless of expenditure than she'd ever been in her life before—she seemed to feel that she only had to give a few thinks, give a few orders, and pocket ten or twenty thousand cash as a reward!

SOON the law of diminishing returns began to show in the mail-order department, and advertisements ate up more and more, yet left less and less in proportion in the cash box.

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But while this last venture was in process of maturing, and she was still feeling her way as to what was and was not worth while in effort and advertising, came the events that brought my aunt to the up-the-Hudson stage, completed her Napoleonic development, and made her a woman of substance as well as power.



"Looka that and temme whatcha think." I laid my resignation on her desk. "I think it's a miracle of hog"

BEING a ready-cash woman, she had cast her bread upon the waters in more ways than one—she had, as I know for a fact, often lent money in considerable sums to her society friends, and had had her bread come back bread pudding in the form of invitations that in her early days many of these women wouldn't have dreamed of giving or accepting from her. If, as I suspect, they asked her to luncheon privately, as in the olden days they'd returned her hotel luncheons by automobile rides up Riverside, or only to the huge receptions with which they paid up their social debts in a lump, omitting her from formal dinners with their own set, and introducing her little or not at all, she never knew the difference. As always, little Julia dear saw to it that the Oscar Willings had their names "among those present," and Mrs. Oscar at least was convinced that she had arrived on the fringe of the Four Hundred.

I DON'T think Oscar was fooled as to their exact position in the social scale, and he played a wife's part nobly and gracefully, sorting the sheep from the goats, and running with the proper herd as far as the herd would run with him, and holding up his end of the prestige while she earned the money for it. He was becoming quite grandiose. There was no love lost between him and me, however, by that time—I knew too well who made him.

Well, early in June that year my aunt and uncle were invited to a week-end up the Hudson at the great estate of one of these near-Four-Hundreds. For her it was the psychological moment—her imagination took fire immediately and was fed by his—she must have the same and go her friends one better if she could.

I have always believed that the visit was secretly arranged with this end in view, for only a month later the estate—hill and dale, hothouse and henhouse, fish pond, garage, mansion, and all the furnishings and family heirlooms in the way of second-hand antiques and new frescoes—was offered her for the modest sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the owners saying they were going abroad to live.

It was one of those places that make a big show on little money and large talk and get their photographs in the magazines—one of those concrete-and-flowers creations that go up overnight and pass for lilylike luxury and value-in-the-substance wealth: precisely the sort of "pink jar and purple ribbon" that could always capture my aunt if shown at the right moment. To have that estate (it was the first of its kind she'd ever entered as a visitor)—to stroll amid those concrete pergolas—sit on a concrete bench beside a concrete pond and watch a ten-cent goldfish eat bugs off a five-cent lily pad—to say: "All this is mine and my children's—the old family homestead"—how it thrilled her!

THE first thing Monday morning she came tearing to the cream room to tell me all about it, and that she meant to have one just like it to the last hydrangea in a tub (I believe there were forty of those shrubs in a row, and she thought them very elegant). And when the actual, identical property, ready-made, with no more to do but move in, was offered her, she fairly shrieked: "I'll buy it!"

She had nothing to buy it with!

That was the astounding fact that burst upon her intellect for the first time when she took stock of her resources on a demand for the trifling amount of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a lump. A river of cash poured in, as always; poured out again as fast as it came; she dipped a few bucketfuls as it went along. She had simply nothing she could convert into that amount of cash all at once: nothing to sell, nothing to mortgage, nothing as collateral on which to borrow even enough to raise a mortgage on the property. She had her personal belongings and the fixtures of the establishment—the fixtures were then worth about two thousand dollars at a liberal estimate—its good will and the name and prestige.

THOSE were the days when she remembered that I was her blood relation. She spent hours in the cream room watching me weigh and measure, mix ingredients, and stir the creamer, moaning: "Why, I'm actually *poor!* Temme whatcha think, Lucy—couldn't we turn out a million jars of Zulu in a few days, and I could bond it for enough? Can't you suggest something in a new line of goods we might put out in a hurry, the way we did Apple Acid? Ain't there some way of mortgaging the prestige of a business big as this?"

For once her natural shrewdness and inspiration deserted her—she seemed to lose her grip. She was so aghast at the revelation of the true inwardness of the bubble she'd been blowing all these years that she was even minded in a morbid moment to start in saving money. I thought of her saving money with a husband like Oscar!

She'd always known as a matter of pride how the business depended on her personally, yet even with her lesson in September it hadn't come home to her that nothing but her colossal energy pumped in kept it alive on only a name and a secret.

It sobered her at last, and in the sobering process she became a capitalist in attitudes and ideals. Investments—income that she didn't have to earn—substance, these now had man meanings for her and became a policy.

And with that she pulled off the most brilliant deals of her life, one right after the other. Her main asset was her name—the prestige of Zulu and the Del Mar Beauty Parlors. She couldn't mortgage her prestige, but she capitalized it and sold it for cash!

THE idea for this must have been lying dormant in her mind since we'd moved into the building. At that time, as I have already said, there was an unexpired lease on the former establishment, and she'd sublet one floor outright, but the other, fully furnished and stocked, she had engaged a woman to take on shares as a branch, my aunt holding herself responsible for the lease and receiving half the profits. The arrangement had proved so satisfactory that she had renewed the lease in her own name and the contract in the same terms.

The risk she assumed for a going concern backed by her prestige was practically nil, and the income—about two thousand a year—was in effect payment for the use of the prestige.

If she could do it with one branch, she could do it with more in the same way, she argued—set up stores in other parts of the city and get women to run them on the same terms.

And at once she did it—hired a store, painted it pink, furnished through by an installment company, sent in a load of Zulu and Apple Acid Soap and other preparations made in our laboratories, and put a big sign over the door: "Del Mar Beauty Parlor, Branch." Of course only her own preparations might be sold there.

Half profits was not, I think, an unfair division. The woman who took the parlor risked one month's rent and her labor—if she couldn't make a success of it, her backer had the place on her hands and stood to lose a month's rent or more if she couldn't find some one else, or had to close the branch.

As a matter of fact, though, these branches could hardly fail, because she had in her employ many competent women trained in the central establishment and eager to strike out for themselves, and they took her new stores as fast as she opened them—seven in New York, two in Brooklyn, one in Jersey City—glad enough to do so on her terms. Within the year she was receiving bids from men as well as women to stake them for the beauty game in other cities, and almost before she knew it she had a string of sixty-three Del Mar Beauty branches, stretching halfway across the United States, all doing a thriving business and all using only her preparations.

AND with that she sold them all out and realized a lump sum of a quarter of a million dollars, and still kept her name over the doors. Some of them bought her out for as much as six thousand dollars, some for as little as two; our old crack between two walls—"The Little Pink Shop," that she'd taken up again—paid her that.

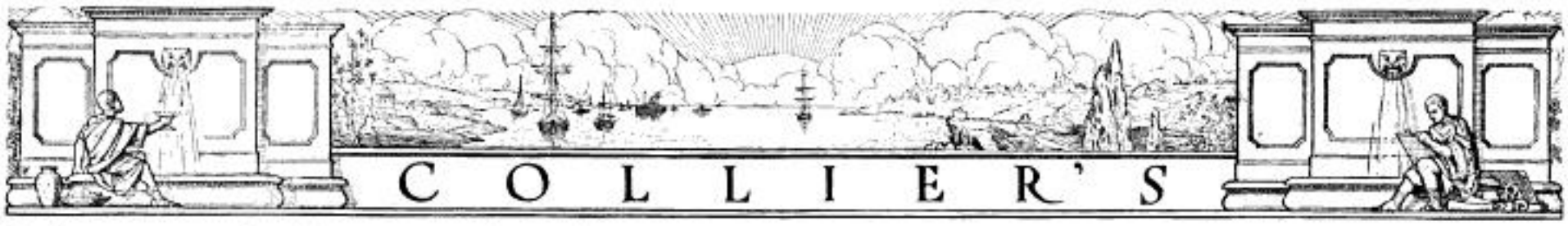
Then with this lump sum in hand she prepared for her next great expansion—bought the equity in a half-million-dollar lot, on which to erect a million-dollar beauty building, the greatest of its kind in the world—twenty stories high, a roof garden and restaurant for women at the top, Turkish baths in the basement, suites of offices for surgeons who'll remake your racial facial pattern while you wait, laboratories for the manufacture of beauty preparations by the ton, a training school for beauty specialists and teachers of the Del Mar system, a publishing department for the scientific literature on beauty and books on scientific skin decoration and development, "Fat—the Vital Index," and others of the kind; everything, in fact, that deals with woman's almost-only business—Beauty; such were the plans now coming to maturity. But this time her private suite—four offices, a bedroom and bath in order that madame may stay overnight when the weather is too inclement for motoring up the Hudson to the estate she will one day buy—will be done up by

(*Continued on page* 31)

"Get whatever she needs, Lucy; don't save on doctors and nurses—you can't be spared outa the business to take care of her"



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In Justice to the "A. P."

THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS of the Associated Press have been kept busy lately repelling attacks upon that organization. In so far as they are defending themselves from the charge of willful distortion of the news, we sympathize with them. Six or seven years ago we printed a series of articles which dealt with the general subject of "tainted news," and from time to time since then we have pointed out examples of this insidious practice. During this time not less than a score of persons have come to us with alleged examples of tampering with the news on the part of the Associated Press. All of these cases we looked into with care and pains, and many of the same cases were investigated by other publications and persons. We have never found a case that justified us in publishing the details or in making any charge of willful distortion against the Associated Press. A very different point is this: The Associated Press gets much of its news from official sources, and the news, as given out by headquarters, is apt to be colored the way officials like it to look. It is entirely natural for the Associated Press representative at St. Petersburg, for example, to keep in close touch with Russian officials, for they are the source of nine-tenths of the news which he must send out. In less degree, the same is true of Washington. The information sent over the Associated Press wires is likely to have a slight official bias. But that the Associated Press changes it or colors it in the process we do not believe. That the agitators, who are the most conspicuous assailants of the Associated Press, should confuse these two very different things is characteristic of their wobbly cerebration.

Is There a News Monopoly?

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is also defending itself against the charge of being a monopoly. Mr. WILL IRWIN, for example, says that the Associated Press ought to be required to give its services, under proper restrictions and conditions, to any newspaper which asks for it. To this the president of the Associated Press, Mr. FRANK B. NOYES of Washington, D. C., replies that

> a competitor has as much right to demand and receive the same news service as he would to demand and receive the use of the other paper's press, composing room, editors, and reporters. Just as much right and no more. And that is absolutely no right.

This is the way railroad presidents used to talk a few years ago. On this point Mr. IRWIN is clearly in tune with the times, and it is only a matter of time when the Associated Press will have to conform to the current beliefs about monopoly. Where a city has only one morning paper and where that morning paper, possessing the Associated Press franchise, is able to keep the franchise exclusively and prevent any other paper from getting it, there arise all the mischiefs which attend monopoly. Indeed, we think the subjection of the agencies for distributing news to the public may go even farther. A single newspaper in a city, or two or three newspapers, can inflict injustices and discriminations quite as intolerable as the worst practices of street car or public lighting monopolies. We think the time will come when newspapers will be recognized as having the qualities of a public utility, and will be subject to inquiry and regulation by commissions similar to those which have arisen in many States during the past few years to supervise railroad, telephone, and lighting corporations.

A Real Case of Tainted News

THE MOST SERIOUS EXAMPLE of "accelerating" public opinion that has come to our notice for a long time was disclosed at the hearings of the United States Senate committee, commonly known as the Lobby Investigation. Now, the great majority of the newspapers in small towns do not, and as a matter of economy cannot, set up the type of all their reading matter. They buy about half their reading matter in the shape of what is known as "ready print," or "plate matter." The most important house in this line is known as the Western Newspaper Union, which supplies more than six thousand papers in the West and South. The president is GEORGE A. JOSLYN. He was examined as a witness. A brief extract from his testimony makes the practice clear:

> SENATOR CUMMINS—Do you also put in plate matter that is *furnished by people who desire to further a particular cause?*
>
> MR. JOSLYN—Yes, sir.
>
> SENATOR CUMMINS (continuing)—Or the cause of a particular man, and distribute it to the newspapers?
>
> MR. JOSLYN—We distribute it to the newspapers free. *It is paid for by the people who are interested.*
>
> THE CHAIRMAN (Senator OVERMAN of North Carolina)—I understand that any company, person, corporation, association, or firm who desire to exploit themselves or exploit their business, and to create public opinion, could come to you and pay you a certain sum . . . and you would send out the matter they wanted you to send the different papers, which would print it?
>
> MR. JOSLYN—Yes, sir.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN—And for that sum of money you would send it out to these papers *without marking it "Advertisement"?*
>
> MR. JOSLYN—Yes, sir.

A little later on Senator OVERMAN made the point even more plain:

> THE CHAIRMAN—*There is no way for the general public, then, to know that it is paid for?*
>
> MR. JOSLYN—*No, sir, there is no way for the general public to know that it is paid for.* To-day there is a new law, I understand, with regard to that, which makes it necessary to have it marked in some manner to indicate that.

Mr. JOSLYN's concern, the Western Newspaper Union, received about $42,000 a year from the Canadian Government to print in American country papers glowing tales of how American farmers can make the Canadian prairie blossom as the rose.

> For the past twelve years, which is as far back as I can go from our records—I know that before it was not quite as much—it has averaged a little less than $42,000 a year that they have paid the Western Newspaper Union for this character of matter. The reading articles alluded to run only at infrequent intervals. Sometimes they run an article for a week, or three or four weeks, and then they will not run one again for several months.

Senator CUMMINS expressed the belief that the emigration of some eight hundred thousand American farmers to Canada during the past few years was largely due to this paid propaganda in the guise of honest news. The Lobby Investigation revealed only one customer of the Western Newspaper Union. It would be interesting to know something about the other "persons, corporations, associations, or firms" who exploit themselves through the Western Newspaper Union.

Who Are the Americans?

IN PRESIDENT WILSON'S funeral address at the Brooklyn Navy Yard over the bodies of the sailors and marines killed at Vera Cruz, this question was answered finally and beautifully. It is the more memorable because of the endless lies that have been told respecting WOODROW WILSON'S attitude toward newcomers. This is the answer:

> Notice that these men were of our blood. I mean of our American blood, which is not drawn from any one country, which is not drawn from any one stock, which is not drawn from any one language of the modern world, but free men everywhere have sent their sons and their brothers and their daughters to this country in order to make that great compounded nation which consists of all the sturdy elements and of all the best elements of the whole globe. I listened again to this list with a profound interest at the mixture of the names, for the names bear the marks of the several national stocks from which these men came. But they are not Irishmen or Germans or Frenchmen or Hebrews any more. They were not when they went to Vera Cruz; they were Americans, every one of them, and were no different in their Americanism because of the stock from which they came. Therefore, they were in a peculiar sense of our blood and they proved it by showing that they were of our spirit—that no matter what their derivation, no matter where their people came from, they thought and wished and did the things that were American; and the flag under which they served was a flag in which all the blood of mankind is united to make a free nation.

The men for whom these stately words were said once bore these names: BOSWELL, DEFABRIO, DE LOWRY, DEVORICK, FISHER, FRIED, FROHLICHSTEIN, HAGGERTY, LANE, MARTEN, PERCY, POINSETT, SCHUMACHER, SMITH, STREAM, SUMMERLIN, WATSON. All are American names.

That Dear G. O. P.

WE ARE INDEBTED to "Punch," an English weekly published with humorous intentions, for a conversation which exactly illustrates the present status of the Republican party:

> SQUIRE—Well, Matthew, and how are you now?
>
> CONVALESCENT—Thankee, sir, I be better than I were, but I beant as well as I were afore I was as bad as I be now.

In Praise of Weeds

SENTIMENTALITY ABOUT FLOWERS is an old story, but sentimentality about weeds is, one may say—speaking as an agriculturist—a more serious matter. And yet look at that delightful chapter in that delightful book, "A Year in the Fields," by JOHN BURROUGHS:

> One is tempted to say that the most human plants, after all, are the weeds. How they cling to man and follow him around the world, and spring up wherever he sets his foot! Some of them are so domestic and familiar, and so harmless withal, that one comes to regard them with positive affection. Motherwort, catnip, plaintain, tansy, wild mustard—what a homely human look they have! Your smart new place will wait long before they draw near it. Our knotgrass, that carpets every old dooryard, and fringes every walk, and softens every path that knows the feet of children, or that leads to the spring, or to the garden, or

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

to the barn, how kindly one comes to look upon it! . . . Weeds are Nature's makeshift. She rejoices in the grass and the grain, but when these fail to cover her nakedness she resorts to weeds. It is in her plan, or a part of her economy, to keep the ground constantly covered with vegetation of some sort, and she has layer upon layer of seeds in the soil for this purpose. . . . The soil is a storehouse.

Dipping into the treatises of CATO and VARRO, in the translation made by "A Virginia Farmer" under the title "Roman Farm Management," we find, if not the counterpart of this passage by JOHN BURROUGHS, at least ample evidence that the ancient Romans knew full well the value of what we used to call "waste material." Our farm journals nowadays talk a good deal about the conservation of certain weeds or, rather, their utilization as Nature's insurance against worn-out lands. To quote one of JOHN BURROUGHS's contemporaries, MR. E. P. POWELL:

The Roman farmer composted everything, manipulated its fermentation, and saved every ounce of the result as plant food. It is most curious to find VARRO in the forty-second chapter discussing very familiarly that recent discovery in American farming, alfalfa. We have to console ourselves that they did not know what we know about bacteria.

After all, MR. BURROUGHS's kind words for the weeds are not all sentiment.

The Bible in Mexico

FOR THE DISSERTATIONS of those who still insist in strident tones that HUERTA was the only ruler whose government could have maintained order in Mexico, we recommend the following text from the thirty-first verse of the ninth chapter of the Second Book of the Kings: "Had ZIMRI peace, who slew his master?"

The Citizen and the Facts

DO YOU KNOW how your State spends your money? In the last analysis this is your responsibility as a voter, and if you don't know the facts the chances are that the spending will not be done to the best advantage. The facts are both dead and useless unless you see them clearly and currently. A great advance has been made in both these points by MR. A. V. DONAHEY, Auditor of the State of Ohio, who has cut the size of the annual financial report from 871 pages to 260 pages. The consequence is that he can get it out within a month of the close of the fiscal year instead of ten or eleven months later. The reformed report is interesting, useful, and very widely circulated; it is an aid toward better government and more wakeful citizenship. What other States are doing this?

Her Umbrella Again

TWO MONTHS AGO we confessed our admiration of Queen MARY, the royal partner of GEORGE V, King of Great Britain and Ireland (at least up to the date of going to press), Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, etc. The specific inspiration of our praise was, briefly, her devotion to that essentially pacific and utilitarian tool, the umbrella. Never, so far as we could learn by a study of the illustrated papers, did she attend ceremonies, public or private, without grasping the instrument, usually with both hands, always with the earnestness of domination. Not without reward did we write our editorial on "Her Majesty's Umbrella," for from the Dominican Republic, from Sosua (to be precise), from Puerto Plata, from W. A. MORRIS, surgeon, comes a letter bidding us cease our royal quest and inclosing a picture of Queen MARY *sans peur et sans parapluie*. The picture is from the "Lady's Pictorial" of London, and bears the date of March 14, 1914. Her Majesty, accompanied by the King and H. R. H. Prince ALBERT, is in this picture visiting for the first time the central offices of the Young Men's Christian Association in London. Out of deference to this useful organization she has evidently checked her umbrella at the door. We fear we were guilty of a serious inaccuracy in our earlier generalizations about this exemplary Queen.



The Conjurer

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

The Miners' War

IN SOME RESPECTS our civil war in Colorado is of more national consequence than events reported from Tampico or Chihuahua. More lives were lost at the battle of Ludlow than in the American occupation of Vera Cruz. COLLIER'S views have been misinterpreted by the more extremely partisan part of the capitalistic press in Colorado, but probably most of our readers share COLLIER'S conviction that wrongs have been committed on both sides. It is significant that when, shortly before the outbreak of the present strike, representatives of the labor unions tried to secure a conference with the representatives of the "Big Three," the request was refused on the ground that the labor leaders were not citizens of Colorado. To quote State Senator HELEN RING ROBINSON:

Perhaps all the wasted millions and the wasted lives of the past red weeks might have been saved if at that juncture the people of Colorado had realized that it was the time and place to . . . burst into universal, echoing peals of mocking laughter at the idea of absentee mine owners refusing to treat with absentee labor leaders because of their absenteeism.

That is by no means all. The State has made itself a party in a dispute where it should have been a mediator standing for legality, plus human justice. The State militia has not only served the mine owners instead of serving the State—in many instances mine guards, still on their companies' pay roll to the tune of $3.50 or more a day, were enlisted as militiamen and wore the State's uniform and drew the State's dollar a day *while continuing to take orders from the operators*. These facts are reported by Senator ROBINSON in the "Independent" and also by MR. MACFARLANE in this week's COLLIER'S. "Some of these men," writes MR. MACFARLANE, "never reported to their officers for drill and were never disciplined." So-called business interests have undertaken to suppress the truth about Colorado and bitterly opposed Governor AMMONS's appeal to President WILSON for Federal troops. Before the situation demanded Federal action, before the present strike was declared even, the miners had a grievance in the nonenforcement of labor laws on the statute book. A specific instance is that of weight checking. Whatever one's feelings may be about the inherent merits of trade-unionism and the "open shop," the fair-minded reader is impressed, in reading MR. MACFARLANE'S article, by certain questions plainly and dispassionately put:

Is it to be wondered at if the working miners of Colorado lost some of their respect for law? Would it be strange if this record with regard to the laws which have not been enforced—the control of elections, legislatures, courts, and juries—kindled rebellion in the hearts of working miners against the very Government itself? Perhaps this, too, will explain why the coal miners of Colorado have grown so stubborn in their devotion to the union idea. The conviction has been hammered into them . . . that they are helpless as individuals. . . . The State having utterly failed to protect them, their forlorn hope now is that the union may.

Mellen's Epitaph

"I WAS PROUD to be called 'Mr. MORGAN'S man,'" says MR. MELLEN. It is given to few men to write their own epitaphs.

"Fallen on Evil Days"

A KEEN OBSERVER tells us that "very seldom in the history of the world had the race for wealth been so keen, or the passion for speculation so universal, or the standard of public honesty so low." This is the verdict of WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY in the thirteenth chapter of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," and he is writing on the condition of what later became the United States in the year 1778. The point is of interest to all of us who are too apt to think that there *once* were good times. The golden age of honor and of achievement is now and it is ours.

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT IS more than time—indeed, it may be too late—for the public generally to recognize the gravity of the Mexican trouble, to understand clearly the situation into which we have come through a devious and wobbling path laid out by the Administration. When the President, more than a year ago, refused to recognize Huerta, he had nothing further in mind than to frown upon assassination. He fully expected that, under the blight of American official disapproval, the Huerta régime would shrivel up within a few weeks, that an election would be held, and that law and order would be restored. It is only fair to say that at the time the uninformed public generally held the same hope. But it is equally fair to say that persons familiar with Mexico, well-informed diplomats, and men skilled in international law, were aghast at the President's action, and felt that extremely unhappy consequences must follow. These men and many other leaders of opinion, in Congress and out of it, did not express their convictions, and this silence on their part is partly responsible for letting the United States drift into a tragic situation. They were silent partly because they knew Wilson's intentions at the time were good, partly because they realized that Wilson had a difficult job to reduce the tariff, and they did not wish to embarrass him in his domestic program by calling attention to the menace in his mistaken foreign policy. It is possible now to say that this was a very unfortunate kindness. The evil in our present Mexican policy much more than balances the good that the Administration has accomplished through the reduction of the tariff.

Wilson's Tragic Position

FROM the day when Wilson made his first mistake he was at the mercy of events. To-day, after numerous shifts, each slight at the time, but enormous in the aggregate, he finds himself giving aid and comfort to Villa, and, naturally enough, digging up after the event antecedent intentions to prove that all along his Mexican policy was meant as an aid to Villa's so-called fight for liberty. For Americans to understand Villa and his fight, transfer the analogy to any part of the United States where negroes are in the majority. Imagine, in Mississippi, let us say, a bold and brutal negro who has spent his lifetime as a criminal bandit, taking advantage of a period of disturbed peace to lead a negro rebellion with the ostensible purpose of confiscating the big plantations and dividing them into forty-acre plots for his followers, the process being accompanied by the murder of such owners as had failed to run away, the real motive being plain loot. It is the preposterous position of giving comfort and sympathy to this sort of thing, and permitting Villa to get arms from the United States while he prevents Germany from selling arms to the regular Mexican army—it is this position that Wilson now accepts and defends. It is undoubtedly true that the land tenure in Mexico constitutes a grave economic wrong, which ought to be remedied. But that a civilized country should help the Villa way of changing it is unthinkable.

"A Tragedy of Errors"

THE great immediate necessity is for light, for frankness and publicity. A man in public life who is probably the most intelligent and powerful friend of the Administration in the country spoke the other day, in confidence, of Wilson's Mexican course as "a tragedy of errors." The immediate necessity is for this sort of thing to be said publicly, to raise the lid in Congress, and permit frank and sincere discussion. It is not believable that Southern Democrats could in their hearts support a negro rebellion like Villa's. Yet they think themselves called upon, as a party matter, to defend the Administration's policy against Republican attacks.

The West Must Wait

THE ablest member of the Cabinet is Franklin K. Lane. (Practically no observer in Washington would question this; some might say it is difficult to decide whether Mr. Lane or Secretary of Agriculture David F. Houston is the abler.) Secretary Lane has prepared a program of legislation which sums up all that has been done during ten years in the name of conservation, crystallizes it in definite statutes, and make it possible for development to go on in the West. But the Democrats have agreed upon their legislative program for the remainder of the session, and it does not include any of Secretary Lane's bills. This is unfortunate. Mr. Lane is the one member of the Cabinet with a constructive program of legislation affecting the interests that fall under the supervision of his department. His five conservation bills are just as important as the legislation which the Democrats have agreed to take up, and, to the States and parties directly concerned, much more pressing than the Administration's program. The Alaskan coal-leasing bill is complementary to the measure authorizing the building of a Government-owned railroad in the Territory. It dovetails into that measure and will help to open Alaska. The general leasing bill for oil, coal, and phosphates provides for the opening of rich natural resources under the public domain now largely withheld from use. The water-power bill seeks to bring about present development under fixed tenure for a definite and sufficient period, and preserve the land and rights for future use by the nation itself. Another bill allows the settler on irrigation projects twenty years instead of ten years to repay the building cost of irrigation. The design is to stimulate settlement on these projects. It is an admirable program of necessary legislation, and has the approval of the chief men interested in the conservation of natural resources in the United States. Also, it does much to minimize the inconveniences and relieve the hardships which followed the adoption of the policy of conservation with regard to Western resources. Conservation necessarily arrested the development of some sections of the West temporarily. Secretary Lane's program would cure this. For failing to pass it the Democrats should be held responsible by the communities affected.

HOW SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN VOTED

FOUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelecton. The best basis for determining whether they should be elected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish and address COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

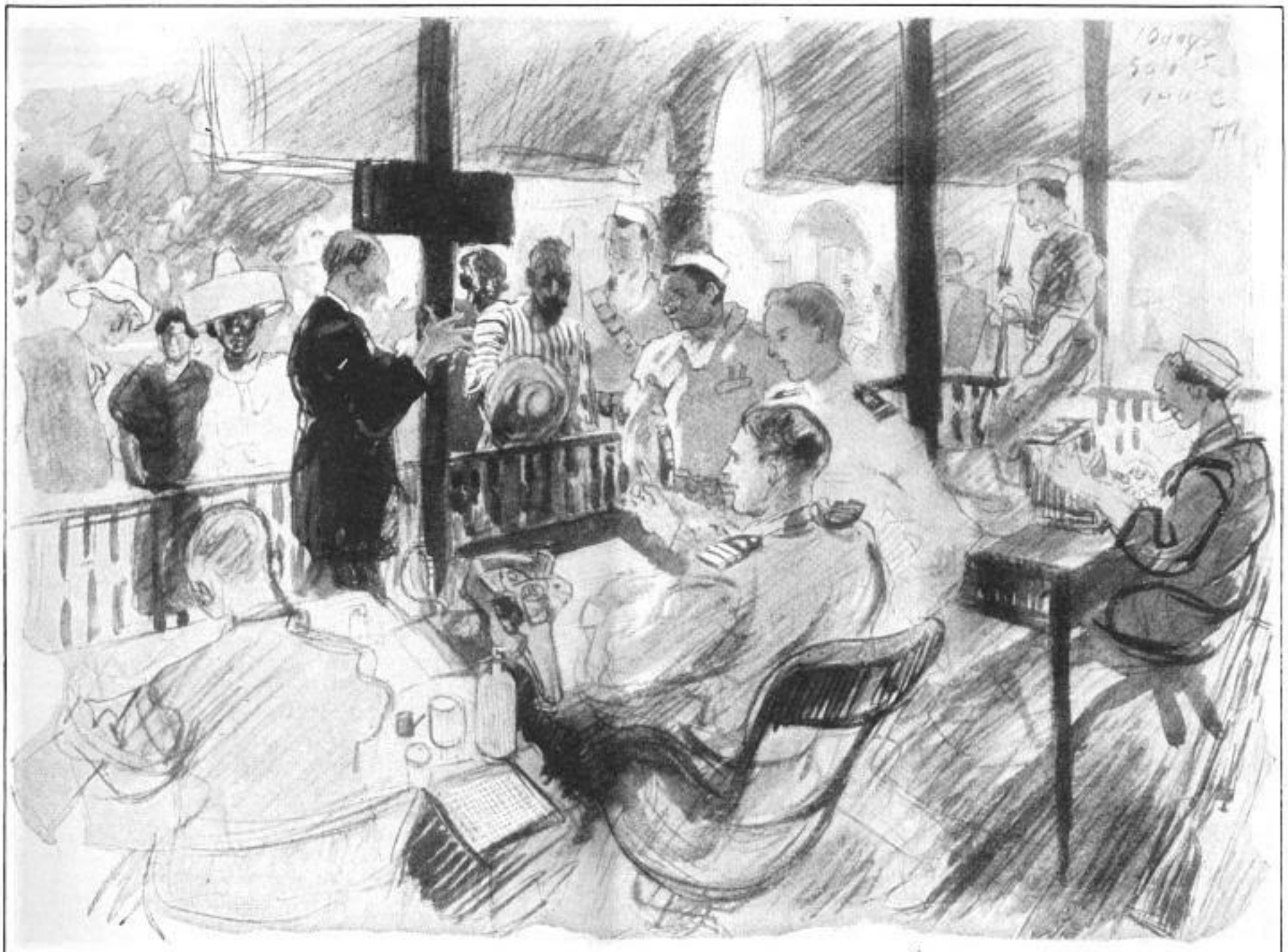
Record-Breaking Rhetoric

NOTHING is falser than the notion that the Congressional Record is a dull magazine. It is, on the contrary, a constant reminder of the superfluousness of editors. What editor could improve upon the magnificent words of Mr. Henry Vollmer, a new member of Congress? Mr. Vollmer is chanting the praises of his own great State:

> In this proud sisterhood of States, the one which I have the honor in part to represent on the floor of this House is content with claiming nothing less than unquestioned supremacy as the greatest farming State in the Union. The rolling prairie between the fortieth and forty-fourth parallels of north latitude, which is folded in loving embrace by the limpid silver of the Father of Waters on the east and the tawny gold of the Big Muddy on our western slope, is a garden of the Lord, which, in the liquid music of the Indian tongue, was appropriately named Iowa, "beautiful land."
>
> From the day when the first meadow lark intones her song of spring, which no Mendelssohn, no Mozart or Grieg or other inspired human genius can approach in its glorious motif of the ever-recurring miracle of the rebirth of Nature, till that perfect season in the Middle West, known as the Indian summer, when "the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock," the 60,000 square miles of Iowa soil are one vast workshop for the production of what Dick Oglesby called "the corn, the corn, the royal corn, which has within its yellow heart enough of food and wealth for all the nations."

We have no sympathy with Mr. Hughes of West Virginia, who interrupted the gentleman from Iowa to ask the vulgar question: Was it true that the soil of Iowa is so rich that people could not go barefoot—it would make their feet grow too large? Mr. Hughes can have no literary sense at all. We recognize in Mr. Vollmer, who made this his virgin speech in Congress, a successor to Chateaubriand and De Quincey, to Augustin Thierry and William Hazlitt, to Walter Pater and Lafcadio Hearn—a master of resounding prose, poetry-tinged and palpitant.

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Americans Dispensing a New Brand of Justice in Vera Cruz

By HENRY REUTERDAHL, Collier's Staff Naval Artist

THE proceedings of the Provost Marshal's Court in Vera Cruz during the navy's occupation were a strange sight to the natives. The Mexicans were accustomed to seeing accused persons tried, found guilty, and hurried off to jail with hardly a chance to say a word in their own defense, and a court that gave everybody a fair hearing made them wonder if the despised gringos were so bad after all. Commander D. F. Sellers of the *Arkansas* presided. He is seated at the middle desk in the drawing reproduced above. With an enlisted Indian and a Mexican acting as interpreters, he arraigned scores of lawbreakers, heard the evidence for and against them, and disposed of their cases as he saw fit. He filled the city lockup with "snipers," thieves, wife beaters, brawlers, "plain drunks," and other disorderly persons. This quick and effective method of handling the lawless proved to be a business stimulant as well as a moral remedy. The Provost's Court helped indirectly to restore business confidence. Ten days after the seizure of the city, trade was more active than it had been in several years. A plazza facing the Plaza was used as a court room. Sun-tanned bluejackets patrolled the curb while hundreds of curious natives looked on. The court was turned over to the army when Admiral Fletcher yielded control of the city to General Funston.



"THE NAVY ON THE WATER WAGON."—*A Mexican, remembering the "dry" order which goes into effect in the navy on July 1, invented the phrase as he watched a bluejacket driving a sprinkling cart in Vera Cruz, and the whole fleet saw the joke*

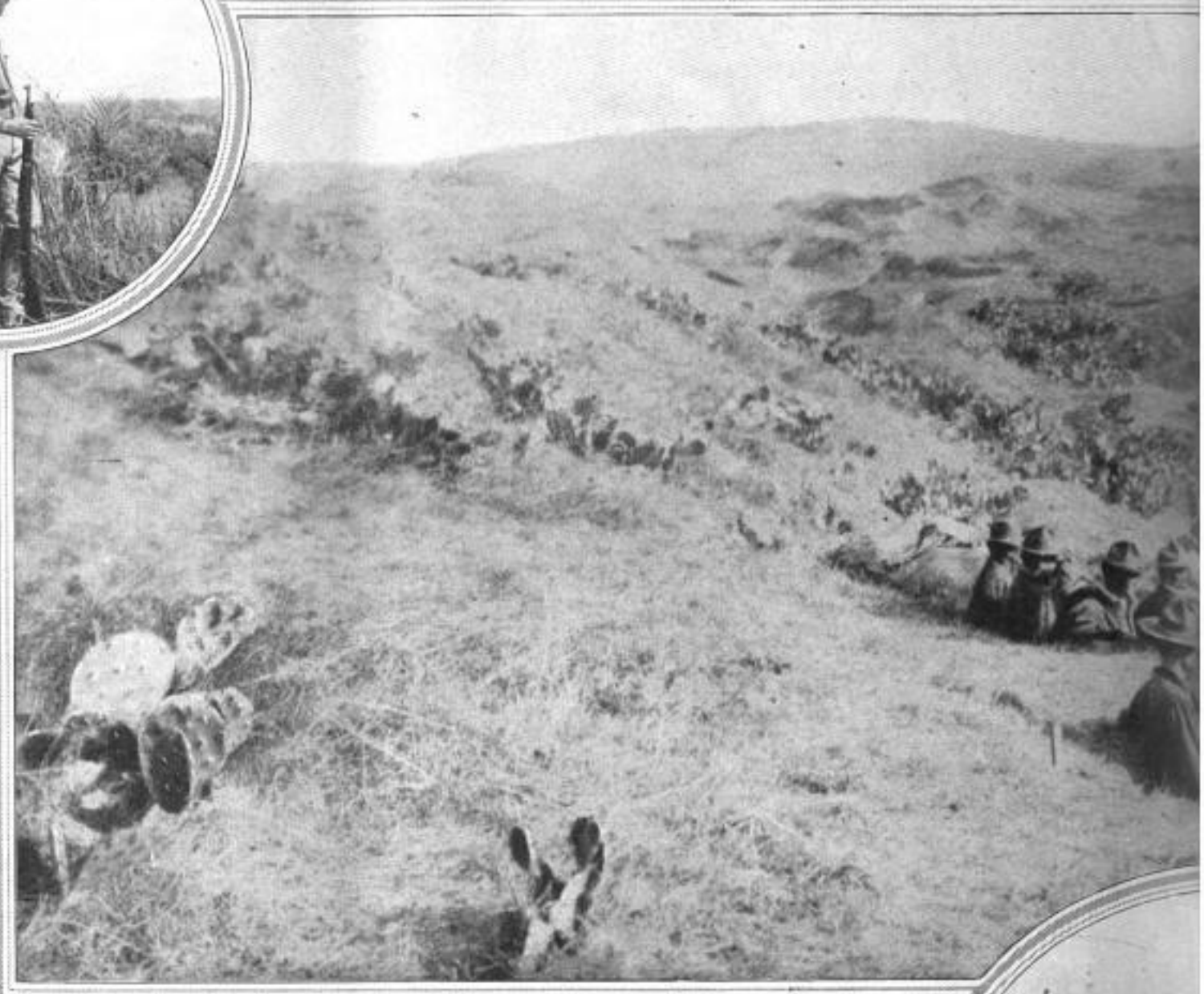
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Watching and Waiting

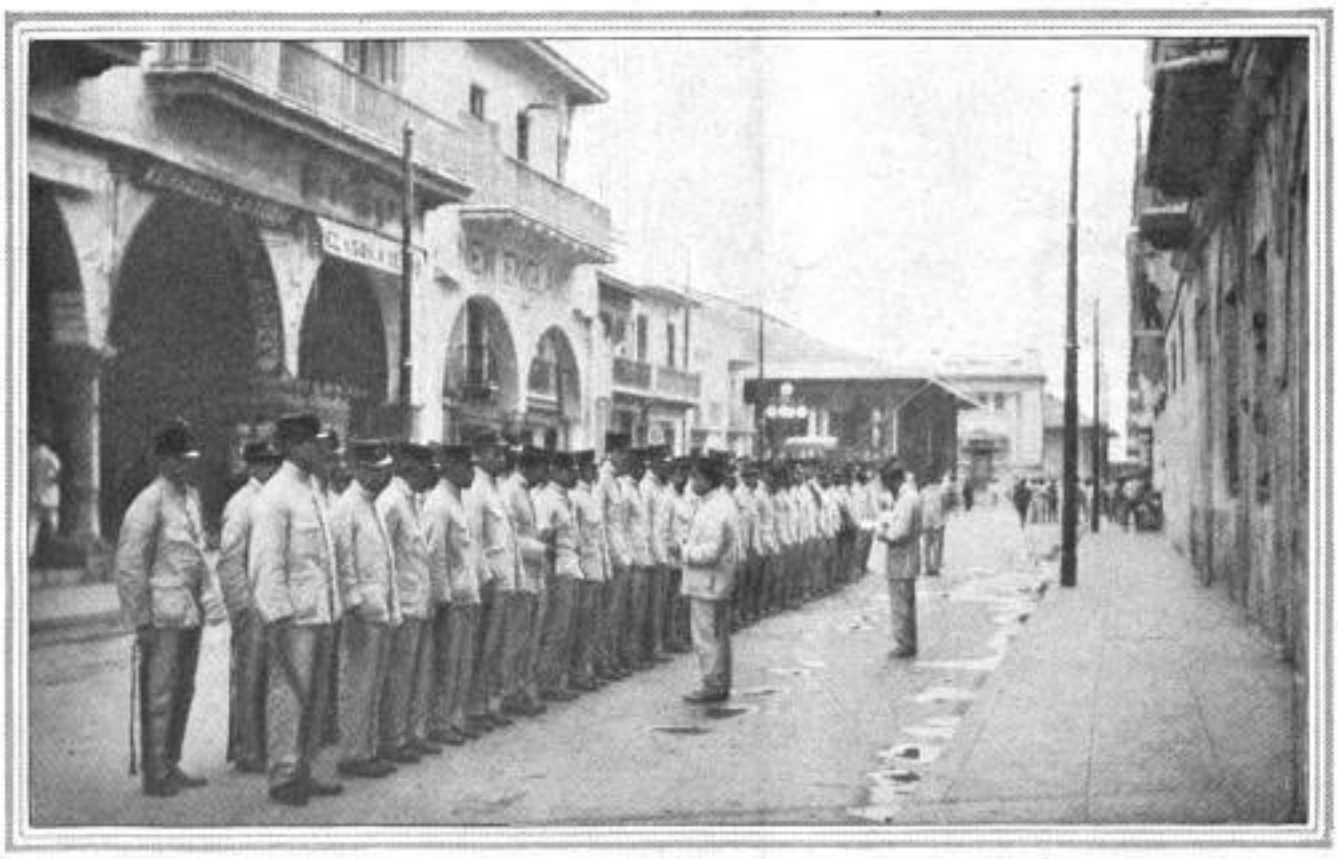
Photographs by JAMES H. H



WILD *rumors that Huerta's forces were getting ready to attack Vera Cruz caused General Funston on several occasions to rush troops to the front and form a battle line, but the war preparations of the Americans at the captured city would have been no less thorough had there been no alarming reports about the Huertistas. During the weeks of perfect quiet our men have been just as alert as when they feared an attack. Some evidence of this fact is found in the photograph in the circle above as well as in the large one at the right*



SOME OF FUNSTON'S INFANTRYMEN INTRENCHED ON A HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING A WIDE EXPANSE
sight a possible attacking force hours before the enemy could arrive, in time for the entire American garrison



THE "SPIGOTTY" OR NATIVE POLICE *of Vera Cruz lined up for roll call. These officers are fairly well trained, and know better than the Americans how to handle brawling natives. Some of them are believed to have been "snipers" during the seizure of the city*

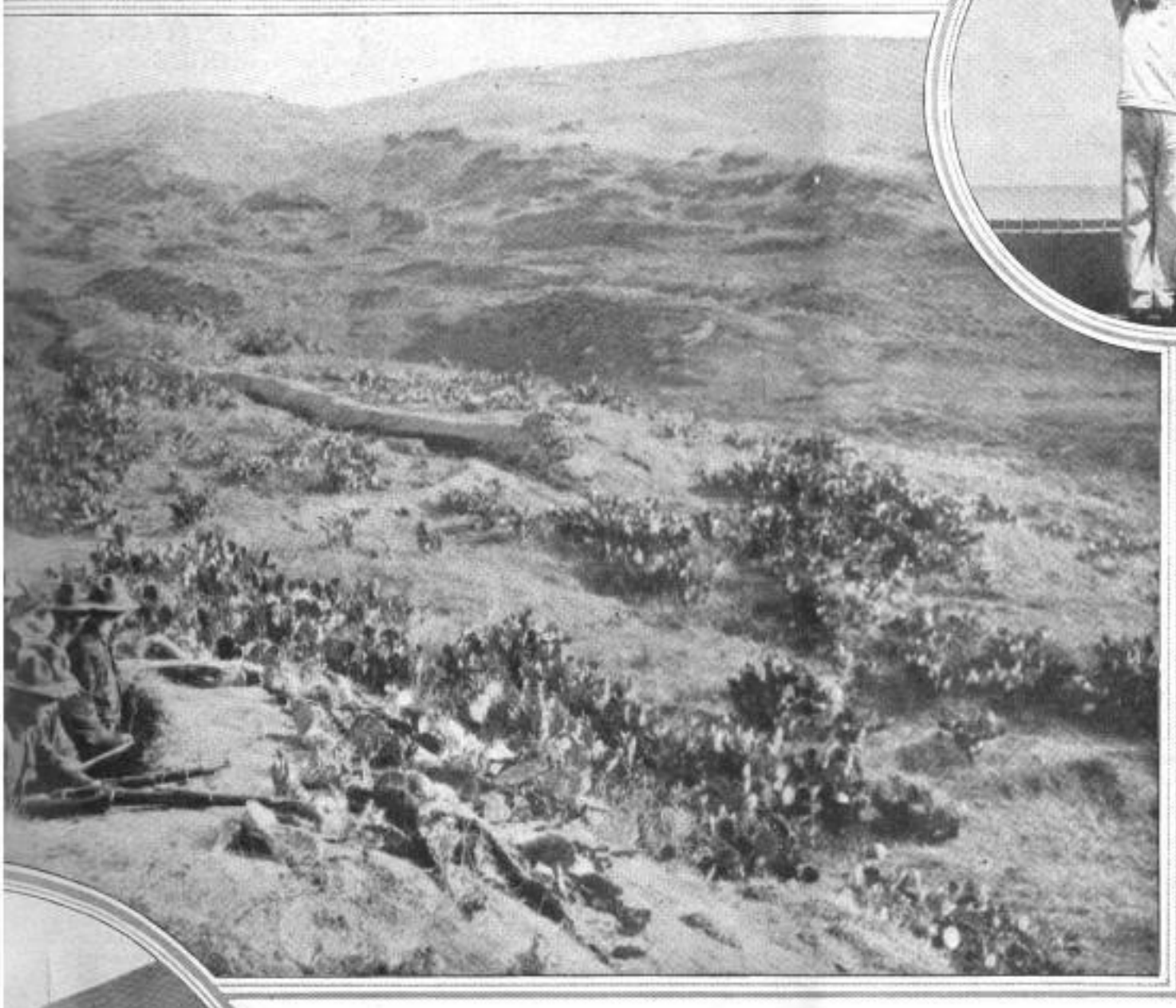


THE BUZZARD *perched on the corner have acquired the habit of following arm series of revolutions back in the days bef The scavenger bird is keeping up with the starting on a hike from Vera Cruz to Gen*

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n Pacified Vera Cruz

, Collier's Staff Photographer





THE SMILING *bluejacket in the circle above is one of the human telegraph instruments of the navy. He was snapped as he was transmitting a message from the commander of his ship to an officer on shore at Vera Cruz. But his smile does not express the feelings of Admiral Fletcher's men on being withdrawn from actual control of the city. The skirmishing during the seizure of the city gave them a taste of real fighting, and they were disappointed when it became known that they would not have a chance to take part in an actual battle*

OF OPEN COUNTRY *beyond the Vera Cruz pumping station at El Tejar In daytime these men were able to to be called to the front. This is one of the most picturesque scenes in the vicinity of the captured city*



uilding at the left is one of many that n in Mexico since the beginning of the collapse of Porfirio Diaz's iron regime. United States Field Artillery, which is nston's trenches nine miles from the city



THE BLUEJACKETS UNDER THE TREE *are suffering from a severe attack of spring fever. They are taking the only available treatment—rest. The midday Mexican sun gives our men in Vera Cruz the same lazy feeling that it gives the natives*

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Oil or grease plus the proper proportion of Dixon's selected flake graphite is as much better than oil or grease alone as oil is better than water.

Why? Because graphite gets at the cause of friction. No matter how highly polished and finished a bearing may be, under the microscope it looks like the surface of a rasp file. Oil and grease cannot permanently fill up these roughnesses.

Dixon's selected flake graphite fills them, smooths them, makes a new oily surface that eliminates the grinding of this microscopic rasp. Heat or cold will not affect graphite. Pressure makes a graphite-lubricated surface smoother. The more and harder it is used, the finer finish it develops.

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

Some motorists speak disparagingly of graphite lubricants. We don't blame them. There are makers of graphite greases who think any graphite is a good lubricant. The fact is, Dixon's selected flake graphite is the only graphite that will not pack or ball up, because this peculiar form of graphite flake *will not adhere to itself.*

Some dealers do not even recommend Dixon's Graphite Lubricants. Why? Because they can buy lubricating greases for 3c a pound and sell them for 25c a pound. The profit is tempting

We make high priced, high grade automobile lubricants. We sell only dealers who are in business to stay, who sell real service. They know and recommend Dixon's Graphite Lubricants. If you will go to such a dealer and buy a can of

DIXON'S Graphite Grease 677

for Transmissions and Differentials

you will find your car will run more smoothly than ever before, grow constantly quieter and easily travel a mile or more farther per gallon of gasoline. Equally good for motor boats.

Write for "Words of Wisdom from the Speed Kings" and the Dixon Lubricating Chart.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company

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Established in 1827

Pickups of Sport



By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by F. C. COOPER

To Any Champion

No matter how you rule the field—
How thick the laurel on your brow—
How rival claimants break and yield
Or to your mighty valor bow;
No matter how you lead the race
Amid the glory of the fray,
Somewhere across the open space
Your conqueror is on the way.

Reign while you may with iron hand
And deem yourself the ruling king,
And let your vaunted pride expand
The while you hear the welkin ring;
Then turn and look to plains below
Where only puny weaklings stay,
But where, oncoming, blow by blow,
Your conqueror is on the way.

Turn to the roaring welcome now
And let it sink deep in your soul;
Look to the laurel on your brow
While yet the cheering echoes roll;
Feel in your heart you'll never fail
And hold the dream while yet you may;
For, stalking up the open trail,
Your conqueror is on the way.

Youth and the Throne

"YOUTH must be served" perhaps upon the field—but youth has yet to establish a Napoleon in control of the army.

The game doesn't belong exclusively to young legs and steel arms. If one were asked to name six of baseball's greatest managers, he would undoubtedly include Connie Mack, John McGraw, Fred Clarke, Clarke Griffith, George Stallings, and Frank Chance.



Mack is over fifty; Jennings is forty-four; Stallings is forty-five; Clarke is forty-two; McGraw is forty, and Chance is thirty-five. Chance is the youngest of all managers to achieve success, for he was only twenty-seven when he first led the Cubs to victory. But as a rule the successful manager is the one who has left thirty several years behind. It doesn't take so much time to learn a game, but it takes somewhat longer to learn the knack of making others learn.

June

A cottage sleeping in the sun
And slanting shadow of the trees,
Where barefoot children romp and run
With lilt of laughter on the breeze;
A trellis where red roses creep—
The insects' drowsy monotone—
A mocking bird calls, half asleep,
That June has come to claim her own.

The Polo Round-up

AT one stage we figured America with a conquering edge over England's Polo Four. But when England began to emit shrill, plaintive, birdlike cries about her team's weakness, and when one or two of her men were injured and when everyone seemed to take it for granted that America had a soft time ahead, we immediately figured England with a bully ripping chawnce to get there. You recall how America had no chance last year with the Big Four practically a total loss. And the only man Travers had to beat in the first round was a doddering old gentleman of fifty-nine summers—who was suffering with lumbago. With a cinch ahead the time is always ripe to get set for a morbid shock.

Jerry and the Jinx

GREAT BRITAIN has massed her jinx on Jerry Travers to a fare-you-well. He is in control of America's golfing goat, but England seems to have his. Where lesser lights have gone far, the winner of four American championships has never gotten started against the Union Jack. He was toppled in the first round at Muirfield in 1909. He fell before Hilton at Ajawamis in 1911. And he was toppled again in his first round at Sandwich. Golf abounds in a strange, weird psychology that puts everything into the mental attitude of one day's play—or one week's effort. And as great and as game a golfer as Travers is, not even the lion-hearted Jerry is above this spectral shift in form.

Golfers know what this shift means, and for this reason sympathize with Travers without losing one whit of respect for his courage or his skill. They know and understand that he was up against an unbeatable force that recognizes no master.

Speaking of Batting

THE present Athletics are supposed to be the strongest attacking machine ever sent to the field.

Before awarding them the laurel, suppose we turn to the Athletics of 1860-1871.

In excavating into the dope George Moreland has discovered that this old machine in its 405 match games averaged 38.30 runs to the battle—that it averaged 50 runs to the game no less than 89 times; that it piled up over 100 runs on ten occasions—and that in its 405 championship games it scored 15,353 to 5,349 for its opponent.

The record of that club was 351 victories and 54 defeats. What we can't quite understand is the 54 defeat part of it.

But judging from these statistics, hitting the baseball is something of a Philadelphia institution. The habit seems to have become fixed. Small wonder with such a buoyant and elastic start.

Applied Mediation

"Now wait," said the batter to Johnson
As the Washington star took his stand,
"Why waste all your curves or the strain on your nerves
With an easier system at hand?
I know what you've got, so before you
Go shooting that pill at my head,
Let's adopt the new fashion bereft of all passion
And try mediation instead."

"Hold on," yelled the rival eleven
As Brickley dropped back for a kick;
"Why wreck an occasion by such an evasion
With up-to-date methods to pick?
You might break a leg or an ankle,
We might loose an arm or an eye—
So let's get together out here on the heather
And give mediation a try."



Ballade of Bum Golfers

(Abstracting the refrain from Mr. Francois Villon)

Experts, who look upon my game
With curling lip and sneering eye,
Who see four hundred things to blame
And tell me as I vainly try—
"Don't lift your bally wrists so high"—
"Tilt in, to give the ball a run"—
"Don't use a brassie from that lie"—
I cry you mercy, everyone.

Star entries in the golfing frame
Who need no daily alibi,
In dreams I hear you still exclaim:
"Your grip, old top, is all awry"—
"My word—look how he shifts his thigh"—
"Such knee work all good golfers shun"—
"Now THIS is how Braid lets 'er fly"—
I cry you mercy, everyone.

My style, I know, is worse than lame—
My wretched scores bring forth a sigh;
My stance and grip and eke my aim
I know would make a baby cry;
But all I ask, or specify,
Is PEACE beneath the pleasant sun
Apart from every "How" and "Why"—
I cry you mercy, everyone.

Call me a dub—a mutt—a guy—
But was golf built for war—or fun?
A duffer let me live—and die—
I cry you mercy, everyone.

Wahoo Sam

TY COBB on a steady average, is the most dangerous batsman in baseball. This isn't a matter of opinion—but of record, based upon a nine-year batting mark of .371—20 points above his closest rival, Napoleon Lajoie.

But when the pinch arrives with runners on base and Tyrus at bat, did you ever hear of the palpitating pitcher walking him? Not very often, and for a very excellent and abiding reason—the reason being that to walk Cobb brings up Sam Crawford—which is said to be the origin of "out of the frying pan into the fiery furnace."

No, heady pitchers esteem it no great bliss to push the pill in Cobb's reach with runners on base. But passing Cobb to bring up Crawford is another matter, and those who try it once are quite content next time to take a chance with Ty.

You hear quite a bit about the durability of Wagner, Lajoie, Mathewson, Plank, etc., but little of the span established by Wahoo Sam.

This is his seventeenth season in baseball—his fifteenth season in the Big



Show—and out of the seventeen years he has served to date he has established a mark above .300 on no less than twelve occasions. And when the Tigers started their early drive to the front in budding May, Crawford was the main factor in the uplift with a mark above .420, leading his circuit a dozen leagues in extra base wallops.

Not forgetting to mention that Crawford crashes into a baseball harder than any rival in the game—not barring Frank Baker, Joe Jackson, Hans Wagner, Cactus Cravath, Sherwood Magee, Ty Cobb, or Tris Speaker.

On top of all this we reserve for the last the most eminent boost of all in these latter days of fragile talent—in the last ten years Crawford has stood to the guns in 1,500 battles—an average of 150 games a season—or less than half a week's absence from April to October. Which, after all, is the crowning test of value to a club.

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The Strange Adventures of Mike, "the Vagabone"

[Continued from page 8]

firrst platoon, second compu'y firrst battalion av the finest regimint in the second brigade, firrst division av the Eighth Army Corps. Dhrink hearty, misther—"

"Van der Houten," says he, "Rudolph Van der Houten av the Chicago 'Record-Press.' How?" and he tipped the bottle on his head.

"Ye're name's agin ye, Rudolph," says I, "although I will say this: Wanst I met a good Dutchman. If I might make so bowld, where did ye think ye were goin' just now?"

"I was lookin' for the *Napidan*," says he, "but they tell me in the Captain av the Port's office she went up river two hour ago."

"Then bad luck to them," says I, "for that means a gineral court-martial for me," and I towld him av the tight pinch I was in and the reason for bein' in it. He laughed like a hyena and swore he must write to his paper about it. "If ye do," says I, "I'll break ye're back for ye, Rudolph," so he laughed agin and swore be the Nine Gods av War I was a man afther his own heart.

"And where are ye bound now, Private Kelleher?" says he.

"TO report for djooty wit' me comp'ny, wherever it is," says I. "I'm goin' up the river this night if I have to swim every shtep av the way."

"Private Kelleher," says he, plaintive-like, "'tis up the Pasig River and across the Laguna de Bay I must go this night also. 'Twould not be a bad idjee if we were to tackle it together and take our chances agin fire, flood, and the public enemy. Sure, I'll be charmed at ye're comp'ny, more particular since I notice ye have a Krag and a belt full av ammunition."

"Have ye hearrd aught av the plan av campaign av the Gineral commandhin'?" says I.

"I have," says he. "The column's to tackle Santa Cruz this afthernoon, and follow the lake shore to the nort'."

"Then we'll follow too," says I, "and the sound av volley firin' will guide us home."

"And pray, how?" says he.

"Ye shall engage a launch for us," says I. "Bein' a war correspondent, ye have a limitless expinse account, if half av what I've heard av war correspondents be true. Hire a launch and I'll go wit' ye. Are ye armed at all, at all, Rudolph?"

"I have a serrvice pistol and fifty rounds av ammunition. Noncombatant that I am, nevertheless I am not a fool."

"And ye will engage a launch, allanah?" says I.

"I suppose I must," says he, and the wurrds weren't out av his mouth when a little Chinaman walked out av the door av the Captain av the Port's Office and come over to us, helmet in hand. Faith, he was no common coolie. I was sober enough to see that. He was dhressed in a pongee uniform, av a civilized cut, and was wearin' goold eyeglasses and a little tickler av a dress-parade sword.

"I BEG ye're pardon, gintlemin," says he, and as Gawd is my judge, I thought he was an Englishman wit' an Oriental cast av countenance, "but the fact av the matther is I am very desirous av j'inin' your Gineral Lawton's column in Santa Cruz Province, and the Chinese Consul has graciously placed his private launch at my disposal. Fortunately, I learned in the office yonder that you two gintlemin had missed the *Napidan*, and it occurred to me that I could give ye a bit av a lift up river. I should be charmed, indeed," says he, bowin' low, "to offer ye me poor hospitality aboard the consul's launch."

"Answer him, Rudolph," says I, "for I'm speechless." And I was.

"Thank ye, sir," says Rudolph, liftin' his hat politely. "We accept wit' the utmost pleasure. To whom are we indebted for this delightful invitation."

The eddicated Chino hands up a bit av a card, and I looked over Rudolph's shoulder and read it. He was Captain Woo Ting Hock av the Chinese army, milit'ry attachay to the United Shtates forces operatin' in the Philippine Islands.

"Learrnin' the art av war at firrst hand from them that knows it," says I. "'Tis a grrand idjee. Ye should come to the Bloody Fourteenth, Captain Woo Ting Hock, if it's action ye're lookin' for. 'Tis the regulars that does the real wurrk."

"I REGRET that I have no card available, me dear Captain Woo Ting Hock," says the war correspondent, "but me name is Rudolph Van der Houten av the Chicago 'Record-Press,' and this brave young man is Private Mike Kelleher av E Comp'ny av the Fourteenth Infanthry."

"They're the right av the line, Captain dear," says I, "and the pride av the serrvice." I shtood up and, wit' the remainder av the bottle av beer in me hand, I give a toast for the benefit av the Kansas volunteer, he bein' in earshot. "Two cigars for two hussars, but a chew av tobacco for a militiaman," says I, and threw the impty bottle at the switch engine. "Come, Rudolph," says I, "and we'll accomp'ny this pleasant Captain Woo, for a finer little Chino 'twould be hard to find in or out av China."

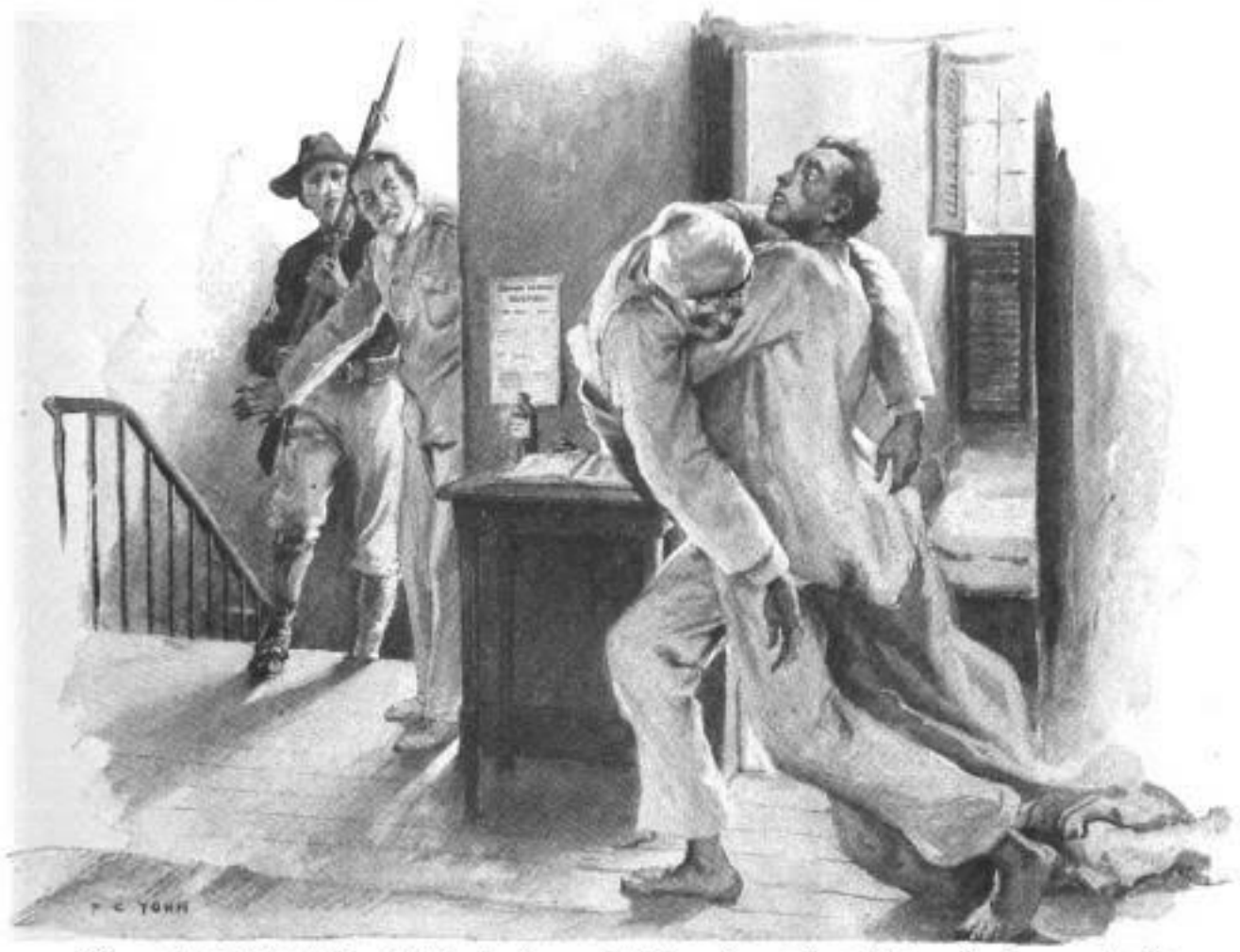
So Rudolph paid off his cochero and we went aboard a beautiful launch wit' a dragon flag floatin' above it and the Shtars and Shtripes above that. There was a bit av a cabin amidships, wit' a long cushioned seat on each side, and the minute I was aboard I excused meself to Rudolph and Captain Woo and lay down for a wink av sleep, for to tell the truth I was a bit heavy wit' that black San Miguel beer I'd dhrunk earlier in the day. Besides, I wanted to get the fog out av me brain, for I knew afther we passed Pateros and the last av our outposts on the river we'd get promiscous shootin' from bot' banks, wit' or wit'out the askin', and I had hopes av collectin' heavy toll for the disturrbance. More be the same token, seein' that Captain Woo and Rudolph was both as innocent as lambs, figurin' on a peaceful trip, I said nothin'. For why should I worry and excite them? 'Tis time enough to cross a bridge when ye come to it, and 'twas far from me intintion to frighten them into changin' their minds at the prospect av a bit av fire, and puttin' back to Manila to wait for an armored boat. That would have left me at the merrey av the Major doethor, so I planned to let them run into the mess unbeknownst to them, and wanst into it 'twould be as safe to keep on as turrn back. As for the crew av the launch, I had no worries. They was both Chinamen.

WELL, sor, things kem out as I thought they would. Two mile beyant Pateros I was awakened be a handful av broken glass shpillin' in me face, so I knew some sniper had taken a crack at us and the bullet had gone t'rough the cabin window. I got up on me two knees and took a look out the window, and sure enough on the left bank I could see a squad of amigos! They was a fair target, what wit' their white tunics and scarlet trousers, so I poked me Krag t'rough the broken window and bid them the time av day. Three av them was overcome at me excessive politeness.

"More power to ye, Mike," says the war correspondent, whom I now detected sittin' quiet and peaceful, playin' double-dummy bridge wit' Captain Woo.

"I'm a quick-tempered man when I'm woke up suddint, Rudolph," says I.

"'Twill be dark in half an hour, Private Kelleher," says the Captain. "Sure they've been shootin' at us this last half hour, and 'tis only now they've hit the launch at all, at all," and he give a cowld, disdainful smile, and I knew him for a man and a soger, for all that he



"He scooped the Major doethor off the bed and went peltin' down the corridor wit' him to brat four av a kind"



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was a Chinaman wit' an English accent, on account av havin' been eddicated in Europe.

"Then ye'll not be for turrnin' back?"

(Chinaman that he were, I almost said "Sor.")

"Hardly," says he.

"Thank ye, sor," says I.

"That's betther," says Rudolph, and he had that same precise little crackle in his voice that shtopped me from lambastin' the volunteer at Binondo. I fair jumped at the sound av it, but he was only grinnin' at me, so I said nothin', not bein' certain av his meanin'. I continued swappin' a shot here and there until sunset, and then a coolie dhrew the curtains around the cabin windows, lit a light, and set out a pleasant bit av supper from a big hamper basket. 'Twas very dark, but we took it aisy, feelin' our way upshtream, for the coolie at the wheel knew the river like a fish, and we had no worries. Waust in a while we'd use the searchlight.

AFTHER supper we all three sat down to a friendly game av poker (I had twelve dollars Mex. goin' in), but, thanks to Captain Woo, I didn't last long, so I turned in for the night, whilst Rudolph and Captain Woo went back to double-dummy bridge at a cent a p'int.

I was awakened be the launch hangin' into the bank and rappin' me head agin the bulkhead. I rolled out fightin' mad. "Was that a shrapnel hit us, I dunno," says I.

"A shtray bullet hit us, Mike," says Rudolph, "and we're in the divil's own fix. It went t'rough the gasoline tank, more's the pity, and every last dhrop av fuel has leaked out into the bilges. The first we knew av it was when the engine died and the boat swung wit' the current and dhrifted."

"Heaven help us," says I, for 'tis small appetite I have for dhriftin' into the hands av an enemy wit' a taste for anatomical research. 'Twas the habit av Pleo del Pilar's men to mutilate and kill all prisoners, and well I knew it. D'ye mind the copril from the Ninth that was crucified at San Francisco de Malabon?"

"Where are we, avie?" says I to Captain Woo Ting Hock.

"The pilot says we cannot be far from Taguig," says he. "Do ye know aught av Taguig, Private Mike?"

"Divil a bit, Captain Woo, save and exceptin' 'tis a wicked barrio, swarmin' wit' brown men in red runnin' breeks, for all that the river gunboats have shelled it out a dozen times." And that was the truth, for I'd hearrd av Taguig from a wounded man that was brought into the Second Reserve.

RUDOLPH commineed to talk most shamelessly. "That settled it," says he, "for av coorse, wit' our gasoline gone, we can proceed no further. We must drift down shtream wit' the current and wait in Manila for the gunboat."

"I fear we must," says Captain Woo.

"I fear we must not," says I. "We're as safe in the back yards av Taguig as we'll be for twenty miles down river. You and Rudolph may returrn to Manila if ye think ye can make it alive, but I shall not. Taguig is a barrio at the head av the river, where it kisses the lake, and I shall land, make a reconnoissance in the rear av the town, shteal a banca from the beach if I can, and paddle thirrty miles across Laguna de Bay to report to me comp'ny commandher. Mark me, gintlemin, there's current enough in the river to give ye steerageway, but ye may shtrike a bit av shtill wather and drift ashore, or a banca filled wit' bolomen may come alongside and dissect ye. Ye have naught but a serrvice pistol, Rudolph, to make reply."

"Faith," says Captain Woo, "I'm thinkin' we might do worse nor trust ourselves to Private Mike and his rifle."

"Very well," says Rudolph. "Forward! Let the battle commince. But how about this launch and her crew?"

"Let them take a chance on the river," says Captain Woo coldly, "and the gods protect them." He was careless and cowld where his own was concerned, as I've since found out. "'Tis an hour till daylight. We'll rest agin the bank till then, afther which we'll land and place ourselves undher the protection av Private Mike. Havin' come this far to see a bit av a Yankee fight, I'll not turrn back now."

And so 'twas done. When 'twas light enough to see we landed, the two coolies went overboard and shoved the launch off the bit av bar where she rested, and away they went down river.

"Ye will now," says I, turrnin' to Captain Woo and Rudolph, "pay shtrict attintion to me and do as I bid ye. There forninst ye is a thick-topped mango tree. Do the two av ye climb into it and wait until I come back from a bit av a scoutin' expedition. I'll get the lay av the land about Taguig and, God willin', I'll come back to ye. If I do not, ye will know it be the shootin'. Shtay hid in the mango tree until ye see the *Napidan* comin' down river, then hail her, and go back to Manila. Ye might have the kindness to write to me comp'ny commandher and tell him to take me name off the muster rolls." And wit' that I was off, pokin' along up the river bank.

I FOUND a trail t'rough the bush and followed it for a matther av two miles, until presintly I hearrd the sound av dogs barkin', so I knew I was near a barrio. I moved off be the right flank to circle around the barrio, and be good luck I enthered a big field av pole beans, where I could make fast time bechune the rows wit'out bein' seen. From the bean field I went into a shtrip av bamboo, and from the bamboo I went smack into the arrms av a Filipino sinthry! He shtepped out at me from behint a tree and t'rew up his Mauser to shoot. I hurrled me Krag at him, butt firrst, and took him in the belly before he could fire, and he sagged into the grass; whereupon I took off his scarlet trousers, tore them into shtrips, and tied him up nicely, put him and his rifle and a haversack filled wit' ammunition across me shouldher, and carried him a half mile. I hid him in a bit av cogon grass, gagged him, and went on about me business until I hearrd ducks quackin' be the hundreds, so I knew I was close to wather, and as I was thravelin' at right angles to the river now I knew it must be the Laguna de Bay. So I crept along, quietlike, and sure enough I come out on the lake shore, and there was nothin' but wather as far as I could see. Taguig lay below me a matther av half a mile, with a dozen bancas dhrawn up on the beach and as many more settin' out for the fishin'. There was a fair sprinklin' av scarlet trousers along the beach, so I knew betther nor to show myself.

HOWEVER, I had small need to worry now, for I'd got the lay av the land and I knew where the bancas was beached. I decided to lay quiet till sunset, then sneak down the lake shore afther dark, shteal a big banca, put out acrost the lake, and be out av sight av Taguig be daylight. So I went back to the cogon grass, where I hid me prisoner, untied his legs, and marched him be devious paths to the bean field. I shtruck me auld trail here and backtracked until I found Rudolph and Captain Woo sittin' in the mango tree.

Faith, their two eyes popped out when they saw me wit' a prisoner and an exthra piece wit' lashin's and havin' av ammunition for the same. Rudolph was as happy as a child. He give his serrvice pistol and belt to Captain Woo and equipped himself wit' the Mauser. I showed him how to wurrk it and give him some shlight dhrill in aimin'—takin' a full deep breath, exhalin' slowly and pullin' the thrigger when the breath was half exhaled. The range scale was be the metric system, but I set the sights to point-blank range, which, as ye know, is good for anything up to three hundhred yards.

"And now," says I, "I have a fine field av pole beans to hide in. The hoein' and cultivatin' has been done, and the beans will not be ripe for harvest for a month, in consekens av which there'll be no men in that field but ourselves," and I led the way to the bean field wit' our prisoner, and the four av us went in and sat down. I spread me shelter half for Rudolph and Captain Woo, and they went at their double-dummy whist agin whilst I looked afther me prisoner. We lunched and breakfasted on me two days' rations I had in me haversack at noon.

HALF an hour before sunset we moved out av the bean field and down t'rough the cogon grass to the lake shore, and the minute it was dark I left Captain Woo and Rudolph to watch the prisoner whilst I shlipped down the beach to forage for a banca. The beach was deserrted, so I found a banca, launched it, and piled into it every paddle I could

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find in the other bancas! 'Tis attintion to small details that wins great victories, and I was minded to discourage pursuit before ever it shtarted.

I WAS paddlin' back to the p'int where I'd left the lads when all av a sudden I saw a light flash up, and I knew the cogon grass was afire. Simultanyus wit' that I hearrd the bark av a six-shooter and a yell av "Madre de Dios!" From the beach forninst me a man challenged, "Quien vive!" and shot at me wit'out waitin' for an answer—which he wouldn't have got, and knew it! A bugle blew in Taguig, and I hearrd a Filipino orficer yellin' to an outpost off in the woods a bit.

"Damned pig!" says the voice av that illigant Captain Woo, "wan av them found our trail in that bean field and followed us."

"Well, I've kilt the beggar for settin' the grass afire, at any rate," says Rudolph. Maybe he said more. I never hearrd it if he did, for the outpost beyant in the woods was shootin' at the fire, and I knew 'twould be like Woo and Rudolph to run down the beach in the dark, lookin' for me, little thinkin' that the firrst p'int the main guard in Taguig would rush to protect would be the boats! And if the lads missed me in the dark I knew they'd run to their death amongst the bancas!



Lady of the House (just returned)—Poor polly! Have you been terribly lonesome?
Parrot (feverishly)—Gimme a stack o' blues!

I was less than a hundred yards from them, and, av coorse, they could not see me paddlin' up, a little offshore, but the flames from the burrnin' cogon grass was leapin' high, and I could see Captain Woo and Rudolph retreatin'. Over a little five-foot cut bank down to the beach they lepped just as a dozen av the native outpost comes chargin' into the clean space the fire had burrned over, and I knew unless I could shtop them 'twas Fiddler's Green for the three av us. I fired at them, but well over their heads, and they shtopped at the whine av the bullets, not knowin' which way to turn, for the sinthry on the bank below them was shootin' too—at me! I could not hope to paddle in to Rudolph and Captain Woo and get them into the banca and off again wit' all that fine shootin' light from the burrnin' grass; and in the twinkle av an eye I knew there was but wan thing to do—disperse the outpost and escape in the banca before the arrival av the main guard from Taguig!

"Back where ye were and undher the cut bank!" I yelled like a Bull av Bashan. "Engage the divils whilst I come ashore and flank them!"

"Bully for ye, Mike," says Rudolph, and back he and Captain Woo run for the cut bank. The outpost orficer was indiscreet enough to come runnin' to the cut bank and look over, and Captain Woo reached up and grabbed him be his bare ankles and jerked him down on his face, Rudolph tappin' him simultanyus wit' the butt av the Mauser. As I turned the banca inshore and bint to the paddle I could see Captain Woo unbucklin' the man's belt. It contained an auld Webley revolver and a long Spanish cavalry broadsword, and Woo buckled it on, tossin' away his own belt and the little tickler av a dress-parade sword.

I SAW no more av the Donnybrook undher the cut bank, for at that instant the banca grounded on the shingle and I lepped out, dhraggin' her high and dhry. In the meantime the sinthry in front av me, and below Rudolph and Captain Woo, kept bangin' away, which was not wise av him, for he shot from the hip continyus, and I marked him down be the flashes av his piece. I fixed me bayonet, bint double, and went into the bush afther him. He emptied his magazine at me as I kem, but every shot went high, and I went into him up to the lockin' ring and passed on.

A slight night breeze was blowin' the fire down the beach toward Taguig, and the enemy (there was a dozen av him) kept followin' in the wake av the flames, shootin' wild and wishful to get bechune us and the bancas. But Rudolph and Captain Woo, more power to them, had the good shuse to follow the fire too, thus dhrawin' the enemy along wit' the light av the flames and makin' things aisy for me when I should fall upon them from the rear.

WHAT wit' the shootin' and cracklin' av the fire I broke t'rough the bush unbeknownst to the enemy, swung around in his rear, and come out into the burrned-over space. 'Twas grand shootin' light, and I'd dhropped four av them before they woke up to the fact that they was flanked, and then, thinkin' they was totally surrounded, they did what a Malay will always do when he's cornered! They emptied their pieces at me, and disdainful av reloadin', fixed bayonets and dhrew bolos, turrned and went over the cut bank afther Captain Woo and Rudolph. Two men they felt certain av, and those two they would have.

Och, wirra! wirra! 'twas the frightened man I was. I fixed me own bayonet back on agin as I run afther them. When I come out on the bank, ready for the jump, and looked down, if I live to be a t'ousand years old, divil a prettier sight will I see than I saw at that minute. Captain Woo and Rudolph had moved out onto the beach where they had fightin' room and a good light, and there all hands were at it like Kilkenny cats. Eight men went over the cut bank afther Captain Woo and Rudolph, and five av them bit the dust before they reached the cinter av action. Rudolph's Mauser had jammed (a rusty auld divil she was, and small blame to her) and he'd taken the Webley from Captain Woo, imptied that, picked up the Mauser agin, fixed the bayonet on it and met the survival av the rush. As for Captain Woo, his pistol was impty, but he had it in his left hand, parryin' cuts from bolos, whilst wit' his right he went feelin' around wit' the auld Spanish broadsword. He was yellin' and screamin' like a wildcat. 'Twas hard to tell whether he was bilin' mad or frightened to death, and had I not been a busy man and in command av the expedition I'd have sat down to laugh at him.

ALL av these things I saw out av the tail av me eye as I lepped down into the scrimmage. Two men wit' bayonets was worryin' Rudolph whilst Captain Woo did a fencin' match wit' wan, so I went to the aid av Rudolph, he bein' a civilian and not accustomed to such wurrk, like Woo and meself, although be the same token he was givin' as fine an exhibition av bayonet practice as a man could wish. I give wan av the skuts "butts to the front" on the back av his head, and dhropped him just as his cumrade dhruv his bayonet clear t'rough Rudolph's thigh, and the little man went down as flat as a flounder. Out come the steel and up it went, but before the native could dhrive it t'rough poor Rudolph's mid section I shtruck up the gun and he turrned on me, backin' away.

"Mike," says Rudolph, cryin' wit' rage, "do you take the conceit out av that lad for me."

"Trust me, Rudolph," says I, and I shtepped around that red-breeched Malay like a cooper around a barrel. Sure 'twas sinful. He knew naught av bayonet exercise, and I polished him off in a jiffy, turrnin' just in time to see poor Captain Woo, wit' his rusty auld Spanish broadsword bruk in two, fendin' off a horrible cut from the bolo. The blade come down on the barrel av his impty pistol a glancin' blow, but heavy, slid off, and bit clane t'rough the little China-



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THE COLDWELL
MOTOR MOWER



Philadelphia, Nov. 12th, 1913.
COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY,
Newburgh, New York.

Dear Sirs:—The American courses have improved very much since last I played here in 1900, and I have come to the conclusion that your Motor Mower is to blame.

I cannot find words to express its great merits, but at any rate I can truthfully say that it is O. K. in every particular. Would advise Green Committees to do away with horses and procure a Motor Mower which pays for itself in two seasons.

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Velvet Joe

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man's helmet into his skull. He wilted like a cabbage, wit' the blood shpoutin' over his face, and the boloman backed away to face me.

I come right at him wit' the bayonet and he give ground. Sure he knew he had no chanst, so what does he do but flip his bolo at me and rip it clear t'rough me right shouldher muscles, high up on the neck. I plucked it out, threw it at him, missed, and kept advancin', backin' him into the wather, and when I shlipped a shell into the breech he fell on his two knees, beggin' for mercy. I'd have kilt him undher other conditions.

"Come here, ye skut," says I, "and pick up that little dead Chino."

WIT' a little persuasion he did as he was bid, I got a grip around Rudolph wit' me left arm, and, dhraggin' him afther me, we reached the banca and piled them into it. Then the prisoner and I shoved her off, and I bade him shtep in and pick up a paddle, whilst I lepped in afther him and sat on the edge av the sterrn wit' the muzzle av me Krag contiguous to his backbone.

"Donde?" (where?) says he. "To Santa Cruz," says I, and he bent to his wurrk. For an hour he paddled wit'out missin' a stroke whilst I sat and enjoyed the yellin' and the screamin' on the beach when the paddles were found missin' from the other bancas! As I said before, 'tis the little things in life that count.

By-and-by I felt me crew givin' a back twist and dhrag to his paddle. So quiet he was I would not have noticed it had I not been expectin' the same. He was gradually turrnin' the banca in the dark, to head back toward Taguig, so I tapped him one for good luck, and we hove to till mornin'. Whilst waitin' for the native to show signs av life (for I'd bumped him well wit' the butt) I crawled over him to Rudolph. I had a first-aid package and some matches, and whilst he lit the matches I ripped off wan leg of those illgant English corded ridin' britches and done up his leg. He'd bled a lot and was weak—but cheerful. He swore continyns and was much plazed when I towld him a damn fine soger had been shp'iled to make a good-for-nothin' little war correspondent.

"Begorra, ye little wasp," says I, "where did ye learrn how to handle a bayonet? 'Twas a grand spectacle ye put up. Sure ye juggled ye're piece like a band leader juggles a baton. Where did ye learrn how?"

"In the militia," says he.

"Ye're a liar," says I. "Ye did not."

"We had a captain that had been a regular," says he.

"That explains it," says I.

"Is Woo kilt, Mike?"

"He is," says I, "and more's the pity, for a fine little Chinaman he was, and a gintlemin every inch. I would not abandon his body, for Chino that he is, a fine fightin' man and a kindly host he was, and I would not lave his body for the pariah dogs. A milit'ry funeral he shall have if I have to give it him meself."

"He was the only man," says Rudolph, "that ever give me a batin' at double-dummy bridge. He had me I. O. U. for a hundhred and forty dollars. Shtill, for all that, I wouldn't have wished him dead," and poor Rudolph choked up.

'Twas a long night—longer betoken av the fact that I'd lost me pipe in the ructions at Taguig. 'Twas a currly briar root, well cured, and the pride av me whole existince. I've never had another like it. But the sun come up at last, and all about us was the mist off the lake and nothin' livin' as far as I could see around us. Me prisoner was lyin' quiet enough, wit' a bump on his head like a biscuit and a black look in the eyes av him, and Rudolph was sound asleep on the broad av his back, wit' his head restin' on Captain Woo's body.

NOW, 'tis not becomin' that a white man should use a dead Chino for a pillow, even a fine little Oriental like Captain Woo Ting Hock av the Chinese Imperial Guard, so I took Rudolph be the legs and dhrug him back a bit.

"Thank ye kindly, Private Mike," says the voice av Captain Woo. "He's had his hard head in me kidneys all night and I hated to move for fear av disturbin' him. Is he badly hurrted, poor lad?"

"Ye little Chinese skyrocket!" says I. "are ye dead?"

"No, thank ye, Private Mike," says he, "but I'm hungry enough to ate a child wit' smallpox, and there's no circulation in me legs. What wit' Rudolph's head on me all night long I'm cramped and paralyzed."

"Howld over ye're head till I look at it," says I, and I was the happy man. I'raise be, 'twas a glancin' cut, though faith, be the way he'd bled, I thought his skull had been chopped in two halves. I shtraightened him around and made him comfortable, and waited for the mists to rise. And when they did, across the lake, twenty mile away, I see the white steeple av a cathedral, so I knew that must be Santa Cruz. So the prisoner was put to wurrk again at paddlin', and about noon we was off the city. But there was no signs av life on the beach, naught but a mess av impty Krag shells, so we took to the banca agin and paddled nort', and in the cool av the evenin' we heard a jackass battery in action. We followed the sound and come to Muntinlupa, and I could see the Fourth Cavalry disembarkin' from some cascos undher the fire av the *Napidan.*

WHEN the fightin' was over and the Billposters come flockin' into town we went ashore, and a detail av hospital corps men took Captain Woo Ting Hock and Rudolph Van der Houten in charrge, whilst I went up to report to me comp'ny commandher. I found him undher a tree lickin' his chops and watchin' his dog robber cookin' a chicken they'd shtolen together. I reported to him and give him the docthor's note. He read it and scowled, for I was two hours late!

"Well, me man," says he, "ye have not fulfilled ye're conthract wit' the Major docthor, so I'm sadly afraid ye're in throuble up to ye're schamin' neck. If there's wan thing in life I hate and despise 'tis a cowld-footed, malingerin'—be the Great Gun av Athlone! How come this blood on the back av the envelope?"

"I don't know, sor," says I.

"Go and report to the Firrst Sergeant," says he. "I'll have ye thried the firrst chanst I get," and I went away, but not to the Firrst Sergeant. Off to the field hospital I went, to have the hole in me shouldher dhressed, and who should I see the minute I come in but Captain Woo wit' his head bandaged and Rudolph shtretched out on a field cot. They was talkin' to the Lootenant Colonel.

"Come here to me," says Rudolph, but I was afraid av the Lootenant Colonel, and winked at him to lave off, and shook me head.

"Lootenant Colonel," says he, "have the kindness to ordher Private Kelleher to come here." So the auld man turrned and give me a look, and I come up like a sheep-killin' dog.

"Me man," says the Lootenant Colonel, "do ye know who this is?"

"The finest fightin' Dutchman that ever fingered a gun, sor," says I.

"He's ye're new colonel," says the auld man.

"Me what!" says I, and the hair rose on me head like the quills on a hedgehog, whilst Rudolph lay back and laughed himself sick.

"Explain yerself, Rudolph," says I sternly. "What joke is this?"

"DIVIL a bit av a joke, Mike," says he. "Sure me name isn't Rudolph Van der Houten at all, at all. It bein' a rare hot day when I met ye afther landin' in the island, I had laid aside me blouse. I'd shtepped out av the carromata to give ye a dhressin' down wit' me tongue, but left me blouse on the seat inside; so I was sportin' no insignias av rank when you turrned to face me. Right away ye became impudint, and sure ye amused me. Then, findin' ye was Irish and a private in me own regimint that I'd just been app'inted to command, thinks I to meself I'll tell him I'm Dutch and see what he says. Ye suspected me av bein' a war correspondent and I encouraged ye in the deception, and ye're a fine, jolly lad, Private Michael Joseph Kelleher, and 'tis the rattlin' good time we had together thravelin' on the same democratic footin'. I would not have missed it for the stars av a brigadier."

"Sor," says I, comin' to attintion and salutin' him, "I thank ye kindly for them sintiminta. For a Dutchman I had me suspicions av ye when I saw ye in action. Beggin' the Colonel's pardon, 'tis more bellke some Irishman chased wan av ye're ancesthors—and caught her," says I, "back in the days when men shtole their wives and wooed them wit' a club. There's but wan bit av shame I feel for the whole thransaction, sor, and that's to think I had the insolince to dhrill ye in aimin' a rifle—"

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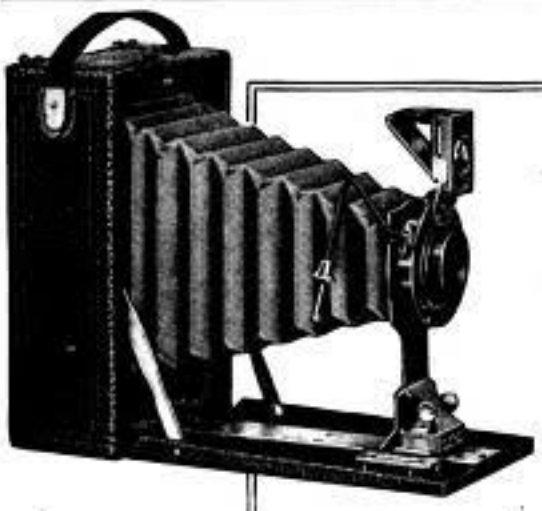
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Well, ser, at that him and Captain Woo and the Lootenant Colonel had a fine hearrty laugh, whilst I shtood there like a fool until Rudolph reached up and shook me be the right hand whilst Captain Woo took me be the left.

"We have to thank ye for our lives and a most delightful journey, Mike Kelleher," says Rudolph, "and I'm thinkin' neither Captain Woo Ting Hock nor meself will forget ye for that. A great soger," says he, turrnin' to the Lootenant Colonel. "I'd sell me immortal sowl for a regimint like him. He's the finest fightin' Irishman Gawd A'mighty ever created."

"And I'm to be thried for mailingerin' bekase I was two hours late reportin' for djooty," says I. "Seein' that the Colonel has some slight personal knowledge av the difficulties av the journey and the sincerity av me intintions, 'tis belike he might put in a good wurrd for me wit' me comp'ny commandher and not lave me to be made the laughin' shtock av me cumrades."

"Laughin' shtock, is it?" says he, his two eyes snappin'. "Faith, the man that laughs at you must laugh at a medal-av-honor man—"

"And whip ye into the bargain," says Captain Woo, squeezin' me hand.

(Mike the Vagabone ceased speaking and dreamily nibbled a straw for the space of a minute before resuming.)

AND so Rudolph and Captain Woo, God bless them, made much av me for a bit, and then I had me shoulther dressed and I went about me business, for I knew me place. But when I got me discharrge mulher Gineral Ordher No. 40, Captain Woo sent for me to come down to the Hotel d'Orient, where he was shtayin'.

"Private Mike," says he, "China needs men like you to dhrill her sogers. That was a hard batin' the Japanese give us, and maybe 'twould not have happened wit' men like you to counsel us. I have a captain's commission for ye. Do you come wit' me, Friend Kelleher, and I'll make ye a colonel yet."

AND so [continued the Vagabone dreamily] I went to China wit' Captain Woo Ting Hock, and I'm a colonel av the Imperial Guard this day. Sure, I'm the Prince's bodyguard wherever he goes, and wit' diamonds and pearls and jade he do load me for the slightest favors. Divil a wurrd av lie in it, Jawn.

"You Vagabone," murmured Sergeant Ryan. "You bloody Vagabone!"

Stalking the Pestilence

(Continued from page 12)

fully comprehend what happens to human flesh when a high-powered, wobbling bullet goes tearing through it.

High-Velocity Bone Shatterers

THE effect of such bullets on human bone can be readily imagined. There is no reason, with modern antiseptic surgery, why a clean-drilled hole through flesh and bone cannot be healed nicely. Unfortunately, such being the terrific impact and wobble of our high-velocity bullets of to-day, the bone is shattered for too great a distance into too many minute fragments. The only thing to do is to take off the limb.

When leaving the amputated in the wards of San Sebastian, I chanced to wander into the hospital chapel. The Chapel of Bethlehem it had been called once upon a time. It was very old, some two centuries or so, and was a fine example of the architectural feats achieved by the Spaniards in brick and stucco in a day when reinforced concrete was unheard of. Wide arches of incredible flatness and supporting enormous weights were revealed to be of brick by the spots where the plastering had come off. High arches spanned deep-embrasured windows, in which some of the ancient, hand-hewn sashes still remained. The high walls, rising to rafters far above, had caught the dust of years on the uneven plaster, which gave a fathomless velvet depth to the surface. The floor was of great, square marble flags.

Blasters of Flesh—and Repairers

THE statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints that had graced the altar were long since gone. Gone, too, was the altar. Nothing remained save the lofty walls and cool depth of shadow to suggest that it had been a chapel. And as I stood in this place whence the worship of the gentle Nazarene had departed, strong on my vision were the amputated limbs, gaping wounds, and ruined bodies caused by our wobbling bullets.

Came another picture: I seemed to glimpse a vast massed background of machinery and electrical apparatus, of weary-eyed astronomers searching the heavens, and chemists and physicists dissecting the atom, of teachers and preachers and great libraries of books. And against this background, well to the fore, were two groups of men whose brows were the brows of thinkers, and whose hands worked unceasingly at the making of devices. One group toiled at the mixing of chemicals and the making of mechanisms for the purpose of blasting human flesh and bone at longer distance and more efficiently. The other group toiled likewise with chemicals and instruments, seeking out new methods and greater knowledge of the constitution of man in order that they might repair the blasted flesh and bone caused by the devices of the first group.

Laughs for Our Descendants

SOME day in the far future pictures will be painted like that, and our descendants will gaze at them, shake their heads, and laugh at their silly ancestors, just as we to-day gaze at pictures of witch burning, and shake our heads and laugh at the silliness of our very immediate ancestors. Man has climbed far. It would seem that his climb has only begun.

Out across the inner and outer harbors, in the midst of a fleet of similar monsters, the grim monster, the *Arkansas* was a striking sample of the mechanisms produced by the war makers. Twelve million dollars she cost. Her great guns, turned upon Vera Cruz for an hour or so, could level the city to the ground as a stream of water would level a house of sand. Magnificent universities have been founded on less than it cost to build and equip her. The money expended on her would save from the White Plague a hundred thousand times more lives than she will ever destroy.

The Arkansas and the Solace

OVER a thousand skilled men are required to man her—skilled men such as built the Panama Canal and whose skill might well be devoted to making the Mississippi flood proof. Why, down in the bowels of the *Arkansas*, imbedded in the thickest of armor plate, in the battle control station, an enlisted sailor in the course of describing the new gyro-compass, gave me a lecture that no college professor could have bettered and that no tyro in such matters could have understood. Could Columbus or Captain Cook have stood beside me, listened to the lecture, and tried to master the details of that intricate compass, I swear their brains would have flown apart and they would have bitten their veins and howled.

Quite in contrast, and lying not far away, was the solitary hospital ship, the *Solace*. Spick-and-span, and sweet and peaceful, and very antiseptic she was. I was followed up the gangway by two young men just brought off from shore. I walked up the incline on my good two legs. They came up on their backs in wire-basket stretchers. A long roll of body-blasted young men had preceded them in the previous few days. Seventeen of these young men lay embalmed in caskets covered by the Stars and Stripes, waiting transshipment to their homes in the States. Two more young men lay dying. Threescore and more in various stages of recovery from body blasting lay in the bright and airy 'tween-decks wards. A number of amputations had been performed on them. The careful doctors, waiting, knew there were yet other amputations to be performed to save the lives of some of the young men.

The Price of Service

PASSING through the wards, one was again struck by the preponderance of youth. Lord, Lord! they were boys, healthy-bodied and lusty so short a time before, now lying, lax-muscled, with drawn faces that told all the story of the body blasting they had endured. One, alive and so lively just the other day, now with one leg, searched my eyes as if for understanding and sympathy

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for the terrible stump that screamed advertisement of the cropper he had received—smashed down, from the back of life, to be a cripple to the end of his days. Another, a very boy, red-lipped and bright-eyed with fever, smiled wistfully. There was little hope for him. He was conscious, and, perhaps as men sometimes will be in such grievous circumstances, he was aware that time would soon cease for him.

Oh, there was no whining among those lads! They tell of one, shot in two places, who was fetched aboard crying bitterly and indignantly. His plaint was that the Mexicans had got him unexpectedly before he had had a chance to get even one of them. As he said, he wouldn't have minded his own catastrophe if he had got one of them—only one of them.

The Dove Among the Eagles

THE beautiful operating room was well appointed. There were convalescent wards, segregated wards for infectious diseases, and, here and there, offices and workrooms presided over by experts, such as ear and throat specialists, eye specialists, stomach specialists. Also there was a dentist and a completely equipped dental parlor.

On deck, under the awnings, we drank long, cool drinks and gazed across the creamy-crested, pea-green waves to the big looming battleships, and on to the tiny, half-submerged atolls with lagoons of chrysoprase, and to the low-stretching breakwater, the lighthouses slim and white as votive candles, and the old fortresses of Santiago and San Juan de Ulloa. Suddenly all the panorama narrowed to a sleek gray dove that perched on the rail a dozen feet away, settled its wings, and preened its feathers.

Somehow, that little gray dove reminded me that, while a fleet of battleships lay about us, the *Solace* was the only hospital ship in the entire United States navy. More than that—I remembered that she had not been originally designed for the purpose, being merely a merchant vessel purchased by the Government and made over. Also, I remembered having traveled, years before, in tropic steamers, mere merchant vessels built for money making, that were far better fitted for the tropics than was the *Solace*.

Is the Nation So Poor?

SURELY the United States, that pays twelve to fifteen million dollars for ships like the *Arkansas*, the *Texas*, and the *New York*, should be able to afford the modest cost of a real hospital ship, designed, not for the making of dollars, but for the alleviation of the ills and injuries that afflict its sailors and marines.

But there is justification for the existence of that array of war monsters among which we lay. As long as individuals in a wild country—say the head hunters and cannibals of the Solomon Islands—carry killing weapons, even a philosopher, traveling among them, would be wise to go armed. Neither algebraic equations nor high ethical arguments are efficacious dissuadements to a kinky headed man-eater with an appetite. In those Solomon Islands more than one scientist, for lack of a rifle, has had his head decorate the grass huts and his body served up succulently from the hot ovens.

Arms and Savagery

ON a coral beach on the windward coast of Guadalcanar stands a monument to the memory of the "Austrian Expedition." This was a party of professors. They were equipped to pursue the vocations that obtain in a high civilization. They carried sextants, barometers, thermometers, artificial horizons, cameras, and fountain pens. They carried naturalists' shotguns of the tiniest caliber, butterfly nets, geologist's hammers, and notebooks for all sorts of records, also certain instruments with which to make skull measurements of the natives they might meet. But what they did not carry was Mauser rifles and long-barreled revolvers. They were not equipped for the anthropophagi they encountered. One man came back from that expedition to tell the tale, and he was merely a man in the employ of the professors. The column stands on the beach to mark that once they had been. Their heads remain to this day up in the bush of Guadalcanar.

As with individuals, so with nations. As long as certain nations go armed in a wild and savage world, just so long must the enlightened nations go armed. The wild and savage world, with its silly man-killing devices, is doomed to pass. But until it passes, it would be silliness on the part of the enlightened nations to put aside their weapons.

An international police force and an international police court will mark the beginning of the end of war. But as yet these two institutions have not been founded. So the United States will be compelled to go on building $15,000,000 battleships and training its young men to the old red profession.

The point is: when wild and savage conditions make it imperative for a man or nation to go armed, it is equally imperative for the man or nation to go well armed. Ever has the sword, in the hands of the strong breeds, made for wider areas and longer periods of peace. In the end it is the sword that will make lasting and universal peace. When the last savage nation is compelled to lay down its weapons, war will have ceased. War itself, superior war if you please, will destroy itself.

And There We Are

BUT in the meantime—and there you are—what would have been the present situation if the United States had long since disarmed? Somehow, I, for one, cannot see the picture of Huerta listening to and accepting the high ethical advice of the United States.

The War in Colorado

(Continued from page 10)

operate almost full-handed. The majority were greatly crippled.

The miners resorted to the usual picketing, employing argument, persuasion, and intimidation. When intimidation failed they had recourse in many instances to brutal violence to keep from the mines such men as wanted to work.

The mine owners, having foreseen that the strike was inevitable, made early preparations to protect their property by the importation of machine guns, the recruiting of a force of the usual mercenaries, or "gunmen," to act as mine guards, their campaign, both offensive and defensive, being in general command of the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency of West Virginia notoriety.

Bloodshed began early and, indeed, preceded the beginning of the strike. One month to a day before the miners' convention, Lippiatt, a union organizer, was shot down on the streets of Trinidad in a gun play in which Belk and Belcher, two Baldwin-Felts detectives, were the other participants.

A few weeks later there was another gun play in the same streets, and Belcher, one of these two detectives, was this time the victim. The miners charge that the killing of Lippiatt was a deliberate murder. The operators make the same charge concerning the death of Belcher.

The strikers, in part because they were told to get out, and in part because they wished to escape the kind of surveillance which the mine guards exercised over residents upon company property, had moved themselves and their families out into colonies of tents. The largest of these was at Ludlow, fifteen miles north of Trinidad.

Many of the strikers were, it is claimed, Balkan and Tripolitan war veterans. These began to arm and to move about over the hills like an irregular soldiery.

Several conflicts with the mine guards resulted, some of which developed into all-day battles, usually with rifle firing at long range from behind cover. Some lives were lost, although the mortality was low considering the amount of gun firing indulged in; but much bad blood was engendered, the noncombatant population of the little mining towns was terrified, and a situation developed which made it inevitable that the National Guard should be ordered into the field.

On the day before the militia appeared—the last of October—there was an all-day battle between strikers and mine guards on the heights which surround the Ludlow tent colony on three sides.

The coming of the militia checked these hostilities, and the State troops were received by the strikers with bands

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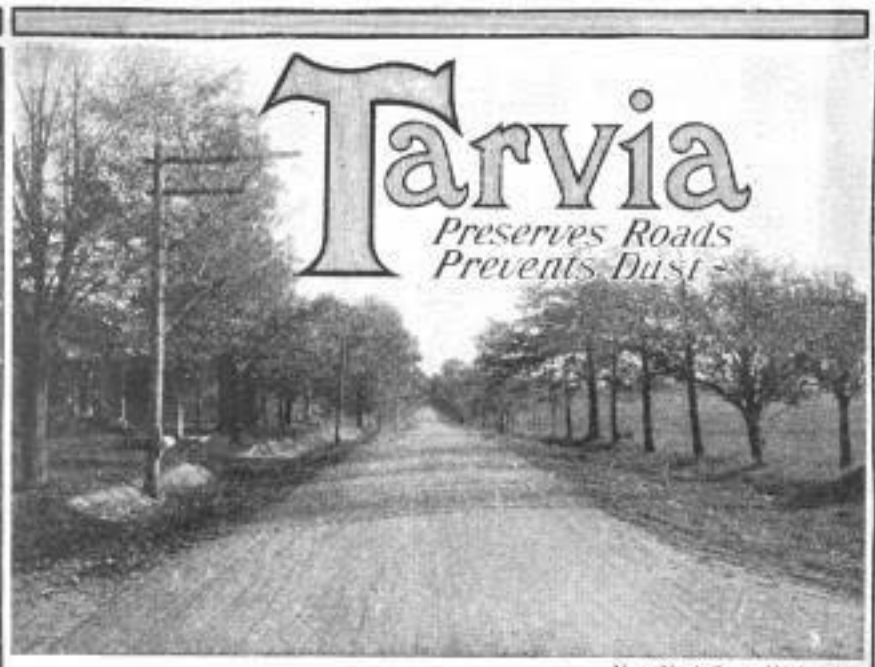
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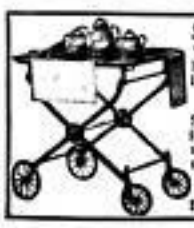


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of music. For several weeks indeed they fraternized most cordially, even playing ball together. The great majority of officers and militia sympathized with the strikers, while the strikers welcomed the militia as relieving them from the oppressive brutality of the mine guards, who, they claimed, insulted their women, looted their tents, and assaulted unarmed or lonely strikers.

But this honeymoon period passed. Militia and strikers soon came to hate each other bitterly.

Mine Guards as Militiamen

MANY things contributed to this change of attitude. The mine guards had earned the bitterest enmity of the strikers. When the militia came the operators began the discharge of their mine guards because there was no longer need of them; and many of these mine guards enlisted in the militia. In some instances, at least, the operators arranged for this enlistment, and continued to pay men $3.50 per day for duty as mine guards while they drew $1 per day from the State.

When, a few months later, the militia was withdrawn from the field, numbers of men who had served in it were immediately reemployed as mine guards.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that the strikers have come to regard the militia and mine guards as one body of men. There can be no doubt whatever that there were men wearing the uniform of the National Guard who were a disgrace to it, who did every sort of thing that soldiers should not do, and whose presence in the strike district was a constant menace to peace and an important factor in creating the situation which afterward resulted. Soon every contact of the militia and the strikers was breeding hate. In a parade of women in Trinidad, where confusion arose over the line of march, women were kicked, knocked down with the fist, struck over the head with sabers, and one was jabbed in the leg with a bayonet. One thing largely responsible for the position in which the National Guard later found itself was an institution called the Military Commission.

This commission claimed the right to supersede the ordinary civil process, and entered upon a series of high-handed acts, the recital of which in free America, if practiced upon farmers or business men, or anyone else than strikers, would have alone been sufficient to arouse the entire nation.

This commission arrested in all 176 persons, and detained them in defiance of law and their supposed constitutional rights for from a few hours to a few weeks and even months. These prisoners were men and women. Almost invariably they were strikers, or their allies, suspected of crime or the intention to commit crime, or of having knowledge which the military wished to obtain. The persons so arrested were denied the right of habeas corpus, supposed to be inalienable. They were not allowed to communicate with friends. They were denied attorneys. They were placed in common jails. Their mail was opened. They were spied upon. They were even tortured, if we may believe those of them who tell of being kept awake for five or six days and nights at a stretch, of having cold water thrown upon them and being pricked with bayonets, of being tantalized by the withholding of tobacco or of food, all with the object of inducing them to confess upon themselves or others.

Reminiscent of Russia

I THINK no charges were ever placed against any of this long list of military prisoners, although later, after their discharge by the military, some of them were arrested and charged by the civil authorities. No attempt was made to hold trials as in West Virginia—or to pronounce sentence. Individuals were merely grabbed and held at the discretion of officers of the National Guard, after a method that was reminiscent of the Russian secret police. This Military Commission was no doubt laudably conceived. It may have done some good. It undoubtedly did a great amount of harm, and was a contributing element in the unpopularity of the militia and in begetting that reign of lawlessness on the part of the strikers which for days had the whole country aghast.

This, with a brevity that does injustice to all sides, is the general outline of the situation in Colorado, on, say, April 1.

Primarily up to this time it was just an ordinary industrial struggle, although unusually bitter and bloody, the operators battling to keep the power they have had over their workmen, and the strikers battling for a transfer of some of this power into their own hands.

Violence Begetting Violence

BUT the background, as we have seen, was bad. The character of the strikers made the situation doubly dangerous. They were, in the main, semi-ignorant, and utterly unreasoning when their passions were finally aroused. They hated like animals. They fought like tigers. They shamefully maltreated the bodies of the dead that came into their hands. Once their passions were stirred, they could not be controlled by their Anglo-Saxon leaders. They were of many nationalities. Thirty dialects are said to have been spoken in the Ludlow Tent Colony. Each nationality was a clique and a law unto itself, flaming up like powder at any story of insult or injury. But this state of mind was not natural. It was induced—superinduced, we may say. It was a case where one wrong bred another, where that sort of violence which consists in robbing a man by trickery of the fruits of his labor or imposing upon him by means of superior power is matched in the end by that cruder and more horrible seeming violence, when the worker, tricked too long, turns his tools into weapons and begins to answer with the ultimate argument. Even then, deprived for years of their legal rights, abused and imposed upon—disappointed and embittered by their experience with the military—their outbursts of violence were still only sporadic and occasional.

It took the great disaster at Ludlow to set all these men on fire at once, to turn a very considerable portion of these twelve thousand strikers into troops of armed brigands who marched over the State from end to end of the coal-mining district, leaving death and ruin in their pathway. This battle commenced at about 9.30 in the morning of April 20 and raged till midnight. It began accidentally. Each side thought the other was attacking. Each side fought with a commendable reserve during the major part of the day.

A Packed Troop of the Guard

THE soldiers with the machine gun mounted on the ridge, three-quarters of a mile to the south of the colony, held their fire long, unable to believe that the strikers would actually attack the militia, although the entire colony appeared to be preparing for battle, as streams of women and children hurried backward to safe shelter in the deep gulley or arroyo behind the colony, and groups of armed men, in easy range of the machine gun, hurried unmolested to strong defensive positions in a railroad cut on one side the colony and behind the steel culvert of another railroad up on the other side.

The strikers themselves did nothing to draw fire into the colony at this time, and it is probable that the only balls which did enter the tents during the major part of the day were strays and short shots, the position of the militia on Water Tank Hill being high enough that they could fire over the tops of the tents to the open space behind, across which strikers were occasionally seen to be moving.

It was after four o'clock when the real tragedy of the day began with the advent of an organization called Troop A.

Troop A is the bottom depth into which the Colorado National Guard descended during its period of strike duty. This troop consisted almost entirely of mine guards and mine employees, who had been hastily sworn in at Trinidad when the main body of State troops was withdrawn. It would have been quite as rational—and much fairer—to have organized a troop from the tent colony at Ludlow and mustered it into the National Guard, in the expectation that it would truly represent the neutral peace power of the State.

Women and Children Perished

THIS ragtag and bobtail Troop A, which had never had a roll call or a drill, came on the scene about 4.30 p. m., and under cover of railroad cars and embankments supported an advance directly upon the tent colony itself, the first effect of which was to dislodge a group of strikers from their position behind a steel railroad culvert and drive them back into the tents from which a desultory rifle fire then commenced.

This, as I say, was the beginning of the tragedy because it made the tent colony the battleground.

Darkness fell with Troop A in posses-

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sion of one side of the colony and with some of the tents in flames. The men raced in and out of the burning tents. Some they looted, some they fired. In one it is claimed they captured a considerable store of ammunition. They were surprised to find women and children in the colony protected from rifle fire by cellarlike caves dug under the floors of tents. All found were rescued; but the next morning yet other women and children were found alive in these burrows in the ground, and it was not known that any had perished. On the second day after, however, the bodies of two women and eleven children were found in one of the holes, evidently dead from suffocation and some of the bodies carrying the marks of fire. Although no one of the bodies showed a bullet mark, this discovery overwhelmed the militia in shame, at the same time that it inflamed the strikers to that series of murderous raids of which all the country knows.

More Savage Than Mexicans

STILL, so far as these deaths go, they were accidental, and the responsibility of the militia for them—while grave and real—is general rather than specific. Yet the death of these helpless women and children casts a horror over the battle which almost makes sober thought impossible. Another incident, however, occurred for which this mob of soldiers and mine guards is directly responsible and which therefore creates a much darker blot upon their record of that day. That was the abuse and slaughter of three helpless unarmed prisoners.

Somewhere about nine o'clock in the evening the soldier mob came into possession of these prisoners, one of whom was Louie Tikas, called "Louie the Greek," and a leader in the tent colony. The next morning these prisoners were lying in the roadway. Each had been shot to death. Three bullets had been fired into the back of Louie Tikas. He had been kicked about the face and his skull broken with a blow from the butt of a rifle. How these men met their death had been told only in part when I left the scene, but that this raging, semimilitary mob did not shoot down three helpless, unarmed prisoners is something they will be called upon to prove. It must be admitted, however, that there is some explanation of the ferocious mood in which they acted.

Former Strike Breakers the Strikers

SEVERAL times the bodies of mine guards which had come into possession of the strikers at or soon after death had been found horribly mutilated, and this very battle afforded an instance of the kind in Private Martin of Troop B, who in the early fighting was shot in the neck but not mortally wounded. His companions applied the customary first aid, and placed the wounded man in a hollow place out of the range of fire, but were later driven back from this position, and it was not until after dark that a rescue party could reach the wounded soldier. They found him dead. The first-aid dressing had been torn from his wound, his face had been crushed in by the butt of a gun, and a shot had been fired into his open mouth which blew away the entire top of his head. The news of the condition of Private Martin's body was conveyed to his comrades about the time they were gaining possession of the tents, and undoubtedly added to their fury.

The entry of the Federal troops into the strike zone met with a reception exactly like that accorded the militia in their first advent—warm-hearted and cordial. The strikers have been asked again to give up their guns. They will probably do as they did before—give up some, but retain more, at least until they feel finally assured as to the position the United States troops will assume. I have not a doubt that these soldiers can keep the peace in Colorado.

But an armed peace will not terminate the strike. Nothing will do that but a removal of the conditions which caused the strike.

The situation is not an easy one for any concerned—operators, strikers, militia—or people. It is not a simple one. It cannot be dealt with superficially. It cannot be solved by offhanded arrogance. There is an issue of right and wrong and human liberty here that men will have to dismount from high horses and approach on foot—almost upon their knees. If the mine owners are allowed to import outside miners, I think they can beat the strike. If they are given soldiers enough for mine guard duty, they may wear it out. They did beat out in the strike of 1904, but the men imported to break the strike of 1904 are the strikers of 1914. The men imported to break the strike of 1914 will themselves become strikers if no relief is granted.

Militant Capital Creates Militant Labor

I HAVE been many times outraged by the injustice which labor unions at times inflict upon their own members and upon nonmembers, as well as upon employers who are at their mercy, and I hesitate to find against any employer in the struggle for the genuine open shop, except as organized labor gains stability and self-control. But, on the other hand, when employers have made the use of their power which the coal operators appear to have done in Colorado, I see no alternative but to check power with power and to let John Lawson sit down beside the little Greek while he makes a bargain for the sale of his labor.

Even this does not strike me as fundamental. I come back to the fact that after all the coal operators, from their point of view, are pretty good sort of men, and that the strikers, from their point of view, are the same, and to the belief that neither seeks the extinction of the other; but that if they would put away stubborn pride and sit down together they might work out their problems amicably and advantageously.

However, perhaps that millennial day is still on the other side of the hill. Of one thing I feel convinced: So long as we have militant organizations of capital we shall have militant organizations of labor, and if the two persist in raising very much of the kind of hell we have seen in Colorado lately, there is a great third party which will rise up and do a little militating upon its own account.

The Tyranny of Beauty

(*Continued from page 15*)

Tiffany. The day of plaster negro boys and tiger skins in combination with stained-glass saints is over. Her private note paper now bears a crest.

Then with this gigantic enterprise on her hands she turned around and organized all those stores she'd just sold out into the Del Mar Facial Syndicate and made them all pay tribute to come in. That's Napoleonism for you!

THE precise details of this deal I never knew—what each paid to "sit in" and so on—except that on her side she was to furnish the members with a line of specials for sale to no one else, and she came to see me about those—"The Peachblow Goods," as she named them. "Peachblow Cream" was Zulu colored dull pink and differently scented, put up in a peachblow jar costing fourteen cents—very beautiful and specially made for us and no one else—and tied with gold ribbon. It retailed for three dollars an ounce; thirty-three off to the syndicate. Peachblow Mineral Germ-proof Face Powder, warranted not to ferment with the perspiration of the skin, our same chalk differently tinted. One dollar a box. And so on—I don't remember all the list. The name "Peachblow" sold them to the Facial Syndicate at three times what we sold them under their original names to the trade. And the syndicate was happy.

IT wasn't mere money getting that had driven her through all this. Her pride had been pricked—she meant to show Mr. Winston the error of his judgment on her and all her works—prove that she could build a great business and credit—play the game straight through in the man's world and beat him to his own goal. But with her attempted organization of the Facial Syndicate and this new big building in plan, another fact had suddenly come home to her that I suppose she always knew but never realized: that she was personally liable for all the debts of the business—that her private belongings could be attached by her creditors if she didn't meet her obligations.

This was one of the warnings her old friend had given her that day before she sent for me, and I judge he'd pretty well scared her. He had also improved the opportunity to force home another

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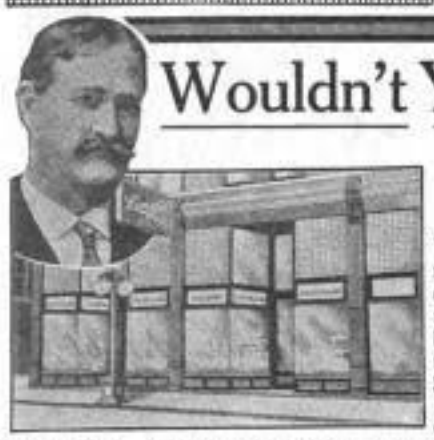
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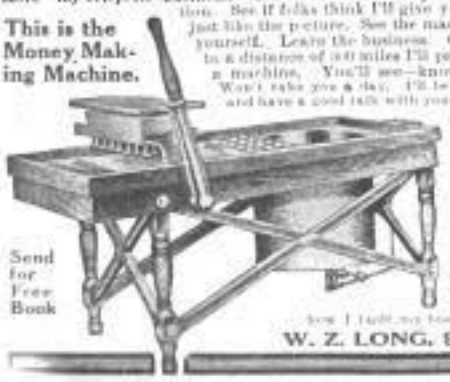


Wouldn't you like to be proprietor of a money making business? Once I was just a struggling candy maker. The profits from Crispettes, the new, delicious popcorn confection built this big business for me. The very same proposition that made me, should do the same for you. **Start in the Crispette Business for yourself.** Build a business of your own as I did. Get a window—a small store—a cozy nook where the rent is low. Keep **all** the profits. I'll teach you the Crispette business—tell you how to succeed—show you how to make Crispettes by my special secret formula. I'll do it right here in Springfield—personally or by mail. But the thing for you to do is to

Take advantage of my offer to come and see me

Don't say you're coming. Just drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture. See the machine. See crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 100 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see—know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Won't take you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show you the store and have a good talk with you. You'll go home ready to make more money than you ever made in your life.

This is the Money Making Machine.



Send for Free Book

Every Nickel You Take in Nets You Almost Four Cents Profit

Think of it! Think of the fortunes made in 5 cent stores. It's one business in a hundred. Everybody likes crispettes—children, parents—all folks. One sale always means two—two means four. Nuff said. It's a great business. I want to send you my free book "How to make money in the Crispette Business"—it pays illustrated—complete information and shows it how I built my business. Read it and then come to Springfield—see my store—see my machine—see me—then you'll be ready to talk business.



This is a recent picture of the man who made a big success with a Long Crispette machine, in a store window

W. Z. LONG, 915 High St., Springfield, O.

suggestion he'd made her several times before—incorporation. The idea had always repelled her. The beauty business was hers, to the last chair, jar, secret, and cent of profit, to do as she pleased with; a corporation—that "artificial person of the law's creation"—seemed to take it away from her; and while admitting the advantages in lessening her personal risks, she feared the lessening of her power, the complications likely to arise—above all, reports to the State Comptroller on the finances.

But without a corporation back of her she discovered she couldn't swing either the Facial Syndicate or the twenty-story building. Her operations had passed the private-owner stage.

SHE came over one Sunday afternoon, ostensibly to bring the little boy "to see gamma," but really to have a quiet chat with me and pour her scheme out, uninterrupted.

My heart flew up in the air. At last my time had come—my good and faithful service was about to be rewarded—I was to be an officer, director, partner in the business I'd helped create and that had devoured fifteen years of my life—my whole youth. But the joy uppermost at the moment was not that at last I'd have a reward, but that at last I'd have a say in the management; and with that say there'd be no more Winkie Wakefields—the day of her breed as representatives of our business would be over.



His Compliment

"Watch out, ma'am; that dawg's got a terrible sweet tooth"

For years our demonstrator staff had been a sore spot with me. Some of the women were respectable, of course; the majority were not; and I believed in giving the honest women the chance to earn our twelve-to-eighteen-dollar salaries, and that the business ought not to stand for the other sort. I'd protested more than once against the scandaleers, only to be told by my aunt: "That's what makes them successful. I ain't running a Sunday school, and the morals of my help ain't any more to me than the morals of back-fence cats 'so long's they get results. If you don't like the demonstrators, you ain't obliged to talk to them—I'm sure I never asked you to."

WINKIE WAKEFIELD with her thousand-dollar fee had been the bitterest pill of my life, but I'd realized the emergency she was called in for and swallowed my feelings. But now—good-by, Winkie! I scarcely heard my aunt as she rattled on:

"Of course, Lucy, I'll give you the one share of stock the law says every director's gotta own—I'm not asking you to put money into the corp'ration any more'n I'm asking Oscar to—I give him his share. I keep the rest against what I put in—the whole business, furnishings, stock and goods on hand, good will and name. Soon's the papers are signed we gotta push Zulu to the million mark, so I want you to look up the mechanical mixers this week. I gotta push the mail-order business on it hard. I been waiting to get outa that what's in it because I want things fixed so I'm protected. What I take out now in profits can be attached—what I take out as 'corp'ration dividends' can't be. Great scheme—I wonder I didn't get it through my head sooner! Some points I don't like about it, but keeping it all in the family with you and Oscar, I guess it'll work out all right.

"This mail-order business is the biggest thing I struck yet—millions in it if it's handled the way I see it's gotta be done to make it pay big. It needs support—demonstration support. Why, the biggest returns I had yet come from this town where Winkie Wakefield demonstrated. That proves it. Next biggest comes from Chicago, where I got several more like her, only not quite so much so—yet, though one of them, I guess, will have her name in the biggest divorce scandal of years before the season's over; at least, she guaranteed it when she struck me for a raise to fifty a week last fall—that'll boost the goods right along out there. So I'm going to increase the demonstrator staff to a hundred and twenty-five to support the ads.

"BUT I see another thing—you gotta support your demonstrator staff if you want the best results—star demonstrators. Why, I never got such results even from the poor ones as I did right here in this town the week or two after Winkie Wakefield moved Apple Acid Soap. The White Sisters got it into their heads she was on for a run, and every time they saw a Del Mar demonstration advertised for a store they shooed in to look at her—asked every girl I had on: 'You Winkie Wakefield?' If I'd thought to put all the demonstrators in the apple-blossom costume she wore that week and told them to say yes, they'd have cleaned up thousands!

"It was a tip to me, anyway—I see how to work it now—let her demonstrate two days on a one-week stand and push her on to the next while a girl dressed like her finishes out. Papers get hold of it and make a rattling mystery out of it ('Which is the real Winkie Wakefield?') and keep the women trotting all over to see the different ones and find out.

"She's keen on the idear—it's a lot of publicity for her when she goes on the stage again—so I'm going to hire her as star demonstrator at five hundred a week—let her keep what she makes selling bitten apples, only she understands she's gotta furnish the apples herself—and she starts in soon's I get this incorporation settled."

AT the mention of Winkie Wakefield I had turned cold and then sick to the very marrow of my bones. That girl to receive five hundred a week while I, who'd given my youth and made the business, was receiving only fifty a week! Impossible that such a thing could be! Still, wasn't I a director? It was time for me to assert my authority. I spoke as quietly as my disgusted, beating heart would allow: "I couldn't countenance the employment of Winkie Wakefield as our regular representative."

"What?" My aunt almost jumped out of her chair. "You—what?"

"I can't countenance any more of the Winkie Wakefield brand. If I'm to be an officer and a director in this new company, I want the company to stand for some—moral principles."

My aunt snorted. "Director! Dummy director, you mean. What responsibility do you take—what risk do you assume more'n you ever did? You're only an employee of the company, same as you are of the business to-day—*I* am the company, same as I am the business, and you got no more to do with my idears than you ever had. How much voting power you think one share of stock gives you against mine? One millionth of the total shareholders' voting power; that's all."

"I'm not talking about voting power—I'm talking about moral responsibility—my responsibility as an officer and a director in a company that uses my name, and I don't think the company, any more than the business—and I never did think—ought to stand for that kind of women demonstrators. Money isn't everything—reputation's something."

SHE looked me over from head to foot and slowly brought out: "I guess Oscar was about right when he called you 'immorally good' that time you slammed the door in his face."

For the moment I was stunned, as much at my aunt's seeming blame for my protecting her interests by keeping her husband out, as by his slur. Then hot indignation swelled my bosom. I

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¶ **There is only one Road Smoother**—Don't Confuse with ordinary shock absorbers or auxiliary springs. Look for the name—K-W Road Smoother.

¶ *Write for booklet, "Taking out the Bumps."*

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saw myself everlastingly stirring grease to gold for that sneering, supercilious loafer to squander on pearl stick pins and imported automobiles and all the rest of it, and Winkie Wakefield disseminating it on the strength of her immoral character at five hundred a week.

Suddenly a revulsion shook me from head to foot, then solidified inside me like a rock. No business or company that I was director of—even in name—should use a woman's immorality as part of its machinery. I said, cold but trembling: "Either the demonstrator staff must be cleaned up and Winkie Wakefield dropped off, or I stay out."

I THINK I took my aunt by surprise, though she knew the moment I'd spoken that nothing under the heavens could move me. She looked at me a full half minute, hurt and piqued—mostly piqued—before she said coldly: "Very well—then you'll have to stay out; I'm not going down on my knees to beg anybody to come in who feels that way. I'll take Beekmann in in your place—she'll be only too thankful of the chance; she's already offered me ten thousand for a twentieth interest; she's been saving her money up to buy into the business ever since she come to me, and she knows which side her bread's buttered on a lot too well to try her hand dictating to the president of the comp'ny."

She had risen as she spoke—I suppose to show me how little on her knees she was to me—and finished with a smile that set me worlds below her in wisdom. "Tell mama I gotta go, and call Oscar to get his coat on and come—not keep me waiting the way he did last time," said she in a tone that closed the whole matter, but added, while his grandmother buttoned him up, this parting shot: "I'm sorry you take the stand you do—it's cutting off your nose to spite your face; but I know there's no use arguing with you and trying to make you see that the beauty business is nothing but the public's own taste and moral principles sold back to it for cash. You'd stick to your ideals no matter what you lost by it—Henrietta always did say you were the stubbornest person she ever saw."

SO Miss Beekmann went in after all—put in by me—and to-day she could retire in comparative affluence on the proceeds of her share. Not until the beauty business had become a closed book of my life did I learn with what cunning she had dropped poison in the only crack through which my aunt's mind could be reached against me: I was "stubborn"—I was "an unpractical idealist that couldn't take the world as it is"; give me the least authority, and I'd oppose everything that didn't happen to fall in with my ideals—and, once a director, I might make common cause with my uncle against Winkie Wakefield. Which dear Henrietta never, never would—madame's mere smile was law unto her, and there was the ten thousand to prove it.

Oscar had been none too pleased with Winkie's engagement, her bitten apples, and her press notoriety. In his capacity as social leader to his family he saw how she reflected on his wife. "Shocking poor taste for a lady to be known to know a—er—person of that stamp, you know," he'd confided to Julia Cryder. "People will get the idea that she is—er—received at my home. I shall tremble now when I look at the society notes, in fear that some one has added her name to our list of guests."

Miss Cryder agreed with him—it was "bad tone among the best people, with whom any association passed more or less as approval." She was very jealous for the precise right "tone" the Oscar Willings gave forth in the social orchestra of the day.

NATURALLY, then, my aunt felt she had cause to fear me; she didn't dare risk it with Oscar "acting so" at home. Unconsciously I'd driven my own nails in my own coffin; I had proved Miss Beekmann's predictions right.

"One of my family opposing me was more'n apleuty," admitted my aunt when her mother, furious at the injustice done me, sent for her and forced an explanation after Miss Beekmann had bought in and become a member of the company. "Lucy started laying down the law to me before ever she got in, and whadda y' s'pose I could expect after she got in? Well, there's no use stirring up family feeling discussing it now—Henrietta's legally in and I can't put her out for Lucy if I wanta, and I certainly can't





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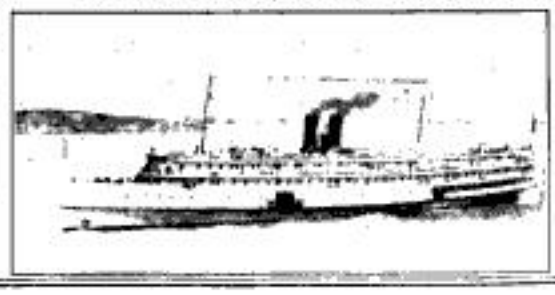
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"Tenement Tommy" Asks for A Square Deal

HE lives in New York's stuffy tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

No trees, no grass, not even a whiff of fresh air,—in the only world Tommy knows. Ash cans are his background, and the rattle and roar of traffic his environment.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh, —a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom, —an outing in the country or at the seashore.

But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

And that is why Tommy appeals for a square deal. Nor does he wish you to forget his mother, or his "pals" and their mothers,—all in the same plight.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

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A lawn sociable by your class, Sunday School or Club.

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A subscription among your friends.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

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R. FULTON CUTTING, President

put my own husband out for her, and that's all the places there is—three directors. And, besides, I don't see how Lucy's got any grouch anyway—it was her own choice to refuse the responsibility and stay out and be what she always was ever since we began—an employee at the same salary. Henrietta gets no more pay for being a director, if you mean that—when I let her in on the ground floor I fixed it so she didn't dare to ask an increase—the name satisfies her, like it always did, and she's got no Sunday-school idears of her own to set up against mine about what's right and wrong in business. Sell your goods—pay your bills—leave other folks' private morals alone—nothing else counts for a row of pins in business."

"Well, you could pay her a hundred a week—she produces ten times that for you and gets next to nothing out of it for all her faithful service."

MY aunt sighed: "I can't see even that, mama. I'm sorry—Lucy's a good girl and I'd like to favor her, but we're introducing a mechanical mixer for the cream—she'll have three-quarters of her work cut off, and by rights her pay'd oughta be cut to go with it. But she's my own niece, so I keep her on at what she's been getting when I could hire a girl now for fifteen to eighteen a week to do all she'll hafta do when the mixer's in operation."

"And you think yourself very generous, Maggie," observed my grandmother, for my aunt turned red and retorted: "And I am—even if you don't choose to see it so. Flesh and blood ain't all you gotta consider when you build up a huge business like mine," and hurriedly terminated the interview.

It was their last. By the crowning irony of all our lives, my aunt reached the point of success—the Del Mar Facial Syndicate—that was to make her a multi-millionaire almost in the same week in which I went through my greatest anxiety and grief—her mother's death—and the loss that hardly affected the daughter left me desolate and alone, with even the work of my hands taken from me by a machine after my youth had gone to the mixing of fortunes for another woman's husband to squander.

And what availed it all to me in the end, "this million-dollar heartless success"?

FOR a little space I drew a feminine conscience comfort out of self-blame: if I'd never been a party to the swindle in the first place I'd not be where I was now—justly punished for my sins—a shallow comfort, for I knew that no matter what we'd undertaken in the first instance—canned goods, infants' underwear, Bibles—the ultimate result, though varying in detail, would have been the same in essence; my aunt was a devourer, and the world is full of Lucys, Henrietta Beckmans, and Julia Cryders, waiting to be devoured, their labor and moral worth transmuted into barrels of gold, and always with an Oscar Willing at the bunghole with his little straw.

Why keep on then? I had my grandmother's house in Columbus and a little money of my own, saved the last few years because I had nothing to spend it on; I could live back there in the village with my parents and share my simple loaf with those who loved me. Well, I, too, could give an ultimatum—a quarter interest in the business—that partnership I'd been promised when I started, and had a moral right to now, that I'd done my full share, or I'd leave.

I WROTE my resignation, went to my aunt's office, and put my case.

She did not even take me seriously.

"Why, what would you do with all that money if you had it?" she demanded in a casually remonstrating tone of voice, glancing over a roll of big blue prints in her hand. "Fifty dollars a week is a great plenty for a girl. Don't get silly all at once over rights—I can't imagine what put the idear into your head unless you've been listening to some of this talk on socialism—and now after fifteen years' bigger pay than anyone else ever got in the whole place go cutting off your nose to spite your face. . . . The architect's just sent up the special plans for my private suite in the new building—" she thrust a sheet in front of me to close the conversation. "Looka that and temme whatcha think."

I laid my resignation on her desk. "I think it's a miracle of hog."

THE END

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New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

Bothering Nobody

(Continued from page 14)

bring her along rejoicing. He ain't doing the hard part of this stunt."

"'Swhat I tol' him. Believe me, I risked my job and my immortal soul to lift this stuff."

GRESH went behind the counter and unloaded his pockets. First appeared rolls and butter, then a compact bundle of French fried potatoes, then the promised pair of squabs from one rubber-lined jacket pocket, and plates from the other. Next, Gresh gingerly hauled forth another bundle in a bit of napkin which was soaked and dripping. "What's that?" asked Maloney, jealously checking up.

"This is sparrowgrass, Maloney, and I hope I may die if I ever try to 'propriate my more of it to myself for anybody whatsoever. That durn butter sauce is the leakiest stuff for leaking that I ever seen. I bet I've left a two-foot trail of it from Maxmum's clear here. It's been running down my laigs and near tickling me to death."

"Well, you oughtn't to be kicking if you're tickled. Guess I don't look like a real cook, hey? I reckon this white coat ain't a bit good. All I need is the finishing touch, and here it is." So saying, Maloney set the cook's cap he had made out of folded napkins on his red head, and, setting his arms akimbo, posed for Gresh's admiration. After getting it he remarked inhospitably: "The fewer extra waiters there are hanging around here when Fitch and Miss Duveen come in the better."

"I'll slide out the back way when I see them coming."

"There's no back way out: the back door leads into a blind yard and a fence and a person's got to climb it and sneak through yards for a block before there's a chance to get out onto the street. You might go and meet the boys and tell them that, Gresh. I don't look for trouble, but I always expect the unexpected to happen and this would be a fine time for it to turn out that way. The boys oughta be posted. Say, did anybody put Frawley onto the game? I didn't see him myself."

"You bet they did," answered a voice from the door, and Frawley came in, closely followed by Butterfield.

"We've got a steak and a flask of black coffee and a wedge of Limburger cheese and service for all of it. Would have brought lots more, but the steward and the chef got wind that something was going on, and they had their eyes peeled. Butterpats nearly got nabbed as it was."

GRESH walked to the door and after a moment announced: "Here they come! I'd know Jim Fitch's clodhopping lope anywhere."

"Who is going to be the waiter?" asked Frawley—"me?"

"Nope, your station is too near the cabaret; Miss Duveen must have noticed you lots of times and she might remember your mug. Better slide out of here and take Gresh with you. Butterfield can be the waiter."

The rejected ones left. Butterfield removed his street coat and tied on the apron he had brought along. Maloney retired behind the counter, and when Fitch and the pale object of all these plans entered, he was so busy making a workmanlike clatter with his one cooking utensil that he could not spare the time to look up.

Butterfield received the guests with the proper ceremony and pulled out their chairs with all the alacrity in the world.

Miss Duveen drew off her gloves and looked around her. "The Cubby Lunch; it is well named, Mr. Fitch. It is a dear little cubby-hole, isn't it? But it's nice. I like a small, quiet place ever so much better than a large, noisy one. I get so tired of Maxmum's because it is so big and so blatant."

"Me too, Miss Duveen," agreed Jimmie Fitch. "It's a funny thing about this place, the fellow that owns it is a friend of mine and his name is Cubby. He's having the help work late just on my account. Now, you go ahead and order what you want."

AT this, Butterfield, who was out of the range of Miss Duveen's eyes, began to paw the air.

"Oh, thank you, but I'd much rather that you do the ordering, Mr. Fitch. I am sure you can do it much better than I can."

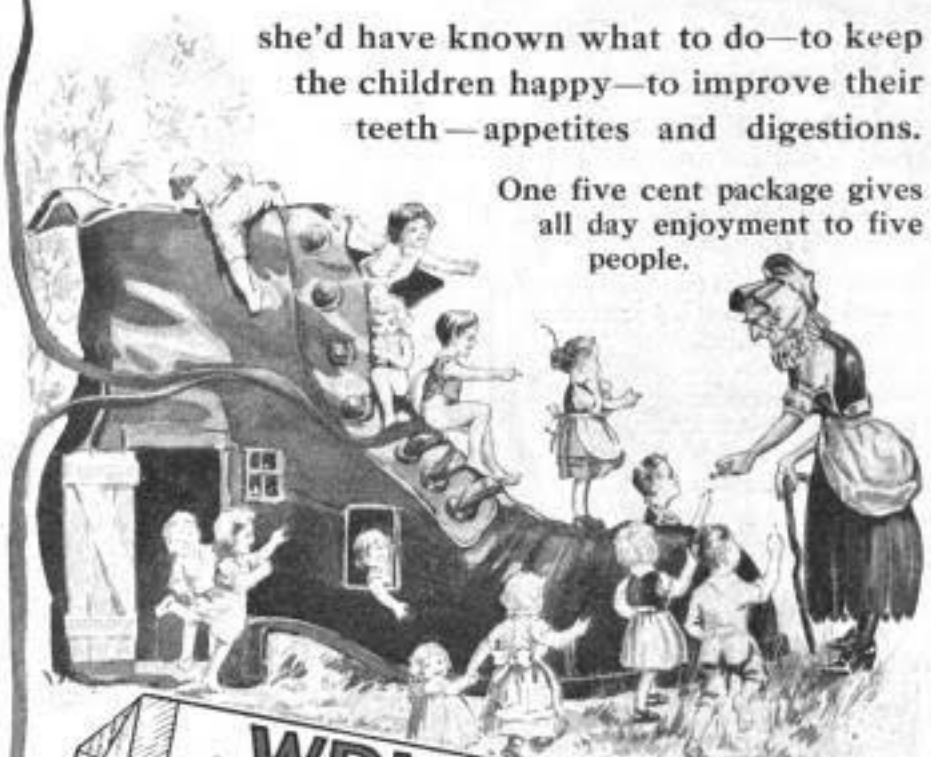
"I thought you'd say that so I telephoned ahead and ordered a good, substantial supper. It ought to be about ready now. Waiter!"

"Yes, sir!" said Butterfield with the real respect commanded by his art.

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Illustration at left is sectional view of valve showing position of plunger and air passage when valve is open.

Illustration at right is sectional view of valve with cap on showing position of plunger when valve is closed.

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, Chicago, Ill.

"Bring the supper that I ordered and be sure that turtle soup is hot—good and hot."

"Yes, sir."

THE oysters, thanks to the tap and to the cook's ice, were just at the right temperature, the soup also, the celery, and the olives perfection. Maloney had kept the vegetables hot in the oven and as he was a born cook as well as a born waiter, the food went onto the table tasting as if it had never been filched from Maxmum's kitchens, bundled into various rubber-lined pockets, carried some five blocks and reheated before being served.

Butterfield was all attention, Maloney exerted himself to cook the steak to the very point of perfection and succeeded, and, best of all, Miss Duveen with no false modesty ate with the most hearty enjoyment and thoroughness.

"Where's Manners?" whispered Maloney to Butterfield. "If he don't hurry up we are going to be stuck. Those two have wiped out more than half of the meal and no dessert in sight yet."

There was a step in the entry and the door opened. But it was not Manners with the dessert. It was a choleric-looking individual in evening dress, who came in and stared about in the most astounded and astounding way.

"I am the owner of this building and I'd like—" he began, walking up to the counter.

Maloney stared at him with an expression of the most wooden and stupid indifference. "Me no spik da Englesse," he interrupted.

Butterfield bustled forward and obsequiously and addlepatedly relieved the newcomer of his hat and stick, gently pushing him into a chair at the third table. "Yes, sir, just a moment, sir, right away!" He hurried off with the hat and stick, depositing them in the window.

"I say!" expostulated the irritated newcomer. "I don't care for anything to eat! Come here a moment!"

"Something to drink, sir, yes, sir, something to drink," mumbled Butterfield, fussing away at the counter. "Yes, sir, in one moment, something to drink! Coming, sir."

THE man seemed about to fly into a rage, but the sight of Miss Duveen's startled and half-frightened face deterred him. He seemed to choke back some strong remarks and contented himself with saying: "I want to see whoever is in charge here right away!"

"Yes, sir, I'll take your order in a moment, sir. Just a little patience, sir, and you'll have something to drink," soothed Butterfield.

Maloney in the meanwhile was washing and stacking the dishes turned over to him in a convenient and compact bundle. The last of the substantial part of the meal had disappeared and Fitch was beginning to thank the gods that the dessert had not arrived and that he might make his escape that much sooner, when Manners opened the door.

Maloney leaned over the counter and pulled at his coat.

The man at the third table sprang up and strode forward: "Are you the—"

"No, sir, he's not, and he's got his nerve imposin' on a pore feller that can't speak English," interposed Butterfield.

He managed to crowd the irate owner back into his chair, and Manners slid behind the counter, where Maloney snatched the ice cream and macaroons out of his hands and himself served them, while Butterfield strove to quiet the man at the third table by repeated assurances that the boss would be in any moment.

FITCH lost no time in getting to work on his dessert, an example which Miss Duveen, uneasy at the behavior of the man just behind them, took care to follow.

"Some guy that's had a little too much," said Fitch. "He's just aching to make a rough-house, but I guess the boys can keep him quiet until we are out. He's got a wicked eye, but don't be frightened, and don't hurry; I'll take care of you."

But Miss Duveen did hurry. She was too nervous to finish her ice cream and declined the cheese absolutely. But she drained her coffee cup. "If we are going to have trouble," said she, "the coffee will give us strength. My, isn't it delicious? Maxmum's could learn something from your friend's coffee maker."

"You bet they could," agreed Fitch. "Nobody never got no real good coffee in Maxmum's."

He noticed that Butterfield was wig-wagging his napkin behind him in a manner which plainly said: "Go! And quickly!"

Just then there came a veritable shout of wrath from behind him. "Now see here! I won't endure any more of this nonsense. I want to know who—"

"Oh, let's go!" said Miss Duveen in a panic. "That horrid man is going to be disagreeable."

FITCH rose instantly. "I'm ready, and we don't even have to wait for a check because Cubby will send it to me." He caught her arm protectingly and they walked out and, to Fitch's unutterable relief, were safely away after all.

Maloney, having very nearly returned the cook's pan, her sugar bowl and shakers, and the empty cream bottle by dropping them over the fence into the yard, now took off his white coat, flung it under the counter and added his cap to the pile of dishes.

Butterfield removed his apron, rolled it up and stowed it in his pocket. He dropped his respectful and apologetic tone and with them the elaborate tissue of imaginary facts with which he had been trying to quiet the owner.

"Come on, now! Get a move on! We are going to close up!" said he, and thrust out his lower jaw belligerently.

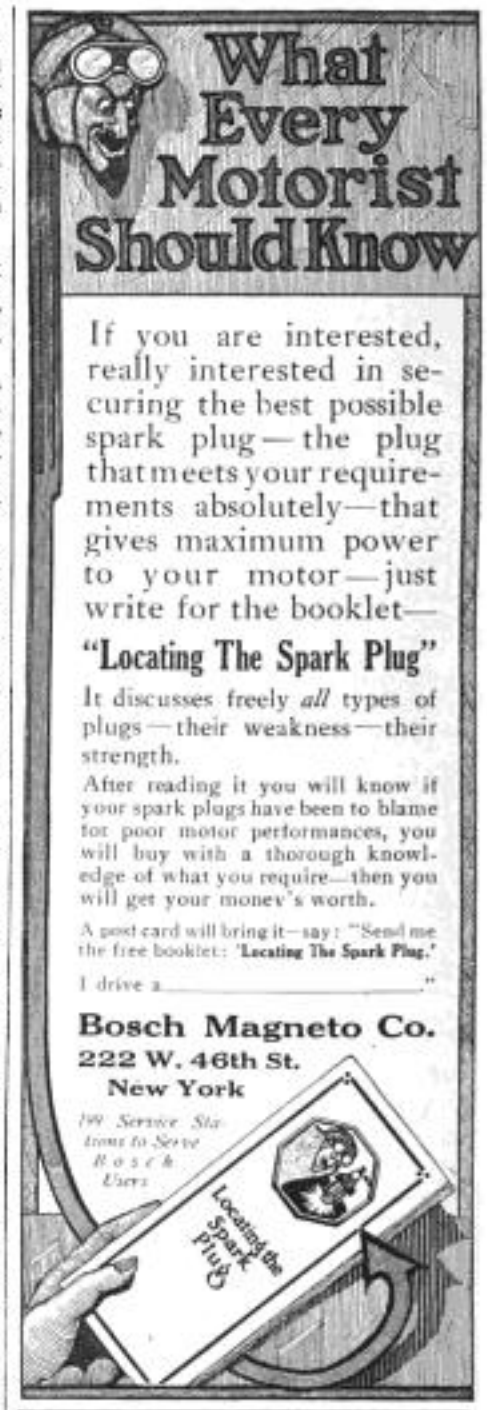
The man did what Butterfield was earnestly desiring him to do. He jumped out of his chair and let fly a blow aimed at that jaw. Butterfield saved his jaw and then punched his assailant and that worthy punched him. Then there was a lively little fight on in the narrow aisle between the row of stools and the row of tables.

"Good work!" approved Maloney. "Give it to him for intruding, and for being the landlord, and for being alive; give it to him good and plenty."

HE jumped over the counter, snatched the cloths and napkins off the tables and, putting them all together for the sake of the greater strength, wrapped the pile of dishes in them. Then he darted out and deposited the bundle in a



Then there was a lively little fight on in the narrow aisle between the row of stools and the row of tables



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public waste-paper can at the nearest corner, and darted back again.

The fight was still on, the unlucky landlord getting rather the worst of it so far as damage to the attire was concerned, but in other respects the honors seemed about even.

"The door is wide open!" said Maloney, and swung himself over the counter again.

Butterfield made a dash for the door. The landlord dashed after him, picking up his hat as he ran, and as he passed, Maloney leaned over and dropped the piece of Limburger cheese which Miss Duveen had declined into his gaping coat pocket.

The waiter disappeared up the street, the disheveled owner of the Cubby Lunch just two short laps behind.

MALONEY put on his hat, jarred the dust off the ancient "To Let" card onto the table where Fitch and Miss Duveen had so lately feasted, and hung the card in the door again. Then he switched off the lights, snapped the lock on, and closed the door from the outside.

As it was after two o'clock in the morning there was not a soul in sight.

At the corner he rescued his bundle of dishes and silver out of the waste-paper can. "Seein's every piece of this stuff is monogrammed bigger'n a house with Maxmum's 'nitials, I got to tote it along with me and go to all the trouble of smuggling it back to the beanery little by little."

At the room which he shared with Frawley and where the Sinful Six were wont to gather to discuss their merry crimes he found Fitch, Manners, and Frawley. Fitch explained that Miss Duveen lived close by and had not lingered long at the door for conversation. They were speculating as to the whereabouts of the absent Gresh when Butterfield came in, still a little out of breath, but with a pleased expression on his large, yellow face.

"How'd you manage, Butterine?"

"Had luck, so I didn't need to manage. I just sprinted away from Cubby's until I got to Mulligan's Alley and dodged into it. It's as dark as Africa in there and my man lost me. Guess he was afraid to follow very far. I dusted through to the other end, stood still until I got my breath, and then strolled along here like a gentleman. Where's Gresh?"

At the end of half an hour Gresh kicked open the door and came in, laughing.

"Where've you been?"

"Me? Oh, I have been watching the whole show. When you and Butterscotch fired me out I just stuck around in a dark doorway opposite. I saw the fight. Say, Buttercup, you have a lallaboolulu of a left hook!"

"When you skipped out, with him pelting after you, I trailed along and I was right on hand when he came back out of Mulligan's Alley and run into the cop on the beat.

HE told the cop the whole yarn, who he is, how he owns the place, and has fired out the tenant and locked up this morning himself. How he happens to go by on the way home from the opera and finds it wide open, running full blast with a lady and gennelman (yep, that's what he called you, Fitch) dining in great style, and how you try rough stuff on him, but that he gives it to you so hard you beat it. I wonder if the poor simp will ever wake up to it that it was a trick to give Maloney a chance to shut up. He sure wasn't on to it the last I seen of him.

"He and the cop start back to Cubby's with me gumshoeing behind. Every once in a while the landlord would say: 'Most peculiar smell in the air! What is it? Have you been eating garlic, officer?' until he had the cop mad. But there was a fierce smell about; I got a whiff or so of it myself.

"Well, when they got back to the place it was dark and the sign hung in the door. The guy could hardly believe his eyes and he took on so that the bull got suspicious.

"Finally, though, he found his key and unlocked the door and they went in and switched on the light. You must have closed up fine, Maloney, because they couldn't find a dish nor a scrap of linen nor a pot or pan or a bite of grub.

"The bull looked at him hard; for he was a sight in them torn clothes and as mad as hops, and asked him if he hadn't been drinking a little something extra. Says he: 'Ye tell me there's a swell male been cuked and ate here jist now? Will you tell me phwat it was cuked in and ate off'n? The place is as empty as this table.'

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U. S. And Foreign Patents And Trade-Marks. Free book and opinion as to patentability. Joshua R. H. Potts, Patent Lawyer, 8 Dearborn St., Chicago. 920 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 805 G St., Washington.

Protective Patents Procured Promptly. Trade-marks Registered U. S. Patent Office. Inventors Blue Book sent on Request. Robb & Robb, 265-268 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted An Idea! Who Can Think Of Some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. Write for Bulletin of Patent Buyers and Needed Inventions. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 151, Washington, D. C.

Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $500,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 75 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

Why Experiment? Big Firms Demand Results. That's the reason they patronize us. Our service covers the country. No advance fees. Established 1906; Members Chicago Ass'n of Commerce; Wiley & Mack, General Counsel; Highest commercial and bank references. Write us today. Conic W. Mack & Co., 1615 Bldg., Chicago.

Motion Picture Plays

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Learn To Write Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Use spare time. Correspondence course unnecessary. Complete professional instruction $1.00. Details free. Vernon Hall, Box 1247, Chicago.

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Dull Razor Blades

If You Think No Man In This World Can put a good edge on a dull blade, keep on buying new ones. But we'll prove that we can, and at our risk, if you'll send your address. Parker-Warren Co., 1431-B Broadway, N. Y.

Photo Finishing

All Kodak Films Developed Free—When Ordering. Prints up to 3¼x4¼—6 for 10c. Larger sizes 15c. Mail orders filled promptly. Samples Free. Johnson Studio, Brownsville, Tenn.

Real Estate

Central British Columbia Is Being Opened To settlement for the first time by the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway now completed through to the Pacific Coast. Stuart River, British Columbia, is the last important town to be established on the Main Line Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Lots in the new town of Stuart River are available for business purposes, to homeseekers and investors at Very Low Prices, on Terms as easy as $2 a month. No Interest. For detailed information address Transcontinental Townsite Co., Ltd., 655 Sterling Bank Bldg., Winnipeg, Canada. Authorized Agents, Stuart River and Grand Trunk Pacific Towns Throughout Western Canada.

Profitable Little Farms At Richland Heights In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, selected location, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250.00 and up, easy terms—good fruit, vegetable, poultry and live stock country. Large list of other farms. Send for literature now. F. H. La Baume, Agt'l Agt., N. & W. Ry., 215 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Money Making Farms, 21 States, $10 To $50 an acre; live stock, tools and crops often included, to settle quickly. Big Special Bargain List, free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

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New York Is Expanding More Rapidly Than Any city in the world. Improved lots in beautiful residential park at Hempstead, Long Island, six miles from New York, $240 up; small amount down; easy monthly payments; all city conveniences; every lot guaranteed high and dry; many fine residences now on property; five cent trolley to ocean; title guaranteed; gilt-edged investment; send for photographic map and illustrated booklet. W. Kaye, 277 Broadway, New York City.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. ⅓ to ½ mfrs. prices. $25 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1893), 31-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

This Month—100 No. 3 Oliver Visible Type-writers at a sensational price. Terms $3 a month—5 days' Free Trial—completely equipped. Guaranteed same as if regular catalog price were paid. United States Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 240, Federal Life Bldg., Chicago.

Just Habit To Insist Upon Paying $100.00 For A typewriter. Don't waste your money. We have them from $5.00 up. Profit by our years of experience. Listen! Write Standard Typewriter Exchange, 320 Park Row, N.Y. City.

Stamps, Coins, Post Cards

$15 For Dollar 1858. We Pay To $1,000.00 For rare coins to 1909. Many very valuable in circulation. Get Posted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. The Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

From Producer to Consumer

Ow! Wow! That's The Stuff! Bayle's Horse-radish Mustard. The finest condiment in the world; buy a jar at your grocer's or direct from Geo. A. Bayle, St. Louis, Mo.

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HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

Agents Wanted

Agents: A New Line With Big Money Making possibilities selling the nationally known Evinrude Row-boat or Canoe Motor at resorts or wherever boating exists. Attaches in one minute. Easy to start. Simple in operation. Economical. Officially adopted by twelve Governments including the United States. Magneto equipped. Drives a Rowboat eight miles per hour, Canoe twelve miles per hour. Weighs 50 lbs. Can be carried like a satchel. Write for particulars today. Get started early. Evinrude Motor Company, 159 F St., Milwaukee, Wis. Agents protected on territory and price. Full co-operation. Profit by our national advertising.

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Make Big Money Every Week Selling Bennett $18.00 Portable Typewriter. Does work of $100.00 Machines. Standard Keyboard—visible writing. Over 50,000 in use. Unlimited field. Easy, quick seller. Big profit. Write today. Dept. 20, Geo. N. Bennett Co., 409 Cedar Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Agents. We Want Men And Women To Rep-resent us and start sub agents. "Every house a sale." Big Profits Everywhere. Territory being taken fast. Write us quick. Enclose stamp for particulars. Sun Mfg. Co., 342 Dean Bldg., South Bend, Indiana.

The Fuller Dustless Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 34 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 30,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 598, Chicago.

Agents: Portraits 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pic-tures 3c, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. Pillow tops 25c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 180R, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposi-tion in U. S. If you are making less than $200 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Wide-Awake Agents Or Crew Managers Can secure special concession and reap the benefit from the best money making agency proposition on the market by writing now for full particulars. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele-phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Plymdale Co., 570 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Har-vest to new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N.J.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed hosiery (6 pairs guarantee). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 45 Union, Newark, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

Agents—Automatic Rain Water Separator—Only device that automatically discharges dirty water into waste, then diverts clean water into cistern. Wonderful invention—no competition—easily attached—sells on sight. $1.00 up—anywhere there are cisterns, to architects, builders, and home owners. Salesmen make big profits daily. Send for particulars and territory Today. The Automatic Rain Water Separator Co., 20 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.

Agents, Would You Take A Steady Job With regular weekly income to start and chance to work up to big yearly profits? No experience required. Great crew managers' proposition. We manufacture. Middlemen profits saved. Get posted on our 1914 exclusive territory—business building selling plans. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Pres., R 86, Davis Bldg., Chicago.

Local Managers Wanted In Each City And Town to co-operate with us in a campaign to establish a paying business all over the country. Do not write unless you are able to finance orders and can furnish the best of references. We have a money saving device which has a large field for intelligent men. Once sold a steady income earner. Tevlo Corporation, 25 Broad St., Office 737, N. Y. City.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents—Big Income. New Invention. Scrubs, takes up water. No wringing, no cloths. Big sale, big profit. Exclusive territory. Patent Vacuum Cleaners, Washers, Fiber Brooms, Polish Mops, etc. Write today. Special terms. Pirrung Mfg. Co., Dept. 365, Chicago.

Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel-ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novitas Sales Co., 180 High St., Waltham, Mass.

Agents—"Large Profit" Free Sample Our Gold & Silver Sign Letters for Store fronts & Office windows. Easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. 432 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

Sells Like Hot Cakes; Big Profits; Nothing Like It; ironing wax, pad and rest, performs clothes clamps to ironing board, refills with new wax; sample 50. Marshall Mfg., 14 Front St., New York.

You Vacuum Sweeper Agents Owe It To Your-selves to get our "direct from the factory" prices and details of the newest and best machine on the market. W. C. P. & Co., 500 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

Honest Man Wanted In Each Town To Dis-tribute free advertising premiums; $15 a week to start; experience unnecessary; references required. Address McLean, Black & Co., 148 S. Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

Can You Do What Others Are Doing? A Large manufacturer wants reliable workers established everywhere. Guaranteed hosiery sold only through agents. Liberal terms. J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that puts results. Address Merritt & Brook, 50 to 60 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

High-Grade Salesmen

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket fobies affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

New, Original And Different Plan Of Placing Postage Stamp Vending Machines with special advertising features. Salesmen cleaning up big, quick profits; $5.00 on each transaction. Good contract, exclusive territory; no money required. District Managers Wanted. Chapman Service Co., Dept. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing $10 a year pays $5000 for accidental death—$25 a week sickness or injury. $5 a year buys policy paying $2500 accidental death—$15 a week injury or sickness. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted Residing In Or Making Small towns. Take orders on our special plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales, $4.00 commission on each order. Write for pocket outfit today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted

Agents—Sell 5 Silk Wash Ties For $1.00. Catchy Gold Filled Tie Clasp and Stick Pin Free. Wins sales. Big Profits. Write for samples and terms. Comer Mfg. Co., 4 Tenth St., Dayton, Ohio.

Household Necessity Recently Invented Sells readily at 75c. Costs distributors 25c. Nothing like it on the market. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get your territory now. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 2003 Warren St., New York.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction, Sell at sight. Large Profits. Complete Outfit Free. The Furman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer; cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $5.50. Price to agents 50c in quantities. Wendell Washer Co., 207 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Agents: — Electric Sign — Flashes Changeable wording in radiant sparkling beams of blazing electric light. Outselling everything at $10.00. Valuable exclusive territory. Sample free. Flashtric Sign Works, Chicago.

Sign Men—Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best chempost. Be independent. Non-experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. N. Y. Sign Letter Co., 371 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Get The Habit. Others Have. Earn Extra Money in spare time or entire time, selling my window sign letters. Always in demand. No experience required. Samples and particulars free. Chas. Goodman, 117 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

the poor landlord, and then turned up his nose. "There's that smell again!" says he as fretful as a porcupine.

"The cop wiped his hand across the table and then showed it to him. 'D'ye mane to tell me anybody's been settin' at this table when it's an inch thick with dust? Just look at it, me frind.'

"Sure enough, there was a lot of thick, black dust on his hand; I could see it from the window, and I tell you, fellers, if I had not seen Fitch and Miss Duveen settin' there myself, I never would have believed it either.

"The guy certainly looked foolish at that, and then he got mad and hopped around, cussin' everybody, and when he was out of breath he began to sniff for that smell again.

"All of a sudden the cop pulls out one of them circulars describing crooks that the police have, and read it. Then he looks hard at the landlord, puts the circular back in his pocket and makes a sudden grab for the landlord's collar and gets it.

"'Hey, you! Come along wit' me,' says he, and starts to drag him off like a sack of meal.

"I wish you could have seen that feller fight! His scrap with Butter wasn't in it. The cop was twict as big as he was and he had him puffin'. When he got him to the door I steps up.

"'Gimme a hand,' says the cop. 'This gink here is crazy.'

"'With pleasure,' says I, and I jumped in and helped handcuff him. We dragged him to the alarm box and put in a call for the wagon, and while we were waiting for it the cop showed me the circular. The picture was of a guy that had escaped from the bughouse, and it did look lots like the landlord, and the description fitted him too. It said that he had a habit of going around making fool complaints to policemen and that he never wore a hat, and it was easy to know him because he was always talking about bad smells."

GRESH laughed reminiscently. "I could have told the cop that I had seen the poor stiff's hat blow off when he was chasing Butterfield, but I didn't. A waiter should always mind his own business."

"The last I seen of him he was setting in the wagon with three cops for company. One of them was pulling a big hunk of cheese out of his coat pocket and he was swearing something vile."

"What some folks have to suffer so that other folks can eat," remarked Fitch, shuffling the cards.

"The Irish Thrush had to be fed," said Maloney, "and the landlord only got what he deserved—the idea of him interfering with us. Was it any of his business that we happened to use his property? Maybe this will teach him not to go prowling around empty buildings at one o'clock in the morning and not to monkey with these here honest, peaceful waiters when they are busy pulling off a rubber-lined stunt and not bothering nobody."

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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Robert J. Collier, *President*; E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*; J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*; Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*

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As Never Before

Men Are This Year Flocking to No-Rim-Cut Tires

Users Increase 55 Per Cent

There are more tire users—perhaps by 20 per cent—than one year ago. But Goodyear tire sales show an increase of 55 per cent. The difference shows that tens of thousands are discarding other tires for Goodyears.

It has been so for years. The better men knew Goodyears the faster our sales have grown. Now—after millions of mileage tests—Goodyears outsell any other tire in the world. Our one-day output often exceeds a whole month's production in 1909. And we are gaining new users faster than ever before.

The Court of Last Resort

This verdict comes from users—the court of last resort. It comes from men who have made their comparisons—hundreds of thousands of them. It comes from men who know tire mileage, for most cars have odometers.

Never will all men agree on one tire. Good and bad fortune, abuse and accidents have too much to do with tire service.

But Goodyear has won more, and is winning men faster, than any other tire. And no other evidence compares with that in denoting superlative worth.

The Four Winning Features

These four great features—found only in No-Rim-Cut tires—are the reasons for Goodyear supremacy.

We ended rim-cutting by a method we control. That method has never been approached. It wiped out for our users the chief source of tire ruin.

We saved blow-outs—the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We did this by our "On-Air" cure—an extra process which adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

We fought loose treads—reduced this danger by 60 per cent. We did this by creating, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets.

We made an anti-skid as smooth running as a plain tread. Made it double-thick and tough—equipped with hundreds of deep, sharp, resistless grips. It is called the All-Weather tread.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

These features have saved tire users millions. No rival offers anything like them. So men have bought No-Rim-Cut tires to get them.

Yet 16 Makes Cost More

These tires for years—because of these features—cost more than other standard makes. But multiplied output and new efficiency cut down our factory cost.

Now 16 makers ask a higher price—up to one-half more. And for tires which embody none of our exclusive features.

It's a curious situation. Once you had to decide if No-Rim-Cut tires were worth our higher cost. Now the question is—Are other tires worth $5 to $15 more?

They are not. We are giving you the utmost in a tire. We give you four important things no other tire can offer. But we build up to 10,000 motor tires daily. And we sold last year at an average profit of 6½ per cent. Those are the reasons for present Goodyear prices.

If you want these prices and these tires your dealer will get them for you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada **London, England** **Mexico City, Mexico**

Dealers Everywhere **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities** **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

(1503)

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Take a KODAK with you

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for June 13, 1914

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The Price of Rawhide

By Charles E. Van Loan

The Trouble Makers of Mexico

By Jack London

Cleveland Characteristics

By Julian Street

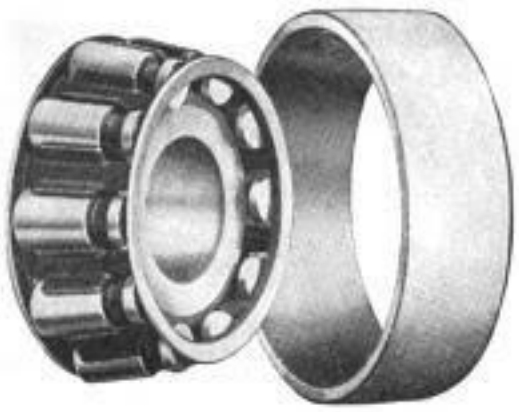
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"DAT CREAM OF WHEAT DONE SHORE MAKE HIM GROW, MISSY"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co. *Copyright 1914 by Cream of Wheat Co.*

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Where You Need Good Bearings

Where weight of car and load come pounding down through axle-spindles in the wheels.

Where side pressure focuses as you steer to right or left. Where bevel gears turn the power toward the wheels.

Where shocks and vibration are constant and severe. Where friction must be held down. Where shafts must *stay* in line and gears in perfect mesh for greatest efficiency as your car grows old.

There good bearings are essential to *continued satisfaction* in the use of your car.

Look to the Points of Severest Service

At axle ends in all four wheels, in steering-knuckle heads, each side of the differential, on the pinion-shaft, in the transmission—to get full economy of power and lowest upkeep cost—you need bearings that resist wear and tear to the uttermost.

Timken Bearings resist load and shocks and wear along the entire length of their rollers—not at mere points. They resist end-pressure that often exceeds down-pressure because their rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

Because pressure is distributed over sufficient surface the wear is almost nothing. Yet when slight wear does ultimately come it is not necessary to throw a Timken Bearing away and buy a new one.

All effects of the slight wear are entirely eliminated by a simple adjustment. Merely advancing the cone and rollers a little farther into the cup brings all into the same relations that existed when the bearing was new.

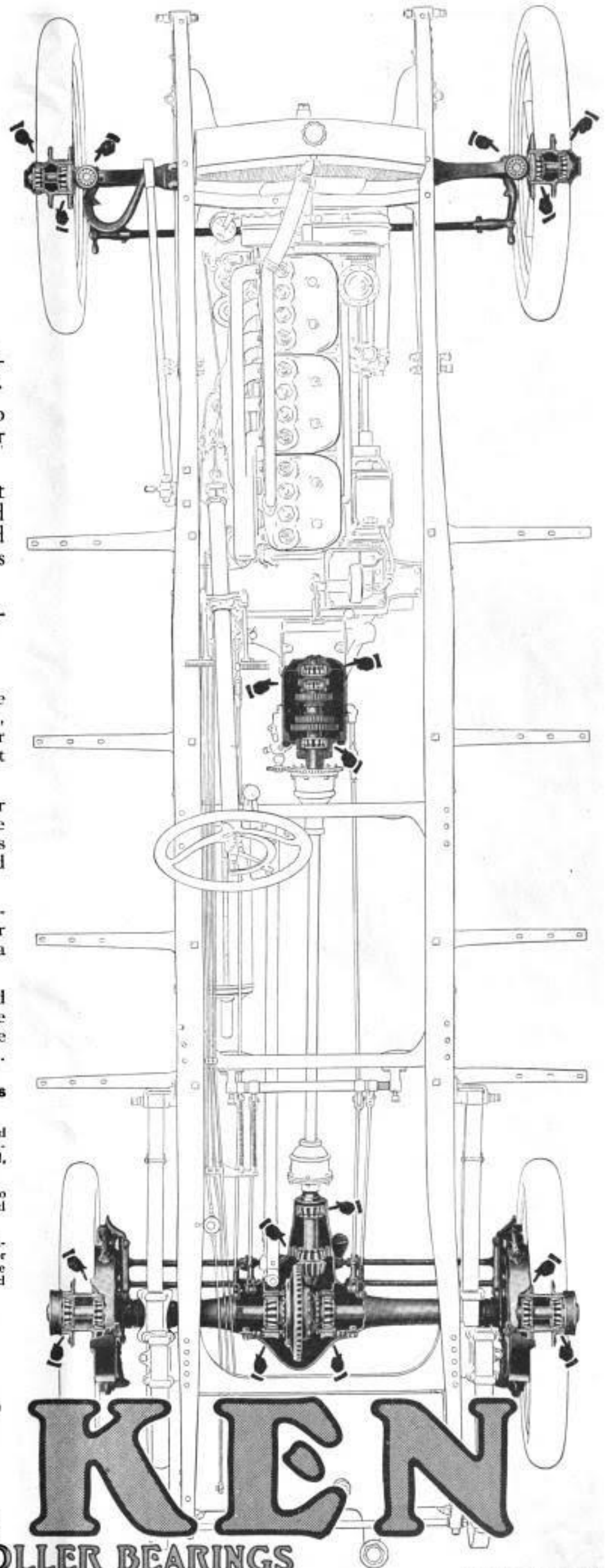
Know What Bearings You Have at These Points in Your Car

Ask the maker, his sales agent or your garage man what bearings are used in your car and where. At the severe service points—you should find Timkens—in front and rear wheels, in steering-knuckle heads, at the differential, on the pinion-shaft, in the transmission.

Then talk with men who ride on Timkens and talk with repair men who know the inside of all makes of cars. Find out what *any* man who has had experience knows about the service Timken Bearings are giving.

You'll appreciate, too, the engineering "reasons" that are given in non-technical language in the Timken Primer "On Bearings." Write at once for this Primer, another "On Axles" and the "Users' List" that tells where Timken Bearings and Axles are located in each model of Timken-equipped cars. Address Dept. B-1, either Timken Company.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan



TIMKEN

TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

June 13

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We Are Counting on *You*

FISK Advertising must reflect the "honesty of purpose" governing the manufacture and sale of Fisk Products.

What we say is to be taken at its face value. We are counting on *you* to recognize and appreciate this fact and to make the most of it.

Fifteen years of expert tire making, fifteen years of selling these tires cleanly on the basis of merit, entitle us to your CONFIDENCE, which, if once obtained, we endeavor always to hold.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

18,000 Dealers Everywhere and Fisk Branches in Principal Cities

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 13 JUNE 13 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Price of Rawhide

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

ACCORDING to the daily papers, the most expensive dog whip in the world is owned by the stoop-shouldered, hollow-eyed Indian Rajah who recently blazed his way across the continent from San Francisco to New York. The handle of the whip is studded with emeralds; its butt is formed of a single sapphire; a string of pearls serves as a thong. The cost of this barbaric ornament, say the gentlemen of the press, barely escapes five figures.

Some of these statements may be true, but one is certainly an error. The most expensive dog whip in the world now dangles against a library wall in Berkeley, Cal., suspended by a buckskin thong, which is its sole decoration. When this whip was new it cost 25 cents. When it was old and well worn, it cost far into five figures and at least one racing stable.

With due respect to the press, the Rajah's dog whip, for all its jewels, takes second place.

MR. "RAINBOW" SMITH, owner of the Gibraltar Racing Stable—colors: red, yellow, and blue with green cap—poked his sleek head out of the tackle-room window and inclined his ear against the wind. It bore muffled wailings, broken cries, pleadings, and the thin whistle and thwack of a rawhide whip.

"Ouch! Please, Misteh Burns! Don't whip me no mo'! Oh, please, suh! Oo—ow—wow!"

Mr. Smith slammed the window with a bang and abandoned himself to the sort of language which best expressed his feelings. "Slim" Carter, who trained Smith's thoroughbreds, looked up from the racing saddle which he was mending.

"Burns pullin' the Simon Legree stuff again?" he asked.

"Yes, the brute! It's the third time this week and I'm getting good and sick of it. Every time those little exercise boys work a horse too fast or too slow, Burns takes 'em into a stall and cuts 'em to pieces with a dog whip. Something ought to be done about it, Slim."

"Yeh," said the trainer, laboriously threading a needle, "but you better let George do it, boss. Burns is the head of the Big Five—the brains of the combination. Get him sore at you and you've got 'em all to fight. It's hard enough to win races around here without going out of your way to make it harder."

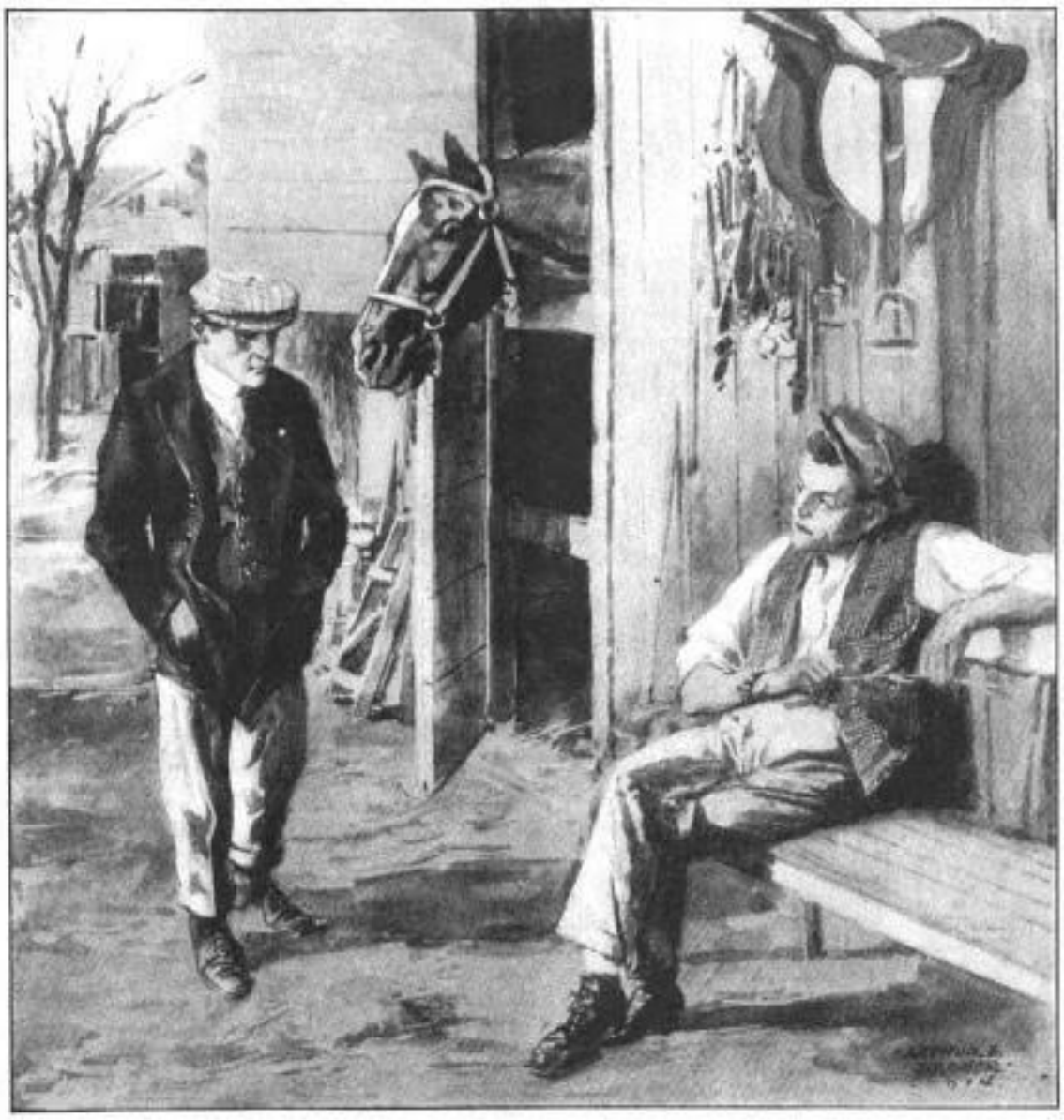
"All very true," said Smith, "but somebody ought to put in an oar. The way Burns whips those nigger kids is a holy fright!"

"That's why he never has any white boys around his stable," said Slim. "They wouldn't stand for the beatings. I've known Burns for twelve years, boss, and he's always been just the same as he is now—meaner than mustard and so crooked he could hide behind a corkscrew. Licking little darky boys is his natural gait. He never picked a fight with a grown man in his life and nobody ever picked one with him without being sorry for it afterward. Burns is a dog—the kind of a dog that will take a kick without snarling and then bite your leg off when you ain't looking. Poor old Joey Barrett—that was before your time, boss—gave Burns a call down one day in the paddock in New Orleans, and Burns never opened his mouth. He started a selling-race war and never quit riding Joey until he had him broke. That's the way Burns works—always under cover. You keep off of him. He's poison, just poison!"

"All the same, I've got a notion to tell him what I think of him," said Smith, stubbornly.

"Think all you want to, but don't say nothing," urged Slim. "You'll be sorry if you do."

An hour afterward Rainbow Smith, perched upon a bale of alfalfa hay at the end of the barn which housed his racing string, disregarded this excellent advice. He had, however, the excuse of opportunity. Burns, a short, thick-set man with a ragged mustache and a beady eye, slouched over from his own barn and opened the conversation. "I wish I had that little exercise boy of yours," said he.



"You're breeding trouble," warned Sheets. "The first mistake you make that old boy will fan you to sleep with a rawhide!"

SMITH grunted.

"One of my nigger kids took the brown colt out this morning and like to run the eyeballs out of him," continued Burns. "Tipped him off to all the clockers at the track. I s'pose I won't get any price now. If I could borrow that kid of yours—"

"If I had a yellow dog that I didn't think anything of, I wouldn't lend him to you," said Smith, coolly.

"Well, o' course, if that's the way you feel about it," said Burns, and paused, showing his teeth in what was meant to be a smile.

"That's the way I feel," said Rainbow.

"I don't know's I ever did anything to you, Smith." There was conciliation in Burns's tone.

"No, you bet you didn't!" snapped Rainbow. "You don't usually pick people your size!"

"Sa-a-y, what are you trying to do?" demanded Burns. "Do you want to start something?"

RAINBOW sneered cheerfully.

"If anything starts," said he, "you can take a ticket that I'll be right there or thereabouts when it finishes. Now that we're on the subject, I might as well tell you what I think of you, Burns. You're the sort of a cowardly brute that licks little niggers because they won't get back at you. You haven't got the nerve to lick a white boy. Why, say, if you ever took a dog whip to that little kid of mine he'd grab a pitchfork and run you off the race track!"

"Seems to me you're taking a lot on yourself, young feller," said Burns. "When I ask your advice about how to handle my stable boys it'll be time for you to give it, understand? I don't want any half-baked dudes sticking their noses into my affairs and—"

"Let your voice fall right there!" interrupted Smith, hopping down from the bale of hay. "Half-baked dude, am I?"

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"I don't like a bone in your head, but I'm here to help you root for the black horse"

Smith advanced, rolling up his cuffs and Burns beat a hasty retreat toward his own barn. At the door of his tackle room he paused and shook his fist.

"Don't think you're getting away with anything!" he bawled. "You started it! Now see where you finish!"

Slim Carter showed a frightened face at the window.

"You have spilled the beans," said he, reproachfully. "Boss, for heaven's sake, why couldn't you take it out in *thinking*, like I said?"

Rainbow Smith shook his head.

"The play came just right, Slim, and I—well, I had to get it out of my system. I feel better now."

"I'm glad of that," was the dry rejoinder, "because your little burst of conversation is likely to cost us something. The man that said talk was cheap never got into a jam with Burns and the Big Five!"

"SKEETS" BRANNAN, exercise boy and attaché of the Gibraltar Racing Stable, sat upon a bench in front of Rainbow Smith's barn absorbing the lazy calm of a southern California winter afternoon. The level rays of the setting sun struck through the bare branches of the walnut trees and turned even the drifting dust into a golden cloud. Somewhere a bugle blew twice, distance mellowing its staccato summons. Skeets offered himself a chew of tobacco and crossed his short legs in a creditable imitation of Slim Carter.

"They're calling 'em out for the last race," thought Skeets. "A fine bunch of cat hounds, runnin' for a feed bill!"

Down the lane between the stables came a diminutive figure, stirring the dust in the furrows beneath the walnut trees. It halted and surveyed Skeets with interest.

"Howdy, jock!" said the stranger.

Now there is no surer or shorter cut to an exercise boy's heart than to address him as "jock." It is a subtle form of flattery since every exercise boy hopes to be a jockey some day and even the brevet rank is not to be despised. Skeets cocked his eye at the stranger, taking note of the wizened features, the bowed legs and the worn, dusty clothes and recognized one of his own kind in this dwarfed atom of humanity, half child, half man, and wholly a product of the race tracks.

"Howdy your ownself!" said Skeets.

THE stranger, accepting this as an invitation, approached and sat upon the bench.

"Chew?" asked Skeets, producing his plug.

"Sure." This preliminary attended to the boys sat for some time in silence, grave as a pair of very old monkeys blinking in the sun, their jaws working in unison. With the ease and accuracy born of long practice, the stranger squirted a stream of tobacco juice at an unfortunate beetle, shifted his quid and spoke.

"I'm looking for a job," said he.

"Nothing doing here!" said Skeets with an air of finality.

"Well, maybe somewheres else then."

"Gallopin' 'em?"

"Yeh," said the stranger. "I come West with Barney Fowler. We been stablin' outside the track. He went broke and had to sell his string at auction. He didn't have no good hosses anyway. It left me kind of flat. Do you know of anything?"

Skeets jerked his head in the direction of the Burns barn.

"Feller over there wants a boy but you hadn't better hook up with him."

"Why not?"

"He's too handy with a rawhide."

The other considered this statement for some time.

"Well," said he, "I got to eat, jock. What's this owner's name?"

"Burns."

"Colors blue an' white with a pink horseshoe on the back?"

"That's him."

"He's got some pretty fair hosses, ain't he?"

"They're good horses when the price is right," admitted Skeets. "Every one of 'em takes a look in the betting ring on the way to the post. This Burns is a tough proposition. Last week my boss bawled him out for licking his niggers so often, they had some words about it and—well, we ain't won a race since."

"How's that?"

"They jobbed us, that's how—jobbed us to get even. Burns is the main squeeze of the worst bunch of crooks at the track. They call 'em the Big Five—Burns, Powell, Duffy, Crane, and Cahill. It's a combination of owners and their jocks and an outsider that runs his horses on the level ain't got a chance. They won't let him win. Any time three or four of them scoundrels are in the same race you can kiss the outside horse good-by even if he's twenty pounds the best. Crooked? Those birds would steal a blind man's glass eye!"

"How do you know they jobbed your boss?"

"HOW do I know anything? I can see, can't I? The day after Smith and Burns had this cussing match we started Conqueror in a mile race—he's the best we got and a sweet colt too—and the boss bet on him at 5 to 1. It looked like stealing the money. Conqueror was knocked into the fence when the barrier went up—Jock Harris done it with one of Crane's horses—and the colt never had a chance after that. He won't run a lick if he's interfered with, and they know it. We put Sweet Clover in a five-eighths race. She was the class and could have won like breaking sticks, but Burns and his gang of high-binders had horses in there too, and they took care of the filly. They pocketed her on the turn, and when the boy tried to come on with her they closed in and wouldn't let her through. She was jumpin' over horses in the stretch, but it didn't get her anything. Oh, you bet they jobbed us!"

"Why not holler to the judges?"

"Huh!" There was scorn in Skeets's voice. "You got to prove that they done that stuff a-purpose. When you go beefin' around the judges' stand, they want to see the dope in black and white. Suppose they yanked Burns up and asked him about Conqueror and Sweet Clover. He'd say we had bad racing luck an' was squealing. He's too foxy to fight in the open and besides, any time you go cry-babying to the judges everybody on the track gets sore at you."

"That's right too. Where I come from, down in Tennessee, a man like Burns would get himself shot some dark night."

"They ought to shot him a long time ago," said Skeets. "Most people don't want any trouble with him and—speakin' of the devil, there he comes now. That's Burns with the gray suit."

The other boy rose to his feet.

"I reckon I'll brace him for that job," said he.

"You're breeding trouble," warned Skeets. "The first mistake you make that old boy will fan you to sleep with a rawhide!"

The small Tennesseean shook his head.

"No he won't, jock. Or nobody else. I ain't been licked since my daddy died. He had the rawhide privilege on me and he shore gimme enough of it to last me the rest of my life. Nobody else better try to wallop me. I won't stand for it."

"Just the same, you're taking chances," persisted Skeets. "I know this bird and you don't. I've heard them little niggers crying in the night a-many a time. One mistake and he'll cut the liver out of you with that whip."

Again the positive shake of the head.

"I ain't no nigger, jock, and the man that starts in to rawhide me is the one that's taking chances. You can bet on that. Well, so long."

Skeets delivered a grim apostrophe addressed to the retreating back.

"Go on, boy! You wouldn't listen, but when it comes you won't be able to say that I didn't give you the right steer."

RAINBOW SMITH was smoking a cigarette outside his tackle-room door. Here and there in the darkness lanterns flashed like fireflies and disappeared. Somewhere negro stable hands were crooning a camp-meeting melody; the words came faintly through the dark:

I'm gwine to leave dis worl' of care
An' don't go' grieve fo' me;
'Cause golden sl'ppehs I'm gwine to wear
When I walk on 'at silvah sea!

It was a time for peace but the owner of the Gibraltar Racing Stable tramped nervously up and down reviewing the disasters of the last month. The record was one of unbroken defeat, chargeable in the main to Burns and the Big Five. A dozen times Slim Carter had repeated:

"Boss, it would have been better if you had taken it out in *thinking*."

A small figure shuffled out of the gloom and stood before Smith.

"Mister, would you please to lend me a gun?"

"What's that?" Rainbow started in spite of himself.

"I said I'd like to borrow a gun. I want to kill a dawg."

Smith peered through the darkness.

"Why, it's the new kid from the Burns stable!"

"Yes, suh. That's why I want the gun." The boy's voice shook a trifle and he moved nearer to Smith, responding to the unspoken sympathy in Rainbow's last remark.

"Come on; tell me about it," said Smith. "What's the trouble?"

"Run your hand down my back if you want to know," said the boy. "Feel my laigs too."

THERE was an interval of silence, broken by a long low whistle from Smith.

"The brute! What did he lick you for?"

"For comin' second with that black hoss to-day. Soon as he found out I could ride, he got me made an apprentice jock. Before the race he tells me to keep that Matador hoss out of the money. I tried, mister, but he come second in spite of all I could do. He's one of them hammer-heads, and when he wants to run you can't stop him 'less you bust his jaw."

"I saw the race," said Smith. "He was pounds the best horse. You could have won with him."

"Easy, but they was betting on another one. Crane and Cahill and that gang. My bunk is in the stall next to the tack room and I heard 'em cooking it up last night."

"Well?"

"Burns didn't say nothing to me after the race but to-night he got three or four drinks in him. Then's when he's meanest. He slipped in and ketched me when I was undressing to go to bed. Never give me no chance. . . . He couldn't make me cry, mister. That was what he was aimin' to do. Them little niggers, they cry and beg. He just about wore that whip out on me, I reckon. . . . But he didn't make me cry."

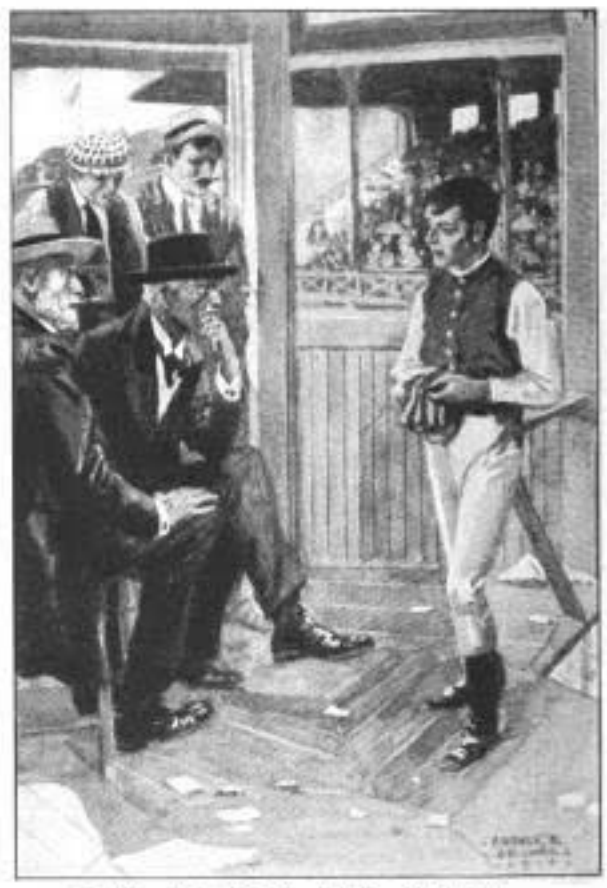
"Poor little devil!" muttered Rainbow. "Poor game little devil!"

"Mister, I ain't asking for sympathy." There was a quaver in the boy's voice which belied his words. "I'm asking for the loan of a gun. I can take care of myself, I reckon. Nobody is going to do what he done to me and git away with it. I'll shoot the—"

"There now! There now!" soothed Rainbow, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Little kids mustn't cuss like that. It's bad luck. Shooting Burns won't help matters any; he's not worth being locked up for. Forget it."

"DON'T you think I'll forget it!" said the boy. "Where I come from we bushwhack folks like him! In Tennessee—"

"You're not in Tennessee now," said Smith sternly. "You come into the tack room, son. I've got some dope that'll take the sting out of those welts. When I get



"Little boy," said Judge Applebee kindly, "we want you to tell us everything you know about this last race"

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"Take that hoss back!" cried Jockey Kelly, in sudden panic. "Take him back, kid! He ain't the one they're bettin' on!" Jockey Pike's shrill answer was addressed to his mount: "Eat 'em up!"

done with you, you won't feel so much like committing murder."

"'Tain't murder to kill a dawg like him, mister."

"Right you are, but that's what a jury would call it. By the way, what's your name, son?"

"Pike, mister, Jefferson Lee Pike."

"Well, Jeff, I'm going to have a look at that back of yours. We'll have a talk together and if I can't suggest a better way of getting hunk with your brute of a boss than shooting him—something that will hurt him a lot worse than a chunk of lead in his craw—I'll agree to lend you all the artillery in my stable. Is that fair?"

"That's fair," said Jefferson Lee Pike, gravely. "But one way or another, I'm going to git him, mister."

"I wouldn't mind getting him myself," said Smith. "We're in this thing together, Jeff."

The conference was a long one, but when it ended Jockey Pike returned whence he came weaponless. Rainbow Smith, standing in the door of the tackle room watched the small figure until the darkness swallowed it. Then the owner of the Gibraltar Racing Stable shook his fist in the direction of the Burns barn.

"I always said you'd lick the wrong boy some day," he muttered, "and by golly, I believe you've done it!"

A WEEK passed and again Rainbow Smith had a nocturnal visitor—but this time Jefferson Lee Pike pranced rather than walked, and out of great exuberance of spirit turned at least one cart wheel under the walnut trees.

"We got 'em, mister! She's working out fine!" he crowed. "Just made to order for us. Those burglars are cooking up a big killing and fixing to put all the eastern pool rooms out of business. I been listenin' to 'em the last couple of hours. They're aiming to slip one over with Whitethorn—she's that leggy chestnut mare of Crane's. They'll all have hosses in the race but Whitethorn is the one they'll win with. Burns says he'll start the black hoss Matador and give me the mount on him. They figure he ought to be favorite."

"When do they expect to pull this, Jeff?"

"The last week of the meeting. They're going to send their bank rolls East to-morrow morning—every nickel they can rake and scrape. Oh, it'll be a reg'lar hawg killing—to hear them tell it!"

"Then they're not figuring on doing any betting here at the track?"

"Burns says no. They're a little leery of the judges and anyway they couldn't bet much in the ring here. The bookmakers are afraid of any race that them fellers are in. The money will be placed in the East—Chicago and New York—and some in Cincinnati. They got it all doped out that this'll be the biggest killing they ever made."

"You say you're going to ride Matador?"

"Yes, suh. Crane and Duffy kicked some, but Burns he says they needn't to worry none about me. 'I had one settlement with that kid,' he says, 'and he'll ride a hoss like I tell him to now.' The others wanted him to give the mount to Jock Jamieson, but Burns thinks the judges are onto Jamieson's strong-arm work. He says they wouldn't suspicion a kid apprentice like me."

"All right, Jeff," said Rainbow, patting the boy on the back. "Keep your ears open and your mouth shut and if you hear anything, let me know."

"You bet I will, mister. And say?"

"What is it, Jeff?"

"I reckon this is better than shooting him after all?"

Judge Lucien Clay Applebee of Crab Orchard, Ky., sat in the stilted pagoda at the edge of the running track and examined the jockey slip for the day's racing. The judge's forehead gathered itself into creases and wrinkles, his bushy brows lowered in a frown and he nibbled nervously at his sparse goatee—the latter a sure sign of serious mental disturbance.

"It seems a pity, suh, a monstrous pity," said Judge Applebee to his assistant, Judge Peter Terrill, "that high-class hawsses, delicately bred an' carefully nurtured to their full strength, hawsses that show blood an' breedin' in every line an' movement, should be completely at the mercy of low-bred human bein's. A monstrous pity. Did you ever think of that, suh?"

Peter Terrill, Associate Judge, grunted by way of reply. He was looking through his field glasses at a blond lady in the front row of the grand stand.

"A dream!" said Peter. "Eh? What was that, Judge?"

"I was sayin', suh, that it's a shame a decent, respectable hawss should have to associate with some owners I could name."

"Meaning the Big Five?"

"Exactly, suh, the Big Five. Here they are, all in the fourth race. The time is gettin' short and I reckon they have had another caucus. I would give a sweet apple, suh, to break up that nest of thieves, but," and here Judge Applebee sighed, "it is almighty hard to catch them at their devilment, suh."

"You bet!" said Terrill. "They're foxy."

"All we can do is watch the bettin' fo' suspicious angles," said the judge, tugging at his goatee. "This black hawss Matador figures to be the best. With any sort of a rider he should win. Burns has got that little apprentice up again."

"Good horse; bad rider," said Terrill laconically.

"At least Pike is an improvement over Jamieson, suh. That boy is too strong in the arms to suit me. . . . Still, the inexperience of the rider may be their alibi this time."

THE judge sighed again and pressed an electric button. An attendant appeared immediately, hat in hand.

"In that fourth race," ordered the judge, "I want the betting followed very closely. Notify me at once of any decided changes in price, also if any big bets are made and by whom."

"Yes, sir, Judge, yes, sir." The attendant withdrew.

"I wish," said Applebee, "that I knew what is going on inside that man Burns's head. He is the brains of this combination."

If the judge could have been listening outside Burns's tackle room, his wish would have been gratified. Burns was giving Jockey Pike his riding orders.

"Listen to me, boy, and don't make any mistakes. I'm not betting on this horse to-day. I don't want him to shove his nose in front of that mare of Crane's at any stage. Understand?"

Jockey Pike nodded as he struggled into the silken breeches.

"Mind what I say about not getting in front of that mare," warned the owner. "If you do," he glanced significantly at the rawhide whip hanging inside the door, "if you do, I'll make you wish you'd died young. . . . Don't hurry him away from the barrier and keep him under wraps. Shake him up a little in the stretch, but don't take a chance on catching the mare. Now repeat what I said."

Jockey Pike recited his lesson with parrotlike glibness.

"Correct!" said Burns. "I'll likely tell you different in the paddock for the benefit of those rubbernecks that are always hanging around to steal an earful, but these are the real orders. Make just one little break and what you got the other night won't be a circumstance. You *sabe?*"

"Yes, suh," said Jockey Pike, stamping into his boots.

THE third race was over, blanketed horses were being led back to the stables, the jockeys trailed along the fence toward the paddock. Underneath the grand stand the great betting ring surged and eddied and rippled with a thousand human cross currents and suddenly became still as a pool, every eye directed at one point. "Gentleman Sam" Moss, bookmaker, had turned to his blackboard, a stick of chalk between his fingers.

The other bookmakers always waited for Sam's prices before posting their own—a delicate compliment to his native shrewdness and special information.

The spell was broken with the first stroke of the chalk—Matador opened the favorite at 7 to 5. Cahill's Miramar was second choice at 5 to 2. Duffy's Bright Eyes opened at 4 to 1, and Whitethorn at 6 to 1. The others, horses of little account, ranged upward to 25 to 1. Immediately the betting ring filled with the droning voices of the block men, calling the bets to the sheet writers. In the pagoda, Judge Applebee nodded over the opening prices.

"The black hawss is favorite," said he. "Now which way will the cat jump?"

Ten minutes passed, the prices fluctuating but slightly. Whitethorn slipped up to 8 to 1. Matador remained at 7 to 5. A sudden flurry developed on Miramar and the price dropped to 2 to 1.

"Nothing yet," mused Judge Applebee. "They must be waiting for the closing odds. They won't take Matador at that short price, but—"

Again a period of waiting and, in answer to the shrill call of the bugle, the horses began to file out of the paddock, the silks of their riders making bright blotches of color against the green background. There was a craning of necks in the grand stand, a flurry in the betting ring, and a general movement toward the fence. A telegraph operator, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, clattered up the steps and stood before the judges.

"Chicago and New York are hollering over the direct wire," said he breathlessly. "There's a strong play in the pool rooms on Whitethorn, and they want to know what's doing. There's no play on her here, Judge. She's 10 to 1 in the ring now."

Applebee and Terrill exchanged glances.

"The cat has jumped all the way East," said Applebee.

"This is the big clean-up that we've been looking for," said Terrill. "I knew they'd try to put it over before the end of the meeting."

THE attendant was close on the operator's heels. "Somebody is setting in a chunk on Matador," was his report. "He's been backed to 4 to 5."

"Find out who did it," said Judge Applebee.

The horses approached the stand, mincing sedately in single file. Jockey Pike was riding third in the line, a small, monkeylike figure perched upon the powerful black favorite.

"Don't you think you'd better warn that kid?" asked Terrill.

"No, sur!" said Applebee, tugging at his goatee. "Let 'em run this race their own way. If that black hawss is beat, I'm going to know why. If they win with Whitethorn—and it looks like they're fixin' to do it—I swear by the

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The Day's Work

By Lida Hervey Spence

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

AS PA went back up the walk to the porch he stooped, with a little sigh, to pull a weed out of the lawn. Ma, from her seat at the window, noticed every little weed that pushed through the hard alkali soil; and pa noticed them, too, just as he noticed everything else that concerned her now that she was so sick.

He went slowly up the steps, his head bent, but as he passed through the narrow hall into the living room his shoulders squared themselves, the lines left his mouth, and a gentle smile settled itself there.

He started slightly when he saw ma propped up in her big rocking-chair by the living-room window. He hoped the loud voice of the contractor had not reached her.

"Well, my dearlie!" he said tenderly, seating himself beside her and taking her wasted hand, on which the veins stood out prominently. She did not speak, but let her hand lay passively in his.

He had an uneasy feeling that she had changed someway, and was regarding her with wistful anxiety, when she raised her dark, shadowy eyes to his. Then he knew. Her cheerfulness had left her—her cheerfulness that had always so persistently kept in view the silver lining to any cloud.

Ma sat perfectly quiet for a little while, then her hand stirred restlessly in his, and she drew it tremblingly away and folded both hands in her lap.

"Pa," she whispered in a weak, reproachful voice, "why'd you tell that contractor a bit ago that you wouldn't go to work when you ain't had a job for so long?"

PA'S breath quickened chokingly and his heart swelled. He turned his head. He saw a basket of socks and stockings that would never be darned by the hands that had sorted them. The hot blur that veiled his eyes was suddenly absorbed in the glitter of an object on the low window sill. It was ma's open-end brass thimble.

The blue in his eyes deepened. His thoughts went back over the years and ended with a quick vision of youthful busy hands.

He brought his gaze from the thimble back to ma.

"But, my dearlie, you don't want pa to leave you—not as sick as you are?" he asked with the least little break in his voice.

He took her hand in both of his and turned her loose wedding ring round and round on her finger.

"But, pa, I ain't got no heart to get better if you don't get to earnin' a little somethin'," she protested. The trembling voice faltered and broke. "I'm just plumb worried to death 'ithout a cent comin' in and that doctor's buggy hitched to the gatepost every day—I am, pa!" Her voice ended in one of those trembling pauses that grip the heart.

The late afternoon light fell softly between the skimpy scrim curtains upon the two old faces.

"There, there, my dear," he soothed fondly. "Ain't there always been money when we needed it?" He laid a gentle hand on her knee.

"But I've always been able to help save and—"

"What's the bone of contention here?" came a full-throated voice from the kitchen door—a woman's voice vibrant with tenderness.

"Ain't I right, Em?" appealed ma, turning a little in her chair.

"'Course you're right, muzzer—what is it?" asked Em with a fond little laugh, going up to her mother's chair and looking lovingly down at her.

"Why, Em, you know how long pa's been out o' work? Well, that red-faced contractor was out at the gate a bit ago and offered him a job on the new schoolhouse, and don't you know he up and wouldn't take the work just 'cause I'm sick?"

SHE pulled nervously at the fringe of the gray plaid shawl that covered her frail shoulders. A tabby cat came into the room and sprang lightly on pa's lap. It curled up comfortably and purred its satisfaction.

Em flashed a sudden smile at her mother.

"I see pa refusing work as long as he's been idle," she ridiculed, with a significant glance at pa, who sat watching ma, his loosely clasped hands hanging between his knees.

"Well, he did—and Em, I just can't keep on a-bein' cheerful fer thinkin' o' how we're a-gettin' in debt."

"Pa's an old fraud!" scolded Em playfully. "He just wanted to find out how you felt about his leaving you! I know him! 'Fess up, pa!" demanded Em, looking at her father in bright appeal.



"You've never missed kissin' me good-by mornin's and noontimes in all the years o' our married life, pa," she said

Pa debated a moment, and then:

"Your ma knows I'll do anythin' she wants me to," he said with a fond look into ma's anxious face. Getting up, he stooped and kissed her gently on the forehead.

"Well, I want you to go right now and tell that contractor you'll go to work to-morrow." She laid her hand on his as it rested on the arm of her chair. "It'll make us all cheerfuller'n anythin' else in the world," she assured him earnestly.

EM STOOPED to straighten a rug of bright braided colors—the last piece of ma's handiwork. Pa put his hand caressingly under ma's chin and smiled down at her.

"All right, my dearlie, whatever you say goes," he told her simply. He took his hat from the deer-horn rack. He turned it round and round in his hands. He hated to leave ma, but ever since he had misspelled a word at school just to let her go up ahead he had never overlooked an opportunity to please her. With a patient little sigh he put on his hat. Tabby purred and rubbed herself against his leg. Pa looked down at her and smiled a little. Seemed like there was always something comforting around. Then he threw back his shoulders and went down the steps whistling "How I Love You, Mollie Darling."

As the picket gate clicked behind him he heard a familiar metallic tap-tap-tap. He turned. It was ma tapping with her thimble on the window at him. His mind went back to the months before Em was born. It was then ma first began saying good-by that way when he would start to go to work. She smiled now and made a brave attempt at waving her hand. Without ceasing to whistle, he waved back at her. Then he thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets and walked rapidly away.

Purpled by the light of the fast-setting sun, the mountains rose before him. With the fading light came the stillness of evening. He couldn't remember ever having known an evening over which such a hush seemed to hover. Seemed as though everything was just kind of listening.

Dusk was becoming dark when he got back home. The lamp was lit and Em soon had supper on the table. Ma's returned cheerfulness thrilled him pleasantly. With Em on one side and him on the other, they pulled ma's chair up to the table and put a stick of wood under each rocker so's it wouldn't tip. It was a merry moment.

When they were seated at table a quietness fell. Pa's tranquil eyes closed, and from his lips came simple, oft-repeated words of thanksgiving.

DURING the meal Em talked cheerfully and beamed sunnily, but pa missed her customary fine color. Ma's pain-lined face wore a gratified look, and her weak voice joined happily in the conversation made by Em. She did not eat anything. Neither did pa.

After supper ma wouldn't consent to be made ready for bed until Em had cleared off the dishes and put the fringed tidy back in the center of the table. Some one might happen in.

After they had put her to bed she asked pa to hand her the little shelf clock. She set the alarm at five. Pa shouldn't be late to work next morning if she could help it, she told them.

After pa had lain down she asked him to call Em. When Em came up to the bed ma asked her to bring pa's overalls and put them on the foot of the bed, so's they'd be handy for him in the morning.

When morning came ma was worse. But she had pa prop her up in bed and put her gray shawl over her shoulders. She was watching him dress.

"It's just too bad, pa, that I can't get your breakfast!" she told him regretfully. "I've always just loved to get breakfast."

Pa was putting on his overalls and did not reply.

"We'll soon be married forty year," she went on, "and there's mighty few mornin's you've had breakfast cooked by anyone, only me!" Her face settled into lines of peaceful recollection.

"Yes, my dearlie," said pa in his quiet voice, pulling his suspenders over his drooping shoulders, "and mighty near always the same kind of breakfast." His voice was gently reminiscent.

"YES, I've most always fried either bacon and eggs or ham and eggs and made biscuits and coffee," she went on, getting her breath with difficulty. "Come here, pa, and let me straighten that gallus for you. In all these forty year you ain't learnt how to put on your gallusses straight!"

He went up softly to the bed. She reached out with a hand weaker than it had been yesterday and straightened the suspender. Then she playfully gave him a little push.

"Now ain't you glad I patched them overalls when I did?" she asked, looking with housewifely pride at the neat patches on his clean, worn overalls.

"I'm glad for ever' blessed thin' you ever done, my dear," he told her. He stooped to fasten his shoe that was already firmly tied, and she did not see the pain in his eyes.

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"Now you're all dressed, you and Em can dress me," she said, pushing aside the bedclothes.

Pa stooped over her and tenderly brushed a strand of hair from her eyes. "My dear, it 'pears to me that yours is the purtiest hair I ever seen! Funny—I used to think that when it was as black as a crow's wing, and now that it's all silverlike I wonder how I used to like the black so well," he said with the sincerity of one whose compliments are few.

MA LOOKED up at him with a pleased smile, her eyes softening.

"Don't you think you'd better stay in bed today, ma?" he asked haltingly, a note of pleading in his voice. He knew she was fearful that if she didn't get up he would hate to go to work.

"Indeed, I don't think any such a-thin'! Why, if my breath wa'n't so short and fluttery I'd be out in the kitchen this minute a-gettin' your breakfast for you." She stretched out her hands to him to help her up, saying:

"I don't believe I'll go into the other room just yet, though—so you needn't dress me. You can pull my chair over by the window where I can look at the mountains."

"All right, my dearlie," he said, helping her to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. He pulled up her chair close to the bed, and over it he spread a log-cabin quilt, the blocks of which were made mostly of scraps of her wedding dress and Em's little-girl clothes. Then he lifted her carefully into the big chair and tenderly wrapped the quilt around her feet and legs and put a pillow at her back and one under her head.

A wave of gratitude swept through him. He'd had lots of things to be thankful for, but there'd never been anything that made him feel so blessed as the privilege of taking care of her now. She wouldn't know how to get along without him!

He pulled the chair over by the window, surreptitiously tipping far back the mirror on the old-fashioned bureau. She might see herself different from what he did—she never even liked a calico dress after it faded a little.

She smiled peacefully and laid her head back among the pillows and looked toward the mountains, lilac-hued in the distance. He stood back of her looking at the mountains, too.

"It ain't any wonder David set so much store by the hills, pa," said she, her strong face lighting.

"No," answered pa thoughtfully. "Seems like I never look over at them and catch the kind o' coppery color o' the light on the plain places and the shadows in the hollows but what, somehow or other, I feel mightily helped up—'specially if I'm a little bothered about anythin'."

THEY watched the mountains in quiet understanding. The first shaft of the sun flushed its color through a shadow and gilded their dim splendor into living gold. Pa's patient eyes brightened and he felt wonderfully comforted. Even if there were a passing within the shadow, anyone could see what a *shadow* was.

After breakfast pa came in to kiss ma good-by.

"You've never missed kissin' me good-by mornin's and noontimes in all the years o' our married life, pa," she said. Gently she pulled his face down against hers and held it there a second. "We was happier'n most folks, I reckon."

"We ain't had no cause to complain, ma. We was blessed all along the way—and it was such a pleasant, peaceful way."

NEITHER noticed the use of the past tense nor the fact that their voices had taken on a new tenderness. Each held to the other's hands, and they looked long into each other's eyes, the peaceful blue in his meeting the dusky shadows in hers.*

Drawing in a quick little breath, she settled herself back among the pillows and said briskly: "Didn't I hear the whistle, pa? Don't be late to work!"

"By George, maybe you did hear it! I'd better be a-movin," he said, and went quickly out of the room.

Walking around the house, he came up the back steps into the bathroom, where he slowly took off his overalls. He thought what a long time it had been since he had told a lie—not since he fished all one Sabbath morning and told his father he had been to Sabbath school. But lie or no lie, he did not intend to go to work that day. Hanging the overalls on a hook, he was turning away, when he suddenly caught up the garment (*Continued on page 34*)

Exit Madame

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"Now who is he?" wondered madame. "I t'ink me I know ever'body in ze Colonie Francaise, but never before have I seen such a melancolie"

MONSIEUR DEJOIE—

(Murmurs of astonishment from Madame Dejoie's faithful subjects and cries of wonder: "What? You are going to begin with *him?*")

Hélas, mesdames! And hélas, messieurs! It may be that grief has upset me, knowing so well as I do that this is the last adventure of Mme. Dejoie, queen of the Restaurant Dejoie, so pleasantly, so agreeably situated on West Twenty-sixth Street in the shade of the Sixth Avenue L.

But let me see. . . . Where was I? . . . Ah, yes, yes, yes. . . .

M. Dejoie was in the basement, counting out his money, while madame sat at her desk upstairs dispensing smiles of honey. And having thus bemused the muses, I will add that it was half past seven on a mild spring night when suddenly the restaurant door opened and in stalked a young and tragic Frenchman.

"Now, who is he?" wondered madame. She watched him from her throne while he gazed uncertainly around the room. "I t'ink me I know ever'body in ze Colonie Française, but never before have I seen such a melancolie!"

Apparently then for the first time he caught sight of her desk. He threaded his way among the maze of tables and stood before the bright grill of madame's cage, and the far, far brighter grill of her eyes.

"Well, m'sieur?" she asked.

"Madame," said he, speaking sadly in French, "I have called to inquire if you would conduct a lottery for me."

"A lottery?" she gasped. "But no, m'sieur! It is a t'ing prohibit' by law in ze States United!"

"I do not mean a grand lottery," he hastened to assure her. "I mean a little lottery—a—what do you call it?—a 'ruffle'—"

"A 'riffle,' m'sieur," she kindly corrected him.

"A 'riffle,' yes, yes! If madame will be so kind."

She thoughtfully made change for a waiting customer, meanwhile sizing up this pale and tragic young Frenchman who had seated himself by her desk and was giving Louis a most frugal order.

"But what is it, m'sieur," she asked, "that you have desire to riffle?"

"My masterpiece!"

"Your masterpiece?"

"My 'Happiness'!" And he handed her an envelope with a fine, hopeful grief and started on his onion soup like a drowning man grasping at straws.

MADAME opened the envelope and drew out a photograph. And (leaning over her shapely shoulder in the spirit) we, too, will look and see what we can see.

It was the picture of a statue composed of two figures. One was standing upon the other's neck. The upright figure, tinted green, was feminine. She was playing a harp and was singing. But the prostrate figure, mottled in red, looked horribly worried and seemed to be in the throes of contortion. At the base of the group the single word "Bonheur" had been chiseled—"Bonheur," that is to say, "Happiness." And in the corner of the card were the name and address of the artiste, Jean Narcisse, 17 Rue Moulin.

"Well," said M. Narcisse, finishing his soup with a mournful emphasis, "what do you think of it?"

"Merveilleux!" exclaimed madame.

Paternal pride arousing him from his sad estate, the young man cleared his throat three times, once like Rodin, once like Phidias, and once like Michelangelo.

"M'sieur made him, zen?" asked madame.

"I am the sculptor, yes."

"And you come from Paris?" she asked, looking at the address in the corner.

"From Paris, yes." And, paternal pride so soon forgotten, he drew a sigh which any draftsman might have envied.

"Zese poor yo'ng artistes!" thought madame, and she looked at the hungry young Frenchman with growing sympathy. For (a secret to tell) madame's spirit often chafed against the confines of cash books and cabbages. Once she had even sent an anonymous story to the "Courrier" (which was much too good to be printed), and once again she had bought a sketch-book and had toiled in secret until she could draw a cup and saucer which could be distinguished from either a lighthouse or a hive of bees. And having paid these tributes to the beaux arts, what more natural than a feeling of fraternity for this young sculptor who had achieved such a wonderful statue and who had acquired a hunger more wonderful still?

"You understand the allegory?" he asked.

"Ze allegory?" breathed madame. "Tell him to me, m'sieur!"

"The green figure represents the human race. I have used green marble to signify youth and the springtime of the world. The recumbent figure represents human passions—wherefore the restness and the mottles. The human race, having triumphed over passion, lifts her face to the sun and sings—as you see in the statue. And the result is 'Bonheur'—the title of the group."

"Merveilleux!" repeated madame, again lapsing unconsciously into French. Almost mechanically she made change for another group of waiting customers and then once more she turned to the gifted sculptor by her side.

"And you come to ze States United to sell heem?" she asked, picking up the photograph.



He sighed like a tempest at sea. "For six weeks now have I been here," he woefully told her. "I have a studio where my statue reposes, but not one single offer have I been able to secure. Two or three have seen it, but no one wants to buy. I call it 'Bonheur.' Hélas, I should have called it 'Malheur'! For to bring it here it took almost my last sou, and now—so far from home—with Bonheur like a stone around the neck—" He made a gesture more eloquent than money—"I want to riffle him," he sadly said, and sadly he applied himself to the rosbif au jus which Louis had placed before him.

"Ze pore yo'ng artiste!" murmured madame, her tender heart turning within her as she watched him start on the beef. And, looking down at the picture of his masterpiece, a sudden determination took possession of her and warmed her through and through. "Yes," she muttered, "I mus' help him if I can. But ze on'y way to help him is to make his statue talk' about from one end of ze country to ze opposite—like anuzzer 'September Morning.' And to do it I mus' give it ze boom-boom! I mus' give it ze puff-puff! I mus' be what zey call a pressing agent, and if I cannot press him into fame and fortune, why, zen my name isn' Gaby DeJoie—c'est tout!"

AH, messieurs, think, think for a moment of the problem before Mme. DeJoie! Consider its enormity, the difficulty of its details, the almost impossibility of its tout ensemble.

And you, mesdames, more subtle than many mes-

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sieurs, reflect upon the task before poor madame. How would *yow*, for instance, have proceeded in a matter so unique? Here was a statue unknown, by a sculptor unheard of, and it was necessary to give it a hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising, free, gratis, and (as the novelists say) for nothing.

"But all ze same," reflected madame, bending over the photograph, "zere *is* a way—somewhere. For have I not always found it so?"

Well, then!

"Suppose," she thought—"suppose we *do* have a riffle! We will have ze statue brought to ze restaurant and I will sell chances from one cent to five dollars. Zen we could have a lawsuit over ze winner, and ever'one would read it in ze paper."

BUT here objections began to hurl themselves like old shoes at a wedding. "Yes, yes," sighed madame. "It would take much time, and my customers would not like it to be held up for chances. And ze lawyer would advertise himself instead of ze statue, and when ze air had clear' from smoke ze lawyer would have all ze glory and all ze statue and all ze money, too!"

She stared at the photograph with concentration redoubled.

"How would it be," she thought, "to hire a store on Broadway and set up ze images zere? We would put it in ze window and take out ze glass. A big crowd would soon appear. Zen in ze store we would have a ventriloquist, and when ze crowd was staring at ze statue, ze red figure below would suddenly cry 'Take from my neck your foots, you big, green lobster above!' La-la! And ze ventriloquist could even make ze green girl sing as well!"

A ravishing plan, but here again difficulties arose like crows in a cornfield when the gun goes *bang!* There would be the rent of the Broadway store, the expense of taking out the glass window and hiring the ventriloquist, and even then the gendarmes might stop the proceedings before they had fairly begun, because of the collection of a crowd.

Ah, no, that wouldn't do.

Madame drew a deep breath of thought.

"If we could on'y get him started!" she despaired, returning to the photograph. "What a subjec' for ze caricature! Zis red illness wiv his neck underfoot he could be M'sieur Murphy, and ze green figure could be Mademoiselle New York City. Or ze ugly one below could be Huerta, and ze victor could be ze President Wilson. Or it could even be 'Votes for Womens'! Yes, yes, if we could on'y get him started! If we could on'y t'row him in ze public eye!"

But the public eye is a difficult target to hit, as millions and millions have found to their cost since this wise and wary world began to wag.

"If madame—" began the tragic young sculptor beside her.

"Oh, m'sieur, will you not be quiet!" she implored him. "I am t'inking of a way to make your fortune. Please zerefore do not interrup' me so!"

THERE was a note of authority in her voice which made him subside and, touched by his obedience, madame leaned over toward him. "I have done harder t'ings zan zis, m'sieur," she gently assured him. "Some day perhaps I will tell you. But for ze present—"

She bent over the photograph again. "If I could make ever'body t'ink of Bonheur ever' time zey went to bed," she pondered, "or ever' time zey get up. Or ever' time zey eat—" She looked around the restaurant. "Or ever' time zey drink—"

In a far corner she saw one of her customers holding a glass of water up to the light and unconsciously her mind returned to business. "Is his glass dirty?" she thought. "Is zere somet'ing in ze water—"

Ah-h-h-h-h!

"Something in the water! Something in the water!... What, for instance?"

Madame turned up her eyes for a moment and then, quite involuntarily, she clapped her hands and turned, radiant as a star, to the eagerly waiting young man by her side.

"I have it!" she whispered in tense excitement.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed M. Narcisse. "You have it? Then give it to me!"

MME. DEJOIE called for a glass of water.

"You see zis?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!"

"Zen consider. Ever' man, woman, and infant in zis great city will drink water in some form to-day. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes."

"And zis water, from where does it come? I will tell m'sieur. It come' from a great reservoir in ze Central Park."

"I have seen it; yes!"

"You have seen it? Bien! Zen you will know zat an unfortunate man could ver' well jump in zat reservoir, and wiv one big splash end all!"

"But, madame," objected M. Narcisse, after an uneasy pause, "you do not think my affairs sufficiently desperate—"

"Me? I t'ink nossing! Listen, m'sieur! Let us picture to ourselves a mos' unhappy man. He has a photograph of your masterpiece Bonheur—"

"You think Bonheur would make him unhappy?"

"M'sieur! I beg of you! He has ze photograph and ze allegory touch him to ze quick. 'I have never conquer' my passions,' he says, 'and so I can never be happy.' What pity! And jus' zen, desperate and moody, he strikes ze water wiv his eye—"



"Reading about it in the papers, eh?" demanded the other, looking around at the overstrewn floor. "And, by jing, if he isn't wearing the raincoat yet!"

"He sees the reservoir?"

"He sees ze reservoir; yes, yes! 'I can never be happy,' he says, 'so why should I live?' A terrible t'ought strikes him—"

"He contemplates a drowning?"

"At ze least. He draws a pencil from his pocket and writes his sentiments on ze photograph of Bonheur. 'I have never conquer' my passions, and so I can never be happy. Good-by, ever'body.'"

"Ha!" exclaimed M. Narcisse.

"And zen he put ze photograph back in his pocket—"

"It will be wet when they find him," the other objected. "The colors will run—"

"He put' it back in his pocket, I say, and zen in a frenzy he divest' himself of his coat and his pantaloons!"

"Quel diable!"

"And zen—splash!"

"Ah, yes!"

"And zere you are," said madame. "Presen'ly ze gendarme discover ze clothes of ze poor suicide. Zey seek to identify him. His pockets are search'. But ze on'y t'ing zey find is ze photograph of Bonheur, bearing your name and address. And, ah, m'sieur! Imagine, if you can, ze sensation!"

"IT IS a wonderful plan," thoughtfully admitted M. Narcisse, speaking always in French, "but—"

"Consider ze columns and columns in ze newspapers!" cried Mme. Dejoie. "'Suicide in reservoir!' 'Photograph of Bonheur ze on'y clue!' Wiv a picture of your masterpiece in ever' paper! And ever'body talking of zis wonderful statue which make' ze poor man drown himself!"

"It is true I would never have thought of it," said M. Narcisse, "but—"

"Ze whole city would talk of it! Zey would discuss nossing else! You t'ink zey would drink ze water? But what else to do? A sensation wizout parallel, m'sieur!"

"But—"

"Zey would have to drain ze reservoir—"

"But—"

"And if ze body was not discover', zey would have to search ze mains! And all ze time ever'one would be talking about Bonheur, and your fame and your fortune would be establish' forever!"

M. Narcisse was silent for an interval, and though his face was troubled, it was plain to see that he was uneasily enjoying a prospect so pleasing.

"Of course," mused madame, "I know it sounds ver' wrong to get all ze world worked up on such a worry. But sitting here at my desk, m'sieur, I sometimes t'ink of ze difficulties of zose poor artistes who try to write, or to draw, or to follow ze beaux arts. And you know what I sometimes t'ink? I t'ink ze world is a big, strong man, wiv a number twelve boot, and he is always hiding jus' around ze corner to hand ze poor yo'ng artiste a—what-you-call-it?—a good, swif' kick in ze bridges! Well, zen! Sometimes ze artiste kicks back! Voila ze kick-back!" And beaming down upon the utterly flabbergasted M. Narcisse, madame smiled her sweetest smile. "Well, m'sieur?" she said. "What you t'ink of my plan?"

"Ah, madame," he stammered, "it is a plan magnificent. But I think it contains one serious, one fatal flaw—"

"And zat is?"

"I do not think we would be able to find a man who would be willing to drown himself. Is it not so?"

MADAME stared at him and then she raised both shoulders. In the same disdainful silence she received the money of the last departing diners, and then returned to the mutely pleading M. Narcisse.

"But no," she thought. "It is not his fault. All men are so. Because he's a man his head has grown big; it rattles a little." And in the patient tone that a mother uses when telling her first-born that he cannot have the moon for a teething ring, she said: "Drown himself, m'sieur? Why should a man drown himself? Wouldn't the result be jus' the same if you put his clothes on ze bank and make it *look* as if he had drown' himself? Wouldn' it even add much to ze mystery?"

"Jarnibleu!" cried M. Narcisse.

"Well, zen! Well, zen!" cried Mme. Dejoie. "Here is ze pen and here is ze ink! Let us prepare ze photograph!"

AND now, to my great distress, I must speak of a delicate subject. Let us therefore follow M. Narcisse outside the restaurant so that the darkness may hide the blushes which will presently mantle my brow.

Forgive me, mesdames. Your pardon, messieurs. But you see those dark gray pantaloons which encircle the classic limbs of M. Narcisse?

Eh, eh! He has no others! And now the murder's out!

He has no others, mesdames! He has no others, messieurs! And he has no money wherewith to purchase an extra pair!

But the night is dark; the air is mild; his raincoat's long; and in the mazes of Central Park there are shadows discreet toward which a man of genius may slowly guide himself while his mind is engaged in grand but somber thoughts.

"And what if I do divest myself of these, my only pantaloons?" mused M. Narcisse. "Better to be with fame and a sans-culotte than to be costumed comme il faut and unknown to all the world. For with fame comes money, and with money come all the desirable things of life, including—yes, if I wish it—the wardrobe of kings! For Mme. Dejoie is right: it is necessary that I should have what she calls 'ze puff-puff.'" And striding toward a particularly dark clump of trees near the reservoir, he cried in his heart: "Then vive 'ze puff-puff!' A bas les pantaloons!"

Before such devotion to arts and letters a stranger must stand abashed. And while we stand abashed with eyes averted, M. Narcisse is blotted from sight in the darkness. After an interval he reappears and approaches the reservoir. On the bank he places a pair of dark gray pan- *(Continued on page 30)*

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Cleveland Characteristics

Chapter III of "Abroad at Home"

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

BEFORE leaving home we were presented with a variety of gifts, ranging all the way from ear muffs to advice. Having some regard for the esthetic, we threw away the ear muffs, determining to buy ourselves fur caps when we should need them. But the advice we could not throw away; it stuck to us like a poor relation.

In the parlor car, on the way from Buffalo to Cleveland, our minds got running on sad subjects.

"We have come out to find interesting things—to have adventures," said my blithe companion. "Now supposing we go on and on and nothing happens. What will we do then? The publishers will have spent all this money for our traveling, and what will they get?"

I told him that, in such an event, we would make up adventures.

"What, for instance?" he demanded.

I thought for a time. Then I said:

"Here's a good scheme—we could begin now, right here in this car. You act like a crazy man. I will be your keeper. You run up and down the aisle shouting—talk wildly to these people—stamp on your hat—do anything you like. It will interest the passengers and give us something nice to write about. And you could make a picture of yourself, too."

Seeking Excitement

INSTEAD of appreciating that suggestion he was annoyed with me, so I ventured something else.

"How would it be for you to beat a policeman on the helmet?"

He didn't care for that either.

"Why don't you think of something for yourself to do?" he said, somewhat sourly.

"All right," I returned. "I'm willing to do my share. I will poison you and get arrested for it."

"If you do that," he criticized, "who will make the pictures?"

I saw that he was in a humor to find fault with anything I proposed, so I let him ramble on. He had a regular orgy of imaginary disaster, running all the way from train wrecks, in which I was killed and he was saved only to have the bother and expense of shipping my remains home, to fires in which my notebooks were burned up, leaving on his hands a lot of superb but useless drawings.

What They Were Afraid Of

AFTER a time he suggested that we make up a list of the things we had been warned of. I did not wish to do it, but, acting on the theory that fever must run its course, I agreed, so we took paper and pencil and began. It required about two hours to get everything down, beginning with *Aches, Actresses, Adenoids, Alcoholism, Amnesia, Arson,* etc., and running on, through the alphabet to *Zero weather, Zolaism,* and *Zymosis.*

After looking over the category, my companion said:

"The trouble with this list is that it doesn't present things in the order in which they may reasonably be expected to occur. For instance, you might get zymosis, or attempt to write like Zola, at almost any time, yet those two dangers are down at the bottom of the list. On the other hand, things like actresses, alcoholism, and arson seem remote. We must rearrange."

I thought it wise to give in to him, so we set to work again. This time we made two lists: one of general dangers—things which might overtake us almost anywhere, such as scarlet fever, hardening of the arteries, softening of the brain, and "road shows" from the New York Winter Garden; another arranged geographically, according to our route. Thus, for example, instead of listing Elbert Hubbard under the letter "H," we elevated him to first place, because he lives near Buffalo, which was our first stop.

I didn't want to put down Hubbard's name at all—I thought it would please him too much if he ever heard about it. I said to my companion:

"We have already passed Buffalo. And, besides, there are some things which the instinct of self-preservation causes one to recollect without the aid of any list."

"I know it," he returned, stubbornly, "but, in the interest of science, I wish this list to be complete."

So we put down everything: Elbert Hubbard, Herbert Kaufman, Eva Tanguay, Upton Sinclair, and all.

A few selected items from our geographical list may interest the reader as giving him some idea of the locations of certain things we had to fear. For example, west of Chicago we listed *Oysters,* and north of Chicago *Frozen Ears* and *Frozen Noses*—the latter two representing the dangers of the Minnesota winter. So our list ran on until it reached the point where we would cross the Great Divide, at which place the word "*Boosters*" was writ large.

Speaking of Boosting

I RECALL now that, according to our geographical arrangement, there wasn't much to be afraid of until we got beyond Chicago, and that the first thing we looked forward to with real dread was the cold in Minnesota. We dreaded it more than arson, because if some one sets fire to your ear or your nose, you know it right away, and can send in an alarm, but cold is sneaky. It seems, from what they say, that you can go along the street, feeling perfectly well, and with no idea that anything is going wrong with you, until some experienced resident of the place touches you upon the arm and says: "Excuse me, sir, but you have dropped something." Then you look around, surprised, and there is your ear, lying on the sidewalk. But that is not the worst of it. Before you can thank the man, or pick your ear up and dust it off, some one will very likely come along and step on it. I do not think they do it purposely; they are simply careless about where they walk. But whether it happens by accident or design, whether the ear is spoiled or not, whether or not you be wearing your ear at the time of the occurrence—in any case there is something exceedingly offensive, to the average man, in the idea of a total stranger's walking on his ear.

I mention this to point a moral. However prepared we may be, in life, we are always unprepared. However informed we may be, we are always uninformed. We gaze up at the sky, dreading to-morrow's rain, and slip upon to-day's banana peel. We move toward Cleveland dreading the Minnesota winter which is yet far off, having no thought of the "booster," whom we believe to be still farther off. And what happens? We step from the train, all innocent and trusting, and then, ah! then . . . . . ! . . . If it be true, indeed, that the "booster" flourishes more furiously the farther west you find him, let me say (and I say it after having visited California, Oregon, and Washington) that Cleveland must be newly located upon the map. For, if "boosting" is a Western industry, Cleveland is not an Ohio city, nor even a Pacific Slope city, but is an island out in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

Nor is this a mere opinion of my own. Upon the mastodontic brow of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce there hangs an official laurel wreath. The New York Bureau of Municipal Research invited votes from the secretaries of Chambers of Commerce and similar organizations in thirty leading cities, as to which of these bodies had accomplished most for its city, industrially, commercially, etc. Cleveland won.

Recklessness of Not Living in Cleveland

NO ONE who has caromed against the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce will wonder that Cleveland won. All other Chambers of Commerce I have met sink into desuetude and insignificance when compared with that of Cleveland. Where others merely "boost," Cleveland "boosts" intensively. She can raise more bushels of statistics to the acre than other cities can quarts. And the more Cleveland statistics you hear, the more you become amazed that you do not live there. It seems reckless not to do so. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce can prove this to you not merely with figures, but also with figures of speech.

Take the matter of population. Everybody knows that Cleveland is the "Sixth City" in the United States, but not everybody knows that in 1850 she was



Chamber of Commerce representatives were with us until we went to our rooms late at night. But at our rooms they left us, merely taking the precaution to lock us in



It is an Elizabethan building, with a heavy timbered front, suggesting some ancient, hospitable, London coffee house where wits of old were used to meet

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forty-third. The Chamber of Commerce told me that, but I have prepared some figures of my own which will, perhaps, give the reader some idea of Cleveland's magnitude. Cleveland is only a little smaller than Prague, while she has about 50,000 more people than Breslau.

If that does not impress you with the city's size, listen to this: Cleveland is actually twice as great, in population, as either Nagoya or Riga! Who would have believed it? The thing seems incredible! I never dreamed that such a situation existed until I looked it up in the "World Almanac." And some day, when I have more time, I intend to look up Nagoya and Riga in the atlas and find out where they are.

The Chamber of Commerce gives me the further information that "Cleveland is the fifth American city in manufactures, and that she comes first in the manufacture of steel ships, heavy machinery, wire and wire nails, bolts and nuts, vapor stoves, electric carbons, malleable castings, and telescopes"—a list which, by the way, sounds like one of Lewis Carroll's compilations.

The information that Cleveland is also the first city in the world in its record, per capita, for divorce, does not come to me from the Chamber of Commerce booklet—but probably the fact was not known when the booklet was printed.

Besides being first in so many interesting fields, Cleveland is the second of the Great Lake cities, and is also second in "the value of its product of women's outer wearing apparel and fancy knit goods."

It is, furthermore, "the cheapest market in the North for pig iron."

The Slave!

THERE are other figures I could give (saving myself a lot of trouble, at the same time, because I only have to copy them from a book), but I want to stop and let that pig-iron statement sink into you as it sank into me when I first read it. I wonder if you knew it before? I am ashamed to admit it, but *I* did not. I didn't consider where I could get my pig iron the cheapest. When I wanted a piece of pig iron I simply went out and bought it, at the nearest shop, right in New York. That is, I bought it in New York unless I happened to be traveling when the craving came upon me. In that case I would buy a small supply wherever I happened to be—just enough to last me until I could get home again. I don't know how pig iron affects you, but with me it acts peculiarly. Sometimes I go along for weeks without even thinking of it; then, suddenly, I feel that I must have some at once—even if it is the middle of the night. Of course a man doesn't care what he pays for his pig iron when he feels like that. But in my soberer moments I now realize that it is best to be economical in such matters. The wisest plan is to order enough pig iron from Cleveland to keep you for several months, being careful to notice when the supply is running low, so that you can order another case.

Apropos of this let me say here, in response to many inquiries as to what the nature of this work of mine would be, that I intend it to be "useful as well as ornamental"—to quote the happy phrase coined by James Montgomery Flagg. That is, I intend not only to entertain and instruct the reader but, where opportunity offers, to give him the benefit of good sound advice, such as I have just given with regard to the purchasing of pig iron.

The Pink of Hospitality

BECAUSE I have told you so much about the Chamber of Commerce you must not assume that the Chamber of Commerce was with us constantly while we were in Cleveland, for that is not the case. True, Chamber of Commerce representatives were with us all the first day and until we went to our rooms, late at night. But at our rooms they left us, merely taking the precaution to lock us in. No attempt was made to assist us in undressing or to hear our prayers or tuck us into bed. Once in our rooms we were left to our own devices. We were allowed to read a little, if we wished, to whisper together, or even to amuse ourselves by playing with the fixtures in the bathroom.

On the morning of the second day they came and let us out, and took us to see a lot of interesting and edifying sights, but in the afternoon they turned us loose for a couple of hours, allowing us to roam about at large while they attended to their mail.

We made use of the freedom thus extended to us by presenting several letters of introduction to Cleveland gentlemen, who took us to various clubs.

On the Bodily Habits of Clubs

ALMOST every large city in the country has one solid, dignified old club, occupying a solid, dignified old building on a corner near the busy part of town. The building is always recognizable, even to a stranger. It suggests a fine cuisine, an excellent wine cellar, and a great variety of good cigars in prime condition. In the front of such a club there are large windows of plate glass, back of which the passer-by may catch a glimpse of a trim white mustache and a silk hat. Looking at the outside of the building, you know that there is a large, high-ceiled room, at the front, dark in color and containing spacious leather chairs, which should (and often do) contain aristocratic gentlemen who have attained years of discretion and positions of importance. One feels cheated if, on entering, one



In this charming, homelike old building with its grandfather's clock, its Windsor chairs, and its open wood fires, a visitor finds it hard to realize that he is in the "West"

fails to encounter a member carrying a malacca stick and wearing waxed mustaches, spats, and a gardenia. The Union Club of New York is such a club; so is the Pacific Union of San Francisco; so is the Chicago Club; and so, I fancy, from my glimpse of it, is the Union Club of Cleveland.

A Goodly Fellowship

IN THE larger cities there is usually another club, somewhat less formal in architecture, decoration, and spirit, and given over, broadly speaking, to the younger men—though there is often a good deal of duplication of membership between the first mentioned and the second. The Tavern of Cleveland is of the second type; so is the Saturn Club of Buffalo, of which I spoke in a former chapter. Almost every good-sized city has, likewise, its university club, its athletic club, and its country club. University clubs vary a good deal in character, but athletic clubs and country clubs are in general pretty true to type.

But, besides such clubs as these, one finds, here and there, in the United States, a few clubs of a character more unusual. Cleveland has three unusual clubs: the Rowfant, a book collector's club; the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, at Gates Mills, near the city, and the Hermit Club. Were it not for the fact that I detest the words "artistic" and "bohemian," I should apply them to the Hermit Club. It is one of the few clubs outside New York, Chicago, and San Francisco possessing its own house and made up largely of men following the arts or interested in them. Like the Lambs of New York, the Hermits give shows in their clubhouse, but the Lambs' is a club of actors, authors, composers, stage managers, etc., while the Hermit Club is made up, so far as the theatre is concerned, of amateurs—amateurs having among them sufficient talent to write and act their own shows, design their own costumes, paint their own scenery, compose their own music, and even play it, too—for there is an orchestra of members. I have never seen a Hermits' show, and I am sorry, for I have heard that they are worth seeing. Certainly their clubhouse is. It is an Elizabethan building, with a heavy timbered front, suggesting some ancient, hospitable, London coffee house where wits of old were used to meet. This illusion is enhanced by the surroundings of the club, for it stands in an alley—or perhaps I had better say a narrow lane—and is huddled down between the walls of taller buildings.

The pleasant promise of the exterior is fulfilled within. The ground floor rooms are low and cozy, and have a pleasant "rambling" feeling—a step or two up here or down there. The stairway, leading to the floor above, is narrow, with a genial kind of narrowness that seems to say: "There is no one here with whom you'll mind rubbing elbows as you pass." Ascending, you reach the main room, which occupies the entire upper floor. This room *is* the Hermit Club. It is here that members gather and that shows are given. Large, with dark panels, and heavy beams which spring up and lose themselves in warm shadows overhead, it is a room combining dignity with gracious informality. And let me add that, to my mind, such a combination is at once rare and desirable in a club building—or, for the matter of that, in a home or a human being. A club which is too informal is likely to seem trivial; a club too dignified, austere. A club should neither seem to be a joke, nor yet a mausoleum. If it be magnificent, it should not, at least, overwhelm one with its magnificence; it should not chill one with its grandeur, so that one lowers one's voice to a whisper and involuntarily removes one's hat. In some clubs a man leaves his hat upon his head or takes it off, as he prefers. In others custom demands that he remove it. Some men will argue that if you give a man his choice in that matter he feels more at home; others contend that if he takes his hat off he will, at all events, *look* more at home, whereas, if he leaves it on he will look more as though he were in a hotel. These are matters of opinion. There are many pleasant clubs which differ on this minor point. But I do not think that any club may be called pleasant in which a man is inclined to take off his hat instinctively because of an air of grim formality which he encounters on entering the door. To make an Irish bull upon this subject, one of the nicest things that I remember of the Hermit Club is that I don't remember whether we wore our hats while there or not.

The Chagrin Valley Hunt Club lies in a pleasant valley which acquired its name through the error of a pioneer (General Moses Cleveland himself, if I remember rightly) who, when sailing up Lake Erie, landed at this point, mistaking it for the site of Cleveland, farther on, and was hence chagrined. Here, more than a hundred years ago, the little village of Gates Mills was settled by men whose buildings, left behind them, still proclaim their New England origin. If ever I saw a Connecticut village outside the State of Connecticut, that village is Gates Mills, Ohio. Low white farmhouses, with picturesque doorways and small windows divided into many panes, straggle pleasantly along on either side of the winding country road, and there is even an old meeting house, with a spire such as you may see in many a New England hamlet.

He Discovers Western Reserve

THE old Gates house, which was built in 1812 by the miller from whom the place took its name, is passing a mellow old age as the house of the Hunt Club. In this charming, homelike old building with its grandfather's clock, its Windsor chairs, and its open wood fires, a visitor finds it hard to realize that he is actually in a portion of the country which is still referred to, in New York, as the "West." The Connecticut resemblance is accounted for by the fact that all this section of the country was in the Western Reserve, which belonged to, and was settled by, Connecticut.

Thus travel teaches us! I knew nothing until then of the Western Reserve, (*Continued on page 29*)

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The Trouble Makers of Mexico

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. DRUCKLIER

THE commonest, as well as the gravest, mistake in human intercourse is that very human weakness of creating all other individuals in one's own image. What "I like" I can see no reason but what everybody else should like. What is good for me is good for you. If I am fascinated by a certain book, I am astounded to learn that you do not like that book. If I find vegetarianism provocative of good health in me, ergo, it will be provocative of good health in you. If black coffee produces sleeplessness in me, I am appalled when you drink two cups of black coffee in the evening.

When my wife and I fall out, it is because I ignore the fact that she feels, reasons, and acts in ways different from my ways. She, likewise, makes the same mistake about me. Her entire family and mine may fail to patch the matter up, and, in the end, a judge, equipped with the wisdom of the race embodied in our law, may divorce us because we are different from each other—incompatible, in short. I once knew the dearest, sweetest, and most sympathetic of women, who was unable, when she lacked in appetite, to comprehend that anybody else could be hungry.

Useless Tragedy

IN THE same way different groups of people, of the same race and country, fail to understand one another. The cowboys of the open range never understood the settler with his barbed-wire fences. The East does not understand California to-day in her attitude on the Japanese question. The East thinks California is like the East and that Californians are like Easterners. In brief, the East recreates California in her own image.

Since such mistakes of understanding are common among groups of people of the same breed and country, it is patent that deeper and more disastrous mistakes may be made among people of different races dwelling in different countries.

The chief cause of our misunderstanding to-day of the Mexicans is that we have created them in our own American image. With a comfortable sense of fairness we have put ourselves inside the Mexicans, along with our morality, our democracy, and all the rest of our points of view, and, accepting therefore that the Mexicans should think, feel, and act just as we would under similar circumstances, we are shocked to find out that they won't do anything of the sort. Instead of having our eyes opened by this cardinal error, we proceed to reason that their conduct should be made to become like our conduct, and that we should treat with them and deal with them as if they were still just like us, with a history behind them similar to ours, with institutions similar to ours, and with an ethic similar to ours.

Here, in the portals of Vera Cruz, the talk about Mexico and Mexicans buzzes high all day long and far into the night. Never was there a more animated and indefatigable debating society. One listens to the talk and wonders what it is all about, what bearing it has on the situation. I, for one, cannot comprehend how it is germane whether Madero was a patriot or a grafter; whether Huerta is a heroic figure of an Indian or a lunatic black Nero; whether Huerta murdered Madero or Madero committed suicide; whether the Huerta government should have been recognized by the United States long ago or that United States intervention should have taken place long ago.

What I see, with all this talk of little things filling my ears, is a torn and devastated Mexico, in which twelve million peons and all native and foreign business men are being injured and destroyed by the silly and selfish conduct of a few mixed breeds. I see a great, rich country, capable of supporting in happiness a hundred million souls, being smashed to chaos by a handful of child-minded men playing with the tragic tools of death made possible by modern mechanics and chemistry.

A Republic Where Nobody Votes

THESE child-minded men are playing with the tools of giants. It is like a family of small children playing with sticks of dynamite on the front porch, in the basement, and up in the attic of their dwelling. One can see a hurry call sent into the nearest police station by the good citizens of the neighborhood for a squad of police to take the dynamite away from the children.

From garret to basement the dwelling of Mexico is being torn to pieces by the dynamite in the hands of the contending factions. The stay-at-home American listens to the slogans uttered by the various leaders of this anarchy, makes the mistake of conceiving the leaders in his own image and of thinking that "Liberty," "Justice," and a "Square Deal" mean the same to them that they mean to him.





It is fair to assume that sometimes Huerta remembers and regrets his mistake in not killing Villa the time he had him backed up against a wall facing a firing squad. It was on this latter occasion that Huerta compelled Villa, on his knees, to beg Huerta for his life

Nothing of the sort. In the four centuries of Spanish and Mexican rule, liberty, justice, and the square deal have never existed. Mexico is a republic in which nobody votes. Its liberty has ever been construed as license. Its justice has consisted of an effort at equitable division of the spoils of an exploited people. That even thieves' honor did not obtain among these thieves is shown by the numerous revolutions and dictatorships. In a country where a man is legally considered guilty of a crime until he proves himself innocent, justice must mean an entirely different thing from what it means to an American. And so it is with all the rest of the bombastic and valorous phrases in the vocabulary of the Mexican.

Now the foregoing must not be taken as a denial of any right or good in the people of Mexico. On the contrary, the great mass of the Mexicans have nothing to do with the matter at all; but, being different from the American, being unversed and uninterested in the affairs of government, they sit supinely back and let the petty handful of leaders despoil them and the country.

Proclivities

ALSO, there have even been isolated cases of leaders, such as Juarez, to go no further, who were animated by ideals somewhat resembling our own. In the Madero revolution there were similar men. The test of the matter is the whole matter, and the whole matter is that no measure of liberty, justice, and the square deal has been achieved in all Mexico in the last four hundred years.

There is all the difference in the world between fighting and government. Anybody and anything can fight. Dogs and cats, centipedes and scorpions fight. Fighting is a very primitive sort of exercise. Governing is a high achievement, especially governing with peace and honesty and fair dealing, and this is something which the Mexicans have never succeeded in doing from the day they broke away from Spain's palsied grasp.

After the fall of Iturbide, in 1824, a republican constitution was adopted and promulgated. In the forty-seven years between 1821 and 1868 the form of government was changed ten times, federal republics, central republics, and dictatorships alternating one with another. In those forty-seven years over fifty persons succeeded one another as presidents, dictators, and emperors. One authority states that in the same period there were three hundred attempts, more or less important, at revolution. Clearly, the Mexicans have demonstrated a penchant for fighting, but what they have not demonstrated is the high ability requisite for governing.

The Turbulent Element

EVEN the deeper read and widely traveled American, able somewhat to refrain from seeing Mexico in his own image and in his image of his own country, is guilty of the error of seeing Mexico in the image of a Latin country. It should be understood at the outset that Mexico is not a Latin country. Mexico is an Indian country. The people of Mexico are not Latins. They are Indians. And they are Indians, only somewhat resembling the Indians of the United States. They are not merely a different tribe. They are a different race of Indians.

Sixty-five per cent of the inhabitants are pure Indians; 15 per cent are pure Spanish, Americans, English, and other foreigners. The remaining 20 per cent are mixed Indian and Spanish. It is this mixed 20 per cent that, according to the stay-at-home American notion, constitutes the Mexican, and practically the totality of the Mexican population.

And it is just precisely this 20 per cent half-breed class that foments all the trouble, plays childishly with the tools of giants, and makes a shambles and a chaos of the land. These "breeds" represent neither the great working class, nor the property-owning class, nor the picked men of the United States and Europe who have given Mexico what measure of exotic civilization it possesses. These "breeds" are the predatory class. They produce nothing. They create nothing. They aim to possess a shirt, ride on a horse, and "shake down" the people who work and the people who develop.

These "breeds" do politics, issue pronunciamentos, raise revolutions or are revolutionized against by others of them, write bombastic unveracity that is accepted as journalism in this sad, rich land, steal pay rolls of companies, and eat out hacienda after hacienda as they plenic along on what they are pleased to call wars for liberty, justice, and the square deal.

They claim the government of Mexico is theirs, these gentlemen with shirts, on the backs of stolen horses. And government, to them, means just precisely the license to batten upon the labor and industry of the country. The trouble is, so lacking are they in the ability for government, that they cannot maintain for any length of time the battening government of their dreams. They continually quarrel over the division of the spoils, and fight among themselves for a monopoly of the governmental battening privilege.

Devoid Even of Thieves' Honor

AS I have said before, they are devoid even of thieves' honor. They cannot trust one another. They cannot believe one another. For once, each correctly conceives the next one in his own image. Aware, in his heart of hearts, that he wants nothing less than 100 per cent of the swag, that only by accident could he ever be guilty of telling the truth to a fellow robber, that he is continually bent upon overreaching and double-crossing his fellow comrades of looters, he cannot expect anything else from his fellows.

To paraphrase Kipling, the consistency of these half-breeds is to know no shred of consistency. Because of this they are not even successful robbers. Tammany could give them cards and spades in the game they play and win out against them hands down.

They are brave on occasion. But they are not courageous. Their honor and valor reside in their tongues. They are turncoats from moment to moment. They will dine in the homes of their gringo friends one evening, and, before daylight, go gunning for their gringo friends and for the pay rolls and gold watches of their gringo friends.



They are what the mixed breed always is—neither fish, flesh, nor

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fowl. They are neither white men nor Indians. Like the Eurasian, they possess all the vices of their various commingled bloods and none of the virtues.

It is impossible for the average American to understand them. Honor is one thing to them, another thing to an American; so likewise with truth, probity, and sincerity. There is no comprehending them by the rules of conduct and forms of reasoning habitual to the American. As a sample of this, I relate the following Federal explanation of the killing of six Americans at San Pedro, in the State of Chiapas.

A Topsy-Turvy Attitude

THIS is the way the Mexican authorities explain the mishap: When the Americans took possession of Vera Cruz, the authorities in Chiapas, fearful for the safety of the handful of American small farmers because of the inflamed condition of the populace, sent a detachment of rurales to rescue them. When the Americans saw the armed body of rurales approaching, fearing they were about to be attacked, they barricaded themselves in one of their houses. So intent was the rescue party on saving them that a hot fire was opened on the house. For three hours the rurales toiled heroically at the task of rescue, pouring a heavy fire into the house from every side. At the end of this time, the six American men being dead, the rurales stormed the house and saved the lives of an American girl of eighteen and an American boy of fourteen, whom they bore away to be mobbed through the streets of Tuxtla Gutiérrez ere they were safely put in jail.

Now it is not the killing that is the point of the illustration. It is the explanation made by the Mexicans of the horrible mistake made by the Americans in not understanding that the rurales were rescuing them. Surely no American brain nor north European brain could conceive such an explanation. Our reasoning processes are different. We could no more imagine that such an explanation would hold water than would we commit a three hours' attack on persons we were trying to save.

I should be inclined to doubt my harsh generalization on this half-breed class in Mexico were I alone in my opinion. It is because of this that I give the following extract from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," which epitomizes the condition of affairs obtaining in Mexico from the time of Mexico's independence to the beginning of Diaz's rational despotism:

"On both sides in Mexico there was an element consisting of honest doctrinaires; but rival military leaders exploited the struggles in their own interest, sometimes taking each side successively; and the instability was intensified by the extreme poverty of the peasantry, which made the soldiery reluctant to return to civil life, by the absence of a regular middle class, and by the concentration of wealth in a few hands, so that a revolutionary chief was generally sure both of money and of men."

The Self-Destroyers

NOT only is this half-caste class but one-fifth of the total population of Mexico, but only a very small portion of this half-caste class is actively engaged in fomenting the anarchy that is destroying the country and merits the harsh strictures applied to it. Educated Mexicans assert that Huerta, Carranza, Villa, and Zapata do not represent more than one hundred thousand people. There is no such thing as a national movement or a popular movement.

Here is a spectacle of fifteen millions of people, without equipment or ability for government, being harried and destroyed by a group of one hundred thousand who likewise have neither equipment nor ability for government. Surely, there can be no discussion of this. What is is. What is is incontrovertible. And the unhappy situation of misgovernment in Mexico to-day is a fact and is incontrovertible.

Two Indians at the Head of Mexico

THERE are three millions of the half-castes. When they permit, as they do, by their passivity, the pernicious and anarchic activity of the small group of one hundred thousand of them, they are themselves negatively responsible for the present state of affairs. The point is that they likewise have no aptitude for government.

Heavens, when it comes to the mere matter of ability to make organized trouble, the very half-breeds themselves are dependent on the peons! The two strongest men to-day in Mexico are the ex-bandit peon and Indian, Villa, in the north, and Huerta, the Tlaxcalan Indian, in the south.

The attitude of the hundred thousand active half-breeds is that the government belongs to them and not to the fifteen millions. It is their government, and, by the Eternal, they are going to do what they please with it. Civilization? They are not interested in civilization. Civilization can go smash, and, i' faith, they will smash it themselves if they have a mind to.

These men have talked republic since the year 1824, yet Mexico has never been a republic. Certainly it was not a republic under the capitalistic dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. Elections here are either slates put through by dictators and their cliques, or straight-out revolutions, in either case the one object being unadulterated loot. Now they do not say this, these child-minded men. They spout patriotism and valor, liberty, justice, and the square deal—all of which glorious phrases mean nothing of the sort, but are synonymous with loot.

They are not men in a world of men, these half-breed trouble makers. They are child-minded and ignoble-purposed. The stern stuff of manhood, as we understand manhood, is not in them. This stern stuff is in the pure-blooded Indians, however; but it manifests itself all too rarely, else it would be impossible for the many millions of Indians to have endured slavery for four hundred years at the hands of their tiny group of masters.

If Only He had Settled Villa

HUERTA is the flower of the Mexican Indian. Such Indians have appeared, on occasion, in the United States. Huerta is brave. Huerta is masterful. But even Huerta has never betrayed possession of high ideals nor wide social vision.

And Huerta has made mistakes. Two of these mistakes, to be mentioned in passing but which are not apposite to the contention of this article, are: (1) his not killing Zapata when he had the chance; (2) his very grievous error in not killing Villa the time he had him backed up against a wall facing a firing squad. It was on this latter occasion that he compelled Villa, on his knees, arms clasped about Huerta's legs, to beg Huerta for his life. Villa has not forgotten that little episode. And it is fair to assume that sometimes the memory of these two mistakes flits regretfully through Huerta's mind as he sips a drink at the Country Club and contemplates Villa moving irresistibly down on him from the north; both his coasts blockaded by American warships and all arms and war munitions embargoed; Zapata at his back to the south and west like a hungry tiger; his credit exhausted, but a small portion of his own country left in his hands, and his own people in his capital city ripe to turn on him the instant he totters.



I should not like to be Villa or Zapata if only for five minutes Huerta should get hold of me. Nor should I like to be Huerta if only for five minutes Zapata or Villa should get hold of me.

Will the Peon Get the Land?

EGYPTIAN and Mayan hieroglyphics cannot obfuscate the mind of the stay-at-home American as do the phrases and slogans of the Mexican "breeds." A hieroglyphic means nothing. The phrases and slogans of the Mexicans do not mean what they seem to mean. Countless Americans think the present revolution is an expression of the peon's land hunger. Madero raised that cry. Zapata still raises the same cry. Orozco promised the peons free farms in his plan of Tacubaya, when he was already the bought tool of the great hacienda owners who had employed him to cause confusion to Madero. Carranza, in veiled words and vague promises, shied at the division of the great haciendas. Villa still shouts "free land."

But how about the peon? There are twelve million peons. They have had four centuries to get interested in the subject. Considering the paucity of the numbers of their masters, they have evidently not considered the matter to any purpose. I doubt, by a count of noses, if one-fourth of one per cent of the peons of Mexico are bearing arms for the purpose of gaining free land or of gaining anything else their leaders desire.

Villa confiscated the great estates of Chihuahua. To each adult male in the State of Chihuahua he gave sixty acres of land. But there was a string on the gift. For ten years the land was to be inalienable. His explanation of this string is that the peon has lost his ancient land hunger, and that, if given the land outright, he would immediately sell or gamble away his holding.

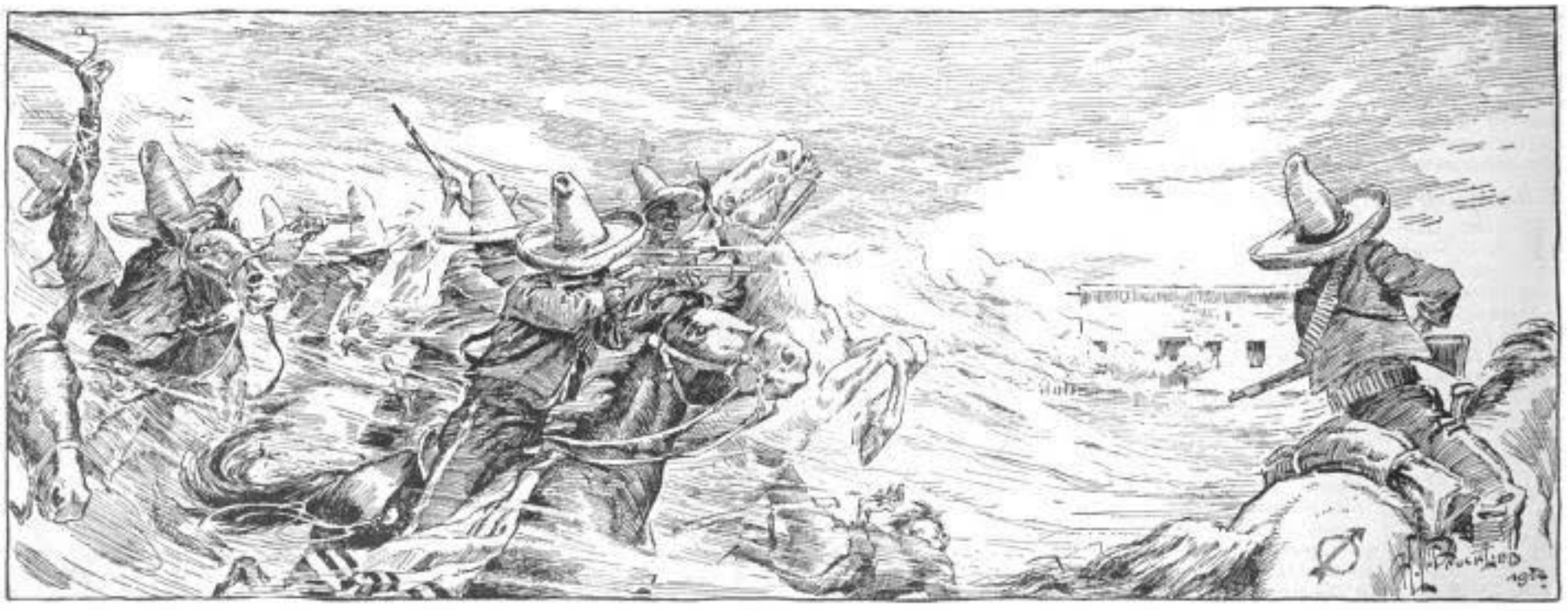
Of course the peon should have the land. Some day he will have it. But when no more than one-fourth of one per cent of the peons have risen to take the land, the feebleness of the peon land hunger is fully told. So another magic phrase means one thing to the American mind and quite a different thing to the Mexican mind. It is impossible to conceive of twelve million Americans, gnawed by the land hunger, arming and sending into the field one-fourth of one per cent of their number to fight for the land. Either the peon is different from the American, or land hunger is one thing to the one and another thing to the other. Apparently both contentions are true. The American is an Anglo-Saxon. The peon is an Indian, and a Mexican Indian at that. Furthermore, the Mexican Indian, before the Spaniard came, did not hold land individually; he held it communally.

Born Guerrillas

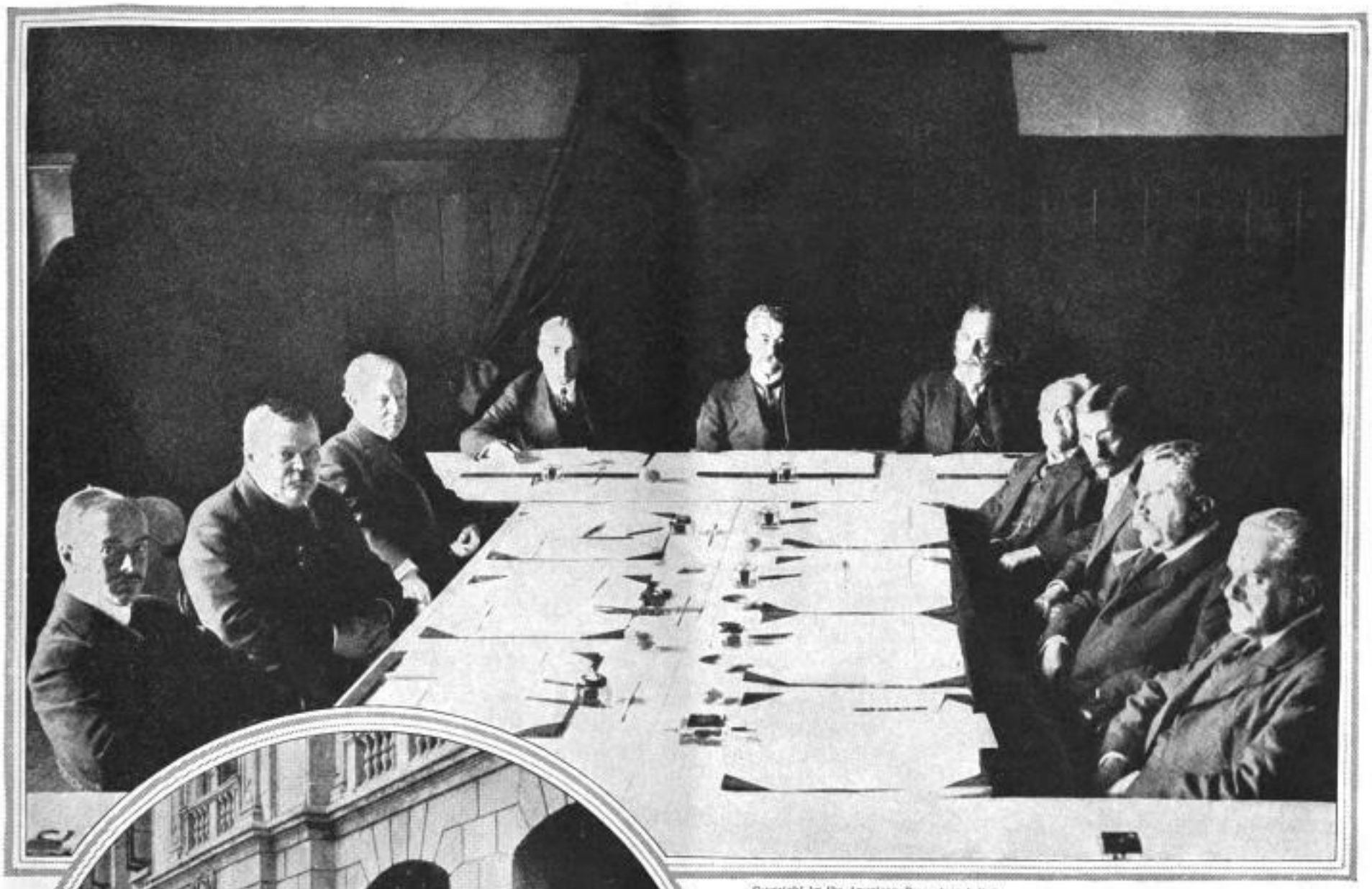
FURTHER to discredit this one-fourth of one per cent of peons bearing arms, two things must be taken into account. Numbers of them are restless and rough-natured only, rather than sustained by a belief in the rightness of the war they wage. Numbers of them are criminal and disorderly individuals. Numbers of them fight on either side according to the fortunes of battle. Numbers of them are happy-go-lucky, preferring the fun and adventure of guerrilla warfare to the stay-at-home, plodding life of the farmer.

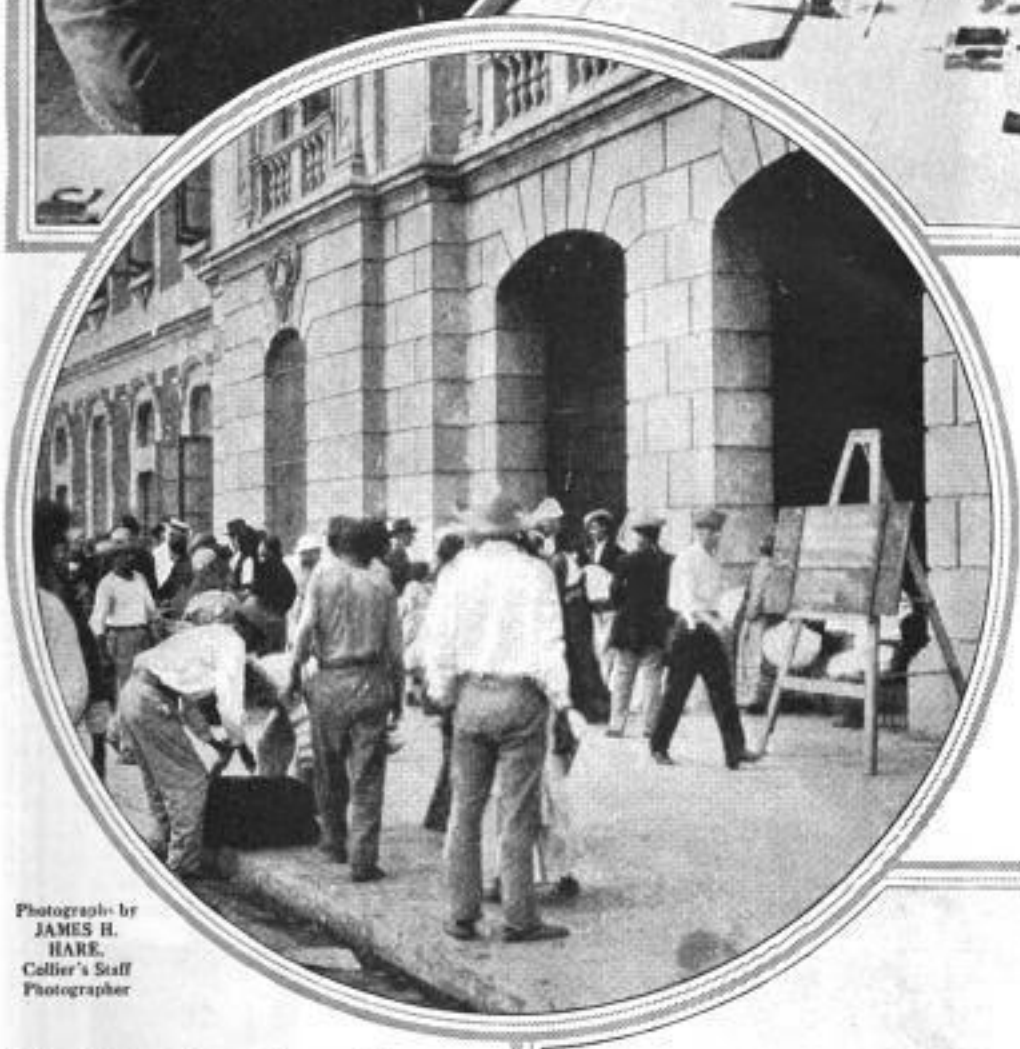
The second thing is no less important. They like the job. They have got (Concluded on page 27)

Rescue in the Mexican fashion—"When the Americans saw the armed body of rurales approaching, fearing they were about to be attacked, they barricaded themselves. For three hours the rurales toiled heroically at the task of rescue, pouring a heavy fire into the house from every side"



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Photograph by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

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The New Pan-American Spirit and the Niagara Conference

NO MATTER what may come of the efforts of foreign nations to help Mexico cure herself of her present ills, the work of the three South American mediators in bringing about the peace conference at Niagara Falls, Canada, will go down in history as a good piece of diplomacy. It not only proved that Argentina, Brazil, and Chile were unselfishly interested in the welfare of the Mexican people, but that they have actually strengthened the friendship between this country and the foremost South American nations. The photograph above shows the mediators and peace commissioners at one of their meetings at Niagara Falls. Ambassador Domicio da Gama of Brazil, chairman of the conference, is in the center. At his right is Romulo S. Naon, the Argentine Minister; at his left, E. Suarez Mujica, Minister from Chile. Lower left: H. Percival Dodge, secretary of the American delegation, and on the same side of the table, left to right, are Frederick W. Lehmann and Justice Joseph R. Lamar, our commissioners. Opposite them are Augustin Rodriguez (upper left), Emilio Rabasa, and Luis Alguera, the Mexican envoys, and their secretary, Rafael Alguera.

The Big Appetites of Lazy Mexicans

A PRODIGIOUS appetite is one of the main characteristics of the poor and indolent Mexican. Our men found it out soon after the occupation of Vera Cruz, and established a free food station, which you see in the circle above. Later, when business conditions became normal and the bread line was abolished, they learned that many Mexicans would rather fight for food than work for it. No longer able to get first-class rations by merely asking for them, hundreds of natives, particularly the women and children, began to hang around the army camps, where they picked up scraps of food thrown away by the soldiers. On several occasions women fought each other like wild animals over crumbs dropped from the tables.

Many of the belligerents had their clothes torn and their faces badly scratched. The fights afforded amusement for the soldiers, who looked on without interfering.

June 13



Mexican women and children waiting at a Vera Cruz army camp to get the crumbs and scraps from the tables

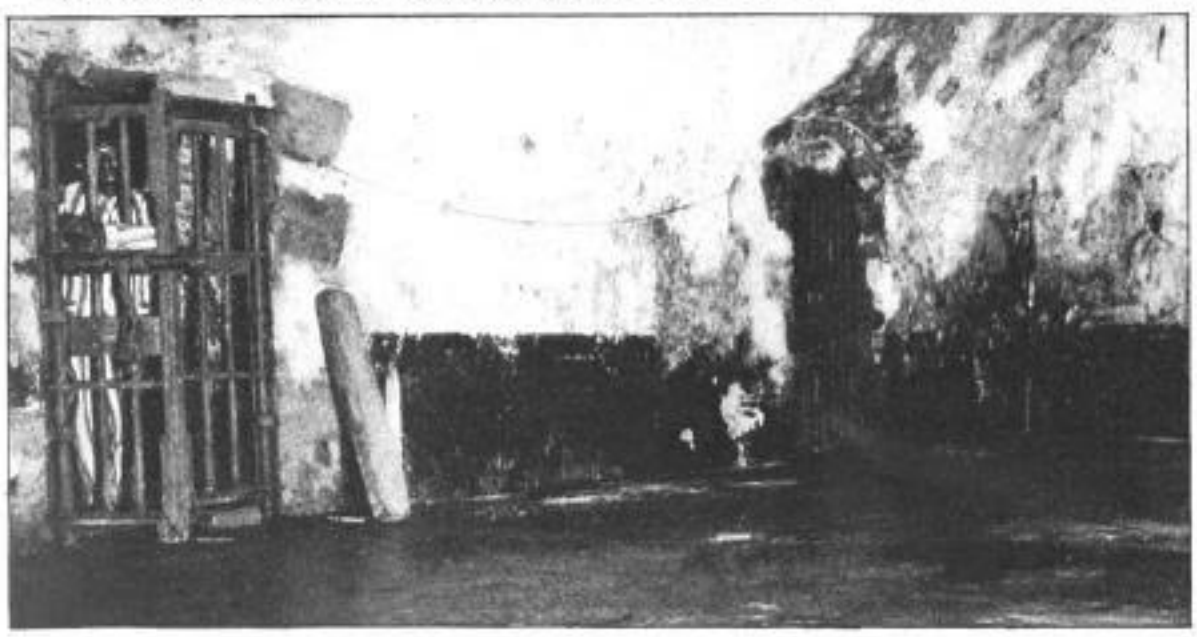
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Built for Protection but Used for Torture

Photographs by
JAMES H. HARE,
Collier's Staff Photographer

THIS IS A VIEW OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA, *the prison in Vera Cruz harbor, from an aeroplane far up in the sky. The unusual photograph was taken with Mr. Hare's camera and at his direction. Lieutenant Lamont snapped it as he was making a flight over the city and environs. San Juan de Ulloa was completed after the pillaging of the city by privateers in 1712, but it was never of much use as a fort. Chiefly it has been used as a prison, and its two centuries of history are a record of official cruelties equal to the outrages of the Spanish Inquisition. Recently the Americans released over 300 persons confined there*



A PRISONER IN ONE OF THE TIDEWATER DUNGEONS *in San Juan de Ulloa, Vera Cruz, where thousands of unfortunates have been locked in damp, filthy cells to become victims of tropic fevers or go mad from loneliness and hopelessness. The convict is a "life termer," and the flash from Mr. Hare's camera was the first light he had seen since his imprisonment. The wheel, the rack, and the thumbscrew were often used in the prison until recent years*



A FORMER TOOL OF HUERTA, *Aureliano Urrutia (in white), arriving at Vera Cruz. Later a Mexican mob, blaming him for many executions, threatened his life*

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WILSON AND MEXICO

WE ASK the public, in reading what is here set down, to bear in mind two things. The first is: That we don't want the United States to annex Mexico, or to conquer it, or to send our army into it. We wish to avoid, emphatically, identification with the Hearst type of jingo. Like many others within our knowledge, we have hesitated to criticize Wilson's Mexican policy through fear of being confused with that class of critics whose wish is for warlike aggrandizement. In the second place, we sympathize heartily with the demand for agrarian reform in Mexico, which means the dividing up of the land among the peons. A man and his wife and children upon sixty acres of land is the most wholesome basis of civilization, and we hope Mexico will soon achieve it. But we believe that country will achieve it sooner and keep it longer, if it comes peaceably through orderly processes of law, than through such a creature and such an uprising as Villa's. And we believe most emphatically that this division of the land must be brought about by Mexico itself. It cannot be done and should not be attempted by the United States. A division of the land that is made by the sword will have to be supported by the sword. The United States can no more confer this reform on Mexico than it can confer self-government upon it.

Get This Clearly in Mind

ONE of the most intelligent and accurate thinking men in the United States is Mr. Herbert Quick, editor of "Farm and Fireside." He vigorously dissents from our criticism of Wilson's Mexican policy. He says:

> The thing to consider in that connection is: What would have happened in Mexico if Wilson had recognized Huerta?

Mr. Quick thinks the revolution would have come anyhow. Maybe. But stick a pin right there. The point to remember is this: Whatever would have happened *would not have been Wilson's responsibility*, nor ours. Right here is the cause of many mistakes in the discussion of Wilson and Mexico. "Refusal to recognize Huerta" is a form of words which *sounds like a negative act*. It *sounds* like merely keeping hands off. In reality it is *an affirmative act*. To borrow an expressive phrase from the contemporary classics, it is "butting in." Get this firmly in your mind and you will have cleared the ground for correct thinking about Wilson and Mexico. To recognize a new government in a foreign country is the usual thing, practically the universal thing. To refuse to recognize requires explanation and justification—and entails responsibility. That responsibility is just now coming home to Wilson, and he must stand up to it. *To recognize*, in the normal way, *would have been non-interference*. *To refuse to recognize*, as Wilson did, *is interference*—a sort of interference whose logical end is intervention. Just here is the occasion of most of Wilson's troubles—he wants to sidestep the logical result of his own act: disliking intervention above all things, he took in the beginning the one step whose logical end *was* intervention. That is Wilson's personal tragedy. It sounded fine when he did it, and we all praised him for his lofty words of distaste for a government founded on assassination. Now that unpleasant consequences have come, he must accept them as well as he did the praise. It is entirely fair to insist that he ought to have considered the consequences.

A Portrait of Villa

BY FAR the best correspondence that has come out of Mexico about Villa has been written by John Reed. It appears in the "Metropolitan Magazine" for June. Reed is intensely sympathetic with Villa. Reed himself belongs to the little group of advanced agitators in America who edit "The Masses," support the I. W. W. ardently, and are usually to be found wherever agitation takes the form of violence. He is an ardent supporter of Villa, his purpose and his methods. From his friendly account of Villa these extracts are taken:

> Villa was an outlaw for twenty-two years. . . .
>
> Seobell, the British Vice Consul said: "I represent the Spaniards."
>
> "All right!" snapped Villa. "Tell them to begin to pack. Any Spaniard caught within the boundaries of this State after five days will be escorted to the nearest wall by a firing squad."
>
> The consuls gave a gasp of horror. Seobell began a violent protest, but Villa cut him short.
>
> "This is not a sudden determination on my part," he said. "I have been thinking about this since 1910. The Spaniards must go. . . . Twice we drove them out of Mexico, and allowed them to return with the same rights as Mexicans, and they used these rights to steal away our land, to make the people slaves, and to take up arms against the cause of liberty. They supported Porfirio Diaz. They were perniciously active in politics. It was the Spaniards who framed the plot that put Huerta in the palace. . . . They thrust on us the greatest superstition the world has ever known—the Catholic Church. They ought to be killed for that alone. I consider we are being very generous with them."
>
> The revolution possesses a black book in which are set down the names, offenses, and properties of those who have oppressed and robbed the people. The Germans, who have been particularly active politically, the English and Americans, he does not yet dare to molest. Their pages in the black book will be opened when the Constitutionalist government is established in Mexico City.
>
> Villa has at least two wives; one, a patient, simple woman, who was with him during all his years of outlawry, who lives in El Paso, and the other a catlike, slender young girl, who is the mistress of his house in Chihuahua. He is perfectly open about it. . . .
>
> The colorados, or Federal volunteers, which are the remnants of Orozco's lawless army, he executed wherever he captured them; because, he said, they were peons like the revolutionists and that no peon would volunteer against the cause of liberty unless he were bad. The Federal officers also he killed, because, he explained, they were educated men and ought to know better. . . .
>
> Fierro, the man who killed Benton, is known as "The Butcher" throughout the army. He is a great, beautiful animal of a man, the best and cruelest rider and fighter, perhaps, in all the revolutionary forces. In his furious lust for blood Fierro used to shoot down a hundred prisoners with his own revolver, only stopping long enough to reload. He killed for the pure joy of it. During two weeks that I was in Chihuahua Fierro killed fifteen inoffensive citizens in cold blood. But there was always a curious relationship between him and Villa. He was Villa's best friend, and Villa loved him like a son and always pardoned him.

It is grotesque that President Wilson, after revolting at Huerta, should find himself giving aid and comfort to, and practically in alliance with, such a leader and such an uprising as Villa's.

Bosh

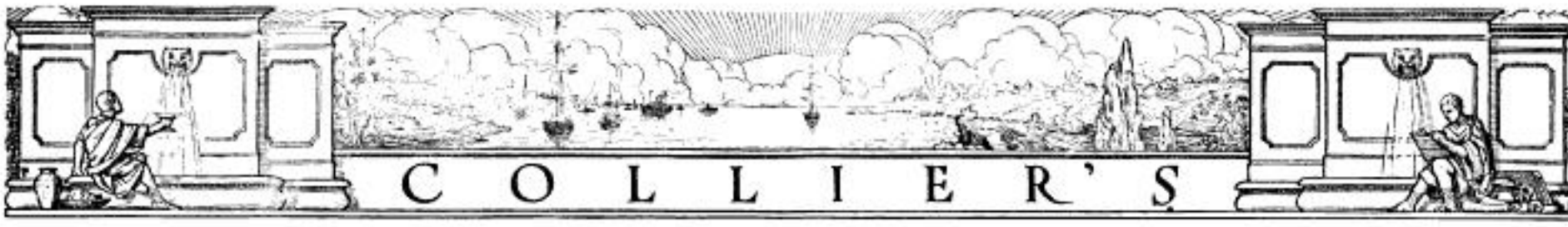
FROM the melodramatic interview which President Wilson gave to the "Saturday Evening Post" we take this:

> I challenge you [he said] to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above! Liberty always is attained by the forces working below, underneath, by the great movement of the people. That, leavened by the sense of wrong and oppression and injustice, by the ferment of human rights to be attained, brings freedom.

This passage from Wilson's utterances gives the clue to what is the matter with him. *He tries to make words take the place of facts*, and, in the slang of the day, so far, he gets away with it. We have watched carefully the newspapers of the United States for their comments on this interview, and, with the single exception of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," they have, as men say, fallen for it. Some hundreds of editors have uttered quite lyrical praise for a statesman with sentiments so noble and a historian so rich in knowledge. And right here is Wilson's trouble. Through a skill in words which is in part, we think, oversubtle and in part autohypnotic, he has created a figure of himself, and a world, both of which are false, both of which are made up of words and have little relation to facts. In creating this false personality, shallow newspapers, which have not the intellect to put the acid test to his words, are as responsible as he is himself. Of course this figure and world of words is bound to come to smash sooner or later.

It would be difficult to compress more false history and bad statesmanship into so few words as are contained in the paragraph quoted from Wilson's interview. To take the most obvious example, consider human slavery. It was once practically universal; it is now practically unknown. We can't recall—and it would be entirely safe to challenge Wilson to recall—a single square foot of the earth's surface upon which slavery was abolished by rebellion on the part of the slaves. (The island of Haiti may be a possible exception.) The abolition of slavery has invariably been "handed down from above." If these words of Wilson's were true, slavery in the United States would have been abolished by rebellion on the part of the slaves. It suits Wilson to invent this sort of history and this sort of philosophy for justification when he finds himself, against his intention, identified with Villa's bloody uprising. And so far as the newspapers are concerned, he gets away with it.

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These Bills Are Bad

PRESIDENT WILSON'S act in approving the Civil Appropriations Act, which forbade the expenditure of Government money in the prosecution of labor organizations for violations of the Sherman Law, was the entering wedge. It was a recognition of a special privilege to one class of lawbreakers which was to be denied to another. It afforded the inspiration for the Bacon-Bartlett Bill, which we commented on some weeks ago, and aims to create two special-privileged classes, labor unions and farmers' associations, to which the antitrust law should not apply. We have before us now the further consequence of the original bad precedent in a bill introduced by Mr. BALTZ in the House, calmly proposing that "men hired or engaged, or seeking to be so hired or engaged, as strike breakers, so called, for the purpose of assisting in or interfering with any labor trouble or strikes" shall be denied transportation by the railroads. The penalty proposed is to send the railroad to jail, or to make it pay a fine of $1,000. Some of the possible embarrassments of sending a railroad to jail have caused a further clause to be added by which the president, manager, or other officer may take the corporation's place in the Federal prison. Inasmuch as the jail sentence is only a year, no reasonable railroad president can object to it on the ground of harshness. This proposal to imprison the "president, manager, or other officers of the carrier" individually is obviously a concession to President WILSON'S views on the necessity of making crime personal. We omitted to state that it becomes also unlawful under this bill for any railroad or steamship company to transfer, handle, or carry any arms or ammunition into any State or territory "for the purpose of arming or assisting in arming or equipping such so-called strike breakers." If some of these bills, which attempt to accomplish things by the application of the Interstate Commerce clause of the Constitution, go into effect, the railroads will have to increase their rates in order to hire enough clairvoyants, crystal gazers, and detectives to know what the moral or immoral purposes of the traveler may be in buying his ticket. There is, so far as we know, no occasion for anyone to get excited over this bill. It is interesting, however, as an illustration of a tendency. You cannot start a bad precedent in class legislation without arousing an army of little Olivers who want more.

Lloyd-George and Prosperity

THE FRIGHTENED STANDPATTER is always seeing visions of blue ruin to all business. His idea of justice is concerned only with the strict enforcement of commercial contracts, anything else is anarchy and panic. Here is an English item for these ghost dancers: The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales (not a radical body) was entertained at dinner on May 5 last by the president of the institute, Mr. H. WOODBURN KIRBY, and the official report of the proceedings quotes Lord SOUTHWARK, member of the Privy Council and president of the London Chamber of Commerce, as follows:

> He would only say that they realized as business men that the pessimist was having rather a bad time at present. They had only to look at the bankers' clearing-house returns, the Board of Trade returns, the railway and shipping returns, and the great advance which the port of London was making, to see that they were doing very well.

Evidently England is discovering that prosperity results from working out some measure of social justice and thus releasing the energies of free and hopeful men. The manufacturers and traders of Great Britain will some day erect monuments to LLOYD-GEORGE.

Regulation and Taxes

THE PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION of New Jersey operates a system of trolley lines, gas works, and other public utilities in that State. During the year 1913 taxes paid amounted to 6 per cent of operating revenue—i. e., every time a Jerseyman bought a dollar's worth of street-car tickets he paid 6 cents taxes. The Standard Gas and Electric Company owns a number of electric and other utility companies, mostly in the States west of the Mississippi River. Last year taxes amounted to 6.2 per cent of the combined income of all the subsidiary companies, a trifle higher than the New Jersey rates. Every telephone bill paid by subscribers receiving service from the Bell telephone system (and there are several millions of them) is over 5 per cent taxes—that is, you pay a dollar to the company and a nickel for the Government. All these utilities are subject to regulation by public-service commissions. Rates must be fixed high enough to cover operating expenses, and taxes are such an expense. It follows that in fixing the rates to be charged for gas, electricity, telephone messages, trolley rides, etc., we are arranging to have these corporations collect taxes from us as users of these services. The effect is that the services cost more. How far do we want to go with this? Regulation gives us absolute power in the matter in the long run, and there is nothing to prevent us from making taxes 50 per cent, say, of operating expenses instead of 5 or 6 per cent. The very proposition suggests what a crazy patch-work taxation is in the United States. During the thousands of years that human beings have been living together gregariously they have never arrived at a satisfactory method of assessing upon each individual what his subscription should be to the common fund.

A Sure Thing

RAY STANNARD BAKER closes an article in the "American Magazine" by stating that the Washington "dope" is to the effect that in the Presidential campaign of 1916 "the battle will be between Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT; and may the best man win!" We are willing to go further and say that, in the above event, the best man certainly and surely will win. It's a cinch!

Purest Buncombe

WHEN POLITICIANS raise hands to high heaven and in husky voices pay tribute to the holiness of platform pledges—look for the nigger in the woodpile. Party platforms contain planks of varying importance; the Panama Canal toll plank that was inserted in both the Progressive and Democratic platforms of 1912 was not essentially a party measure; neither did voters generally take any interest in it or weigh the issues involved. Democrats who are tempted by editors of the Hearst school and statesmen of the obsolescent Champ Clark type, will do well to note that a canvass of the delegates to the Baltimore Convention, conducted by Senator GORE of Oklahoma, shows four out of five of them (702 in 867) in support of the President in his recommendation that the shipping subsidy be repealed. Obstructionists may emulate the Missouri mule—but why insist on comparisons?

Another Lesson from Vera Cruz

ADMIRAL FLETCHER is reported as having written Secretary DANIELS that during nine days ashore at Vera Cruz not a single man got intoxicated or was guilty of disorderly conduct. As this leading Mexican port has the full complement of dives and grog shops, the record is a fine one, and all good Americans are proud of it. According to such established authorities as SOLOMON and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, temperance is learned by practicing it.

Horrible Examples for Commencement

THE COMMENCEMENT ORATORS are going to have a lot to say this month about the part the college man is to play in the life of the nation. They can get a perfectly good idea of what that ought to be by taking the opposite of what these eminently successful "old grads" have done: WILLIAM BARNES, Jr., Harvard; COLE BLEASE, Georgetown; BENJAMIN B. ODELL, Columbia, and BOIES PENROSE, Harvard. No doubt there are plenty of others (e. g., A. RUEF, University of California; G. W. HINMAN, Hamilton), but these four come to mind as perniciously conspicuous. Note these examples and avoid them.

An Invitation

THE OXYFAKERS are at it again. They are reported to be making fine killings in Philadelphia. The oxyfakers are the braw lads with the testimonials; but some testimonials aren't flattering enough to get printed. Anyone who would like to relieve his feelings about the truth of Oxydonor or Oxypathor from personal experience is invited to send us his or her story of tin-can medicine and what it has failed to do to relieve suffering. The truth will out—but we leave it to you whether we shall print your name or not.

Is This So?

APROPOS of too many divorces, we find this key in "Thoughts on Various Subjects," by JONATHAN SWIFT:

> The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, and not in making cages.

The Fame of Lincoln

WITHIN FIFTY YEARS of LINCOLN'S death, in celebration of the centenary of peace between the United States and Great Britain, his statue is to be erected opposite Westminster Abbey, near the Houses of Parliament. In the very center of London, at the heart

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

of the British Empire, a replica of SAINT GAUDENS's great work in Lincoln Park, Chicago, will testify to the high place our Civil War President has taken in the history of civilization. We all know why.

—And the Lincoln Myth

WITH THE FAME goes also the myth—this curious legend that LINCOLN was a "rough-and-ready debater," an "ungainly man." The plain truth is that he was a man of uncommon naturalness, dignity, and grace; an athlete of extraordinary power and endurance. Some of the photographs of him are among the comparatively few human pictures that are inherently decorative. TRUMAN H. BARTLETT proved this some years ago in an article in "McClure's Magazine," and he cited in his support such authorities as the great French sculptor RODIN. In debate and in his writings LINCOLN ranks as one of the masters of the English language. His work is a permanent part of our literature, and a sentence from one of his addresses is framed in one of the halls at Oxford as an example of perfect English speech. If you want to know what debate can be, read LINCOLN's arguments against DOUGLAS. Fame sometimes needs nothing but the truth, and LINCOLN's personality was worthy of his soul.

By No Means Apt

QUIBBLING about the use of words is not our specialty—yet the misuse of a good word does at times distress us. Take "apt," for example. When the word is not used to denote skill or suitability, habit is implied in these three letters—habit or predisposition. One says very properly "an honest man is not *apt* to forget his liabilities," just as old SAM BUTLER wrote: "For fat is wondrous apt to burn." Newspapers nowadays — and they're not without dictionary encouragement — are making "apt" a mere synonym for "likely" in cases where just one action, and no habit or custom, is involved. This abuse of a helpless monosyllable is to be noted in the news columns of the New York "Evening Post"—the Prunes and Prisms of American journalism. From the New York "Times" we learn that "when the news came that Vera Cruz had been taken he [Mr. NORMAN ANGELL] emphasized the grave danger of the situation that was *apt to ensue*." Equally cruel manhandling of the little adjective occurs in New York's renascent "Tribune," where we read:

> Mr. ADAMSON wouldn't say what he was *apt* to do.

HORACE GREELEY must have shivered in his marble tomb when the reporter for his newspaper typed this gruesome sentence.

Helps to College Temperance

A PATHETIC OLD GRADUATE, signing himself '89, has written the Yale "Daily News" a poetic exposition of the contempt which, in his opinion, former Yalensians have for the present undergraduate body. The "high point" of the piece is its melancholy recollection of the good old days

> When rolling down to Mory's
> The sweatered seniors came,
> Roaring with booze and victory
> After the Harvard game.

New Haven's latter-day degenerates are accused of drowning their numerous athletic defeats in tea. There are things too deep for grief, as another poet has said, and no doubt "rolling down to MORY'S" was a notable stage in the development of Connecticut civilization. It occurs to an unsympathetic bystander that HAUGHTON, WRAY, and the other Harvard coaches might very well be described as the men who took the ale out of Yale. More power to them! There are many ways of cutting out the drink at our colleges, and any method which does the work is a good thing for the future of the country.



"Now tell Uncle Teddy all about it"

Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

Biographies of Souls

INTERESTED by our recent query about the six best biographies, a friend thus expresses himself:

> That list was all right, and I'm sure I have no fault to find with it as far as it goes. But why not include the biographical sketch, which literally "sketches" its subject, paying less attention to exhaustive details than to the real soul—if you'll permit that word? For my part, I'd sacrifice several of the biographies in the list you quoted for the sake of DR. JOHN BROWN'S "Marjorie Fleming," STEVENSON'S "Father Damien," and BARRIE'S "Margaret Ogilvy."
>
> Perhaps some folks would call those books tributes rather than biographies. Well, let it go at that: the tribute of a grown man to a dear little girl (comrade of WALTER SCOTT); the tribute of one brave man to another; the tribute of a son to his mother. If anyone can read these three books without a tightening of the throat, well—the curse of the crows on him for a creature without a heart!
>
> I've just realized all three of these authors are Scots. What do you know about that! Is it just a coincidence? Or is there some reason why this dour-seeming race can express its feeling so tenderly about those it loves? I do wish, with your all-seeing editorial wisdom, you'd enlighten me.

We can't, friend, though we can tell you that we easily escape your curse of the crows. We've been meaning for some time to reread "Marjorie Fleming," who wrote those immortal lines of the heartbroken but stoic mother turkey:

> She was more than usual calm,
> She did not give a single dam.

And we're pretty strong for the other two books you mention. Can any reader add to this trio of "emotional" biographies?

An Interesting Sophistry

ANOTHER COMMENT on the list of biographies is that

> It's a shame that "Henry Esmond" can't be included as a biography. If lots of books which make real people seem unreal can be called biographies, why can't a book which makes an unreal person real?

Why, indeed?

Getting Rid of Toil

WE ALL know something of labor-saving machinery in a vague way, but we are not likely to have any idea of the ceaseless, scientific, wide-reaching improvement that goes on in these devices. Magnet cranes that will pick up and carry five tons of loose scrap iron; one-man coal-handling bridges that will unload five hundred tons of coal in an hour so that you can see the ship rise in the water; lathes in which ten tools cut into two pieces of steel at one time and one man runs two such machines—these are only three of the new weapons we are now using to conquer the world of things. What are we going to do with it?

Looking Backward in 1999

THE FABIANS, feminists, revolutionaries, swinging in the welter of those times when the century was young, were often splendid fellows, charged with sincerity and zeal. How angrily and heartily they wrestled with their work, with drawn brow and uneasy eyes, finding no peace in the world, refusing the peace of an inner withdrawal; always in pain over mankind and restless with themselves. They caught at hasty regeneration and upheaval in the dark hope that they might turn dross to gold; forcing their feelings into sympathy with each new thrust of revolting women and awakening syndicalists, breathing in the wind of fury, stretching their intelligence thin over a throng of causes, accepting gospels and evangels with an ever-fresh welcome. And they paid the penalty of that variable impulse by an absence of symmetry, of serenity, of central control. There was a flatness in much of their troubled temporary work, sure of nothing except that all is change. They busied themselves with tossing age-old institutions into the bonfire, deposing God (in their own lives), planning a new and greater state, a more admirable society, on what would prove well pleasing to lawless girls and hasty improvising visionaries. They constructed a logic where no two persons agreed on the premise, and reared a philosophy out of a whirl of caprice.

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Stewart Speedometer—the most popular speedometer in the world

Nearly 300 car manufacturers equip with the Magnetic Speedometer. 95% of all the speedometers in use are Magnetic Type. It is permanently accurate because it is built on the proven best principle. It has *only one moving part*, as against the dozen or more rapidly wearing parts that are *necessary* in speedometers built on the obsolete centrifugal principle.

You will *probably* find a Magnetic Type Speedometer on the car you are considering. But look—be sure!

The Magnetic Type Speedometer costs the car manufacturer more than any other type. You may be sure that he adopted it, *and willingly paid more for it, only* because he considers it *best*. And the fact that he has gone down in his pocket to provide the best speedometer proves that he has also provided the best to be had for the entire equipment of the car—he is building cars on a *quality basis*.

The old-fashioned, out-of-date speedometers, such as the centrifugal, have now been practically abandoned. They are only supplied by the very few manufacturers who try to save money at the *car buyer's* expense by "skimping" on equipment.



Stewart Model B-Z-12 Speedometer
Price $50



Save your back,—save your tires —by having a Stewart Tire Pump mounted right on, and driven by, your motor

It is time you were relieved of all back-breaking hand pumping, and all the tire troubles and expenses that are caused by using a hand pump.

Manufacturers have made it possible for you to start your motor by pressing a pedal. They have provided lighting equipments that are controlled from the driver's seat by merely touching a button.

But the most important thing of all they are just coming to,—the Power Tire Pump. Many car manufacturers are now installing this Stewart Tire Pump as regular equipment. Everyone knows that the hardest work about an automobile is the job of filling your tires by hand.

Stewart Tire Pump Complete only $15

You are sure to be up against the necessity of tire pumping *sometime,—somewhere*—on the road, if you've used all your extra tires—in your garage when you get back from a trip, to get your extra tires in condition again.

You cannot fill a tire sufficiently by hand, and an under-inflated tire wears out rapidly through rim-cutting, broken fabric, and friction. A half-filled tire drags on the road, increasing the consumption of gasoline. All this doubles your tire expense.

What's the use of beautiful spring construction and 10-inch upholstery if you haven't a pump that will keep your tires up to proper inflation?

How many car owners religiously test the pressure of air in the tires on their cars? How many run along on half-filled tires until they are nearly flat, before they again blow them up to the pressure stipulated by the tire maker?

Tire manufacturers will tell you that you should test the tires every few days, and if they don't show the right pressure, then they should be immediately brought up to the right pressure. But you are bound to put off this hard work as long as you can, if it is up to you to do it with a hand pump.

With the Stewart Tire Pump mounted on your motor you simply throw over a little lever and the motor does all the work—quickly. It fills a big 36 x 4½ in. tire, for instance, in five minutes. It is designed on the most efficient engineering lines, beautifully built and finished. The piston is steel, hardened, ground and lapped. The connecting rod is hardened steel. The cylinder has fins which insure perfect air cooling. The base is aluminum. No dust or oil can enter tire.

Complete, with air pressure gauge and 12 feet of high grade hose, only - - - $15

Can be fitted on your present car, old or new. Write for complete catalog, and let us know the car you are now driving. If you are buying a new car the dealer will install it for you.



The Great Chain of Stewart Service Stations—that mean Real Service

We maintain the most complete, thorough and efficient service organization in the automobile accessory industry—bar none. Devoted exclusively to our own products. Dedicated to you who own and use Stewart equipment on your cars. Yours to command and profit by wherever you go in the civilized world.

Look at the names of the cities dotted about the oval border of this advertisement. In each of these cities is a Stewart Service Station. This is only a partial list, comprising those in the United States alone. We have 17 direct Factory Branches and 70 Service Stations, and they are being added to constantly. They soon will cover the automobile-using world.

There are so-called "service stations,"—small concerns that merely carry a few spare speedometer parts, with no equipment to make any repairs or adjustments. As compared to these, Stewart Service Stations are completely equipped, manned by factory experts, carry a full line of Stewart products and parts, and are as well prepared to care for your Stewart equipment as though you sent it to our factory.

When you buy equipment for your car, remember the importance and advantage of being able to command Stewart Service—REAL Service. It means everything in the world to you afterward.

Stewart-Warner S

Executive Offices:

Factories:

17 Branches. Service Sta



You stand by and watch the Stewart Tire Pump do the work.

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Disadvantages of Gravity Systems, which the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System entirely overcomes

The gravity system requires a tank either under front seat or in cowl. The tank under the front seat compels car body to be designed "up in the air," while everybody now insists on a low, stream-line body. It forces placing the carburetor in a very low position, where it is very hard to get at, and where it loses the benefit of the motor's heat. It ousts the front seat passenger whenever tank has to be filled. It uses up space that can be used more advantageously.

The tank-in-cowl compels using a soldered tank. Rough riding is apt to open the seams and cause leaks, and soak the electric wiring, hence a constant menace from explosion and collision. The cowl tank requires unsightly and inconvenient filler spout at point where spilled gasoline attacks varnish. It causes annoying splashing sound when gasoline is low—and means partial dissembling of car when tank has to be repaired. In case of any fire under the hood a leaky gasoline tank is most dangerous. Also with a tank in the cowl, the continued odor of gasoline is very obnoxious.

Both gravity systems limit the size of the tank and force you to refill often.

Every one of these disadvantages is done entirely away with by the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.

All present gasoline systems being thrown out,—New Stewart Vacuum Gasoline Tank takes their place

Until now you have had to accept a car with either a *pressure* gasoline system or *a gravity* gasoline system for supplying gasoline to carburetor.

Car owners have been forced to accept one or the other of these systems because there was nothing better. *Now*, there is!

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System eliminates every single drawback and shortcoming of both the pressure and gravity methods of supplying gasoline.

It is absolutely automatic. It has been thoroughly tried, tested, proven, and now adopted by a great many of the leading Car Manufacturers (names on request). They realize that this system adds the last touch of refinement and efficiency to their cars.

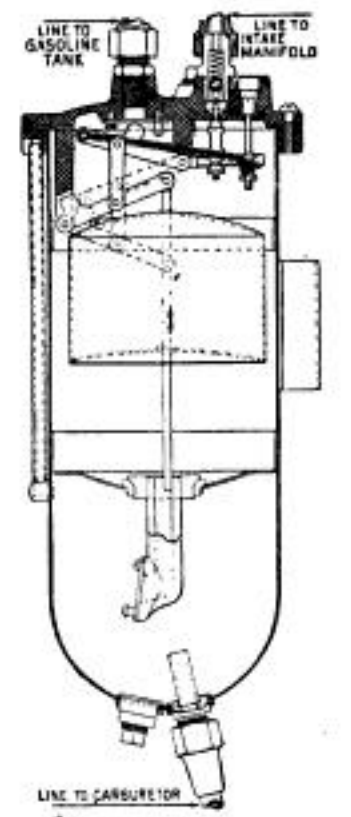
Over the roughest roads, and up and down the steepest grades, it insures an absolutely positive gasoline feed to the carburetor.

It is self-contained,—simple in construction—nothing to get out of order. Once installed it can be forgotten. There is absolutely nothing that requires attention. It is positively and lastingly automatic.

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System comprises a small round tank, 3 inches in diameter and 9 inches deep, mounted on engine side of dash. This tank is divided into two chambers, upper and lower. The upper chamber is connected to the intake manifold, while another pipe connects it with the main gasoline supply tank. The lower chamber is connected with the carburetor.

The intake strokes of the motor create a vacuum in the upper chamber of the tank, and this vacuum draws gasoline from the supply tank.

As the gasoline flows into this upper chamber it raises a float valve. When this float valve reaches a certain height it automatically shuts off the vacuum valve, and opens an atmospheric valve, which lets the gasoline flow down into the lower chamber. The float valve in the upper chamber drops with the gasoline flowing out, and when it reaches a certain point it in turn re-opens the vacuum valve, and the process of refilling the upper chamber begins again. The same processes are repeated continuously, and absolutely automatically. The lower chamber is always open to the atmosphere, so that the gasoline flows to the carburetor, as required, uninterruptedly and with an even pressure.



Stewart Vacuum Gasoline Tank

The Advantages of the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System

—Does away with all need of pressure—eliminates power pressure-pumps, hand pressure-pumps, air gauge on dash, extra line of piping to rear tank, gasoline filter, and all labor of installing all this equipment — does not require air-tight supply tank, nor air-tight filler caps.

Does away with trouble of trying to keep air pressure in supply tank—trying to overcome leaks in connections—necessity of always tightening down filler cap,—for with this system it doesn't matter if filler cap is left off entirely, it works just as well—car starts instantaneously—no need of laborious pumping pressure in the tank by hand.

The carburetor may be placed high on the motor where it is easily accessible, and where heat of motor greatly assists carburetion.

Tank is located under hood on front side of dash—out of the way—heat of engine warms gasoline and assists carburetion.

Lower chamber of tank is constructed as a filter, and prevents any water or sediment in gasoline from passing into carburetor. A plug in bottom of tank permits drawing off this water, and also allows you to draw gasoline, if required for priming or cleaning purposes.

Supply tank can also be placed in advantageous position in rear of car, permitting car manufacturers to design body as low as style and requirements demand—puts weight where it is carried to best advantage to the riding qualities of the car.

Does away with gasoline tank in Cowl where they have been found to be noisy—giving off annoying odors—troublesome to fill and dangerous in collision, and hazardous from possible explosions through leakage of gasoline to ignition wires.

This system makes climbing the steepest grades as easy as running on the level.

Car Manufacturers claim for this system a 10% saving in gasoline by reason of its even flow to the carburetor, instead of the feed being forced.

Starting in cold weather is easier because of having a supply of gasoline under the hood where it receives and retains the heat of the motor for a much longer period than if drawn directly from the exposed supply tank.

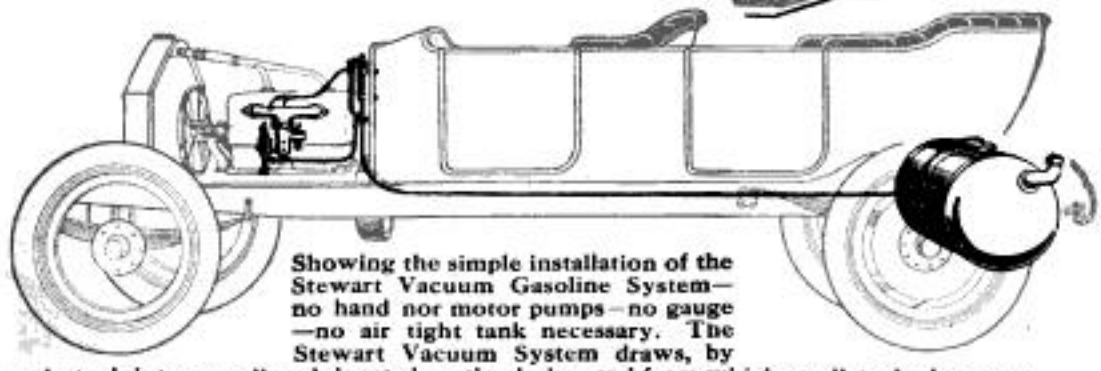
This Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System can be installed on your present car, whether old or new, at any of our Service Stations or by any garage man. Price

$15

edometer Corporation

Diversey Boulevard, Chicago
go and Beloit, Wisc.

is in all cities and large towns.


Showing the simple installation of the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System—no hand nor motor pumps—no gauge—no air tight tank necessary. The Stewart Vacuum System draws, by a, the gasoline from rear supply tank into a small tank located on the dash,—and from which small tank the gasoline flows with even pressure to the carburetor. It is absolutely automatic and unfailing. Read complete description above.

Disadvantages of Pressure Systems, which the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System entirely overcomes

The pressure system requires, first a hand pump to supply pressure before starting the motor—next, an air gauge, then, an air pump on motor or a pressure regulator on exhaust manifold,—also an *air-tight* gasoline tank in rear—an *air-tight* filler cap—a spout strong enough to resist use of heavy wrench on filler cap—a magnetic gasoline gauge on tank—a filter on gasoline line—an extra line of piping—and all the disadvantages and annoyances of taking care of so many devices. All these contraptions cause trouble; leaks—stoppages—first, too much presssure—then, no pressure—then, no gasoline.

Every one of these disadvantages is done entirely away with by the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.

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Ruminations

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

Sonnets on Most Anything

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

At Vera Cruz the big guns grimly wait,
A full half million youngsters pant for war,
Tense, troubled wise men mull the puzzle o'er,
With each swift minute shifts a tyrant's fate.
The news goes hurtling through each town and State,
The eager crowds before the windows stand
And urge to speed, with oaths importunate,
The tortoise boy with history in his hand.
"News, news," they cry, through all our teeming land;
"Put up the bulletin. Quick, bonehead, quick!
Ah! Daly hit too short and Weaver fanned!
Those White Sox sure are gentle with the stick!
Let's get another inning ere we go—
Aw, shucks! Here comes some dope on Mexico!"

The Waiting List for South America

THE South American fear that we are seeking to annex the whole continent is distinctly unflattering to the United States.

As a matter of fact, far from soliciting membership in this glorious Union, we are more likely to establish an admission fee with annual dues, an eligibility standard, and waiting list.

The United States citizen has unparalleled blessings, and has not been ungenerous in the past in sharing them with outlying stretches of territory which have in some manner or other gotten jarred loose from their owners. But the limit has been about reached. We are big enough. We have more railroads than we can control, more trusts than we can prosecute, more Congressmen than can be comfortably seated at Washington, and more millionaires than our colleges, libraries, and benevolent institutions can relieve.

Moreover the baseball leagues cannot be widened out to cover any more territory, and under the new primary system a candidate for President has to start two years in advance in order to stump the country.

The South American countries should begin to worry on the other side of the question. How are they going to get voted into this exclusive order of commonwealths? The list of blackballed applicants during the last century is larger than most people suppose.

Iturbide

ITURBIDE was the Huerta of Mexico ninety years ago. Time after time, in the early twenties of the last century, citizens of this country, on laying down their newspapers crammed with Mexican news only a few weeks old, exclaimed: "What will that fellow do next? Must we go down there and spank him?"



And yet Iturbide was a patriot. Patriotism has been harder on Mexico than pulque has. Somehow patriotism below the Rio Grande when mixed with success seems to go to the head and ferment there in a most demoralizing manner. Time after time Mexico has raised up a noble patriot to chase out the cruel tyrant, only to discover that the said noble patriot has gone heartily into the cruel-tyrant business himself. It has been very discouraging.

Iturbide was a fine young Mexican of good education and old Spanish stock who fought in the King's army and did such valiant service putting down revolutions that, at the age of thirty-seven, he was made head of the royal forces in Mexico and was asked to go out and promote ill health in a brand-new rebel army.

Up to this time Iturbide had not shown any symptoms of patriotism. Now, however, with a well-armed force behind him, he came down with it in a violent form and suggested to Spain that hereafter Mexico should be ruled by home talent. This produced immense enthusiasm in his own beloved land, and when Spain gave up the argument Iturbide was elected President by a grateful Congress.

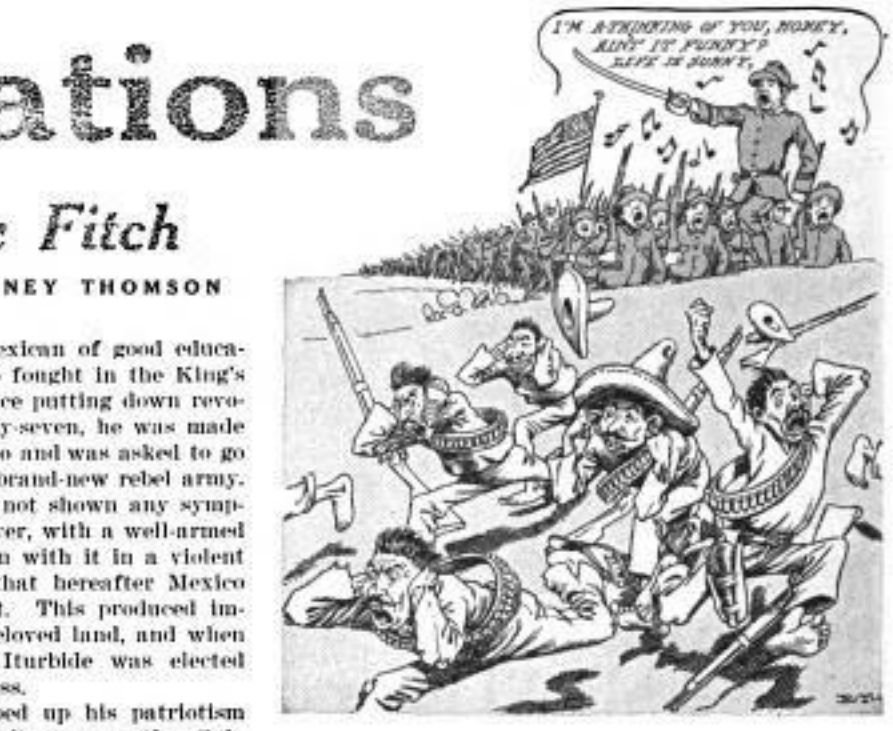
At this point Iturbide wrapped up his patriotism in an old newspaper and mislaid it permanently. Subsequent proceedings indicate that some one must have slipped him a volume of Gibbon's "Rome," for, after making himself Emperor, he started out in the good old imperial Roman way to eradicate his enemies. He became so fatal that the tarantula was regarded as a harmless pet during his reign. He celebrated Good Friday by butchering three hundred delinquents, and roamed up and down the land, irrigating it with blood. It is possible that if he had been left alone he might have settled the whole Mexican question for us by reducing the population to himself. But in less than a year Mexico rose with a hoarse shout and booted him to Italy on a pension of $25,000 a year. A little later he committed suicide by trying to come back and start another revolution.

In this country Iturbide has been so completely forgotten that the name is commonly supposed to be that of a new mineral or a patent washing powder. But in Mexico he is much honored. This is because Mexico had about twenty-five patriots in close and horrible succession after him, and his virtues shone more brightly with each comparison. Let us give three cheers for the Rio Grande.

Too Much Opportunity

THE United States is an extremely civilized country, all English comments regarding our athletics to the contrary notwithstanding. It is embarrassing to say the least, therefore, to be compelled to bury from six to eight thousand murdered citizens every year. It causes other nations, some of which have not yet begun an inquiry into the effect of sour milk on babies, to raise the eyebrows in polite horror and to say things about us which hurt.

The great trouble with this country is its unlimited opportunities along all lines, including that of the extermination of personal enemies. When the citizen of some other land has a grievance against a friend he saves his pennies painfully until he has enough to acquire a pistol, and then sets about accomplishing his revenge. By the time he has his battery perfected he has lost his ill temper or has emigrated, or has been filed away in prison for lèse-majesté, or has been dissuaded in one way or another from accomplishing his purpose. But when the American citizen or the paying guest within our dominions desires to exterminate any one he goes out and gets a revolver. He gets it at the hardware store, sporting goods store, delicatessen, or pawnshop; or he mails $3.50 and postage to a mail-order house; or he borrows one from the first passer-by, or pays half a dollar down at an installment house for a magazine murder machine, or gets one as a premium with a pound of tea. If all these fail, he steps into some church and borrows one from the janitor, or he goes up to the first policeman he meets and asks for his revolver, explaining that he wants to kill a cat. In half an hour he is armed to the teeth and in another hour he is either a murderer or a clammy victim.





There ought to be a protective tariff of $1,000 apiece on revolvers, collected by the internal revenue department. This would cut down the murder statistics of the country to a wonderful extent. By the time a man had saved the money necessary to cannonade his opponent, he would probably be supporting the said opponent for office and defending him with fists and teeth against the vile tongue of calumny. Opportunity in the revolver line is a great curse.

Why We Have an Immigration Problem

1. Telephones in London have five numbers and a prefix.

Could We Fight in Syncopations?

THE gravest crisis which the United States faces in a war with Mexico is the matter of songs.

Songs recruited the Union army during the Civil War. A score of them are still famous. Songs cast a gentle halo over the returning Spanish-American War veteran and made those young men who had stayed at home sigh for a chance at glory. We need songs in our belligerent business to-day—but can we get along with to-day's songs?

Running hastily over the most popular of to-day's musical outbreaks, the most conservative thing we can say is that songs have changed. But war hasn't. It still produces the same old brand of obituary and heartbreak.

The same kind of weeping girls will stay at home, and the same rapturous brand of sweethearts will engulf the soldier boy when he returns. Can we inspire him to enlist and comfort him in camp with this sort of thing?

Just before the battle
Let me tattle
Something that'll
Keep a jig, jig, jigging in your heart so true.
I'm a-thinking of you, honey,
Ain't it funny?
Life is sunny,
And I'd give a lot of money to be safe at home
with you—oo—oo—
Up in old Baraboo.

Chorus

Keep a write, write, writing, dearie,
And I'll be your fighting kid.
Keep a tell, tell, telling how your love keeps
swelling.
Won't you please take off the lid?
Oh, oh, I'd be glad if you did.

Once again we'll soon be trottin', ain't it rotten how we've gotten
Separated by the cruel, cruel foe!
But I'll be yours—toot, toot—clear the track—
hear me shoot—
In the land where the hot tamales grow.

If this is the sort of songs we must supply to our soldier boys, there is but one thing to do. Let them be sung at the enemy. This would be a heartless proceeding, but war is necessarily cruel and should be made as brief as possible.

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The Strangest School in the World

By BRUCE BARTON

THE newspapers commented on the fact that he showed no emotion. But they need not have done so. When a man is just barely a man instead of an animal; when he cannot read or write and hardly talk; and when he has killed the one person whom he loves best in the world, a display of sensitiveness, a parading of the emotions is not to be expected. Such a one may sit stolid and unmoved even while the judge is saying the words that mean life imprisonment; even while the barred door of the cell clangs shut behind him.

And sit stolid he did. Each morning the guard who unlocked the cell door found him staring wide-eyed straight before him, and there was never any response to the morning greeting. Each night, after the long grueling day at the prison foundry had worn itself away, the guard who locked the cells left him, still bolt upright, still staring out of unseeing eyes, waiting stolidly for sleep. Other men read or wrote letters or chatted. Stone walls did not a prison make, for them; on the fairy wings of books they could travel over golden highways into the hearts of palaces and temples. With letters they could mingle in the life of those they had left outside.

But for him there were no books, no letters. He had not learned to read or write. The cell wherein he sat might better have been the grave; there would then have been no hellish torture of the mind, no deadly circle of regret to lengthen out the bitter days. The days grew into months and months to years. He was twenty-five, they told him; then thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-three.

He neither smiled nor cried, nor answered them. He did not even know whether they told him the truth—nor care. Why should he care?

A Haunt of Happiness

NOT long ago, walking up and down the barred aisles in the graduate department of the Strangest School in the World, I saw him. He came up to the other side of the bars, and stood smiling, a strange, crumpled sort of a smile, as though his lips had not quite learned how to manage it. He had a book in his hand.

"Ever read about Job?" he asked me. When I nodded he continued:

"There's a feller had a pretty tough time, didn't he? And Robinson Crusoe: ever read about him? There was some guy, wasn't it? First guy I ever read about; took me a long time—but say, friend, it was great. Which do you think I oughter read about next, Pilgrim's Progress or Sherlock Holmes? The warden says they're both great."

"Try Sherlock," I said. "He's a plain-clothes man, but he's square. You look a lot happier than when I saw you last."

"Happy!" he repeated, the smile redoubling its effort to break through. "Happy! Say, friend, I'm the happiest guy you ever seen. Look at that." He fished under his pillow and pulled out a wrinkled letter. "There's a guy outside that writes to me every month; come walkin' through here like you about six months ago, and he ain't missed once. I write to him, too. Happy! Say, you betcher life I'm happy."

He reached a horny hand through the bars and I shook it and left him, the smile still struggling hard.

The Strangest School in the World is at the bottom of a long flight of steps in the Maryland State Penitentiary. Not the fact that it is in a penitentiary makes it strange, not the long row of whitewashed cells that almost touch the desks, nor the blue-coated guard who occupies the extreme back seat. There are schools in other penitentiaries, some of them with long, honorable histories. But the strangest school is different in its teachers, its pupils, its methods, and its results.

A Murderer as Pedagogue

THERE are one hundred and twelve pupils, sixteen teachers, and the average age of pupils and teachers together is thirty-three and a third years. One of the teachers is a murderer doing life; one is a highway robber doing twenty years; one is a bigamist; one a forger; and only the warden knows what the others were or did to bring them there. In one class of eight scholars I met two bigamists, a murderer, a burglar, and one who had burned down a store. The baby of the school is barely turned twenty-one, hardly more than a boy; the eldest is seventy-two. Altogether the school constitutes nearly a third of the whole population of the prison; and not a man of the whole hundred and twelve scholars now enrolled could read a daily paper or write his own name.

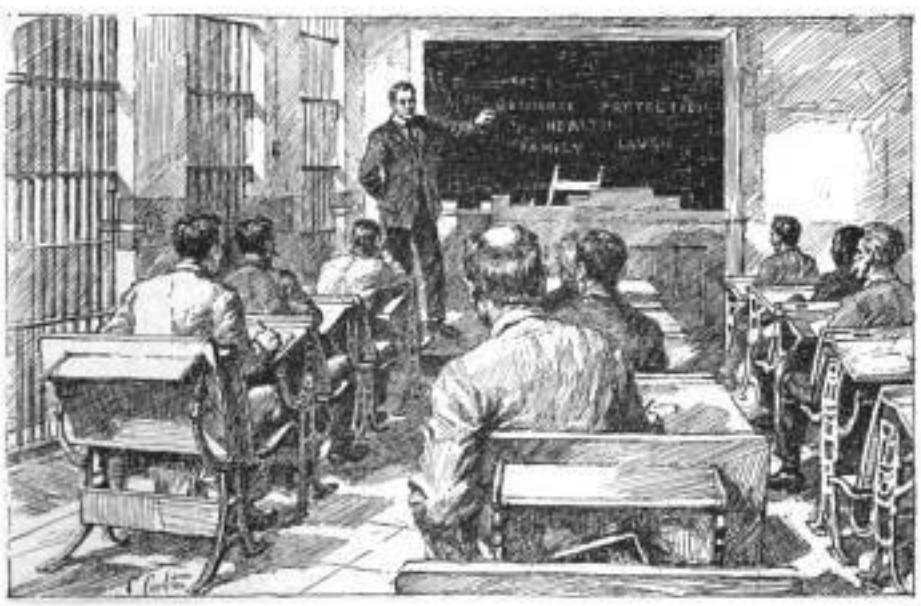
They filed in quickly at the beginning of the session, as though eager to be at their books; and when I looked around there was not one vacant seat. They were of all types, young, fresh-looking lads, with the bloom of health on their cheeks; old men on whose faces the whitewashed walls of the prison had cast its pale, fixed shadows; men who held their heads high, and men who turned their faces from you as they passed; men with hope still strong in their eyes; and dogged, almost sullen, men; white men and black men; men who would pass out into the world for a new lease of life; and men who had ceased long ago even to dream about the world. With only a few preliminaries the teacher wrote on a blackboard the lessons that were to occupy this session, and the one hundred and twelve twisted their stiff fingers clumsily about their pencils and bent their muscled backs to write.

"Use each one of these words in a sentence"—the teacher had written: "Obedience, bottom, protection, health, family, laugh."

Pathetic Scholarship

I WALKED in and out among the great straining bodies and watched them write. No breadth of thought or nicety of expression was here, but in almost every sentence one might read something that revealed the writer's own pathetic, starved experience.

"I am obedience to the warden in this place," wrote one bulky highwayman, fashioning each letter with infinite exertion. Until the school started he had





It appeals
to the most critical taste

There is no guest too fastidious, no occasion too formal or too important for

Campbell's
Tomato Soup

Its irreproachable quality commends it to the most exacting epicure. And it is so readily adapted to the character of the meal—light or hearty as the case may be—that in each instance it seems exactly the fitting key to the occasion.

Prepared as a rich Cream-of-tomato, or served in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream it is an especially inviting "overture" to any meal.

How about that particular "company-affair" of *yours?*

21 kinds **10c a can**

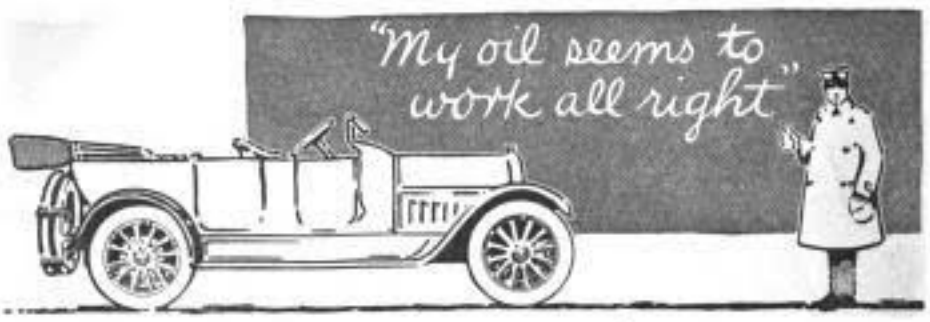
Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Mutton Broth
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable

Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



This hap-hazard expression is common among inexperienced motorists. It often brings costly penalties.

The motorist should never rest satisfied simply because he *sees* no trouble.

You cannot spare time to frequently examine your wrist-pins and bearings. Nor can you, after each run, inspect your cylinder walls and piston rings for signs of faulty lubrication.

Every good automobile motor is built to stand abuse—for a time.

No matter how inefficient your oil is, your motor for a while will "seem to work all right."

But high fuel bills often point to power-waste—sometimes directly due to incorrect oil.

And the poorly-lubricated motor which "seemed to work all right" too-commonly is headed for the repair shop.

Lubricating oil, to prevent power-waste and premature motor wear, *must* have two qualities.

(1) Its *body* must be suited to your feed system, piston-clearance, bearing design and many other important factors which differ with different motors.

(2) Its *quality* must give full protection to the moving parts under the heat of service.

How can you make sure that your lubricant is correct in body and high in quality?

A safe, scientific guide will be found in the carefully-studied recommendations listed in the Lubricating Chart, printed in part at the right. Each recommendation in this Chart was made after a careful engineering analysis of the car's motor.

For a number of years this Chart has been the standard scientific guide to correct lubrication.

A copy of our complete Chart will be sent you on request.

On request we will also mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture is on the container.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Abo	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Avery	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C)									Arc	Arc
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									A	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc
" Con't	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Case			A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)									Arc	Arc
Cole	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	A	A	B	E	A	Arc	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc				
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc		
Ford	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" Con't	B	A	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
G. M. C. Truck					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (Model 6-66)									Arc	Arc
Hayes	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile (Model 20)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (Model 32)							A	Arc	A	Arc
I. M. C. (air)							B	A	B	A
" (water)							A	A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	A				
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A								
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Jeffery									A	A
" Con't					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly				Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
King			A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
" Con't									Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Con't			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Model 48)									A	A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E
" (Model B)							A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E				
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Moline Knight									A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Paige-Detroit	E	E	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A
Pathfinder							A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Con't			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Regal	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon									E	E
S. G. V.			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc
Selden	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Mod.							A	Arc	B	A
Stearns	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Knight							A	A	B	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Knight					A	A	A	A		
Studebaker	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	Arc
Walter	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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never lived through a month in the prison without being summoned before the warden for discipline; but for six months now he has been "obedience."

"Most men are good at the bottom of their harts"—this from a lifer in for murder; and "We are protection by the warden in this place"—from a clean-looking young fellow whose six months of enforced abstinence have pretty thoroughly removed the thirst for liquor that brought him to disgrace.

"My family has a pritty hard time." One could well believe it as he looked back of the writing to the shrunken form of the negro writer.

At the back of the room I stopped a moment to glance over the shoulder of a tired-faced little pickpocket, whose hunched shoulders seemed to have shrunk in upon themselves under the weary burden of life. "I laughed at a monkey," he had written, and then added, letter by letter, "t h r e e y e a r s a g o." And I felt suddenly a great pity for the poor pickpocket, in whose life laughs had been so rare a blessing that he remembered their very number and the year in which each had come.

Method Adapted to Environment

TO Warden Leonard belongs the credit for founding the strangest school: there had been no school in the Maryland penitentiary for more than a hundred years, though every annual report had scheduled nearly a third of the inmates as illiterate. But the patience and untiring devotion of the two prisoner teachers who laid out the plan of instruction and carried it through to success is equally noteworthy. Without guidance or help of any sort they had to blaze out their own path; and they have succeeded. One hundred and seventy-two prisoners, all of them over twenty-one, all illiterate, have been taught to read and write, and have passed out of the school either into the open world or into the graduate department.

Rich Stores Magically Opened

THEY point out eagerly—the warden and his prisoner teachers—the various features of the school that stir their parental pride. It has improved the discipline of the institution wonderfully, they say; not one single pupil of the school—and there were some very bad actors among them—has been summoned for discipline since the sessions opened. Of the graduates some are holding good jobs on the outside, some the warden has lost sight of, but not one has been brought back.

The warden asked me to remember all this when I wrote, and I do. But the thing that I cannot forget is the "lifer" standing with the book in his hand behind those iron bars and smiling out at me. Thirty-three years he had lain in the grave of his cell, dead to every thought or emotion; and to-day he wanders at will with Robinson Crusoe, or travels the long road with Pilgrim, or speeds over golden highways into pleasant fields, into temples and palaces and promised lands.

The Price of Rawhide

(*Continued from page 7*)

little tin gods of war, suh. I'll investigate this combination to the bottom an' if I find evidence of collusion I'll rule every one of the scoundrels off the American turf fo' life! Warn that boy? No, suh, by Godfrey! Let him ride that favorite accordin' to his instructions! The hawsses are in the hands of the starter. You watch Whitethorn, Peter, and I'll watch that black hawss."

IN the passage between the betting ring and the paddock, Crane, rat-faced, furtive, and nervous, touched elbows with Burns for an instant.

"Think it's all right?" asked Crane.

"Of course it is! You ain't losing your nerve, are you?"

"Well, it's an awful lot of money, Burns, and if anything went wrong—"

"Brace up!" said Burns. "You talk like an old woman!"

"I—I guess I'll go get a drink. I need one."

Burns established himself on the lawn and leveled his glasses at the horses now cantering toward the starting point. The chief of the Big Five was very well satisfied with himself. The campaign against the Eastern pool rooms had been excellently planned and executed. The loot was as good as in the bank and Burns permitted himself to wonder how much his share would be. After a time he became aware of some one at his elbow and turning sharply saw Rainbow Smith grinning at him.

"Hello, Burns!" said Smith genially. "I don't like a bone in your head, but I'm here to help you root for the black horse."

BURNS grunted, but made no other reply.

"I want to see the smile on your face when he wins," continued Smith with nerve-rasping cheerfulness. "I thought you'd be interested to know that I've got a few bets on him." Smith drew a handful of pasteboards from his pocket and shuffled them through his fingers. "I don't seem to have any luck betting on my own horses lately," said he, "so I thought I'd bet on one of yours for a change."

"Oh, you talk too much!" growled Burns.

"It's my one fault," said Rainbow Smith sweetly. "But sometimes I know what I'm talking about. For instance: they're betting on Whitethorn in the Eastern pool rooms—heaviest kind of a play on her. The judges don't like the looks of it and they're going to watch this race like hawks. They—"

"Where did you hear that?" Burns was startled into asking the question.

"The same place that I heard the money to play her with came from here. Whitethorn! Why, she can't beat an apple woman up a steep hill! No wonder the judges thought it looked bad. . . . Hello! They're at the post already."

BURNS said something out of the corner of his mouth and moved away. He had received disquieting information and he wished to be alone with his thoughts. So the judges knew of the pool-room play on Whitethorn! This meant an investigation and the owners might be called into the judges' stand to explain matters. Certainly old Appleboe would want to know about Matador's race. What if he questioned the little apprentice rider? Why hadn't he given Jamieson the mount? Jamieson knew how to lie to judges.

"The boy on Whitethorn is trying for a running start." A voice broke through Burns's train of thought. Smith had followed him, cheerful and garrulous as ever. "It won't do her any good. That black horse of yours can eat her up. . . . Don't swear like that, Burns. You'll catch no fish."

On the back stretch the dancing bits of color shifted constantly with the nervous plunges of the thoroughbreds, anxious for the word to go. The big black favorite stood perfectly still, as was his habit, an easy target for the eye among the flashing bays and chestnuts. After a dozen ineffectual attempts, the colors wavered into a line, held it for an instant and then surged forward with a rush.

"*They're off!*" said Rainbow Smith.

On the platform in front of the pagoda Judge Applebee nibbled at his goatee and murmured to himself:

"Yes, there's Whitethorn out in front . . . got away runnin'. She always was a fast breaker and a front runner. . . . Where in Sam Hill is that favorite? 'Way back in the bunch. Well, he's a slow beginner. Now we'll see . . . we'll see."

Down the back stretch to the upper turn went Whitethorn, open lengths of daylight behind her. The chestnut mare was ably piloted by Jockey Kelly, a sinful youth from whom Crane kept no business secrets. His riding orders had been short and to the point.

"Get away and keep going. Everything else in the race is dead to the mare. Make a nice job of it and I'll give you a suit of clothes."

AS he swung around the upper turn, Kelly heard the thunder of hoofs very near and a coal-black head drew alongside.

"Take that hoss back!" cried Jockey Kelly, in sudden panic. "Take him back, kid! He ain't the one they're bettin' on!"

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Jockey Pike's shrill answer was addressed to his mount.

"Now you're goin', baby! Eat 'em up, you hammer-headed rascal! Eat 'em up!"

The horses swung into the home stretch side by side, so close that the riders might have touched each other.

"I—I got to win with the mare!" panted Kelly. "That's the way it's framed. Didn't they tell you? Burns is bettin' a chunk on her. They're *all* bettin' on her! Take that black thing back where he belongs!"

"He belongs in front to-day!" The words were fairly bumped out of the little Tennessean as the big black horse struck his true racing stride. "And that's where he's goin'! Come on, hammer-head! Come on! You ain't *half* runnin'!"

Kelly's answer came from the rear.

"They'll kill you for this!" he yelped, and drew his whip.

Down on the grand-stand lawn Burns's face bleached to a dirty yellow and he staggered as Smith clapped him on the back.

"There he comes!" cried Rainbow. "Your horse is in front now, Burns! Kelly has gone to the bat on the mare, but she's run her race and she's through for the day. Look at that black horse come! . . . Why don't you root for him?"

The head of the Big Five was past resentment or any of the lesser emotions. His faculties were numbed by impending disaster, but his popping eyes were glued upon the straight stretch of track where the widening gap between the black horse and the chestnut mare spelled ruin. Too late now to ask himself what had happened to the careful plot; it was enough to remember that every available dollar was bet on Whitethorn—and at the paddock gate the mare was five lengths behind Matador and floundering in her stride, hopelessly beaten. The other horses pounded through the dust, far in the rear. Rainbow Smith lowered his glasses with a chuckle.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Matador wins in a walk! In a walk! . . . Hello, Burns! What's the matter with you? You look like a sick man!"

What Burns said does not matter. Red ink could but faintly shadow his remarks.

"So that's the way you feel about it, eh?" asked Smith. "Well, cheer up! The worst is yet to come. The judges are anxious to find out why I bet so much money on Matador. They want to see me about it. I'll tell 'em I played the horse because you licked the wrong boy. Do you get that, Burns? The wrong boy! . . . Take a look at him. There he goes under the wire, winning by a city block. You can lick niggers and get away with it, Burns, but when you rawhide a white kid from Tennessee you've started something. . . . Think it over!"

"AH, Mr. Smith," said Judge Applebee, "we sent fo' you, suh, because of something that aroused our suspicions in that last race. The bettin', suh, had an angle which we did not like. I reckon it's all right now. It was a true run race after all, suh."

"It was, Judge," said Smith, "but if you want to know why, send for Jockey Pike. He can tell you something about that Eastern pool-room play on Whitethorn. You might find it interesting."

Ten minutes later Jockey Jefferson Lee Pike climbed into the judges' stand, and the sight of that small figure standing before Applebee added the finishing touch to the consternation of five owners who need not again be named in this narrative.

"Little boy," said Judge Applebee kindly, "we want you to tell us everything you know about this last race. Speak right up; you shan't be hurt."

"Y—yes, suh, Judge," said Jockey Pike. "From the beginnin', suh?"

"From the beginnin', sonny," said the judge, nibbling at his goatee.

And Jefferson Lee Pike told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, while the Big Five looked on from afar and feared the worst, which is exactly what happened to them.

When Burns was ruled off the turf for life he was permitted to sell his horses at auction. Having no further use for his racing tackle, this also was sold to the highest bidder. Rainbow Smith cheerfully attended that sale and somewhere unearthed a rawhide whip which he insisted upon purchasing for the sum of 10 cents, though the auctioneer said it was of no value to anybody.

"I do this out of sentiment," said Rainbow Smith, grinning at Burns. "I want to hang it on my wall at home because every time I see it, it will be worth a laugh. Have you ever figured the price of rawhide, Burns?"

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Mr. Wells has here made an excursion into the outdoor—the Merrie England, with its jocund humor, that the author of "Pickwick Papers" loved so well.

The Trouble Makers of Mexico

(Concluded from page 14)

the habit of revolution. What peon, with any spunk in him, would elect to slave on a hacienda for a slave's reward when, in the ranks of Zapata, Carranza, or Villa, he can travel, see the country, ride a horse, carry a rifle, get a peso or so a day, loot when fortune favors, and, if lucky, on occasion kill a fellow creature—this last a particularly delightful event to a people who delight in the bloody spectacles of the bull ring.

The totality of the Mexicans being so incapable of government that a handful of disorderly and incapable "breeds" can play ducks and drakes with the whole land, poor Mexico is in such a situation to-day that, unaided from without, the game of ducks and drakes can be played interminably. There is no other Porfirio Diaz in sight. There is no strong "breed" capable of whipping the rest of the disorderly "breeds" and the country into shape. There is no popular movement on which such a strong man might depend for support. Nor is there a national cause. The educated Mexicans, the wealthy Mexicans, the business and shopkeeping Mexicans, hail American intervention with delight. The vast majority of the peons ask merely to be let alone, and not to be drafted into the fighting ranks of this leader and of that leader and of the many leaders continually arising. Victories, presidencies, and dictatorships can be only temporary. The handful of anarchs cannot pacify Mexico, because Mexico does not need pacifying. They cannot pacify themselves, which is the actual need of Mexico, because they are too weak, too inefficient, too turbulent, too disorderly.

Spain, despite her world empire, which she picked up at a lucky stroke, much as a Hottentot might pick up a Koh-i-noor, never possessed any genius for government. The descendants of the Spaniards in Mexico, interbred with the native Indians, have likewise displayed no genius for government. Facts are facts. What the Spaniards and their descendants have not succeeded in doing in Mexico during the last four hundred years is an eloquent story.

Mexico must be saved from herself. What Mexico really needs is to be saved from the insignificant portion of her half-breeds who are causing all the trouble. They should not form the government at all. And yet they are the very ones who insist on forming it, and they cannot be eliminated by those who should form it, namely, the twelve million peons and the nearly three million peaceably inclined half-breeds.

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The Weak Point in Farming



It Has No Sales Department

By WALTER H. MAIN

ALL one summer's day I rode through central New York with a calf buyer. Now, a calf buyer holds his title largely by courtesy. True, he buys calves; but he buys everything else a farmer has to sell except his real estate. He buys anything he can load on his wagon, lead behind or drive ahead—chickens, cows, sheep, apples, pigs, potatoes. He is the first of the long string of middlemen we inveigh against, but patronize.

As we rode along he pointed out an apple orchard. "See that orchard? Last year that was loaded with the finest Red Astrachans you ever saw. I bought the lot for five dollars and sold 'em for fifty."

How to Sell Is the Question

THE county-farm doctor on a day in early spring was about to drive away, having instructed and aided a farmer in pruning and spraying his apple trees. "There's just one question more I want to ask," said the farmer. "What am I going to do with the first-grade apples after I get them?"

"Why, sell them," replied the surprised farm expert.

"How am I going to sell them for enough to pay for this spraying machine and all the work? I can't get any more for first-grade fruit than I do for the ordinary."

"Well, I can show you how to raise apples, but I can't sell them for you," replied the farm doctor and drove on, leaving a perplexed farmer to figure it out.

Industry Is Handicapped

UPON a well-kept, well-tilled farm, where everything is done according to the books, I saw some of the finest small fruits, berries, cherries, and the like that ever grew. Pathetically the man told me:

"We're trying to make this place pay expenses. We haven't done so yet, but we hope to this year."

Across the valley on a hill farm, where almost every rule of cultivation is violated, where fertilizing is neglected, where one thing grows on top of another promiscuously, where the fruit is inferior, lives a young fellow who is getting rich on small fruits.

Chaos

WHEN I met a young man, whose farm I had always regarded as a model, and learned that he had sold his acres and taken a position with a city mercantile firm, I expressed surprise.

"It makes me tired," he explained, "when I think of the hard work I put on that farm for ten years and the small pay I received. There's no money in farming."

I could go on indefinitely giving instances paradoxical and contradictory; how a machinist from the Schenectady electric works returned, disgusted, to his bench after two years on the farm; how a young college man, who had scarcely seen a farm until he was graduated, has become the manager of a big paying proposition of 1,200 acres in central New York; and scores of other successes and failures.

The Lack of a Sales Department

ANALYZE all these instances. Put them all together, shake them up well, and after you have sifted out everything else, this stubborn fact will remain:

The weak point in the whole farm proposition is the lack of a sales department.

You may brush aside every other consideration; they will all adjust themselves as soon as the sales department is settled. Make farming profitable and men will gravitate toward it. The same old economic law is in force now that has been governing man for ages: He seeks the biggest return for the least effort in the shortest time. If the farm can give that, farming will be attractive. It is money that brings men back to the soil.

Men are not going to farming for sentiment's sake; nor because theorists say they ought to; nor because country life is healthy or a good developer of character, nor for any other reason, as a rule, except that there is money in it.

When did men begin to flock to the steel business? It was not until Carnegie started the sales department of the United States Steel Corporation and made friends with kings and princes and railroad presidents and sold the steel and kept the mills going at a profit. What did it matter that Klonman made the best steel in the world and that Phipps financed the office most carefully? If Carnegie had not sold the rails, where would the Steel Corporation be to-day?

Organize the Selling

AND what of the hard toil, the grime and the sweat, the sooty, smoky steel city as a place to live in? We don't hear overmuch of that. There are plenty of people who are ready to become laborers or chemists or what not for the Steel Corporation because there is money in the business.

Social workers, who ascribe the decadence in country life to the isolation and lack of social advantages, give less than half the truth. Social isolation there has been, and is, and will be on farms from the very nature of the business. There are certain disadvantages also in living in Pittsburgh. The point is that when farming becomes profitable enough, social disadvantages will take care of themselves.



The Calf Buyer

The trouble with farming has not been so much lack of ability to raise crops as lack of ability to sell them. It has not been that farm life *per se* is unattractive; it has been that there was no money in it. Young fellows preferred the city because there was more life there, but primarily because they received more money for their work. Real money has been as scarce on farms as hen's teeth.

Farming has languished because it was not profitable. It was not profitable because farmers could not sell their produce to good advantage. They could not sell to good advantage because they had no sales department.

The Planters Have Learned It

THE planters who raise specialized crops have learned the lesson in the last decade or two. The successful orange growers of California and Florida, the tobacco growers of Kentucky, the apple growers of Oregon, the potato growers of Maine, all discovered by bitter experience there would be no profits for them so long as they were at the mercy of the commission men. They have learned their lesson and organized their sales departments. Now they have things their own way.

It is a comparatively simple proposition to organize the growers of a common produce. They have the same troubles, the same grievances, common hopes and aspirations and ambitions. In-

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②

"Why should I bother about bookkeeper's work?"

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③

"Will it fit my present billing system?"

Yes. It requires absolutely no changes in system. It does your work *your* way. It applies to small billing departments as effectively as it applies to large ones.

④

"Is it absolutely accurate?"

The best evidence is this: It is used constantly by the United States Sub-Treasury and by prominent banks throughout the country.

⑤

"What is the cost?"

That varies with the carriage-width. It is higher than the cost of a plain typewriter. Compared with the cost of a standard, first-class adding machine it is low. And remember: It is an adding machine *combined with a complete typewriter.*

The initial cost is soon wiped out by the time-saving, to say nothing of the accuracy insurance.

⑥

"Is it complicated?"

No. While it totals with cold-steel precision, its actual operation is simplicity itself.

⑦

"Can my present operator use it?"

Most assuredly. Within an hour your typist can learn to operate it readily.

⑧

"Can it be used readily on my regular correspondence?"

Yes. It is an absolutely complete Remington Typewriter for correspondence purposes. The simple switch of a lever prepares it for letter writing.

⑨

"Is the touch light or heavy?"

Light. The keys are not *punched* as with the usual adding machine. They operate with a light typewriter *touch*.

When the adding and subtracting mechanism is connected, the touch of the *numeral keys* is slightly different. This prevents adding on correspondence work. On correspondence work, the adding mechanism is detached by touching a lever. The numeral keys then operate as lightly as the letter keys.

⑩

"Who are using it?"

Thousands of manufacturers and retailers—large and small—insurance companies, banks, city departments, railroads, express companies, steamship lines, telegraph companies, brokers and many in other lines.

If you wish to have the name of a user in your neighborhood we shall be glad to supply it.

⑪

"Is it durable?"

Decidedly. We have testimonial letters from offices which have been using this machine for 5 years. Their machines were the first on the market. How much longer they will keep in first class condition, we do not yet know.

The Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown on this page. Each is a member of the famous Remington family—each is a complete, easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature—each is designed to insure maximum durability—each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

Two ways to investigate

Sooner or later the adding and subtracting typewriter will be considered as fundamental in practically every up-to-date business equipment as desks and chairs.

Its use is spreading rapidly.

The chief reason why most offices or stores—where bills and statements are part of the day's work—are not using it now is because the office heads have not yet investigated its time-and-money-saving possibilities.

A new illustrated folder, "The Story of a Day's Work," makes it possible for business men, who are alive to the advantages of relieving human effort with improved mechanical helps, to learn specifically how the Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter will save clerk-time—and how it will do away with unnecessary error-risk and expensive calculations on their bills and statements.

We will send a copy of "The Story of a Day's Work" to any employer of clerical or stenographic help—on request. The information in this helpful little folder will probably mean to you the important difference between efficiency and inefficiency in certain departments of your business—the difference between an extra profit and a needless reduction of your "net" for the ensuing twelve months.

A note now dictated to your stenographer will bring you this folder by return mail. Later, if you wish, we will install a machine in your office, where you can demonstrate its usefulness on your bills—without expense to you.

We recommend that you send now for "The Story of a Day's Work."

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER
(VISIBLE MECHANISM)



Remington Standard



Monarch Model



Smith-Premier Model

Your totals show here as fast as the amounts are typed



Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City (*Branches Everywhere*)

For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico Brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.

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Thinnest, Sheerest
Summer Holeproof Hose
Guaranteed to Wear Six Months.

Wear Holeproods at tennis, golf, cross-country walking or dancing. Treat them as you would treat any other hose.

Here are hose *for whole families*. Hose of perfect style and comfort. Six pairs will actually *last six months*, and often longer, without any need of darning.

Before you start on your vacation, buy

Holeproof Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's; $2.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*.

Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

Made of the best quality silk with *reinforced finger tips*, guaranteed to outwear the gloves themselves. Fashioned in the very best of style, in the smartest colors, all lengths and sizes, with invisible reinforcing of clasps and fancy stitching on the back. Holeproof Silk Gloves fit perfectly from finger tip to top. No bulky seams. Write for prices, free book and name of nearby dealer. (567)

By Invitation, Member of Blue Leaders of the World Association

SAXON $395



The Gasoline Toll Gate Does Not Stop You in a Saxon

Saxon owners are saved the annoyance and expense of frequent stops to pay toll at the gasoline stations. The occupants of the light but sturdy Saxon drive by in comfort while many a touring party in a big, heavy car is held up for fuel replenishment.

Thousands of owners daily find the Saxon the most economical car they ever drove; they consider it the most economical car of standard design in the world—to buy and to run.

A Year's Service in a Month Proves Saxon Economy

And the Saxon saves you money every day you drive it. Here are some economy records from a test made in Detroit, representing the equivalent of a year's service. Note them carefully:

135 miles a day for 30 days.
30 miles to the gallon of gasoline.
200 miles to the quart of oil.
Half a cent a mile for fuel; one-fourth of a cent per mile per passenger.
All the original tires good for from 2,000 to 5,000 miles more of service.

Similar records of gasoline and tire economy are reported to us by owners and dealers all over the country. No wonder Saxon owners say "It's cheaper to drive a Saxon than to use street cars—especially when you consider the time saved."

Not only does the Saxon give pleasure and health at moderate expense—to those who don't want to pay an extravagant price for a car; to those who already own a big car; to those who need a car for summer vacation use. *Its wonderful economy is a reason also for using it in business.*

Order Your Saxon Now

Saxons are selling fast—faster than we even dreamed they would. It must be a case of first come, first served. So the only way to avoid being one of the disappointed is to see your dealer and order now.

Catalog and dealer's name on request.

SAXON MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT
DEPT. E

dreed their very self-preservation depends on their organizing.

But it is a different matter to organize the small farmer, so-called, the owner of the diversifi i farm. Suspicious of every effort to form a combination, he is the hardest man in the world to organize. Individualism is rampant. Highly independent by breeding, by nature, by training, by occupation, he is a law unto himself. He orders his goings and his comings, his uprisings and his down sittings, his planting, his harvesting, his every act according to his own sweet will. His calling needs a high degree of initiative; he is untrained in combined effort. He makes his sales the same way; he is sufficient unto himself.

One of the reasons the farmer has been receiving such a small share of your dollar and the middleman so much is that the farmer has not awakened to the situation. When he finds out that he has been getting about 10 per cent of the selling price and the middleman 90, he will start thinking. When the owner of the Red Astrachan orchard finds out that the calf buyer got $50 for the apples and realizes that for growing, tending, and investing his money in that orchard he received only 10 per cent, he will think twice.

It is to the diversified farm that the consumer must look for the greater part of his living. He may secure his flour from the wheat fields and his beef from the pampas; but his butter, his milk, fresh vegetables, his potatoes, garden truck, eggs, poultry, fruit, and the major portion of what goes on his table come from the small producer. They come through practically the same channel the Red Astrachan apples followed. The calf buyer sells to some local jobber or shipper; the shipper sells to the commission man in New York; the commission man sells to the retailer; the retailer sells to you. It is a vital problem; it is the great problem in distribution the American people have to solve just now.

The Way to a Solution

IT is easy to say cooperative selling is the solution. It is easy to say cooperative buying. If the two could be combined, if all the people on your block would take a carload of potatoes, a farmer or two up-State would be glad to sell them. They would receive more from you than a commission man would pay; you would pay less than you do to your retailer. But how is this desirable state of affairs to be brought about?

The most obvious way out of the difficulty is to form selling corporations. The old Oneida Community in central New York has developed this idea for half a century or more. Its fertile acres produce abundantly and its sales department sells in the best market. It is, of course, impossible for an ordinary farmer to develop a sales department on a similar scale; but what the Oneida Community can do for the farms in its neighborhood, any corporation, strongly centralized, can do for any community of farmers.

When Nature wishes to make something, she chooses the material nearest at hand. The most available material for a selling organization is my friend, the calf buyer. He is a type that you find in every rural community; his commercial instincts are highly developed. He isn't much on growing things, but he's a powerful good salesman. When he is about twelve years old he takes a horse and drives off somewhere and buys chickens. These he takes to market and soon branches out into buying calves. He knows every farmer in a twenty-mile radius, what he has to sell, what he wants for it, and when it will be ready for market. Furthermore, he knows where to sell the goods; he knows where there is a market for everything raised on the farm; he has been studying that question for years; he is a specialist. His customers tell him what they want and he hunts it up in the country.

The Farmer Must Learn How

HE is the man who has been taking 90 per cent of the selling price and allowing 10 per cent to the grower. He is the man whose mercantile talent his neighbors should utilize. At present he is getting an exorbitant figure for his services; 90 per cent is more than any commercial house pays its sales agents. For the interest on their investment, for fair wages, for their taxes and expenses and a decent profit the farmers are entitled to more than 10 per cent. They should have it; until they get it farming will continue to be unattractive.

The farmers in a given community when they become alive to the question will organize a selling corporation along much the same lines as the orange-growers' organization. They will hire the most talented salesman in their section, whether he be the calf buyer or one of their own number. Under a stated salary this sales agent will dispose of everything the farmers grow, from hay to blackberries.

Before such a condition can be brought about, however, farmers will have to be in position to know whether they are making money or not. Most of them cannot tell with any degree of certainty. Not one farmer in a hundred keeps books; he does not know even vaguely what it has cost him to raise ten acres of corn or ten acres of potatoes. He does not know how much he must sell his produce for to pay expenses. He does not know whether what he makes is interest on investment, or wages, or profit. A campaign of education on the principles of accounting is a prerequisite to a satisfactory solution of the question.

The Man Behind the Booze

By WALT MASON



IN festive mood a man gets stewed, he empties flagons ten or twenty; he takes a bowl with every soul he meets till he has swallowed plenty. If he has sense, it journeys hence; if he has brains, he's sure to lose 'em; and when he wakes, as morning breaks, a cop is sitting on his bosom.

"Confound your eyes," the peeler cries, "you should have stuck to river water! While lighted up by brimming cup, you waded round knee deep in slaughter! You threw some fits, you lost your wits, you thought yourself a circus pageant! You drew a gun, oh, foolish one, and shot a harmless fruit-tree agent!"

The poor sick sport looms up in court; no memories of crime are his'n; he can't recall the deed at all, but draws a hundred years in prison. The able judge says "Pish!" and "Fudge!" at pleas the prisoner's advancing; "men who will drink the old red ink must pay the fiddler after dancing!" The doomed man's wife must lead a life of endless washing, scrubbing, drudging; his children three must paupers be—so futile is our human judging. The jingled gent on pastime bent who shoots when all his wits are hazy, the bill must pay; there is no way to reach the ones who made him crazy.

The man who brews the stuff that stews respected is and clothed in honor; he walks abroad and deigns a nod or smile to sycophant and fawner. His victims rot in dungeons hot while he abides in yonder palace; he drinks a health to tainted wealth and drinks it from a golden chalice.

The men who sell the broth of hell, who see men's souls like gewgaws raffled, look on and grin when slaves of gin are marching to the jail or scaffold. "Ours not the blame! Ours not the shame!" they cry, as they have cried for ages; "we do not force men to the course that leads them to the cells and cages."

To women worn who work and mourn in poverty's abomination, to feed their broods, such platitudes must be a grateful consolation!

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Cleveland Characteristics

(Continued from page 12)

and even less of hunt clubs. I had never been in a hunt club before, and my impressions of such institutions had been gleaned entirely from short stories and from prints showing rosy old rascals drinking. Probably because of these prints I had always thought that "horsy" people—particularly the "hunting set"—were generally addicted to the extensive (and not merely external) use of alcohol. As others may be of the same impression it is perhaps worth remarking that, while in the Hunt Club, we saw a number of persons drinking tea, and that only two were drinking alcoholic beverages—those two being visitors: an illustrator and a writer from New York.

I mentioned that to the M. F. H., and told him of my earlier impression as to hunt-club habits.

"Lots of people have that idea," he smiled, "but it is wrong. As a matter of fact, few hunting people are teetotalers, but those who ride straight are almost invariably temperate. They have to be. You can't be in the saddle six or eight hours at a stretch, riding across country, and do it on alcohol."

Correct at All Costs

I ALSO learned from the M. F. H. certain interesting things regarding a fox's scent. Without having thought upon the subject, I had somehow acquired the idea that hounds got the scent from the actual tracks of the animal they followed. That is not so. The scent comes from the body of the fox and is left behind him suspended in the air. And, other conditions being equal, the harder your fox runs the stronger his scent will be. The most favorable scent for following is what is known as a "breast-high scent"—meaning a scent which hangs in suspension at a point sufficiently high to render it unnecessary for the hound to put his head down to the ground. Sometimes a scent hangs low; sometimes, on the other hand, it rises so that, particularly in a covert, the riders, seated upon their horses, can smell it, while the hounds cannot.

But I think I have said enough about this kind of thing. It is a dangerous topic, for the terminology and etiquette of hunting are as elaborate as those of golf. Probably I have made some mistake already; indeed, I know of one which I just escaped—I started to write "dogs" instead of "hounds," and that is not done. I have a horror of displaying my ignorance on matters of this kind. For I take a kind of pride—and I think most men do—in being correct about comparatively unimportant things. It is permissible to be wrong about important things, such as politics, finance, and reform, and to explain them, although you really know nothing about them. But with fox hunting it is different. There are some people who really *do* know about that, and they are likely to catch you.

The Black Horse Troop

TWO other Cleveland organizations should be mentioned.

Troop A of the Ohio National Guard is known as one of the most capable bodies of militia in the entire country. It has been in existence for some forty years, and its membership has always been recruited from among the older and wealthier families of the city. The fame of Troop A has reached beyond Ohio, for under its popular title, "The Black Horse Troop," it has gone three times to Washington to act as escort to Presidents of the United States at the time of their inauguration. Cleveland is, furthermore, the headquarters for trotting racing. The Cleveland Gentlemen's Driving Club is an old and exceedingly active body, and its president, Mr. Harry K. Devereux, is also president of the National Trotting Association.

The Nickel Dethroned at Last

A CURIOUS and characteristic thing which we encountered in no other city is the Three-Cent Cult—a legacy left to the city by the late Tom Johnson. Cleveland's street-car system is controlled by the city and the fare is not five cents, but three. But that is not all. A municipal lighting plant is, or soon will be, in operation, with charges of from one to three cents per kilowatt hour. Also the city has gone into the dance-hall business. There, too, the usual rate is cut: fifteen cents will buy five dances in the municipal dance halls, instead of three. No one will attempt to dispute that dancing, to-day, takes precedence over the mere matter of eating, yet it is worth mentioning that the Three-Cent Cult has even found its way into the lunch room. Sandwiches may be purchased in Cleveland for three cents which are not any worse than five-cent sandwiches in other cities.

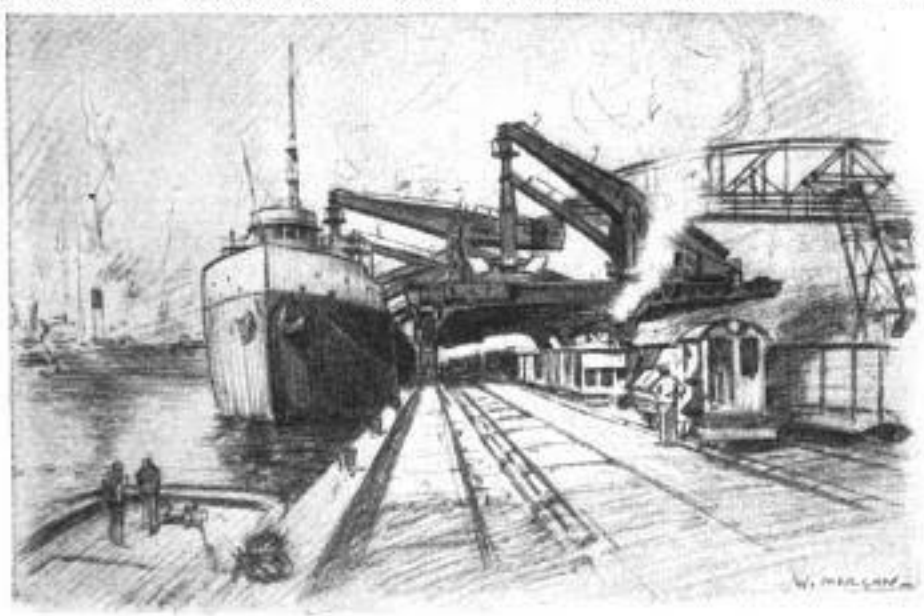
Perhaps the finest thing about the Three-Cent Cult is the fact that it runs counter to one of the most pronounced and pitiable traits of our race: wastefulness. Sometimes it seems that, as a people, we take less pride in what we save than in what we throw away. We have a "There's more where that came from!" attitude of mind. A man with thousands a year says: "Hell! What's a hundred?" and a man with hundreds imitates him on a smaller scale. The humble fraction of a nickel is despised. All honor, then, to Cleveland—the city which teaches her people that two cents is worth saving, and then helps them to save it. Two points, in this connection, are interesting.

One, that Cleveland has been trying to induce the Treasury Department to resume the coinage of a three-cent piece; another, that the percentage of depositors in savings banks in Cleveland, in proportion to the population, is higher than in most other cities. And, by the way, the savings banks pay 4 per cent.

Something About Business

WE were taken in automobiles from one end of the city to the other. Down by the docks we saw gigantic, strange machines, expressive of Cleveland's lake commerce—machines for loading and unloading ships in the space of a few hours. One type of machine would take a regular steel coal car in its enormous claws and turn that car over, emptying the load of coal into a ship as you might empty a cup of flour with your hand. Then it would set the car down again, right side up, upon the track, only to snatch the next one and repeat the operation.

Another machine for unloading ore would send its great steel hands down



Down by the docks we saw gigantic, strange machines, expressive of Cleveland's lake commerce—machines for loading and unloading ships in the space of a few hours



How a small thing has grown large

Twenty-seven years ago, in one small room, with two helpers, a man began a business enterprise—the making of men's garters

IN the left hand corner of this page you see how this room looked; about ten by twelve feet in area; with the bottom of a packing box for a desk.

In the opposite corner of the page you see the factory building as it is now; a fireproof structure, mostly windows, with daylight on all four sides; clean and sanitary.

The number of operatives is now more than 1,000.

These illustrations show how a small thing has grown large.

The secret of it is quite simple; the quality of the goods explains it.

A garter to hold up a man's socks is a small article, at a small price.

Most men spend 25 or 50 cents without a second thought.

Our idea was, at the beginning, and is now, to give the best possible value for 25 and 50 cents.

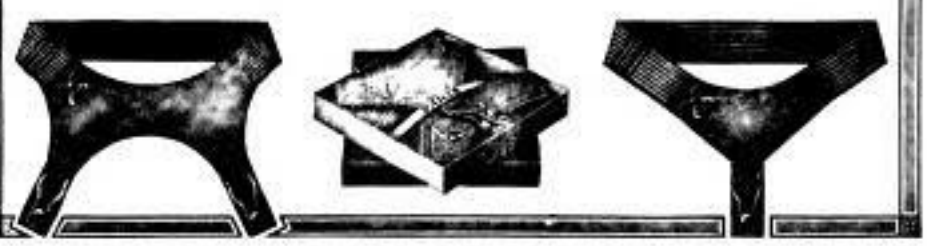
The quality now is better than it was then; the shape is better; the garter fits better.

PARIS GARTERS, the first shield-garters, were originated by us; they satisfied a real need of well-dressed men; and they have been constantly improved ever since.

The **PARIS GARTER** trade mark has now become, all over the world, a sure sign of best quality. For that reason, when you buy garters, be sure you get

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

A. Stein & Company, *Makers*, Chicago and New York





Vigorously good---and keenly delicious. Thirst-quenching and refreshing.

The national beverage---and *yours*.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW

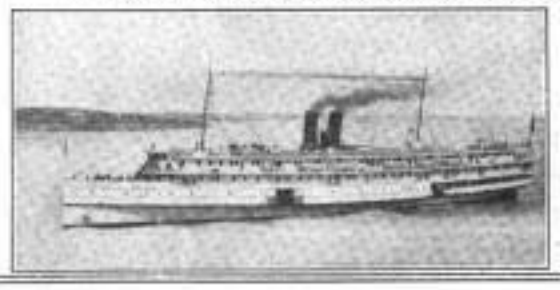
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YOU can cruise for a week within the Gulf of Maine on the finest American Merchant Vessels—luxurious state rooms—superb table service—visiting

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Drink
MOXIE



into the vessel's hold, snatch them up filled with tons of the precious product of the mines, and, reaching around backward, drop the load into a waiting railroad car. The present Great Lakes record for loading is held by the steamer *Corey*, which has taken on a cargo of 10,000 tons of ore in twenty-five minutes. The record for unloading is held by the *George F. Perkins*, from which a cargo of 10,250 tons of ore was removed in two hours and forty-five minutes.

Some of the largest steamers of the Great Lakes may be compared, in size, with ocean liners. A modern ore boat is a steel shell more than six hundred feet long, with a little space set aside at the bows for quarters and a little space astern for engines. The deck is a series of enormous hatches, so that practically the entire top of the ship may be removed in order to facilitate loading and unloading. As these great vessels (most of which are built in Cleveland, by the way) are laid up throughout the winter, when navigation on the Great Lakes is closed, it is the custom to drive them hard during the open season. Some of them make as many as thirty trips in the eight months of their activity, and an idea of the volume of their traffic may be gotten from the statement that "the iron-ore tonnage of the Cleveland district is greater than the total tonnage of exports and imports at New York Harbor." One of the little books about Cleveland, which they gave me, makes that statement. It does not sound as though it could be true, but I do not think they would dare print lies about a thing like that, no matter how anxious they might be to "boost." However, I feel it my duty to add that the same book says: "Fifty per cent of the population of the United States and Canada *lies* within a radius of five hundred miles of Cleveland."

Euclid Avenue

I FIND that when I try to recall to my mind the picture of a city, I think of certain streets which, for one reason or another, engraved themselves more deeply than other streets upon my memory. One of my clearest mental photographs of Cleveland is one of endless streets of homes.

Now, although I saw many houses, large and small, possessing real beauty—most of them along the boulevards, in the Wade Park Allotment or on Euclid Heights, where modern taste has had its opportunity—it is nevertheless true that, for some curious reason connected with the workings of the mind, those streets which I remember best, after some months of absence, are not the streets possessed of the most charm.

I remember vividly, for instance, my disappointment on viewing the decay of Euclid Avenue, which I had heard compared with Delaware, in Buffalo, and which, in reality, does not compare with it at all, being rather run down, and lined with those architectural monstrosities of the 70's which, instead of mellowing into respectable antiquity, have the unhappy faculty of becoming more horrible with time, like old painted harridans.

What Every City Ought to Know

ANOTHER vivid recollection is of a sad monotony of streets, differing only in name, containing blocks and blocks and miles and miles of humble wooden homes, all very much alike in their uninteresting duplication.

These memories would make my mental Cleveland picture somewhat sad, were it not for another recollection which dominates the picture and glorifies the city. This recollection, too, has to do with squalid thoroughfares, but in a different way.

Down near the railroad station, where the "red-light district" used to be, there has long stood a tract of several blocks of little buildings, dismal and dilapidated. They are coming down. Some of them have come down. And there, in that place which was the home of ugliness and vice, there now shows the beginning of the city's Municipal Group Plan.

This plan is one of the finest things which any city in the world has contemplated for its own beautification. In this country it was, at the time it originated, unique; and though other cities (such as Denver and San Francisco) are now at work on similar improvements, the Cleveland plan remains, I believe, the most imposing and the most complete.

When an American city has needed some new public building it has been the custom, in the past, for the politicians to settle on a site, and cause plans to be drawn (by their cousins), and cause those plans to be executed (by their brothers-in-law). This may have been "practical politics," but it has hardly resulted in practical city improvement.

She Dares to Plan for Beauty

NO one will dispute the convenience of having public buildings "handy" to one another. But there may still be found (even in Cleveland!) men whose feeling for beauty is not so highly developed as their feeling for finance; men who shake their heads at the mention of a group plan: who don't like to "see all that money wasted."

I met one or two such. But I will venture the prophecy that, when the Cleveland plan is a little farther advanced, so that the eye can realize the amazing splendor of the thing as it will ultimately be, there will be no one left in Cleveland to convert.

It may take fifty years to complete the work. It is a fine and unusual thing, in itself, for an American city to be planning its own beauty so far ahead. Cleveland is almost un-American in that! But when the work is done—yes, and before it is done—this single great improvement will have transformed Cleveland from an ordinary looking city to one of great distinction.

Fancy emerging from a splendid railway station to find yourself facing, not the little bars and dingy buildings which so often face a station, but a splendid mall, two thousand feet long and six hundred wide, parked in the center and surrounded by fine buildings of even cornice height and harmonious classical design. At one side of the station will stand the public library; at the other the Federal building; and at the far extremity of the mall the county building and the city hall.

Three of these buildings are already standing. Two more are under way. The plan is no longer a mere plan but is already, in part, an actuality.

A Pattern to Others

WHEN the transformation is complete Cleveland will not only have remade herself but will have set a magnificent example to all other cities. By that time she may have ceased to call herself "Sixth City"—for population changes. But if a hundred other cities follow her with group plans, and whether those plans be of greater magnitude or less, it must never be forgotten that Cleveland had the appreciation and the courage to begin the movement in America, and that, without regard to population, she therefore has a certain right, to-day, to call herself "First City."

Detroit comes next in the list of cities in which Mr. Street rambled and adventured. The article will appear in an early issue.

Exit Madame

(*Continued from page 10*)

taboons and a coat to match. He assures himself that the photograph of Bonheur, suitably inscribed, is safely stowed away in the pocket of the coat. Then, throwing his hat upon the waters of the reservoir, he places a cap upon his head and steals away, walking low, trying to bring the hem of his raincoat down to the tops of his shoes.

And, ah, but that was a long, long night for M. Narcisse! It was midnight when he reached at last his studio near Waverley Place. At times he was exalted to grandeur. But oftener he was depressed to despair. For when a man is properly clad it gives him a feeling of confidence. But when he has literally nothing to wear—when he has burned his bridges behind him—or has abandoned them to the mercies of the enemy—

He slept by fits and he dozed by starts, waiting for morning and the paper man, to whom he had given orders to leave all the morning papers at his door.

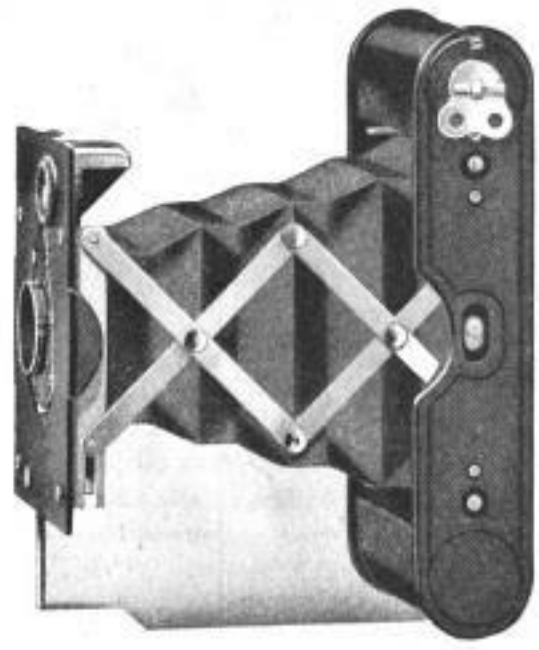
THREE o'clock struck. Four o'clock followed suit. Dawn began to lift the shadows from the studio. And what is this which gradually emerges from the darkness? It is the statue of Bonheur—that is to say, Happiness. In triumph slings the green stone figure, her foot

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As right as a full jeweled watch

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Actual Size

The camera has a brilliant reversible finder, and uses Kodak film cartridges of eight exposures. The pictures are 1⅝ x 2½ inches, but so sharp and clear are the negatives, that enlargements can be made to any reasonable size—and at small cost—to the post card size, (3¼ x 5½), for instance, at sixteen cents.

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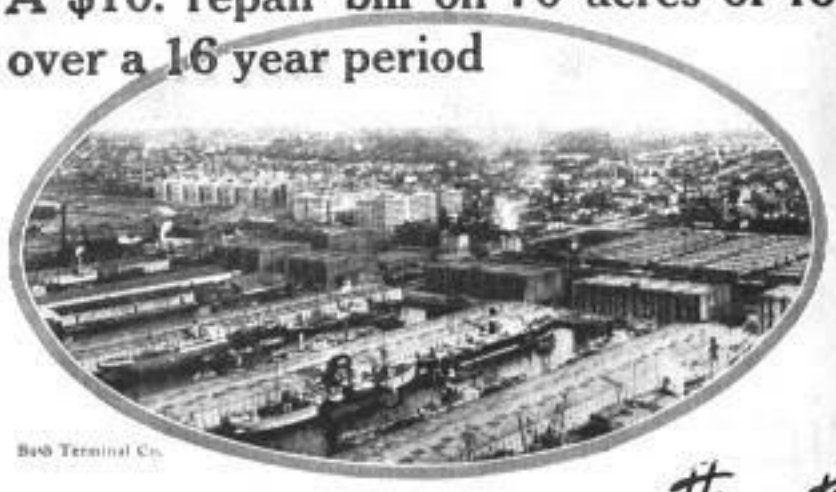
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Booklets on request, including a copy of The Barrett Specification.

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upon the other's neck, her hand upon the harp! In contortion writhes the mottled red one, as though in the throes of a colic, ugly beyond words. Clearer and clearer the statue comes out of the gloom. Five o'clock. Six o'clock. Seven o'clock—and a heavy thud at the door tells that the morning papers have at last arrived. M. Narcisse flung on his raincoat and a moment later he was devouring the headlines on the front pages.

Yes, yes! There it was in the boldest, black letters! "Suicide in Central Park Reservoir?"

Yes, yes! And there it was again! And there once more! Taking precedence over all the other news of the day!

FOR a time the success of the plan took away the young sculptor's breath. But then, slowly arising, he strode (in his raincoat) to the looking-glass that hung on the wall. Intoxicated with his dreams, he looked with pride at the reflection of his features, pale, tragic, mustachioed and imperialed to perfection. "Au vrai!" he cried. "I always knew I would be the great man!" And exultingly then he turned to the papers, suddenly grown voracious for the details.

"How noble a heading!" he exclaimed. "'Suicide in reservoir?' And here a picture of the scene! What a beautiful sheet of water! And here again is a picture of my clothes, with that very patch upon the pantaloons so faithfully portrayed! And here—"

But all at once his jaw dropped. "What?" he choked. "What?" And, all his features denoting horror to the ultimate degree, M. Narcisse read the following fateful lines:

"In the pocket of the coat was found a book of poetry, entitled 'Patrolling on Pegasus,' written by Mounted Officer Peter J. Rafferty, otherwise known as the Minnesinger of the Police Department.

This has given rise to the rumor that the missing man may be a well-known member of the force. The following lines had been heavily underscored:

"And when the last pushcart is banished
And the taxis have took to the sea;
And when the last truckman has vanished
To the place where they all ought to be:
It is then, oh my heart, that I'll give thee a smile,
And Dobbin and me, we will rest up a while."

Dancing with rage, M. Narcisse snatched up the other papers. But yes! They were all the same! Every account made a feature of "Patrolling on Pegasus." But not one word—not one syllable—about the photograph of Bonheur.

"Diable!" groaned M. Narcisse. "It is a plot of the gendarmes to advertise the poetry of their colleague, this coquin called Rafferty! Oh, what deceit! Oh, what dishonesty to so mislead the public! And here am I, still unknown, still undiscussed, penniless, even r-r-robbed of my pantaloons! And—"

BUT again (as the novelists say) his jaw dropped, for (still frantically searching for some chance mention of Bonheur) the following momentous paragraphs had smitten him right shrewdly in the eye:

"The police are inclined to the theory that the unknown man repented of his act as soon as he struck the water. It is thought that he swam ashore and, being frightened away from his clothes, made his escape in a raincoat.

"In view of the nature of the case the police will leave no stone unturned to find this man, and if he can be traced he will either be committed for an examination as to his sanity, or he will receive the extreme penalty of the law—"

"The extreme penalty of the law!" muttered the well-nigh frantic M. Narcisse. "The extreme penalty of—Oh, ciel!"

For the door had suddenly opened. A frowning policeman had stepped inside and had shut the door behind him.

HE was a muscular man, this cop was, with a chest like Taurus the Bull and a raucous voice that would make any umpire hide his head in shame.

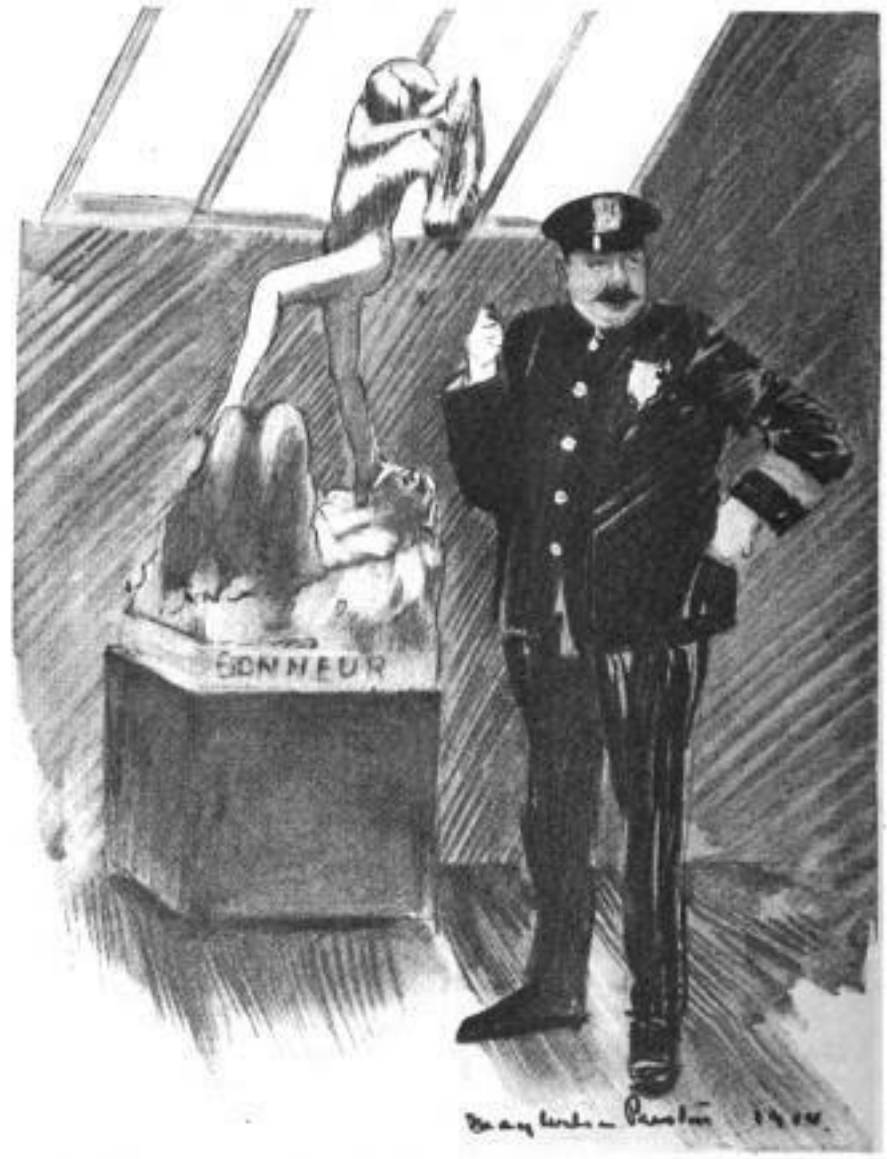
"Well?" he cried, "so yuh're here, are yuh?"

And finding himself unable to deny a fact so obvious, M. Narcisse took a quite unconscious lesson from the clam.

"Reading about it in the papers, eh?" demanded the other, looking around at the overstrewn floor. "And, by jing, if he isn't wearing the raincoat yet!"

And still M. Narcisse emulated the idiosyncrasies of the clam, not only as to silence, but as to perspiration as well.

"Feeling pretty sick, eh?" demanded the man in uniform. "Well, I dunno as I blame yuh. It was a slick trick, but yuh couldn't quite put it over." He balanced a bundle which had been under his arm. "Here's your clothes," he grinned. "Catch!"



"Say! That's my tombstone; d'yuh hear me? That's mine! I'm gonta buy that! How much d'yuh want for it—right now—cash?"

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The Department of Agriculture has a number of very interesting bulletins, written in popular style, available for free distribution. These cover not only the subjects of poultry and cattle raising, the growing of fruits and vegetables, care of bees, construction of farm buildings, the marketing of farm products, and the keeping of accounts, but also cover much that is of interest to those living in cities, such as bulletins on the food values of beans, peas and other legumes, eggs, poultry, cereal breakfast foods, fruit, sugar, corn and corn products, potatoes and other root crops, nuts, milk, cheese, mutton and fish, and bulletins on "Meats, Composition and Cooking," "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," "Bread and Bread Making," and "Canned Fruits, Preserves and Jellies." **A full list of these bulletins (*not the bulletins themselves*) and information on how to obtain them** will be sent to all those who will write to Collier's Washington Bureau, 902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. Our service is entirely without charge.

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He flung the bundle across the room and the sculptor stopped it cleverly with his chest. "My clothes?" he stammered. "My clothes, m'sieur?"

"Sure," replied the cop with a genial smile. "No use being mean about it, is there? Yuh played and yuh lost. I told 'em up at Headquarters how it happened, and the on'y thing yuh've gotta do, yuh've gotta beat it!"

"To beat it?" muttered M. Narcisse.

"Sure. Yuh've gotta travel. If yuh ain't outa town by one o'clock, yuh're gonta be pinched. And it's lucky for yuh that I've got friends at Headquarters or yuh'd be pinched right now. See?"

"Peenched?" gasped M. Narcisse.

"Yuh get me all right, all right. Yuh've got till one o'clock. And I'm gonta stand right by yuh till yuh say 'Good-by.' There won't be any reporters in on this."

The situation began to dawn upon M Narcisse, and the more it dawned the less he liked its looks. When a man's cash assets can be converted into quarters and jingled between the palms of the hand without making any noise whatsoever, he is not equipped to travel. And unless he did travel—

THE voice of the officer recalled him. "Some piece of work!" he was rumbling.

The sculptor turned and found his visitor admiring Bonheur.

"You like heem, m'sieur?" he asked in the proud, tender voice of paternity.

"It's a peach—a pippin!" replied the other with rising enthusiasm. "And say! Wouldn't it make a hit for a tombstone!"

"For ze tombstone?" squealed M. Narcisse. "Bonheur for ze tombstone! What a place for ze happiness! Lees-ten, m'sieur! Leesten, and I will explique! Il y a meaning to heem, une allegorie, a story een ze stone! Zat figure of ze green—percelvez you not that which eet represent? Eet represent—"

"Sure!" shouted the other with shining eyes. "Sure I see what she represents now! She represents Ireland! By gorry, there she is, harp and all! Look at her singing! And, by gorry, why shouldn't she sing! She's getting home rule! Hurray! And that mottled red guy—with the cramps—underneath her feet— Say! That's my tombstone; d'yuh hear me? That's mine! I'm gonta buy that! How much d'yuh want for it—right now—cash?"

"Cash!" Unconsciously the word began to echo in the mind of M. Narcisse. "What?" he stuttered to himself in a rich mixture of astonishment and rage. "Bonheur for a tombstone? Never, never, never! Rather would I take a hammer and knock him into little portions!"

"CASH!" unconsciously echoed in his mind.

"What," he demanded of himself with a gesture of flame, "my masterpiece to be treated so? A thousand times, no, no! Rather would I die—yes—die!"

"Cash!" sang the refrain.

"Of course," he admitted to himself, "once back in Paris, I could execute still other masterpieces—"

"Cash!" shouted the echo.

"And if I don't get some money to go away, I shall be 'peenched'—"

"Cash!" crashed the chorus.

M. Narcisse snatched up one of the papers. "*La Provence* sails on Thursday at one o'clock for Havre and Paris!" he muttered. "And to-day is Thursday itself! In one short week I would be in—"

"Well," interrupted the officer, "what d'yuh say?"

"Eef you will payez me," said M. Narcisse, speaking slowly, "a mille francs—eet ees to say deux hundre' dollars—"

"Two hundred dollars!" cried the policeman. "Shake!" They shook. "And say," he continued, "I'll give yuh another ten-spot if yuh'll chip out the name of that guy Bonheur and carve 'Rafferty' there—"

"'Rafferty'?" shrieked the sculptor. "Zen—you—are—"

"Sure," grinned the cop, with an air of a man who was having a lovely time. "I'm the guy who wrote 'Patrolling on Pegasus'! I'm the guy who saw yuh put your clothes there by the reservoy! Who'd yuh think I was, anyway? Rudyard Kipling?"

AND now for a last, long look, mesdames—and now for a sad farewell, messieurs—let us return to Mme. Dejole, seated in the Restaurant Dejole that noon, waiting for the midday rush to begin, sorrowful, mournful, melancholy beyond all mortal measure.

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Wilson Bro's Chicago

At her feet were the morning papers, in which she had learned of the miscarriage of her plans.

IN her ears still rang the telephone report of M. Narcisse, who had called her up from the steamship dock to tell her the prank that fate had played upon them.

"Yes, yes," sighed Mme. Dejoie. "I t'ought I was so clever, but I get it in ze necklace, good and improper, jus' ze same! I have learn' my lesson: I have play' my las' Providence; I am t'roo!"

At his comptoir opposite her desk, M. Dejoie, magnificently twisting the ends of his superexquisite mustache, saw the movement of her lips.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"What did I say?" exclaimed madame. "Zis is what!" And, rising to the tips of her toes, she raised her right hand toward the ceiling, crying: "Never—no, never—again!"

The Day's Work

(Continued from page 9)

and tenderly ran his fingers around the edges of one of the neat patches. Then he clutched it tightly in his hand and held the tiny stitches for a second close to his burning eyes.

Presently he started toward the kitchen. As he reached the door, Em entered from ma's room carrying the tray on which her mother's breakfast had been served. She set it on the table and looked wistfully at its untasted contents. Then she covered her face with her hands. Her shoulders quivered.

Pa paused on the threshold. Then he started to tiptoe toward his girl, his heart a throbbing pain for her. There was a heap of comforting things he might say! His foot pressed a board that creaked, and Em drew a quick hand across her eyes and threw back her shoulders. By the time he came up to her their eyes met in a smile. Em took a lot after her ma for being cheerful!

EM stepped about doing little household duties, and pa went softly around helping her. He wiped the dishes and swept the floor—things he'd always done for ma. Then he went out to feed the chickens. Seemed more like that was doing something for ma than anything else. She always set a heap of store by her chickens. He threw them a measure of wheat and stood watching them. An old mother hen gathered her baby chicks under her. Pa looked at her thoughtfully. It was a sight of comfort to feel like you was being taken care of that way—especially when you felt a little bothered about anything.

After a while he reentered the house and went softly into the living room, where he picked up a worn Bible. He seated himself and opened the book. He found ma's place marked with a hairpin. He had seen her put it there a week or so ago. She had not felt like reading since. He did not disturb the pin, neither did he read. He closed the book and held it in one hand and rested his whitening head on the other. He was very quiet and the tears fell softly between his fingers on the worn book in his hand.

About noon the doctor drove up to the gate. As he came through the hall he saw pa in the living room. Pa put a finger to his lips, smiled slyly, and pointed to the dining room, where ma was sitting in her big rocking-chair. The doctor returned pa's smile with a questioning look and went on into the dining room.

Then the noon whistle blew. Pa tiptoed through the hall into the bathroom, where he again donned his overalls and put on his hat. After waiting a sufficient length of time, he went out and around the house and up the street.

THE dining-room window was raised. Through it he could see that the doctor was looking at him. Then he saw ma straighten her glasses and lean forward a little. She waved a welcome, but he noticed it was with an effort she raised her hand and that it fell heavily into her lap. The doctor was just leaving when pa came in. Ma's face lighted up as he entered, and her lips trembled into a smile.

"I was just a-tellin' the doctor about you havin' such a good job o' work, pa." A look of pain came into her face and her hands tightly clutched the arms of the chair.

"That pain caught you again?" asked the doctor, taking her hand and feeling her pulse.

"Yes—it comes and goes—mostly comes. But I'll grin and bear it." She joked as she winced, her voice scarcely more than a whisper.

Pa was holding her hand now and smoothing back her hair.

The doctor stood looking at them.

Ma looked up at the doctor.

"Don't you come back here to-night, doctor, unless you think I really need you," she said, a significant look accompanying her words. "Our bill must just be somethin' terrible by now!"

"You never mind that bill," he told her. "Haven't you been telling us something about a merry heart making a cheerful countenance? Who can have a merry heart thinking about *bills?*"

SHE gave a little trembling laugh. "Yes, who can? I'm just an old guidepost—always pointin' the way for others to go, and don't go that way myself, eh?"

"I think you make a mighty good stagger at lendin' the rest o' us, ma," pa said with his beautiful sincerity.

The doctor laid his fingers on ma's pulse and looked steadily into her courageous face. Then with a gentle pressure of his fingers and a quick smile he turned toward the door.

Pa was following him out when ma spoke solicitously from lips that whispered:

"Poor old fellow! You look tired! I reckon after not workin' for so long you feel purty stiff!"

Pa pretended not to hear her and shamefacedly followed the doctor to the hall door.

THE doctor turned, his steady gray eyes gazed into pa's with a look that warmed the older man's heart. He had been a sight of comfort all along—he was a chap for understanding.

After the noon dinner, of which no one partook, though each made a brave pretense, ma insisted that Em get out some of the records and play something lively on the phonograph.

"There ain't a bit o' sense in us a-settin' round here a-starin' each other out o' countenance. Might just as well have a little music on the subject," she smiled. Her voice sank into a whisper and her breath came with difficulty. "Play a lively one, Em. Play 'Arkansaw Traveler,' I reckon that's about the sprightliest one we've got."

The phonograph rasped away. Ma tapped her trembling fingers on her chair arm, keeping time to the music, and pa leaned back in his chair, smiling gently at her out of many thoughts. Em stood near the instrument waiting to take off the record. Her eyes were troubled, but her lips were smiling and her little head was held high.

"Now, play 'Loch Lomond!' I believe that's my fav'rite."

Em put on the record. Ma tried to sing, too, but her breath was too short. Her weak voice hummed:

You take the high road, and I'll take the lower,
But I'll get to Heaven before you.

Em laughed a pretty ripple, though her face held no color.

"Ma, you always did get those words wrong! It's not 'Heaven'—it's 'I'll get to *Scotland* before you!'"

"Well, honey, I'm goin' to sing it my way—and you can take either road you want to, and I'll get there before you." She smiled, but her hands tightly clutched the chair arms.

UNDER the pretext of taking off the record, Em hid her tears, but pa rocked and continued to smile gently as though his world were growing larger in a way he hardly understood with his physical senses.

A whistle sounded. Pa rose and put on his coat which he had removed when he came into the house. He hesitated. Then:

"Well, my dearlie, there's the one o'clock whistle! You still want me to go to work this afternoon?" He went over to her and tenderly brushed her hair from her thin face.

"Why, o' course I do! Pa, you don't



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A Tale of Crime and Reparation

Jones of Philadelphia (not the Jones you know) had business in Detroit. Before returning he crossed over to Windsor with the fell notion of buying a swell calabash and bringing it back without paying duty.

He got away with it, with much less trouble than he expected. But Jones was afflicted with a conscience. He was sorry before he got to Mansfield and it was a contrite Jones who left the train at Broad Street Station.

At home his wife made it worse. She said it sounded downright dishonest, and every time the postman rang she jumped with terror at the idea of Custom men, U. S. marshals, Federal prisons and things.

Poor Jones couldn't make that pipe taste right. He never enjoyed smoking it—got no pleasure out of it. He almost gave it away once, but instead he stuck a $5 bill in an envelope and sent it to the Detroit Custom House, hoping that would ease his conscience.

He had no sooner mailed his letter than he found that he wanted to smoke. He felt for his tobacco but he had none, so he walked over to Harrison's desk and asked for a pipeful and got it from Harrison's tin.



He lighted up with trembling fingers. Would his conscience money spent make that beautiful pipe taste as it should—as he had longed for it to taste?

Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss! Oh, Rapture! The pipe tasted glorious, the smoke was incomparable. He leaned back in his chair and sank into a reverie of pure pipe pleasure. Suddenly he roused himself.

"Harrison," he burst out, "would you believe it? Now that I have repented and paid Government the duty I cheated it out of in this pipe, it gives me the sweetest, nicest, slickest smoke I ever experienced."

And Harrison said, "Oh, forget it, you poor self-deceived man; that pipe got good because I gave you some Edgeworth – if you had started in smoking Edgeworth you would be ahead the $5 bill you just dropped down the mail chute."

Now the question is, Was it conscience or Edgeworth that made Jones begin to enjoy his pipe?

We'll let you decide this by testing Edgeworth yourself, and we'll furnish free the tobacco for a thorough test.

If you will send us your address and your dealer's name on a post card we will postpay a sample package for you to try. We want you to try Edgeworth for the same reasons that you would want people to try any product that you had spent years in perfecting and that you made as well as you knew how. So send and get your sample.

Edgeworth is made from the finest Burley that grows on the ground and comes in two forms—Sliced Plug and Ready-Rubbed.

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER – *30 days* – one month's free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "RANGER." We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid*, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at **half usual prices.** A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 model **RANGER** furnished by us.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. **Do not buy** a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, CHICAGO, ILL.

seem to re'lize what this doctor's bill's goin' to be—it's goin' to be somethin' just awful. You've-just-got-to-go-to-work!" she ended weakly.

"There, there!" he soothed. "Don't get all worked up, my dearlie. I'm a-goin' to do just whatever you want me to," he added, as he stooped to kiss her.

"Pa, you're an awful good man," she told him, her voice a trembling whisper and the look in her eyes a benediction.

He stood silent. From the depths of him a lifetime of love and devotion shone out and gloriously illumined his patient face. Memory and anticipation made the past and future one beautiful reality.

He turned and walked slowly away.

He'd never been a man to whom little things seemed big, but it wasn't a little thing to leave her *now*.

SHE might be listening, so he walked briskly down the porch steps, gave the gate a sharp swing that sent it shut with a click, and went quickly up the street. He would have liked to whistle "How I Love You, Mollie Darling," but his lips kind of quivered, and, someway, wouldn't pucker. He looked back and waved at ma as he turned the corner and went out of sight. He was quite sure she couldn't see him—but "there was lots of comforting things he didn't *see* that he knowed *was there!*" A glory shone on his face. It settled there.

He went quickly around the block and again came up the back steps into the bathroom. Em, who was just going into the bedroom, motioned for him to hurry. Her face was pale and her lips were pressed tightly together. He followed her into the bedroom and helped her turn down the covers, smoothing the snowy sheets with his trembling hands.

WHEN Em went back into the dining room pa followed her to the door. The back of the big rocking-chair was toward him, but he could see the top of ma's head resting back among the pillows.

"Tired, muzzer?" Em asked, her face colorless, but her eyes still holding the cheerful look that ma loved.

"Awful tired, honey," she whispered wearily. . . . "I wish pa hadn't minded me and gone to work this afternoon," she said drowsily in a far-away voice.

The ticking of ma's treasured eight-day clock filled the silence.

"Ain't it purty nigh time for him to be a-comin' home again?"

Em started at the question. She looked more closely at ma.

"The whistle blew a bit ago," she said steadily. "He'll be here any minute now!" Pa moved softly toward the chair.

Ma was saying something. Pa could scarcely hear her. Faintly as the last note of a flute that is lost in the distance he heard her murmur contentedly:

"I'm — awful — glad — he — got — in — a — full — day's — work!"

For him the plain room suddenly became a sanctuary. The silence now was filled with old promises come true. Love had not lessened. God did not sleep.



"You know, old fellow—beastly bad form to wear a top hat with a sack."

"I shall have to reprimand that stupid valet of mine."

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Want you to attach it to your bath tub—that will take you only a minute—and enjoy it ten days free.

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There is almost as much difference between a **needle** shower and an old-style or **overhead** shower as between a bath in a nice porcelain tub and a sponge bath out of a tin pail.

And here is a **new kind** of needle shower which throws **four** needle-spray streams instead of only one. That makes it luxuriously stimulating and refreshing.

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Works on a new principle. A patented feature keeps it from splashing out of the tub. No clammy curtain to spoil your enjoyment. That is a revolutionary improvement.

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"Even a Child is Known by His Doings"

Brickbats and Bouquets

CHICAGO, ILL.

HAVE just read "The Last of the Family," and I feel like breaking up furniture. Mr. Child has done such good work, too! Was this some old school-day manuscript he resurrected? Or do you occasionally print such rot to provoke a discussion? Of all the untrue, insipid, barbarous tales I have read, this is the worst. I wonder how many readers got satisfaction out of picturing a writer of fiction being assaulted by a hired plug-ugly. E. P. RUCKER.

✦

NORTH EAST, MD.

I compliment you on the clean work of COLLIER'S WEEKLY in the story, "The Last of the Family," by Richard W. Child. EDGAR Q. RENN.

✦

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Please accept the thanks of a reader whose loyalty has of late been sorely tested by your fiction for printing "The Last of the Family." It is a story worthy of the COLLIER'S I have loved for years and of late have much missed; worthy of the publication that gave us "Many Waters" some years ago. I shall open the pages of succeeding numbers of COLLIER'S with renewed hope.

GEO. HOUGH PERRY.

✦

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

Please accept my congratulations on the splendid human-interest story, "The Tyranny of Beauty," now running in your columns. It is the most delightful and unique story of the year, and your readers are consumed with curiosity to know how much of an allowance Mme. Del Mar will give Oscar and whether or not he ever penetrates the mysteries of the "lubbatory." We could wish for two issues a week during the continuance of this fascinating story.

LAURA B. POE,
Editor Woman's Page, *Daily Times Recorder*.

✦

Mark Sullivan's name is not needed in print as editor of COLLIER'S: the fact shines forth on every page.—Fresno (Cal.) *Republican*.

✦

QUINCY, ILL.

I am an old man of seventy-seven years, and I find much gratification and pleasure in reading your editorials in regard to the drink question. H. S. BROWN.

✦

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I am a sailor—if for ten years sweating out one's stamina in engine rooms makes one. I have read many, many stories, and I read "Uplifting Father." I am glad of it. I know how Father felt. It's a dandy. Brogue, character, humanness, satire, everything there.

JOHN J. GARVAN.

✦

NEW CONCORD, OHIO.

Your article "When the Farmer Shakes the Money Tree" was certainly great. Your eight articles on fire-insurance practices, etc., by McFarlane, were certainly great. Your editorial pages alone are worth more than the paper costs, even at the old price of $5 a year.

W. R. RAUGHMAN.

✦

MIAMI, FLA.

I see nothing of Mark Sullivan and "Comment on Congress" in your last issue and some preceding numbers—what is the matter? Have we attained to that stage politically where "they" are no longer needed? Being the most interesting part of your paper, I would like to see the "Comments" in every issue.

E. F. HOLMES.

✦

TRIPP, S. DAK.

I have read COLLIER'S for many years and admire the fearless way in which the editorials are written. JOHN H. CRAIG.

✦

EUGENE, ORE.

I have been an interested reader of COLLIER'S for many years. You have often been right, but you are always just as saucy when you are wrong.

ERIC W. ALLEN.
Professor of Journalism in the University of Oregon.



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Every day you drive you face situations demanding that you stop your car quickly—and safely. You face emergencies—dangers—bad corners; railroad crossings; steep down-grades; fool drivers you meet.

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"It Took Us 70 Years to Make It"

You have smoked many tobaccos originated by the Pattersons. You have found them good. Now, won't you try "Whip," our latest blend—our masterpiece—the culmination of 70 years' experience in blending smoking tobaccos?

We believe "Whip" is the best smoking tobacco ever blended. Fifty years ago my father introduced the mellow Burley leaf as a pipe tobacco. And it was we Pattersons that first produced smoking tobaccos without "the bite"—that first produced the ready-rolled style of tobacco now so popular.

We believe that "Whip" is as notable an achievement as any ever scored by the Patterson family.

"Whip" is milder than any tobacco you ever smoked—so mild that you can smoke it all day and night—so fragrant and satisfying that you will want to keep your pipe going all the time—so bland and gentle that there is never a bite at your tongue or a tickle of your throat, no matter how much you smoke.

Ask your dealer for a one-ounce can of "Whip" at 5c., or a two-ounce can at 10c., and you can prove the wonderful smoking qualities of "Whip." It is also put up in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors.

Or you can place the burden of proof on me. Drop me a postcard, mention the name of your dealer and I'll send you an

OUNCE CAN FREE

It took the Pattersons 70 years to produce a tobacco like "Whip." So you would naturally expect to find other smoking tobaccos far behind "Whip" in improved smoking qualities, since their makers are so many years behind us in experience. But try "Whip" and learn how enjoyable a pipe really is.

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Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
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Also makers of "Queed"—the big 2½ oz. 10c. tin—a little stronger than "Whip" and a little better, we believe, than many 2oz.10c.tobaccos.



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Shall the Mails Be Used for This?

UNDER existing conditions, mail-order whisky dealers solicit in "dry" territory. A lawyer-reader of one such territory in North Dakota—a State that made prohibition a part of its organic law and has stuck to it ever since—sends us this letter. We pass it on to all our readers, for the suggestion made is an interesting one, and the closing of the mails to this trade in communities where prohibitory laws have been enacted would seem to be a reasonable and highly desirable subject for legislation:

DEVILS LAKE, N. DAK., May 9, 1914.
EDITOR COLLIER'S:

We are very much interested in the good work you are doing in the cause of prohibition, and while neither one of us is a crank on the subject or objects to a man taking a drink if he wants it, we realize the immense amount of harm that is done to poor families on account of the use of liquor.

You are taking some steps looking toward the suppression of this evil. We are sending you under this cover a number of liquor advertisements which have been received in our office within the last day or two, as you will notice from the post mark.

We receive as many as ten or a dozen letters of this kind from various liquor wholesale houses each month, perhaps more than that. You will notice that one of these letters is addressed to the Devils Lake Building and Loan Association of this city, which has its office in connection with ours. Four cents' postage is paid by the concern forwarding the last-mentioned letter in the hope that they will realize something from the many men, women, and children who are members of this association.

THE way to correct this evil is to use your influence so that the mails will be closed to liquor houses trying to solicit the sale of their goods in this way. Here we have a prohibition State and the majority of the people, by large, in favor of prohibition, and doing everything they can to suppress traffic in liquor, against the aid and hearty support of the United States Government, which does everything it can to allow liquor to be shipped from other States into this State and allows the mails to be used to overcome what good the State Government can do to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Respectfully, FLYNN & TRAYNOR.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

Volume 53 June 13, 1914 Number 13

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated,
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Robert J. Collier, *President*; E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*; J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*; Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*

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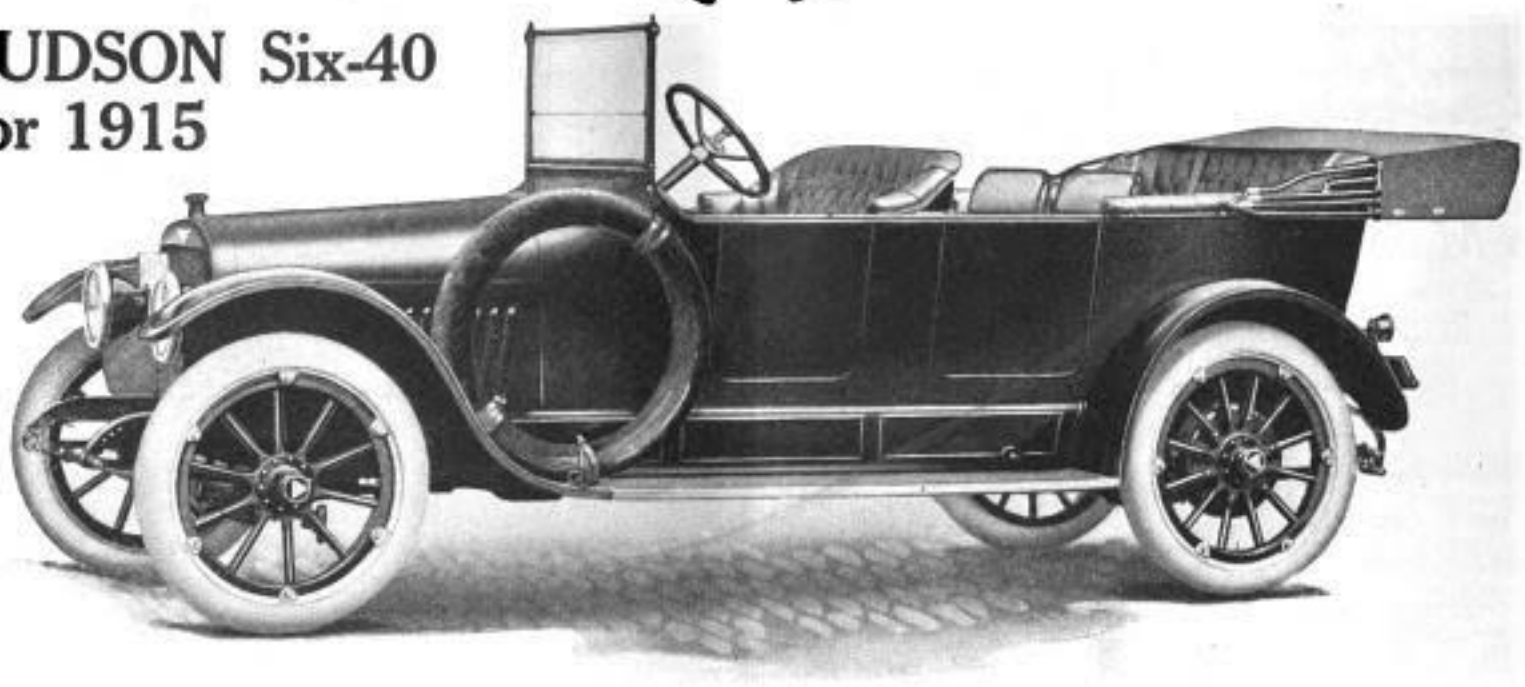
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HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



The New Price is $1,550

This HUDSON Six-40 met a welcome last season which broke all Hudson records. It so met men's ideals that the end of our output left 3,000 orders unfilled. The demand compels us—for 1915—to treble our production. And that trebled output—which lowers our cost—permits a reduction of $200 under last year's price.

A Tribute to Great Engineering

Mr. Howard E. Coffin—our great chief engineer—gave his best to this HUDSON Six-40. For years he has planned that this model should be the crowning effort of his career.

He devoted three years to it—he and the 47 engineers who work with him. And their effort was to embody here the final conception of an ideal car.

It had to be a Six—this ideal car. Most quality-car buyers today insist on a Six. All the upper-class cars are Sixes.

It had to be light. Men rebel at unneeded weight. And they know that lightness combined with strength is a symbol of good engineering. So they brought the weight under 3,000 pounds—and with two extra tonneau seats.

It had to be economical. So they adopted from Europe a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke. It lowered all previous records on operative cost—size of car and power considered.

It had to be a handsome, impressive car. So they made this HUDSON, with its streamline body, one of the handsomest cars in the world.

And it had to be priced where tens of thousands could buy it. So they went below any price ever quoted on any type of quality car. And this year, with multiplied output, they reduce that price $200.

The Year's Record

The HUDSON Six-40 has now run for a season—in thousands of hands, on all sorts of roads, in Europe and America. And not a single shortcoming developed.

All the questions men had have been answered. Every innovation has proved itself practical. As the car revealed itself, men flocked by the thousands to it. And the end of the season left 3,000 disappointed.

There was no rival in sight of the HUDSON Six-40. And this year—with a trebled output, with thirty-one new features and a much lower price—effective rivalry is out of the question.

The HUDSON Six-40 is the leader in a new, immensely popular class. It marks the sane medium in size and power. It marks the top limit in quality, beauty, finish and equipment. It marks the low limit—for such a car—in price, in weight, in operative cost. The more you know of motor cars the more this car will appeal to you.

HUDSON dealers everywhere now have on show this 1915 model, at our 1915 price. Our new catalog is ready.

31 New Features

Our whole engineering corps—48 engineers—devoted all last year to refinements. They added thirty-one new features in comfort and convenience. These are some of the attractions in the model just out:

A distinguished streamline body.
All hinges concealed.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires ahead of front door.
Seats for up to 7 passengers.
Extra tonneau seats, disappearing.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
20-coat finish on body.
123-inch wheelbase.
Wider seats—higher backs.
More room for the driver.
"One-Man" top, with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified Delco starting, lighting and ignition system.
Simplified wiring in metal conduits.
Lock on ignition and lighting switch.
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Speedometer drives from transmission.
Automatic spark advance.
Tubular propeller shaft.
10 self-lubricating bushings.
10 less grease cups.
All instruments and gauges within reach of the driver.
Trunk rack on back.
Still less weight—2,900 pounds.

New price, $1,550 f.o.b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

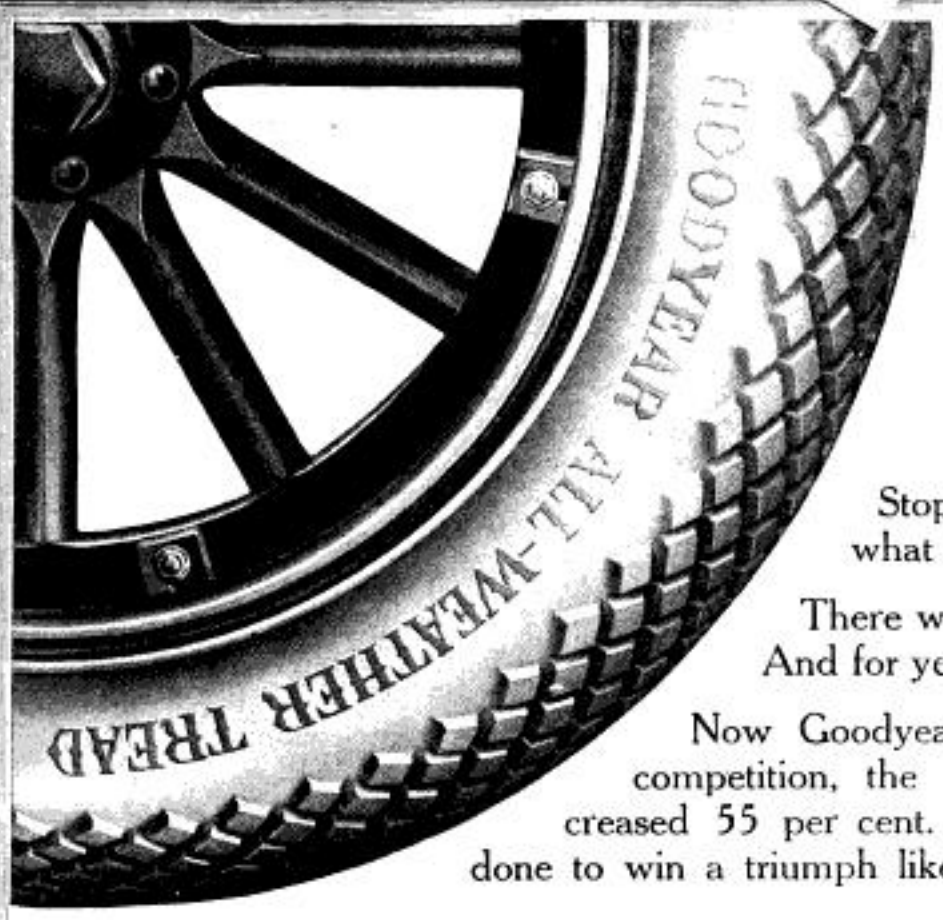
Our Larger Six-54

The HUDSON Six-54—built on the same lines, with 135-inch wheel base and greater power—sells for $2,350. It is for men who want a big, impressive car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7904 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

(137)

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The Big Things Goodyear Did

Stop and consider—you men who fight battles—what it meant to win top place in Tiredom.

There were dozens of rivals—some strongly intrenched. And for years Goodyear held about the bottom place.

Now Goodyears rule. And so far this year, despite all competition, the enormous army of Goodyear users has increased 55 per cent. Consider what big things we must have done to win a triumph like that in this hard-fought field.

These Are Some of Them

We put in charge of our factory men of high ideals. Men who believed that the only way to win was to build the best tire in the world.

We gave them carte blanche, and they built the best tires. But the tires they built were costly. For a long, long time No-Rim-Cut tires cost users one-fifth more than other standard tires. That made the Goodyear battle hard.

But we went still further. We established a department of Research and Experiment, and put scores of experts in it. We spent in this way $100,000 yearly—just to learn how to better these tires. And we adopted every betterment, regardless of its cost.

No Rival Followed

In some of these ways no rival has followed. Goodyears are still the only tires which embody these costly features:

Our No-Rim-Cut feature, which has ended the chiefest tire trouble. That faultless feature we control by secrecy. It has saved tire users millions.

Our "On-Air" cure. All No-Rim-Cut tires are final-cured on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. This is done to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This one extra process—employed by no other maker—adds to our tire cost $450,000 per year.

Our rubber rivets. Hundreds of these are formed in each tire, during vulcanization, to combat loose treads. This method—used by us alone—has reduced by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation.

Our All-Weather tread. This is a tough, double-thick anti-skid, as smooth as a plain tread, but grasping wet roads with countless deep, sharp-edged grips.

These things combat your four greatest tire troubles in ways that no maker has followed.

We Reduced Tire Cost

We built new factories, modernly equipped. We invented labor-saving machinery, employed experts in efficiency. As our output increased we reduced overhead cost 24 per cent, and labor cost 25 per cent. We reduced, at the same time, our profit margin, until last year it averaged 6½ per cent.

No-Rim-Cut tires—built better than ever—sell at half the old-time prices. These tires—once the costliest—now undersell 16 other makes.

That's our biggest achievement. Right in the first cost it often saves you 25 per cent. It insures you four Goodyears for what some makers ask for three tires.

The other savings are hidden. This one is clear: Goodyear prices mean an actual saving, clear and undisputed—paid you at the start.

Tell your dealer you want Goodyear tires. Then you get all these savings. Any dealer who hasn't Goodyears can get them from our nearest branch.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

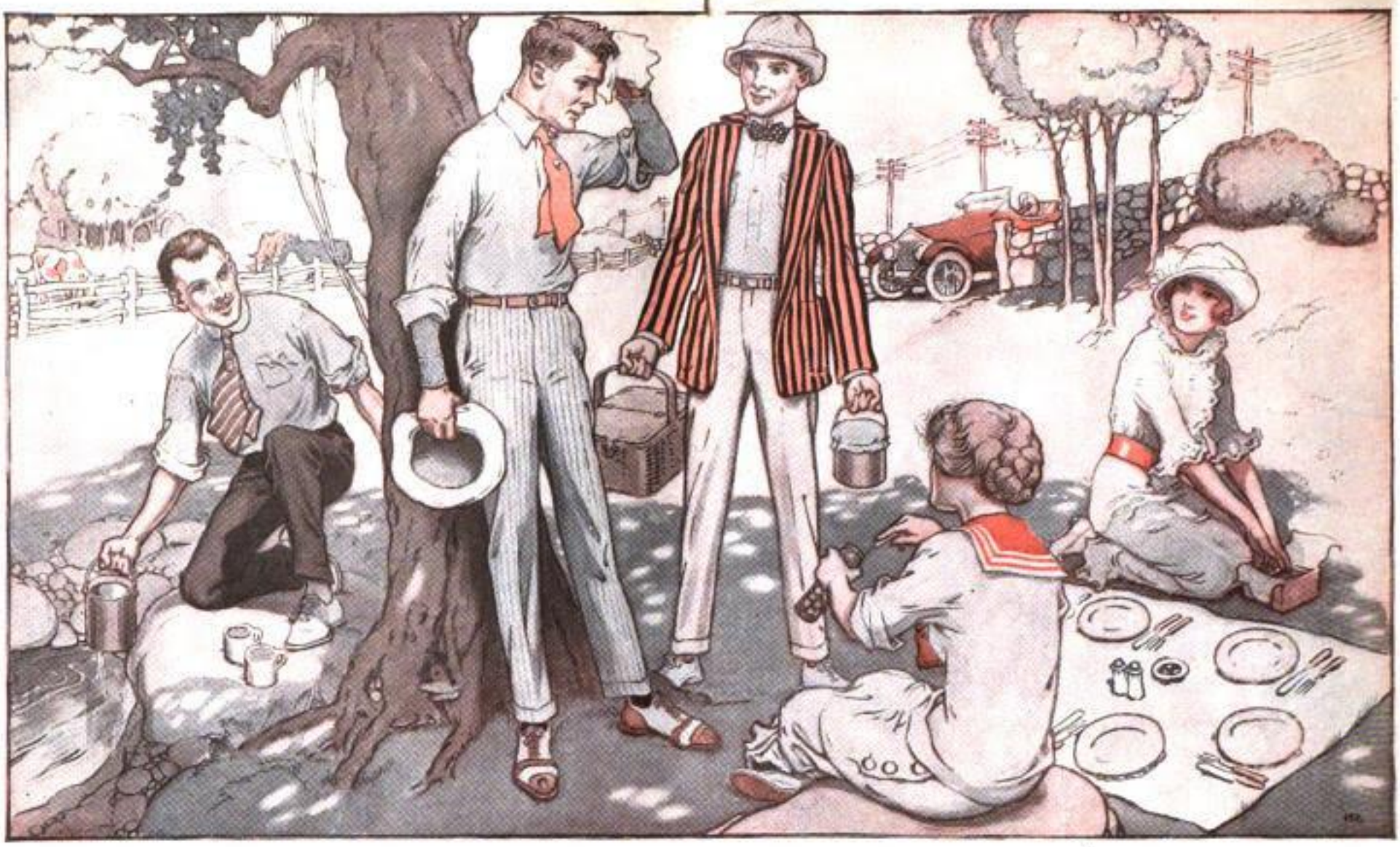
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WEAR B. V. D. all day and every day, in town or out. Stow *a few extra suits* into your bag or trunk "for good measure." They'll "come in mighty handy" for a change between sun-up and sun-down—after a tramp—after a dance—after brisk play at the nets or on the links.

When you get home from the office in the evening and want to feel refreshed before dinner, cool off with a "shower" and a clean suit of Loose Fitting B. V. D. By the way, always keep in mind that *all* "Athletic" Underwear is *not* B. V. D.



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B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for June 20, 1914



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Beginning

BEALBY

A Humorous Serial

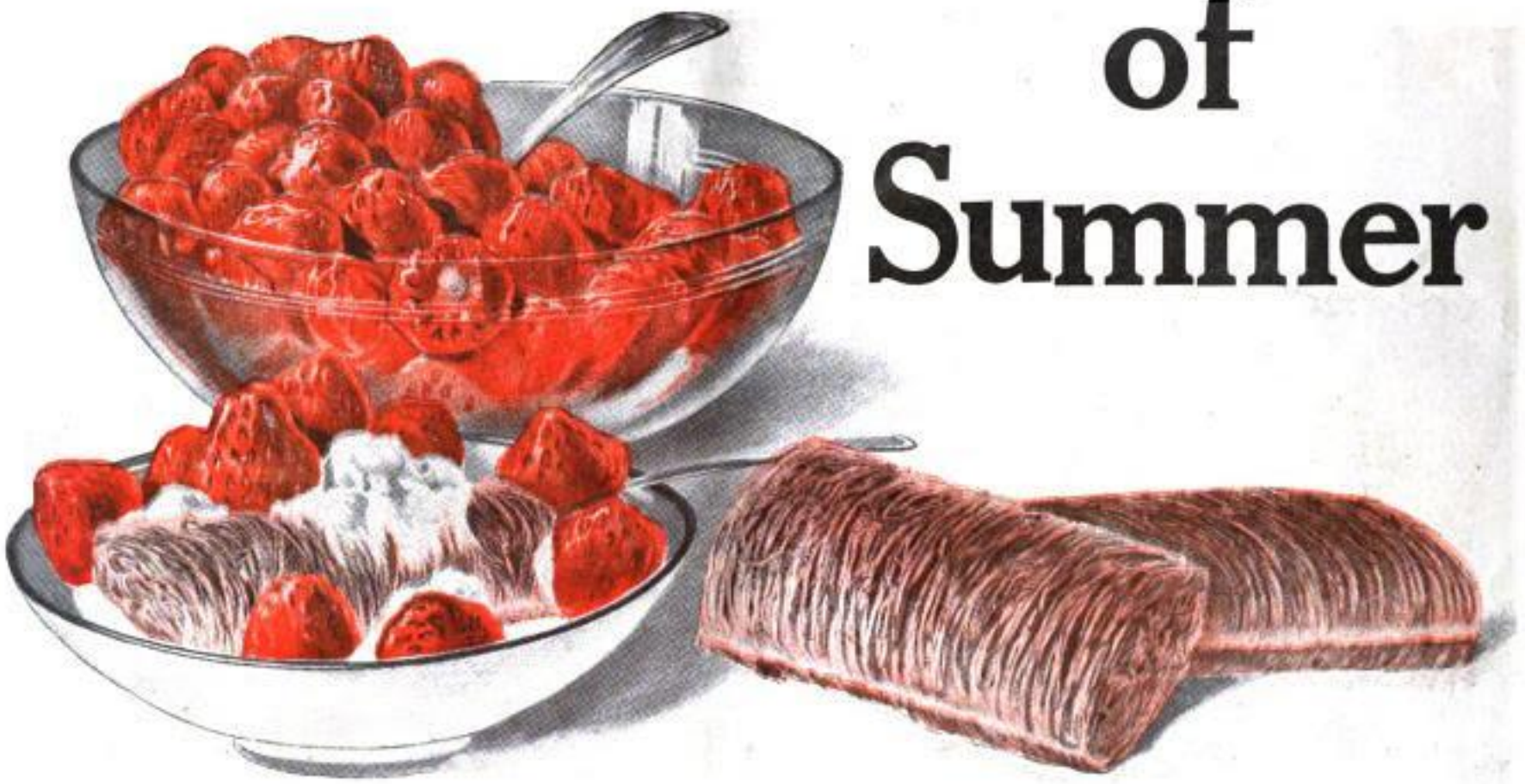
By

H. G. Wells



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All the Sunshine of Summer



may be found in this delicious, wholesome, nourishing combination—the choicest product of Northern fields and the most luscious fruit of the American garden—

SHREDDED WHEAT
and Strawberries

an ideal dish for the warm days when the body craves relief from heavy foods. All the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in crisp, golden-brown "little loaves." The only cereal breakfast food that combines naturally and deliciously with fruits, fresh or preserved. An easy solution of "the servant problem," as well as the problem of "the high cost of living."

Heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries or other fresh fruit; serve with milk or cream and sweeten to suit the taste. Better than soggy, white flour short-cake; contains no yeast, no baking powder, no fats and no chemicals of any kind—just the meat of the golden wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

"It's All in the Shreds"

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Studebaker FOUR $1050



Studebaker Gear Wheels, Differential and Timing Gears are tested with master gears under varying pressures. The inspector supplements the marvelous precision of instruments measuring to the thousandth of an inch, by his experienced ability to hear the slightest indication of inaccurate meshing.

The Way It Holds The Road Shows How It Is Built

One of the striking ways in which these FOURS show their superiority is the manner in which they hold the road.

You do not see the driver of a Studebaker FOUR continually bringing it back to a straightaway by "nursing" the wheel.

It does not creep to one side, but once "set" it goes straight ahead.

This is the quality sometimes called roadability.

Roadability indicates perfect balance, and balance goes clear back to the beginning of Studebaker manufacturing methods.

It starts with the raw material; with steels which are not only the costliest of their kind but made strictly to our own specifications.

It is developed by from two to four heat treatments, which double and treble the strength of these steels with large reductions in both size and weight.

It is carefully worked out by the forging, stamping and machining of all parts in our own plants—6,000 operations requiring 5,000 machines.

To this perfect balance, resulting from Studebaker design, wrought by Studebaker methods with Studebaker materials, is added a full floating rear axle.

The Studebaker FOUR is the only "Four" in the world at its price which has a full floating rear axle, equipped with Timken bearings.

The Studebaker FOUR is completely Timken equipped even to the hubs of the wheels.

The result of this manufacturing efficiency plus superb equipment is better quality—true roadability—vastly greater value than in any other "Four".

The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific manufacturing operations of Studebaker. Send for it.

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Full Timken Bearing Equipment
24 Body Finishing Operations
Electrically Lighted and Started
Completely Equipped

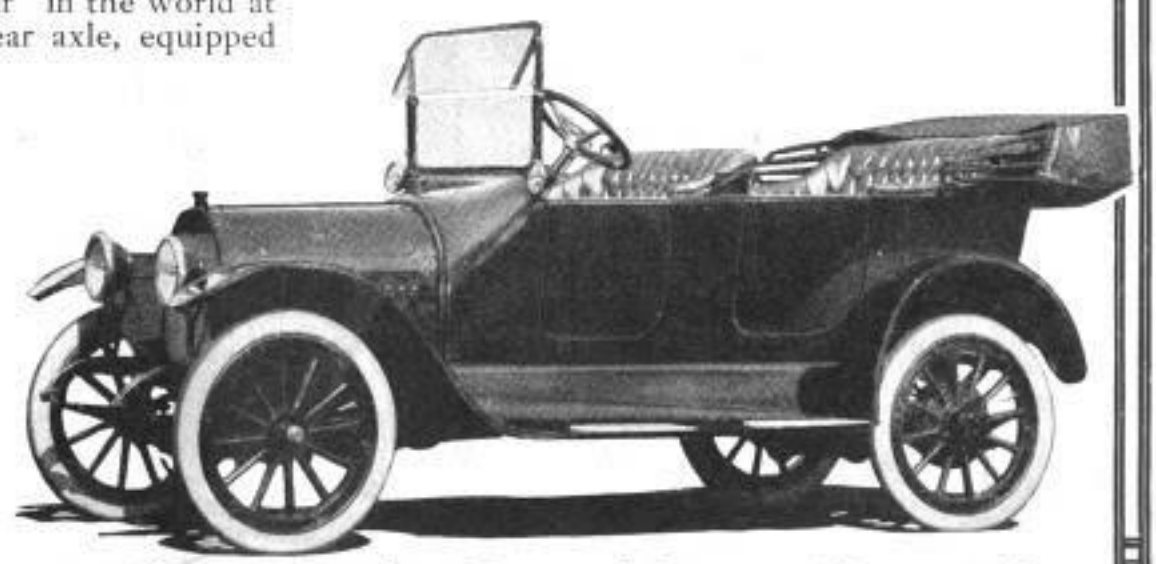
F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car -	1575
SIX Landau-Roadster	1800
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FOUR Touring Car	$1375
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Canadian Factory: Walkerville, Ont.



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Leaping, Bubbling, Laughing Clicquot Drives Heat and Thirst Away

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Pronounced Kleek-O

GINGER ALE

On days when the sidewalk scorches the soles of your feet, when the sun beats hotly down and beads of melting pitch pop up between the paving blocks, drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The cooling, bursting bubbles of this icy, carbonic beverage, as they dance down your arid throat, laugh at heat waves.

Fresh spring water charged with carbonic acid gas, our own extract of finest ginger root, pure juice of lemons and limes, syrup made from cane sugar, bottled in bottles scalded clean and tested leak-proof—that is Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. It refreshes, revives and delights. It's good any time, anywhere; mildly laxative and safe and beneficial when you're overheated or exhausted. Clicquot is on the Westfield Pure Food List.

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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Bealby

Chapter I—A Rebellious Heart

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE cat is the offspring of a cat and the dog of a dog, but butlers and lady's maids do not reproduce their kind. They have other duties.

So their successors have to be sought among the prolific, and particularly among the prolific on great estates. Such are gardeners, but not undergardeners, gamekeepers, and coachmen—but not lodge people, because their years are too great and their lodges too small. And among those to whom this opportunity of entering service came was young Bealby, who was the stepson of Mr. Darling, the gardener of Shonts.

Everyone knows the glories of Shonts. Its façade. Its two towers. The great marble pond. The terraces where the peacocks walk and the lower lake with the black and white swans. The great park and the avenue. The view of the river winding away across the blue country. And of the Shonts Velasquez—but that is now in America. And the Shonts Rubens, which is in the National Gallery. And the Shonts porcelain. And the Shonts past history; it was a refuge for the old faith; it had priest holes and secret passages. And how at last the Marquis had to let Shonts to the Laxtons—the Peptonized Milk and Baby Soother people—for a long term of years. It was a splendid chance for any boy to begin his knowledge of service in so great an establishment, and only the natural perversity of human nature can explain the violent objection young Bealby took to anything of the sort. He did. He said he did not want to be a servant and that he would not go and be a good boy and try his very best in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him at Shonts. On the contrary.

He communicated these views suddenly to his mother as she was preparing a steak-and-kidney pie in the bright little kitchen of the gardener's cottage. He came in with his hair all ruffled and his face hot and distinctly dirty and his hands in his trousers' pockets, in the way he had been repeatedly told not to.

"Mother," he said, "I'm not going to be a steward's boy at the house anyhow, not if you tell me to, not till you're blue in the face. So that's all about it."

This delivered, he remained panting, having no further breath left in him.

His mother was a thin, firm woman. She paused in her rolling of the dough until he had finished, and then she made a strong, broadening sweep of the rolling pin, and remained facing him, leaning forward on that implement with her head a little on one side.

"You will do," she said, "whatsoever your father has said you will do."

"'E isn't my father," said young Bealby.



Bealby sat on the edge of his bed, and he wished he had some poison. Some sort of poison with a medieval manner, poison that hurts before it kills

His mother gave a snapping nod of the head, expressive of extreme determination.

"Anyhow I ain't going to do it," said Bealby, and, feeling the conversation was difficult to sustain, he moved toward the staircase door with a view to slamming it.

"You'll do it," said his mother, "right enough."

"You see whether I do," said young Bealby, and then got in his door slam rather hurriedly because of steps outside.

Mr. Darling came in out of the sunshine a few moments later. He was a large, many-pocketed, earthy-whiskered man with a clean-shaven, determined mouth, and he carried a large pale cucumber in his hand. "I tole him, Polly," he said.

"What did he say?" asked his wife.

"Nuthin," said Mr. Darling.

"'E says 'e won't," said Mrs. Darling.

Mr. Darling regarded her thoughtfully for a moment.

"I never see such a boy," said Mr. Darling. "Why—'e's *got* to."

But young Bealby maintained an obstinate fight against the inevitable. He had no gift of lucid exposition. "I ain't going to be a servant," he said. "I don't see what right people have making a servant of me."

"You got to be something," said Mr. Darling.

"Everybody's got to be something," said Mrs. Darling.

"Then let me be something else," said young Bealby.

"I dessay you'd like to be a gentleman," said Mr. Darling.

"I wouldn't mind," said young Bealby.

"You got to be what your opportunities give you," said Mr. Darling.

Young Bealby became breathless. "Why shouldn't I be an engine driver?" he asked.

"All oily," said his mother. "And getting yourself killed in an accident. And got to pay fines. You'd *like* to be an engine driver."

"Or a soldier."

"Oo!—a Swaddy!" said Mr. Darling decisively.

"Or the sea."

"With that weak stummik of yours," said Mrs. Darling.

"Besides which," said Mr. Darling, "it's been arranged for you to go up to the 'ouse the very first of next month. And your box and everything ready."

Young Bealby became very red in the face.

"I won't go," he said very faintly.

"You will," said Mr. Darling, "if I 'ave to take you by the collar and the slack of your breeches to get you there."

The heart of young Bealby was a coal of fire within his breast as—unassisted—he went across the dewy park up to the great house, whither his box was to follow him.

He thought the world a "rotten show."

He also said, apparently to two does and a fawn: "If

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you think I'm going to stand it, you know, you're **JOLLY**-well mistaken."

I do not attempt to justify his prejudice against honorable usefulness in a domestic capacity. He had it. Perhaps there is something in the air of Highbury, where he had spent the past eight years of his life, that leads to democratic ideals. It is one of those new places where estates seem almost forgotten. Perhaps, too, there was something in the Bealby strain. . . .

I think he would have objected to any employment at all. Hitherto he had been a remarkably free boy with a considerable gusto about his freedom. Why should that end? The little village mixed school had been a soft job for his cockney wits, and for a year and a half he had been top boy. Why not go on being top boy?

Instead of which, under threats, he had to go across the sunlit corner of the park, through that slanting morning sunlight which had been so often the prelude to golden days of leafy wanderings! He had to go past the corner of the laundry where he had so often played cricket with the coachman's boys (already swallowed up into the working world), he had to follow the laundry wall to the end of the kitchen, and there, where the steps go down and underground, he had to say farewell to the sunlight, farewell to childhood, boyhood, freedom. He had to go down and along the stone corridor to the pantry, and there he had to ask for Mr. Mergleson. He paused on the top step and looked up at the blue sky, across which a hawk was slowly drifting. His eyes followed the hawk out of sight beyond a cypress bough, but indeed he was not thinking about the hawk, he was not seeing the hawk; he was struggling with a last wild impulse of his ferial nature. "Why not sling it?" his ferial nature was asking. "Why not even now—*do a bunk!*"

IT WOULD have been better for him perhaps and better for Mr. Mergleson and better for Shonts if he had yielded to the whisper of the Tempter. But his heart was heavy within him, and he had no lunch. And never a penny. One can do but a very little bunk on an empty belly! "Must" was written all over him. He went down the steps.

The passage was long and cool, and at the end of it was a swing door. Through that and then to the left he knew one had to go, past the stillroom and so to the pantry. The maids were at breakfast in the stillroom with the door open. The grimace he made in passing was intended rather to entertain than to insult, and anyhow a chap must do something with his face. And then he came to the pantry and into the presence of Mr. Mergleson.

Mr. Mergleson was in his shirt sleeves and generally dishevelled, having an early cup of tea in an atmosphere full of the bleak memories of overnight. He was an ample man with a large nose, a vast underlip and mutton-chop side whiskers. His voice would have suited a succulent parrot. He took out a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket and regarded it. "Ten minutes past seven, young man," he said, "isn't seven o'clock."

YOUNG BEALBY made no articulate answer.

"Just stand there for a minute," said Mr. Mergleson, "and when I'm at libbuty I'll run through your duties." And almost ostentatiously he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his cup of tea.

Three other gentlemen in dishabille sat at table with Mr. Mergleson. They regarded young Bealby with attention and the youngest, a red-haired, bare-faced youth in shirt sleeves and a green apron, was moved to a grimace that was clearly designed to echo the scowl on young Bealby's features.

The fury that had been subdued by a momentary awe of Mr. Mergleson revived and gathered force. Young Bealby's face became scarlet, his eyes filled with tears and his mind with the need for movement. After all—he wouldn't stand it. He turned round abruptly and made for the door.

"Where'n earth you going to?" cried Mr. Mergleson.

"*He's* shy!" cried the second footman.

"Steady on!" cried the first footman and had him by the shoulder in the doorway.

"Lemme *go!*" howled the new recruit, struggling. "I won't be a blooming servant. I won't."

"Here!" cried Mr. Mergleson, gesticulating with his teaspoon. "Bring 'im to the end of the table there. What's this about a blooming servant?"

Bealby, suddenly blubbering, was replaced at the end of the table.

"May I ask what's this about a blooming servant?" asked Mr. Mergleson.

Sniff and silence.

"Did I understand you to say that you ain't going to be a blooming servant, young Bealby?"



"Ah!" said Mr. Mergleson. "Got 'im! That one!" . . . "Just smack 'is 'ed once more," said Mr. Mergleson. . . . "And now you just stand there, young man, until I'm at libbuty to attend to you further"

"Yes," said young Bealby.

"Thomas," said Mr. Mergleson, "just smack 'is 'ed. Smack it rather 'ard. . . ."

Things too rapid to relate occurred. "So you'd *bite*, would you?" said Thomas. . . .

"Ah!" said Mr. Mergleson. "*Got* 'im! That one!" . . .

"Just smack 'is 'ed once more," said Mr. Mergleson. . . .

"And now you just stand there, young man, until I'm at libbuty to attend to you further," said Mr. Mergleson, and finished his tea slowly and eloquently. . . .

The second footman rubbed his shin thoughtfully.

"If I got to smack 'is 'ed much," he said, "'e'd better change into his slippers."

"Take him to 'is room," said Mr. Mergleson getting up. "See 'e washes the grief and grubbiness off 'is face in the handwash at the end of the passage and make him put on his slippers. Then show 'im 'ow to lay the table in the steward's room."

THE duties to which Bealby was introduced struck him as perplexingly various, undesirably numerous, uninteresting and difficult to remember, and also he did not try to remember them very well because he wanted to do them as badly as possible, and he thought that forgetting would be a good way of starting at that. He was beginning at the bottom of the ladder; to him it fell to wait on the upper servants, and the green baize door at the top of the service staircase was the limit of his range. His room was a small wedge-shaped apartment under some steps leading to the servants' hall, lit by a window that did not open and that gave upon the underground passage. He received his instructions in a state of crumpled mutinousness, but for a day his desire to be remarkably impossible was more than counterbalanced by his respect for the large, able hands of the four manservants, his seniors, and by a disinclination to be returned too promptly to the gardens. Then in a tentative manner he broke two plates and got his head smacked by Mr. Mergleson himself. Mr. Mergleson gave a staccato slap quite as powerful as Thomas's, but otherwise different. The hand of Mr. Mergleson was large and fat, and he got his effects by dash. Thomas's was horny and lingered. After that young Bealby put salt in the teapot in which the housekeeper made tea. But that, he observed, she washed out with hot water before she put in the tea. It was clear that he had wasted his salt, which ought to have gone into the kettle.

Next time—the kettle.

BEYOND telling him his duties almost excessively, nobody conversed with young Bealby during the long hours of his first day in service. At midday dinner in the servants' hall he made one of the kitchen maids giggle by pulling faces intended to be delicately suggestive of Mr. Mergleson, but that was his nearest approach to disinterested human intercourse.

When the hour for retirement came—"Get out of it. Go to bed, you dirty little kicker," said Thomas. "We've had about enough of you for one day"—young Bealby sat for a long time on the edge of his bed weighing the possibilities of arson and poison. He wished he had some poison. Some sort of poison with a medieval manner, poison that hurts before it kills. Also he produced a small penny pocketbook with a glazed black cover and blue edges. He headed one page of this "Mergleson," and entered beneath it three black crosses. Then he opened an account to Thomas, who was manifestly destined to be his principal creditor. Bealby was not a forgiving boy. At the village school they had been too busy making him a good churchman to attend to things like that. There were a lot of crosses for Thomas.

And while Bealby made these sinister memoranda downstairs, Lady Laxton—for Laxton had bought a baronetcy for twenty thousand down to the party funds and a tip to the whip over the Peptonized Milk flotation—Lady Laxton, a couple of floors above Bealby's ruffled head, mused over her approaching week-end party. It was an important week-end party. The Lord Chancellor of England was coming. Never before had she had so much as a member of the Cabinet at Shonts. He was coming, and do what she would, she could not help but connect it with her very strong desire to see the master of Shonts in the clear scarlet of a deputy lieutenant. Peter would look so well in that. The Lord Chancellor was coming and to meet him and to circle about him there were Lord John Woodenhouse and Slinker Bond; there were the Countess of Barracks and Mrs. Rampound Pilby, the novelist, with her husband Rampound Pilby; there was Professor Timbre, the philosopher, and there were four smaller (though quite good) people who would run about very satisfactorily among the others. (At least she thought they would run about very satisfactorily among the others, not imagining any evil of her cousin Captain Douglas).

ALL this good company in Shonts filled Lady Laxton with a pleasant realization of progressive successes, but at the same time one must confess that she felt a certain diffidence. In her heart of hearts she knew she had not made this party. It had happened to her. How it might go on happening to her she did not know; it was beyond her control. She hoped very earnestly that everything would pass off well.

The Lord Chancellor was as big a guest as any she had had. One must grow as one grows, but still being easy and friendly with him would be, she knew, a tremendous effort. Rather like being easy and friendly with an elephant. She was not good at conversation. The task of interesting people taxed her and puzzled her.

It was Slinker Bond, the whip, who had arranged the whole business—after, it must be confessed, a hint from Sir Peter. Laxton had complained that the Government were neglecting this part of the coun-

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try. "They ought to show up more than they do in the county," said Sir Peter, and added almost carelessly: "I could easily put anybody up at Shonts." There were to be two select dinner parties and a large but still select Sunday lunch, to let in the countryside to the spectacle of the Laxtons taking their (new) proper place at Shonts.

It was not only the sense of her own deficiencies that troubled Lady Laxton; there were also her husband's excesses. He had—it was no use disguising it—rather too much the manner of an employer. He had a way of getting—how could one put it?—*confident* at dinner, and Mergleson seemed to *delight* in filling up his glass. Then he would contradict a good deal. She felt that lord chancellors, however, are the sort of men one doesn't contradict.

THEN the Lord Chancellor was said to be interested in philosophy—a difficult subject. She had got Timbre to talk to him upon that. Timbre was a professor of philosophy at Oxford, so that was sure to be all right. But she wished she knew one or two good safe things to say in philosophy herself. She had long felt the need of a secretary, and now she felt it more than ever. If she had a secretary she could just tell him what it was she wanted to talk about, and he could get her one or two of the right books and mark the best passages, and she could learn it all up.

She feared—it was a worrying fear—that Laxton would say right out, and very early in the week-end, that he didn't believe in philosophy. He had a way of saying he "didn't believe in" large things like that—art, philanthropy, novels, and so on. Sometimes he said: "I don't believe in all this"—art, or whatever it was. She had watched people's faces when he had said it, and she had come to the conclusion that saying you don't believe in things isn't the sort of thing people say nowadays. It was wrong somehow. But she did not want to tell Laxton directly that it was wrong. He would remember if she did, but he had a way of taking such things rather badly at the time. She hated him to take things badly.

"If one could invent some little hint," she whispered to herself.

She had often wished that she was better at hints. She was, you see, a gentlewoman, modest, kindly. Her people were quite good people. Poor, of course. But she was not clever, she was anything but clever. And the wives of these captains of industry need to be very clever indeed if they are to escape a magnificent social isolation. They get the titles and the big places and all that sort of thing; people don't at all intend to isolate them, but there is, nevertheless, an inadvertent avoidance.

EVEN as she uttered these words, "If one could invent some little hint," Bealby, down there, less than forty feet away through the solid floor below her feet and a little to the right, was wetting his stump of pencil as wet as he could in order to insure a sufficiently emphatic fourteenth cross on the score sheet of the doomed Thomas. Most of the other thirteen marks were done with such hard-breathing emphasis that the print of them went more than halfway through that little blue-edged book.

THE arrival of the week-end guests impressed Bealby at first merely as a blessed influence that withdrew the four man servants into that unknown world on the other side of the green baize door, but then he learned that it also involved the appearance of five new persons, two valets and three maids, for whom places had to be laid in the steward's room. Otherwise Lady Laxton's social arrangements had no more influence upon the mind of Bealby than the private affairs of the Emperor of China. There was something going on up there beyond even his curiosity. All he heard of it was a distant coming and going of vehicles and some slight talk to which he was inattentive—while the coachman and grooms were having a drink in the pantry—until these maids and valets appeared. They seemed to him to appear suddenly out of nothing, like slugs after rain, black and rather shiny, sitting about inactively and quietly consuming small matters. He disliked them and they regarded him without affection or respect.

Who cared? He indicated his feeling toward them as soon as he was out of the steward's room by a gesture of the hand and nose venerable only by reason of its antiquity.

He had things more urgent to think about than strange valets and maids. Thomas had laid hands on him, jeered at him, inflicted shameful indignities on him, and he wanted to kill Thomas in some frightful manner. (But, if possible, unobtrusively.)

If he had been a little Japanese boy, this would have been an entirely honorable desire. It would have been Bushido and all that sort of thing. In the gardener's stepson, however, it was—undesirable.

Thomas, on the other hand, having remarked the red light of revenge in Bealby's eye, and being secretly afraid, felt that his honor was concerned in not relaxing his persecutions. He called him "Kicker," and when he did not answer to that name he called him "Snorter," "Bleater," "Snooks," and finally tweaked his ear. Then he saw fit to assume that Bealby was deaf and that ear tweaking was the only available method of address. This led on to the convention of a sign language whereby ideas were communicated to Bealby by means of painful but frequently quite ingeniously symbolical freedoms with various parts of his person. Also, Thomas affected to discover uncleanliness in Bealby's head and succeeded after many difficulties in putting it into a sinkful of lukewarm water.

MEANWHILE young Bealby devoted such scanty time as he could give to reflection to debating whether it were better to attack Thomas suddenly with a carving knife or throw a lighted lamp. The large pantry inkpot of pewter might be effective in its way, he thought, but he doubted whether in the event of a charge it had sufficient stopping power. He was also curiously attracted by a long two-pronged toasting fork that hung at the side of the pantry fireplace. It had *reach*.

Over all these dark thoughts and ill-concealed emotions Mr. Mergleson prevailed, large yet speedy, speedy yet exact, parroting orders and making plump gestures, performing duties and seeing that duties were performed. Matters came to a climax late on Saturday night at the end of a trying day, just before Mr. Mergleson went round to lock up and turn out the lights.

Thomas came into the pantry close behind Bealby, who, greatly belated through his own inefficiency, was carrying a tray of glasses from the steward's room, applied an ungentle hand to his neck and ruffled up his back hair in a smart and painful manner. At the same time Thomas remarked: "Burrrrh!"

Bealby stood still for a moment and then put down his tray on the table and, making peculiar sounds as he did so, resorted very rapidly to the toasting fork. He got a prong into Thomas's chin at the first prod.

HOW swift are the changes of the human soul! At the moment of his thrust young Bealby was a primordial savage; so soon as he saw this incredible piercing of Thomas's chin—for all the care that Bealby had taken it might just as well have been Thomas's eye—he moved swiftly through the ages and became a simple Christian child. He abandoned violence and fled.

The fork hung for a moment from the visage of Thomas like a twisted beard of brass, and then rattled on the ground.

Thomas clapped his hand to his chin and discovered blood.

"You little—!" He never found the right word (which perhaps is just as well); instead he started in pursuit of Bealby.

Bealby, in his sudden horror of his own act—and Thomas—fled headlong into the passage and made straight for the service stairs that went up into a higher world. He had little time to think. Thomas with a red-smeared chin appeared in pursuit. Thomas the avenger. Thomas really roused. Bealby shot through the green baize door and the pursuing footman pulled up only just in time not to follow him.

Only just in time. He had an instinctive, instant, anxious fear of great dangers. He heard something, a sound as though the young of some very large animal had squeaked feebly. He had a glimpse of something black and white—and large. . . .

Then something, some glass thing, smashed.

He steadied the green baize door which was wobbling on its brass hinges, controlled his panting breath and listened.

A low, rich voice was—ejaculating. It was not Bealby's voice, it was the voice of some substantial person being quietly but deeply angry. They were the ejaculations, restrained in tone but not in quality, of a ripe and well-stored mind—no boy's thin stuff.

Then very softly Thomas pushed open the door—just widely enough to see—and as instantly let it fall back into place.

VERY gently and yet with an alert rapidity he turned about and stole down the service stairs.

His superior officer appeared in the passage below.

"Mr. Mergleson," he cried. "I say—Mr. Mergleson."

"What's up?" said Mr. Mergleson.

"He's gone!"

"Who?"

"Bealby?"

"Home?" This almost hopefully.

"No."

"Where?"

"Up there! I think he ran against somebody."

Mr. Mergleson scrutinized his subordinate's face for a second. Then he listened intently; both men listened intently.

"Have to fetch him out of that," said Mr. Mergleson suddenly preparing for brisk activity.

THOMAS bent lower over the banisters.

"*The Lord Chancellor!*" he whispered with white lips and a sideways gesture of his head.

"What about 'im?" said Mergleson, arrested by something in the manner of Thomas.

Thomas's whisper became so fine that Mr. Mergleson



"I dessay you'd like to be a gentleman," said Mr. Darling. "I wouldn't mind," said young Bealby. "You got to be what your opportunities give you," said Mr. Darling

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drew nearer to catch it and put up a hand to his ear. Thomas repeated the last remark. "He's just through there—on the landing—cursing and swearing—'orrible things—more like a mad turkey than a human being."

"Where's Bealby?"

"He must almost 'ave run into 'im," said Thomas after consideration.

"But now—where is he?"

Thomas pantomimed infinite perplexity.

MR. MERGLESON reflected and decided upon his line. He came up the service staircase, lifted his chin, and with an air of meek officiousness went through the green door. There was no one now on the landing, there was nothing remarkable on the landing except a broken tumbler, but halfway up the grand staircase stood the Lord Chancellor. Under one arm the great jurist carried a soda-water siphon and he grasped a decanter of whisky in his hand. He turned sharply at the sound of the green baize door and bent upon Mr. Mergleson the most terrible eyebrows that ever surely adorned a legal visage! He was very red in the face and savage-looking.

"Was it *you*," he said with a threatening gesture of the decanter, and his voice betrayed a noble indignation—"was it *you* who slapped me behind?"

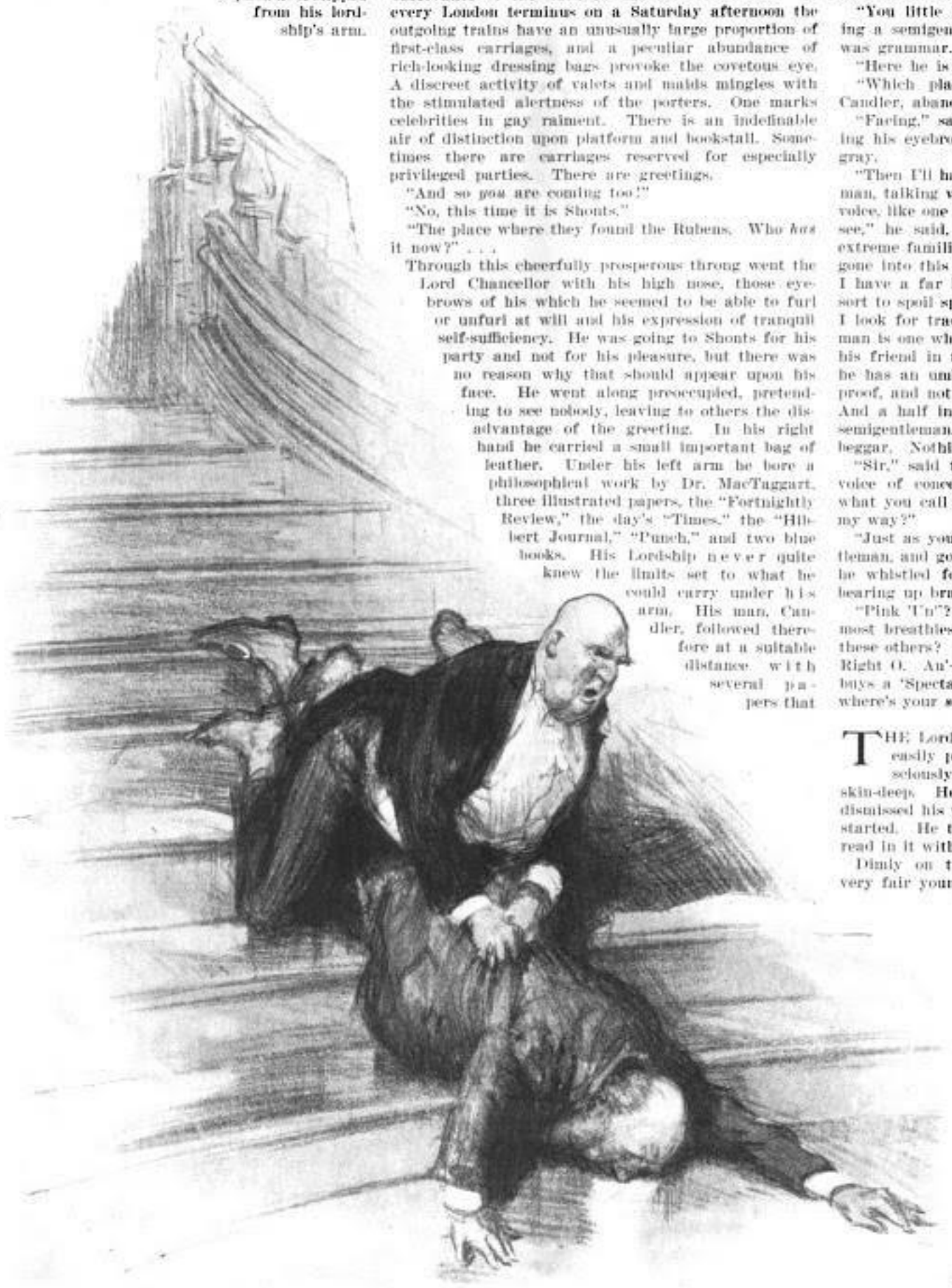
"Slapped you behind, me lord?"

"Slapped me *behind*. Don't I speak—plainly?"

"I—such a liberty, me lord!"

"Idiot! I ask you a plain question—"

With almost inconceivable alacrity Mr. Mergleson rushed up three steps, leapt forward and caught the siphon as it slipped from his lordship's arm.



He caught it, but at a price. He overset and, clasping it in his hands, struck his lordship first with the siphon on the left shin and then butted him, with a face that was still earnestly respectful, in the knees. His lordship's legs were driven sideways, so that they were no longer beneath his center of gravity. With a monosyllable remark of a topographical nature, his lordship collapsed upon Mr. Mergleson. The decanter flew out of his grasp and smashed presently with emphasis upon the landing below. The siphon escaping from the wreckage of Mr. Mergleson and drawn no doubt by a natural affinity, rolled noisily from step to step in pursuit of the decanter. . . .

It was a curious little procession that hurried down the great staircase of Shonts that night. First the whisky like a winged harbinger with the pedestrian siphon in pursuit. Then the great lawyer gripping the great butler by the tails of his coat and punching furiously. Then Mr. Mergleson trying wildly to be respectful—even in disaster. First the Lord Chancellor dived over Mr. Mergleson, grappling as he passed; then Mr. Mergleson, attempting explanations, was pulled backward over the Lord Chancellor; then again the Lord Chancellor was for a giddy but vindictive moment uppermost; a second rotation and they reached the landing.

Bang! There was a deafening report—

THE week-end visit is a form of entertainment peculiar to Great Britain. It is a thing that could have been possible only in a land essentially aristocratic and mellow, in which even the observance of the Sabbath has become mellow. At every London terminus on a Saturday afternoon the outgoing trains have an unusually large proportion of first-class carriages, and a peculiar abundance of rich-looking dressing bags provoke the covetous eye. A discreet activity of valets and maids mingles with the stimulated alertness of the porters. One marks celebrities in gay raiment. There is an indefinable air of distinction upon platform and bookstall. Sometimes there are carriages reserved for especially privileged parties. There are greetings.

"And so *you* are coming too!"

"No, this time it is Shonts."

"The place where they found the Rubens. Who *has* it now?" . . .

Through this cheerfully prosperous throng went the Lord Chancellor with his high nose, those eyebrows of his which he seemed to be able to furl or unfurl at will and his expression of tranquil self-sufficiency. He was going to Shonts for his party and not for his pleasure, but there was no reason why that should appear upon his face. He went along preoccupied, pretending to see nobody, leaving to others the disadvantage of the greeting. In his right hand he carried a small important bag of leather. Under his left arm he bore a philosophical work by Dr. MacTaggart, three illustrated papers, the "Fortnightly Review," the day's "Times," the "Hibbert Journal," "Punch," and two blue books. His Lordship never quite knew the limits set to what he could carry under his arm. His man, Candler, followed therefore at a suitable distance with several papers that had already been dropped, alert to retrieve any further losses.

At the large bookstall they passed close by Mrs. Rampound Pilby, who according to her custom was feigning to be a member of the general public and was asking the clerk about her last book. The Lord Chancellor saw Rampound Pilby hovering at hand and deftly failed to catch his eye. He loathed the Rampound Pilbys. He speculated for a moment what sort of people could possibly stand Mrs. Pilby's vast pretensions—even from Saturday to Monday. One dinner party on her right hand had glutted him for life. He chose a corner seat, took possession of both it and the seat opposite it in order to have somewhere to put his feet, left Candler to watch over and pack in his hand luggage and went high up the platform, remaining there with his back to the world—rather like a bigger, more aquiline Napoleon—in order to evade the great novelist.

IN THIS he was completely successful.

He returned however to find Candler on the verge of a personal conflict with a very fair young man in gray. He was so fair as to be almost an albino, except that his eyes were quick and brown; he was blushing the brightest pink and speaking very quickly.

"These two places," said Candler, breathless with the badness of his case, "are engaged."

"Oh, ve—*very* well," said the very fair young man with his eyebrows and mustache looking very pale by contrast, "have it so. But do permit me to occupy the middle seat of the carriage. With a residuary interest in the semigentleman's place."

"You little know, young man, *whom* you are calling a semigentleman," said Candler, whose speciality was grammar.

"Here he is!" said the young gentleman.

"Which place will you have, my lord?" asked Candler, abandoning his case altogether.

"Facing," said the Lord Chancellor, slowly unfurling his eyebrows and scowling at the young man in gray.

"Then I'll have the other," said the very fair young man, talking very glibly. He spoke with a quick, low voice, like one who forces himself to keep going. "You see," he said, addressing the great jurist with the extreme familiarity of the courageously nervous, "I've gone into this sort of thing before. First, mind you, I have a far look for a vacant corner. I'm not the sort to spoil sport. But if there isn't a vacant corner I look for traces of a semigentleman. A semigentleman is one who has a soft cap and not an umbrella—his friend in the opposite seat has the umbrella—or he has an umbrella and not a soft cap, or a waterproof, and not a bag, or a bag and not a waterproof. And a half interest in a rug. That's what I call a semigentleman. You see the idea. Sort of divided beggar. Nothing in any way offensive."

"Sir," said the Lord Chancellor, interrupting in a voice of concentrated passion, "I don't care a *rap* what you call a semigentleman. *Will* you get out of my way?"

"Just as you please," said the very fair young gentleman, and going a few paces from the carriage door he whistled for the boy with the papers. He was bearing up bravely.

"'Pink 'Un'? said the very fair young gentleman almost breathlessly. "'Black and White'? What's all these others? 'Athenæum'? 'Sporting and Dramatic'? Right O. An'—Eh! What? Do I *look* the sort that buys a 'Spectator'? You don't know! My dear boy, where's your *savoir faire?*"

THE Lord Chancellor was a philosopher and not easily perturbed. His severe manner was consciously assumed and never much more than skin-deep. He had already furled his eyebrows and dismissed his vis-à-vis from his mind before the train started. He turned over the "Hibbert Journal," and read in it with a large tolerance.

Dimly on the outskirts of his consciousness the very fair young man

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It was a curious little procession that hurried down the great staircase of Shonts that night



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The Voice of Spring

By Frank X. Finnegan

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



THE languor of spring was in the air. Herman Heidelmeier's place on the corner bristled with photographs of rampant goats. An optimistic German florist yawned on the seat of an old green wagon full of tulips and jonquils to brighten city dooryards: Halsted Street gleamed in its vernal coating of mud and the challenges of roosters came softly on the mild breezes from the twenty-five-foot chicken farms of thrifty householders on the back streets. It was spring all right.

"This is the sort of a day that makes you want to sit in one of those high-backed automobiles and tell James to throw in the high speed and run over a few traffic cops," Birdie McMullen observed to Billy Sheehan. They were strolling toward Birdie's home under budding trees that were beginning their annual struggle with city smoke and dust.

"You don't need to fret very long about not having a car," he returned. "I'm figuring to worry a swell car and a lot of other things out of the old man when I start in on my own hook, and you know all you have to do is say the word—"

"Say, that's old stuff, Billy. You ought to change your act," Birdie interrupted. "What's the matter with you lately? You can't walk a block without clouding up like an undertaker's helper and handing out something about that four-rooms-complete-for-ninety-nine-fifty proposition. I thought I had hinted to you once or twice that there is nothing stirring in the matrimonial line."

"Well, you can't keep me from thinking about it, can you?" he retorted. "And every little while I'm going to try you out with a leading question. If I don't, how will I ever know when you've changed your mind?"

MISS McMULLEN laughed softly, but it ended in a little sigh. It was typical of Billy—care-free, impulsive Billy—that the automobile he had tentatively offered her as a wedding gift was to come from his father.

"Oh, Billy, Billy, when will you learn?" she said. "You were such a nice boy before you got spring fever."

"Spring fever?" he interrupted. "That's a hit, too. Here I am laying my hand and heart at your feet, not to mention a few flat buildings and everything else I expect to grab off one of these days, and you tell me it's spring fever! I wonder how you expect a fellow to act when he's in love with you?"

"Billy, I've got so many more things to keep me busy that I haven't taken the time to think about it," Birdie returned. "I always try to side-step when I see trouble coming my way, and it looks to me that this marriage game is trouble spelled out in electric lights. Why, you know I'd rather be your friend than your sparring partner, Billy."

"I'm glad you get such an awful laugh out of it," Billy glowered. "But I suppose that's the best I'm entitled to. Every time I quit joshing and try to act like a regular fellow, people begin to laugh and tell each other what a hit I would have made on the stage. When I told my father I was framing to get married, it was a bigger scream with him than the minstrel show he went to in eighty-six. He grins now every time I show up around the house, and last night I caught him winking at my mother when I passed through the room. He thinks he has something on me because I've decided it's my turn to settle down. I haven't got the comedy end of it yet, but I suppose it's there some place."

"Well, it is rather a brand-new thought to the old folks at home, Billy," she said. "I think you'd get over it if you had something to keep you busy about ten hours a day."

"But I don't want to get over it!" Sheehan protested. "Birdie, this is the real thing with me—I've been trying to make you understand that for a long time now. And you might just as well make up your mind that I'm not a quitter when it comes to a proposition like—like you.

"I guess I'll beat it for the house," he added. "I've been threatening to collect some rents for the old man to-day and I haven't got started yet. I'll lose my job if I don't get busy and drag some money out of somebody."

"Yes, I suppose the wolf is building a nest on the front porch over at your place," Birdie returned. "Forget your starving tenants for a while and come in a minute. My mother has been trying to find out what this new 'tango tea' is, and I told her you were agent for it and would tell her all about it. I think she'll order a pound if you can make a strong enough talk."

IN THE McMullen parlor they found Mrs. Haskins sunk in the depths of a rocking chair, imbibing tea and making moan. The proprietress of the Palace Photoplay Theatre was of the portly type for whom deep-seated, wide-armed easy chairs were designed.

"I was just telling your ma what trouble I'm in, Birdie," Mrs. Haskins said when the salutations were over. "It does seem to me that everybody in the world has their hand against a widow that's trying and struggling to get along and do the best she can for herself and others even if it takes her last cent once she's set her hand to it. It looks like Providence was too busy other places most of the time to look after them that has lost their protectors, like me."

"What seems to be the matter mostly?" Miss McMullen inquired.

"It's Jimmie Ferris," the doleful widow explained. "He's run away from me, and I can't find hide nor hair of him. When Thomas and me took him to raise for you, Birdie—"

"Raise for me?" the queen of Halsted Street interrupted. "Where do you get that stuff? You and your husband took him in when I rescued him from that Simon Legree bunch, because you thought it was your Christian duty and he'd be handy around the house. At least, that was the way Billy and I understood it. Wasn't it, Billy?"

"Don't ask me to referee, ladies," he begged, holding up a protesting hand. "I remember there were six in the family out there where the orphan-asylum outfit had staked Jimmie to a home, and he was getting housemaid's knee and painter's colic doing all the work for them when we went out and got him. If he'd stand without hitching in that plant, I shouldn't think he'd run out on you, Mrs. Haskins."

"You know I told you he had a record for mysterious marathons," Birdie reminded her. "He broke away from three or four places where they had him hobbled before you got him, but I thought that home-made pie of yours would keep him rooted to the spot. Maybe you don't bake so often since you took that movie theatre?"

MRS. HASKINS put down her empty teacup regretfully and sighed. "No, Birdie, it isn't that," she declared. "It's that school I've been sending him to. He didn't like it. You know yourself he told you he didn't want to go to St. Agatha's because there were girls going there, although the goodness knows it's hard enough to scrape the money together to pay the sisters every month, girls or no girls. And it's as I was saying to Father Clancy only last Sunday, if I didn't think it was my bounden duty to do what I could toward the support of the church and the school, I wouldn't be sending him there, and now he's gone and run away from home. It makes it pretty hard," she whimpered.

Mrs. McMullen, with quick sympathy, filled the widow's teacup.

"And you don't know what's become of him?" she suggested.

"Only what he put in the note he left me—that he was going away where there wasn't any schools," Mrs. Haskins explained.

"Oh, he left a note, eh?" Birdie observed. "That's like Jimmie. That kid has a great idea of detail. If he was going into a game of marbles I think he'd hold up the whole shooting match until he had a written contract framing up the rules of the game. But I don't think you need worry much, Mrs. Haskins. He'll be trailing home when he gets the far, faint smell of your hot biscuits and discovers that the eats aren't hanging from the bushes by the riverside."

"Oh, I don't know, Birdie," Mrs. Haskins wailed. "It would be just my luck to lose him. I lose everything."

"What do you care whether you lose him or not?" Billy Sheehan suddenly interposed from his corner. "You've done your best by the little tyke, and if he doesn't appreciate a good home and would rather paddle his own canoe, you should worry. He's used to being an orphan, you know."

MISS McMULLEN turned to him with as near an exhibition of asperity as her blithe nature permitted.

"That'll be about all of that," she suggested. "We went out and took this kid away from that home-finding outfit and promised to get a good home for him and see that he nestled up to a table about three times a day. Do you think we're going to side-step the first time he really needs a hand?"

"What does she mean?" Mrs. Haskins asked, looking helplessly to Mrs. McMullen.

"She means that W. Sheehan is going to burst upon the metropolis as an amateur gumshoe man and find James Ferris, the boy globe-trotter," Birdie explained. "I'd trail out and do it myself, but I've got a date with a manicure scissors this evening and I think the exercise would do you good."

"Who? Me?" Billy demanded, sitting up in alarm.

"You are unanimously elected," she said sweetly.

"Well, say!" Mr. Sheehan floundered, "that's some job you've staked out for me. Why, I wouldn't know what to do first!"

"Suppose you sniff at the note Jimmie left for Mrs. Haskins and then go out and follow his footsteps," Miss McMullen suggested.

"How could he do that, child," Mrs. McMullen demanded. "Sure, the police wouldn't let him."

"That's up to him," Birdie returned. "Billy does a lot of things the police wouldn't stand for if they knew about them."

"I've got a grand chance to locate this slippery kid," Sheehan growled. "He may have grabbed a freight train the first thing."

"It's only a few minutes ago I told you what you needed was something to keep you busy for a while," she countered. "Here it is, ready to your hand. And if you track this flighty orphan to his lair and bring him home you will be doing him a good turn, saving Mrs. Haskins from nervous prostration, obliging me a whole lot, and working off your own little attack."

MRS. HASKINS looked across at Sheehan commiseratingly.

"Oh, has he got something?" she mourned.

"Only spring fever," Birdie quickly interposed before Sheehan could protest. "I never knew it to be fatal. Billy has so much time on his hands I know he'd enjoy being a sleuth for a day or two. And, believe me, we'll find Jimmie for you, Mrs. Haskins."

"I hope so, alanna," Mrs. McMullen said as Sheehan

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rose and moved toward the door. "I was just telling her that I thought you might think of something to do. She was so worried about Jimmie."

"Thinking of something to do is my one grand specialty," her daughter returned genially. "It keeps me from falling asleep at the switch. It's you for the trail, Billy, and while you're giving the third degree to some of the kid's partners in crime around here, I'll try to get a line on him myself. Call me up if you hear anything."

She followed him into the little hallway and lowered her voice.

"I told you this spring fever was contagious," she said. "Now it's Jimmie Ferris that's got it."

Sheehan gripped her hand suddenly in the darkness and leaned toward her a trifle.

"I wish you'd catch it—just a touch of the sort I've got," he whispered savagely. And Birdie, with a laugh, thrust him out into the dusk.

BILLY reported progress over the telephone that night, but he had no definite clue to the whereabouts of the runaway. Interviews with a half dozen of Jimmie's intimates in the neighborhood brought out a flood of testimony that he had made no secret of his intention to desert the lugubrious Haskins household when opportunity offered. Also he was determined to seek a clime, near or remote, it mattered little, where schools conducted by black-robed Sisters of Charity were unknown and where boy scouts controlled all things of importance.

"I don't suppose he's gone far because he didn't have more than eight cents on him," Sheehan told Miss McMullen. "If he tried riding a freight the police would probably have him by now, and I've telephoned enough to make sure he isn't locked up anywhere."

"Got a couple more nickels?" Birdie demanded.

"As many as three," he returned cheerfully.

"Stay on the job, my good man, until you turn up a clue," she ordered, "and don't do it all by telephone. Step around a bit and see what's going on."

"It doesn't look very hopeful to me," he grumbled. "I think the kid will show up all right when he gets hungry."

"The idea is not to let him get hungry if we can flush him before then." Miss McMullen said sweetly. "I assumed charge of him a few months ago, William, and the neighbors would probably chatter if he went around panhandling for his meals at their back doors. I'm going to find him before he gets notorious and you've got to be chief sleuth. Good night, Sherlock."

Aggressiveness was the touchstone of Birdie McMullen's character. She had no notion of delegating to Billy Sheehan the search for her missing protégé when she issued to him such definite instructions.

On the morning following the visit of Mrs. Haskins, learning that Jimmie was still absent from his familiar haunts and that no trace of him had been discovered by Sheehan or either of two friendly detective sergeants whom the latter had desperately enlisted in the hunt, Miss McMullen pinned on her new black hemp hat with the jaunty bunch of poppies and sallied forth herself on the trail. She had not gone three blocks from Hope Street when she caught sight of three bright-eyed lads in gray slouch hats and brown canvas knickerbockers approaching from the direction of Halsted Street.

THEY looked vaguely familiar, and Birdie would have passed them with the friendly nod she gave to all the children of the neighborhood had they not somehow given her the impression that they were anxious to slip by unnoticed. Their pockets bulged, and two of them carried under their arms little packages which they shifted uneasily as Miss McMullen drew nearer, her eyes on the trio. One of them stopped short and showed a disposition to bolt, but the others, edging toward the grassplot that bordered the sidewalk, moved warily ahead. And at that moment intuition assumed control of the situation and led the sharp-eyed young woman to bait the three of the furtive glances.

"Good morning, boys," she said pleasantly.

They stopped, looked up, and then, after a glance at one another, faced her a trifle defiantly.

"Good morning," the eldest of the three returned.

"Why, you boys are Boy Scouts, aren't you?" she went on, as though in pleased surprise. The three squared their shoulders and instinctively stood a trifle straighter.

"Yes, ma'am. We're scouts," the spokesman admitted. "I'm the one that got them two into the scouts," he volunteered with a jerk of his head toward his companions.

BIRDIE was studying them critically. "Do you know who I am?" she asked suddenly. Again they dropped their glances to the struggling greensward beneath their feet.

"I know you," ventured one of the pair who had not spoken; "it was me told Ragon and Schnable who you was. You're, now—you're Birdie McMullen."

Ragon, the leader of the group, gave his associate scout a black look for that. Evidently denial would have been better policy.

"Yes, that's right," Birdie admitted. "And now I want to tell you something. You Boy Scouts are pledged to do one good deed every day, aren't you?"

"Sure we are," Ragon promptly declared. "Some days a fellow has to skip because you can't always come across somethin' good to do."

"We're doin' somethin' good now," Schnable suddenly piped up.

"Shut up!" his scout leader ordered fiercely, and Birdie did not fail to observe that little Miller, the third of the outfit, bestowed upon the garrulous Schnable a surreptitious pinch that made him wince.

"Of course you are," Miss McMullen went on, "and you're ready to do another good turn for a chap, aren't you? Suppose I should tell you of a little boy that's hungry—a boy that hasn't any father or mother—no home—no bed to sleep in or anything like you boys have. Wouldn't you try to help him out?"

"Sure we would!" Ragon and Miller chorused, while Schnable trailed in with: "You bet you."

"Well, I know just such a boy," she continued, "and when I tell you who he is, I know you fellows are going to lend a hand. His name is Jimmie Ferris."

Had Miss McMullen suddenly flashed a police badge and told the three boy scouts that they were under arrest, she could scarcely have upset them more thoroughly. Miller and Schnable jumped from her involuntarily, but she seized Ragon's shoulder in a masterful grip before he could escape.

"NOW, then," she said in a brisk, commanding tone, "you take me to where Jimmie is right away. That's what you're going to do and I'll do the rest."

For the flicker of an eyelash Ragon contemplated resistance and flight. But Birdie's calm gaze had awed hearts far stouter than his, and on the instant he capitulated.

"Who—who told you about it?" he quavered.

"Never mind," she replied mysteriously, "let's get over to where Jimmie is. I'm in a hurry."

"We was goin' to be in the circus—Jimmie knows where there's one away off on a railroad train more'n a hunderd miles," young Schnable volunteered. This time he was neither reproved nor pinched by his comrades. The veil of secrecy had been rent. There was need no longer for the code of honor.

"Aw, come on, then," Ragon said. "I'll show you where he is. But I can prove it by you two kids that *I* didn't snitch."

IN THE hayloft of August Schnable's barn Miss McMullen found her errant protégé reclining in state on a sway-backed lounge, through the horsehair covering of which the springs jauntily protruded. Around him were evidences that he had sternly declined to enter upon the period of starvation that had been so generally predicted for him. He looked contented and even replete as he gravely welcomed the unexpected visitor to his lair. (*Concluded on page 37*)

"It's all right for girls, I suppose. But I ain't got no time to learn about no seven deadly sins. That gives me a pain"



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The Pensioner

By Arthur Preston Hankins

ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. MARCHAND

DURING the latter part of California's formative period no one had suspected Dave Chipley of farsightedness, or even the desire to reap the rewards of farsightedness. Dave had been too busy flirting with the goddess Chance, taking astronomical observations through the bottom of a bottle, shooting up a town now and then, and punching cattle for the old Rover outfit.

Dave's constant associate in such pursuits was Babe, the brown mare, the indefatigable cattle pony with a record from San Diego to the Tehachepi for intelligence and quickness of limb, she that later was called "The Pensioner."

To see Dave at the head of a bunch of cowmen, bent on holiday pursuits, race into a little 'dobe town on Babe, was a sight to gladden the heart of a lover of the old picturesque West. For instance, Dave and Babe had won their saddle in a roping contest at a *rodeo* in Los Angeles. The saddlery company that donated the prize had aimed to make of it a lasting advertisement and a hopeless model for all competitors. It was mounted with heavy coin silver from the horn to the tips of the low-swinging tapaderas.

ONCE, at the end of a week's vacation which had drained him of every hard-earned dollar, Dave, after consulting Babe, had refused $350 for this saddle. The bridle and the martingales were of rawhide, intricately plaited by Indian hands, and trimmed with silver and horsehair tassels wherever silver and hair could be appended. Dave's brace of six-shooters was the envy of the West. His chaps and sombreros were copied through three counties. All these were to Dave as is the sumac blossom to the bee. But Babe, the flesh and blood of his picturesqueness, was the heart of his very heart.

There came into Dave's reckless life one day the inevitable sedative element. The element was called Mary, and had brown hair and eyes, and lips that were like the heart of the ripe pomegranate.

So Dave's vacations ceased. He fingered a pass book lovingly. Gradually he added to his savings. His strong brown hands grew familiar with a notebook and the stub of a pencil. Figures pleased him, he found. He came to realize that all along he had been farsighted and shrewd, but had known it not.

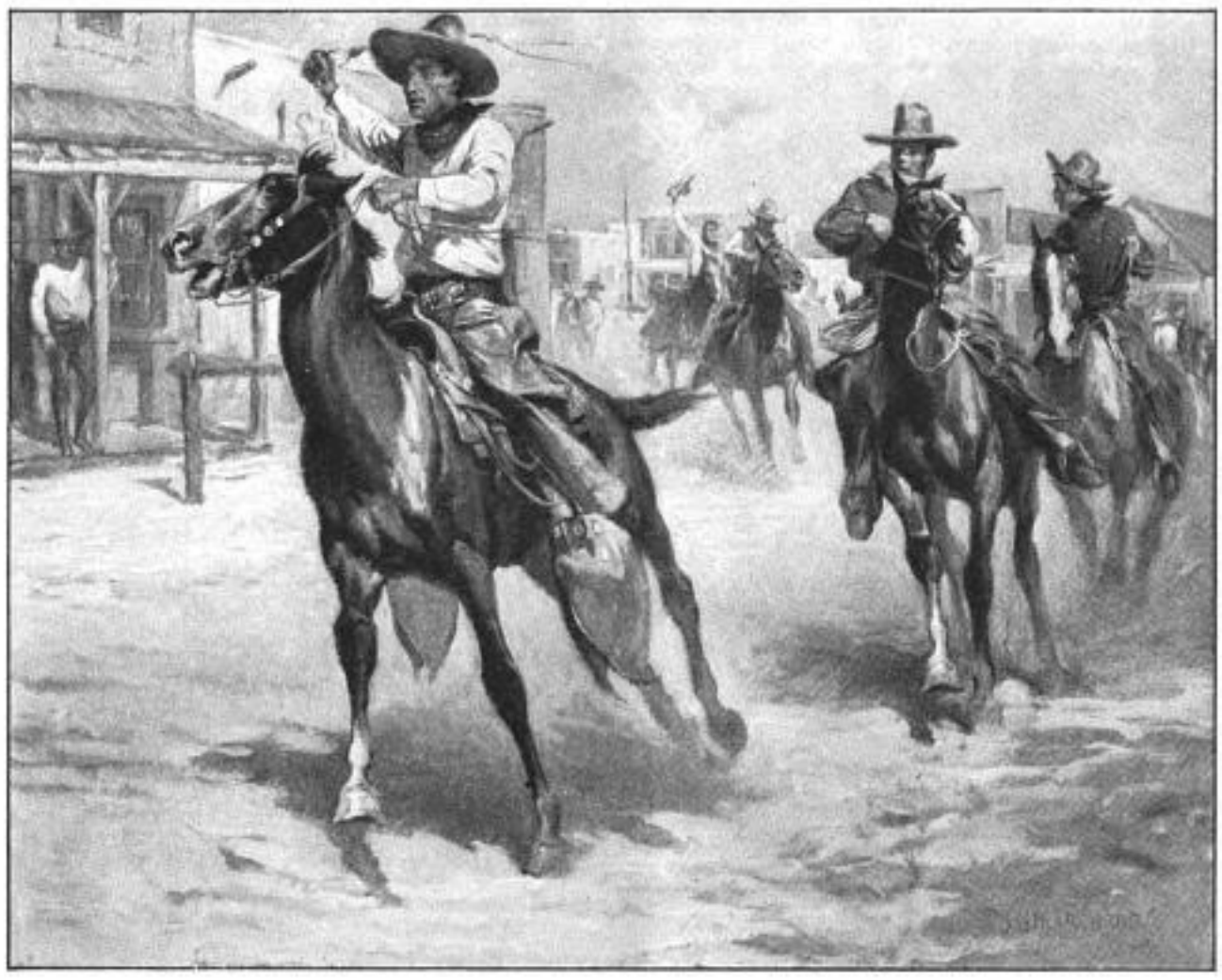
His fellow cattlemen told him that the level bottom lands of the Conejo River were good for grazing till April, and from then till time for the winter rains were good for nothing. Dave couldn't believe them. He had seen that California was coming into her own. He had been studious over the marvels of irrigation. He talked the matter over with the brown-eyed one and Babe, then invested his all in bottom land at $10 an acre. He paid what he could, and gave a mortgage, with interest at 6 per cent, for the balance. It caused him to wait a little longer for his bride; but she of the pomegranate lips believed in Dave and was content to wait with him. Every day Dave and Babe rode hard and hazardously after cattle; and every cent they made paid interest on the deferred payments. Babe was growing a trifle old, though she showed it but little. However, there was now no money to be spent on a pony to relieve her, and none of the Rover nags appealed to Dave.

TWO years and a half they waited. Then the sky seemed to drop.

A big land company bought up 20,000 acres adjoining Dave's 1,000. "Finest citrus and alfalfa land in southern California," the president told the incredulous cattlemen. The company made Dave an offer for his holdings which would have netted him 100 per cent, but he refused. "Glad to welcome you," he told them. "I've expected you for quite a spell."

They laid out a town site and began developing water on top of a near-by mountain. Promptly Dave sank wells. The town meant a market, and it was time to plow his land and sow alfalfa. This required ready cash, and Dave reluctantly sold 200 acres at $50 an acre. He canceled his debt and began putting his land under cultivation.

The development of Chipley Ranch makes an interesting story, but a long one. Summed up briefly, it is this:



To see Dave at the head of a bunch of cowmen, bent on holiday pursuits, race into a little 'dobe town on Babe, was a sight to gladden the heart of a lover of the old picturesque West

Dave married the girl and plowed the land. The big company, with $1,000,000 back of them, wrought fairylike changes in the valley of the Conejo. They carried Dave along with them willy-nilly. In the year 1906 Dave sold 640 acres of his ranch for $250 an acre, reserving for himself 160 acres of the very best, for which he refused $350 an acre.

THIS little deal off his hands, he took a long breath and began to look about him. What should it be?—a trip round the world?—a year in Paris?—an automobile tour through Europe? What did people do with money, anyway?

He talked it over with the brown-eyed one. He was advised to build a home on his 160 acres before he set foot out of the county. The fine house was at last erected. The stables followed. Then the garage. Then the tennis court. Then—but just here Dave thought of something with a regretful pang.

Over at the old Rover Ranch was Babe. He had forgotten Babe during the past few years of hustling. Why, Babe—Babe—the lumps crowded one another in his throat—Babe had helped him do all this! Who but Babe had carried him day in and day out after the cattle? Never for a single minute had she failed him. Babe!—the companion of his frivolous days, the team mate in the making of his fortune! She was over there at the Rover, old, alone, neglected by him.

The dawn saw him astride a big, rawboned black, galloping over the mesa to the far southeast. The night of the following day witnessed the welcoming of old Babe to Chipley Ranch.

"Now what, old girl?" Dave whispered in her furry ear. "Kinda lean in the ribs, ain't you? Thought Dave had forgotten, didn't you? Just mislaid you—that's all. Forget it.

"I'll tell you what, Babe: All your dad-blamed life you've been hankerin' to mother a colt. I've seen it in those big black eyes. You'll have your colt, old girl. And you and said colt'll have twenty acres o' the best land in the Conejo Valley to do with as you please. You like poverty grass, don't you? Well, we'll plow out the alfalfy and let the poverty grass grow, and we'll keep it irrigated for you. The land's worth $7,000. No man'll ever straddle you again, Babe. You'll be pensioned, and you won't have nothin' to do but wad your belly with poverty grass and fret about that colt. Suit you?"

Babe rubbed her soft muzzle against Dave's neck to indicate that it would.

So the motherhood yearning within her for a lifetime was stilled. Babe's soft black eyes roved lovingly over a spindle-legged female monstrosity that staggered about and butted her flank for milk. The monstrosity promised some day to resemble a specimen of the family Equidæ. And more, Dave saw in the filly of the future a replica of his beloved Babe. There was the same white snip in the nose; the same carriage of the head; and, a year later, the filly developed the same long, tireless gait. The two occupied a pasture of twenty acres worth $7,000.

CHIPLEY RANCH was at last the earthly paradise that Mary's heart had craved. Then Dave rested and looked about again.

"It's too beautiful to leave for another year," said Mary.

So another year they stayed.

Then, half reluctantly, they uprooted themselves. Dave put on a white collar and a detestable derby hat. They packed their trunks and started round the world.

A year later they were back. And Dave, not even stopping to remove his white collar, ran to the upper twenty for his welcome from Babe.

London clothes could not fool Babe. Her low, nasal voice was lifted in greeting before Dave had reached the gate. Trailed by her slick, lithe offspring, she galloped over the green floor toward the tear-blinded man who couldn't find the gate latch.

When it was all over they stood and looked at each other.

"You're gettin' along in years, old girl," observed Dave. "But, holy smoke!—you're fat as an ole groun' squirrel in a barley field. And this-un—this here kid"—he turned to the filly—"this-un's some hoss! She's you the day I won you on aces-up from Daisy Dick, Babe."

Babe's eyes smoldered with mother pride.

"We'll have the old saddle on her to-morrow, Babe," Dave went on. "We'll see if her mother's blood flows through her veins. We'll see if she's worthy to carry the saddle you and me won handlin' the worst steer in California."

Babe's soft, luminous eyes seemed to say: "I think you'll find her worthy."

So the following morning, after many unsuccessful preliminaries, the silver-mounted saddle was cinched on the back of the unnamed filly. Two ranch hands held, one the silver bit, the other the young mare's nostrils, while Dave Chipley vaulted into the saddle, keen for a long-forgotten thrill.

Then followed an entertainment that held the ranch hands spellbound. Babe watched with interest, but evidently sure of the outcome.

TWICE Dave hit the dust, and came up with his mouth full of it. With a blood-smeared face and a blackened eye, he limped back to his neophyte, more determined than ever. The battle lasted half an hour, then the mare was spent. Triumphantly Dave swung her this way and that, patting her streaming neck, crooning love talk. She stood trembling but convinced as he dismounted.

"Gosh ding you!" Dave breathed proudly into her ear. "You got your mother's blood all right. That was worth goin' round the world for."

Babe ambled up.

"You quit your laughin'," Dave told her. "If you'd 'a' been to Paris and London

(*Continued on page 29*)

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The Seago

By James B. Connolly, with

The Aerial Experiences a

ON THE SOUTH SIDE of the harbor of Vera Cruz, in a corner of the beach by themselves, the United States Navy Aviation Corps, Lieutenant Commander Henry C. Mustin in command, are encamped. If they would only move their camp nearer to the heart of the city, they would be more popular idols even than they are, not only with the dark, native population, which from the crest of near-by sand hills views their high operations with tumultuous approval, but also with the youth and beauty and maturity of the American colony.

Down here in the war zone where every officer on duty ashore has to carry a .45 automatic pistol strapped to his thigh and every enlisted man a magazine rifle to his shoulder, it is taken as a matter of course that when the time comes any man in uniform will be in the way of having his liver or his lungs punctured by the enemy's Mausers, and that is all right and proper for heroes, but not necessarily hopeless with so many good service surgeons standing by to patch him up; but when, in addition to these casual and regular chances of being shot up, a man is also liable to be brought tumbling to good old earth or ocean from a height of a few thousand feet—why, then, he is in the way of being doubly a hero.

A Flock of Heroes

THE young ladies of the American colony, who are sometimes all American and sometimes but partly so—beautiful young ladies, most of them—gaze from the nearest comfortable overlook of the little aviation camp, which happens to be the shaded veranda of the combination water-front club and bathhouse—the pink-and-blue bathhouse with its salt pool open to the sky, but its sides protected by close-set slats from the sharks and other terrible creatures of the Gulf—they, gazing, express great curiosity to see at closer quarters the quaint little camp with its four khaki tents in a row, its picket line where the marine sentries stand austere guard, and its flying machines rolling loosely on the beach. But the aviators are the sternest ever. Not that they would not like to stroll, and not that they do not stroll over to the Baños, where the delightful ladies are waiting for a squad of heroes to come along and take them swimming; but never until their work is behind them will they come. Then in the cool of the late afternoon they stroll over, and later stroll up, it may be, to that exhilarating plaza in the center of the city, where, from one of the little tables under the portal of the big hotel, they also may look out on the passing show, for in that plaza, while the army band is playing, the fountains spouting, the birds chattering, and the tree leaves rustling to the night breeze in from the Gulf—in that plaza, of an evening, all the beauty and military glory passes in review.

But when the pleasant meal is over and the band hushed, taps blown, and it is time for hard-working, serious people to get a night's sleep against the strain of another day's work, the naval aviation officers fail not to recall that they are a seagoing, not a shoregoing, corps, and down to the long pier and the waiting steam launch they file and so aboard ship for the night, to the battleship *Mississippi*, whereof their chief, Lieutenant Commander Mustin, is the young skipper. A 13,000-ton battleship is the *Mississippi*, and, though now given over to the Aviation Corps, having still her place in the battle fleet; and were the fleet ordered into action to-morrow, into action she would also go, for not only does she rate a flock of flying machines but a deck battery and big turret guns also.

In the Air

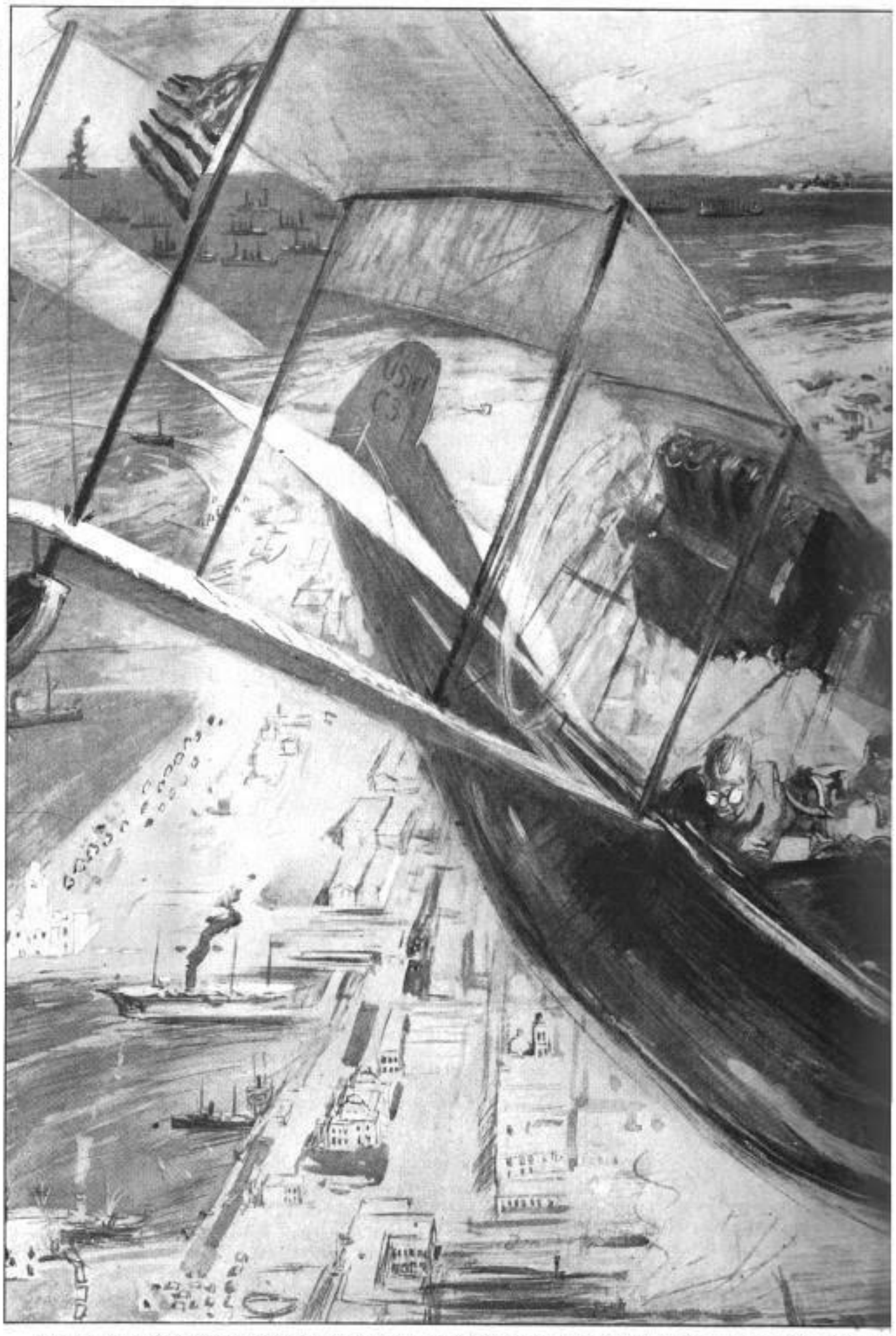
IT WAS Lieutenant Commander Mustin's suggestion that he precede my flying excursion with a demonstration of hydroplaning in the inner harbor. It was too rough to go outside. Pretty nearly every afternoon a breeze makes down the coast from the north, and so the "norther," which does not blow so very hard at this time of year, but does blow hard enough to force the battleships at times even now to hoist and secure their steam launches inboard and suspend all boating communication with the shore; and the navy steam launch can stand a pretty rough sea.

We had our hydroplaning cruise, and let me say that if somebody were to hand me a million dollars to-morrow—which is Sunday—Monday morning early would find me in a flying-machine factory picking out at least one high-powered 1914 model flying boat, not forgetting also to hire a couple of expert mechanicians to see to it that her machinery efficiency was kept up to standard.

When we shoved off with flying boat *C 3*, Mustin at the wheel and I crowded into the other seat, a thirty-mile breeze was blowing outside and just sea enough inside to make little seas for *C 3* to do some fine "porpoising"—that is, to leap clear of the water and, of course, back again. We did not get a full head of power on at first because at about forty-eight miles an hour *C 3* is due to leave the water and take to the air. She was held down to forty-five miles an hour, and at that speed did some brave "porpoising." Thirty, forty, sixty, and at length one hundred feet—as the observers ashore estimated—did we make in our long jumps.

She has a blunt-nosed, elongated, fish-shaped body—*C 3*—a biplane with a little bit of a metal pontoon at the tip of each lower wing. Mustin and I sat side by side in a sort of a cockpit forward; and when she dipped her nose into a sea we got good and wet. It came over us in solid sheets so that we—I at least—could not see ahead for seconds at a time, and making me glad that the safety of the machine was not depending on the clearness of my vision. The sea water driven into us made our eyes ache and burn both—at least it did mine and probably did Mustin's, for neither did he wear goggles. It was great fun, though, for even when we were not hurdling the little seas in our long leaps we were rushing past everything along the way at a forty-five-mile gait. However, *C 3*'s real work lay elsewhere. She needed a water surface to rise from and make a landing on, but her real element was the air above. Mustin turned me over to his most practiced assistant, young Lieutenant Bellinger, for the air flight; and, Lieutenant Bellinger doing the same thing, I put hollow plugs in my ears, set a thick life jacket down over my shoulders and was carried on the shoulders of one of the enlisted force to where *C 3* was waiting, with five men to their waists in water to keep her from drifting off before the wind.

It was a good afternoon for flying, they said—not too much wind and clear air. We were strapped into our seats but not strapped so that we could not free ourselves in



The rough sketch for this drawing was made some 500 feet in the air as Lieut. Bellinger piloted the flying b air," Mr. Reuterdahl writes us, "I was in perfect comfort, well able to draw in detail. My flight las

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ing Flyers

Drawing by Henry Reuterdahl

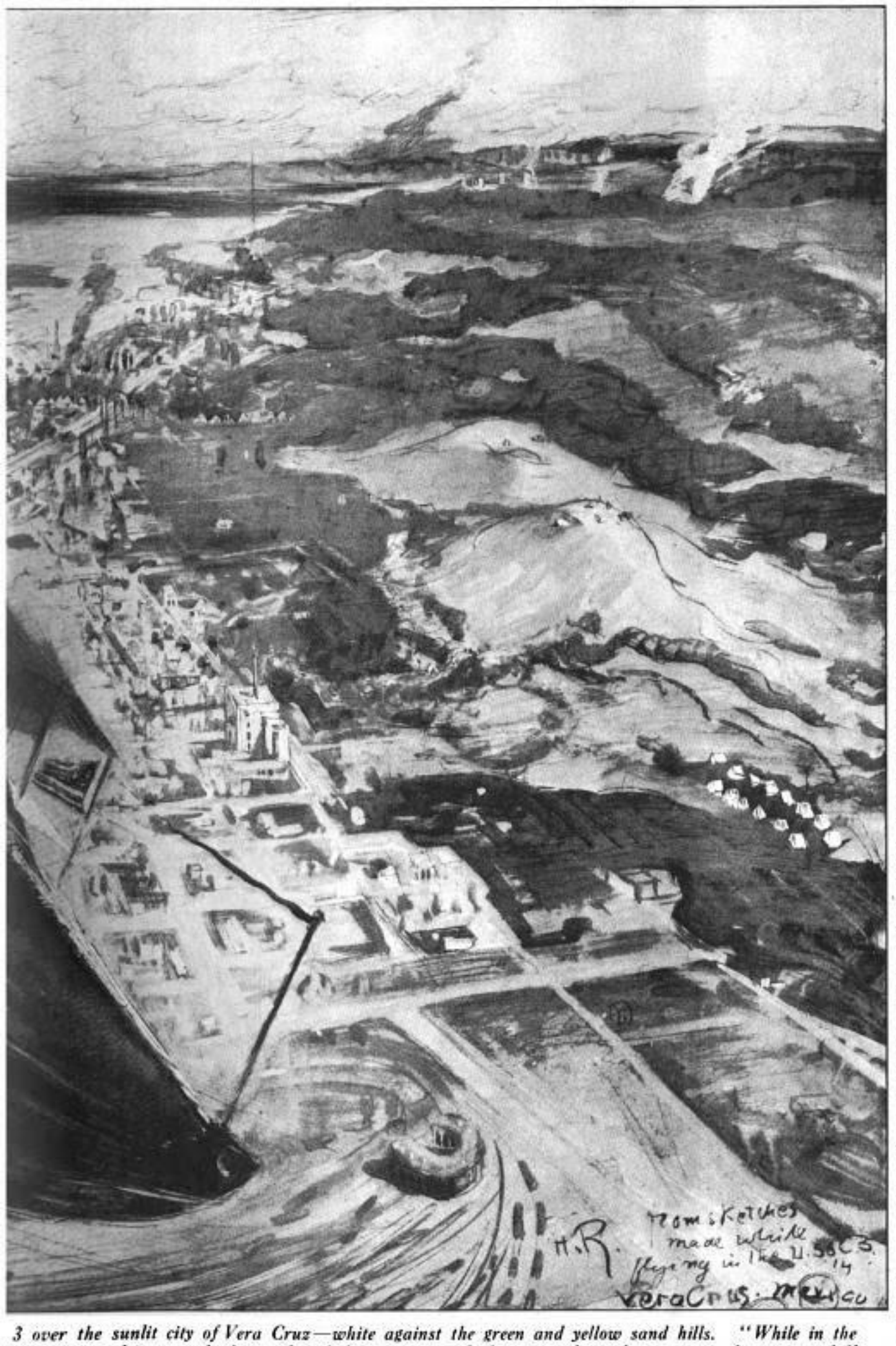
Vera Cruz of Writer and Artist

urry if need were. The straps and the life jacket did no arm, but, looking at the engine above and behind us, I could ot help thinking that our greatest worry would not be to ave ourselves from being jolted from our seats or to remain loat long enough to be picked out of the sea, but to get out the way of that heavy engine as we hit the water.

However, there was no real fear of mishap with young Lieutenant Bellinger as operator. I had known Bellinger when he was a middy on the world cruise of the battle fleet; I had watched his development. I knew that he knew his business and saw that the men under him knew theirs. There would be many, many less accidents in the air if the aviator tended to something more than the control of his machine. The last thing that Bellinger did before going up was to take another look at the vital parts of *C 3*. Everything was all right.

A fleet of Mexican trading and fishing craft lay off the beach from the camp, also three or four pulling boats with swimming parties from the battle fleet, and one boat from which a diver in a helmet was being lowered to search for some lost article on the bottom of the harbor. These we whisked by, while the crowd of natives, men and women, on the sand hills near by accorded us their usual appreciative send off. We whisked by a flock of little naked Mexican boys playing in the water between the camp and the pale pink and bright blue bathhouse where the before-mentioned youth and beauty came to bathe and gossip.

The foregoing we passed rapidly, for five of the enlisted force, including one warrant officer in a bathing suit, had stood to their waists in water to give us a flying start with the engine working full power. The little seas kept her from rising too soon. A hundred yards from the beach she was porpoising bravely with Bellinger sawing back and forth on his control gear, like the coxswain of a racing boat. I found myself also sawing back and forth to get her going. She made an unusually long leap, and then another, and another; and this time she did not come down *spank!* on the water. I looked over the side to make sure. So it was. A steam launch, which a few seconds ago lay dead ahead, now lay almost directly under us, they looking up. We were not overhigh, and the little lighthouse on the end of the north jetty lay dead ahead. I wondered if we would come close to her. We had yards to spare. We must have been a hundred feet up in the air before I really woke up to it that we were flying.



3 over the sunlit city of Vera Cruz—white against the green and yellow sand hills. "While in the minutes, and it was only the novelty of the experience which prevented my plying my pencil continuously"

Climbing Skyward

THE breakwater was passed and the nearest ships of the anchored fleet lay a mile or so away. I thought we would be there in a flash. I wondered why, and soon saw why. A shadow of a great birdlike thing lay on the water to one side and just ahead of us. It was a tremendously large shadow at first; rapidly it shrank in size; by that I knew that we were doing more climbing than going ahead.

We quit climbing and were sailing ahead for fair. The battle fleet lay below us; and it looked so much like the little toy warships we buy for our young nephews and godchildren for Christmas that it was ridiculous. The toy ships, flat-bottomed—we pick them up and set them down on the floor and there they stay. These real warships—the two biggest in the world were there—they sat on the water just like those toy ships at home. No more life in them than that—little, gray-painted, narrow toy ships; and one differed from the others; the tops of her turrets were painted red—the only ship showing anything but the war gray in all the fleet.

Before we were three minutes in the air I settled a matter which had long interested me. A few years ago a friend of peculiarly calm make-up took me to the top of his office building for a look over the city. It wasn't the tallest building in the city of more tall buildings than any other in the world, but it was tall enough—fourteen stories. He stood on the edge of the roof and invited me to stand there also and look down on the life of the street. I stood on the edge, but I did not look down. I did not dare to look down; and just to stand on the edge took more out of me than I would care to give away every hour in the day.

The Force of the Wind

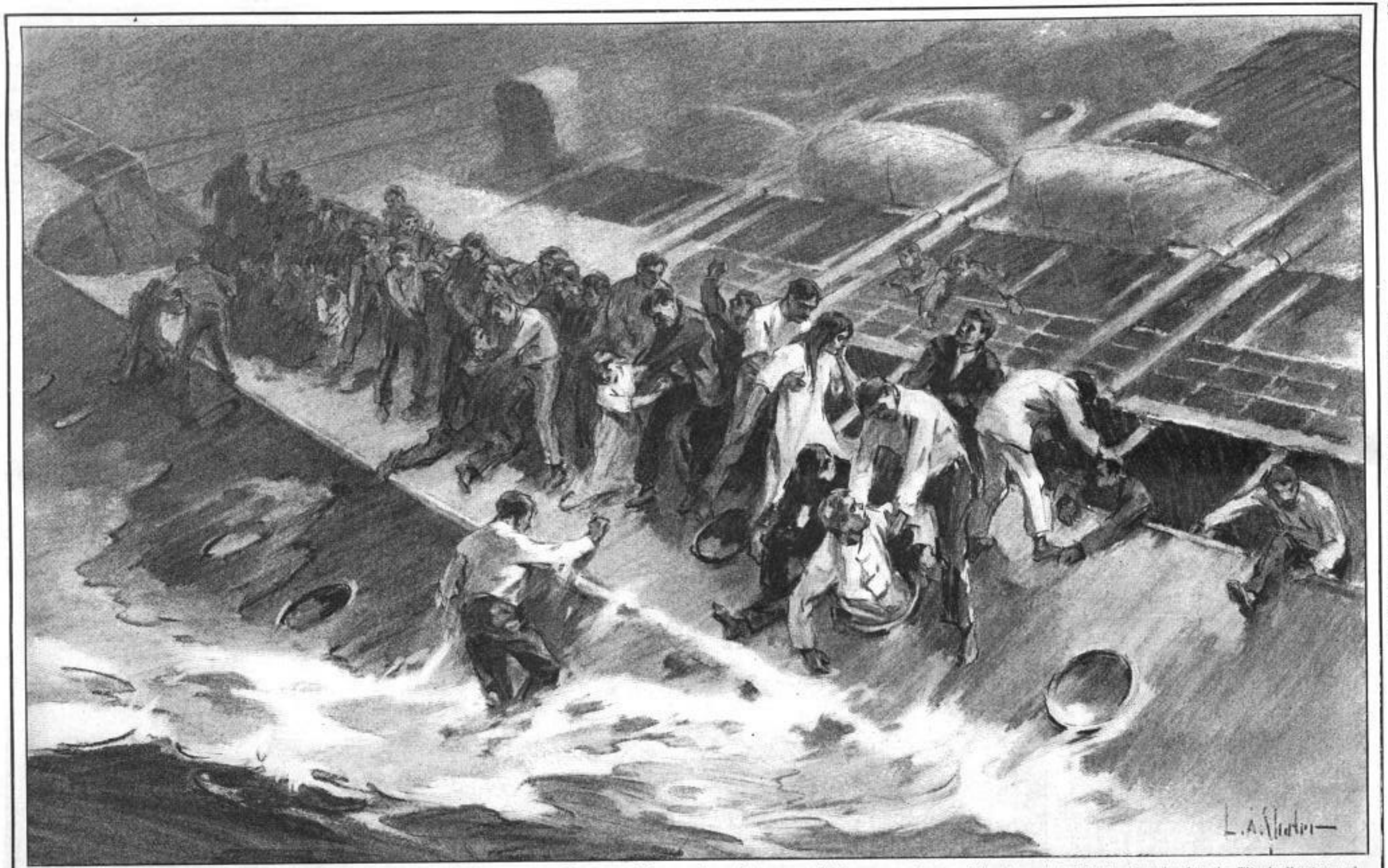
NOW, before going up in this flying machine I wondered how the great height would affect me. I hopes, I remember, that if it worried me I would not bother the operator with my troubles. As we rose higher and higher I was noting with curiosity my own feelings. I waited for that feeling which I had on the roof of the fourteen-story building to come back to me. We rose higher and higher and I waited and waited. Nothing doing. It wasn't the same thing at all. I watched the ships grow smaller and smaller below me and didn't care how small they got. I settled down under my shoulder straps and relapsed into sheer contentment.

C 3 was rated as being good for about sixty-three miles an hour. She was doing that now across the wind. The air effect was not so overwhelming as I thought it would be—that is, in the way of sound. No doubt the rubber plugs we put in our ears before shoving off made a lot of difference; but even allowing for them, there was a rushing whirr; the buzzing of the propeller, however, seemed to me to be louder. There was a great play of it, though, through the wire struts—a loud, never-ceasing, almost musical, note. I wish I could say it was musical and give *C 3* a good mark, but it wasn't. Then there was no disappointing effect in the weight of the wind as it rushed by. I put my hand up to brush my cheek, and, slap! my hand went against my chin. I forced my lips apart to yell a word to Bellinger, turning my head inboard as I did so to reach his ear the better, and my lee cheek filled out like a balloon! I could feel my lips at the same time taking on a pear shape. I turned my head well inboard then to note the effect, and had to make somewhat of an effort to bring it full front again.

Fears of the Novice

WE HAD been headed out into the Gulf; now we turned inshore. It was the first sharp turn—probably not a real sharp turn at that; but as she started to come I couldn't help it—I leaned sharply up against the incline and, without meaning to, turned to look at Bellinger. I remember how when off on a fishing trip years ago I first saw a Gloucester sail-carrying skipper roll his rail well under. I remember how I looked to the man (*Continued on page 32*)

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A Thousand Lives for a Simple Lesson: An Inner Skin for Every Ship

Mr. Shafer's drawing shows the *Empress of Ireland* as she was turning over on her side just before she sank, carrying down with her 1,027 persons. Many of the passengers and crew were clambering on to the side in the hope of saving themselves. In the collision with the collier *Storstad* at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River early on the morning of May 29, the liner's hull was ripped open like a tin can, and she sank in fourteen minutes. Like the *Titanic* and the *Monroe*, both sunk in collisions within a little more than two years, the *Empress of Ireland* had no inner skin (or water-tight hull), otherwise she might have remained afloat after the accident. This safety device was installed in the *Olympic* after the *Titanic* disaster, and the *Imperator*, the *Aquitania*, and the *Britannic* have it. Nowadays nearly all shipwrecks are the results of collisions, and the recent disaster strengthens the argument in favor of an inner skin for every ship. This idea may give the word "seaworthy" a new meaning.

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Lawgivers

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE bronze clangor of the cathedral bells marks the hours. Out of the night day bursts with an abruptness of light and of birdcalls. Newsboys' voices announce the first editions of the Mexican morning papers and the fall of Tampico. There are dog yelps, the rattle and grind of big-wheeled mule carts, a clatter of cavalry hoofs on the asphalt, bugle calls, and Vera Cruz has begun another day.

Bareheaded women, betraying little of Spanish and much of Indian in their faces, pass on their way to market. Cargadores slither by on leather sandals, and peddlers carrying their stocks in trade on their heads. Spigotty police, in wrinkled linen uniforms, swing their clubs valiantly, and, in contrast with our husky sentries of the regular army, appear pathetically small of stature, pinched of chest, and narrow of shoulder. And in the cathedral Indians and mixed breeds pray to the gods and saints of their believing, perplexed by the incomprehensible situation of their beloved city in the possession of armed white-skinned men from over the sea.

These natives of Mexico have never possessed more than a skeleton of law. They were two entire ethnic periods behind the Spanish when Cortes landed his mail-clad adventurers on their shore. And Cortes and the generations of acquisitive adventurers that followed him, themselves with no genius for government, intermarried with the Indian population and made no improvements in government.

Improvised Proconsuls

PRIMITIVE government is simple, religious, and rigid. When the Indian governmental machinery was thrown out of gear, with here and there a smashed cog, lacking in plasticity, the millions of Indians fell an easy prey to the Spanish conquistadores. The compromise, resulting from the blending of a people backward in governmental development with a people unpossessed of the genius for government, brought about the weak and inefficient government that has been Mexico's for the last four centuries.

Come now, in the year 1914, from the United States, the white-skinned armed men with an inherited genius for government. Here is Vera Cruz with a population of 30,000; here, in addition, there are thousands of American soldiers and thousands of American and Mexican refugees from the interior. Problem: how to get these many thousands up out of bed in the morning and to work or play; how to get them home and to bed at night, all in decent and orderly fashion.

There must be safety for all. They must not quarrel with one another. They must keep themselves clean and the city clean. They must pursue the multifarious activities by which only can a city exist. They must not hurt one another, either by theft or violence, or by squalidly cultivating infection. And they must not even hurt, by excess of cruelty, the scrubby four-legged creatures that are their draft animals.

And the thing is done, decency and order made to reign, and all by the white-skinned fighting men who know how to rule as well as fight. Never, in the long history of Vera Cruz, has the city been so decent, so orderly, so safe, so clean. And it is accomplished, not by civilians from the United States, but by soldiers from the United States, and it is done without graft.

Captain Turner of the Seventh Infantry makes the following interesting announcement in the Mexican newspapers:

"As I have taken charge of the administration of the State taxes for this canton, by order of the Provost Marshal General, I beg to advise the public that from the seventh day of this month this office will proceed with its usual business under my orders.

"The public is hereby advised that persons who have not paid up taxes on city property which were due on the thirtieth day of April, 1914, will be allowed until the twenty-fifth day of the present month in which to pay them; but if any or all of them are not paid by the date mentioned above the property will be subject to the usual legal processes."

Comes Major Miller, his sword for the time being laid aside while he serves as chief of the Department of Education, with this advertisement:

"Professors and teachers formerly employed in the public schools of Vera Cruz, and who have not already signified their intention to resume work, but who desire to do so, and others who are qualified to teach and desire such employment, are requested to make application to this department. The latter class of applicants should present proper credentials and proofs of qualification."

Also, Major Miller announces that the Biblioteca del Publico will reopen on May 20.

Colonel Plummer of the Twenty-eighth Infantry advertises that the sale of cocaine and marihuana is prohibited except on a doctor's prescription, and that violation of this order will be severely punished. Since Colonel Plummer is Provost Marshal General, his advertisements include all sorts of prohibitions, from spitting on the sidewalks and in public places to warning shopkeepers not to extend credit to soldiers, and pawnbrokers not to receive pledges of Government property.

General Funston serves notice that every inhabitant of Vera Cruz must forthwith be vaccinated.

The Business of Justice

THE work of war is not forgotten. The lines of outposts and trenches circle the city; the waterworks are protected; the hydroplanes scout overhead; and night and day, on lookout and in the trenches, men and officers stand their regular shifts. But, inside the lines, colonels and majors, captains and first lieutenants turn their hands to governing and operating the Departments of Law, Public Work, Public Safety, Finance, and Education. Then there is the Military Commission, with powers of life and death, grimly sitting on the cases of persons charged with infractions of the Laws of Hostile Occupation and the Laws of War. Further, there are four Inferior Provost Courts and one Superior Provost Court sitting regularly every day. The jurisdiction of the Provost Court is limited to criminal cases, and these courts are far from idle.



Captain Callahan arrives, rolls up the sleeve of the man "P," shows a letter "P" inked on the man's arm, and explains that the defendant could be entered in no other safely identifiable way

The Captain-Judge in Action

THE ordinary citizen in any city at home may pursue his routine of life for days, weeks, and months, and see nothing out of the way or disorderly. And yet, day and night, and all days and nights, disorderly acts will have taken place and the many offenders will have been combed by the police from the riffraff of the city and brought before the courts.

Vera Cruz, at the present time, despite its military occupation, has all the seeming of such a city. All is quiet and seemly on the streets, where just the other day men were killing one another on the sidewalks and housetops. The very spigotty police, known, some of them, to have engaged in sniping our men, have been put back to work under our army administration. And yet, for a city of this size, more than the usual combing of the riffraff is necessary. It is the desire of the military government, among other things, to rid the city of all able-bodied loafers, whether Mexican or foreign. If Mexican, they are sent out through the lines; if foreign, they are deported to their respective countries. On the other hand, there is nothing hasty in this cavalier treatment. Petty offenders continually receive dismissals or suspended sentences for first offenses. Nor is the right to be represented by counsel denied anyone.

A visit to the Inferior Provost Court in the Municipal Palace proved most illuminating. Here, at a desk across which flowed a steady stream of documents, in olive-drab shirt and riding trousers, with a .45 automatic at his hip, sat a blond lawgiver, taken from the command of his company in the Nineteenth Infantry to administer the law of Mexico and the orders, above Mexican law, which have been issued by the Provost Marshal General.

At the desk beside the Captain-Judge, an enlisted man, in uniform, pounded a typewriter, kept a record of decisions, fines, imprisonments, and probations, and performed the rest of the tasks of a police-court clerk. Soldiers clacked across the square marble flags of the court-room floor, and came and went, carrying messages, appearing and disappearing through high doorways and under broad arches. In one corner a soldier telegrapher operated an army telegraph.

Strapping soldiers, with bayonets fixed, guarded the doorway that led both to freedom and to the cells. Between these guards, small people, furtive or sullen, came and went—if witnesses, summoned from without by an alert little spigotty bailiff; if prisoners, escorted by armed soldiers.

"Tell the Lady She Was Drunk," Says the Court

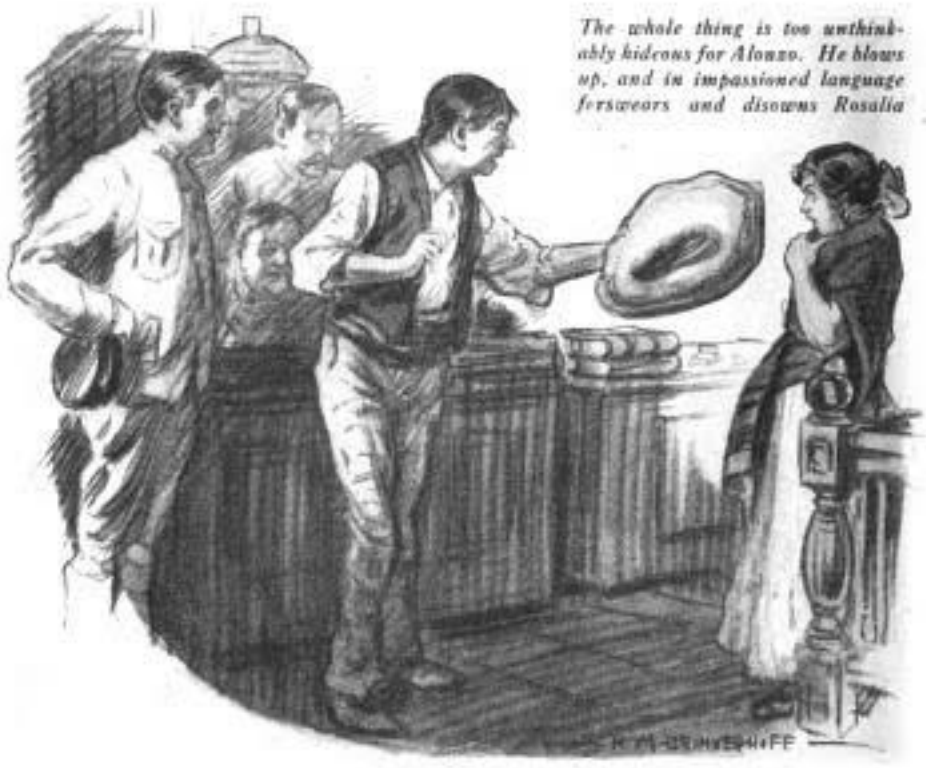
AS IS usual with our police courts at home, not one but many cases are going on simultaneously. A fresh witness in a case of theft, sent for half an hour before, arrives and gives evidence between the payment of a fine and the fuddled protestations of an Indian woman that she was not drunk the preceding



Maria de la Concepcion rolls her eyes and assures the Court that she was far from drunk—so far from drunk, in fact, that she had not even taken a drop

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evening. While the court interpreter has halted the testimony of a suspected fence in order to look up in the dictionary the English equivalent for a Spanish phrase the Captain-Judge admonishes a hotel keeper on the conduct of his house, dispatches a policeman to bring into court two pairs of stolen trousers evidently germane to some other case that is somehow in process of being tried, and listens to the remarks of a Spanish lawyer appearing for some man not yet brought from the cells.



The whole thing is too unthinkably hideous for Alonzo. He blows up, and in impassioned language forswears and disowns Rosalia

The stream of many cases thins for a moment, and the Captain-Judge, who has the bluest of blue eyes and the fairest of fair hair, calls the name, "Francisco Ibanez de Peralta."

A peon, covered with rags for the price of which six cents would be an extortion, shambles up and bows humbly.

"Tell him that he was drunk and disorderly on the street last night," the Captain-Judge says to the interpreter.

This being duly communicated, the culprit makes brief reply, which is translated by the interpreter as: "That's right. He says he was drunk all right and is sorry."

"Has he steady work?" asked the Captain-Judge.

"No. He says he is a cargador and works when he can."

"Tell him if he is brought here again he will be given sixteen days—turn him loose," is the verdict.

Next appears Serafina Cruz. She is blear-eyed and semicomatose.

"Tell the lady she was drunk again yesterday," says the Court to the interpreter.

Serafina acknowledges the soft impeachment with a "Si," a nod, and a yawn.

"Second offense, sixteen days in which to sober up—she needs it," is the Court's judgment, and Serafina is trailed away to the cells by a big American soldier.

Maria and the Handcart

MARIA DE LA CONCEPCION DE HENRIQUEZ, a gentle-faced, soft-voiced woman whose ancestors, by the tokens of race in her face, pronounced their names by means of many Aztec "z's" and "x's," denies flatly that she was drunk the preceding morning. The arresting spigotty officer, being duly sworn, deposes that she was so drunk that he was compelled to transport her to the lockup in a handcart. Maria de la Concepcion assures the Court that the arresting officer is a dog and worse than a dog; that he is the broken mustaches of a gutter cat, a grubless buzzard, a wingless pelican; that the truth is not in him; and, furthermore, that she was not drunk.

Captain Callahan, a blond Celt in American uniform, taking oath, affirms that he did see the lady arrive, dead drunk, in a handcart propelled by the aforesaid spigotty policeman.

Maria de la Concepcion rolls her eyes in an expression of grieved shock at such unveracity on the part of such a gentlemanly appearing American gentleman, and assures the Court that she was far from drunk—so far from drunk, in fact, that she had not taken even a drop.

The patient Captain-Judge settles the matter out of hand.

"Tell her," he commands the interpreter, "that it happens I saw her myself when she was brought in on the handcart. Ask her where is her home."

Back, via the interpreter, comes the information that she has no home.

"First offense—five days—what is the matter with that man?" says the Captain-Judge all in one breath.

"That man," from his bright, keen, elderly face, evidently is not a drunk. Also, in his face there are no signs of evil, so one wonders what he has done.

His name is José de Garro, the interpreter says for him. During the days of street fighting, while he lay hid, the United States sailors made use of his handcart, which happens to be his sole means of livelihood. He has now discovered his handcart. It is being used by the servants of the proprietor of the Hotel Diligencia, and said proprietor has declined to return it to him.

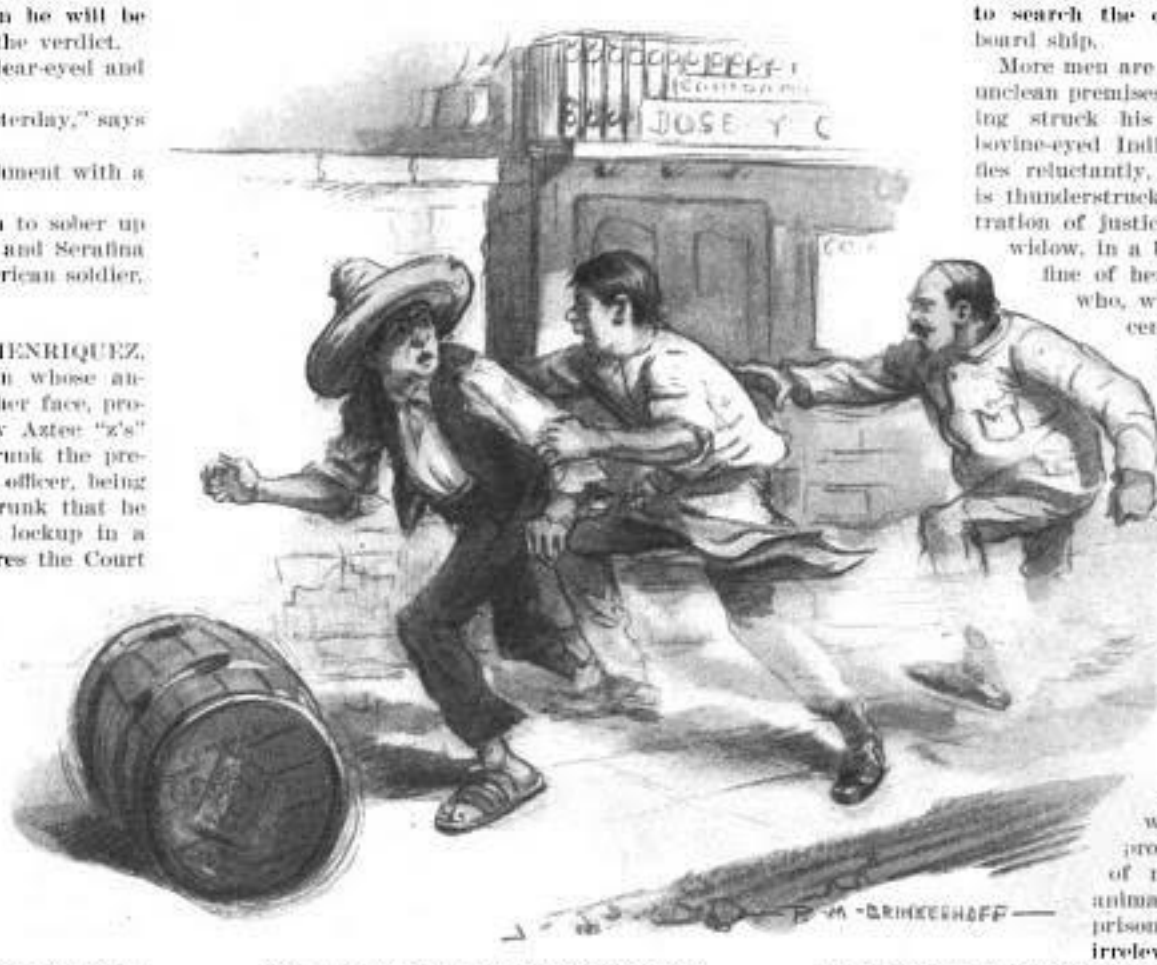
The Court does not ponder the matter. Like the crack of a whiplash, his orders are issued:

"Send a policeman to the Hotel Diligencia and bring the handcart and the proprietor here. Find from the complainant two men who will swear to his identity and to his ownership of the handcart, and send a policeman to bring the two men he names. Mercedes de Villagran!"

While Mercedes de Villagran is being brought from the cells, two thieves, Messrs. Bravo de Saravia and Pedro Sorez de Ulloa, already sent for and just brought from the cells, are considered. Captain Callahan is interrogated by the Court from without through an open window, and Captain Callahan's information causes the Court to command that the two thieves be remanded, the case being grave, and be kept incommunicado waiting the evidence in process of being gathered.

His Name Upon His Arm

MERCEDES DE VILLAGRAN proves to be a wizened little old woman, very worn, very miserable, very frightened, who is charged with having in her possession munitions of war. Worst of all, a double handful of Mauser cartridges is exhibited in evidence. In a thin, quavering falsetto she explains that after the street fighting, pursuing her regular vocation of garbage picking, she did find and retain possession of the munitions of war, deeming them of value and unaware that possession of them constituted a grave offense or any offense at all.



The owner and his barkeeper testify to catching the thief in the act with the barrel already rolled out on the sidewalk and merrily rolling onward

"Case dismissed—turn her loose," and the captain-judge has forgotten her on the instant and forever in the thick rush of his crowded life, but him she will ever remember, to her last breath, in her chatter of gossip with her garbage-picking sisters of Vera Cruz.

A prisoner is called, whose entry on the docket causes the Court's brows to corrugate; for the man has no name, and is entered as "F," with a note to the effect that Captain Callahan will explain.

Captain Callahan, not for the moment findable, possibly engaged in receiving another lady in a handcart, the Court tries two more cases of drunk, one, a second offense, receiving sixteen days and a warning that on a third offense he will be sent out through the lines.

Captain Callahan arrives, rolls up the sleeve of the man "F," shows a letter "F" inked on the man's arm, and explains that the defendant, arriving at jail so hopelessly drunk as to be speechless, could be entered in no other safely identifiable way, wherefore he had inked the man's arm, and there was the proof of it. Mr. "F," somewhat recovered after a night's sleep, is able to state that his name is Alonzo de Cordova y Figueroa. The soldier clerk, remembering the face and searching the record, announces that Alonzo de Cordova y Figueroa is a second-timer, and Alonzo de Cordova y Figueroa, in debt to the United States with his time to the extent of sixteen days, is taken away.

Patience, Swiftness, and Certitude

THE handcart, the proprietor of the Hotel Diligencia, and the policeman arrive in high garrulity. The proprietor is a squat, stoop-shouldered, pock-marked, white-haired Cuban, whose state of mind is one of amazement in that the handcart, on which he never laid eyes before, should have been found on his premises.

The handcart man looks on his property with joy, and cannot understand why the Captain-Judge does not immediately permit him to take it away, while the Captain-Judge receives particulars of a house raid the previous night in which four Mausers and a thousand rounds of ammunition had been unearthed.

Appears Tomas Martin de Poveda, charged with the ghastly crime of maintaining unclean premises. After a brief lecture on hygiene and sanitation, the Court gives the culprit twenty-four hours in which to clean up, and Tomas Martin de Poveda departs, shaking his head at such administration of justice by the three lunatic gringos.

A shopkeeper and a cigar maker arrive, take oath, and testify that José de Garro is truly José de Garro and that the handcart is truly his property, and José de Garro goes on his way rejoicing that God's still in heaven and justice in Vera Cruz.

The cases of three thieves, charged with stealing from the customhouse, and of a fence who bought the stolen property, are inquired into and continued. Follows a Jamaica negro cook and a cockney steward from an English steamer, jointly charged with stealing a gold watch from a Spanish refugee.

The Court interrogates all three, discharges the negro, holds the cockney for trial, and dispatches a summons for the master of the ship to appear in court next morning, accompanied by a polite request first to search the cockney's belongings on board ship.

More men are warned for maintaining unclean premises; and one man, for having struck his wife, a dark-skinned, bovine-eyed Indian Madonna who testifies reluctantly, receives ten days, and is thunderstruck that such maladministration of justice can be. A thin-faced widow, in a blight of black, pays the fine of her roistering eldest born, who, while crazed with several centavos' worth of ninety-proof aguardiente, demolished a window and portions of the anatomy of a spigotty policeman. The Captain-Judge has seen service in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and his "Carabao English," so learned, stands him in good stead. Not merely on occasion, but on many occasions, he corrects and checks the interpreter when that worthy fails properly to interpret shades of meaning or engages in animated discussions with prisoners and witnesses on irrelevant topics. Another thing that characterizes the efficiency of this blond lawgiver of a regular army captain, whose ancestors must have been more than closely related to Hengist and Horsa, is his combined patience, swiftness, and certitude. Rough and ready his justice is, but legal always, and unswayed by the seriousness or lightness of any case. He opposes directness and simplicity to the garrulity and immateriality of the Vera Cruzans. His patient questions go to the point, he achieves

(*Continued on page 28*)

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COMMENT ON POLITICS

THERE can be no doubt that the political complexion of the country is anti-Democratic. This is likely to increase rather than grow less between now and the November elections. A complete Lower House is to be elected in November. If the opposition to the Democrats were united in one party there is little doubt that an anti-Democratic House would be elected. Even with the opposition divided between Republicans and Progressives, there is some chance that the Democrats may lose the Lower House. Certainly their majority will be reduced to a very narrow margin. The feeling of the country is against the Democratic party rather than against Wilson. The point as to which Wilson has lost the confidence of the country is his handling of the Mexican affair. Conceivably there may be a happy outcome of the mediation at Niagara Falls. This would to a large degree restore his prestige, but the feeling in the country against the Democratic party, which distinguishes the party from Wilson, is not likely to change. It is based largely on distrust of the personnel of the Lower House, and one of the chief counts in it is the reckless extravagance of the distribution of "pork." When the present performances of the Democrats with regard to pork are made known, as they will be during the campaign, the public indignation is going to be dynamic.

The Republican Trouble

THE party that would be best adapted to secure the allegiance of the largest number of voters in opposition to the Democrats would be a conservative party —*surely and honestly conservative*. The Progressive party is honest. Fundamentally, it is conservative also; but the bulk of the voters aren't likely to feel that way about it, because it is identified with several unfamiliar policies, and the average man regards what is unfamiliar as radical. The Republican party fills the bill for conservatism, and is sane, oh, very sane! But the bulk of the voters don't regard it as honest in the political sense, and the way the party has been going lately isn't likely to better its reputation. As Congressman Gardner, speaking for the Republicans, says:

> Two-thirds of our trouble lies in the fact that the people think that the Republican party is in bad hands. Every time we renominate a discredited leader we postpone the day of recovery.

As, for example, the renomination of Penrose in Pennsylvania, Foraker in Ohio, the continued dominance of Barnes in New York, and the hailing of Jim Watson of Indiana as a candidate for Vice President by a Republican gathering in Missouri. The Republican party *is* in bad hands, and there is no way of changing it. The Republican National Committee is exactly the same as it was in Chicago in 1912. It will continue in the same hands until after the next national convention. They occupy the relation of an all-powerful, self-perpetuating board of directors. The better men within the Republican party, like Hadley of Missouri, Cummins of Iowa, and Borah of Idaho, understand the situation perfectly. They deplore it, but they can't help it.

A New Force for Amalgamation

ALL the talk of amalgamation in the past has been coming from leaders and candidates for office, from national leaders all the way down to precinct committee men—men who had something to gain by amalgamation, namely, office money and power, and who were being kept out of these perquisites by continued division. The individual voter, who has no personal stake in success, has not in the past done any talking about amalgamation, nor concerned himself about it. But now, it must be said, the voter is beginning to think about amalgamation. With a number of voters, which increases daily, the chief present political concern —more important than all other policies or personalities—is to get the Democratic Congress out of power. As soon as they begin to think about that they necessarily think about amalgamation. Nevertheless, it must be said that there is a large group of voters in the Progressive party—probably about two million in all—who will go cheerfully through any martyrdom of Democratic supremacy before they will go back to the Republican party.

If the Republicans Name Roosevelt

THE most interesting comment that the present writer has seen on the much-discussed topic of amalgamation has come from Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts. He has been a Republican Congressman for a long time, is a son-in-law of Senator Lodge, and was the Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts last year. What he said appeared as a signed statement in the Boston "Globe," and is especially valuable for its quality of detachment and balance. What he says coincides with the judgments of disinterested observers:

> The only man on earth who can bring about peace between the Republicans and the Progressives is Theodore Roosevelt. If he is the Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1916, even though he is also the Progressive nominee, then the Progressive party will wither in Massachusetts and everywhere else.
>
> Personally I shall not ask Santa Claus for Roosevelt's renomination by our party, and probably the Republican leaders would rather see him strangled than nourished by a third cup of tea. Nevertheless, if he so desires, the party rank and file will sweep the leaders aside and give him the nomination in 1916.

Congressman Gardner means the Republican rank and file. This is the only way Roosevelt could be nominated by the Republicans in 1916—for the rank and file to do it spontaneously throughout the country, over the leaders' heads. Whether this is possible depends somewhat on the growth of Presidential primaries during the next two years. Congressman Gardner continues:

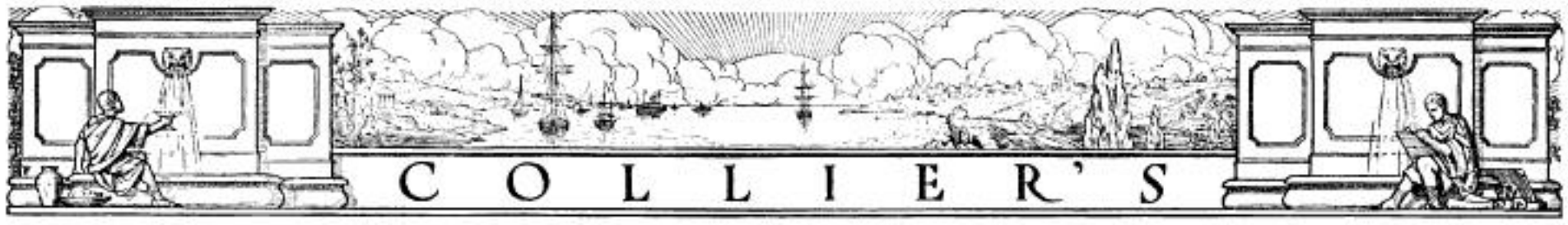
> But will Roosevelt seek or accept a Republican nomination in 1916? That is the real question. If he does so, he must face the cry of treachery from men like Johnson and Heney and Murdock, successful politicians, not disgruntled failures, men who burned their bridges behind them when they followed the Colonel into the Progressive party.
>
> Those men cannot and will not return to the Republican ranks. Their places have been taken by newcomers. They must succeed as Progressives or go down into oblivion as the Populist leaders did in the 90's. There is no turning back possible for them now. Their die is cast. Roosevelt must reckon with men like these if he returns to the Republican fold. . . .
>
> Anxiety as to the verdict of history has become almost a vertigo with Roosevelt. . . . Will the historian of the future look with benevolent eye on the Colonel's return to that party which he has condemned to destruction? That is a question which will surely present itself to his mind. On the answer which his judgment gives may depend vast political consequences.
>
> But suppose that Roosevelt refuses to harbor the thought of another nomination from the "party of yesterday," what then? Then, I am afraid, we are in for a survival-of-the-fittest struggle between the Republicans and the Progressives. Which will survive? To which of these parties will the anti-Democratic voter ultimately turn? . . .
>
> It is easy enough to sit in one's easy chair and draw up plans for joint primaries of Republicans and Progressives, or for gentlemen's agreements or for platform concessions. Any of those plans will work if both sides mean business. No plan will work when only one side wants it to work. The plain truth is that the Republicans are mighty anxious to get together with their old associates. I have no doubt that they would make good deal bigger concessions than I personally should approve.
>
> The Progressives, on the other hand, do not seem to me to wish harmony with their quondam friends. The only proposal which hitherto has been made us, so far as I have observed, was put forward at the Progressive glorification meeting held in Boston soon after election last November. After joyously inviting attention to the poor showing of the Republican candidate for Governor, the Progressives invited us to take the Progressive party name, the Progressive party leaders, the Progressive party platform, and then wind up by voting the Progressive party ticket. The proposals were surely characteristic.
>
> Whatever the Progressive party may be, it is not a party of compromise. Popular with them as he is, I doubt whether Progressives would follow Bird in any compromise. Many of them would not even follow Roosevelt in a compromise, provided that they recognized it to be a compromise. . . .

PUBLICATIONS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE Department of Agriculture has a number of very interesting bulletins, written in popular style, available for free distribution. These cover not only the subjects of poultry and cattle raising, the growing of fruits and vegetables, care of bees, construction of farm buildings, the marketing of farm products, and the keeping of accounts, but also cover much that is of interest to those living in cities, such as bulletins on the food values of beans, peas, and other legumes, eggs, poultry, cereal breakfast foods, fruit, sugar, corn, and corn products, potatoes, and other root crops, nuts, milk, cheese, mutton, and fish, and bulletins on "Meats, Composition and Cooking," "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," "Bread and Bread Making," and "Canned Fruits, Preserves and Jellies." A FULL LIST OF THESE BULLETINS (NOT THE BULLETINS THEMSELVES) and INFORMATION ON HOW TO OBTAIN THEM will be sent to all those who will write to

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU,
901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.
This service is entirely without charge

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A Democrat to the Rescue

WE WISH that Senator JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi could cease to be a Democrat for a year or two. In our judgment he has more of the sound riches of history and the philosophy of statesmanship in his mind than most other men now in public life. He knows the difference between a phrase and a fact, and he thinks straight. We wish he were not restrained by party considerations from opening his mind on WILSON and Mexico. It would be interesting also for him to tell the people of the United States just how much difference there is between VILLA'S uprising in Mexico and an uprising of negro tenants in Mississippi with the purpose of dividing up the plantations, murdering the owners, and expelling all the whites.

Serpent's Wisdom

FROM the letter of an unsympathetic reader of our editorials:

Why should we go to Mexico to delve into such a problem? Is the holding of a large tract of land for speculation and exploitation a crime? Is the holding for speculative purposes of one hundred thousand acres of unimproved land, while in our cities hundreds of thousands work and sweat and starve, any more ideal than the holding one hundred thousand acres of improved land while the laborers thereon work and sweat and starve? Is the exploitation of an industry for a few million dollars the approach to idealism?

Yes, the *approach*, we hope. For we are only on the road to perfection, and no one can reasonably suppose that we have yet, or nearly, arrived. But the world grows better—even if it takes its time. The cultured Athenians whom ST. PAUL found worshiping "the unknown God" were an incomplete kind of democrats; but for a good many centuries they had discouraged speculation in corn by handling the would-be speculators very rudely indeed. Perhaps some children now living will survive to see speculation in land adjudged no less intolerable. And to those who can't get hold of the argument for free land we recommend the sententious speech of old PU-PU-MOX-MOX, chief of the Walla Walla Indians. In June, 1855, he met General ISAAC STEVENS and others who wanted to buy the lands of his tribe in what is now southeastern Washington. After hearing their promises and offers he made the following reply, recorded on page 203 of the fourth volume of LYMAN'S "History of Oregon":

Goods and the earth are not equal. Goods are for using on the earth. I do not know where they have given lands for goods.

Supporting the Colleges

PRESIDENT VAN HISE of the University of Wisconsin once turned the laugh against some of his Eastern confrères at an academic conference by saying mildly that he would rather hang on to the chin whiskers of farmers than to the coat tails of plutocrats. It is a more dignified performance and keeps the line of obligation clearer. But endowments come in time even to State universities. These gifts are usually in the form of securities, or are so invested later on by the trustees, and will be found on analysis to consist of claims on the industry, loyalty, and skill of other men. College students often pay tuition fees of one sort or another, but these seldom, if ever, amount to one-half as much as the college is spending on each such student. The other half comes from the endowment. It is a very striking fact that men are tending the great turbines beside Niagara, working fast freight trains over the Rocky Mountains, drilling into the copper ledges of Arizona, splicing telephone wires below the streets of New York, or standing up to the flames of Pittsburgh's blast furnaces—and all to get JOHNNY JONES his college diploma. No wonder that WOODROW WILSON'S motto was "Princeton for the nation's service." It is fairly certain that the carelessness of college pleasure and the selfishness of the collegian's dream of egocentric success would yield to a noble idealism if these facts could be brought home. The universities get plenty of advice in June, and we would add only this: Read the treasurer's report and think about it.

The Devil Is Sick

THIS from the Philadelphia "Record":

The Rev. BOIES PENROSE, one of the most distinguished converts of "BILLY" SUNDAY, will address the congregation of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Fifteenth and Mount Vernon Streets, this evening and tell the striking story of how he was turned from the errors of his ways—one of the most remarkable of latter-day miracles. After the sermon the distinguished convert will be glad to meet any young men for an informal discussion of some of the religious problems of the day.

The "Record" is a Democratic paper, but even so it ought not to speak so lightly "sarkastical" of "PENROSE'S conversion." Who knows? He needs it so badly that the part of charity is kindest. Let us pray.

Jacob Riis

THE LIFE STORY of JACOB RIIS is as a trumpet call of idealism. He believed in better and happier people and gave his strength to that faith. As a young newspaper reporter he came in contact with the unspeakable iniquities of the old Five Points section in New York City—evils maintained and fortified by the tacit alliance of respectable landowners, corrupt police, and mercenary politicians. What could one man do against so many? RIIS never noticed the odds, but went in and won a victory as astounding as when the walls of Jericho fell. Mulberry Bend Park is his monument, and the bettered lives of those for whom he let in air and sun are his memorial. It is a true description of JACOB RIIS to say that he warmed the heart of the city.

A Staggerer

FROM a New York newspaper:

FISHING IS FUN.

Tennis is Fun. Golf is Fun Automobiling is Fun.

BUT—Making Money is More Fun.

This is the beginning of a quarter-page advertisement of real estate. Could such an "ad" be concocted or listened to in any other spot in the world? We hope not, but we don't feel confident. We hope to goodness no foreigner who writes about "money-mad" America will get hold of this document. If we believed it reflected the spirit of this whole country to-day, we'd sell out to-morrow and go to Somaliland or Zanzibar.

"The State That Makes Money Out of It"

SOME TIME AGO we printed an editorial under this head—Russia being the state. The editorial contained an error about the Dakotas—and we correct the error in an article on page 25 of this week's issue. Judging by the number of letters we have received on the subject, everybody in North Dakota reads COLLIER'S and reads it like ARGUS. We hope they'll read "Two States and a Saloon."

Our Preference Confirmed

HERE IS A SAMPLE of BERT LESTON TAYLOR'S "Line o' Type or Two" from the Chicago "Tribune"; a Congressman joins HEARST in revising the territorial limits of the U. S. A, and B. L. T. pricks the bubble in true American fashion:

BY WINGO!

I think those hearing me now will live to sit in a Congress that will see the Mexican border pushed to the Panama Canal.—Rep. WINGO.

Wingo,
Jingo,
Gringo,
Bingo!

All Congressmen should be required to read at least one good "colyum" every day. It would knock a lot of guff out of their proceedings, and possibly the Congressional Record would become more readable.

The Olympian

PENT WITHIN THE PARTICULAR CELL of the apartment honeycomb in which it pleases us to say we live, with the lady in the flat overhead practicing scales, the cook in the flat below brewing (how unmistakably!) an onion stew, and the janitor and elevator boy fighting in the air shaft—held in these chains of circumstance, the advertising pamphlet of a dictagraph company invites the dazzled eye. "Often," we read, "the sitting room, the sewing room, or the parlor is too far removed from the nursery to enable you to step easily into the nursery. If you are talking to a friend or a stranger in any room in the house, and wish to know how the children are getting along in the nursery, you do not have to leave the room to find out. You use the dictagraph." But overcoming the difficulty of reaching the distant nursery—a very real one—is only one of the boons conferred by the dictagraph. There is the problem of servants, for instance ("EUPHEMIA, please shut the kitchen door until you have finished breaking plates"), with which all are familiar. "Domestic science two or three years ago was a practically untouched field. The master of the house depended upon a retinue (ah, yes!) of willing, if untutored, servants to serve him and his guests in a bungling, obtrusive way." This distressing situation vanishes before the dictagraph as mists dissolve before the sun. The retinue remains, of course, but the bungling disappears—the master but breathes the word, the dictagraph carries it through the intricate, invisible ganglia of his establishment. Exercise is another problem difficult to solve in the city. We often think we should like to begin the day with a ride in the park, but horses—however, let us not sink to details too prosaic.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

With the dictagraph, "communication with the stable is assured." For instance, you decide to go for an early morning ride without having previously instructed the stableman at what hour you want the horse. Perhaps you have been restless, wake early, and decide to ride before breakfast. In either instance the dictagraph stationed at your elbow saves all bother. Without getting out of bed, you touch the key of the dictagraph. The gong in the stable arouses the stableman. The horse is saddled while you are dressing. When you go down at six the favorite horse is at the door." We see him there now, hear the merry peal of the stable gong as JORROCKS rolls out of bed and begins to groom (with that delightfully soothing "Sss—sss—sss" of his) the Irish hunter. We see ourselves drowsily becoming aware of the new day, while JAMES, having laid our robe and slippers and tempered the water carefully, sprinkles a few spoonfuls of rose salts in the bath. In fact, we might continue indefinitely, but it's already 8:37, eggs and coffee are swallowed, and if we don't beat it for the Subway and catch that downtown express we can never get into the office by nine o'clock.

Molding Marietta

SINCE WE HAVE TAKEN UP the sad case of Marietta College and GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, another student has been expelled for criticizing HINMAN'S policy of academic repression as executed (executed is the word) by his trustees. Both victims were editors of the college magazine. One of them, J. P. CLARK, a junior, was promptly expelled for commenting on the forced resignation of Professor MORSE, head of the department of political science; the second, R. W. OWENS, a senior, first suspended, has been definitely expelled. One of them writes:

> As things stand now, we cannot enter any large college or university in the country. I think it is a sad indictment of the system of higher education when a person who has done nothing but tell the truth as he sees it cannot secure any more education. I have been trying to make arrangements to enter a large university next fall, and they wrote me and said that they sympathize with me deeply, but it all hinged on the letter of "honorable dismissal" from the college, which, of course, you cannot get when you are expelled. They could not take me in in spite of the fact that my pastor, the secretary of the city Y. M. C. A., and a prominent business man told them I was perfectly honest and straight and that they would stand back of me.

Another letter comes to us from Marietta—a letter from a keen observer of recent events, who writes:

> HINMAN has the two lower classes hypnotized. He calls the two upper classes "anarchists," and boasts that when he gets these "dreamers" out he will mold the college as he pleases. What I object to is less his suppression of all free discussion in his classes than a most pessimistic, cynical, sneering attitude toward all idealism, every uplifting movement, and every person who cherishes such things.

"Molded by HINMAN?" Then Marietta will be moldy indeed.

Times Do Change!

KEEPING GUNS AND GOING SKATING, ONE SHILLING. That was the fine Harvard College imposed by way of discipline as late as 1750. What was the fine for dancing, one wonders? Nowadays even the "modern" dances are taught to Harvard students in the college "gym." Some of the other eighteenth-century penalties are listed by Mr. A. S. PIER in his diverting book, "The Story of Harvard":

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Neglect to repeat the sermon..	..	9	Lying, not exceeding.....	1	6
Going out of college without proper garb, not exceeding...	..	6	Going on top of the college...	1	6
Playing cards, not exceeding..	5	..	Refusing to give evidence.....	3	..
			Drunkenness, not exceeding...	1	6

As the cartoonist observes, "Those were the days!" But in 1914 college authorities regard drunkenness ("not exceeding one shilling sixpence") as considerably more offensive than playing cards ("not exceeding five shillings"). Even colleges grow more intelligent, it seems.



Uncle Sam Soliloquizes

"The thrift of a carrion bird is no credit to any community. Shall I shoot it or let it starve?"

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

A Builder

A GREAT ENGINEER and a great man was ALFRED NOBLE, who died in New York City this spring. He went into the Civil War at eighteen and served three years in the army of the Potomac before going to college. His name is identified with the great "Soo" locks on St. Mary's River, with the bridges at Memphis and at Cairo, with the Panama Canal plan, the Pennsylvania tunnels under the Hudson River, the great dry docks near Honolulu, and many other huge works. Best of all was the man himself. This is the description given by his professional associates:

> He possessed a rare combination of strength, gentleness, tact, and discernment. He was universally respected by all who had any business dealings with him, and all appreciated the nobility and simplicity of his character.

ALFRED NOBLE was a successful man.

Villa and the Movies

GENERAL VILLA is the hero of a "movie" drama. He is in partnership with an American film producer, and his income during the coming months depends in part upon the attitude of the American theatregoing public toward his cause and person. No wonder he tried to persuade CARRANZA to be kind to UNCLE SAM! We hope that the movies will prove a force that works for peace. CHARLES A. BEARD, a professor of history at Columbia University, has written an "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States"; here is an economic interpretation of constitutionalism in Mexico.

Thoughts on Liberty

JOHN REED'S picturesque accounts of life with the Mexican gunmen make diverting reading—but he is better as a literary impressionist than as a political philosopher. For example:

> "We are fighting," said ISIDRO AMAYO, "for Libertad."
>
> "What do you mean by Libertad?"
>
> "Libertad is when I can *do what I want!*" . . .
>
> I submit that it is the only correct definition of liberty—*to do what I want to!* Americans quote it to me triumphantly as an instance of Mexican irresponsibility. But I think it is a better definition than ours—liberty is the right to do what the police want.

The trouble about doing what you want to do and letting the other fellow like it or lump it, *ad lib.*, is that he is benighted enough to have *his* preferences, too; and there are a good many other fellows, and only one of you. Call it Christianity or call it Socialism: deference to other interests than self-interest, the setting of what we want to do below what seems good for society, is the only safe way of progress the world has yet devised. Incidentally, if young Mr. REED wants to expound the advantages of universal selfishness, he would better choose some happier example than that of Mexico in the throes of "Libertad."

Of the Will and the Wish

THE MAGAZINE WRITER whom we quote in the last paragraph would do well to read an article printed in the "Hibbert Journal." The article is signed by the Indian poet, RABINDRANATH TAGORE:

> When a man begins to have an extended vision of his self, when he realizes that he is much more than what he is at present, he begins to grow conscious of his moral nature. . . . Necessarily his perspective of life changes and his will takes the place of his wishes. For will is the wish of the larger life, life whose greater portion is out of our present reach and most of whose chances are not before our sight. Then comes the conflict of our lesser man with our greater man, our wish with our will, the desire for things that are before our senses with our purpose which is within our mind. Then we begin to distinguish between what we desire and what is good. For good is that which is desirable for our greater self. Thus . . . our moral faculty is the faculty by which we know that life is not made up of fragments purposeless and discontinuous.

Ex oriente lux! That is not perhaps brand-new, but what truth is new? One more question: Why does so much of our light come from the East? Is it that they take the time to live there and do not read (or write) so many magazine articles?

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$950

AFTER all is said and done, the supreme test of any car's value is the kind of mechanical performance it gives in the hands of tens of thousands of owners. The car that requires practically no attention, after this most convincing of all tests, is the kind of a car you want to buy. For the car that takes you any place, any time, under any condition, at the lowest cost, gives that which every buyer is after—unfailing and consistent service.

Up to date, we have delivered 42,000 cars of this year's allotment. Previous to that time, we had delivered over 100,000 cars. So right now there are over 142,000 Overlands giving satisfactory service in all parts of the world.

We point and refer you to these 142,000 owners. They are our best advertisement.

Ask them about the mechanical efficiency and out-and-out economy of the Overland.

The Overland chassis is one of the most accurately made and finely finished pieces of mechanism in the world.

Each individual part or piece, from the tiniest bolt to the large body, is made as accurately and precisely as modern methods, expensive scientific instruments and costly automatic machinery can make and produce it. Parts are manufactured, tested and inspected to one two-thousandths of an inch. Nothing but the very finest steels are used.

Then, too, our huge production of 50,000 cars makes it economical for us to use the most complete equipment of labor-saving automatic machinery. A small manufacturer could not dream of utilizing such equipment. He does not produce a sufficient number of cars to offset the over-head. The result is—he has to buy, from some outside source, parts which we make. Thus, in producing every part ourselves, we eliminate these extra costs which the small manufacturer cannot escape.

And that is why the Overland is not only letter-perfect mechanically, but, in addition, and what is probably just as important, that is why it costs you 30% less.

See the nearest Overland dealer today. Have a thorough demonstration of this car, and you will have no other.

Handsome catalogue on request.

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The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys Utility Trucks. Full information on request.

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Specifications:

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114 inch wheelbase

Overland

LOUIS FANCHER '14

Hot-Weather Reasoning

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

Sonnets on Most Everything

AT COMMENCEMENT

Now genial summer warms the village hall
To fever heat; but, chill as Arctic ice
In his new clothes which grip him like a vise,
The trembling senior bears 'neath terror's pall.
Below, his friends and kinsmen one and all
Bore tunnels through him with great, glaring eyes,
The while to flag his fleeing speech he tries,
And his limp knees foretell an early fall.
Gone are the huge and costly words which decked
His proud oration—gone is everything,
Save his wide-spreading feet and ton-ton hands,
The sailor, with the hungry Fijis wrecked;
The wretch about whose neck the rope doth cling—
Ah, how he envies them as there he stands!

The Cost of Firing Brakemen

A LOCOMOTIVE weighing 830,000 pounds has just been completed. It is as long and as heavy as a small steam yacht. The railroad which has ordered it has rebuilt its entire system in the past few years, strengthened bridges and widened tunnels to fit the obese and ponderous engines now in popular use. The new locomotive cost $40,000, the improvements cost $100,000,000, and in consequence two trains can be hauled with one engine and the services of several brakemen and other employees can be dispensed with. They say it costs $2,000 to fire a 14-inch gun, but this is cheap beside the cost of firing a brakeman.



Why Interstate Commerce Commissioners Grow Thin

WE SHOULD not blame the Interstate Commerce Commission too heavily for pondering along month after month on the freight-rate problem. A freight rate is no such simple matter as differential calculus, the calculation of bridge stresses, or the weighing of asteroids. It is the result of a concentration of railroad genius of the past fifty years upon the task of making it entirely impossible for the shipper to understand a railroad book of tariffs.

When a citizen wishes to ship himself to another town he steps up to the ticket window and buys a small slip of pasteboard costing two or three cents a mile. But when he wants to ship a case of tomato catchup he goes to the station agent and asks for the rate.

Then the station agent sends for the derrick crew and they lower a half-ton book from the top of the safe, after which the agent looks up the rate on tomato catchup, without benzoate of soda, shipped in pint bottles with fancy labels in a pine box, unpainted, by a middle-aged man with medium whiskers, who owns an automobile and votes the Progressive ticket.

He finds this about an hour after supper time, and discovers that the tomato catchup, if packed by a brunette, takes the classification E in the second zone, raised to the nth power and multiplied by the logarithm .9876—amounting to 23 cents.

Thus it will be readily seen that a freight rate is no such simple thing as a passenger rate. Thousands of learned men are constantly busy planning and erecting new freight rates and classifications, and the science has now been perfected to a point where the ordinary citizen couldn't figure out the rate on a keg of nails for forty miles before the nails got stale. Undoubtedly the reason why the ancients did not have railroads was because the science of mathematics was not yet sufficiently perfected to produce freight rates.

Freight rates are based partly upon weight, partly upon distance, partly upon the amount of money the shipper has, and partly upon the parallax of Alpha Centauri. This makes their adjustment a very complicated problem. We should have patience and thank our lucky stars because we are not an Interstate Commerce Commissioner. Revising freight tariffs is about as fascinating a job as dusting off pebbles in a desert.

Let's Plan Now About Mexico

THE United States was never noted for forethought. It passes its conservation laws after its forests are gone, builds its navy when peace has been declared, and prosecutes its trusts after their founders have sold them out to the innocent investor. And it will probably begin to consider the problem of civilizing Mexico after the whirlwind of events has thrown that unhappy country squarely into its lap.

Some one must take up the task of teaching the Mexican that a government is an institution from which to get protection and offices, not merely something to shoot at. That some one must undoubtedly be Uncle Sam. Teaching standpatters in this country to let go and sit down would be easy beside the task of educating Mexico. We cannot begin to plan too soon.

In the first place, the Mexican can't read and doesn't see why he should. We must explain the necessity. This can be most easily done by introducing baseball into Mexico and posting results of the league games in every city. Within a year all Mexicans will be able to count up to nine, and in two years they will be reading baseball extras with ease.

In the second place, the bullfight, which is debasing and cruel, must be eradicated. But this cannot be done without a substitute. Let all American prize fights be staged in Mexico for the next few years. This will not only help civilize the United States, but it will allow Mexico to taper off from the bullfight in a gradual and careful manner.

In the third place, the Mexican cannot be governed because he is in too constant a state of indignation against authority. This is because authority has monopolized the privilege of making him mad. More automobiles should be introduced into the country. If Mexico had ten times its present number of cars, the ordinary Mexican would have something else on which to focus his indignation, and after a few narrow escapes on the street corners would come to regard the Government with comparative kindness.

In the fourth place, the pepper plant should be eradicated from Mexico and the ice-cream plant substituted. The Mexican nation needs cooling off, and the soda fountain in place of the chile-con-carne joint would accomplish wonders.

Let us begin, unobtrusively, to insert these germs of progress into Mexico now. They will save us much time and powder later on.



The Overworked Nickel

IT IS estimated that there are now somewhere between $80,000,000 and $200,000,000 invested in moving-picture theatres in this country.

The amount invested in street railways varies from $100,000,000 at tax assessment time to $1,000,000,000 when municipal ownership is discussed.

The amount invested in cigar and cigarette factories and breweries cannot be less than two carloads of $10 bills, closely baled.

And the humble, unimpressive nickel pays all this money back in time.

The nickel has become the hardest worked piece of money in the world and we are forever finding ways of extending its usefulness. The five-cent piece which has not hauled five citizens downtown, filled as many full of suds at a bar, entertained several more at the movies, and purchased pie, cigars, ice cream, and shoe shines for a full score at its odd moments during a summer day, has been loafing on its job.





The Dub Golfer's Own Corner

(This Department may not help a bad game of golf, but it may make it more endurable)

ONE of the most popular delusions among good golfers is the fact that one should not hit violently at the ball—that a gentle sweep accomplishes much better results. This is only superficially true.

A sweep may propel the ball farther, if one is a good sweeper, but that is all. Golfers who strike with all their force subject the muscles and organs of the body to a healthy and stimulating wrench which cannot be obtained by a mere sweep. Two hundred of these muscular upheavals during an afternoon will do the system a vastly greater amount of good than seventy-five carefully repressed strokes. Best of all is the clean miss. It pulls loose every muscle in the body and is better than a Swedish massage. We are now compiling statistics to prove that golfers who miss the ball often live on an average ten years longer than those who hit it every time. Considering the wonders performed by statisticians on the railroad-rate question pro and con, this should not be a difficult task.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"DISCOURAGED" *of San Diego, Cal., asks what can be done to a caddie who shrieks with laughter when his employer has missed his fifth putt. We cannot answer this until we look up the laws of California.*

E. M. C. of Portsmouth, N. H.—*Sticking out the club toward the hole and wagging it gently will not improve your distance, but it makes people more likely to believe your excuses.*

C. Q. D., Hartford—*There is no rule which could prevent you from teeing three or four balls and driving at the flock. We congratulate you upon the idea.*

SAMSON, Asheville—*The long grass is kept at the side of the course in order to keep the poor golfers off the fair green and let the experts monopolize the links. If every dub would pull up a few handfuls of this long grass every time he hunted for a ball, this nasty plot would soon be foiled.*

A. R. M., Boston—*You interest us. Please send diagram showing how you hit yourself in the neck with a mashie while approaching. This constitutes a record, and if proved you will receive credit.*

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He Likes Babies

By EWING GALLOWAY

"I AM just a singin', lovin', sympathizin', laughin' sort o' lazy sort o' chap."

That is about as much as anybody ever persuaded Judd Mortimer Lewis to say about himself. And his modest description of himself is inaccurate. He is one of the hardest working men in the biggest State in the Union. Writing fifteen hundred words of verse and humorous paragraphs a day is a man-sized job, but it does not keep Lewis from making himself one of the most useful public men in the Southwest. Most poets carry side lines from necessity—or make verse writing a side line—but not so in the case of Judd Lewis. A weekly check from the countingroom of the Houston "Post" keeps the wolf out of howling distance of the Lewis home, and for his work outside his sanctum the poet receives no remuneration except the satisfaction which comes from doing something to brighten the lives of others. Nearly every one of his poems is a cheer line thrown out to the soul-weary, but his work as a placer of homeless babies in babyless homes will be remembered as long as, if not longer than, his rimes.



Judd Lewis with a two-weeks-old boy who is going to start life over again

The Judd Lewis baby bureau is strictly a one-man affair and free from red tape. It was started about six years ago, but did not amount to much during the first three or four years. The work had to be built up slowly. Mr. Lewis made a thorough personal investigation of every couple applying for a baby to adopt, and the result was that every child was well placed. His success was talked about all over Texas and in many places outside the State, and he became widely known as a friend of homeless babies. Now, whenever there is a baby in need of a good home or a married couple looking for a child to adopt, Mr. Lewis is sure to hear about it. He keeps in touch with the public by means of the little paragraphs in his column in the "Post." Here is one of his notices:

Thirty pounds of boy for adoption. One package consists of twenty pounds; a real, sure 'nuff white hope. The other package weighs ten pounds—perhaps a little more after dinner. Each is looking for a job at making some childless couple happy. They will teach you the sweetness of dimpled arms about your neck, a baby cheek pressed against your world-worn cheek, the sound of baby laughter.

Once Mr. Lewis received a letter from an eighteen-year-old wife in an Eastern city, who said she and her husband, who was twenty-one, had been married six months and wanted to adopt a light-haired, blue-eyed baby girl. He advised her to write Santa Claus a letter when Christmas came round, hang up her stocking, and utter a little prayer when the shades of night came down, and not to write again for a year; then, if they still wanted him to find them a baby, he would get busy. Mr. Lewis never heard from her again.

Kind Hearts Exclusively

A WOMAN on a Pennsylvania farm wrote him that she would like to adopt a friendless, destitute boy of sixteen. He told her that she did not want to adopt a boy—what she wanted was a hired man. Mr. Lewis is very particular about allowing people with children of their own to adopt foundlings, for, he says, "they are unusual people indeed who can give an adopted baby a square deal under such circumstances." But applicants are never turned down because they are poor. The principal requirements are that they be all right as regards morality, kindliness, and cleanliness.

There is seldom any objection to taking an illegitimate baby for adoption. As a rule, applicants are satisfied if babies are normal and healthy. Mr. Lewis has sickly or ill-nourished babies nursed back to health in a Houston hospital. Kind-hearted women of the city frequently help him look after the welfare of babies until foster parents can be found for them. Thus far he has found homes for over a hundred babies, and he says he is in the work to stay. Most of his work is in Texas, but it is not unusual for him to reach out into other States. Recently he got two little girls from Baltimore, a kind-hearted woman volunteering to take them all the way from the Maryland city to Houston.

To Mr. Lewis the arrival of the youngsters was a great event. He described it to me thus:

"My Baltimore belles arrived at midnight, and I drove home from the station with Lily curled up in my arms and Dorothy, the three-year-old, snuggling on the seat beside me. Lily is fifteen months old. Dorothy talked all the way home. 'I'm going to det a new favver an' muvver, isn't me? You won't ever let anyone hurt me, will you? O-o-h! What is that big porch for? I 'spect the papa in that house comes home at night an' don't ever go 'way any more. When me dets my new home me'll lay wight down on my big bed an' doe wight to s'eep, then me'll be a dood dirl, won't me?'

"When I got them home they both went to sleep and were 'dood dirls.' I slept with Dorothy and Mrs. Lewis slept with Lily. I left a light burning dimly, and Dorothy waked up once during the night and scrambled to her hands and knees; I opened my eyes, and her little face, rosy with sleep, was almost against my own. As soon as she saw me smile she smiled and lay down and went to sleep without a sound.

"The next day their 'mothers' arrived from interior towns. The 'mother' of Lily came about eight o'clock in the morning, and when she arrived her baby was asleep, pink as a rose petal, fat as a butterball, with limbs outspread and with tousled hair. The 'mother' kissed her forehead and her pink hands and feet, and pushed back her yellow hair, and Lily awoke, and awoke laughing; And loved her new mother at once.

"At 2 p. m. Dorothy's new mother arrived, and I was there to meet her and take her out home. As we approached my house my own two girlies ran down the steps with Dorothy between them. I said:

"'Those two older girls are mine; the little girl is yours.'

"She dropped her shopping bag to the sidewalk, staggered a few paces and stumbled to her knees with the queerest little gurgling cry you ever heard, and her arms held out. Dorothy ran with her little arms out and sprang into her new mother's arms. When the woman got to her feet she was crying. Later she said:

"'Oh, Mr. Lewis, this is the first time in all my life that a baby has gone to sleep in my arms!'

"She remained at my house that night. When I told her good-by at the train next day she said:

"'Mr. Lewis, there are no words—I know no words—I am sure you understand—you *must* understand.'

"A few days later the new father of Dorothy came to town and remained



JAM *this* into your old jimmy pipe or roll it into a makin's cigarette:

You can't any more drive a man to cheer for a smoke that bites up his tongue than you can grow little blades of green grass on a busy street!

So—when you pike-it north, south, east, west and see men all along the line *going-to* Prince Albert, *natural-like*, figure it out they've hit the trail that leads to the land of smokings joy! If your **middle name is Missouri, you go to**

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

For here's bully sport—this hook-up of a jimmy pipe or smokin's papers, some Prince Albert and a match. You can play the game far as you like—and the more you smoke, the greater the joy! That's 100 per cent. talk, but it is a *sure-thing bet!*

Say, *you* get real fussy with P. A. Smoke it mean-like to prove it out. And that will be all right, all right.

Because Prince Albert never bit any other man's tongue—*and it won't bite yours!*

That's because P. A. is made by a patented process that *cuts out the bite!* No other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert. That'll be about all!

Prince Albert is so fragrant, and fresh, and go-to-it-like that you get the cheerful habit of smoking P. A. as you eat three meals a day—because it's good for what ails you. The pass word everywhere is just "P. A. for mine"! Toppy red bags, handy for cigarette smokers, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

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GRAFLEX CAMERAS



THE 60-MILE-AN-HOUR MOTOR, REQUIRING A SHUTTER SPEED OF 1-1000 OF A SECOND

SNAP SHOTS INDOORS, IN THE SHADE OR ON CLOUDY DAYS



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Buy the oil in the Blue Can. 2 Five Gallon Cans to the Case.

Tell us your make and we'll tell you your grade.

Write for "The Lubrican"

Ask your garageman or write us direct for testimonials of *Havoline* users who own your make of car.

INDIAN REFINING CO., Dept. "B", New York



nearly an entire week, purchasing clothing and toys of all descriptions. He spent $112 on Dorothy. And he thinks she is the greatest thing that ever happened.

"It certainly was the biggest, grandest kind of a day."

A Baby Found Too Late

JUDD LEWIS comes in contact with many broken and breaking hearts. One of the saddest sights in all the world is a mother surrendering her baby to strangers without any hope of ever seeing it again. Mr. Lewis witnesses such scenes every week or two, and each one makes his heart a little softer.

And there are other tragedies connected with his work. Recently he was asked to find a baby for a childless wife who was on the verge of insanity from brooding over her misfortune. A physician had told her husband that the placing of a baby in the yearning arms of the melancholy woman might save her reason. The poet searched Houston and the adjacent towns, but there was no baby to be had. A few days later, however, Mr. Lewis received word that there was a fine baby awaiting him at a city address. He hurried to the house, found the baby to be a model one, and immediately called up the woman's husband on the telephone. "It's too late, Mr. Lewis," replied the man; "my wife was declared insane this morning."

That was one of Mr. Lewis's very few failures; but, of course, it was not his fault.

Judd Mortimer Lewis was born and reared in the city of Cleveland. He left school when a mere boy and learned the stereotyper's trade. A stereotyper is a trained athlete who does the work of a giant with the speed of a football player, and it was at the melting pot and the casting box that Lewis cultivated the habit of marvelous industry. But he did not work with his hands alone in those days. He had a love of books that was as strong as a foxhound's appetite for fresh meat, and he patronized the public library regularly. He read stacks of good books, and when he had acquired a good vocabulary the poetry that was in him began to come out. He wrote verse occasionally, but was too timid to offer any of his rimes for publication until Miss Mary Bartley, his sweetheart, who in 1894 became Mrs. Lewis, persuaded him to send some of his best work to an editor. Lewis mailed some unsigned poems to the Houston "Post," and they were given prominent space on the editorial page. M. E. Foster, managing editor of the "Post" at that time, wrote Lewis a complimentary letter, offering him a permanent position as columnist. Shortly before that time O. Henry had left the "Post," and Foster said Lewis was the man he was looking for to take O. Henry's place. Lewis did not hesitate when the offer came. This was the chance he had been hoping for.

Unwittingly Partial to Girls

CHILDREN are the Houston poet's favorite theme. If you have ever read his poems you know that he has two little daughters of his own. The children are light-haired and blue-eyed, and few persons take issue with the father when he says they are two of the prettiest youngsters in Texas. Marjorie, aged eleven, is called "Eyes o' Blue" in Mr. Lewis's poems on childhood, and Jessamine, aged seven, is "Touslehead." "Eyes o' Blue" and "Touslehead," figuring frequently in their father's rimes, have been the cause of an extraordinary demand for light-haired, blue-eyed baby girls for adoption. This fact dawned upon the poet a short time ago, and he decided to write boy poems for a while. He wants to give the boy babies an equal chance with the girls.

It would be difficult to exaggerate Judd Lewis's popularity in the Lone Star State. He is frequently called the best-loved man in Texas. Friends who have never met him personally keep up with him by reading his column, which is called "Tampering with Trifles." How well the people like him was demonstrated when he underwent a surgical operation for a dangerous case of appendicitis. During his illness Mr. Lewis's room was kept banked with flowers. The little children of Houston got together one day and wove a clover chain, and two little girls took it to the hospital and wound it round and round his bed. Everybody in the hospital who could walk or use a wheel chair came to wish him good morning or good night each day.

Mr. Lewis said to his nurse one day: "You people are mighty good to me!"

"Why, Mr. Lewis," replied the girl, "if we were to let you die, the people of Houston would tear the hospital down about our ears!"

Prayed for His Recovery

THE Mother Superior at the head of the hospital told him of a little Catholic girl who came to the institution the morning he submitted to the surgeon's knife and went into the chapel and remained on her knees praying for him until he was brought down from the operating room—and that was four hours and a half!

The anxiety for Mr. Lewis throughout Texas at the time is shown by these lines from a little poem written by Miss Lelia Maud Leslie of Brookshire:

Far across our Lone Star prairies swept a pleading, plaintive moan,
Like the softest zephyrs sobbing in a plaintive undertone.

Then we held our breath to listen, for a catch was in our throats,
As across the miles of distance came the childish treble notes
Of myriad babies lisping low their prayers at eventide.
And amid their "Now I lay me's" came a prayer from each bedside
For "Dear Dessus, bless my Lewis, help his throat so he can sing,"
And that "God b'ess 'Turifling' poet man, cure him of ever'sing."

"It was all very wonderful and very humbling," says Mr. Lewis. "A man has to walk mighty straight and be mighty square with his fellow men to make up for such love."

George M. Bailey, the paragrapher, who has worked on the "Post" with Judd Lewis for many years, knows him about as well as anybody, and in a recent letter to me he had this to say about him:

"Lewis is a most methodical worker, and to me is an intellectual marvel. He possesses a sense of humor that is always ready to serve him in emergencies. His good nature is never ruffled. He doesn't swear at the proofreaders when they murder his poetry. He is simply a sweet-souled, talented, normal gentleman who beholds all that is beautiful in the world and whose heart is responsive to its sorrows."



A moment when writing was impossible. Mr. Lewis's mind as well as his arms was occupied by the two "Baltimore belles" for whom he found good homes in Texas

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Two States and a Saloon

NORTH DAKOTA is a prohibition State. COLLIER'S and most of COLLIER'S readers know this fact, and rejoice in it; and perhaps that partly explains the prosperity of North Dakota. "It is stated, though I have not the authority before me," writes Mr. Lorwerth C. Davis, an attorney of Bismarck, "that North Dakota stands second in the list of States for bank deposits per capita, Maine, the oldest prohibition State, being first; and that it stands first in having the smallest number of persons confined in the penitentiary in proportion to population." If we were contemplating a change of address and occupation, we should think twice about North Dakota and her homesteads.

WE have received a great many letters telling us about North Dakota in the last few weeks, and the explanation is this. Some time ago a correspondent wrote in to say that he had read somewhere of a proposal to establish a municipal saloon—just one to the town; the theory being that the liquor traffic was inevitable, that well-regulated traffic is the least harmful, and that the city might as well take in the very considerable profits of such a traffic. By some mischance, the State in which this proposal was made was stated to be North Dakota—instead of South Dakota, as it should have been. And ever since then we have been opening letters correcting that unhappy slip—interesting letters, too. One of them comes to us from the Chief Clerk of the Secretary of State of North Dakota—Mr. Albert N. Wold. Mr. Wold notes that the prohibitory law is included in the State Constitution of North Dakota as originally framed and still in force. "I trust that you will find occasion to correct the wrong impression," Mr. Wold's letter concludes. "North Dakota is prohibition and North Dakota people are proud of it." Another of our correspondents, Mr. Richard C. Kittel of Casselton, North Dakota, notes that the State "has the lowest death rate of any State in the Union, and one of the largest per capita school funds in the world." One of North Dakota's educational innovations was commented upon by Mr. George Creel in the very issue of COLLIER'S which contained the editorial under review: the article entitled "A Little Country Theatre." There are lots of good things out there besides the organic law.

ONE of the letters we have had correcting the editorial bears a St. Paul, Minn., postmark, and comes to us from a subscriber who modestly requests that we suppress his name. But his letter is too pungent to suppress. He pays his compliments to the tribe of editors generally. Here goes:

You New York editors do make ludicrous blunders when you toy with the geography of the country west of Chicago. The town that had the municipal saloon is Sisseton, S. Dak. (you can locate it by studying one of P. F. Collier's atlases). The profits of the saloon were devoted to improving the roads, and they were in 1913 (if my memory serves me right) $15,000. But what may interest you more is that on Tuesday, the town voted dry. This, in my opinion, shows an unusual degree of moral fiber in the people of Sisseton.

Perhaps it is wrongheaded of us, but we are half glad we let that inaccuracy go into type. For one thing, it emphasizes this incident as it would scarcely have been emphasized in other circumstances. Here is a summary of the case as it appears to Dr. F. W. Feige of Woonsocket, S. Dak.:

Relative to an article entitled "The State That Makes Money Out of It," printed in your issue for May 2, wish to state that there is an error in the name of the State. Both of the Dakotas were admitted into Statehood with constitutional prohibition, which upon resubmission in South Dakota was defeated, and local option now prevails. North Dakota is still a prohibition State.

Last year Sisseton, S. Dak., voted in favor of saloons, whereupon a man proposed to the city council that but one saloon should be given license, he to conduct it for a salary of $1,800 per annum. All the net proceeds were to be paid into the city treasury. The proposition was accepted and this was the so-called municipal saloon. Reports of its success financially were so good that it attracted considerable attention throughout the State. Other towns considered adopting the plan. However, Sisseton voted "dry" this year and now there is a report that the individual who conducted the saloon has thousands of dollars of the saloon earnings deposited in a bank to his credit, and it is probable that the city may never profit by it.

Dr. Feige inclosed clippings from the Sanborn County (S. Dak.) "Herald" which we should print in full if there were only more space for the subject.

The lesson of the late election at Sisseton, S. Dak., must not, however, be lost sight of. The town has about 1,500 inhabitants, the election took place last April, and the town went "dry" by a vote of 221 to 122. The town was "dry" for six years previously, but last year voted "wet" with the result that the "municipal saloon" plan was tried out—with the results reported. Incidentally Sisseton has reelected J. C. Knapp mayor by a majority of 41 votes. Incidentally, again, Mr. Knapp is a Socialist. Against the cash advantages of the "municipal saloon" plan are to be set down these "buts"—that doubtless contributed to the electoral result:

The police records during eight months of the "wet" régime showed 77 arrests, 44 of them for drunkenness, and 14 for bootlegging. The fines collected for these offenses amounted to $524.75 against $17 collected during two years under the "dry" administration.

Business men said that employees who had been sober and industrious during the six "dry" years reverted to their old habits; collections became more difficult and cash business fell off. Seventy-five to eighty thousand dollars was spent for booze in the community (almost $55 for every man, woman, and child) and other businesses were the losers.

The Superintendent of Good Will Mission at the Indian Agency eight miles away, reported that the sale of booze at Sisseton had a demoralizing effect. Indians who had never touched liquor were found intoxicated (both men and women); dishonesty on the part of Indians was due to whisky more than to any one other factor.

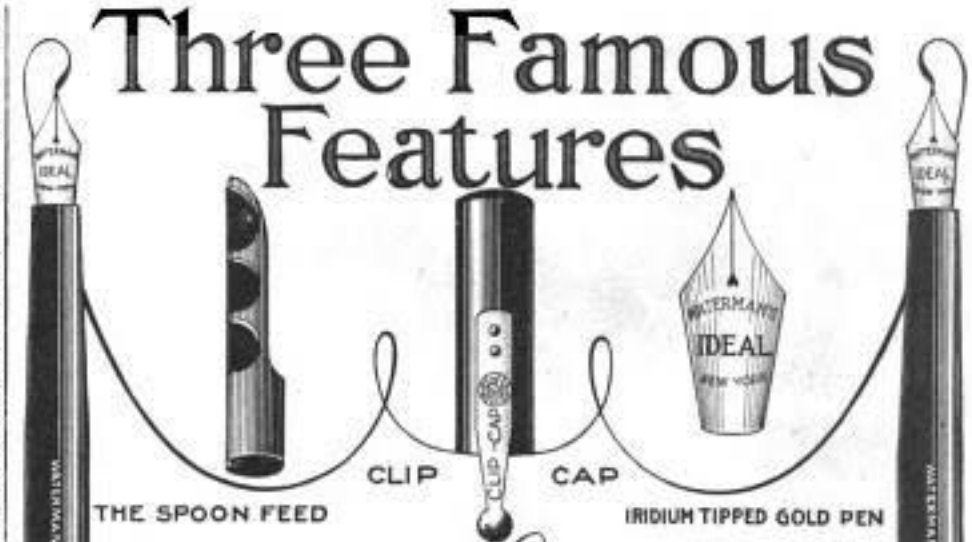
While the concessionaire claimed that giving the city and road fund all the saloon profits would eliminate any motive for "pushing" the sale of liquor, it is claimed that the bartenders "knocked down" at least a third of the sales.

Finally, an air of reputability was thrown around the saloon by reason of its partnership with the city—which increased the menace of the traffic in booze for boys and young men and young women. The very sponsors of the scheme were among the most active workers for the "drys" at the April election.

For most of these facts (and others) we are indebted to the correspondents named, and to John H. Craig of Tripp, S. Dak.; Mrs. E. E. Schultz of Waubay, S. Dak., and others. We have paraphrased these letters without special acknowledgment, and we wish to thank our correspondents for their facts, their friendliness, and their cooperation in publishing the truth about a most interesting experiment. Of course, all the facts are not presented in the above summary; we doubt the real value of the figures for fines collected under the old régime and the new, for during two years Sisseton really had no municipal court, since an injunction restrained the court from assuming jurisdiction over offenses against city ordinances. Doubtless, too, the Indians bought their booze, for the most part at least, of bootleggers.

Let us not be understood as casting stones at the town of Sisseton in printing any of these details. The citizens of that town seem to us to deserve much credit for their progressiveness, their openness of mind, and their fine sense of human values. When will we all of us prove ourselves equally enlightened? For Sisseton has tried both roads—and is on the right way again.

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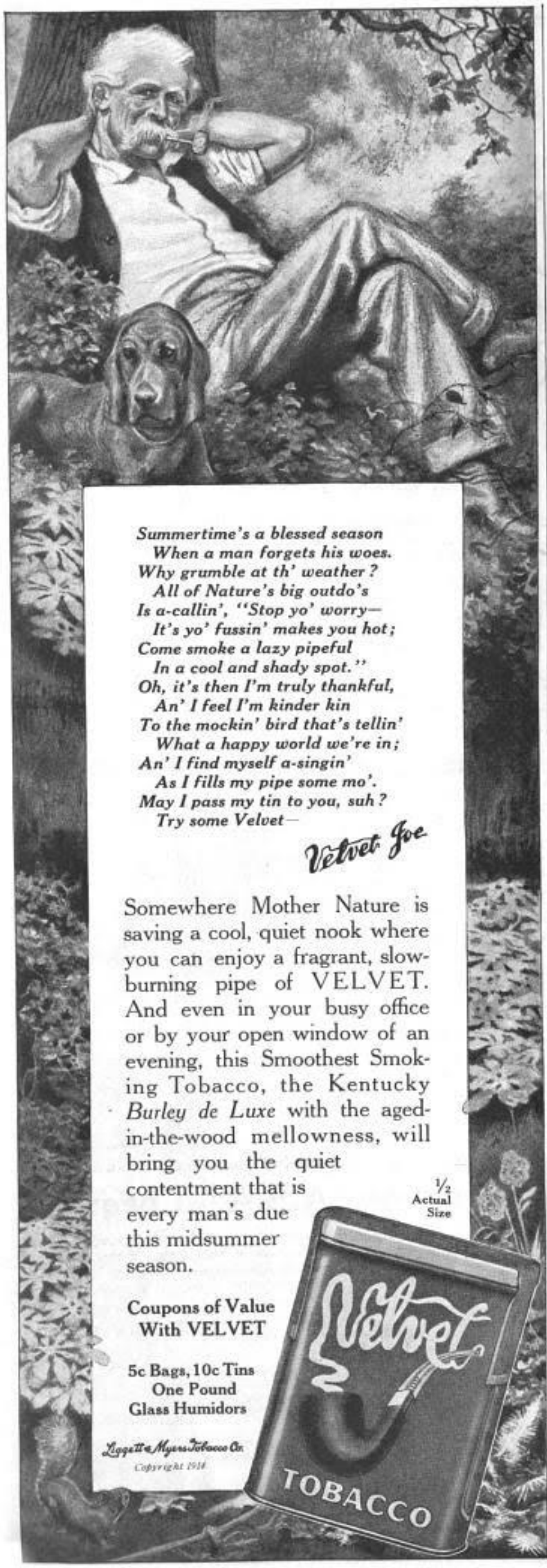
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Brickbats & Bouquets

DETROIT, MICH.

WHEN I subscribed for your Weekly I thought I would get a paper that would give the full, plain, and unvarnished facts concerning all matters of vital concern and general interest to the public, but how terribly I have been disappointed. C. M. CARPER.

✚

WHITTIER, CAL.

The article "Abroad at Home," by Julian Street, is all right, and I will look for more of them. A. R. OGDEN.

✚

LAFAYETTE, IND.

I would like to know if Julian Street really found such a hotel as he described in Buffalo, and the name of it. Possibly he is only stringing us. I never ran across that hotel in Buffalo, and would like to stop there next time I am in that city. In fact, his description beats any hotel I know of, and I have been around the United States considerably. WM. M. NICHOLS.

✚

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Abroad at Home" reads like a dream come true. Don't be so stingy with the installments. HERBERT M. BRACE.

✚

Mr. Mark Sullivan, in his "Comment on Politics" in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, curiously reflects the marked change public sentiment has been undergoing. From an idolatrous worshiper at the feet of the National Administration, Editor Sullivan has become a study in half-suppressed criticism.

Mr. Sullivan's views are important because they represent prevailing public sentiment in Washington and the East. They are interesting because they are so thoroughly in contrariety to those he was expressing twelve or even six months ago. They are worth thought because he is a profound student of men and affairs, and conscientiously endeavors to picture things as they are, not merely as he would have them. His attitude is in response to public opinion, and is valuable because it mirrors the changes that are going forward.—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Herald-Republican*.

✚

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

I cannot understand why a serial having solely to do with females should find a place in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. To be sure, it is fair—May Wilson Preston's pictures are the best part of it—but we don't expect merely "fair" fiction in COLLIER'S. We don't expect a serial story in COLLIER'S unless it's "big." And you've taught us to expect only "big" short fiction too—"The Last of the Family," by Richard Washburn Child, for instance. Regards to George Fitch!
O. A. WILLIAMSON.

✚

HENDERSON, KY.

We read COLLIER'S with great interest. The whole magazine has taken on a new tone. For a while it seemed to me that much of the matter in COLLIER'S was written to interest a limited number of people, but it seems now more national and cosmopolitan in its scope, and it is a man's paper, with plenty of red blood in it. LEIGH HARRIS.

Editor and publisher of the Henderson (Ky.) *Daily Journal*.

✚

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

I feel that COLLIER'S is one thing very hard to do without. Of our eight and a half years of it, not a number is missing and all are neatly filed away and quite often referred to. I don't think it possible we should ever forego a magazine we have found so good and valued so much. GEORGE E. COLEMAN.

✚

HARRISONBURG, VA.

As an insurance man I want to express my appreciation of Mr. Kyne's story in your issue of April 25, entitled "Mr. Burdock's Insurance." While, of course, it is a burlesque on our methods, nevertheless, as a story, it is a "peach."

If Mr. Kyne can display as much ingenuity in a legitimate way in reaching prospects as he put in "Johnnie Cockleburr's" methods in his story, I would certainly like to "line him up" as a solicitor. If he has any more stories of this kind up his sleeve, tell him to "trot 'em out." ERNEST A. GOLDEN.

✚

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Allow me to compliment you upon the latest issues of COLLIER'S. Some months ago I was quite disgusted with the fiction department, but recently there has been a brace and COLLIER'S has retrieved itself admirably. Mr. Child's story of the sex pander and his chivalric grandmother is worthy of a place in contemporary fiction with the best efforts of Irvin Cobb, Gouverneur Morris, Richard Harding Davis, Arthur Ruhl, and Booth Tarkington. KINGSLEY MOSES.

✚

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

In your last number the articles of Jack London and Arthur Ruhl I consider the best I have ever read. Full of facts, splendid description, and touching pathos, they are literary gems.
DR. BATH.

✚

LAWTON, OKLA.

Your issue of May 9 stirs in me a feeling of real affection for your paper such as I have not known in the past. I refer to the story of "The Border Guard," by Peter B. Kyne. It would be well if the readers of the army muckraking articles appearing in certain publications might read this story, and thus get a real view of the American soldier.
E. D. MEEKER, M. D.

✚

EDMONTON, CANADA.

I am just whirling this in unofficially to say bully for Mr. Kyne's article on "The Border Guard." I'm glad somebody's putting the regular soldier man out where people can see something of what he's doing and how very much he's good for. IRMA P. SELLARS.

✚

SPOKANE, WASH.

A bouquet, wet with tears, for the author of "A Son of the Middle Border." Therein, as in a magic mirror, we who are children of the prairies, behold ourselves, wandering hand in hand with Youth. MRS. D. O'DONOVAN.

✚

HIDALGO, VIA TAPACHULA, CHIAPAS, MEXICO.

As a general thing I fail to get up the enthusiasm for COLLIER'S that it apparently is able to do for itself. However, there is no question of the great force it wields in forming public opinion, and its editorials are always well worth the price, even if sometimes somewhat Hubbardy. The object of this, though, is to acknowledge appreciation of the article appearing in the March 21 issue on "Wilson and Mexico." The man who wrote that evidently has considerable information on the matter, and it is to be hoped that you will keep him on the job for a while yet. Also, it occurs to me that if he would get up a series of easy lessons and send these in installments with diagrams to Washington for study by our State Department there probably might come some good of it.
CLARENCE DRAGO.

American manager Cafetales de Hidalgo Plantation and Commercial Co.; La Zacualpa No. 2 Plantation Co.; Soconusco, Chiapas, Mexico.

✚

DAYTON, OHIO.

The best thing about COLLIER'S is its fearless fight against the grogshop. I cut out these cartoons and editorials and mail them to my "friends" in the business. JAMES SMITH.

✚

POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

Credit COLLIER'S with another short classic, "A Word in Season"—editorial, May 9—a truly beautiful sentiment that angels and immortals would delight to be the author of. Oh, that every human being in this world would commit it to memory and daily recite it to himself! It has a universal application. And just that sort of doctrine is what is going to redeem this world.
WILL H. STONE, D. D. S.

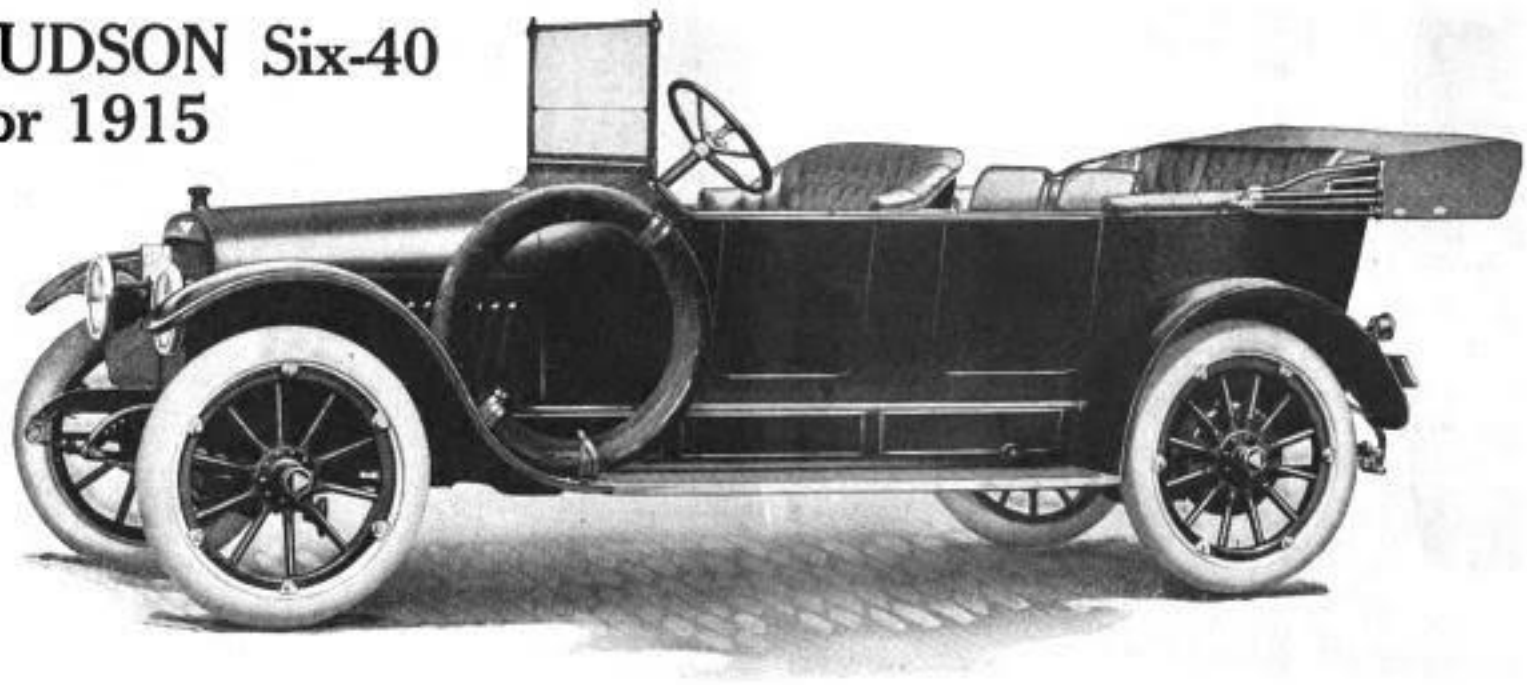
✚

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Here is a piece of my mind. Your Weekly is our nation's strongest fortification. It is founded on the Rock of Right. F. P. VAUGHAN.

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HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



Now the Top Place Car

The Ideal Six, with 31 New Features and a $1,550 Price

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 will be accepted, we think, as America's representative car. It leads in its class. And the class which it leads best typifies the modern ideals and trends.

All things considered—all the time's tendencies toward lightness, economy, modest size and cost—this new HUDSON Six-40 will be widely conceded first place among coming cars.

The Criterions

These are the criterions by which the majority now measure a quality car. Note how the HUDSON meets them:

First, good engineering. The 48 Hudson engineers—headed by Howard E. Coffin—have devoted four years to this HUDSON Six-40. The car represents the crowning effort of the ablest corps in this industry.

Next, men insist on Sixes for high-grade cars. This HUDSON Six-40 embodies all the refinements men have worked out in Sixes.

Today's demand is for lightness without sacrificing strength. That lightness which comes through skilful designing and proper materials. The HUDSON Six-40, as built this year, weighs 2,900 pounds. The old-time average, for cars of this capacity, was fully one-third more. We have removed, by sheer good designing, the weight of a car-full of people. Yet this light HUDSON has proved itself one of the staunchest cars.

Men also seek low operative cost. This light HUDSON Six-40, with its new-type small-bore motor, has reduced this cost by at least 30 per cent, for cars of this size and power.

The Price Question

Last year we astonished all with a $1,750 price on the HUDSON Six-40. It was the lowest price ever quoted on any comparable car.

On the model just out—for 1915—we drop that price $200. That is due to trebled output. It is the saving we make by building three times as many cars.

In this ultra-value the HUDSON Six-40 leads all the high-grade cars. There is nothing in sight of it. In this point, above all, it accords with modern ideas.

Look back a little. Three years ago not a Six could be bought for less than $3,000. High-grade cars of any type cost around $2,000. Now this new HUDSON Six-40—the thoroughbred Six—is offered for $1,550.

The Popular Car

Popularity is the final test of place. This car came last year to open up an entirely new field in Sixes. From the start the demand overwhelmed us. The cars which went out sold others, until our dealers were besieged.

The end of the season left us 3,000 unfilled orders. Men were offering premiums—as high as $200—to get a HUDSON Six-40. To cope with this demand we have this year been compelled to treble our capacity.

Now 31 Refinements

Our whole engineering corps devoted last year to refinements. The car itself developed no shortcomings. But we found 31 ways to add comfort, convenience and beauty. Go see these new features. Some are very important. Most of them, as usual, will be found this year in HUDSON cars alone.

You will find this new model one of the handsomest cars ever built. You will find a 20-coat finish—luxurious upholstery. You will find the latest and best in each form of equipment. There are disappearing seats in the tonneau. Every detail, inside and outside, shows the extreme of refinement. It will set many new standards for you.

Phaeton seating up to 7 passengers, $1,550, f. o. b. Detroit.

Standard Roadster, same price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have this new model on show. New catalog on request.

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We build this same model with a larger engine and a 135-inch wheelbase. It is for men who want these ideal features in a big, impressive car. The HUDSON Six-54—our 1915 larger model—sells for $2,350.

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Pigskin strap. Nickel, $10; silver, $12; gold filled, $15.

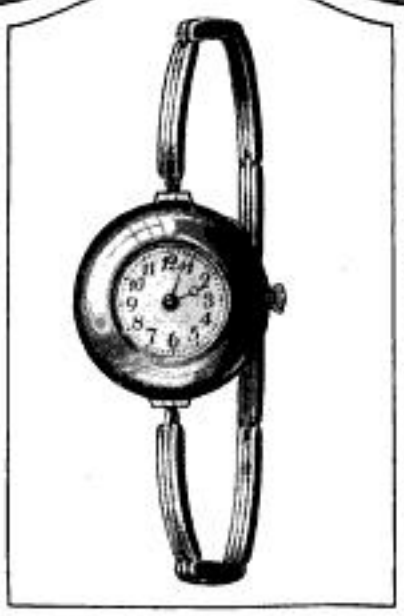
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By all means get one for your vacation this summer, and save your expensive watch from possible damage or loss. See them at your Elgineer's store—your local jeweler's.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

WOMEN'S BRACELET WATCH
$20 to $75.



Lawgivers

[Continued from page 16

his conclusion in the midst of some long-winded explanation of things concerning other things and not the things at issue, and suddenly, like a shot, he enunciates his decision: "I find you guilty—forty days"; or: "Not guilty—next case."

Sentencing a Leech

HE finds Martin Onez de Loyola, a full-blooded Spaniard, guilty of a particularly mean crime and sentences him to six months—this merely to hold him until he can be deported to his native country, which is Spain. But the Captain-Judge is thorough. He gives instructions that when the convicted man is deported the Chief of Police of Havana be warned to keep him on his steamer and the Chief of Police of Barcelona be warned to nab him when he disembarks on his native soil.

This case of Martin Onez de Loyola merits the harshness of the sentence. A well-to-do but ignorant Mexican woman of the capital had married her deceased husband's brother, equally well-to-do and ignorant. Loyola, becoming aware of the matter, had assured them that it was a terrible crime, and had bled them, at different times, of over ten thousand pesos. In order to escape him they had started to flee the country; but Loyola, true leech that he was, followed them through the lines of two hostile armies to Vera Cruz. And so, thanks to the Captain-Judge, they were able to return to Mexico, while their persecutor, willy-nilly, made the voyage to Spain.

Francisco Hernandez, trouble-eyed and stupid, charged with stealing a barrel of wine, positively declares himself not guilty, and the patient Court unravels the tangle. Pedro de Valvidia, owner of a cantina, and his barkeeper, Garcia de Mendoza, testify to catching the thief in the act and to apprehending him with the barrel already rolled out on the sidewalk and merrily rolling onward.

He Stole a Barrel

TWO peon witnesses testify to having seen Francisco Hernandez captured while rolling the barrel, and the case begins to look dark for Francisco Hernandez, who has pleaded not guilty. But he receives inspiration. He acknowledges all the facts testified to. He was not the owner of the barrel. He did go into the cantina and roll out the barrel. He was caught by the owner and the barkeeper in the manner described, but—and he makes the explanation that is as ancient as the first theft of portable property—it happened that as he came along the street looking for a job, his profession being that of cargador, two strange men approached him and hired him to convey the barrel of wine, which they had just purchased, to their residence. That was all. He was as innocent as a new-born babe. What did *he* want with a whole barrel of wine? What could *he* do with a whole barrel of wine, being a temperate as well as an honest man?

"Where were you going to deliver the barrel?" the Court demands.

Francisco Hernandez somehow cannot remember the address.

"Who were the men?"

Francisco Hernandez says they were strangers.

"Describe them."

And one can actually see Francisco Hernandez's imagination working at high pressure as he paints the portraits of the two mythical strangers.

The Court asks several other questions not very important, merely concerning his whereabouts earlier in the day and how often he succeeded in getting work, and Francisco Hernandez, believing that his tale is believed, grows confident.

"Describe the two men," the Court suddenly commands.

The Case of Rosalia

POOR Hernandez is taken by surprise. He stumbles and halts, tries to remember his extempore description of the two nonexistent individuals, diverges, slips up, falls down, and, in the midst of his gropings and stutterings, is astounded to hear the Captain-Judge decisively utter just three words: "Guilty—six months." And while the interpreter is transposing this misfortune into understandable Spanish terms, the Captain-Judge is already into the thick of the next case.

And this is a case destined to make the entire native population of Vera Cruz sit up and take notice that never was similar justice dispensed before, albeit 4,000 soldiers and 20,000 marines and bluejackets, to say nothing of $100,000,000 worth of warships, were required to install the Captain-Judge in the Municipal Palace.

It is a sordid, squalid case. Rosalia de Xara Quemada and Cristovel de la Cerda are the culprits. Alonzo de Xara Quemada is the husband of Rosalia, and is also the complainant. He is a bulgy-eyed, cadaverous-cheeked, vulpine-faced individual, and he grins vindictively and triumphantly as he makes his charge.

Rosalia is frightened and dumbly defiant. She has a full, oval face, wavy brown hair parted in the middle and neatly bound with a light blue ribbon, and dangling earrings. There is just sufficient Spanish in the Indian of her to give her temperament and to account for the inimitable draping of the brown shawl about her shoulders and hips. Cristovel, the lover, is a depressed and gloomy young man who keeps books for a living.

A Judgment of Solomon

ROSALIA and Cristovel plead guilty, and are prepared for merciless judgment at the hands of the Captain-Judge who transacts justice with a big automatic at his hip and with armed soldiers for his attendants. But the Captain-Judge is not satisfied. He asks Rosalia and her husband, Alonzo, many penetrating questions. They have five children. For four years Alonzo has not contributed a centavo toward their support. Rosalia, by scrubbing, by peddling, by cooking, and by various other ways has given the entire support to her brood of five.

As all this comes out, Rosalia seems to take heart of courage and grows voluble, while Alonzo glowers at her in a way that would bode a beating were there none present to interfere. The reason her husband had had her arrested, Rosalia volunteers, was that just previous to the arrest she had refused to lend him five pesos. At other times in the past she had loaned him money. No, he had never returned a single loan.

The Captain-Judge orders the culprits to step forward to receive sentence, knits his brows for a moment in thought, and proceeds:

"Cristovel de la Cerda. You have pleaded guilty of the grave offense of adultery. By the Mexican law of this State I could sentence you to two years. But I shall not be harsh. I shall sentence you to six months. The sentence, however, will be suspended and I release you here and now on probation. You will report to this court every Saturday morning at nine o'clock with a letter from your employer attesting your good behavior."

As the interpreter turns this into Spanish, the husband's face is a rich study. At the mention of two years, it is hilarious. The six months' sentence leaves it still hilarious, but not so hilarious. The suspension of the sentence positively floors Alonzo, and the angry blood surges darkly under his skin.

"There Is No Mexican Law Here"

ROSALIA is similarly sentenced, released on probation, told to report every Saturday morning, and admonished to be good. But the case is not over. Alonzo de Xara Quemada, distraught with this frightful miscarriage of justice, is ordered to stand forth.

"Alonzo de Xara Quemada, your conduct has been most reprehensible."

While the interpreter struggles with the dictionary for the Spanish equivalent of the introductory sentence, Alonzo looks as if he expects to be backed up against a wall the next moment and shot.

"These five children are yours just as much as they are Rosalia's. From now on you shall do your share toward supporting them. Each week you shall pay to Rosalia the sum of five pesos. Each Saturday morning at nine o'clock you shall appear before me with the receipt for the five pesos. If you don't, we will see what six months in jail will do for you."

The whole thing is too unthinkably hideous for Alonzo. He blows up, and in impassioned language forswears and disowns Rosalia, the five children, and all memory of them and responsibility for them, forever and forever. Furthermore, he will not pay the weekly five pesos. Who ever heard of such a thing? He denies the Captain-Judge's right in the matter, and all in wild harangue an-



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nounces that he will appeal to the Mexican courts against such injustice.

Whereupon the Captain-Judge's fist comes down on the desk, and the Captain-Judge thunders:

"There is no Mexican law here. I am the law. You will pay the five pesos. To-day is Thursday. Next Saturday you will appear before me with the receipt for the first five pesos. Vamos."

Alonzo de Xara Quemada starts to screech protest, but two soldiers, with wicked-looking bayonets on the ends of their rifles, step forward, and Alonzo subsides.

A Moving Picture

I DEPARTED on his heels, greedily enjoying the maledictions he muttered down the street. And on Saturday morning I made it a point to be present at the Provost Court at nine o'clock. Sure enough, Alonzo de Xara Quemada was there, sullenly exhibiting a receipt for five pesos signed by one Rosalia de Xara Quemada.

And all the affairs and transactions I have described in this article constitute but a portion of one morning's work in one Provost Court of the five Provost Courts sitting in Vera Cruz.

Before I cease, I cannot forbear describing a little scene I witnessed right after Alonzo's plaint had died away down the street. Captain Callahan was engaged in receiving a lady who was more difficult to receive than if she had come in a handcart. A sweaty and dishevelled spigotty policeman had brought her, and she had fought him all the way to such effect that he stood near the entrance to the cells too exhausted to move her a step further. In vain Captain Callahan ordered him to proceed with her. She was the stronger, and she had caught her second wind. Just as she flung herself on the policeman in savage onslaught, a big American soldier strode to her and tapped her authoritatively on the arm. She turned and stared up at him. He spoke no word, but with a curt thrust of his thumb over his shoulder indicated the way to the cells. She wilted into all meekness and obedience, and meekly and obediently, without a hand being laid on her, walked into the cell room.

The Pensioner

(*Continued from page 11*)

I'll bet you'd be as awkward as I am. Darn you, you can't lift me now—you old pot-belly!"

He unsaddled the young mare and limped painfully to the house, to be laid up three days.

THERE came to Dave Chipley one morning a man who didn't understand. He was a wealthy man from Hammond, a long ride down Conejo Valley. It was he who had bought the 640 acres from Dave.

"Mr. Chipley," he said, "I want to buy that upper twenty of yours."

"Sorry," Dave replied, "but it ain't for sale."

"Don't be so precipitate," advised the other. "Listen: I need that twenty and I'm prepared to pay for it. You will remember I offered you $750 an acre for all this land. I am now prepared to raise that offer—"

"Listen," interrupted Dave; and out came the story of Babe.

"She's old," Dave finished, "and I promised her that twenty for her and her colt. She worked—man, how she worked you'd never guess!—to put Dave Chipley on his feet. She's reapin' her reward. She's pensioned on her own land. Money can't buy Babe's pasture."

Mr. Raymond, for that was his name, had listened patiently but uncomprehendingly. He was smiling a trifle disdainfully as Dave ceased.

"You're a whimsical man, Mr. Chipley," he commented. "I have always considered you hard-headed, farsighted, and shrewd. Do you mean to tell me that you are so childish as to refuse to put that mare in a comfortable box stall and get $500 an acre for the land she makes worthless?"

"Five hundred dollars an acre!"

"That's what I said, Mr. Chipley."

"Ten thousand dollars," mused Dave. "And I paid $200!" His eyes grew thoughtful. He wavered. Then his lips straightened.

"But Babe don't like a stall," he pointed out boyishly. "She wouldn't know what to do, all cooped up. She's used to miles and miles of sagebrush, with the sky for shelter. No, Babe wouldn't take to a stall for shucks."

"You can take $500 of that $10,000 and buy 160 acres for her in the hills, fence it, and all," persisted Raymond. "I know a place with water, even, that I'll bet can be bought for less than that."

DAVE smiled. "You're entirely missin' the point, Mr. Raymond," he said. "Babe's earned good land—the best that is. That's what I promised her, you see, and that's what she expects. You see, it's a—a—an ideal." Dave blushed through the tan. "She helpsd make us rich—did half of it. Now we've got more than plenty—wealth to throw away. Say, do you know I'd 'a' called a man a liar ten years ago if he'd said there was as much money in the State as I've got now? Can't you see how I look at it? It's this way:

"This ranch represents what Babe and me did. This 160 is all that's left of what we worked so hard to swing, and what finally made us rich. Therefore Babe's entitled to her share of *the selfsame property*. See? She don't want no sagebrush hills. She wants part of the pick of the Chipley Ranch. It would be cheap to sell her twenty and put her on land that had cost me $500. They've said some hard things about me when I was young and coltish, but no one ever called Dave Chipley a cheap screw.

"So, though I'm sorry to disappoint you, I got my fool ideal to live up to. The upper twenty belongs to Babe, and there ain't enough money in the United States Treasury to buy it."

"But, Mr.—"

"But that's all, Mr. Raymond. If I was hard up it would be different. Babe's shared hard luck with me; she'd be willin' to again. But I ain't hard up. I got all the money any man needs. Stay for dinner, Mr. Raymond. Mary'll kick if you don't."

So the story of "The Pensioner" got out, and there were shruggings and regretful sighings. All of the people in the valley were new—many of them Easterners. They didn't understand.

"Well, Dave," some one might say when Dave had ridden Babe's colt into town, "how's the $10,000 mare? Don't see you ridin' her much these days."

Dave was an idealist. "Still payin' dividends," he would drawl, without anger, and lift Babe's colt into the long gallop which had made her mother famous from San Diego to the Tehachepi.

THE wet season began early that fall. The very first rain was a heavy one, and the Conejo swelled to a greater river than in five preceding years. It was not nearly down to normal when the second big rain, lasting nearly a week, sent it foaming yellow suds, cutting its banks as a knife cuts cake, racing tempestuously to the sea. That rain brought it above any preceding high-water mark in twelve years. For two weeks the sun shone, then came heavy clouds and the biggest rain of all.

Day after day it poured steadily. The river, now a wild, uncontrollable thing, raged madly along its sharply descending course, taking toll of trees and land and of everything that dared to stand in its path. The bridges were gone. Communication was cut off. Telephone wires were down. All traffic ceased. And still it rained and rained and rained.

At midnight, November 13, Dave Chipley was awakened by the incessant jangling of the telephone bell. He got out of bed and sleepily answered it.

"Who is this?" came a distant, faint, tinkling voice. "My God, who is this?"

"Chipley," Dave replied, instantly awake. "The Chipley Ranch."

"This is Pomeroy," came the tinkling voice. "I've been ringing for an hour. Can't get anybody. The dam's going—won't hold till morning. Can you get down the valley and warn the Hammond folks? For God's sake, try it, Chipley!"

THERE came a burring noise in the receiver, stabbed at intervals by a tinkling, indistinguishable word.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" called Dave.

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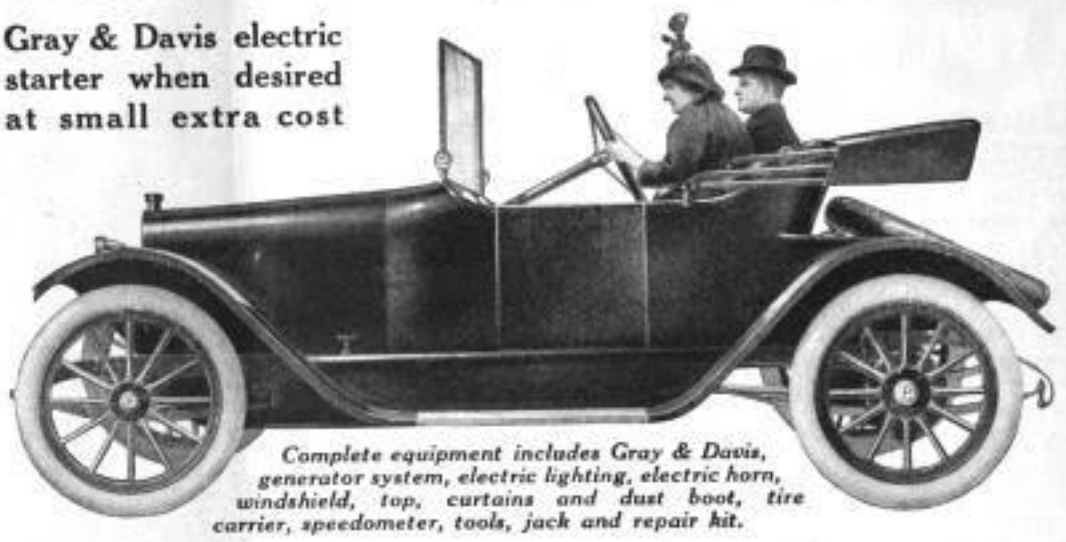
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Only the barring answered him.

"My Lord!" Dave turned from the phone and wiped the sudden sweat from his forehead. "It won't get us. But Hammond! When the dam breaks and the water strikes the river—"

He finished in a mutter. He turned on the lights and began hurrying into his clothes.

MARY CHIPLEY awoke. Dave had meant to slip out without telling her. Now he explained hurriedly that it lay with him alone to save the inhabitants of Hammond, in the bottom lands below, from drowning.

"I'll go with you," she determined bravely, springing out of bed.

"Not this time," Dave drawled grimly. "This ain't a trip for a machine, Mary. The roads are rivers. This is the time to test that colt and see if her mother's blood runs through her veins for true."

Without even stopping to light a lantern, and only half dressed, he hurried out into the storm, strapping on one of the six-shooters he had not carried for years. As he ran toward the stables he saw a lantern bobbing about through the murk. He called.

The lantern was carried by one of his men, who, with another, had been moving some cattle from an alfalfa field near the river, the fences of which were threatened by the flood.

The man's jaw dropped as Dave's hurried explanation came out.

"Bud's just takin' your saddle hoss back to the upper twenty," he said, and lifted his voice in a call.

Bud answered it.

Dave plunged down a lane toward the voice. "Darn 'em! Who told 'em to use that filly?" he growled. "But it's lucky, after all."

In a minute he almost ran into the horse and rider. The night was as black as seven stacks of black cats, as Dave afterward expressed it. He ousted the man with three words and sprang bareback upon the mare.

"Here goes, youngster," he said as he lifted her into the long gallop. "Le's see if your mother's raised you accordin' to the standard of Dave and Babe. Go to it, kidlets!"

There was one gate to be opened. Dave accomplished this without dismounting. It clicked behind him. At a gallop he swung into the rain-corrugated road and headed down the river.

"Now hop to it, kid! You may die tonight, but if the old mare's raised you accordin' to our rules you'll die covered with glory. If you win out, maybe they'll say the $10,000 mare paid dividends through you."

THE sky was black. The rain stung like tiny rawhide lashes. The confines of tributaries of the river, dry for years, now roared with yellow, foaming torrents. Twice within a mile from the ranch the sturdy little mare was obliged to swim on the country road. Always she clambered up the slippery banks to hear the low word of encouragement, to gather muscle for another blind dash into nothingness.

It was a killing pace. Dave Chipley was a maniacal rider when stress demanded it. The road crumbled under the mare's hoofs. Once she stumbled, fell flat, rolled on her side. Dave pulled himself out of the mud, groped blindly for her quivering, dripping body, and swung himself astride.

On they went, up hill and down, charging away into the black basalt of the night. The roar of the waters deadened every sound but that of the splashing hoofs. Dave felt at last that his mount was giving out. Quivers thrilled against his clasping thighs; the pace was falling off.

"Kid, kid!" he censured. "Remember that record your old lady's got. From San Diego to the Tehachepi nothin' could touch her. You gotta die like a colt of Babe's, kid. Hop to it!"

Mile after tortuous mile dropped behind. Hours passed—dead hours that left little recollection. Dave Chipley, rough rider, had never taken a ride like this. Slower and slower grew the pace. Yet always the muscles of the mare strained for accomplishment. She was running at her limit, but the pace fell off and off and off.

"Good little kid!" breathed Dave.

NOT once had he plied the ends of the reins. Not once had his hands touched her save in caress.

She stumbled. She sprawled. Dave felt the tense pulsing of her flagging muscles. He could hear her tortured breathing above the roar of the river.

"Stay with it, girl!—stay with it for the record of Dave and Babe!"

There came a roar that mocked that of the raging river as a coast gun mocks a rifle. It filled the night with one long, rumbling boom.

"The dam's gone, kid!" Dave cried. "We're almost there. If you live we'll make it just in time. Hop to it!"

A light pierced the night, a single, lone, twinkling eye. The reeling animal passed it.

"The Pomeroy dam's gone!" yelled Dave. "Warn everybody!"

There came a startled shout of comprehension. The light vanished. On reeled the mare, stumbling now on an oiled pavement, slippery but solid. Dave drew the revolver. Shot after shot he fired into the air, yelling:

"The Pomeroy dam's gone! Run to the hills! Run to the hills!"

Lights blazed in the windows of houses that suddenly appeared. Shouts rang back and forth.

"The dam's gone! The dam's gone! Run to the hills!" Maniacally the citizens of Hammond took up Dave's cry. Women screamed. Children wailed.

On through the slippery streets staggered the mare, heaving, tottering on her last legs, but still fighting for accomplishment. Dave's six-shooter belched its orange fire into the night from house to house. "The dam's gone! Run to the hills!" Then in lowered tones: "Hop to it, kid! Hop to it! Your old lady was payin' dividends when she brought you into the world. Hop to it!"

Ahead of the mighty wall of water that swept everything before it Hammond ran safely to the sagebrush elevations. Not a soul perished, but every house in the town went down.

As the dawn came they stood huddled together on the brow of a hill, their few pitiful savings strewn about them, straining their eyes through the feeble, gray light, silent, stunned, their lips twitching with a nameless awe.

Some one with a lantern approached a group that stood about a dying horse. Mr. Raymond was one of the group. His lands were devastated, but his wife and children had been saved with the rest. He had just wrung Dave Chipley's hand.

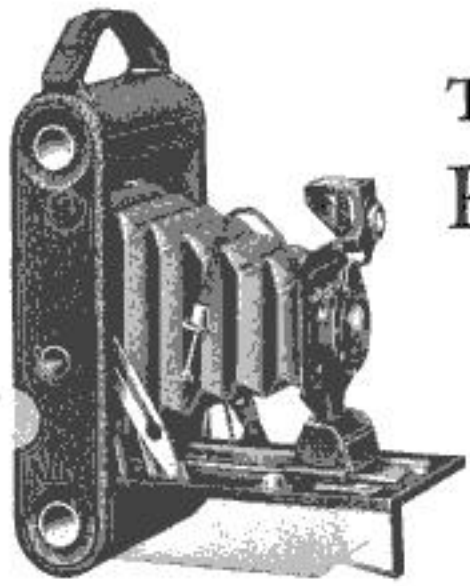
"Poor little kid!" Dave muttered brokenly. "She sure hopped to it like her mother would 'a' done ten years ago."

He knelt beside the quivering animal. The lantern's rays played over man and horse. The glistening, loving eyes looked up at Dave; then they glazed, and the lids set tight. There came a last, long, deep sigh. Dave Chipley had flung himself prone across the neck of the dead mare. Raymond, softly damning "the luck," turned his back.

The light of the lantern had revealed something to Dave, and he was softly sobbing: "I didn't know. I never guessed it. Babe! Babe!"



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Miss Viola Roseboro' joined the staff of *McClure's* as manuscript reader soon after the magazine was started. At one time we had a prize contest for short stories, and so great a number of stories came in that I engaged Miss Roseboro', whom I knew well, to help me read them. This led to a permanent connection. Miss Roseboro' was of great service to the magazine in discovering promising material by unknown writers. She had a singularly open mind toward the manuscript bag, a natural attitude toward stories which is rare in professional readers, who, like everybody else, in time become the victims of their own tastes and their own successes, and are therefore always hunting for the thing they themselves like best, instead of for the thing that new writers are writing best. Miss Roseboro' seized upon the early stories of O. Henry, Jack London, Rex Beach, Myra Kelly, and the "Emmy Lou" stories when their writers were unknown, with as much sureness and conviction as if she had known what the end was to be in each case, and exactly how popular each of these writers was to become.

From the Autobiography of S. S. McClure, Founder of *McClure's* Magazine.

Miss Roseboro' is now a member of the Editorial Staff of Collier's and reads all the short stories submitted to us.

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The Seagoing Flyers

(Continued from page 18)

at the wheel to see if he was on the job. I knew that he was, as I knew that Bellinger was—or he would never have come through two years of flying—but I looked just the same. He did not look at me, but there was just a flash of a smile on his lips. At the inboard corner of his near eye I thought I saw a smiling wrinkle or two. I was not the first passenger to take his first flight with young Lieutenant Bellinger. Outside the breakwater there was some little sea on. I knew it because I had come through it not long before in a launch from the ship, and because the summer "norther" was still on; but, looking down at the waters of the Gulf from *C 3*, I could not say that there was. The white crests of the curling waves were there plain as could be, but no visible roll to them, no sign of life whatever. They just lay there, and, looking down, I recalled with envy that line in the "Ancient Mariner" about a painted ocean.

The sea was breaking over the coral reefs: that is, I knew it was, and thereby marking the line of reefs as plain as could be; but the sea was not breaking as we saw it from *C 3*. It was just lying there in motionless, white circular lines against the green cloth. In-shore the Gulf was all pale green, off-shore a hazy blue. North of Vera Cruz was a bit of beach where I knew the surf rolled high in a "norther." It must have been rolling high now, but when we passed over it in *C 3* there was no surf rolling there. Instead there was a series of motionless, curved ridges, as still and white as white frosting on a cake or winter snow on a perfectly calm day.



"I demonstrated to my own satisfaction," says Mr. Reuterdahl, "the possibility of making in a few minutes a sketch map for military purposes"

Stranger Than Coleridge's Albatross

WE turned south, and now we were really flying. Down the wind we were going at ninety-five miles an hour. Against the thirty-mile "norther" I had felt her struggle, but the thirty-mile "norther" behind her—*wasn't*—she was going like a home-bound gull. I couldn't say that she was going ninety-five miles an hour. That was, to me, one notable thing about flying—the effect was more of soaring or sailing than rushing wildly through space. (We sat in a protected cockpit, of course.) But she rated sixty to sixty-five miles an hour in still air, and the wind was pushing her at least another thirty.

We flew over the city. Now it was the buildings which looked like the Christmas toys and midgets walking near them. We passed a wharf where a row of steam cranes stood beside a loading steamer. I had been many a time at that wharf and knew that the tops of each of those cranes was at least five or six feet across; but now they pointed up toward us like so many spikes. I said to myself, if we fall, I hope we do not fall on those things; although it would not have made any real difference what you fell on when you fell far enough.

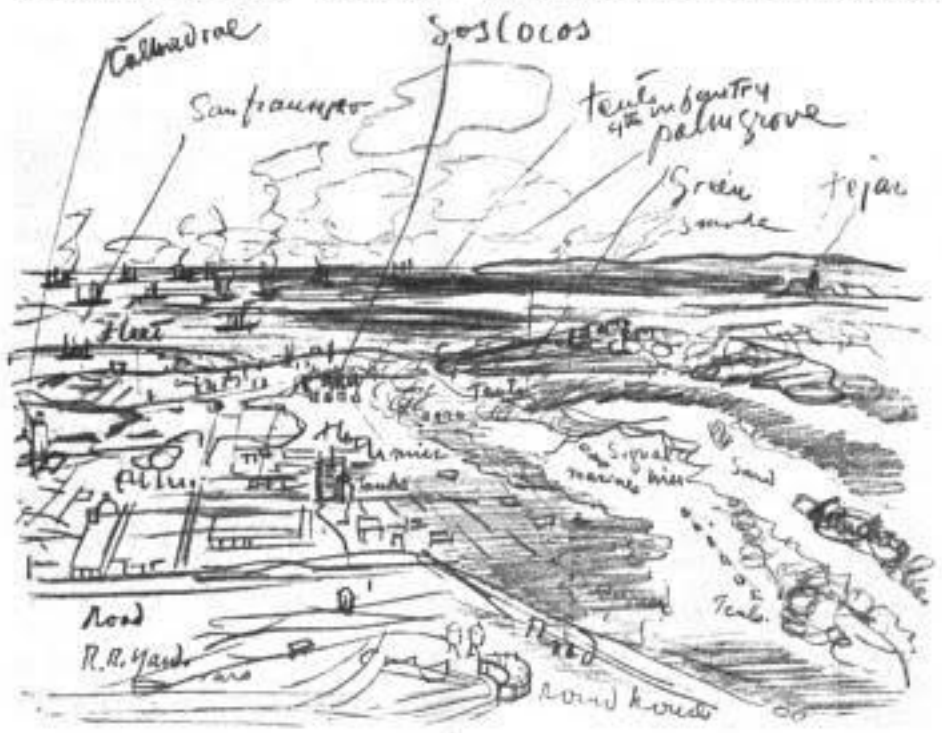
The sea has no spikes sticking up out of it, but it is incompressible also.

Down the wind we went, then across and inland. Bellinger shouted something in my ear and nodded his head toward where, beyond our outposts, smoke was rising. He went nearer, but not as near as he would have liked. Twice already he had been shot at, one shot passing through the wings, which caused his superiors to order him to be careful, not because *C 3* had been struck—that was the "trade risk" of his job—but because Huerta's people might construe it into a violation of the armistice, which pledged both sides to make no advance until a further mutual agreement was made.

We swung back toward camp, nearing the harbor, and began to take notice of many new things: as, for instance, that whereas before I used to think that the space inside the breakwater was quite commodious, I now began to wonder if there was really room for *C 3* to make a safe landing. My first knowledge that we were going to land came when Bellinger touched me on the arm and pointed down ahead of the machine. It was the first time he had in any way warned me. Even before leaving the earth he had said nothing as to how I should behave.

Hovering

I WAS glad, a moment later, that he had warned me. Her bow suddenly tipped under, straight under, I thought, and almost stood up to see how nearly straight under. I pushed back, and then, realizing that Bellinger had made hundreds of landings, sat naturally. It was a splendid swoop, over the heads of the appreciative natives on the sand hills, over the swimming boats from the battle fleet, the boat of the diving man, the naked Mexican boys still frolicking in the



The original sketch made high in the air by Mr. Reuterdahl. It could be made, he says, by a scout in half an hour 3,000 feet in the air secure against rifle fire



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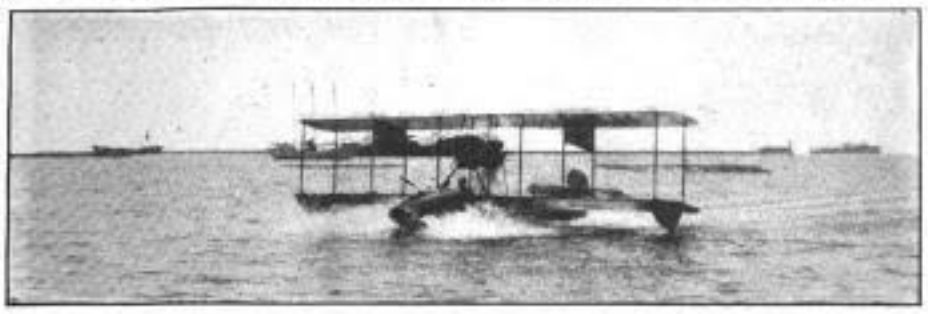
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Ensign G. de C. Chevalier coming in after a flight, with the porpoise-like action of the hydroplane skimming and leaping the water. Photograph by James H. Hare

water, past the fleet of little trading and fishing schooners, and abreast of where all the American youth and beauty of Vera Cruz were gossiping on the veranda of the pale pink and bright blue clubhouse with the word "Baños" on it in large white letters—Baños meaning baths.

In half a minute we were back to the beach camp, with its four khaki tents in a little row, its picket line with the marines on guard, and the approving native audience on the sand hills in the rear.

While your correspondent was pulling the rubber plugs out of his ears and unshipping from chest and back the heavy life jacket, the young and highly efficient Lieutenant Bellinger was reporting to Lieutenant Commander Mustin. While I had been wholly absorbed in the sensations of a first flight in the air, he had been verifying the location of a sunken wreck which he had discovered two days previously, had made mental note of the uncharted reef on which one of our battleships had touched on entering the harbor; and there was also something further to report in connection with the outposts which had nothing to do with seagoers or seagoing maneuvers.

500 Volunteered for Aviation Service

THESE young officers of the Navy Aviation Corps are but types of the naval officers who are specializing in the service these days. They all have the seagoing qualification to begin with; on that foundation they build up. Lieutenant Commander Mustin is himself a high type. At Annapolis a great athlete, as an ensign a commander of a gunboat in the Philippine War; efficient watch officer on a big battleship; ordnance officer of another big battleship. From that he specialized as an aviator.

Two years or so ago he made a flight from which he descended hurriedly and unwillingly into Delaware Bay. For two days the South Atlantic Coast was agog with searchers after him or sight of his machine. Meantime he was drifting about on the ocean on his leaking pontoon, which he kept from filling and sinking by original methods until a casual steamer spotted him and picked him up.

He learned something from that; he learns something from every new experience; and when a man of high intelligence, quiet courage, will power, imagination, backs that equipment with a wide experience, the world benefits. All of these officers are seeking to better the service. Aviating is going to be a dangerous service in war time, yet five hundred young officers made application for the corps. An increase of 35 per cent in pay goes with corps enrollment to-day; but these five hundred applied before any increased pay bill went through.

There were eleven officers in the corps; there are now nine. The missing two went the usual way. Will the others eventually go that way? Not necessarily. They are not foolish. Before Lieutenant Bellinger made his flight yesterday I noticed that he went carefully over every part of his machine. Once satisfied that every part was as strong as could be he worried no further. The naturally qualified man who is also experienced is usually the last to come to grief. Two years ago Mustin was not an experienced aviator, and was trying a difficult feat—difficult even for an old hand. Somebody had to do it—he did it. To-day it would take much to upset him.

The Value of the Flying Corps

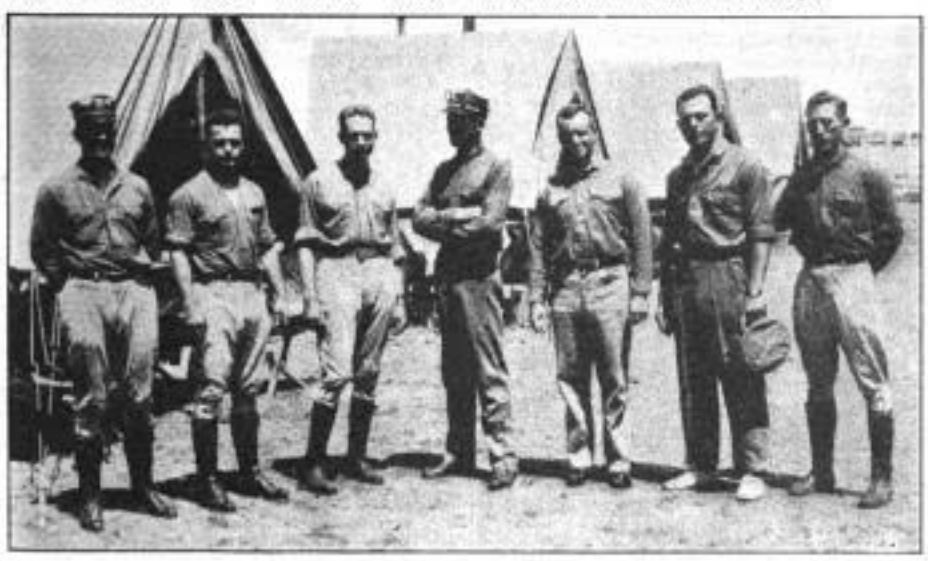
THE navy aviators should before long be doing the best work of any in the country. And why? Because there is now a school of them. Where a lot of good men are in regular competition we always get the best results—that holds for almost any line; in a few years the navy corps will probably be regularly doing work in the air that is to-day not possible.

If you ever had a good look at the Bellinger type, and besides that had watched his development for four or five years, you would not feel nervous, no matter what your native dread might be at the thought of finding yourself a few thousand feet up in the air. If you knew Mustin, and he said "I think I can do so and so with an aeroplane," you would probably prefer to try that thing, even though it looked hazardous, than to try a most ordinary thing with a most ordinary performer. The Mustin type will increase; and then we shall see most of the presently impossible things solved. These men who love adventure for the sake of adventure, but can forget the adventure for the sake of something more useful to the service and the world—they will be the men to do it.

The great value to the fleet of the Aviation Corps to-day? Scouting. You can stand on the deck of a ship now and, by fixing your glasses on an aeroplane from its first rise, keep it in sight for eight or ten miles on a clear day; by trying to sight it intermittently you will probably lose it in half that distance. An aeroplane, from a height of ten thousand feet, can see a fleet of battleships fifty miles away, and the battleships can no more see her than they can see a speck on the sun. An aeroplane can keep a fleet of battleships in sight all day, and then, even if she loses them at night, can begin her wide circling in the morning and soon pick them up again, no matter to what course the ships change in the night.

What Is the Future?

HOW are the battleships ever to beat that game? We do not have to keep track of the forlorn little Mexican navy with our aeroplanes, but suppose it should be some other navy?



A group of Uncle Sam's aviators at Vera Cruz, photographed by James H. Hare (left to right): Lieutenant P. N. L. Bellinger, Ensign G. de C. Chevalier, Lieutenant J. H. Towers, Lieutenant R. C. Saufley, Ensign C. K. Bronson, Lieutenant B. L. Smith, Ensign M. L. Stolz

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Bealby

(Continued from page 8)

hovered, as a trifling annoyance, as something pink and hot rustling a sheet of a discordant shade of pink, as something that got in the way of his legs and whistled softly some trivial cheerful air, just to show how little it cared. Presently, very soon, this vague trouble would pass out of his consciousness altogether. . . .

THE Lord Chancellor was no mere amateur of philosophy. His activities in that direction were a part of his public reputation. He lectured on religion and esthetics. He was a fluent Hegelian. He spent his holidays, it was understood, in the Absolute—at any rate in Germany. He would sometimes break into philosophy at dinner tables and particularly over the dessert and be more luminously incomprehensible, while still apparently sober, than almost anyone. An article in the "Hibbert" caught and held his attention. It attempted to define a new and doubtful variety of Infinity. You know of course that there are many sorts and species of Infinity, and that the Absolute is just the king among Infinities as the lion is king among the Beasts. . . .

"I say," said a voice coming out of the world of Relativity and coughing the cough of those who break a silence. "You aren't going to Shonts, are you?"

The Lord Chancellor returned slowly to earth.

"Just seen your label," said the very fair young man. "You see, I'm going to Shonts."

The Lord Chancellor remained outwardly serene. He reflected for a moment. And then he fell into that snare which is more fatal to great lawyers and judges perhaps than to any other class of men, the snare of the crushing repartee. One had come into his head now—a beauty.

"Then we shall meet there," he said in his suavest manner.

"Well—rather."

"It would be a great pity," said the Lord Chancellor with an effective blandness, using a kind of wry smile that he employed to make things humorous, "it would be a great pity, don't you think, to anticipate that pleasure."

And having smiled the retort well home with his head a little on one side, he resumed with large, leisurely movements the reading of his "Hibbert Journal."

"Got me there," said the very fair young man belatedly looking boiled to a turn, and after a period of restlessness settled down to an impatient perusal of "Black and White."

"There's a whole blessed week-end of course," the young man remarked presently without looking up from his paper and apparently pursuing some obscure meditations. . . .

A vague uneasiness crept into the Lord Chancellor's mind as he continued to appear to peruse. Out of what train of thought could such a remark arise? His weakness for crushing retort had a little betrayed him. . . .

It was however only when he found himself upon the platform of Chelsome, which as everyone knows is the station for Shonts, and discovered Mr. and Mrs. Rampound Pilby upon the platform looking extraordinarily like a national monument and its custodian, that the Lord Chancellor began to realize that he was in the grip of fate, and that the service he was doing his party by week-ending with the Laxtons was likely to be not simply joyless but disagreeable.

Well anyhow he had MacTaggart, and he could always work in his own room. . . .

BY the end of dinner the Lord Chancellor was almost at the end of his large but clumsy endurance; he kept his eyebrows furled only by the most strenuous relaxation of his muscles, and within he was a sea of silent blasphemies. All sorts of little things had accumulated. . . .

He exercised an unusual temperance with the port and old brandy his host pressed upon him, feeling that he dared not relax, lest his rage have its way with him. The cigars were quite intelligent at any rate, and he smoked and listened with a faintly perceptible disdain to the conversation of the other men. At any rate Mrs. Rampound Pilby was out of the room. The talk had arisen out of a duologue that had preceded the departure of the ladies, a duologue of Timbre's, about apparitions and the reality of the future life. Sir Peter Laxton, released from the eyes of his wife, was at liberty to say he did not believe in all this stuff; it was just thought transference and fancy and all that sort of thing. His declaration did not arrest the flow of feeble instances and experiences into which such talk invariably degenerates. His lordship remained carelessly attentive, his eyebrows unfurled but drooping, his cigar upward at an acute angle; he contributed no anecdotes, content now and then to express himself compactly by some brief sentence of pure Hegelian—much as a Mohammedan might spit.



"Why! come to that, they say Shonts is haunted," said Sir Peter. "I suppose we could have a ghost here in no time if I chose to take it on. Rare place for a ghost, too."

THE very fair young man of the train had got a name now and was Captain Douglas. When he was not blushing too brightly he was rather good looking. He was a distant cousin of Lady Laxton's. He impressed the Lord Chancellor as unabashed. He engaged people in conversation with a cheerful familiarity that excluded only the Lord Chancellor, and even at the Lord Chancellor he looked ever and again. He pricked up his ears at the mention of ghosts, and afterward, when the Lord Chancellor came to think things over, it seemed to him that he had caught a curious glance of the Captain's bright little brown eye.

"WHAT sort of ghost, Sir Peter? Chains? Eh? No?"

"Nothing of that sort, it seems. I don't know much about it. I wasn't sufficiently interested. No, sort of spook that bangs about and does you a mischief. What's its name? Plundergeist?"

"Poltergeist," the Lord Chancellor supplied carelessly in the pause.

"Runs its hand over your hair in the dark. Taps your shoulder. All nonsense. But we don't tell the servants. Sort of thing I don't believe in. Easily explained—what with paneling and secret passages and priests' holes and all that."

"Priests' holes!" Douglas was excited.

"Where they hid. Perfect rabbit warren. There's one going out from the drawing-room alcove. Quite a good room in its way. But you know"—a note of wrath crept into Sir Peter's voice—"they didn't treat me fairly about these priests' holes. I ought to have had a sketch and a plan of these priests' holes. When a chap is given possession of a place he ought to be given possession. Well! I don't know where half of them are myself. That's not possession. Else we might refurnish them and do them up a bit. I guess they're pretty musty."

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS spoke with his eye on the Lord Chancellor. "Sure there isn't a murdered priest in the place, Sir Peter?" he asked.

"Nothing of the sort," said Sir Peter. "I don't believe in these priests' holes. Half of 'em never had priests in 'em.



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It's all pretty tidy rot I expect—come to the bottom of it . . ."

The conversation did not get away from ghosts and secret passages until the men went to the drawing room. If it seemed likely to do so, Captain Douglas pulled it back. He seemed to delight in these silly particulars; the sillier they were the more he was delighted.

THE Lord Chancellor was a little preoccupied by one of those irrational suspicions that will sometimes afflict the most intelligent of men. Why did Douglas want to know all the particulars about the Shonts ghosts? Why every now and then did he glance with that odd expression at one's face—a glance half appealing and half amused. Amused! It was a strange fancy, but the Lord Chancellor could almost have sworn that the young man was laughing at him. At dinner he had had that feeling one has at times of being talked about; he had glanced along the table to discover the Captain and a rather plain woman, that idiot Timbre's wife she probably was, with their heads together looking up at him quite definitely, and both manifestly pleased by something Douglas was telling her. . . .

What was it Douglas had said in the train? Something like a threat. But the exact words had slipped the Lord Chancellor's memory. . . .

The Lord Chancellor's preoccupation was just sufficient to make him a little unwary. He drifted into grappling distance of Mrs. Rampound Pilby. Her voice caught him like a lasso and drew him in. "Well, and *how* is Lord Moggeridge now?" she asked.

What on earth is one to say to such an impertinence?

SHE was always like that. She spoke to a man of the caliber of Lord Bacon as though she was speaking to a schoolboy home for the holidays. She had an invincible air of knowing all through everybody. It gave rather confidence to her work than charm to her manner.

"Do you still go on with your philosophy?" she said.

"No," shouted the Lord Chancellor, losing all self-control for the moment and waving his eyebrows about madly. "No, I go *off* with it."

"For your vacations? Ah, Lord Moggeridge, how I envy you great lawyers your long vacations. *I*—never get a vacation. Always we poor authors are pursued by our creations, sometimes it's typescript, sometimes it's proofs. Not that I really complain of proofs. I confess to a weakness for proofs. Sometimes alas! it's criticism. Such *undiscerning* criticism! . . ."

The Lord Chancellor began to think very swiftly of some tremendous lie that would enable him to escape at once without incivility from Lady Laxton's drawing room. Then he perceived that Mrs. Rampound Pilby was asking him: "Is that *the* Captain Douglas, or his brother, who's in love with the actress woman?"

The Lord Chancellor made no answer. What he thought was "Great Silly Idiot! How should *I* know?"

"I think it must be *the* one—the one who had to leave Portsmouth in disgrace because of the ragging scandal. He did nothing there, they say, but organize practical jokes. Some of them were quite subtle practical jokes. He's a cousin of our hostess; that perhaps accounts for his presence. . . ."

The Lord Chancellor's comment betrayed the drift of his thoughts. "He'd better not try that sort of thing on here," he said. "I abominate—clowning."

DRAWING-ROOM did not last very long. Even Lady Laxton could not miss the manifest gloom of her principal guest, and after the good nights and barley water, and lemonade on the great landing, Sir Peter led Lord Moggeridge by the arm—he hated being led by the arm—into the small but still spacious apartment that was called the study. The Lord Chancellor was now very thirsty; he was not used to abstinence of any sort; but Sir Peter's way of suggesting a drink roused such a fury of resentment in him that he refused tersely and conclusively. There was nobody else in the study but Captain Douglas, who seemed to hesitate upon the verge of some familiar address, and Lord Woodenhouse who was thirsty, too, and held a vast tumbler of whisky and soda, with a tinkle of ice in it, on his knee in a way annoying to a parched man. The Lord Chancellor helped himself to a cigar and assumed the middle of the fireplace with an air of contentment, but he could feel the self-control running out of the heels of his boots.

Sir Peter after a quite unsuccessful invasion of his own hearthrug—the Lord Chancellor stood like a rock—secured the big armchair, stuck his feet out toward his distinguished guest, and resumed a talk that he had been holding with Lord Woodenhouse about firearms. Mergleson had as usual been too attentive to his master's glass, and the fine edge was off Sir Peter's deference. "I always have carried firearms," he said, "and I always shall. Used properly they are a great protection. Even in the country how are you to know who you're going to run up against—anywhen?"

"But you might shoot and hit something," said Douglas.

"Properly used, I said—properly used. Whipping out a revolver and shooting *at* a man, that's not properly used. Almost as bad as pointing it at him—which is pretty certain to make him fly straight at you if he's got an ounce of pluck. But *I* said properly used and I *mean* properly used."

THE Lord Chancellor tried to think about that article on Infinities, while appearing to listen to this fool's talk. He despised revolvers. Armed with such eyebrows as his it was natural for him to despise revolvers.

"Now, I've got some nice little barkers upstairs," said Sir Peter. "I'd almost welcome a burglar, just to try them."

"If you shoot a burglar," said Lord Woodenhouse abruptly, with a gust of that ill temper that was frequent at Shonts toward bedtime, "when he's not attacking you, it's murder."

Sir Peter held up an offensively pacifying hand. "I know *that*," he said, "you needn't tell me *that*."

He raised his voice a little to increase his already excessive accentuations. "*I* said properly used."

A yawn took the Lord Chancellor unawares and he caught it dexterously with his hand. Then he saw Douglas hastily pull at his little blond mustache to conceal a smile—grinning ape! What was there to smile at? The man had been smiling all the evening.

Up to something?

"Now let me *tell* you," said Sir Peter, "let me *tell* you the proper way to use a revolver. You whip it out and *instantly* let fly at the ground. You should never let anyone see a revolver ever before they hear it—see? You let fly at the ground first off, and the concussion stuns them. It doesn't stun you. *You* expect it, *they* don't. See? There you are—five shots left—master of the situation."

"I think, Sir Peter, I'll bid you good night," said the Lord Chancellor, allowing his eye to rest for one covetous moment on the decanter and struggling with the devil of pride.

Sir Peter made a gesture of extreme friendliness from his chair, expressive of the Lord Chancellor's freedom to do whatever he pleased at Shonts. "I may perhaps tell you a little story that happened once in Morocco."

"My eyes won't keep open any longer," said Captain Douglas suddenly, with a whirl of his knuckles into his sockets, and stood up.

LORD WOODENHOUSE stood up too. "You see," said Sir Peter, standing also but sticking to his subject and his hearer. "This was when I was younger than I am now, you must understand, and I wasn't married. Just mooching about a bit, between business and pleasure. Under such circumstances one goes into parts of a foreign town where one wouldn't go if one was older and wiser. . . ." Captain Douglas left Sir Peter and Woodenhouse to it.

He emerged on the landing and selected one of the lighted candlesticks upon the table. "Lord!" he whispered. He grimaced in soliloquy and then perceived the Lord Chancellor regarding him with suspicion and disfavor from the ascending staircase. He attempted ease. For the first time since the train incident he addressed Lord Moggeridge.

"I gather, my lord—you don't believe in ghosts," he said.

"No, sir," said the Lord Chancellor, "I don't."

"They won't trouble me to-night."

"They won't trouble any of us."

"Fine old house, anyhow," said Captain Douglas.

The Lord Chancellor disdained to reply. He went on his way upstairs.

(To be continued next week)

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HE who shaves regularly with a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR realizes a difficult problem solved—shaving stripped of its dread and made so easy.

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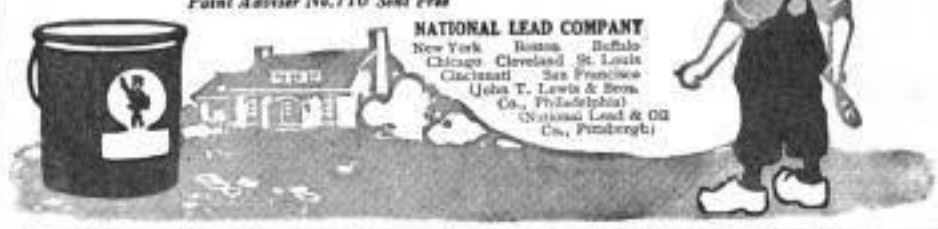
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THE SANITARY ERASER receives at its open end a strip of rubber ⅛ inch thick, of a width and length that of the holder. By slight pressure of the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another.

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We have been advertising in the Leading Magazines for 10 years. That means that we have made good with the

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A 6-cent pound of ordinary sugar with this machine will within 8 minutes make $1.50 worth of candy floss. No experience necessary. Unheard of daily profits assured with this wonder money-maker. And it keeps on making enormous profits year after year with no expense for repairs. Ten years of big money-making experience have proved this your opportunity. Today is the day to get the facts. Write to Dept. C.

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Butter Educator Wafers as you eat them.

SOLVE BREAD PROBLEM

They make everything else you eat taste better

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New York Is Expanding More Rapidly Than Any city in the world. Improved lots in beautiful residential park at Hempstead, Long Island, six miles from New York, $240 up; small amount down; easy monthly payments; all city conveniences; every lot guaranteed high and dry; many fine residences now on property; five cent trolley to ocean; title guaranteed; gilt-edged investment; send for photographic map and illustrated booklet. W. Kaye, 287 Broadway, New York City.

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Why Experiment? Big Firms Demand Results. That's the reason they patronize us. Our service covers the country. No advance fees. Established 1906; Members Chicago Ass'n of Commerce; Wiley & Mack, General Counsel; Highest commercial and bank references. Write us today. Conie W. Mack & Co., Otis Bldg., Chicago.

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Business Opportunities

Mail Order Business—How To Succeed Interesting, instructive articles every month by those who know, in "The Business Builder"—the different, distinctive magazine of mail-order and agency selling. 68 pages, standard magazine size. Sample copy 10c., none free. The Business Builder, Randolph Rose, Publisher, 28 Rose Block, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dull Razor Blades

Disgusted With "Re-Sharpening?" Want Something better? Then let us "re-edge" them by Redge Process same way blademakers edge new blades. Send for prices. Mailing Box Free. Parker-Warren Co., 1433B Br'dway, N.Y.

From Producer to Consumer

Ow! Wow! That's The Stuff! Bayle's Horse-radish Mustard. The finest condiment in the world; 10c a jar at your grocer's or direct from Geo. A. Bayle, St. Louis, Mo.

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Protective Patents Procured Promptly. Trade-marks Registered U. S. Patent Office. Inventors Blue Book sent on Request. Robb & Robb, 295-298 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Wanted An Idea! Who Can Think Of Some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. Write for Bulletin of Patent Buyers and Needed Inventions. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 153, Washington, D. C.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. ½ to ⅓ mfrs. prices. $15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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JOBS

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Agents: A New Line With Big Money Making possibilities selling the nationally known Eriarade Row-boat or Canoe Motor at resorts or wherever boating exists. Attaches in one minute. Easy to start. Simple in operation. Economical. Officially adopted by twelve Governments including the United States. Magneto equipped. Drives a Rowboat eight miles per hour, Canoe twelve miles per hour. Weighs 50 lbs. Can be carried like a satchel. Write for particulars today. Get started early. Eriarade Motor Company, 159 F St., Milwaukee, Wis. Agents protected on territory and price. Full co-operation. Profit by our national advertising.

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

The Fuller Dustless Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 51 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 50,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 508, Chicago.

Wide-Awake Agents Or Crew Managers Can secure special concession and reap the benefit from the best money making agency proposition on the market by writing now for full particulars. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele-phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Phonlate Co., 500 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Har-vest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N.J.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 90%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 308 Warren St., New York.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Agents Wanted

Agents, Would You Take A Steady Job With regular weekly income to start and chance to work up to big yearly profits? No experience required. Great crew managers' proposition. We manufacture. Middlemen profits saved.—Get posted on our 1914 exclusive territory business-building selling plans. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Pres., B 61, Davis Bldg., Chicago.

Local Managers Wanted In Each City And Town to co-operate with us in a campaign to establish a paying business all over the country. Do not write unless you are able to finance orders and can furnish the best of references. We have a money-saving device which has a large field for intelligent men. Once sold a steady income ensues. Tevlo Corporation, 25 Broad St., Office 735, N. Y. City.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 51 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $25 per week death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents. We Want Men And Women To Rep-resent us and start sub-agents. "Every home a sale." Big Profits Everywhere. Territory being taken fast. Write us quick. Enclose stamp for particulars. Sun Mfg. Co., 362 Dean Bldg., South Bend, Indiana.

Sign Men—Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Be independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. N. Y. Sign Letter Co., 251 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Get The Habit. Others Have. Earn Extra Money in spare time or entire time, selling my window sign letters. Always in demand. No experience required. Samples and particulars free. Chas. Goodman, 117 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel-ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novitas Sales Co., 280 High St., Waltham, Mass.

Agents—"Large Profit" Free Sample Our Gold & Silver Sign Letters for Store fronts & Office windows. Easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. 432 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

Sells Like Hot Cakes: Big Profits: Nothing Like it; ironing wax, pad and rest, perfumes clothes; clamps to ironing board, refills with new wax; sample 5c. Marshall Mfg., 14 Front St., New York.

High-Grade Salesmen

Capable Side Line Salesmen Wanted In Every locality to handle a Nationally advertised Specialty line of exceptional merit. Sells on sight, patented and guaranteed. Liberal commission. Splendid incomes easily made by energetic, experienced workers. Give complete details experience, present line, references, territory in first letter. Sanitas Co., 236 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing $10 a year pays $5000 for accidental death—$25 a week sickness or injury. $5 a year buys policy paying $3000 accidental death—$15 a week injury or sickness. Midland Casualty Co., 1145 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.90 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted—Salesmen Highest Type To handle Winters' All Metal Changeable Sign Board—greatest selling Novelty ever produced. If you cannot make big money every day we do not want you to represent us. H. E. Winters Specialty Company, Davenport, Ia.

Salesmen Wanted Residing In Or Making Small towns. Take orders on our special plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales, $4.00 commission on each order. Write for pocket outfit today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 308 Sigel St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted

Agents Sell 5 Silk Wash Ties For $1.00. Catchy Gold Filled Tie Clasp and Stick Pin Free. Wins sales. Big Profits. Write for samples and terms. Comer Mfg. Co., 5 Tenth St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer; cleans tub of clothes in 2 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. Price to agents 50c in quantities. Wendell Washer Co., 208 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Household Necessity Recently Invented Sells readily at 75c. Costs distributors 25c. Nothing like it on the market. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get your territory now. Hugro Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Agents: Portraits 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pic-tures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. Pillow tops 25c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1108, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

CONFIDENCE

Have you ever stopped to figure out what part **confidence** plays in business? Before a merchant ships goods on consignment to a retailer, he must have **confidence** in him. Before a person buys an article by mail in response to an advertisement, he must have **confidence** in the magazine.

Confidence is absolutely essential in the promotion of business. A magazine which creates **confidence** in the minds of its readers toward its advertisers will be a profitable medium for advertising purposes. In so far as possible, Collier's excludes from its advertising columns, both classified and display, all advertisers in whom **confidence** cannot be placed. One classified advertiser says:

> "Last week two men came into my office, laid down their money on my desk and said that they knew my goods were up to the mark because they were advertised in Collier's."
>
> The same advertiser says further: "I have found after years of experience that I can get more money from Collier's and one other magazine than from all others combined. I think it is because both publications appeal to men and because the readers have perfect **confidence** in the advertisers."

In addition to reader **confidence**—Collier's gives 750,000 or more circulation for only $3.00 per line, and splendid position—usually next to or opposite reading matter.

There is no better advertising medium for *most* advertisers.

What a Lot of Women Want

By C. T. HALLINAN

WILMER ATKINSON'S reliable "Farm Journal" vouches for the existence of a cooperative laundry which is making life vastly easier for the women in a certain cluster of Minnesota farms.

This little community had a cooperative creamery of the average type. A bright woman, who probably read COLLIER'S, said: "Why can't the creamery put in some laundry machinery and do all our washing?" Circulars were sent for and carefully studied; the paternal mail-order houses were consulted; finally the "committee" passed the hat for 85 to $25 subscriptions and plunged in the purchase of $2,500 worth of machinery.

Now they have a well-equipped laundry, built next door to the creamery and using the creamery engine—to everybody's delight. This is a big saving. The farmers take the family washing to the "laundry-creamery" when they take their cream, and get it on some subsequent trip. The washing bill is charged to the creamery account and deducted at the end of the month. Simple bookkeeping and no "bad accounts."

It is interesting to see the figures. This neighborhood laundry charges 5 cents a pound for washing clothes. It is very obliging and will run through the mangle once, free of charge, what the housewives call "flat work." A woman is employed to iron, and the patrons pay for her services at the rate of 15 cents an hour. A man on the "committee" who is of a statistical turn of mind says that the average week's washing costs 97.9 cents per family. Who can compute the time and labor and backache saved "per family"?

THOSE who say that American farmers can never cooperate may study the totals pertaining to this enterprise. At the end of the first eleven months the receipts were $4,807.21; wages paid, $3,556.25; 10 per cent rebate to cooperators, $480.32; soap, starch, and other supplies, $250; paid creamery company for power, $150; paid creamery company for rent, $100; dividend to stockholders, $100; incidental expenses, $166.64; total, $4,807.21.

If we no longer thrill, as our forefathers did, to schemes for ready-made "utopias" and "phalansteries," there is a good reason why. New England and the Middle West—especially Indiana—are covered with the ruins of those communistic experiments. But rural cooperation is a sturdier plant when once it gets rooted. Country life fifty years hence will see a vast multiplication of such sensible schemes as the one sketched here. The real "new woman" of the future will be the farmer's wife, "shooing" stupid drudgery off the place.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated,
Publishers, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Robert J. Collier, *President*; E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*; J. G. Jarrett, *Treasurer*; Charles E. Miner, *Secretary*; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, *Manager Advertising Department*

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber

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DIXON'S

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reduce friction to almost nil, give more miles, more power and save the car.

Equally good for motor boats.

"Words of Wisdom from the Speed Kings" and the Dixon Lubricating Chart will give you valuable hints in preventing friction in your car. Write for them.

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Established in 1827



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Real Command of English

It will take only a few of your spare moments at home; no repellent grammar study; each lesson as clear as daylight, and inspiring to the highest degree. Commence now—let Grenville Kleiser teach you through his Mail Course in Practical English, how to

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Cook's Traveler's Cheques Are Good All Over the World

The Voice of Spring

(Concluded from page 30)

"Well, young man! What's the idea of this?" Birdie demanded after she had looked him over. Her guides stood back in awed expectation.

"Hello," Jimmie calmly returned. "I didn't think you could find me so quick. We was goin' to start to-night and go out with Jinglers' circus this spring. I know where it is—I read it in a theatre paper a fellow give me."

Miss McMullen sat down on a box and studied him with interest—the wanderlust of springtime had undoubtedly captured his adventurous spirit.

"Tell me about it, Jimmie," she suggested. "Ragon and Schnable and Miller didn't want to give you away—but I made them tell. I knew it was boy scouts that had you stowed away somewhere and I just bored it out of them."

"I was goin' to lie like anything first," Ragon cheerfully asserted. "I got leery as soon as I found out who you was off of Dutch Miller."

"Oh, I got tired of that school. They don't do nothin' there only say prayers all the time—except when you're studyin' lessons," young Mr. Ferris explained with fine scorn. "It's all right for girls, I suppose. But I ain't got no time to learn about no seven deadly sins. That gives me a pain."

"Jimmie!" Miss McMullen exclaimed sharply. "I'm surprised at you!"

"So was Sister Mary Ceophas, I guess, when I told her to go and jump in the lake," Jimmie retorted. "I had Pride and Gluttony all right, and I remembered the one about gettin' mad and fightin'. But then I got stuck. I couldn't remember that one about bein' lazy all the time, and Sister Mary Ceophas she says to me, she says: 'What's the one thing that's the matter with you, Jimmie?'

"That made me kind o' sore because I thought she was talkin' about me havin' red hair. So I says I don't know nothin' that's the matter with me, and she says if I did I could answer about that next deadly sin because I've got it. And when she told me what it was I wrote it down on a piece of paper so I'd remember it." He fingered in his waistcoat pocket a moment and brought up a grimy piece of paper. "It's 'Sloat,'" he announced, after glancing at it; "that's what she said I had."

"Yes, I understand, Jimmie," Miss McMullen said. "I think Sister Mary Ceophas has been studying you for a while. And then what?"

"Well, then she told me what it meant and she said I'd have to stay after school and write it a hundred times," Jimmie went on, "and so I told her to go jump in the lake, and then I beat it."

"Oh, yes. And when did you get the happy little thought about being a circus performer?" she asked, while the lesser lights curled up on the hay and drank it all in avidly.

"Oh, I knew about that long ago," he returned. "I met a fellow once that was in Jingler's—he wasn't any bigger'n me, and all he had to do was let one man throw him over his head and he turns a somerset on another man's shoulders and they have swell eats in a tent."

"And you told these boys what a grand game that would be, eh?" she pursued.

"I told 'em I was goin' and they all wanted to go with me," declared Jimmie. "Ragon says he's got sloat about goin' to school, too, and we wanted to take the little kids to hustle eats for us out of grocery wagons while we were travelin'."

Birdie looked suspiciously at the packages that Jimmie's satellites were trying to hide. "I brung my stuff from home," Ragon stoutly asserted. "We didn't tackle no wagons yet, Jimmie. We was goin' to this afternoon."

Miss McMullen rose and shook out her skirts. "I'll tell you what we'll do, fellows," she said, "we'll keep still about this, eh? Nobody'll know it but just us—and Jimmie's going back home to Mrs. Haskins's with me."

"But not to St. Agatha's?" he said in quick alarm.

"No, I think we'll have to fix you up in the public school where you can have all the deadly sins you want to without getting into a row," she returned. "And I won't tell Mrs. Haskins or anybody where you were all this time or how I found you, and Schnable's father will never know we might have had the patrol wagon at his barn, and Ragon and Miller's folks won't find out about what was taken out of the pantry for eats—not this time. Is that a go?"

"Sure!" they chorused cheerfully.

"Then we'll all swear an oath to keep our secret," she said solemnly, "we five, while we're alive."

She held out her hand. Timidly the four boys placed their hands upon it one by one and the compact was sealed.

"I'm kind of glad we ain't going with the circus," Ragon admitted with a little shiver. "The fellow that catches you on his shoulders might miss it some time."

"He does," Birdie assured him, "a couple of times a week. That's why they need so many boys—it takes new ones all the time to keep the act going."

Jimmie Ferris looked at her anxiously. "Does Mrs. Haskins think I've got it?" he asked.

"Got what?" she inquired.

"Sloat," said Jimmie. The others waited anxiously for her answer. Upon it much depended.

"Not a bit of it, son," she declared. "And I don't either. But I want to tell you one thing—it's catching and you're liable to get it."

"All right," Jimmie said with a little sigh of relief, "then I'll go back home. But I wouldn't if I had it."

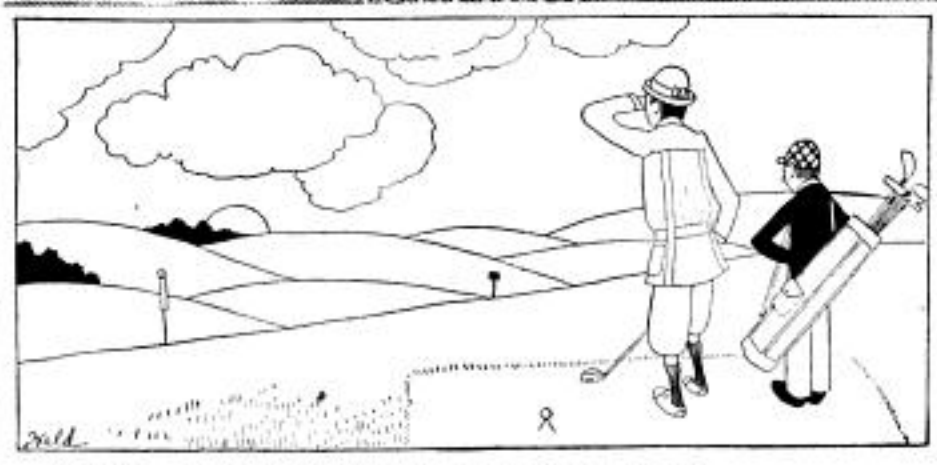
BILLY Sheehan called her up that afternoon with the joyful news that Jimmie Ferris had returned to his home of his own accord, safe and sound and well fed.

"I can't find out where he's been, Birdie," the amateur sleuth declared, "but I think he must have heard that one of these police officers I've been working with was after him. He acted kind of scared, but he wouldn't tell us a thing."

"I don't blame him," she promptly retorted. "It's a wise boy that knows enough to keep his mouth closed when the police are trying to slip over that third-degree stuff. Did he say he was feeling all right?"

"Oh, yes. And he looks dandy," Billy returned. "But there was one thing I didn't quite get that the kid pulled—when Mrs. Haskins asked him how he felt he told her he was afraid first that he had some kind of a disease that sounded like 'sloat.' And none of us could get him to talk about it afterward—I don't know what he was driving at."

"You don't? Why, 'sloat' is another name for spring fever," she retorted. "It's very common just now, Billy. You ought to be over your attack in a day or two—call me up when you're feeling all right again."



Golfer—Do you think I could do this in three?
Caddie (who has been out all day)—Yes, sir, hours or strokes?



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The Cost of Tires

No-Rim-Cut Prices—Since 1909—Have Been Cut in Two. Last Year Alone They Dropped 28 Per Cent. Now These Tires—Once the Extra-Priced—Undersell 16 Other Makes

A curious thing has happened.

Once we had to explain why No-Rim-Cut tires cost more than other makes. Now men are asking why they cost them less. Did we over-charge you formerly, or do we under-charge you now?

Why They Cost More

They cost you more than others once, because they cost us more. And they cost us more today.

No-Rim-Cuts are the only tires which embody our costly, efficient way to put an end to rim-cutting.

They are the only tires which get an "On-Air" cure. That is, we final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. We save in this way all the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This one extra process—used by us alone—costs us $450,000 per year.

They are the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation.

They are the only tires which have our double-thick All-Weather tread. The anti-skid as smooth-riding as a plain tread, but with deep, resistless, sharp-edged grips.

Why They Cost Less

Of course, raw rubber has come down; but not more for us than for others.

Our overhead, since the days of small output, has dropped 24 per cent.

Our labor cost, through multiplied production, has dropped 25 per cent.

Our selling cost has dropped.

And our profits were pared until last year they averaged 6½ per cent.

We have new buildings—new equipment—new efficiency methods. We often make in one day as many motor tires as we made in a month five years ago. Not another plant in the world has anywhere near such an output.

Tire Users Did It

Our present prices are largely due to the men who get them. They have bought these tires by the millions. And this year they are buying 55 per cent more than they ever bought before. We have used our multiplied sales to save all that we could for you. And we have given you more than we saved.

Extra Quality Can Anybody Give It?

Of course, the claim for extra price is extra quality. That's too indefinite to argue. We spend $100,000 yearly to find ways to better tires. That others excel us is simply unthinkable. More men have adopted Goodyears than any other tire in the world. It can't be supposed that so many men are mistaken.

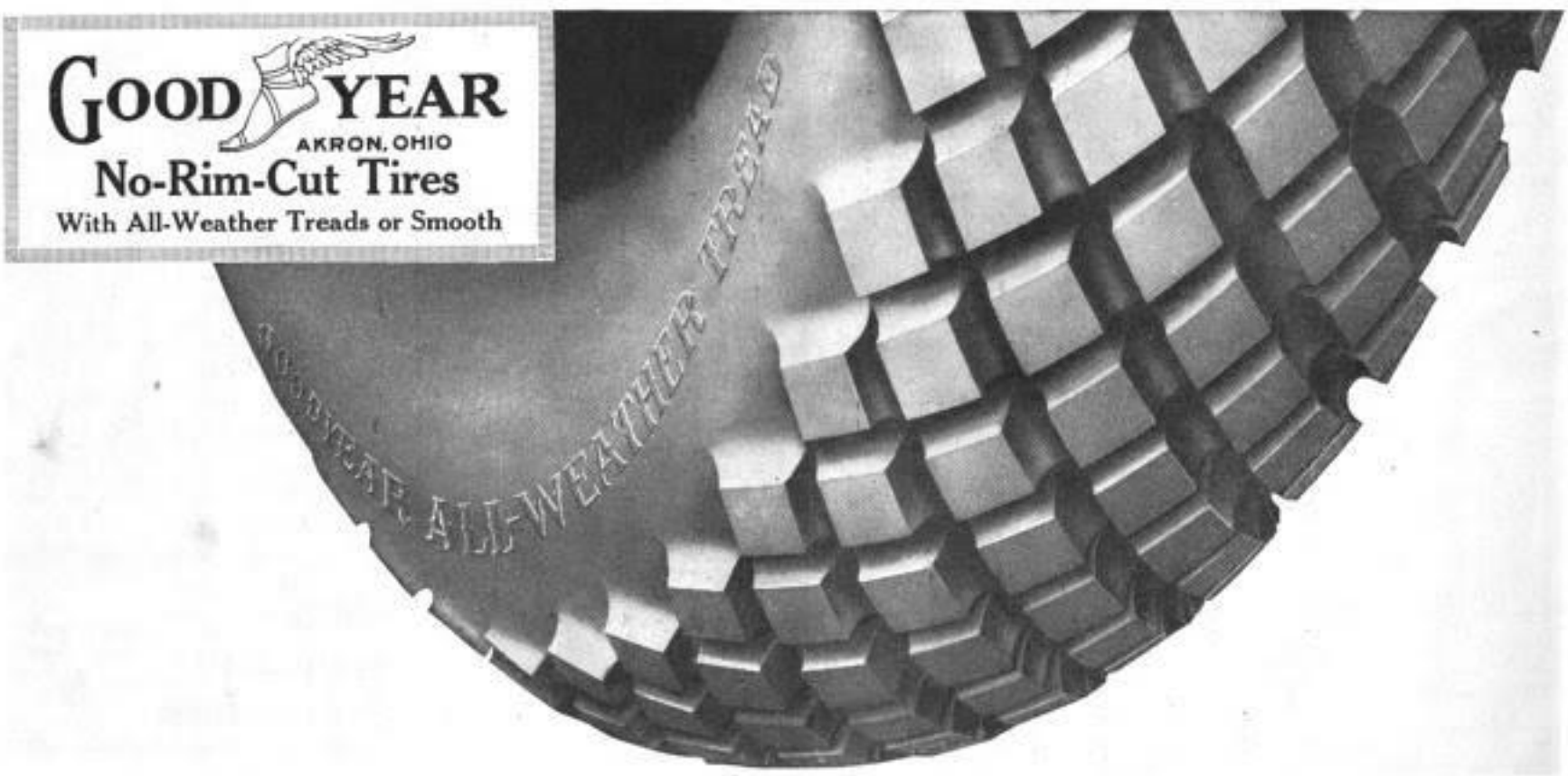
We've told you four ways where Goodyear tires excel. They deal with the four greatest factors in upkeep. No man can think that we give those things and then skimp quality.

The truth is, Goodyear prices buy the utmost in a tire. When you pay for three tires what we charge for four, you pay more than you ought to pay. Any dealer will supply you Goodyears if you say that you prefer them.

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NAPOLEON LAJOIE

peerless second baseman of the Cleveland American team, says:

"Tuxedo and I have been friends for years, and the longer I use it the better I like its mild, soothing effect."

N. Lajoie

Just Before You Start for the Game, Remember Tuxedo

Baseball and Tuxedo make a perfect combination. The perfect sport and the perfect smoke. In pipe or cigarette—Tuxedo is always ideal.

The fellows you see out there on the diamond know this; and after the game and the shower and the rub-down, their first bit of relaxation is a refreshing smoke of Tuxedo.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

famous pitcher of the New York Giants, a great favorite with the "fans" all over the country, says:

"Tuxedo gets to me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, companionable tobacco—the kind to stick to."

C. Mathewson

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Tuxedo is mild, healthful, wholesome, beneficial. If it wasn't, these ball players wouldn't continue to smoke it.

All sorts of famous athletes, opera singers, golfers, airmen, trapshooters—men who have to be right at the top notch of physical fitness all the time—use Tuxedo steadily.

There isn't a speck of irritation, scorch, sting or bite in a pound of Tuxedo. All that is removed by the famous *original* "Tuxedo Process"—a process that has had imitations *galore*—but the *original* "Tuxedo Process" is still the best.

Tuxedo is the *best* tobacco—made of rich, mellow, perfectly aged Kentucky Burley. None better can be bought, because none better is grown.



JOE TINKER

famous short stop and manager of Chicago Federal B. B. Team, says:

"A pipeful of Tuxedo after a game is the most restful smoke I can find."

Jos B Tinker



JOHN J. McGRAW

famous manager of the New York Giants, champions of the National League, says:

"Tuxedo gives to my pipe smoking a keen enjoyment that I have experienced with no other tobacco. Supreme in mildness and fragrance is Tuxedo."

John J. McGraw

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



JIMMY ARCHER

of the Chicago Cubs, well-known catcher and "300" hitter, says:

"Tuxedo is my idea of a good smoke in every way—coolness, mildness, purity. Tuxedo is a winner."

Jimmy Archer

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1258, 111 Fifth Avenue New York



Illustration one-third of actual size.



JACK McINNIS

star first baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, says:

"Tuxedo gives a cool, mild smoke, and never affects the wind. Tuxedo is a tobacco that's always good."

John M. Innis

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"A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

CHESTS of COMMUNITY SILVER range in price from $20 to $200. They can be had at your dealer's either in mahogany or oak, and make extremely serviceable and beautiful presents—presents which every woman will appreciate.



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for June 27, 1914

Our Adventurers at Tampico

By Jack London

The Passing of the Prairie

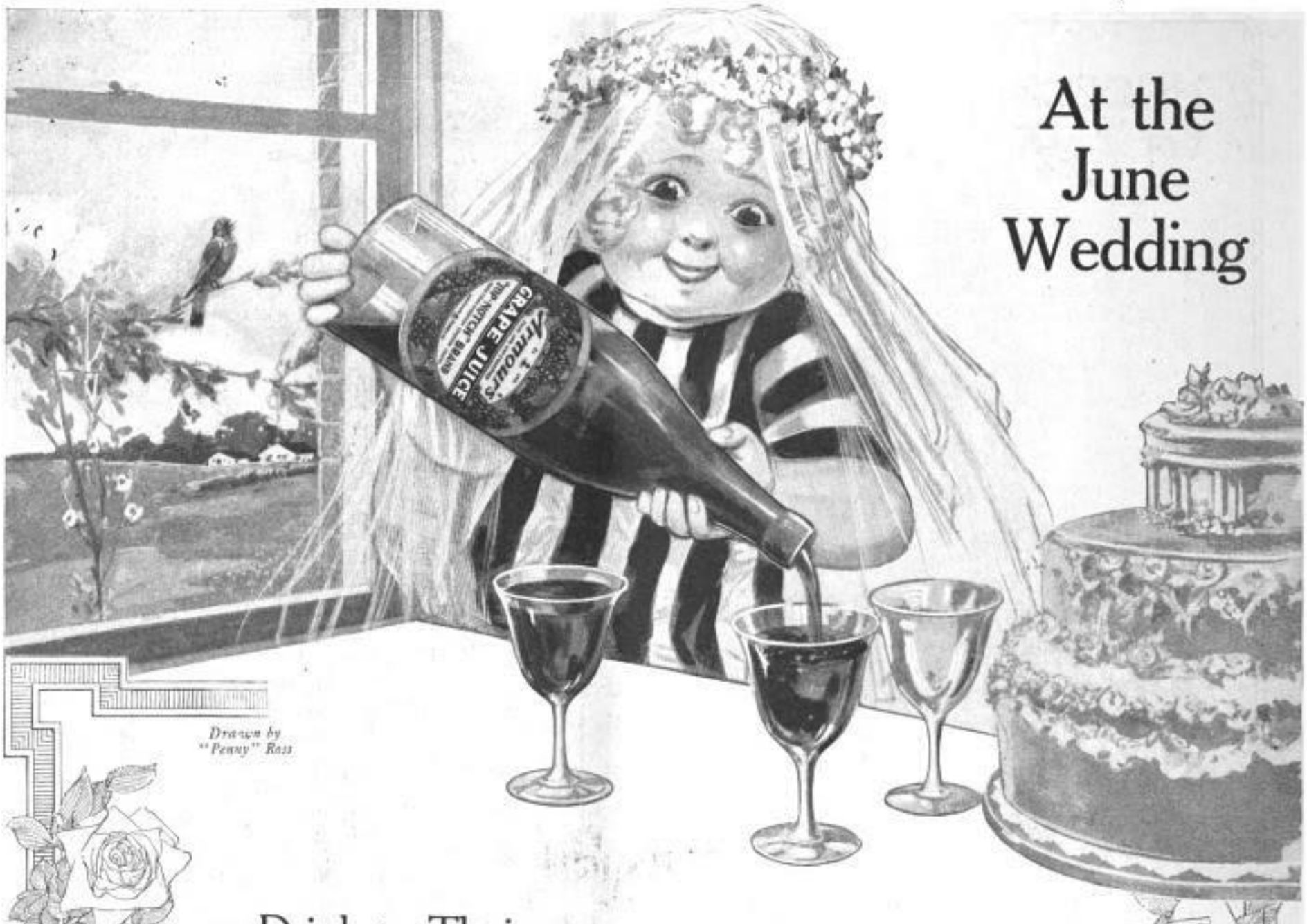
By Hamlin Garland

Bealby

By H. G. Wells



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In Splits, Pints and Quarts

If your dealer cannot supply you we will send you a dozen trial pints for $3.00, or a dozen quarts for $5.50.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY Dept. A20 CHICAGO

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

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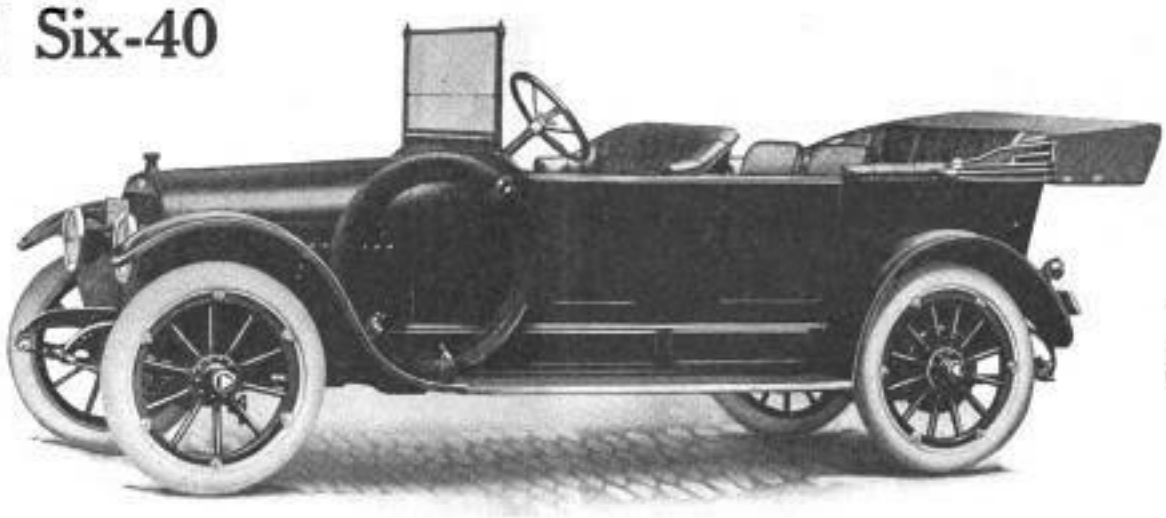
Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Westfield, New York



Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Mattawan, Mich.

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HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



As Pictured
$1,550

The Thoroughbred

The latest refinement in Sixes—one of the handsomest cars in the world—setting many new standards in high-grade cars, and another new record in quality price—the 1915 model of the car whose popularity compelled us in eight months to treble our output.

31 New Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out last year to win a new field to Sixes. Our famous engineering corps—headed by Howard E. Coffin—had devoted three years to the model. It typed, in their opinion, the ultimate in Sixes, as denoted by modern trends.

In lightness, it set a new standard for cars of this capacity. It cut down old-time averages about 1,000 pounds. All this was saved, with no sacrifice of staunchness, by costlier materials and better engineering.

In economy, it lowered operative cost from 15 to 30 per cent under former like-powered cars. This by lightness, by employing six cylinders and by a new-type motor.

In beauty, design and equipment it excelled, in some respects, any other car of the year.

In price—then $1,750—it set a new record among quality cars which no other maker met.

We knew that men wanted this type of car. They wanted lightness, modest size, economy. They rebelled against over-tax. Yet they wanted quality and they wanted beauty. And they wanted, above all, a Six.

But we did not dream how many men waited such a car. They flocked by the thousands to HUDSON dealers, and placed 3,000 orders more than we could fill. At the end of the season men were offering premiums—as high as $200—to obtain this light Six-40.

Now our 48 engineers have devoted another whole year to this car. They have brought the weight down to 2,900 pounds. They have added comfort, convenience, silence and beauty in 31 important ways.

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we offer you the best consensus of present-day ideals. Many men must buy cheaper cars. Some will always want the big and the costly. But most men will concede this new HUDSON Six-40 to be America's representative car.

Price $200 Less

The HUDSON Six-40 demand has compelled us to treble our output for next year. Building three times as many, our cost per car will be lessened by $200. So the price for 1915 has been fixed at $1,550.

That accords with HUDSON policy. It is the latest of the thousand things we have done to bring the best within reach of the many.

Think of this ideal car—the very embodiment of all that's desirable—a HUDSON and a Six—selling for $1,550. Only a little while back there was no Six sold for twice that.

The new HUDSON Six-40 is a thoroughbred Six. Its very lightness denotes the highest grade of materials and a masterpiece in designing. It is distinguished in lines and beauty. Its finish, its beauty and equipment all show our infinite pains. It seats up to seven, with the disappearing tonneau seats.

A year of use in thousands of hands has proved the faultless construction. And now this new model shows all the refinements which 48 men in four years have worked out.

Go to your Hudson dealer and see it. It is the finest example you will find this year of the progress made in motor car building.

Six-40 Phaeton, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit
Six-40 Standard Roadster, same price

The HUDSON Six-54, built on the same lines, but with larger motor and 135-inch wheelbase, sells for $2,350. It offers to men who want size and impressiveness the best that is possible, and at a modest price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have these new cars on show. Our new catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
8035 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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Note the Goodyears
As You See Tires on the Street

You can see for yourself how fast men are coming to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

And this comes, remember, after 15 years of tests. After men have used over three million Goodyears, and marked their mileage records.

Now more men buy Goodyears than buy any other tire. More buy this year than last year—by 55 per cent. We have just built in one month, to supply this demand, more than 216,000 motor tires.

Why This Rising Tide?

The only reason is that Goodyears show lowest cost per mile. That's what all tire buyers seek. And, in these days of odometers, they know when they get it.

No illusion—no chimerical advantage—can long mislead in this field of reality. Tire upkeep is a visible, provable fact.

Goodyears lead because they deserve to. We pay the price to give you here the best men know in tires. On research alone we spend $100,000 yearly—just to test new formulas, methods and ideas. Just to make sure that Goodyears always shall mark the limit in good tires.

Cost of Leadership

On one extra process—our "On-Air" cure—we spend $450,000 per year. It is done to save blow-outs—the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. And no other maker does that.

We create in each tire, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets. This is done to combat loose treads. It reduces this danger by 60 per cent, and no other tire employs it.

We make rim-cutting completely impossible, by a faultless method which we control. It requires in each tire base six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires.

And we alone use the double-thick All-Weather tread. This tough, enduring tread is as smooth as a plain tread, yet it grasps wet roads in every direction with countless deep, sharp-edged grips.

Note that these four features—the four greatest in tire making—are found only in No-Rim-Cut tires. They combat, in exclusive ways, your four major tire troubles.

Yet They Cost You Less

With all these advantages, No-Rim-Cut tires now sell under 16 other makes. Numerous makers ask for three tires what Goodyear asks for four.

Not because the tires are better. That is unthinkable. For we have new factories, modernly equipped. We have efficient methods. We have an output far exceeding any other plant. These things immensely cut cost of production. And we sell at a profit which last year averaged only 6½ per cent.

These facts—and these alone—account for Goodyear prices. They belong among our countless efforts to lower cost per mile. No-Rim-Cut tires—though still rulers of Tiredom—cost half what they used to cost.

Remember Goodyear prestige. Remember this verdict of users. Remember our four exclusive features when you are asked extra prices for tires. You don't need to pay that extra. Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you Goodyear tires. Our dealers are everywhere.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada | **London, England** | **Mexico City, Mexico**

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities | **DEALERS EVERYWHERE** | **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 15 JUNE 27 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Our Adventurers in Tampico

By Jack London

Photographs by the Author

ONE must go and see in order to know. My advance impression of Tampico, for one, was of a typical Mexican port infested with smallpox, yellow fever, and a few American adventurers of pernicious activities and doubtful antecedents. There were also oil wells, I understood, in and about Tampico, operated by the aforesaid adventurers. And that was about all I knew of the place until I went and saw.

Aboard my steamer were oilmen returning after being driven out to our warships by the Mexicans the day our forces landed in Vera Cruz, and after being shanghaied by our State Department to the United States. A big steel barge, swept by every breaker, was pounding to destruction on the end of the breakwater that projected into the Gulf.

"That's our barge," one of the oilmen told me. "When the Federals fired our wharf, her mooring lines burned away and she drifted down the river."

He looked at me grimly when I remarked that they had got off lightly.

"Wait and see," was all he said.

A Massed Front of Industry

ONCE in the mouth of the Pánuco River, the landscape on either side sprouted into the enormous, mushroom growths of the tank farms. I was quite impressed, not having dreamed that our adventurers had done so much work. It was a creditable showing, a very creditable showing. But as we continued up the river, more and more terminals and tank farms lined both banks of it. This was the Corona terminal, and that was the Aguila on both sides, and adjoining were the huge solid buildings of Standard Oil. And still the names of companies were rolled off to me. There was the National Petroleum, there the Waters-Pierce, the Gulf Coast, the Huasteca, the Mexican Fuel, the Magnolia Petroleum, the Texas, the International Oil, the East Coast Oil—and thereat I ceased taking account of the companies and realized that there was quite something more to Tampico than I had anticipated.

"Ah," I remarked, "there's the city at last," indicating great masses of buildings on the north bank. But I was informed that the city was yet miles away, and that what I had mistaken for it was the boiler stacks, still stacks, warehouses, paraffin plants, and agitators of the refineries.

Ocean Tankers in Long Procession

THE ruined walls of a huge building were pointed out. "Six hundred thousand dollars went up there," I was told. "Two hundred and fifty box cars went up with it. The shells from the Federal gunboats did it."

We hoisted the doctor's flag and dropped anchor off a quarter of a mile of burned wharf.

"You see," it was explained, "the rebels were working two machine guns here and a bunch of sharpshooters, and the Federals from the *Zaragoza* let us have it good and plenty. That was all brand-new wharf. In fact, we hadn't quite finished it. Three of our barges were sunk by the shells. Right there at the bottom lies the *Topila* and the *Spindletop*, and, just beyond, the *Santa Fe*. See what the fire left of that tank on top of the hill. It gave us a hot time. While it was burning we fought to keep it inside the fire wall, and all the time the *Zaragoza* was shelling us. Don't talk to me about the peon. I was right there with a gang of them. They were working for day's wages, but no trained soldiers could have behaved better. As soon as we'd jump up to fight the fire the *Zaragoza*'d loosen up on us. Inside ten minutes we'd have to lie down until the shells and machine guns slackened, and then we'd up and go at it again. And not a peon showed the white feather, and we held that burning oil where it was until it burned out. Some peons, hombre, some peons."

And while we waited for the port doctor, big ocean tanker after big ocean tanker in long procession came in from sea, flew the doctor's flag and dropped anchor.

"They come in, load, and go out all in the same day," I was told. "The *Huasteca* can load 9,000 barrels an hour. Why, there are tankers that have been coming in here for a year whose crews have never set foot on land."

Statistics of Pernicious Activities

I BEGAN to gather statistics of the pernicious activities of our American adventurers. One company alone had two roofed concrete tanks holding 1,250,000 barrels along with 120 steel tanks holding 55,000 barrels each. Since a steel tank costs 30,000 pesos, the cost of 120 steel tanks will total 3,600,000 pesos. At the rate of exchange prior to Mexico's present troubles, this investment in mere steel-tank equipment means 1,800,000 American gold dollars. When it is considered that this is but part of the one item of oil-storage equipment of one company, and that there are many other equally expensive items of equipment, the grand total of the equipment of the many companies is vaguely adumbrated.

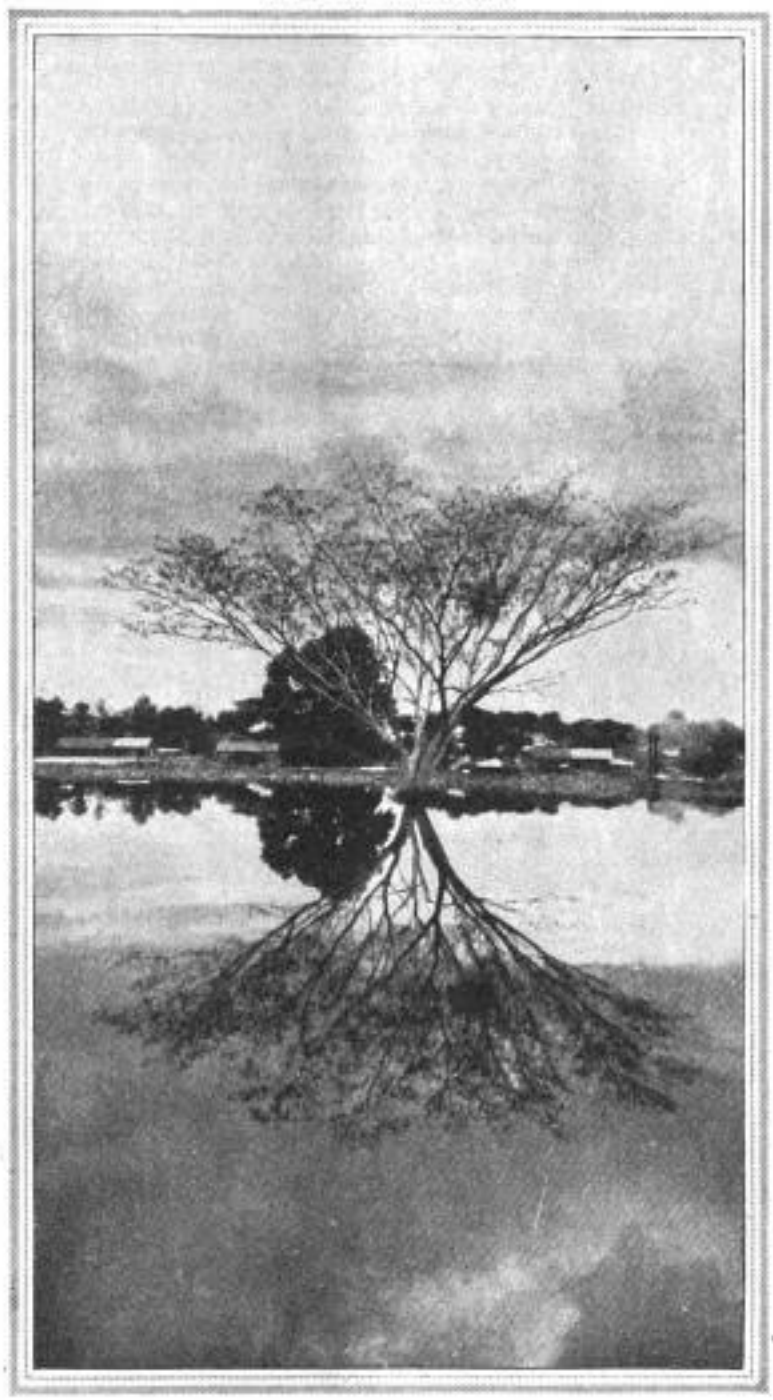
The port doctor finally boarded and passed us and we continued up the river to Tampico. The Pánuco is a noble stream, deep of channel, swift of current, and wide; and as we rounded a grand bend between the interminable tank farms a whole fleet of anchored merchant steamers appeared, as well as warships, flying the flags of various nations. The *Des Moines* flew the only American flag.

Passing the customhouse and emerging through the Fiscal Dock, a long line of mounted Constitutionalists made me for a while forget oil and oil tanks. Before I knew what was happening, I found myself in the company of 500 of the Constitutionalists, dispatched to aid in the pursuit of General Zaragoza and his 4,000 Federals.

The Harum-Scarum Warriors

NEVER on the warpath have I encountered a bunch of warriors so harum-scarum, so happy-go-lucky, so brimming over with good food and high spirits. Everyone was mounted. Every horse was stolen. On the horses were the brands of every ranch and hacienda from the Rio Grande to the Pánuco. Occasionally there was a grizzled oldster. But the big percentage was youthful. There were boys of ten, eleven, and twelve, magnificently and monstrously spurred, astride lifted broncos, with pictures of saints in their sombreros and looted daggers and bowie knives in their leggings, with automatics and revolvers at their hips, bewaisted and beshouldered with belts and bandoliers of cartridges, and with the inevitable rifle across their saddle pommels. And there were women, young women all, mere soldaderas as well as amazons, the former skirted and on sidesaddles, the latter trousered and cross saddled, and all of them wickedly armed like their male comrades, and none of them married. When a soldadera comes along I should not like to be a stray chicken on the line of march nor a wounded enemy on the field of battle.

Crossing the Pánuco to the south bank on a barge, I tried to take the picture of



A Lake of Oil—*"A wad of cotton waste, saturated with kerosene and ignited and tossed into the oil, could have started a $2,000,000,000 bonfire. General Zaragoza could so have started it. So could any drunken peon"*

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a coy and skirted soldadera. But all was vain until I won the good services of the Lieutenant Colonel by snapping him and his fellow officers. They were so delighted that all that they possessed was mine, and the soldadera was commanded to face the camera. The proud Colonel even interrupted proceedings in order to decorate the soldadera with his own cartridge belt, knife, and revolver. She was young, strong, uncorseted, cotton-frocked, all Indian, and she had ridden, as I learned, for two years with the revolutionists. She came from far in the North, and her near goal was Mexico City.

Ashore on the south bank, endeavoring to catch two or three of the rebels with my camera, I suffered from an embarrassment of riches. All the soldiers crowded into the immediate foreground—there were half a thousand of them—and my lens was not wide-angled. In twos and threes they struck the most bloodthirsty attitudes, and I could only escape them by patiently faking a pressure of the bulb and a rolling on of the film. They were as proud as peacocks, as excitable and naive as children. Just as I pressed the bulb on a long row of them on horseback, one of them, beside himself with too much valor, accidentally discharged his rifle. His fellows laughed at him. His officers did not even frown. It was too common an occurrence. They were merely skylarking boys on the rampage, these rebels who had exchanged the tedium of the day's work for a year-long picnic. Picnic was what it was with a horse to ride, a peso and a half a day, good grub, a chance to loot, and, best of all, a chance to shoot their fellow men, which last is the biggest big-game hunting that ever falls to the lot of man. Through the fires of sunset—men, women, and small boys—they rode up the winding trail in single file and disappeared south on the road to Mexico City, their hearts high with the hope that they might overtake and terminate the lives of some of the unfortunate, limping, poor devils of Federals lagging behind the beaten army of Zaragoza.

"Klondike Faded to a Fare You Well!"

RETURNING by launch, I found that Tampico was mostly surrounded by water and was half a Venice. The backyards, or patios, rather, of the water-front dwellers overhung the canal, which teemed with dugout canoes and chalans (the open, native boat), on which lived many families. But in addition to all this was the evidence of the activity of our American adventurers. Everywhere boat building and repairing was going on. There were paint shops, machine shops, and shipways; and there were river steamers, barges, and launches, not by the score, but by the many hundred.

A carriage, drawn by the thinnest, boniest, mangiest pair of horses I had even seen, took me to the hotel. The reason for the condition of the horses was obvious. Only such animals could have escaped for half a year the horse-stealing Federals and rebels. The hotel was modern, five-storied, had elevators, and was in every detail—from the café tables copied after Sherry's to the Tom Collins glasses that were duplicates of Martin's—a New York hotel. Mine host even had cold beer, having added to his stock by purchase from the Constitutional officers of a carload which they had confiscated at Monterey, and which they had run into Tampico over the Mexican Central Railway, also confiscated.

But the hotel was not the interesting thing. It was the men in it—Americans all, who were already gathering back after their enforced journey to the United States. The atmosphere was of the West, of the frontier, of the mining camp. I was more nearly reminded of the men of Klondike than of anywhere else. In truth, within an hour I encountered a dozen sourdoughs, known in the old days in Alaska. Two of them I had Said one from whom I had parted seventeen years before in Dawson City:

"Jack, this ain't no Klondike. It's got Klondike faded to a fare you well and any other gold camp the world has ever seen. You know my old claim on Eldorado, from rim rock to rim rock and 500 feet up and down stream—well, that was a humdinger and it cleaned up half a million. But shucks, that ain't anything alongside of these diggings. Why, there's the old well at Ebano, the first in the country, a gusher when they struck it twelve years ago, and still a-gushing. They ain't had to pump it yet. It just naturally gushes.

"And the Dutch, up above Pánuco, have got an ornery eight-inch hole, nothing to look at, but it can throw 185,000 barrels a day when it ain't pinched down. Figure it up. Say oil at 50 cents a barrel, that makes $90,000 gold a day; in ten days $900,000; in a hundred days $9,000,000; in a year, allowing sixty-five days for delays and accidents, $27,000,000—and that's gold, United States gold coin with the eagle and the Indian. Eldorado and Bonanza together, mouth to source, bench claims and all, didn't turn that much out in the first two years of skimming the cream."



And there were women, young women all, mere soldaderas as well as amazons, the former skirted and on sidesaddles, the latter trousered and cross saddled, and all of them wickedly armed like their male comrades and none of them married

I learned that the Pánuco field alone was estimated by conservative expert oil men to contain at least $2,000,000,000 worth of oil. One really conservative expert put it at $2,500,000,000, but after a moment, without prompting, amended his figures to $2,000,000,000. And the Pánuco was only one of three big fields, the other two being Ebano and Huasteca, while there were two lesser fields, the Chila and the Topila, each with its noteworthy producing wells, and all five fields as yet scarcely scratched.

And from oil and oilmen I drifted into war and soldier men in the shape of a couple of rebel officers. One, a colonel, with no English, presented me with a handful of Federal money confiscated at Monterey and declared worthless by the Constitutionalists. That was why he gave it to me, and, promptly and absent-mindedly, I bought cold beer with it for all of us and received good Constitutional money in change from the large bills. The other officer, a major, was soft voiced and gentle faced as a woman, and at the same time as sanguinary as any hero of the bull ring. He had been in the field four years. He had fought under Madero. He was now fighting under Villa and Carranza. Two of his brothers had been killed in battle. All his property was destroyed. He had but recently recovered from a bullet which had perforated him just under the heart, right side to left, in and out again. "We shoot our men who loot," he said softly, with no more emphasis than if he had announced that they slapped looters on the wrists. "We shot four of our men here in Tampico. It is true we are civilized. At Monterey we shot one colonel and one captain for looting. No, it is not permitted. We are not savages."

Yes, he was a four years' veteran. It had been a long fight, with many a day and week of hunger when the very thought of a tortilla made one sick with longing. And straight beef after a month, cooked hot from the hoof, did sometimes make one tired. Had I heard how Huerta shaved? Well, Huerta stood erect while the barber shaved him, one hand in his pocket on a revolver with which to get the barber if the barber cut his throat.

It was all lies about the Constitutional atrocities. All such things were committed by the Federals. They dragged their wounded enemies to death with lariats, while the Constitutionalists took their wounded enemies to hospital and nursed them. It was true they did sometimes execute captured Federal officers, but only when such officers were known assassins and traitors.

"Zaragoza?" he repeated, after my question at parting. There was a white flash of small, even teeth, and the soft voice enunciated ever so softly: "He is in the trap. He cannot escape."

"And when you catch him?" I queried.

"He is an assassin," came the answer, indirect it was true, but a complete, straight-out answer.

In the morning, in a speed boat, accompanying the general superintendent of an oil company, I went up the Pánuco River. Except where there were wharves for loading oil, or where the cut banks were too steep, the rich alluvial soil was farmed by the Indians to the water's edge. And here, amid coconut palms, banana trees, and trees of the mango and the avocado, I saw demonstrated the statement that soil and climate were such as to permit the raising of three crops of corn a year. Side by side there were patches of corn just sprouting, of corn that was in the tassel, and of corn that was being harvested.

The Vivid Multifarious Life

IT WAS amazing to see the cattle drinking knee-deep in the river, and horses and mules along the bank. Not all the stock had been run off by the soldiers. From time to time our swift craft swerved in nearer to the bank in order that the superintendent might try to identify familiar-looking animals. In this he was occasionally successful, the animals having escaped from the fleeing Federals and drifted back to their own pastures.

Where the Tamesi River flowed in we passed the drawbridge wrecked by the Federals, and the sunken gunboat, the *Vera Cruz*, abandoned with open sea cocks when the Constitutionalists took the town.

We continued up the Pánuco, past the tiled roofs of Americans who farmed the land, past the grass huts of the natives, and past many brown-skinned September Morns bathing in the shallows. The American farms were deserted, the owners not yet having come back from their forced trip to the United States. One such holding consisted of 1,200 acres, 1,000 of which were in bananas. Other Americans had gone in for grapefruit, and all ran stock in the rich pastures. No hay is cured in this land, nor do the natives feed grain even to their work animals. The horses and mules are grass-fed and leaf-browsed, and grass and leaves are green the year around. Rain falls every month in the year, the "rainy season" merely connoting the period of excessive rain.

The Pánuco River was alive with traffic. The first returning adventurers were already moving oil. River steamers and ocean tugs moved up and down with long tows of tank barges, and here and there, against the banks, barges were loading oil from the pipe lines of near-by wells. Also, we passed the sites of ancient towns, whose totality of inhabitants, in numbers of from twenty-five to fifty thousand, had been massacred by the Aztecs or taken up for the great sacrificial festivals in the lake city of the Montezumas.

There were, on the river, many hundreds of the chalans, or long poling boats of the Indians, going upstream with purchases from town, coming down on the current loaded with chickens, vegetables, charcoal, corn, raw sugar, bananas, pineapples, sugar cane, and all manner of things from the soil that fetch a price in Tampico. The honesty of these Indians is proverbial. From the headreaches of the Pánuco they



Never on the warpath have I encountered a bunch of warriors so harum-scarum, so happy-go-lucky, so brimming over with good food and high spirits. Everyone was mounted. Every horse was stolen. On the horses were the brands of every ranch and hacienda from the Rio Grande to the Panuco

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are sometimes months in making the round trip, and they are often trusted with thousands of pesos with which to make purchases in Tampico.

From every foreigner in Mexico comes the same testimony of the rock-ribbed integrity of the Indian. It is always the mixed breed who is unveracious, dishonest, and treacherous. It was the mixed breeds who composed the mobs in Tampico that cried death to the gringos. And many of these half-breeds, so crying, were the very employees of the gringos they wanted to kill and whose property they wanted to destroy. And it was the peon, the Indian, who remained faithful to his salt.

Indian Faith

AS AN example of this, part way on our journey in the Topila field, the superintendent ran the boat in to a small wharf where an Indian was loading two barges with oil. When the Americans were driven out, this Indian, without instructions, threatened by the soldiers, had stuck to his post and moved the flowing oil from wells to tanks and to the emergency reservoirs. Nor had a barrel of oil been lost. Yet three times the Federals had strung him up by the neck in an effort to persuade him to volunteer in the army. As he told them, and he is legion:

"I don't want to fight. I have trouble with nobody. I don't want trouble. When I first came to work here for the gringos I had nothing. I went barefooted. Now I wear shoes. When I worked I got sixty centavos a day. Now I get four pesos a day. I have a nice house. There are chairs in my house. I have a talking machine. Before I lived like a dog. No, I won't be a soldier and fight. All I want is to be left alone."

Forty-seven miles above Tampico we came to the superintendent's wells in the Pánuco field. Two days before, his handful of American employees had returned to the looted camp and begun moving oil and building new emergency reservoirs against the time when they might again be driven out. The foreman in charge, a lean, low-spoken Texan, in reply to the superintendent's query for news, said:

"Oh, everything's moving along slowly. The trouble is that our peons have taken to the brush and there'll be some time getting confidence into them to come back. You know so-and-so—well, the cuss was out here this morning, with a few drinks in him, and throwing the fear of God into the few peons I have gathered in, telling them that we'd soon be gone and that every one of them that had worked for us would be shot. Oh, and he cussed us out good and plenty to our faces, telling us that what would happen to the peons wasn't a circumstance to what was coming to us."

The superintendent turned to me with a weary smile.

"That man," he explained, "is the Mexican, the same old half-breed type, with no virtues and all vices. He runs one of the biggest stores in Tampico. Our books will show that we have spent in his store in the last twelve months over $100,000 gold. And he has been invariably courteous and friendly to us. And now he selects our particular camp in which to voice his threats."

The Blunder at Tampico

THAT a blunder was made in not landing our troops at Tampico the same time we landed them at Vera Cruz cannot be doubted by anyone who has gone over the ground and studied the situation. To make matters worse, our American warships were withdrawn from the river and anchored in the open Gulf, ten miles away. The Mexicans, inflamed by the invasion of their country at Vera Cruz, took this withdrawal of our naval forces from Tampico as a sign of timidity. Mobs formed in the streets, and the Americans—men, women, and children—took refuge in the hotels, while the mobs tore down and spat upon American flags and cried death to all Americans.

It is a curious sort of reasoning that brings about a conclusion that the only way to save the lives of our countrymen and countrywomen is to run away and leave them in such a city under such circumstances.

To make matters worse, the United States, by virtue of the old Monroe Doctrine, had warned the other powers off and announced her ability to deal with the situation. The captains of the Dutch and English war vessels declined to interfere for the deserted Americans even when the captain of the German warship approached them to join with him in a shore party to rescue the besieged Americans. This was on the night that succeeded the day of the landing at Vera Cruz.

That night, for an instance, over a hundred Americans, including their women, were sheltered in the Southern Hotel. Those who did not have guns had armed themselves with machetes and clubs for what looked like the last stand. The mob roared in the street and repeatedly attacked the doors with battering rams. And at one in the morning two German officers arrived from the battleships. The English and the Dutch captains had declined to cooperate, and the German commander was acting on his own responsibility. And so, thanks to the Germans, the Americans in Tampico were rescued.

But there were several hundred men, women, and children far up in the oil fields. From Tampico to the Pánuco field was forty-seven miles by the winding river, and ten miles away, in the opposite direction from Tampico, lay the American warships. A superintendent, accompanied by a young Texan, braved the streets in the early morning of the second day. They were spat upon and reviled, and were only saved by an armed guard. But they managed to win across the river and to get the crew of a stern-wheel steamer to volunteer to go up to Pánuco. Fired at by soldiers and looters, followed by troops of Federal cavalry along the banks, they nevertheless cleaned up every camp and brought back with them some three hundred adventurers of their kind. Yes, somebody blundered in this Tampico affair.



Prayer of the Bullet

By DE WITT HUTCHINGS

GREAT LORD OF EVIL, Demon of hate, thy servant awaits thy call!
Other servants hast thou; poison, dagger, sword:
Or others still more subtile; man's avarice and greed,
His passions and his lies, despair, accident, and pain;
But I serve thee as loyally, as surely and as well.
Out of black earth I came, in the gleaming flames was made,
On my birth I sang a song of blood to thee.
All my days have I praised thee, attending thy shrine;
Give me my work to do. Hear now my cry and my plea.

Loose the gaunt hosts of war. Let pillage stalk forth.
Make brother against brother stand; father against son;
Let families be riven; heart turn from heart; love cease.
Send forth fire, pestilence, starvation, death.
Cover the land with famine. Make the sun withhold his light.
Let industry end; the fertile valleys lie in waste;
Let ruin grip the earth. Give me my work.
Through trampled grain fields let contending armies go;
In the trench let soldiers lie, their country's strongest sons,
Have parching heat and chilling cold at hand
To torment and to rack the nerves made weak by me;
Have trigger pulled that speeds me in straight flight
To human goal across the deadly space.
No sudden death I'd bring, but rather tear and rend.
Imbed me in soft flesh; muscle and sinew riven.
Let the victim's blood drench all the ground,
His nostrils fill with smell of bruised flesh,
Have ghouls tear from his neck the locket of his wife.
Answer his cry for water and for bread with laughter harsh.
Give no pause to his pain the weary hours through.
Summon fever of the body and the brain
And bid them stir the caldron of his life afresh.
Have vultures and lean dogs cry back his cries
And moaning wind and crash of storm.

Grant that my work shall not cease there,
But send it gathering force adown the years.
Visit his children and his wife, bereft, with woe.
Let hunger, want, and illness them torment,
And blight their lives with his firm arm removed;
The generation gone, so strong through peace,
The race to follow weak and maimed by me.

If not in formal battle my work lies,
Let me in other ways serve thee as well.
Perhaps in city street where ambush lurks,
From hidden casement dealing death unseen;
Perhaps from gun on headland sending shell
That tears its way through armored hull
To heart of battleship, and hurls the monster
Skyward with its living load and strews
Them in the wreckage on the tide.

Whatever work thou hast for me to do.
Whether my part be great or small,
Let me sing blood and hatred, war and death,
And serve thee truly in thy ravaging of man.



Salvation in a Threat

WHEN General Zaragoza, with his 4,000 Federals, evacuated Tampico, he retreated on a number of long railroad trains. But beyond Ebano the tracks were blocked by the rebels. Abandoning the trains, General Zaragoza retreated across country to the Pánuco oil fields. On this march he shot fifteen of his lagging men as a spur to the rest to keep up. In the old town of Pánuco he rested while getting horses and provisions for his men. He was a beaten man, and, but for one thing, he would have been destroyed. He sent a message to General Pablo Gonzales, commanding the rebels that had driven him out of Tampico.

"I am a beaten man," was the tenor of Zaragoza's message. "My men are exhausted. I am short of ammunition. If you attack me, I am lost. But the moment you attack I shall fire the oil wells."

And the rebels did not attack. It was a pretty situation. The rebels planned to add to their treasury by shaking down the oilmen. If the oil wells were ruined, the oilmen would have nothing for which to be shaken down. Zaragoza took his time ere he drifted away south across the hot lands in his effort to find a way up the mountains to the great tableland.

Child-minded men, incapable of government, playing with the weapons of giants! A $2,000,000,000 oil body, a world asset, if you please, at the pleasure of stupid anarchs! And all that saved it, the desire of a portion of the anarchs to loot, by forced contribution, the gringos who had found and developed the oil fields!

Two thousand feet under the surface lies the Pánuco oil body. The formation overlying the oil sands is so broken and creviced by ancient upheavals that the casings are not tight. To seal a well under such conditions would force the oil to rise to the surface outside the casing. At the best, with the wells "pinched down" to the limit of safety, the flow of all the wells could not be reduced below a daily run of 100,000 barrels. From the time when the oilmen were driven out and shanghaied to the United States this great volume of oil accumulated in the tanks and in the open emergency reservoirs. A wad of cotton waste, saturated with kerosene and ignited and tossed into the oil, could have started the $2,000,000,000 bonfire. General Zaragoza could so have started it. So could any drunken peon.

Marvels of the Oil Field

PERHAPS no oil region has been tapped that will compare with the Tampico region. The wells on all the five fields are gushers, and, unlike most gushers, are slow in gushing themselves out. The well at Ebano, previously mentioned, has been flowing for twelve years. In the Huasteca field is a well that has gushed 23,000 barrels a day for four years. To-day it is still gushing its 23,000 barrels, the oil has the same twenty-two gravity, has yet to show a trace of moisture, and carries less than two-tenths of 1 per cent of sediment.

In passing, it may be remarked of the last-mentioned well that, when the Americans were forced out and the half-breed employees had gone to rioting, an old Indian employee took charge of his fellow Indians, and in twenty-two days handled the 500,000 barrels of oil and pumped it over the pipe line to the tank farm and terminal, 105 kilometers away. Not a barrel of oil was lost, and when the Americans returned they found it ready to load into the ocean tankers.

But, while the Tampico oil region is unthinkably big and rich, so much time and money have been required in development that, out of eighty-nine oil-producing companies operating during the last fourteen years, only three have so far paid dividends. One particular company has invested $28,000,000 and has paid but a dividend and a half. There are other companies that have invested more than this one. A single company, which has so far paid one dividend, has 4,000 men on the pay roll, (Concluded on page 24)

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The Toe of Retribution



By Frank R. Robinson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

"YE HAVE a clear case," observed Finnigan, raising himself to a seat on a baggage truck beside the three men in oily overalls and jackets. "Ye have a clear case. As Æsop's widow remarked, ye have merely t' presint your grievance and then prepare for a hard bump, or prepare beforehand."

"It's a just cause," stated one of the engineers with conviction. "This deal o' transferring an engine division is equivalent to eviction, an' it'll bear investigation."

"So will Mormonism or a carbuncle," rejoined the conductor. "You people took th' righteous course. Ye probed the superintendent of motive power, yer nearest ancestor, officially speakin'. He told ye ther' was nothin' compulsory about yer followin' th' destiny of th' road. She'd try and continue to operate widout yer cooperation, wasn't that it? An'—hold on, listen to th' arbitrator—an' then take yer grief to th' division superintendent. He refers ye back to Motive Power McGill. Yer next court o' appeal is the general superintendent, an' he'll return ye t' Strand wid his respects. Then ye climbs along t' Beveridge an' there ye gits a letter o' introduction to General Superintendent Caton. When ye reach th' president's office ye'll meet wid an expression o' surprise at th' G. M. permittin' him t' be annoyed wid a grievance committee, an' ye'll git waved back t' Beveridge fer further particulars."

"YER compass now points t' th' directors who reprisint the soullessness o' this particular monopoly. If ye find 'em—which ye won't—they'll probably drop ye way down to McGill, an' request ye t' turn th' other cheek. What ye'll have accomplished is makin' sore noses all up an' down th' ladder, an' by far th' most inflamed proboscis will be worn by McGill right at the roundhouse gate. Theoret-ically, it's th' privilege o' every employee havin' a grievance to submit his variety o' pang—an' take th' consequince, which is always in practical shape."

"But we own our homes at Ixonia," protested Quaid, "an' there's th' question of increased mileage, too, Ixonia's th' proper division point."

"Ye're right. Ye were before ye spoke. But against yer rectitude stands th' consistent fact that th' president an' directors own a large tract of land near Melville. They might intend to presint it t' th' city as a park, which'ud be a graceful act an' surprise everybody—themselves most of all. But seein' they're constructin' shops an' a roundhouse an' extensive coal chutes, an' gently but firmly persuadin' their West End enginemen that it's t' their interest t' move, it looks t' me like one o' th' smoothest operations yet recorded t' th' credit o' that new sect, th' captains o' industry."

"It's a rank outrage," growled Cleary, another engineer.

"True fer you," assented the conductor urbanely, "an' one o' th' finest colonization schemes perpetrated. Show me another real-estate boom where th' boomees were bullringed t' th' sod, whither or no."

"TH' Brotherhood will take a hand in this," asserted Cleary.

"It will not. Ye've a case by itself. Ye can appeal it, as I've already shown, an' get th' worst o' it comin' an' goin', or ye can give in, sanctimonious an' cheerful, an' reap th' benefit o' peace. That's me advice, an' ye have it free."

"Who's asked your advice?" inquired Cleary irascibly.

"Nobody," returned the conductor; "I just butted in out o' pure good will an' t' relieve me mind, which gits turbulent when I see good men an' true goin' up against th' appeal proposition which never won in th' long run an' never will. Now t' me mind comes th' case o' Willie Hood—"

"What are you to do when your immediate superior won't remedy a complaint?" interrupted Cleary.

"Figure out his reasons an' generally lay down yer hand. McGill's a human bein' like yerself. He likely understands yer position an' blamed well he understands his own. It's not in his mitt t' make explanations. That ain't sayin' he wouldn't like t'. But he has a family t' support an' a job t' keep warm as well as th' rest o' us. S'pose when ye went after him he had told ye: 'R'yes, ye have me sympathies. Yer cause is just. It's nothin' less than a malignant shame that ye're required t' leave th' homes ye own an' move into th' company's reservation at Melville. But, ye see, I has no say. It's beyond me jurisdiction. Th' bunch above, that consumes th' champagne an' private cars an' lobster an' sherbet, has syndicated th' plat, an' intend t' develop it wid th' material at their disposal, which happens t' be yerselves.'

"Did he say that? No, he did not. If he had ye'd gone away wid yer lacerated feelin's soothed an' lost no time in circulatin' McGill's sentiments th' length o' th' pike, wid th' result that th' superintendent o' motive power'ud have been wrenched loose from th' pay roll in short order fer lack o' policy in dealin' wid subordinates.

"An' so ye've shot over McGill an' Strand, an' queered two good friends who has stood for ye before an' would have helped ye again when in th' nature o' things they could. There was th' case o' Billy Hood."

"Well, what about Billy Hood?" demanded Cleary.

"YE'RE not conversant wid th' hist'ry o' William, prince'pally"—Finnigan produced a blackened clay pipe—"prince'pally—have ye a pipeful, Halsey? I don't like t' carry it fer fear o' scentin' me uniform—because yer not in touch wid th' diplomacy o' th' train service which is th' brakemen. Who makes th' time cards? Th' brakemen. Who constitutes th' consultin' authority o' th' president? Who railroads in their sleep? Th' brakemen. Billy Hood? Well, Billy was a leadin' light an' tactful. He couldn't read or write, but he was instinctive. Would sit an' pore over th' bill o' fare at th' Campbell House an' wait until some other party gave an excessive big order an' then yawn an' say: 'Well, just bring me th' same.' Billy broke fer Joe McQueen. Joe's dead now—God rest his generous soul! Ye all remember Joe. His opinion o' himself was far from commonplace. Right after I was set up t' passenger work I met him in th' conductor's room at Portal. We registered at th' same time, an', standin' beside me, Joe tuk out seven cegars, checked 'em up careful, put wan in his mouth, an' six back in his pocket. He didn't know I smoked? He did that. But th' cegars which had touched th' sanctity o' his waistcoat, them cegars was too swell fer th' likes o' a man just set up, wid th' callouses yet on his hands.

"Billy worked for Joe. Th' company paid his munificent salary, an' Joe seen he earned it. Joe would leave his overcoat in th' rear sleeper an' walk t' th' baggage car an' send Billy after th' coat. Billy must brush and groom Joe an' work diligintly t' stand in wid his noble patron.

"That was the layout at th' time o' th' S. W. strike. Ye know how th' company requisted th' special service o' their oldest employees t' do switchin' at th' terminal? That meant Joe, amongst several others. Well, they went t' Ransom, as ye know, an' they rode cars an' threw switches an' dodged an' caught links an' pins for twelve long days an' nights. Then th' strike broke, an' back they come, bloodshot, triumphant, an' bruised.

"Th' company giv' 'em a banquet, cegars was smoked, speeches was made by th' officials glorifying th' employees, an' by th' employees payin' tribute t' th' nobility o' th' powers that be. It was wan o' them occasions when th' official fergits his divine origin an' relaxes his strut. Some o' ye has seen 'em thus at wrecks. There seems t' be somethin' about smashed rollin' stock an' damaged freight scattered over a mile or two o' right o' way that puts th' average official on speakin' terms wid other human bein's. Well, th' banquet was over, th' cegars were smoked, an' th' lights put out. One week after th' blowout th' company put collectors on all th' passenger runs.

"Do you realize th' effect of a collector on a passenger run? Ye do not, an' it's just as well. Ye have trouble o' your own.

"It takes years o' twistin' brakes an' hangin' t' icy runnin' boards t' git a passenger run, an' then after feelin' that ye are it fer a few short years t' have a walkin' cash register, drawin' th' same salary as yerself, fresh from th' office rug, march ahead o' ye an' usurp yer hard-earned perrogatives.

"FER instance, along comes old Bobby Buchanan, who is Joe's side pardner an' has rode wid him off an' on fer years. Joe's a-standin' by th' engine comparin' time wid th' eagle eye. 'Hello, Joe, ole dog,' says Bobby, 'guess I'll ride up th' line wid ye to-night.'

"'Can't carry ye, Bob,' says Joe, 'got tickers now, ye know.' 'Tickers?' says Bobby, 'wat's tickers?' 'That,' says Joe, pointin' t' th' collector down alongside th' train, '*that* which just now is askin' my brakeman if th' bell cord is all that holds th' cars together is th' ticker. It has brass buttons an' a sign on its cap, "Collector," resemblin' "Conductor" so close that th' passengers often thinks it's th' captain. That's th' imitation t' be asked if ye kin ride, an' which won't be consulted by me nor for me, so, Bobby, ye have yer choice o' three selections: pay yer fare, walk, or stay at home. Thus has th' mighty fallen,' says Joe, a-grittin' his teeth, 'an' them wid their damn terminal strike an' banquet.'

"Which anecdote pictures th' sentimental side. Th' practical side is—hush, it's me fergittin' I'm a member o' th' privileged class. Well, anyway, on th' Prairie Division alone th' receipts from cash fares swelled out o' all ratio th' first week th' tickers was on.

"Now, a check-up of this sort is bad medicine, because it reprisints a diversion of funds from their accustomed channel which, whatever its moral perch, carries wid it all th' pangs of a deficit. On th' other hand, it's sourin' t' observe that what you ain't gettin' is pilin' up evidence fer yer undoin'.

"THIS were th' painful situation o' th' passenger cons—reduced incomes an' sword hangin' over their heads when Billy Hood made th' remarks about Joe.

"Says he: 'Th' trip after th' banquet, Joe was that aristocratic I wouldn't dare pass him in th' coach. I had to go over th' top o' th' train t' keep out o' his way. Then come th' collectors, an' now th' poor old cuss is simply wind broke. Tame! He's that domesticated he'll purr widout strokin'.'

"This were perpetrated whin Billy an' a concourse o' brakemen was cleanin' lamps in th' oil room. Billy made th' observation confidentially, which is probably th' reason that Joe had it word for word th' next day. A confidential knock is the most efficient form o' advertisin'.

"It was a case o' back th' kiser an' less majestee strung together. When Joe heard about it he frothed at th' mouth fer fair.

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"'Th' ungrateful swine. After all I've done fer him,' says he.

"'Of all mortal sins, ongratitude cuts th' deepest. It 'ud have been unreasonable fer Joe to' felt different after allowin' Billy t' earn th' salary th' company paid him besides performin' valet duty.

"Joe consulted wid th' other cons, an' they was o' wan mind: 'Git rid o' him! Can th' insultin' whelp!'

"A month before, as luck 'ud have it Morgan, th' Prairie Division train master, tirin' o' doin' half a man's work, had issued instructions thet each conductor should hire an' fire his own brakemen. I s'pose it give him a chance t' sign a bulletin an' git properly aloof from th' subordinate herd.

"I expect th' cons was all itchin' t' try their hands at this new equipped authority, an' it was pie fer Joe t' have th' first fling.

"So he ordered a new man, an' when Billy showed up t' go out, Joe broke th' news t' him.

"Billy took it hard.

"'Discharged?' says he. 'What's th' cause?'

"'Ye talk too much,' says Joe; 'yer work's all right. Nothin' 'tall t' complain about yer work. Ye're a good brakeman fur as that goes, but ye're impertinent t' yer superiors an' disloyal. Disloyalty can't be tolerated,' continues Joe; 'soak that into yer mind, so's when ye git another job wid some good man you'll know enough t' keep yer mouth shut.'

"'Am I blacklisted?' inquired Billy wid tears in his eyes.

"'You're in a biased position wid th' conductors o' this road, an' I doubt if any o' them would employ ye,' says Joe; 'but I don't want t' see ye starve, so I'll give ye a recommend if ye want.'

"'I believe I'd like one. I got t' work an' I'm no good at anythin' outside railroadin'. I wish ye could see yer way clear t' reinstate me,' says Billy.

"'I wish I could, but, ye see, it's a case o' discipline. Discipline an' example. We conductors has our prestige t' look out fer, an' yer remarks was simply nefarious. I'd advise ye t' strike out West, where ye ain't known, an' take a fresh start. Come up t' my house when I git back, an' I'll give ye a good testimonial.'

"NOW, Earl Moe was brakin' them days an' takin' a night medical course. Fine practice now in Wyocena. Th' distressed William told Earl how he had been dispensed wid by Joe, an' also concernin' th' prospective testimonial.

"'I'll git Joe's letter,' says he, 'an' it's me t' th' turbulent West an' a close mouth fer Billy when he gits another job.'

"Earl contemplated. There was a feller who could contemplate right.

"Finally says he: 'Th' letter's yer gait, Hool. Ye may not have t' go West. Git th' letter an' bring it t' me. But begin this minit workin' yer close mouth precept t' th' limit.'

"Two days afterward Billy passed th' letter over t' Earl. Earl read it. It was a fine recommend. Joe wasn't a bad feller at heart, an' I s'pose he felt kind o' remorseful over jammin' it into Billy. Besides, it was a brand-new glory t' him. Th' letter was all there, an' strong. Joe laid it on thick in efficient an' faithful service entirely satisfactory. Regret t' lose so capable an employee, an' a lot more.

"Earl read it again. Then he says: 'Yes, indeed. Quite so. Now, Billy, you take this letter t' Mr. Beveridge an' tell him th' facts.'

"'Th' general manager!' yells Billy. 'He won't see me. I can't git by th' coon.'

"'He'll see ye all right. Tell th' boy jist who ye are, an' that ye want a minute's talk wid Mr. Beveridge. Don't take off none o' yer clothes, except yer hat. Ye needn't prepare any oration. Answer his questions. That'll keep yer mind occupied. Th' only thing that worrits me,' says Earl, contemplatin' some more, 'is precisely where th' lightnin's (Concluded on page 26)

The Widow's Mite

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

IT WAS a comfortable-looking room. The rag carpet toned by age was one of the things that made it so; the big base-burner whose polished hips reflected the ruddy glow from its mica panes, was another; the cat added considerably, curled in blissful somnolence near the fire; the "After - Clouds - Sunshine" motto against the floral background on the wall, the red crêpe shaded lamp, the capacious Boston rocker and Mrs. Ed Backus who sat therein and knitted — all these spoke eloquently of comfort.

The only inharmonious element in the composition was Seth Gifford, who sat with a rigid back and right-angular knees facing Mrs. Backus, but not looking at her, and to all appearance uncomfortable to the last degree.

A lull in the conversation had occurred. Mrs. Backus was known among her female intimates in the camp of Coo-Stick, and by some outside of that privileged circle, as "a pretty good single-handed talker!" one who could "keep up her end" with a foot or two to spare, but she was, nevertheless, a woman of sense, and she knew the value of certain silences. Gifford felt that she was smiling, but did not dare to verify his impression, and continued to fix his stolid gaze upon a particular rosebud in the chintz pattern. Certainly, as far as ease was concerned, he might as well have been in the front room with the slippery horsehair sofa, the crayon portrait of the late lamented Ed Backus, the marble-center table, the sea shells, and the blue-plush album. Still, she would have to say something pretty soon, and then—

He glowed at the awful possibility and rubbed his exceedingly moist palms on his knees.

Finally the click of the knitting needle ceased and the—whatever it was she was working on—dropped in her lap.

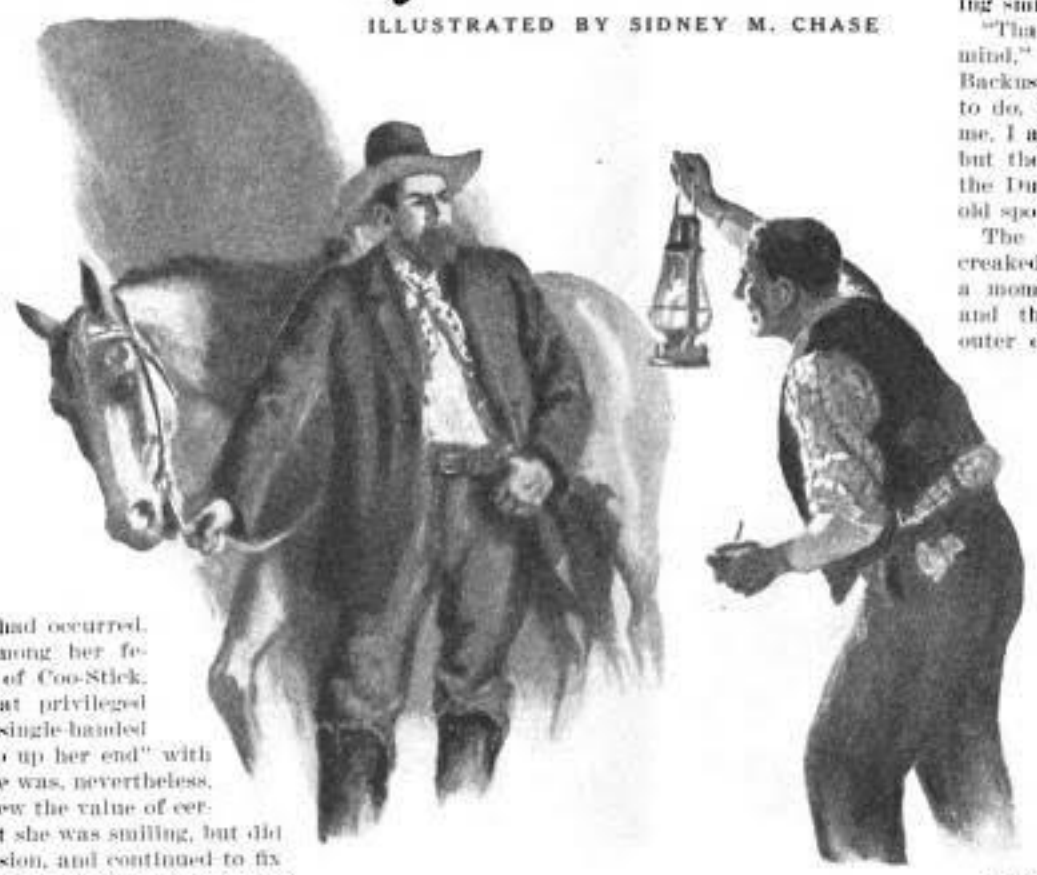
"Well, Seth!" she said with a half-malicious challenge in her tone.

GIFFORD looked into her laughing eyes and the brick-dust red of his face deepened a shade. He cleared his throat. "Well, Marthy," he replied huskily, and cleared his throat again. A footfall sounded on the porch and he half rose and reached for his hat, as a knocking at the front door succeeded.

"What was you goin' to say, Seth?" asked Mrs Backus, disregarding the interruption.

"There's some one knockin' at the door," stammered the man. "Shall I—"

"I'll go," said the widow rather irritably. "You set right where you are." She threw her knitting on the table and left the room. Gifford dragged his shambling six feet of length out of the chair and with a knuckly, virile hand tugging nervously at his brown beard stood listening intently. He heard the musical voice of Mrs. Backus say in accents of glad surprise, "Why, Mr. Nyswanger!" and ejaculated, "Dern the luck!" Then the widow reappeared, piloting a particularly neat and dapper man of middle age, slightly bald, whose sagacious business nose drooped over a mustache of surprising jettiness, and who, at the sight of Gifford, stared uneasily. His manner, however, was breezy and confident as he extended his hand.



"Will ye look at the r'yal raiment on him!" He picked up the lantern and surveyed Gifford critically

"This is one on me," he remarked smiling genially. "I didn't reckon you was havin' company, Mrs. Backus. How are you, neighbor?"

"I'm all right," replied Gifford gruffly. Then in a shamefaced way he added: "I jest dropped in to tell Mrs. Backus I seen that cow she was askin' about, rangin' with some Flyin' V dogies over by Willow."

"Sho!" ejaculated the newcomer with a grin. "Is that so? Now I jest came to see Mrs. Backus. Didn't have nothin' to tell her—nothin' she don't know a'ready. I come for the reason I jest naturally couldn't keep away."

"Well, set down both of you," said the widow. "It's as cheap as standin'. What did you do with that cow, Seth?"

"Left her there," replied the ranchman. "I allowed if you wanted her I'd bring her in or I'd get her at the round-up. Feed's good and that's her old range anyway. No, I won't sit down. I reckon I'd best be hittin' the breeze."

"What's your rush?" asked Mrs. Backus.

"Evenin's young yet," observed Mr. Nyswanger smilingly. "Don't hurry yourself off. We'll be lonesome. Well, if you must—"

"You hush!" commanded the widow. "You don't need to go now, Seth."

"It ain't strictly necessary," supplemented Nyswanger. "Still, I s'pose there's the stock to look after."

"I reckon I'll go now," repeated Gifford helplessly, trying to evade the widow's appealing eye and coaxing smile.

"That's one thing I like about Seth—his stren'th o' mind," said Nyswanger approvingly, addressing Mrs. Backus. "When Seth once settles on what he's goin' to do, there ain't no stoppin' nor turnin' him. Now me, I ain't like that. Sometimes I can be tol'able set, but there's some folks I can't say 'no' to. It beats the Dutch how firm Seth is, though. So long, Seth, old sport!"

The ranchman nodded and his high-heeled boots creaked noisily as he went out. Mrs. Backus hesitated a moment under the smiling regard of Nyswanger and then hurried after him. He turned at the outer door, and his face in the light of the dimly burning bracket lamp showed unmistakable resentment. Mrs. Backus smiled at him, a bewitching, appealing smile, but it had no thawing effect. His hand sought the knob of the door.

"You ain't goin' off mad, are you, Seth?" she inquired sweetly.

"What'd I be mad about?" asked Gifford rather sulkily.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered the widow. "But you'll come again an' let me know how the cow's gettin' along, won't you?"

"She'll be all right," growled Gifford opening the door.

"You know I didn't expect no other comp'ny," said Mrs. Backus hurriedly. "I couldn't help—"

"Yes, you could," said the ranchman. "He wouldn't come less'n you wanted him to come, that's a cinch."

"How about you then, Seth?" asked the lady archly.

"That's it. I'm all right and he's all right. He ain't got no aidge on me, o' course, an' I ain't got no aidge on him. Well, you make up your mind which it's to be an' let me know."

"I sure will," said Mrs. Backus with sudden iciness. "I'll get me a rig and drive out and tell you when I make up my mind that I can't have anybody come to see me who behaves like a gentleman and who's a friend of mine. Good night, Mr. Gifford, and don't you put yourself to no more trouble about my stock, either."

She shut the door.

It was a moment or two before Gifford quite recovered from the surprise of it.

At the livery stable, going directly to the stall where his horse was tied, he brought him out and began to saddle him. As he did so, the door of the little boxed-off recess dignified by the name of "office" opened and a small, round man with vivacious black eyes and a long smoothly shaven upper lip peered out into the stable.

"WHAT in—oh, it's yourself, is it?" he said, advancing as he spoke. "Well, what d'ye mean walkin' into a man's stable an' helpin' yourself to your horse, you long-legged jude? Tryin' to jump the honest bill I've got agin you? Will ye look at the r'yal raiment on him!" He picked up the lantern and surveyed Gifford critically by its light, his black eyes twinkling humorously. "Sure you're a fascinatin' objec', Seth, when you get them clo'es on you. I don't wonder the little horse snorts."

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Gifford pulled the back cinch to a judicious tightness and dropped the stirrups. At that point the little man caught the hitch rope that dangled overhead and snapped it in the ring of the horse's bit. "Now he'll be ready for you when you're ready for him," he remarked calmly, catching the ranchman by the arm. "Come into the office an' tell me what's the trouble. Don't resist, or I'll pick you up an' carry you."

"Honest, I've got to go, Larry," remarked the ranchman.

"Honest, you can't go until you've paid your bill," said the little man tugging at his arm. "You come into the office an' settle afore I call the police. Will I take a wrench to you?"

GIFFORD forced a laugh and suffered himself to be led into the office and thrust into a chair. "Now tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"You've been gone less than an hour. That isn't any time for an evening call as I remember it, if everything's all right. You come back an' you haven't a word to throw to the best friend you have on earth, which is Larry MacFadden. Not that Larry's feelin's count. Ever since you took the notion that you was formed for female society it's little I've seen or heard of you an' little I expect to."

"That's all over now," said Gifford. "I'm shook."

MacFadden pulled the little black clay from his mouth. "What?" he cried.

"That's what," Gifford assured him. "Come to a show-down. Nye or me. It's Nye."

"Him!" ejaculated MacFadden. "That tin horn? Well, I'm glad to hear it. If she'd take Bill Nyswanger, she ain't the kind o' woman for Seth Gifford, that's dead sure. The second reason is because now we can go around to Pete's and celebrate. Nye? Do you mean to say he's goin' to take her now?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Gifford, reddening slightly. "I guess he'll take her quick enough if he gets a chance, and I reckon he's goin' to get the chance. He's there now."

"Then I'll bet a billion to a blind bridle he doesn't know," chuckled MacFadden.

"Doesn't know what?"

"Doesn't know she's lost her money. Didn't you know it either? Holy smoke! Why, yes, sure. She had the whole pile in the Redwater bank that busted last July. She never said nothin' about it, but I guess 'most everybody in Coo-Stick knows it. She told Mrs. Bixby in strict confidence as long ago as the day before yest'd'y. Cried about it. That's what old lady Bixby says. She sure picked a good one to tell it to. Yes, she's afraid she's a-goin' to have to mortgage the house."

Gifford pulled his beard thoughtfully.

"Come over to Pete's," urged MacFadden.

Gifford rose: "Pete's some other night," he said. "I've got to get back to the ranch. I want to think this over an' it takes me time to think. But Nye will prob'bly marry her."

"Would you feel bad about it?"

"Not me," said Gifford stoutly. "S'far's I know, he's played a square game. Where did Jack hang my spurs?"

"You're all right," said MacFadden approvingly. "It was the darndest fool notion anyway, you thinkin' you wanted to be a married man. You're too good a fellow for that. Come in soon now, or I'll be comin' after you. I want to tell you about a mine I've got. I'll let you in on it, too."

GIFFORD nodded and, leading his snorting steed out into the street where it would have room for its usual preliminary gymnastics, swung himself quickly into the saddle and went undulating down the gulch at the imminent hazard of his neck, and MacFadden, after standing to watch him for a moment or two, shook his head and returned to the stable.

"Would he feel bad about it?" On consideration he decided that he did feel bad about it, after all. But he certainly had only himself to blame for it. The peculiar thing about the whole matter was that he had not intended in the least to speak roughly or unkindly to her. He was just mad clear through with Nyswanger. Mad with himself for his slowness of wit and his weakness; and it came out somehow. And she treated him properly, calling his bluff in great shape. Good for her, too! Anybody acting that way got what was coming to him in all equity. "Darn my fool hide!" ejaculated Gifford.

He began to have brilliant afterthoughts. "What I ought to have said to him was, 'Well, I reckon I won't hurry myself off sence you're anxious to have me stay; I'll wait till after you've gone.' No, what I ought to have done was to have got up and asked him politely to step outside with me to talk over a matter of business, so as Martha wouldn't have suspected nothing, and then when I got him outside, belted the hay out o' him. It certainly would do me good to paste him a few, but I reckon he wouldn't put up any sort of a scrap. He's pretty slick, he is. Now he'll get her. It ain't natural to suppose he was just after that little wad of money she had. If she was any other sort of a woman than what she is, he might, but she's good enough for anybody without it. If he should pull out of the game—"

That momentary gleam of hope faded almost as soon as it occurred. It was too preposterous. Just then the gray splashed belly-deep into the Beaver Creek Crossing, on the other side of which lay the Gifford domain.

WHEN Mrs. Backus returned to the comfortable sitting room and her dapper visitor her naturally high color was considerably heightened, a fact that Mr. Nyswanger did not fail to notice. There was more than one construction to be placed on the circumstance, however, and he proceeded to fish diplomatically for the right one.

"A mighty fine fellow, Seth," he remarked. "They don't make no better men than him. They're considerable scarce around here in this section, anyway."

"That's as may be," said the widow tartly. "There may be worse, but that ain't sayin' he's the best there is. It's my opinion there ain't much to choose among you men folks, anyway."



"What's your rush?" asked Mrs. Backus. "Evenin's young yet," observed Mr. Nyswanger smilingly. "Don't hurry yourself off. We'll be lonesome"

NYSWANGER repressed an inclination to smile. "I don't say he's got any more sense than the territorial statutes allow him," he supplemented.

"I guess he hasn't," agreed Mrs. Backus. "There's some as has though," she added. "They're so smart that the grand jury has to get after 'em once in a while."

Nyswanger let that pass. His own little misunderstanding with the lady referred to was settled to the satisfaction of everybody concerned except the wrong-headed and impulsive person who had claimed to be swindled by mining stock in a nonexistent mine, issued by the guileless proprietor of the Bon Ton Clothing Emporium. It was Eastern capital anyway, and it had left no stain on Mr. Nyswanger's character.

"But when it comes to choosin'," pursued Mr. Nyswanger insidiously, "I leave it to you whether a loving heart and horse sense ain't worth while thinking over. Not to mention a good business and some of the richest mines in the richest hundred miles square on the face of the earth, if Hammond Hayes is any authority."

"I never heard of him lookin' over your mines," observed the widow, "if it's your mines you mean. Have you got any holes dug in 'em yet? Still, I don't deny that it might be a comfort to have a good business man to turn to for advice. I'm needing some right now myself."

A TENDER look appeared in the bulging eyes of the good business man. "I know of one you can tie to every time," he said. "If it's investments—"

"My land, no!" said the widow with a sigh. "Investments! No, I was wonderin' if there wasn't some way of getting a little somethin' out of that Redwater bank. I can't make head nor tail of the statements I'm getting from the receiver. I've heard that there won't be 3 per cent when they've realized on all the assets."

"Do you mean to say you had anything in the Redwater bank?" asked Nyswanger.

"Mighty nigh all I had in the world," replied the widow, sighing again. "I've been a-worrying over it all summer. The house is clear, though."

Nyswanger pulled the neatly disposed red silk handkerchief from his breast pocket with a jerk and wiped his brow as he allowed his breath to escape in a gasp. Mrs. Backus raised her knitting and wiped her eyes.

"Seems like when a woman is alone and unprotected in the world, folks is bound to take advantage of her," she said pathetically.

"It's—it's too bad," said Nyswanger blankly. Presently, after a popeye contemplation of the "After-Clouds-Sunshine" motto, he said: "You didn't put your cows in the bank?"

"No," replied the widow. "I've got them chattel mortgaged for $500 to George Reynolds. They wouldn't bring much at sheriff's sale, but if I could pay the first note an' stave off the next one till spring—I can see it now, but I guess I got kind o' rattled at the time I done it. A woman ain't no business with stock, anyway. I'd ought to have sold 'em in the first place. But then," she added, philosophically, "if I had, the money'd have gone into the bank with the rest and I'd have been out that much more."

NYSWANGER pulled a large, ornately chased gold watch from his pocket and consulted it anxiously. Mrs. Backus sighed.

"I did think when Mr. Backus died that nothing couldn't never tempt me to get married again," she said. "I don't reckon I ever will, either, though there's them—" She checked herself and let her eyelashes drop modestly. "Still," she resumed, "I certainly didn't have to lay awake nights an' wonder what was going to become of me when he was alive. Poor Pete!"

"We must all go some time," said Mr. Nyswanger in a flubbily consoling tone, "and that reminds me—" He rose from his chair.

"Set down," said Mrs. Backus, and Nyswanger reluctantly obeyed.

"Yes, a man certainly is handy to have around at times," she continued. "What you was a-sayin' just now about a lovin' heart and horse sense—"

"Gifford's sure got 'em," said Mr. Nyswanger. "I wouldn't p'sume to mix in, but seein' as you've touched on the subject, I say again they don't make no better men than what he is around this section."

MRS. BACKUS fixed him with an indignant stare, under which he shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Who was talkin' about Seth Gifford?" she demanded. "Has Seth Gifford got a good business an' some o' the richest mines in the richest hundred miles square on the face of the earth?"

"Ranchin' ain't a bad business," suggested Mr. Nyswanger in a conciliatory tone. "Seth's done pretty tolerable well for the time he's been at it."

"Has he got mines?" asked the widow severely.

"Come to think of it, I wouldn't swear that he had any mines," admitted Mr. Nyswanger. "But then that ain't no reflection on his character an' you know as well as I do that mining is mighty uncertain. There's more money sunk in the ground than ever was took out of it. I've got some good mines myself, but it takes capital to work 'em."

(*Continued on page 28*)

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Bealby

Chapter II
In the Secret Chamber

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



WHEN the Lord Chancellor sat down thoughtful before the fire in the fine old paneled room assigned to him, he perceived that he was too disturbed to sleep. This was going to be an infernal week-end. The worst week-end he had ever had. Mrs. Rampound Pilby maddened him; Timbre, who was a Pragmatist—which stands in the same relation to a Hegelian that a small dog does to a large cat—exasperated him; he loathed Laxton, detested Rampound Pilby and feared—as far as he was capable of fearing anything—Captain Douglas. There was no refuge, no soul in the house to whom he could turn for consolation and protection from these others. Slinker Bond could talk only of the affairs of the party, and the Lord Chancellor, being Lord Chancellor, had long since lost any interest in the affairs of the party; Woodenhouse could talk of nothing. The women were astonishingly negligible. There were practically no pretty women. There ought always to be pretty *young* women for a Lord Chancellor, pretty young women who can at least seem to listen. . . .

And he was atrociously thirsty.

His room was supplied only with water—stuff you use to clean your teeth—and nothing else. . . .

No good thinking about it. . . .

HE DECIDED that the best thing he could do to compose himself before turning in would be to sit down at the writing table and write a few sheets of Hegelian—about that Infinity article in the "Hibbert." There is indeed no better consolation for a troubled mind than the Hegelian exercises; they lift it above—everything. He took off his coat and sat down to this beautiful amusement, but he had scarcely written a page before his thirst became a torment. He kept thinking of that great tumbler Woodenhouse had held—sparkling, golden, cool—and stimulating.

What he wanted was a good stiff whisky and a cigar, one of Laxton's cigars, the only good thing in his entertainment so far.

And then Philosophy.

Even as a student he had been a worker of the Teutonic type—never abstemious.

He thought of ringing and demanding these comforts, and then it occurred to him that it was a little late to ring for things. Why not fetch them from the study himself? . . .

He opened his door and looked out upon the great staircase. It was a fine piece of work, that staircase. Low, broad, dignified. . . .

There seemed to be nobody about. The lights were still on. He listened for a little while, and then put on his coat and went with a soft swiftness that was still quite dignified downstairs to the study, the study redolent of Sir Peter.

HE MADE his modest collection.

Lord Moggeridge came nearer to satisfaction as he emerged from the study that night at Shonts than at any other moment during this ill-advised week-end. In his pocket were four thoroughly good cigars. In one hand he held a cut-glass decanter of whisky. In the other a capacious tumbler. Under his arm, with that confidence in the unlimited portative power of his arm that nothing could shake, he had tucked the siphon. His soul rested upon the edge of tranquillity like a bird that has escaped the fowler. He was already composing his next sentence about that new variety of Infinity. . . .

Then something struck him from behind and impelled him forward a couple of paces. It was something hairy, something in the nature, he thought afterward, of a worn broom. And also there were two other things softer and a little higher on each side. . . .

Then it was he made that noise like the young of some large animal.

He dropped the glass in a hasty attempt to save the siphon. . . .

"What in the name of Heaven—?" he cried, and found himself alone.

"Captain Douglas?"

The thought leaped to his mind.

But indeed it was not Captain Douglas. It was Bealby. Bealby in panic flight from Thomas. And how was Bealby to know that this large, richly laden man was the Lord Chancellor of England? Never before had Bealby seen anyone in evening dress except a butler, and so he supposed this was just some larger, finer kind of butler that they kept upstairs. Some larger, finer kind of butler blocking the path of escape. Bealby had taken in the situation with the rapidity of a hunted animal. The massive form blocked the door to the left. . . .

IN THE playground of the village school, Bealby had been preeminent for his dodging: he moved as quickly as a lizard. His little hands, his head, poised with the skill of a practiced butter, came against that mighty back, and then Bealby had dodged into the study. . . .

But it seemed to Lord Moggeridge, staggering over his broken glass and circling about defensively, that this fearful indignity could come only from Captain Douglas. Foolery. . . . Blup, blups. . . . Sham Poltergeist. Imbeciles. . . .

He said as much, believing that this young man and possibly confederates were within hearing: he said as much—hotly. He went on to remark of an unphilosophical tendency about Captain Douglas generally, and about army officers, practical joking, Laxton's hospitalities, Shonts. . . . Thomas, you will remember, heard him. . . .

Nothing came of it. No answer, not a word of apology. At last in a great dudgeon and with a kind of wariness about his back, the Lord Chancellor, with things more spoiled for him than ever, went on his way upstairs.

When the green baize door opened behind him, he turned like a shot, and a large foolish-faced butler appeared. Lord Moggeridge with a scepterlike motion of the decanter very quietly and firmly asked him a simple question and then, then the lunatic must needs leap up three stairs and dive suddenly and upsettingly at his legs.

LORD MOGGERIDGE was paralyzed with amazement. His legs were struck from under him. He uttered one brief topographical cry.

(To Sir Peter unfortunately it sounded like "Help!")

For a few seconds the impressions that rushed upon Lord Moggeridge were too rapid for adequate examination. He had a compelling fancy to kill butlers. Things culminated in a pistol shot. And then he found himself sitting on the landing beside a disgracefully disheveled manservant, and his host was running downstairs to them with a revolver in his hand.

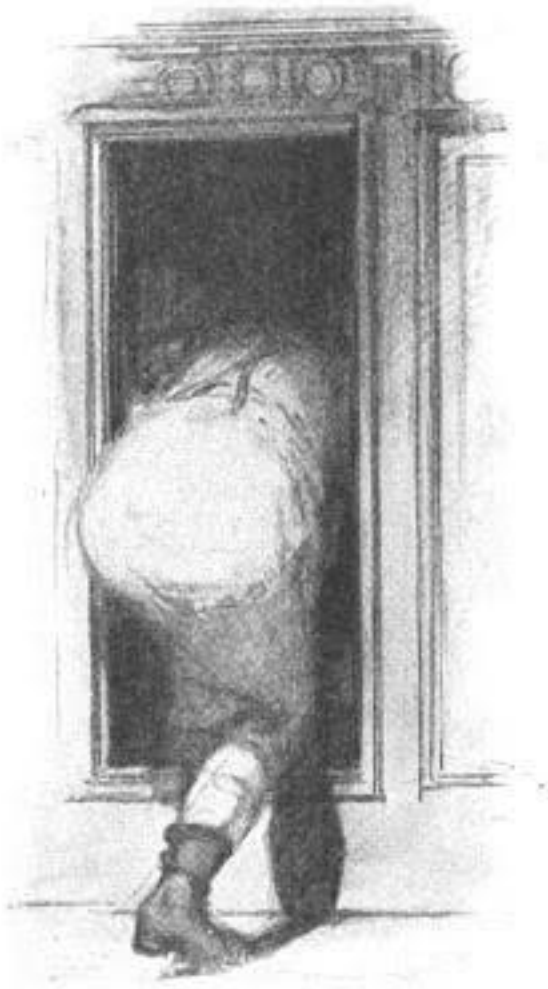
On occasion Lord Moggeridge could produce a tremendous voice. He did so now. For a moment he stared panting at Sir Peter, and then emphasized by a pointing finger came the voice. Never had it been so charged with emotion.

"What does this *mean*—you, sir?" he shouted. "What does this mean?"

It was exactly what Sir Peter had intended to say.

Explanations are detestable things.

And anyhow it isn't right to address your host as "You, sir."



Throughout the evening the persuasion had grown in Lady Laxton's mind that all was not going well with the Lord Chancellor. It was impossible to believe he was enjoying himself. But she did not know how to give things a turn for the better. Clever women would have known, but she was so convinced she was not clever that she did not even try.

Thing after thing had gone wrong.

How was she to know that there were two sorts of philosophy—quite different? She had thought philosophy was philosophy. But it seemed that there were these two sorts, if not more; a round, large sort that talked about the Absolute and was scornfully superior and rather irascible, and a jabby-pointed sort that called people "Tender" or "Tough," and was generally much too familiar. To bring them together was just mixing trouble. There ought to be little books for hostesses explaining these things. . . .

THEN it was extraordinary that the Lord Chancellor, who was so tremendously large and clever, wouldn't go and talk to Mrs. Rampound Pilby, who was also so tremendously large and clever. Repeatedly Lady Laxton had tried to get them into touch with one another. Until at last the Lord Chancellor had said distinctly and deliberately, when she had suggested his going across to the eminent writer, "God forbid!" Her dream of a large clever duologue that she could afterward recall with pleasure was altogether shattered. She thought the Lord Chancellor uncommonly hard to please. These weren't the only people for him. Why couldn't he chat party secrets with Slinker Bond, or say things to Lord Woodenhouse? You could say anything you liked to Lord Woodenhouse. Or talk with Mr. Timbre. Mrs. Timbre had given him an excellent opening: she had asked, "Wasn't it a dreadful anxiety always to have the Great Seal to mind?" He had simply *grunted*. . . . And then why did he keep on looking *so dangerously* at Captain Douglas? . . .

Perhaps to-morrow things would take a turn for the better. . . .

One can at least be hopeful. Even if one is not *clever*, one can be that. . . .

From such thoughts as these it was that this unhappy hostess was roused by a sound of smashing glass, a rumpus, and a pistol shot.

She stood up, she laid her hand on her heart, she said: "*Oh!*" and gripped her dressing table for support. . . .

After a long time and when it seemed that it was now nothing more than a hubbub of voices, in which her husband's could be distinguished clearly, she crept out very softly upon the upper landing.

SHE perceived her cousin, Captain Douglas, looking extremely fair and frail and untrustworthy in a much too gorgeous kimono dressing gown of embroidered Japanese silk. "I can assure you, my lord," he was saying in a strange, high-pitched, deliberate voice, "on my word of honor as a soldier, on-my-word-of-honor-as-a-soldier, that I know absolutely nothing about it."

"Sure it wasn't all imagination, my lord?" Sir Peter asked with his inevitable infelicity. . . .

She decided to lean over the balustrading and ask very quietly and clearly:

"Lord Moggeridge, please! is anything the matter?"

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Our Adventurers in Tampico

(Concluded from page 7)

a monthly wage list of $100,000 and a monthly grocery bill of $10,000.

I spent a quiet Sunday with the chiefs of one of these companies. The superintendent and I had last parted at the tail of a glacier on the slope of Chilcoot Pass. He was a mere adventurer, of course, but just the same I desire to describe just a little of this, his Mexican adventure.

We sat in a hot room. The afternoon breeze had not yet sprung up. The house stood on a hill. All about were the visible evidences of peripatetic activity. The low hills were crowned with steel tanks and reservoirs. The slopes down to the river were covered with machine shops, carpenter shops, warehouses, an ice plant, an electric-light plant, a foundry, and parks of wagons, auto-trucks, road scrapers, graders, and rollers. The river was wharf-lined and the wharf was lined with tankers loading oil. There were dredgers, pile drivers, launches, barges, river steamers, harbor tugs, huge ocean-going tugs, and a fast steam yacht (bought a year before for the purpose of rushing the American employees away to the safety of the sea in case of need).

And there was more than could be seen. This particular company ran truck farms, chicken farms, and orchards of avocados, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and figs—all for feeding its employees. I knew that to the west, in the Ebano field, were this company's hospitals, clubhouses, and railroad shops. Oh, yes, it possessed two railroads which it had built as well as run. Also, at Ebano, was its asphaltum refinery, reckoned the largest in the world, and a mere stock farm where imported Hereford bulls, Percheron stallions, and Missouri jacks graded up the inferior stock of Mexico, and where 10,000 head of animals had run prior to the raids by Federals and Constitutionalists.

From this house on the hill ran a graded wagon road through the jungle, built by the company, into the far Huasteca country, connecting with the terminal of the company's railroad at Dos Bocas. All this distance, and more, to a hundred miles away, ran the company's telephone lines. Two pipe lines for oil, one for water, and one for gas paralleled the wagon road.

Under Stress of War

IN that hot room of the house on the hill the telephone was never idle. Now the superintendent, now one chief, and now another answered it. A call would come from some distant station. Two horses had been run off by Constitutionalists. Another call: the Federals had just killed five cows and a bull for food, and the superintendent, in return, desired to know if his pony was still safe.

An employee arrives on the porch with the news that four of the auto-trucks lifted by the rebels have been recovered in Tampico and are being brought across the river on a barge. Another employee brings the word that the launch *Hoodle-bug* has just been commandeered by the rebels.

Over the telephone comes word that General Zaragoza, with 3,400 of his men, has burned a village and is lifting every horse and mule in sight. The Federals are drifting toward Amatlán the voice over the wire goes on.

"Getting close to our mules," remarks one of the chiefs, and then to me: "We've got 600 mules down there—200 of them from the States."

A tidy item that—sixty to seventy thousand dollars' worth of mule flesh; and the superintendent, over the phone, orders the moving of the mule herd to another potrero away from the line of Federal driftage.



She was young, strong, and she had ridden for two years with the revolutionists

The water station at Tamcochin sends in word that the Federals are reported drifting down on Tamcochin.

"All right," advises the superintendent. "Keep the tanks full to the last moment, and be prepared to run for it. Have a horse saddled for each one of you, and run the rest off now."

Like Job's Calamities

IN a lull one of the chiefs begins inquiring over the line for the pursuing rebels, and locates a station through which 500 of them had passed two hours earlier.

A call announces that the 600 mules are on their way to potreros green and hidden.

The chiefs try to reason the drift of the Federals. It is concluded that so far they have failed to gain the table-land, but that they are bound to try again because, to the south, they are blocked by the rebels, who have captured the port of Tuxpan.

"It does hurt to be called an adventurer," one of the chiefs begins, but is interrupted by a clatter of hoofs and the eruption of a splendid specimen of an Indian who dismounts and reports that after recovering thirty of the company's horses he has just had them taken away by a bunch of rebels.

Another station telephones a rumor that the 500 rebels have run into the 3,400 Federals and are having a hot time of it.

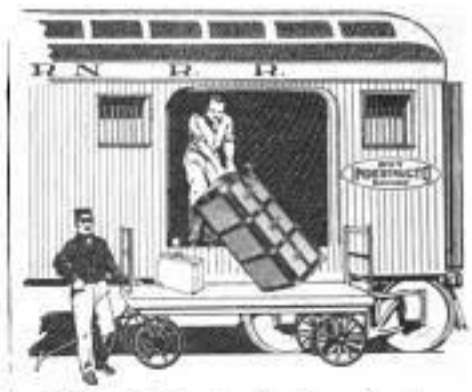
One of the chiefs telephones a subordinate to hire a launch to take the place of the commandeered *Hoodle-bug*. Scarcely is this done when a slender half-breed presents himself with a fresh commission to be a colonel and to raise a regiment of 500 men for the rebels. The superintendent shows the new Colonel every consideration. He is compelled to, or else the Colonel will enlist the men from the company's laborers. Also, the Colonel wants to borrow a launch for a couple of days. It is blackmail, but the superintendent smilingly lends it, and as soon as the Colonel is gone sends orders to hire another launch for the company in Tampico. Following that, at his suggestion, a chief telephones a lone man in a lone station in the path of the Federal drift to be ready to disconnect the wires and cut and run for it.

Between telephone calls a broken conference is held on the problem of moving the Ebano oil. A chief states that the company's shop at Ebano is occupied by seven engines which the rebels have captured from the Mexican Central and are repairing. Another chief, whose activities are patently diplomatic, is instructed to attempt to persuade the rebel leaders to use the repair shops at Tampico. It is decided, since the Ebano oil must be moved because of lack of further storage, to get the rebels to move it over the captured Mexican Central.

"If they won't or can't," the superintendent concludes, "then propose that they let us move it over their lines. We can furnish our own trains, crews, and everything."

Pleasant Dreams

AND the foregoing is just a sample of what went on for all that blessed day and half the night in that hot room of the house on the hill. One last thing I must give. Over the telephone came the verification of the earlier report of fighting. The 3,400 Federals had pretty well cut to pieces the 500 rebels, who were dropping back. Also, the Federals had ceased drifting and were making fast time for the mountains. And in the evening I fell asleep in my chair while the telephone rang on and on, and while the superintendent and his chiefs conferred and planned and considered immediate problems vastly profounder than any I have mentioned here.



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Gamblers' Wives

(Continued from page 15)

habit of heaping insult on the name of his friend of other days at every opportunity. If Sommers ever met up with him he would have to fight. Also Sommers would let the other fire first; he always did. This fact and distance fortified Bonnor in his bravado.

"What Sommers wanted me to do was to go with him and be around if trouble came—and be a witness to the fact that Bonnor fired first, in case Sommers was the survivor of the affair. It was a general superstition that Sommers would survive, because—well, it was one of the ironies of fate that this man who wanted to die, who notoriously held his life cheap, seemed in all these affairs to bear a charmed existence.

"'But,' I told him, desperately, 'I must have the money now, at once, else I would as well not have it at all. I have a sick wife who is in immediate need of the care this money would furnish her.'

"He saw my anxiety and thrust a roll of bills into my hand. 'Here,' he said, almost roughly, 'I am not such a Shylock. Go. See to her at once. And if she needs you, stay by her. You owe me nothing until your own good time.'

"Hurriedly, in my haste to get to my wife, I pressed upon him my fervent thanks. But as I left him I pledged myself to go with him on the morrow if my wife's condition warranted, once she was in good hands.

"As it turned out, I did go with him. My wife seemed to be doing nicely, and I was anxious to go, as I knew there would be good chances of making some money. I left instructions that if there were the least signs of a turn for the worse, I should be notified by wire at once."

BRANNON paused for a moment, as if in reverie, gazing into space, then resumed: "It was the second day we were there—the men came together. It happened almost directly in front of Bonnor's home along in the late afternoon. In that hot, dusty street of that lazy Texas town they met, a sneer on the face of one, fear and dread written on that of the other. Bonnor knew that he would be shot down like a dog, whether he fired or not, but he also knew he would be given ample time to fire first. With a desperate effort to make the most of his opportunity, he pulled and fired with all the steadiness his failing courage could muster. Sommers, waiting with his hand on his gun, fired instantly after. The two shots sounded almost as one. I remember I saw first that Sommers was wounded in the left shoulder, and then turned to Bonnor in time to see him pitch forward and fall to the street, the blood streaming from his breast. Also I remember noting in the back of my mind a bunch of loafers in front of a livery stable down the street a piece, scattering and disappearing inside with wonderful agility; the ducking out of sight of a straggler or two, and the opening of a window.

"Then I heard a woman's shriek, and Bonnor's wife came running out and sank across the form of her husband. She wore a snow-white dress, and when she rose to her feet her own soft bosom was all crimson and begrimed with the dust and blood, as though there, too, the ruthless bullet had plowed and torn its way. Just then a little curly-haired baby girl, all white and fresh, too, probably just from its afternoon nap and bath, came toddling out to her mother; she snatched the child up in her arms and turned on Sommers, scorn and hate flashing from her eyes. But her bitter arraignment died on her lips before this man who stood there facing her with a weary smile, his hands held out in a little shrug of disappointment. Casting at him one last look of horror, she fled into the house.

"The usual program was gone through with, bond was speedily arranged for, and I was free to go back to my wife.

"But I was sickened, and at the thought of that little baby girl clasped to its mother's stained breast, unable to realize the tragedy that had come into her life so early, the shattered peace of a home, I bitterly reproached myself. I could have given them warning, might have prevented it. I had made some money the night before, and was in good shape to make plenty more before the week was out, but I wanted to get out of the town.

"I hurried back to Fort Worth and at the bedside of my wife told her of the affair. No matter what her own feelings, she, as ever, laughed down my distress, told me I couldn't have helped it, that it was bound to have happened, soothed me, cheered me, and soon had me back to my normal self. But they buried her—my girl—a week later. It seemed our prosperity came too late."

His voice had sunk almost to a whisper. After a moment's silence, he again took up the thread. "I made a lot of money after that"—there was mockery in his tone. "I couldn't lose at anything—" Brannon turned to reminiscences of Sommers, as if closing the door on more intimate memories. After his quiet tones had rehearsed more than one strange story of a strange man, after he had given the true version of Sommer's death (with half a dozen bullets in him at last) in the Crystal Palace at San Antonio, he rose and laid a hand on Buddie's shoulder. "Be good to that little wife of yours, son," he said. "You don't know how lucky you are to have a little girl like that to stick with you through thick and thin. Whenever there's some one that has to give in you be that one, always. Never hesitate. And the first thing you know she'll be beating you to it. Cherish her and ask her advice about things. You'll be surprised to learn what a wise little soul she is, I'll bet you."

Buddie almost cried: "That little girl down in Laredo that day—Bonnor's daughter," he said softly, "is my wife."

BRANNON stared a moment, and then in silence, with a little sweep of his hand, recognized the mysteries of Fate.

That night Buddie bent over Molly's sleeping form and brushed her forehead



With a mental "So much for hunches," he sank into one of the big, soft leather chairs in the richly appointed Iroquois Club just in time to note the entrance of Tom Brannon



The Meeting Place in Summertime

Is Around a Dish of Puffed Grains

Every morning, countless families are now meeting around a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Some eat them with cream and sugar—some mix them with their fruit.

Every evening, legions again meet around Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. At suppertime or bedtime these dainty morsels form an ideal good-night dish.

At noontime, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice form the welcome luncheon. At dinner, they are scattered like nut meats over the ice cream. In the afternoon, girls use them in candy making, and hungry boys eat the grains like peanuts when at play.

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Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in Extreme West*

In the hot days coming—when you want to save cooking—when you want cool foods, easy to digest—serve a wealth of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Serve them as breakfast cereals, as dairy dishes. And use them like confections, for the taste is like toasted nuts.

Each puffed grain has a different flavor. But each is crisp and bubble-like and thin. Each is a dainty which everyone enjoys. Each marks the limit in good food.

Serve them both. Order a package of each from your grocer, then let the children vote on which they like best.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

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Your Ford Car

Why it should be lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"



IN lubricating Ford Cars, there are eight vital considerations. Each one must be met if the motor is to deliver its full power and be free from undue heat and wear.

These factors are:

(1) Speed, Bore and Stroke. Under the hood you have a small, high-speed motor. The Ford speed conditions demand oil of a different *body* from that demanded by low-speed conditions. The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets this Ford need with scientific exactness.

(2) Piston Clearance. The Ford pistons are closely fitted. Each piston has two upper rings, and one lower ring and an oil groove. The lower ring tends to prevent a surplus of oil working into the combustion chamber, while the oil groove insures proper lubrication of the wrist-pin. Engineering tests show that the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" forms the correct film for the Ford piston clearance.

(3) Lubricating System. The oil is supplied to the crank case. The connecting rods dip. All parts of the Ford motor are supplied by splash lubrication, requiring an oil which will atomize readily. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has the scientifically-correct *body* to properly distribute to all the friction surfaces.

(4) Cooling. The Ford motor is water-cooled by the Thermo-Syphon system, and is equipped with two forward speeds. The continued use of low gear often causes overheating. For full protection, oil should be used which distributes freely to the heated frictional surfaces, as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does.

(5) Ignition. The Ford system of ignition is by low-tension magneto, located in the fly-wheel, employing a four unit coil of the vibrator type. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will burn cleanly from ignition points—a most important consideration.

(6) Bearings. The Ford bearings are of the two-bolt type, brass with Babbitt lining, closely fitted. The correct *body* of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enables it to properly reach all parts of the closely-fitted bearings.

(7) Carbon Deposit. To insure the least carbon under all conditions, an oil should be used whose only deposit will be of a dry, non-adhesive character—easily and naturally expelled through the exhaust. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," if the proper level is maintained, will deposit little if any carbon in a Ford motor.

(8) Extreme Weather Conditions. On hot summer days you will sometimes see Fords running under overheated conditions, often due to faulty lubrication. Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are free from this trouble, owing to the ability of the oil to absorb and radiate heat. On cold winter days oil is required of a fluidity which enables it to meet low-temperature conditions and permit ease in cranking the motor. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" completely fills these requirements.

Above we have said little about *quality*. The Vacuum Oil Company, recognized world-leaders in scientific lubrication, have been specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for almost half a century.

We guarantee Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to be fully up to the high standard demanded of all Gargoyle products.

It easily reaches all friction surfaces and gives thorough protection after distribution.

In one case, however, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" should *not* be used.

1910 Models. In the models of that year motor conditions were slightly different. For 1910 and earlier models use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for summer and Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for winter.

To Owners of Other Cars:

The analysis above is one of over 400 similar engineering studies of different American and foreign cars.

Whatever the make or model of your car, you can get the benefit of these analyses and our advice, based on them, from our complete Lubricating Chart. A copy will be mailed on request.

We will also mail you on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

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with his lips. She stirred slightly, and then the eyelid fluttered open and she looked up into Buddie's face.

"You don't have to go home, honey," he whispered. "Look what an old friend and admirer of yours staked me to," and he flaunted some bills before her eyes. He smiled as Molly looked up at him inquiringly.

"Yes," he said slowly. "An old friend of yours. He first met you eighteen years ago." The wondering eyes still fixed upon him, for some reason he suddenly sank to his knees close beside her and clasped her to him.

"Maybe," said Molly, after a while, "you'll tell me some time what it's all about?"

"Maybe," said Buddie tenderly. "Maybe, some time."

The Toe of Retribution

(Concluded from page 9)

goin' t' strike. An', chances are, Joe's record's so septic that this complication will necessitate amputation; but, comin' or goin', discipline is discipline, so go about. Subdue yer feelin's an' give it t' him straight.'

"Well, th' coon passed Billy in all right, an' there he stood in th' precinct o' royalty.

"'What can I do fer you, Mr. Hood?' says Beveridge.

"Then Billy hands him th' letter an' blows his spiel in tremulous accents.

"'Let me git at th' matter clearly, Mr. Hood,' says Beveridge. 'I understand that you were in th' passenger service an' have been discharged. Who discharged you?'

"'Conductor McQueen.'

"'For what reason?'

"'He objected to a remark I made about th' collectors comin' on. Th' cons is all sore about that,' says Billy.

"'And he gave ye this letter—afterward?'

"'He did that. This mornin'. See th' date?' says Billy.

"'Since when did conductors git authority t' discharge employees o' th' company?'

"'Bout a month ago. Morgan's bulletin.'

"'Morgan? Who is Morgan?'

"'Th' Prairie train master.'

"'Superintendent Hargrave's train master?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"BEVERIDGE pushed a button, an' th' porter came in.

"'Tell th' operator t' have Mr. Hargrave, superintendent o' th' Prairie Division, an' his train master, Morgan, report at this office as soon as possible. Notify Conductor Joseph McQueen also.

"'Mr. Hood, you'll return t' work. I shall investigate this case thoroughly. We're not delegatin' authority t' conductors nor dischargin' men fer talkin'. Good day, sir!'

"Billy hung round outside, watchin' developments. Pretty soon 'long comes Chain-gang Hargrave at a quick sprint an' Morgan wid him. They was too occupied t' notice Billy, fer when a division superintendent an' his 'mediate subordinate gits summoned t' th' G. M., it generally means somethin' sear an' yellow, an' th' earth has a cross-eyed aspect. Then Joe looms up, pale as wax, feelin' o' hisself t' see if he's all there.

"When Joe seen Billy, another buzzard must 'a' flopped askew o' his horizon. He stopped short an' looked at Billy like an idee had struck him suddenlike. 'Lemme see that letter a minit, Hood,' says he.

"'Mr. Beveridge has th' letter,' says Billy.

"At that Joe wilted fer fair. He give Billy one heartreadin' look an' walked lopsided into th' office. What Beveridge handed t' them three men hasn't ever been given out fer publication, but when they came out they looked weary and dejected.

"Billy was anchored t' th' spot. He wanted t' creep away, but seemed like he couldn't move.

"CHAIN-GANG HARGRAVE looked at Billy. Then he mopped his face. His collar had gone mushy. Says he: 'Hood, you return t' McQueen's crew an' stay fer further orders.'

"An' there ye have th' hist'ry o' Billy Hood," concluded Finnigan.

"Well, there's a devil of an argument against appealin' a case, I must remark!" exclaimed Quaid. "Finnigan, you'd make a good attorney. If yer man was due fer a straight drunk fine, you'd git him hung? What better evidence o' th' advantage o' takin a case t' th' head o' th' class could ye offer?"

"Ye've got a flat wheel, Finnigan," added Cleary. "Now, after all yer talk, ye prove by yer own account that this Billy Hood went at it blind, an' won out widout half tryin'. Why, he set right down in th' lap o' justice—"

"An' dropped through onto th' toe o' retribution," interrupted Finnigan. "You fellers sop up th' climax like a sponge. I was waitin' fer it t' git clear t' ye, but ye're that quick. It does ye credit. Did I say I was through? There's yet th' sequel. Three weeks after th' transaction ye're so wrought up over, Billy opened th' switch at Ella t' let Number Three take siding fer th' Mail. Three had besides her reg'lar train one extra sleeper an' General Superintendent Caton's private car on th' rear wid his Juleps in it. Maybe Billy was reflectin' on bein' in th' favor o' princes. Maybe he was sleepy. Anyhow he counted th' usual number o' cars passin' an' closed th' switch. Th' front part o' th' train took sidin' an' th' last two cars went up th' main an' t' th' bad. Th' safety chains held, an' there in th' dead o' night ye behold Caton's car a-straddle th' track an' near tipped over, an' th' old man's head out th' window warblin' language that withered th' foliage in that vicinity. Th' miscue laid out both trains a matter o' three hours.

"DID Caton fire Billy? Did he? He chased him out o' th' right o' way an' wouldn't let him ride on th' train. No show fer appeal in that case. It was fer cause, an' yet, as ye know, Matt Willard, Pop Gilroy's brakeman, did th' same thing last May, an' Pop squared it an' had him back workin' in less than a week. But Hargrave was Billy's touchstone, an' Hargrave wouldn't look at him. I'reemptery orders from Caton. Last I heard of Billy he was plantin' shrubbery in a cemetery.

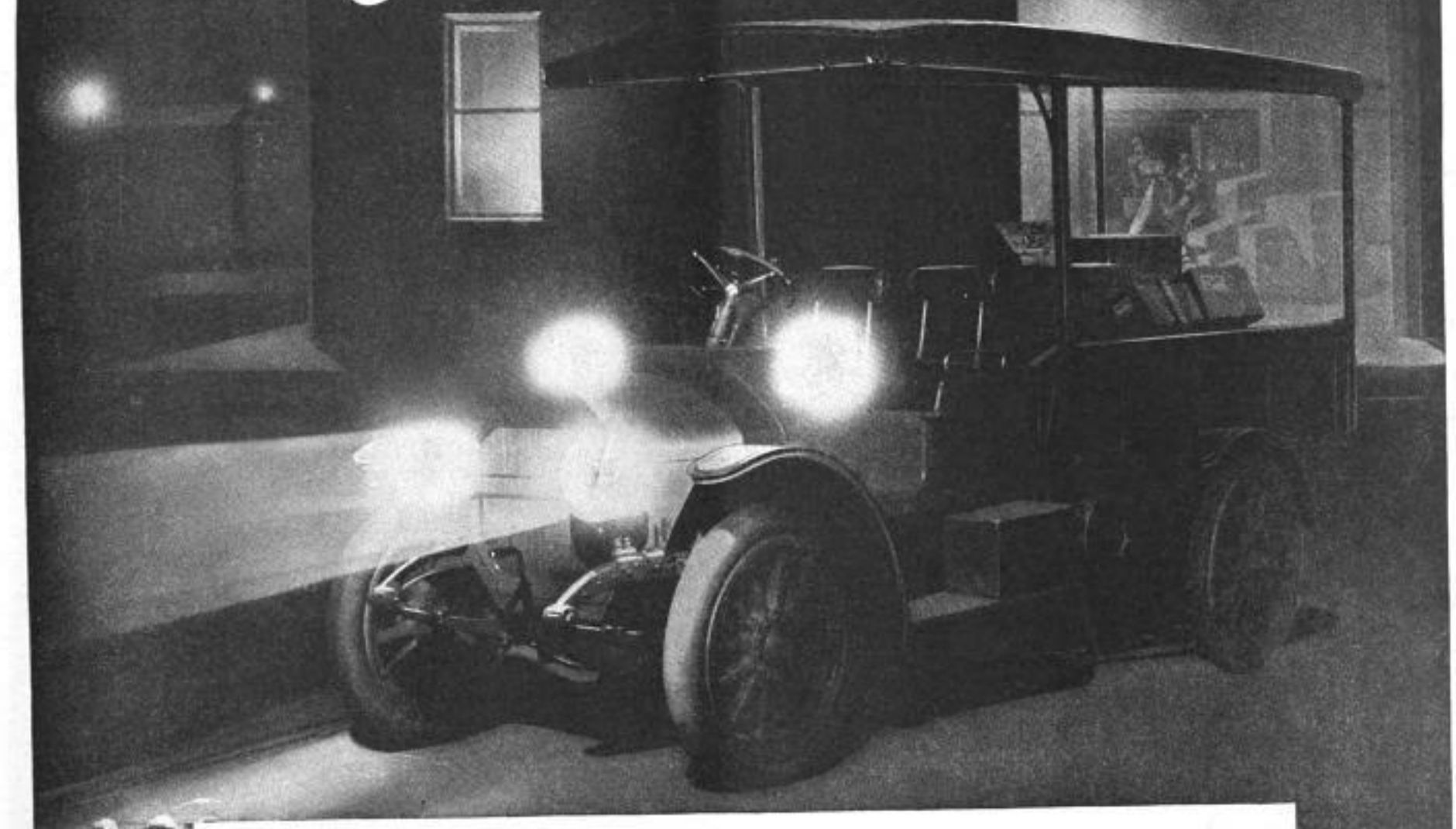
"As I remarked in beginnin', fellers, it does warm th' soul t' git yer superior screwed down by his superior, but when th' minit comes that ye land in his distinguished presince wid a frayed record an' wid nothin' t' expect from him but th' jolt that it's only human nature fer him t' throw into ye, th' sensation is differ'nt from anythin' in th' book o' rules or on th' time card."



"S'pose he had told ye: 'B'yes, ye have me sympathies. Yer cause is just. . . . But it's beyond me jurisdiction. Th' bunch above, that consumes th' champagne, has syndicated th' plat, an' intind t' develop it wid yerselves'"

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The Extravagant Way to do Business is to Use the Methods of Yesterday

FROM a business standpoint the motor truck is probably the greatest economic factor ever introduced.

It has proved its economy, its productiveness and its downright efficiency over the horse in every possible respect.

Yet, in spite of this, some business men still prefer to be backward by continuing to use, and lose money, on the out-of-date methods of yesterday.

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But—

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Now what about your horses?

And this is but one of scores of similar cases!

Yet economy is not the greatest asset of this truck. Increased business is what makes for increased profits, and there is where the real value of this truck comes in.

With one of these trucks you do infinitely more work than you can do with three or four teams. You can cover more territory, get at more customers, develop more business—in short make more money.

Understand this is not a theoretical statement. Willys Utility Trucks are accomplishing this for hundreds of others. They can do precisely the same for you. Their adoption will increase your business and decrease the cost of getting and handling it.

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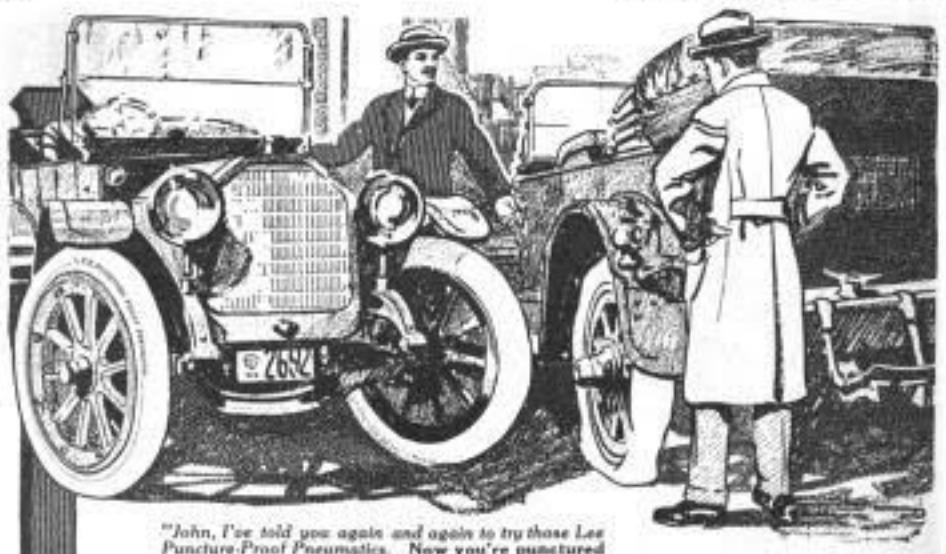
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If a good friend advised you often enough to try

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK Pneumatic Tires

you'd try them and save yourself time, bother and money.

Yet your friend would only recommend the tires—he would not *guarantee* them.

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The guarantee, the unique construction that makes it possible, the experience of users, all are told in our Pamphlet "D" *free on request.* Write for it today.

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Note the construction. Not a troublesome outer cover to be attached—not an inner case to cause friction and heating. Not a leather-and-mass-of-hardware construction; but a pneumatic tire of the exclusive Lee process **"Vanadium" Rubber**—now used in all Lee Tire products.

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Vacation——?

Vacation days are here.

How often have they become really tiresome, long before school reopened, and how often have you wished for something definite to do.

Time and again you have interfered with your mother's housework, and she too has often scolded you.

All this because you had nothing to occupy your mind, or to which you could devote your energies.

Let us tell you how to enjoy this vacation more than ever because under our plan you can make it profitable as well as pleasant.

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Please tell me more of your plans for boys to profitably occupy their time during vacation.

"Every a relief to Know by Her Mirror"

The Widow's Mite

(Continued from page 10)

"It takes mines to work capital, too, don't it?" asked the widow sarcastically. "Well," she snapped, picking up her knitting again, "I don't ask your opinion about mining or ranching, an' maybe I can get somebody to straighten out my business for me. If the worst comes to the worst, I can take washin'. Maybe I can reckon on gettin' your shirts to do up. Much obliged to you, Mr. Nyswanger."

The proprietor of the Bon Ton Clothing Emporium rose from his seat. "Now don't you get mad at me because I can't give you advice right off, Mrs. Backus," he said, with a deprecating gesture. "I'm going to study on it and you don't know but what I may hit on some scheme that will help you out. You give me time to think it over for you. We'll see what we can do. Did I bring my hat in or did I leave it in the hall? Now don't you mind coming to the door with me. Good night."

In another minute he was outside taking deep breaths of the cool air and expelling them in an ecstasy of relief.

HE had reached his store where, in a back room, he had his bachelor quarters, and was feeling for his key, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps on the board sidewalk and a female voice of a peculiarly penetrating character which he recognized.

"But it was all in the Redwater bank," said the voice. Mr. Nyswanger buried himself deeper in the shadow of the doorway and listened intently.

"Don't you fool yourself," came to him in deep manly tones. "She had it all in the Redwater bank, but she got a tip from Reynolds an' took it out just afore the smash an' salted her down in the Lead National. I got that straight."

"Then why for the Lord's sake—?"

"Search me," said the other. "I've quit trying to find out whys where you womenfolks is concerned. Some scheme."

"But she told me—" began the woman; and then as the light of the lantern they carried flashed on the bent figure in the doorway: "Why, Mr. Nyswanger!"

"Evenin', Mrs. Bixby. Evenin', Spencer," said Nyswanger, rattling his key in the keyhole. "I'm having trouble with this lock. Been to the social?"

Just then the stubborn lock yielded and the wayfarers passed on. Mr. Nyswanger entered the store, made his way to his room and sat down to reflect with a grin on his face and a finger on the side of his nose.

"So that's the game, is it?" he soliloquized. "Well, I reckon it ain't altogether too late to cogger the bet." He considered further and then: "Still, it's best to make sure in matters like these here." So saying, he carried his lamp to his desk in the store and wrote a letter addressed to Lead City and, an hour later, delivered it to the mail carrier who drove through the camp in his buckboard.

MRS. BACKUS, en négligé, the sleeves of her figured calico wrapper rolled above the dimples in her elbows, was sweeping the floor of her front porch. Intent upon her work, she did not notice the approach of Mr. Nyswanger until a delicate cough apprised her of his presence. He was smiling in his accustomed confident manner. Mrs. Backus did not smile. "Fine morning," remarked Mr. Nyswanger with a graceful flourish of his hat.

"I can see that for myself," said the widow ungraciously.

Mr. Nyswanger appeared a trifle discomfited. "I guess you're busy this morning," he said, "but—"

The lady did not give him time to complete his sentence. "You're a good guesser," she said. "If you'll stand to one side, you won't get none o' these sweepin's on your clo'es," she added, pausing as she brushed the litter to the edge of the steps.

"Excuse me," said Nyswanger removing himself. "I didn't know I was in the way."

"Some never does," commented Mrs. Backus. "Don't step on that there flower bed." With a vigorous whisk of the broom, she gave the sweepings to the morning air, and lightly dusted off the lower steps, after which she turned to reenter the house, but stopped as Mr. Nyswanger began to follow her. "Well?" she said, not very encouragingly.

"You act like you was mad at me," said Nyswanger reproachfully.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the widow. "I've got my work to do."

"You're mad at me," persisted the proprietor of the Bon Ton. "Here I've been a-figuring and a-studying on some way to help you out ever since I left here last night. I told you last night I was a-goin' to figger some way out. Well, ain't I here?"

"I RECKON you are," said Mrs. Backus. "It looks suthin like you anyway."

"I tell you there's some as wouldn't be," said Nyswanger. "There's some turns their backs on their friends when they get into trouble. I ain't that way with my friends, least of all with you. I ain't got but one wish and that's to see you satisfied and happy."

"You didn't talk that way last night," said Mrs. Backus with a slight relenting in her tone.

"I was struck all of a heap," pleaded Nyswanger. "Maybe I didn't say all I wanted to say, but I've had time to think since then. Now you show me them receiver's statements you was talkin' about."

Mrs. Backus hesitated and blushed slightly. "I guess I won't trouble you," she said.

"Don't say trouble," begged Nyswanger ascending two steps. "Nothin' I could do for you would be any trouble. You'd ought to know that." His hesitation seemed now gone and his manner was ardent. "There ain't nothin' I've got but what's yours," continued Nyswanger. "All you need to do is to say what you want."

"Quit now," commanded the widow. "Here's Mrs. Bixby comin'."

"Dern Mrs. Bixby!" muttered Mr. Nyswanger. "See here—"

"She's comin' up this way," warned Mrs. Backus.

NYSWANGER went down two steps as a stout, elderly woman clambered with difficulty along the shade of the pathway. "When I spoke about Gifford," he said hurriedly, "I reckoned that you and him— It didn't make no difference in my feelin's. I says to myself this morning, 'I'll help her anyway,' I says. 'All I want is to see her happy. If I can do that, I says to myself—Jim Bristow says it's good sound wood, and he'll let you have it for two dollars a cord, hauled. It's better'n pitch pine—not so hard on stoves. Morning, Mrs. Bixby. *You* don't want no green cordwood, do you?"

"Not me," replied the stout woman breathlessly. "My! but it's a climb up here, Martha! Phew! No, I've got all the wood I want. Oh me, oh my! I'm about tuckered out!"

"Come right in an' set down," said Mrs. Backus hospitably. She smiled at Nyswanger. "If you're passin' this evenin' about eight o'clock, maybe you'll look in, Mr. Nyswanger," she said. "I'll think what I'd better do about it."

"What I've said about the wood is all so," said Mr. Nyswanger artfully. "It's wood you can depend on."

"I ain't got no doubt about that wood now," said the widow kindly. "It was real kind o' you to tell me about it."

"Don't name it," said the polite proprietor of the Bon Ton. "You're more'n welcome. I'll be up this evenin' sure. So long, ladies."

"What's that crazy loon talkin' about?" inquired Mrs. Bixby when she had settled her ample person as comfortably as might be in a corner of the horsehair sofa.

MRS. BACKUS tittered.

"You needn't tell me," said the elder woman. "I know well enough, Martha Backus, you just answer me one question. Have you took him?"

"Why, Mrs. Bixby!" exclaimed the widow in accents of surprise.

"Yes, Mrs. Bixby!" chuckled that lady. "It's good United States, ain't it? Yes or no?"

"No," answered Mrs. Backus.

"Thank Providence for that!" ejaculated Mrs. Bixby piously. "But then you're a-goin' to think it over an' let him know this evenin'. Well, you let him know that you ain't no such fool as to take him. All he wants is your money."

"He knows I've lost my money," protested Mrs. Backus.

"Yes, he knows you have and he thinks you haven't. You needn't look at me. Listen! Last night Spencer Damon was

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takin' Mert home from the social an' he told me you'd drawed out of Redwater an' hunked at Lead afore the smash came, an' we was a-passin' Nye's and Nye heard it. Now whether that's so or no, I don't know. I only know what you told me, an' that ain't what Nye believes now."

To Mrs. Bixby's mortification, the widow showed no sign of surprise, but smiled and nodded to herself several times. "I suspicioned that story'd got out some way since last night," she commented. "Well, we'll see. If you ain't got nothing on hand to-night, you might come over at about eight, too."

GIFFORD was usually an early riser, but on the morning after his ill-starred visit to Coo-Stick, he forsook his blankets a good hour before dawn, and by the dim light of a smoky kerosene lamp he appeared to occupy himself with some sort of literary composition.

After breakfast he handed the production to his assistant with instructions to deliver it personally to Mrs. Backus. "Take care you don't lose it, Mert," he said. "It's mighty important."

"What is it?" asked Mert weighing the package in his hand. "A book o' po'try an' a lock o' your hair?"

"It's suthin to make blamed fools ask questions," said his employer severely.

"What do you want her to ask you?" asked Mert. "Excuse me," he added with hasty politeness. "It ain't none o' my derned business o' course. Any message—your love or anything? Well, all right. You don't need to get wrathy."

Gifford stood and watched him splash through the ford, and then with a sigh, went about some of his usual morning chores. But at last he went to the stable and saddled the gray.

He found Larry MacFadden seated on an inverted pail in the doorway of the Fashion Livery barn, cleaning a set of harness. The little man's greeting showed nothing but pleasure and he held out a hand slimy with castile soap and grimy with paste dressing, and chuckled when Gifford unsuspectingly grasped it. "Wipe it off on your whiskers," he suggested. "You certainly ought to make some use o' that underbrush, Seth. It ain't no ornament. Go put up your horse and then come and set down and enjoy yourself. Excuse me rising."

GIFFORD led his horse into a stall, unbridled him and loosened the saddle girths, brought a chair from the office and seated himself beside MacFadden in the doorway.

"I saw Mert around a while ago," said the liveryman. "What's brought you in?"

"Had a little business," replied Gifford. "What's new?"

He asked the question perfunctorily. He was looking across the street at Mrs. Backus's home. "Who's up at the house now?" he asked with a real interest.

MacFadden shaded his eyes with his hand. "There is somebody there, sure enough," he said with an air of surprise.

"It's Nye," said Gifford.

"It does look like Nye," said MacFadden.

"And he's talking to her," groaned the ranchman.

"I wouldn't wonder," said MacFadden. "I guess they've got it fixed up between 'em. Nye as good as told me so a while ago. He's heard about her losing her money, too." He cast a sidelong look at his friend whose eyes were still fixed on the porch, and shrugged his shoulders.

"HE'S square, anyway," said Gifford presently, with an effort.

"He's what you might call a lulu bird," said MacFadden.

"He's acting square now," Gifford maintained.

"Sure," agreed MacFadden. "Hello! There's mother Bixby buttin' in. Ain't she the worst old hen? Here comes Nye back now."

In a minute or two, the proprietor of the Bon Ton approached them on his way to the store. His face wore a complacent smile, and he waved his hand to the ranchman with marked cordiality, and winked half derisively at MacFadden.

"You're in late, Seth, old sport," he said to the ranchman.

"Is he in too late?" asked MacFadden meaningly.

"I guess he is," said Mr. Nyswanger with unblushing hardihood. "Yes, he's just a little too late. So long, gentlemen." With another wave of his hand, he passed on.

Gifford had turned a trifle pale and his big fists were clenched.

"I'm going to hike out back to the ranch," he announced shortly. And accordingly and with no waste of time he hiked.

WHEN Larry MacFadden returned from dinner, his assistant, Hank, was "cleaning" himself in anticipation of his noonday relief. "Lady in here lookin' for you, Larry," said the helper from behind the roller towel. "Real disappointed because you wasn't around."

"There's no use tryin' to keep 'em away," sighed MacFadden. "If you'd only turn the hose on 'em, I might have some peace. Who was it this time?"

"Mrs. Backus," replied the stableman. "She wouldn't wait."

"Heaven be thanked!" ejaculated MacFadden with fervor.

"She left word for you to come up to the house this evenin' at a little after eight. It's suthin particular and you're not to disappoint her on no account."

MacFadden whistled.

"She seemed sorter flustered. She got Kit and Bess an' the top buggy. D'yer leave anythin' for me to eat up at the hotel?"

"Did she say where she was a-goin' with the rig?" asked MacFadden.

"SURE," grinned Hank. "I ast her an' she told me. She said she was goin' out a ways an' back agin to see how far it was." Whereupon the factotum departed.

"This evenin' at eight," mused MacFadden. "Well, the plot certainly's a-thickenin'," with which he picked up a currycomb and went to work on the toilet of a wicked-eyed roan mare, with an absence of mind that a moment later nearly cost him a fractured skull.



"If you'll stand to one side, you won't get none o' these sweepin's on your clo'es"



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34.53 miles average per gallon of gasoline.
Less than half a cent a mile for fuel.
Less than one-fourth cent per mile per passenger.
Best record 47.05 miles per gallon.

These are a few records of Saxon cars in 200-mile nation-wide non-stop runs, made on the same day in more than 100 cities.

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Jerry Nyswanger's heart was particularly heavy as he climbed the trail that evening to the cottage of the widow Backus. The answer to his midnight letter had come by special messenger from Lead—three words, but words of woe: "No account here." Mr. Nyswanger was not so much troubled about the painful necessity of withdrawing from his suit. He was confident of his ability to do that neatly, even gracefully, but the only way to square the house of Aaronson & Liebenstein in Omaha was by an actual and immediate payment on account, and there were some notes to be met at the bank in Lead, to say nothing of divers and sundry smaller obligations. The widow's little nest egg would have squared up all these and put him comfortably on his feet and, in the absence of that nest egg, the chances of squirming through were slight.

As he ascended the porch steps, he fancied he heard Mrs. Backus's rather musical laugh. But when the door opened it was Larry MacFadden who stepped forward and grasped him by the hand, shaking it with effusive cordiality.

"Come right in," cried MacFadden in loud and joyful tones. "We was beginning to think you wasn't coming. We're all set and waiting for you. This way, old son."

THE sitting room was brilliantly lighted as was the parlor beyond. In the big rocking-chair, imposing in green silk brocade and gold rope watch chain, sat Mrs. Bixby, her fat double-chin set in folds of rigid severity; and close beside her sat George Reynolds, gun-girt, gray-bearded, leathery-faced, lean and muscular, eying the newcomer with a grim, menacing smile. Opposite him was an elderly male stranger of mild and benevolent aspect whose necktie was a white bow, and on whose knees reposed a book with limp morocco covers. Somewhat in the background, Seth Gifford, in his ranch clothes, booted and spurred, occupied an uncomfortable straight-backed chair. His expression did not seem exactly reassuring to Mr. Nyswanger. Excepting Larry MacFadden, who still beamed upon him, with his back to the door, Mrs. Backus appeared to be the only one to manifest unqualified pleasure at his entrance.

It was by no means the Mrs. Backus who had swept the porch in a calico wrapper that morning. A different Mrs. Backus entirely; Brown silk, if you please, and creamy lace at the neck and sleeves of the enticingly trim bodice; a yellow rose from the bush in the front yard in her dark hair, and red roses on her cheeks. Wonderful what a little fixing up will do for some women! But Nyswanger was pale as he looked at her and the company.

She rose and went to him with a winning smile—an absolutely affectionate smile—and held out her hand. "I knew you would come," she said in honeyed accents. "They were trying to plague me. Mrs. Bixby said you wouldn't."

Mr. Nyswanger shook her hand mechanically as his gaze wandered from one to another of the party and settled apprehensively on the mild looking man in the white necktie.

"I've been a-tellin' 'em how kind you've been to me, Nye," said the widow, "an'—" Her eyelashes fluttered downward for an instant— "You've met the Rev. Johnson, haven't you? Mr. Johnson, this is Mr. Nyswanger."

"Very glad to meet you, sir," said the Rev. Mr. Johnson advancing and extending his hand. "Very glad to meet you, indeed."

MR. NYSWANGER looked upon him with a lack-luster eye, and ignored the proffered palm.

"I thought, after what you said this mornin'—" began the widow.

Nyswanger cleared his throat. "Er—Mrs. Backus—ma'am," he said huskily, "I—er—I hope you haven't misunderstood nothin' I said to you this mornin'."

MacFadden edged up to him. "Now you aren't a-goin' to try to back out, are you?" he remonstrated below his breath.

"What does he mean?" cried Mrs. Backus, looking about her helplessly.

"What *do* you mean?" growled Reynolds, rising and pushing back his chair. Gifford also rose.

"We're a-waitin' for you, old son," suggested MacFadden.

All of Nyswanger's confidence seemed to have deserted him. He made a deprecating motion with his hand toward Reynolds and Gifford.

"Don't be hasty, gentlemen," he said. "No occasion. All I came up for here this evening was to 'tend to a little matter o' business with Mrs. Backus here—about the money she lost in the Redwater bank. Nothing more than that—nothing whatever beyond pure business and friendliness."

HE paused, moistened his lips and resumed. "I—I—er may have a little way a-talkin' to ladies," he said, stammering. "It might be misunderstood. I don't say I ought to have it, an' I'm willin' to apologize if—er—I mean to say that I didn't come up here with no matrimonial intentions. That's the long and short of it," he concluded desperately.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Backus began to laugh. There was nothing hysterical in the quality of her laughter. It was entirely mirthful, hearty, and unaffected. She evidently enjoyed it. Reynolds joined her in a sort of dry cackle and Mrs. Bixby's fat sides began to shake. MacFadden forgot the proprieties so far as to whoop and the clerical gentleman smiled broadly. Nyswanger turned and sought the door, but MacFadden interposed.

"Don't go," called Gifford. "Evenin's young yet. We'll be lonesome if you hurry yourself off." Then he exploded in a roar of laughter.

"This may be darned funny," Nyswanger began pulling himself together a little.

MacFadden nudged him in the side. "Mrs. Backus wants to talk to you," he said, pointing to the widow, who was dabbing her eye with her handkerchief and trying to attract his attention.

"I guess I might as well tell you," said Mrs. Backus. "It's Mr. Gifford come up here with matrimonial intentions. No, he didn't either. I went after him and brought him—in a livery rig—same's I told him I would the night you and him was both here. I've got to own up to that, haven't I, Seth?"

"You didn't hafter," replied the ranchman, "an' I sure was easy to bring," he added.

"You did send me a billy doo first," continued the widow. "I'll say that much for myself. There was a bank book in it showin' how much he'd got in the bank an' a check ready signed so I could fill it in for whatever I needed. I'm goin' to keep that check too, Seth."

"You're welcome," said the ranchman, reddening with embarrassment.

"And Mr. Nyswanger," said the lady dimpling maliciously, "as far's the business is concerned, you don't need to trouble yourself. That was a little joke o' mine. I took the money I had in the Redwater bank out a month before it failed and I told Reynolds that I was going to put it in the Lead bank, but I didn't. I put it in—" Mrs. Backus hesitated and colored a little—"in a safe place."

MRS. BIXBY, MacFadden, Nyswanger, and Gifford gasped simultaneously, and the widow began to laugh again.

"Martha, if you ain't a case!" exclaimed Mrs. Bixby.

"What a woman won't do," said MacFadden. "Just to think of that now! Fooled us all!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Nyswanger, "if you'll kindly excuse me, I'll say good evening to you all. To tell you the honest truth, I feel a little sick."

This time MacFadden stood aside and let him pass out. No one spoke as the outer door closed. Perhaps there was a reaction of pity.

Presently MacFadden coughed behind his hand and Gifford passed his arm about the particularly trim waist of the widow and led her in this fashion before the minister. There was a general movement of grouping and a whisper or two. The minister opened the limp morocco-bound book and settled his glasses on his nose. "Dearly beloved," he began.

AN hour later the guests had departed. Seth and Mrs. Gifford sat very close together before the glowing base-burner, the well-fed cat curled at their feet. The festal blaze was softened to the cheerful light of the red crêpe-shaded lamp. There was no inharmonious note in the comfortable composition now.

"This is somethin' like," ejaculated Seth with profound satisfaction and for the tenth time. "And just think how near I come to missin' it!"

His wife looked at him and a smile half fond, half humorous, dimpled her comely cheeks.

"Seth," she said, pressing his arm, "you was never within a hundred miles of missing it."

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The Passing of the Prairie

(Continued from page 14)

sounds, and as we galloped along together it was easy to imagine ourselves the hunters of our sunset song, chasing the Indian and the bison."

In this way the boys came to know all the open country to the north, which seemed to them very beautiful. On the uplands a short, light-green, hairlike grass grew, intermixed with various resinous weeds, while the lowlands produced luxuriant patches of blue-joint, wild oats, and other large grasses. Along the streams and in the "sloos" cat-tails waved above thick mats of wide-bladed marsh grass. Without realizing it, Lincoln came to know every weed, every curious flower, every living thing big enough to be seen from the back of a horse.

"Nothing could be more generous, more joyous, than these natural meadows in June. The flash and ripple and glimmer of the tall wide-bodied grass, the myriad voices of ecstatic bobolinks, the chirp and whistle of red-winged blackbirds swaying on the reeds or in the willows, the meadow larks piping from grassy bogs, and the swift snipe and wailing plover adding their voices as they rose and fell on the flowery green slopes of the uplands. It was a big land and a big, big sky to us, children of the coulée, and possessed besides a hint of the still wilder country to the west.

"The gray hermit, the badger, made his home in deep dens on the long ridges, and on sunny April days the mother fox lay out with her young on southward sloping swells. The swift prairie wolves slunk with backward-glancing eyes from copse to copse, and many a mad race we gave them. Deer were occasionally seen, and to me it seemed that just over the next ridge toward the sunset the shaggy brown bulls still fed in thousands, and in my heart was a longing to ride away into that marvelous world. All the boys I knew talked of 'the West,' never of the East; always of the plains, of mountains, of cattle raising, of mining and Indians; never of cities. And none of us had any desire to go East. 'We'll have our rifles ready, boys, ha, ha, ha-ha!' was still our favorite chorus, and Kansas and Colorado our far-off wonderland.

"My Uncle David had brought with him his long, heavy, old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, but had little use for it. I tried it, but found it too heavy. I carried the family shotgun, however, with all the confidence of a man, and was able to kill a few ducks and prairie chickens in season. I hunted gophers regularly during the days when the sprouting corn was in most danger, and Owen became quite expert with the snare.

"To the north and west the soil was wet and difficult of cultivation, and remained unplowed for several years. Scattered over these clay lands were small groves or clumps of popple trees, called 'towheads' by the settlers. They were commonly only two or three hundred feet in diameter, though in some cases they grew along a ridge many acres in extent. Against these islands seas of hazel brush rolled, interspersed with lagoons of blue-joint grass, that most beautiful and stately product of prairie soil.

"Over these uplands, through these lakes of hazel brush, and around these coverts of popple, Hester and I and Burton careered, chasing rabbits, hunting the cows, killing rattlesnakes, rueing the half-wild colts, and pursuing the prowling wolves. It was an alluring life for a boy, and my sister seemed to enjoy it quite as much as we did. She could ride almost as well as Burton, who was my high admiration, and all of us were natural horse tamers.

"We all rode in army fashion—that is to say, we held our reins in one hand (the left) and guided our steeds by the pressure of the rein or the knee rather than by pulling at the bit. Our ponies were not allowed to trot, but were taught a peculiar gait which we called the 'lope,' which was a canter in front and a trot behind (a very good gait for long distances), and were drilled to keep this pace steadily and to fall at the word into a swift walk without the usual intervening jolt. Nearly every boy could ride, but Burton was our constant companion—and was a light and graceful figure on his big black horse."



He will be safe if she doesn't notice his dog

DURING his twelfth year Lincoln had not much leisure. In haying he drove the horserake. In harvest he carried bundles or rode the lead horse. In the autumn he plowed or handled bundles on the stack, or held sacks for the threshers during threshing season. And last of all, when the earth was frozen too hard for the plow, he husked "the down row" behind the farm wagon, till at last came November and school.

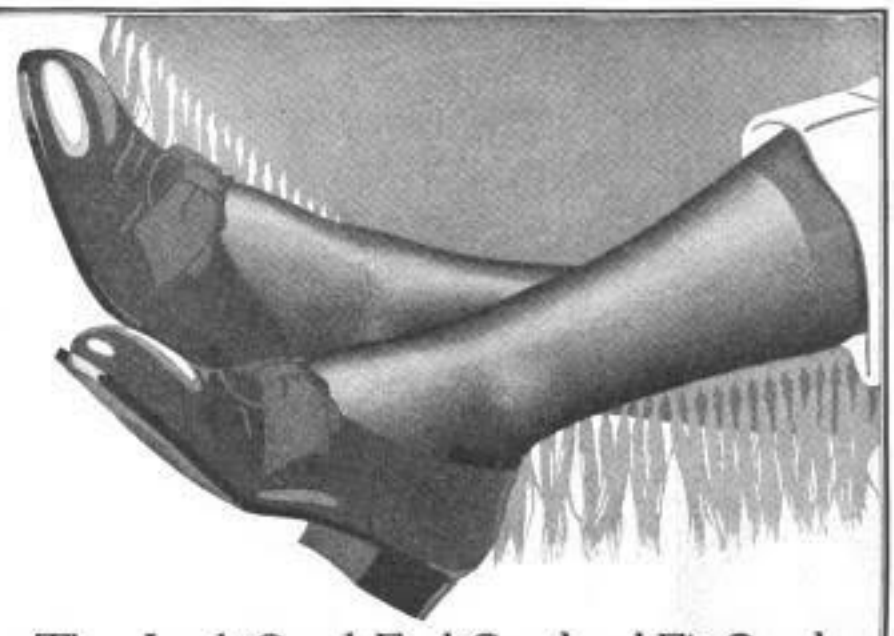
Duncan was a good farmer even on rented land, but now that he was on his own acres he took the greatest pains in pulverizing and seeding his land. He kept Lincoln at it till the boy was fairly disheartened. The roots of the hazel brush were forever clogging up the teeth, and it was necessary to lift the frame of the harrow to clear them, and this was hard work for a boy of twelve. It was necessary also to guide the horses so that the harrow "lapped half," and sometimes the dust flew so thick that not only was his face coated with it, but his eyes were blinded and tears of rebellious rage stained his cheeks with comic lines. At such times he looked away at Owen (riding after the cattle) as a prisoner on the treadmill regards a swallow.

THIS thoroughness of method brought disaster to Duncan. "One day during the third spring," writes Lincoln, "and just after the wheat had begun to spring from the soil, a powerful wind arose from the west and blew upon us with such fury that the air became filled with dust from the field, darkening the sky and turning noon into twilight. It was the most appalling natural catastrophe we had ever experienced, and made us long for the sheltered valleys of Wisconsin. All day it raged, sifting the house full of grit, blinding our eyes, destroying the sprouting grain, and carrying away thousands of tons of the richest loam from the top of our farm.

"Father was in despair. It seemed to him, as to us, that the entire earth was taking flight—and the ironical part of the whole matter lay in the fact that this loss was due entirely to the extra care which we had used in pulverizing the ground. 'If only I had not rolled that land,' he groaned in my hearing. His impotent fury and bitter despair made an indelible impression on my mind—nearly one hundred acres of the grain had to be reseeded."

MOST authors, in writing of life on the farm, leave out such an experience as this. They leave out the mud and the dust and the heat and the bad smells. These were honorable phases of manly warfare. But I bitterly hated the filth and the grime and the mud of the barnyard and the stable.

Corn planting, which followed wheat seeding, was a very pleasant job that year, for the seed was dropped by hand, and "changing works" with the neighbors brought Cyrus and Eva Benson to



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help for a day or two. Hester and Eva and Lincoln worked side by side at this task, while Cyrus and Duncan and Charles followed with hoes to cover the kernels, and little Owen painfully planted pumpkin seeds.

"Most of the duties of farm life required the lapse of years to seem beautiful in my eyes, but there was another season which had charm and significance—even at that time—and that was haying. In Iowa summer is at its most exuberant stage of vitality as the last days of June come on, and even the faculties of our toiling elders, dulled and deadened with never-ending drudgery, caught something of the superabundant glow and throb of Nature's life.

"The cornfield, dark green and sweet smelling, is beginning to ripple with multitudinous stir and sheen and swirl. Waves of dusk and green and yellow circle across the growing grain and long leaves upthrust, at intervals, like spears. The trees are in heavy leaf, insect life is at its height, and the air is filled with buzzing, dancing forms and with the sheen of innumerable gauzy wings.

"The wind is laden with ecstatic voices. The bobolinks sail and tinkle in the sensuous air, now sinking, now rising, their exquisite notes filling the air with falling strings of silver bells. The kingbird, ever alert and aggressive, cries out sharply as he launches from the top of a poplar tree upon some buzzing insect, and the plover makes the prairie sad with his wailing call. Vast purple and white clouds move like bellying sails of purple ships before the lazy wind, dark with rain, which they drop momentarily like trailing garments upon the earth, and so pass in stately measure with a roll of thunder.

"The grasshoppers move in clouds with snap and buzz, and out of the luxuriant stagnant marshes comes the ever-thickening chorus of the toads, while above them the killdees and snipe shuttle to and fro in sounding flight, and the blackbirds on the cat-tails and willows sway and sing, uttering with lifted throats their liquid gurgle, drunk with delight of the sun and their own music. And over all and through all moves the slow, soft west wind, laden with the breath of the far-off lands of the sunset, hushing and filling the world with slumberous haze. At such times it seemed to me that we had reached the golden region of our song."

THIS boyhood on the plain had much that was alluring, much that was splendid. In all essentials Lincoln's life was typical of the time and place. His parents, from the neighborhood point of view, were not poor. They were in truth quite as successful as most. "We all lived in the same restricted fashion," declares Lincoln, "without grace, without color, in poor barren little houses of wood or stone, with very few books or magazines. There were no aliens among us—no Europeans. It was a democracy wherein my father was as good as any and my mother beloved by all who knew her. I don't believe there was a bathroom in the county; electric lights were unknown, and gas was something to read about—the telephone still a laboratory experiment.

Here Lincoln breaks out in rapture of the prairie. "Oh, ineffaceable sunsets! Oh, mighty sweep of flower-decked plain beneath a vast and glorious sky! Your light and song and motion are ever with me. I hear again the shrill, myriad-voiced choir of leaping insects whose wings flash fire amid the glorified reeds. The wind wanders by, lifting my torn hat rim. The locusts rise in clouds before my pony's feet. The lone quail pipes in the hazel thicket, and far in the dusk I hear the cowbell's steady clang. Even in our hours of toil, and through the sultry skies, the sacred light of beauty broke. Worn and grimed as we were, we still could fall adream before the marvel of joyous earth and glowing sky."

BUT alas! Each year the inexorable share gnawed at the edges of their bright world. Section by section, mile by mile, the ridges and meadows turned black. The cattle came meekly into pasture. The colts submitted reluctantly to the harness. Lanes of barbed wire replaced the winding roads. The pools dried up. The towheads disappeared, and rows of Lombardy poplar and clumps of cottonwood sprang up around the barns. And so at last the saddles gathered dust on their pegs in the barns, and Owen and Burton and Lincoln went forth on horseback only on visits to the neighbors or on occasional trips to town to fetch the doctor or the mail. The land of the deer and the buffalo receded noiselessly, swiftly, and at last the song of the sunset regions was itself a memory.

FOR the first few years the crops on Duncan's new farm were prodigious, and he, like all his neighbors, became a worshiper of wheat. Wheat harvest always came in the hottest and driest part of the summer, and was the hardest, most exciting work of the year. It demanded early rising for man, woman, and child. It meant broiling over the hot fire for the cooks, and it meant incessant toil from dawn till sunset on the part of the harvesters. On many days the thermometer rose above ninety in the shade, but with immense fields of grain ripening at the same moment rest was impossible.

Says Lincoln: "There was no task on the farm which surpassed the severity of binding grain on a station. It was a man's job, and every boy of us was ambitious to take his station. In 1874, when I was but fourteen years of age, I was promoted to be one of the five men to bind after the self-rake reaper, and I went to my place like a soldier to battle."

Apparently he gloried in his physical powers, for when the following year his father purchased a Marsh harvester he ambitiously demanded place on this wonderful contrivance, which carried its workmen on a platform, thus enabling two men to cut and bind as many acres of grain in a day as five men were accustomed to harvest on the ground. "I can hear now the note of surprise and contempt in the voice of the hired man as he said: 'Is that boy going to bind with me?' and recall the satisfaction I felt when father said: 'You needn't worry about that boy.'

"Our home, notwithstanding the enormous crops of wheat, grew in grace but slowly. Our dwelling remained practically unchanged, but the trees which we had planted shielded the farmstead from the blizzards of winter and gave some little shade in summer. Our garden brought us fruit and vegetables in season, and a constantly improving collection of farm machinery lightened somewhat the burden of the husbandman. But my mother's drudgery did not correspondingly lessen. I fear it increased, for with the widening of the farm acres came the doubling of the number of men to be fed, and she continued to do most of the housework herself—cooking, sewing, washing, and nursing the sick from time to time. Of course I did not realize, and I am sure my father did not realize, the burden, the endless grind, of her daily life. Hester helped, of course, and Owen and I churned and carried wood and water; but even with our aid her round of duties must have been as relentless as a treadmill. Even on Sunday, when the men were free for a part of the day, she was required to furnish forth three meals and to help all the rest of us dress for church. If I could only go back for one little hour and tell her how much we owed to her during those days!

"WE were not so poor as all this would seem to imply, but father considered our home 'good enough.' Hester and I felt quite differently about it. We wanted a sitting room like the Gardner's, and nice chairs and a real carpet like the Knapp's. Our only carpet was of rags, which we had all helped to tear up and sew and dye, and we considered it only an excuse for floor covering. Our only pictures were chromos, 'Wide Awake' and 'Fast Asleep,' which came with subscriptions to some periodical—not one touch of beauty lighted our home.

"Hester developed early and considered herself a woman at fifteen. She was small and dark and very moody, and it was almost impossible to separate her from a book. We were a good deal alike, but Jennie was mother's consolation. She was an exquisite child, always singing to herself, always smiling, with none of the peculiarities which made Hester and myself 'trials.' Though small and delicate, she was self-reliant and self-entertaining.

"Her chief peculiarity was a complete indifference to dolls. She cared nothing for games which imitated the work of a mother or a housekeeper, but she spent many hours in lonely, contented play with sticks which she treated as horses. Each stick was named and had its proper stall, and her endless repetition



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of the acts of leading them to water and feeding and currying them amused me then, but gives me a twinge of pain now. Dear, sweet little sister! I fear I neglected you in those days, turning away from your bright face and pleading smile to lose myself in some worse than useless book! I rejoice that I did sometimes put you on the back of a real horse and permitted you to chatter from the plow seat as I drove to and fro in the cornfield.

"Owen was not strong and could not hold his own with me in anything like the proportion of his age. He was flat-chested and sallow, but had almost as much self-amusing skill as Jennie. He cared nothing about books, but as Hester became more and more interested in dances and dress he came more and more into my plans—at such times as I could not have the aid of Burton.

"During all this time my Uncle David continued to be my ideal. Dark, handsome, dreamy-eyed, with the strength of a bear and the heart of a poet, he seemed to me a veritable chieftain among men. Often at the close of an hour's playing of the violin he put his instrument away with an expression of self-depreciation and despair. I could not understand this at the time, but I felt it distinctly and powerfully, for there was as close kinship between us as there was between my mother and myself. I now understand that he had begun to realize in some degree the futility of his life and longed for something higher. Without doubt this was only an occasional mood, due to the dark Celtic strain which ran deep in his blood, but he was both singer and poet, and it irked him to be incapable of expression in either art.



"Mister, do you want a couple of strong fellers to carry water to the elephants?"

Sketches from Awayback

"He continued to be the captain of a threshing machine, and as I was now old enough to cut bands for the feeder, I often worked side by side with him, feeling his strength and courage, as a sailor looks up to his commander on the bridge through the spray of the storm. He had the air of quiet command, the calm assurance of unbounded strength, which made him altogether admirable to me."

MEANWHILE Hester was growing into womanhood. At fifteen the girls of her circle had suitors, and at sixteen considered themselves full-grown women. When she entered the Cedar Valley Seminary, in the autumn of '74, Owen and Lincoln drew closer together. "We all missed her in the home, for she sang and played the organ, but I was glad to have her in touch with town life. I think I began at once to dream of some time going to the seminary myself, although my father considered a district-school education ample even for a Congressional career.

"How primitive all our notions were! Up to my fifteenth winter I had never had an overcoat, and a single suit served for both summer and winter. In lieu of fur collars we wound long, gay-colored scarfs about our heads and necks—scarfs which our mothers, sisters, or sweethearts knitted for us; and our footwear continued to be tall cavalry boots with pointed toes, high heels, and wrinkled tops. Our collars were either home-grown linen or paper ones at fifteen cents per box, and some men went so far as to wear 'dickies'—that is to say, false fronts of pasteboard. No one in our neighborhood ever owned a real tailor-made suit, and, for the most part, our garments never fitted—they merely inclosed us.

"As for the girls—they made all their own clothing or assisted their mothers in doing so, and their best gowns were white muslin tied at the waist with ribbons. But as I write, recalling the glowing cheeks and shining eyes of Agnes and Hattie and Elizabeth, I feel again the glow of admiration which they kindled in me as they came down the aisle at church or as they *balanced* and *promenaded* in 'Honest John.' To me they were exquisitely clothed and divinely moving.

"I repeat, we were not poor. In a sense, we were rich. My father was farming over three hundred acres of land and owned a stableful of horses and cattle. And just why we continued to live in a little house and dress in rude fashion I cannot understand. Of this I am certain—our neighbors did the same. Neighbor Benson, with more land than we, lived in an old stone house of three rooms; and the Baileys, my Uncle David, and almost everyone we knew or visited, cooked and ate in the same room—at least in winter. True, interest was ten per cent and machinery was high, but I suspect the men held primitive notions as to the rights of women. It was a joke oft repeated that if a woman wanted a new churn or a sewing machine, times were 'hard'; but no man went without the latest reaper or mowing machine. These were necessities—sewing machines and patent wringers were luxuries.

"The lack of room in our house is brought painfully to my mind by the fact that when my sister Hester was taken ill and returned from school in the spring of '75 she was put to bed in my mother's room, for our attic chamber was unwarmed, like those of our neighbors, and the sick were dependent upon the kitchen stoves. Winter was indeed a time of endurance for the women and children—and many failed to endure. My sister was one of these.

"She grew rapidly worse all through the joyous days of April, and as we were necessarily out in the fields at work, and mother was busied with her household affairs, the lonely sufferer was glad to have her bed moved into the living room, and there she lay, with the bustle of the family all about her, her bright eyes following our movements. She grew whiter and whiter until at last, one beautiful, tragic morning in May, my father called me in to say good-by to her.

"She was very weak, but her mind was perfectly clear, and she kissed me farewell with some word about being a good boy, and then, blinded with tears and almost benumbed, I crept away to the barnyard and there hid like a wounded animal, appalled by the weight of despair and sorrow which this vision of my comrade sister had suddenly thrust upon me. All about me the young cattle called, the spring sun shone, and the fowls sang, but they could not mitigate my grief, my dismay, my sense of loss. Hester was passing from the earth—that was the agonizing fact which appalled me."

Mingled with the tragic scenes which followed were happenings so startling as to be almost ludicrous. For the first time in their lives Owen and Lincoln wore ready-made suits and had new gloves and new black hats. Even in the midst of their bitter grief Lincoln acknowledges an absurd satisfaction in his newly acquired splendor. "The crowded room, the undertaker's stealthy movements, the delight which certain old women took in the solemn ceremonies—nothing escaped us. Perhaps we were the more acutely observant because of our grief. This was my first close contact with death, and it filled me with awe and with question.

"My mother was long in recovering from this loss, but at last Jennie's sweet face, which had in it the light of the sky and the color of a flower, won her back to smiles. The child's acceptance of the funeral as a mere incident of her busy little life in some way enabled us all to take up and carry forward the routine of our shadowed home."

The next installment, "Lincoln Enters Hostile Territory," will appear in an early issue

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Bealby

(Concluded from page 18)

attempting something and perpetually thwarted. . . .

The Lord Chancellor did not sleep a wink. The first feeble infiltration of day found him sitting up in bed, wearily wrathful. . . . And now surely some one was going along the passage outside!

A great desire to hurt somebody very much seized upon the Lord Chancellor. Perhaps he might hurt that dismal *farceur* upon the landing! No doubt it was Douglas sneaking back to his own room after the night's efforts.

The Lord Chancellor slipped on his dressing gown of purple silk. Very softly indeed did he open his bedroom door and very warily peep out. He heard the soft pad of feet upon the staircase.

He crept across the broad passage to the beautiful old balustrading. Down below he saw Mergleson—Mergleson again! —in a shameful dishabille—going like a snake, like a slinking cat, like an assassin, into the door of the study. Rage filled the great man's soul. Gathering up the skirts of his dressing gown, he started in a swift yet noiseless pursuit.

He followed Mergleson through the little parlor and into the dining room, and then he saw it all! There was a panel open, and Mergleson very cautiously going in. Of course! They had got at him through the priest hole. They had been playing on his nerves. All night they had been doing it—no doubt in relays. The whole house was in this conspiracy.

With his eyebrows spread like the wings of a fighting cock the Lord Chancellor in five vast noiseless strides crossed the intervening space and gripped the butler by his collarless shirt as he was disappearing. It was like a hawk striking a sparrow. Mergleson felt himself clutched, glanced over his shoulder and, seeing that fierce, familiar face again close to his own, pitiless, vindictive, lost all sense of human dignity and yelled like a lost soul. . . .

SIR PETER LAXTON was awakened from an uneasy sleep by the opening of the dressing-room door that connected his room with his wife's.

He sat up astonished and stared at her white face, its pallor exaggerated by the cold light of dawn.

"Peter," she said, "I'm sure there's something more going on."

"Something more going on?"

"Something—shouting, and swearing."

"You don't mean—?"

She nodded. "The Lord Chancellor," she said, in an awe-stricken whisper. "He's at it again. Downstairs in the dining room."

Sir Peter seemed disposed at first to receive this quite passively. Then he flushed into extravagant wrath. "I'm *damned*," he cried, jumping violently out of bed. "If I'm going to stand this! Not if he was a hundred Lord Chancellors! He's turning the place into a bally lunatic asylum. *Once*—one might excuse. But to start in again. . . . *What's that?*"

They both stood still listening. Faintly yet quite distinctly came the agonized cry of some imperfectly educated person . . . "Elp!"

"Here! Where's my trousers?" cried Sir Peter. "He's murdering Mergleson. There isn't a moment to lose."

Until Sir Peter returned, Lady Laxton sat quite still, just as he had left her on his bed, aghast. She could not even pray.

The sun had still to rise; the room was full of that cold, weak, inky light, light without warmth, knowledge without faith, existence without courage, that creeps in before the day. She waited. . . . In such a mood women have waited for massacre. . . .

Downstairs a raucous shouting. . . .

SHE thought of her happy childhood upon the Yorkshire wolds before the idea of week-end parties had entered her mind. The heather. The little birds. Kind things. A tear ran down her cheeks. . . .

Then Sir Peter stood before her again, alive still, but breathless and greatly ruffled. She put her hands to her heart. She would be brave.

"Yes," she said. "Tell me."

"He's as mad as a hatter," said Sir Peter.

She nodded for more. She knew that.

"Has he—*killed* anyone?" she whispered.

"He looked uncommonly like trying," said Sir Peter.

She nodded, her lips tightly compressed. "Says Douglas will either have to leave the house, or he does."

"But—Douglas!"

"I know, but he won't hear a word."

"But *why* Douglas?"

"I tell you he's as mad as a hatter. Got persecution mania. People tapping and bells ringing under his pillow all night—that sort of idea. . . . And furious. I tell you—he frightened me. He was *awful*. He's given Mergleson a black eye. Hit him, you know. With his fist. Caught him in the passage to the priest hole—how they got there I don't know—and went for him like a madman."

"But what has Douglas done?"

"I know. I asked him, but he won't listen. He's just off his head. . . . Says Douglas has got the whole household trying to work a ghost on him. I tell you—he's off his nut." Husband and wife looked at each other. . . .

"Of course if Douglas didn't mind just going off to oblige me," said Sir Peter at last. . . .

"It might calm him," he explained. . . . "You see, it's all so infernally awkward. . . ."

"Is he back in his room?"

"Yes. Waiting for me to decide about Douglas. Walking up and down."

For a little while their minds remained prostrate and inactive.

"I'd been so looking forward to the lunch," she said with a joyless smile. "The county—" She could not go on.

"You know," said Sir Peter, "one thing, I'll see to it myself. I won't have him have a single drop of liquor more. If we have to search his room."

"What I shall say to him at breakfast," she said, "I don't know."

Sir Peter reflects. "There's no earthly reason why you should be brought into it at all. Your line is to know nothing about it. *Shout* him you know nothing about it. Ask him—ask him if he's had a good night. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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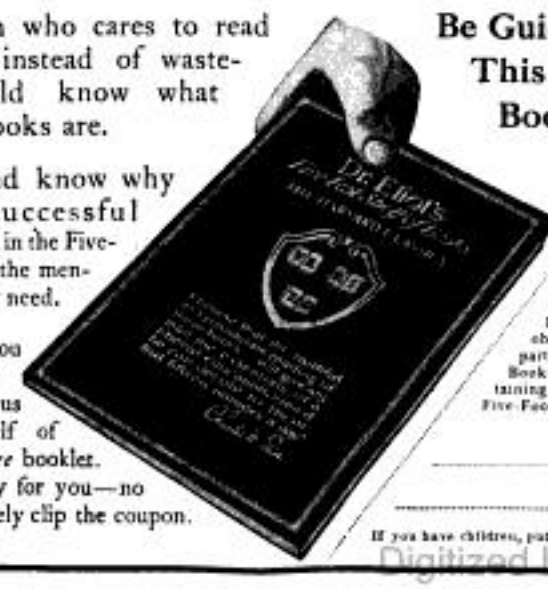
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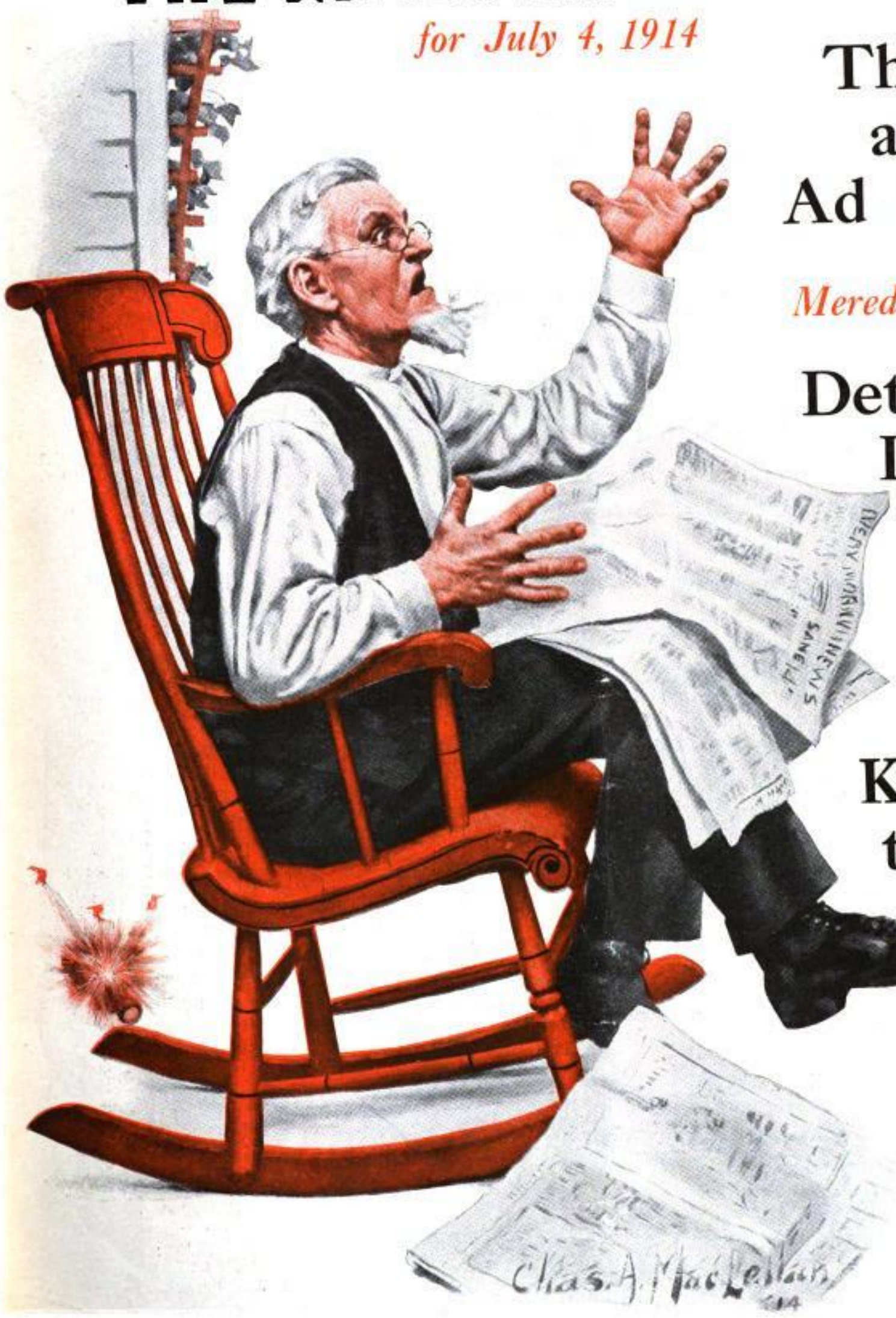
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for July 4, 1914



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because it typifies "the spirit of '76" that broke loose when good old P. A. put it up to all the Georges and Harrys and Bills and Dicks, whether they wanted freedom from tongue torture with just the bulliest, sweetest smoke thrown in or whether they'd go on paying tribute to the tongue-crisping brands of pipe food. Did they revolt? Why, they beat it to P. A. so fast and strong that they made tobacco history! Nothing ever like it before, nothing before or since like good old P. A. for Pipe Lovers. Nothing like it for the makin's of home-rolled cigarettes. Prince Albert can't bite the tongue, because of the patented process that took out the bite and made the big tobacco revolution.

P. A. can be had anywhere the flag flies; toppy red bags for cigarettes, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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TIMKEN
BEARINGS & AXLES

Know Motor Car Values

To *know* motor-car values you need to know the values of the parts.

Because the motor car is a machine. And its use-service-value depends upon the rightness of its component parts.

No parts are more important to know than the bearings—because they safeguard the other vital moving parts that give "life" to the car.

Where the Bearings Are: On the axle spindles in the hubs of all four wheels, in the steering knuckle heads, in the transmission, on the pinion shaft, each side of the differential—these are the hard service places where only the best bearings will stand up to year-after-year use.

What the Bearings Must Do: Bearings must reduce friction to almost nothing—all good anti-friction bearings do this. They must sustain the vertical load and the sudden increases in that load that come with rapid travel over rough road surfaces. They must meet severe end-pressure along the line of the shaft, a force that often exceeds vertical load.

Weight of car and passengers or freight pressing down on wheel bearings is a good example of vertical load. "Mass-momentum" of car and contents pressing sidewise against the wheels as you round a corner is a good example of end-thrust. Keep both vertical load and end-thrust in mind as you read further.

Types of Bearings in Use: Anti-friction bearings may be divided into two general groups—Ball Bearings and Roller Bearings. These groups may be subdivided thus:

Ball Bearings		Roller Bearings	
1. Annular	2. Cup-and-Cone	3. Straight	4. Tapered

The illustrations show an example of each of the four kinds. From the text with the pictures you will note these interesting facts:

(*a*) A roller carries more direct load in proportion to its diameter than a ball because it carries the load along a line instead of on one or two mere points.

(*b*) Annular ball bearings have very little capacity for end-thrust, and straight roller bearings none and they cannot be adjusted to take up wear. Hence, they are often used with additional thrust bearings, and when sufficiently worn, both must be replaced with new bearings.

(*c*) Cup-and-cone ball bearings meet end-thrust to some extent but only at great sacrifice of capacity for vertical load.

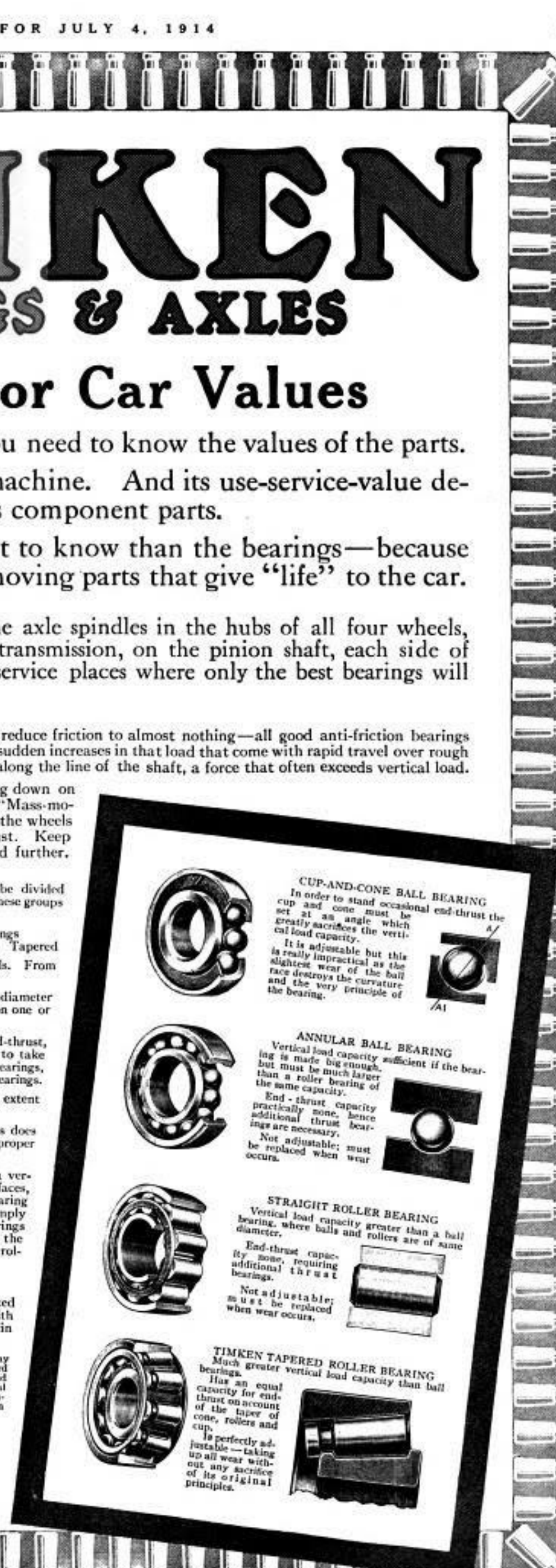
(*d*) Cup-and-cone ball bearings can be adjusted—but this does not restore full efficiency because the slighest wear destroys the proper curvature of the ball race.

(*e*) Tapered roller bearings have greater capacity for both vertical load and end-thrust. Pressure is distributed over wide surfaces, hence wear is minimized. The slight wear inevitable in any bearing cannot affect the taper of cone, rollers or cup. Therefore, simply moving these parts into slightly closer contact with each other brings cup, rollers and cone into the same relations that existed before the minute wear occurred. This "adjustment" restores the tapered roller bearing to full efficiency.

The Conclusion is Irresistible: What's more it is backed by the experience of several hundred thousand motorists with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings *at the points of severest service* in the great majority of high-grade motor cars.

The story of bearings and axles is told in an interesting, human sort of way in three Timken booklets, one "On Bearings," another "On Axles," a third "The Companies Timken Keeps" which tells where Timken Bearings and Axles are located in each model of Timken-equipped pleasure and commercial cars. Write for these three Timken Booklets to Department B-3, either Timken Company. They'll be mailed to you free. No follow-up, no salesman will call. Write today.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich.



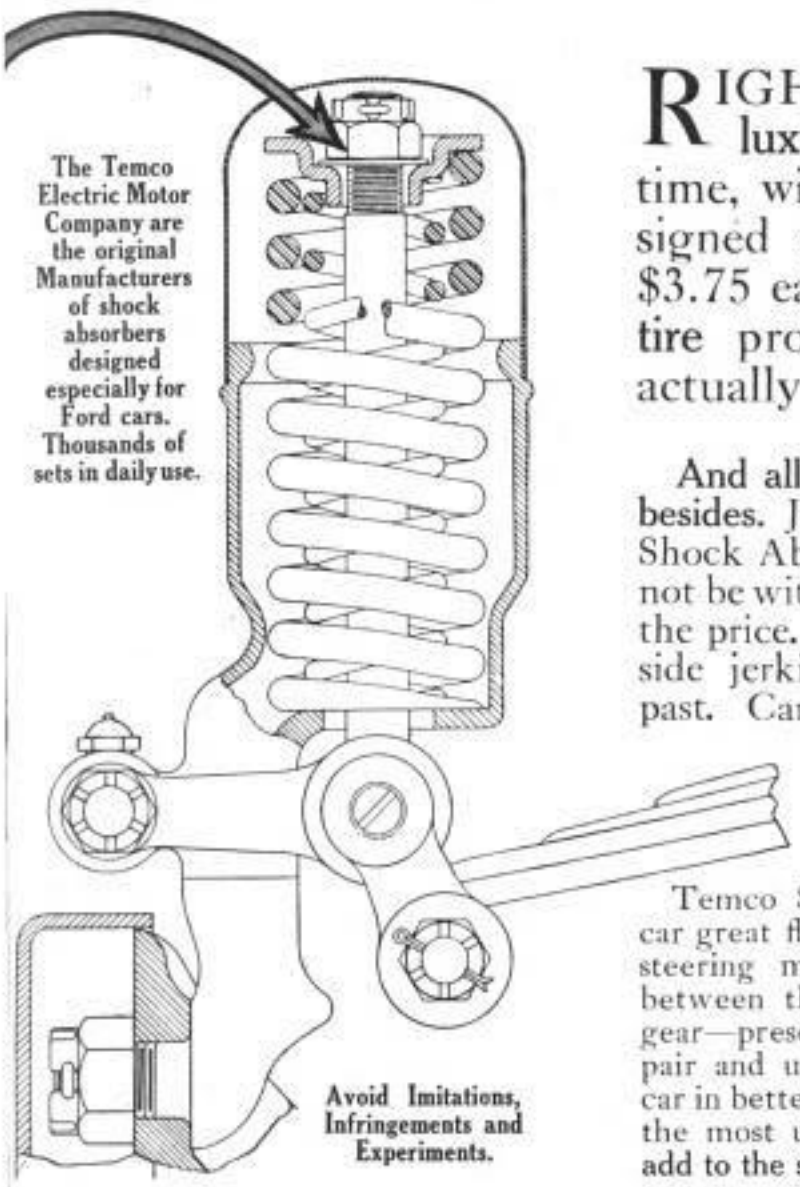
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Ford Owners Ride With Velvety Ease

Save Your Tires, Your Engine, Your Car With a Full Set of Double Spiral Springs

TEMCO Shock Absorbers

ONLY $15



The Temco Electric Motor Company are the original Manufacturers of shock absorbers designed especially for Ford cars. Thousands of sets in daily use.

Avoid Imitations, Infringements and Experiments.

RIGHT NOW—make sure of the luxury of riding—anywhere, all the time, with Temco Shock Absorbers, designed and built specially for Ford cars only. Only $3.75 each—$15 for the full set of four—and you have tire protection, engine protection, car protection, that actually save the cost in cash many times over.

And all the comfort and luxury besides. Just one trip over Temco Shock Absorbers and you would not be without them at four times the price. The old pitching and side jerking is a thing of the past. Car holds the road. Temco Shock Absorbers give a gentle up and down swing on the roughest going—take up all the sharp jars of paved streets—**make your car ride with the buoyant sensation of a large launch. You rest in your car.**

Complete Set Only $15

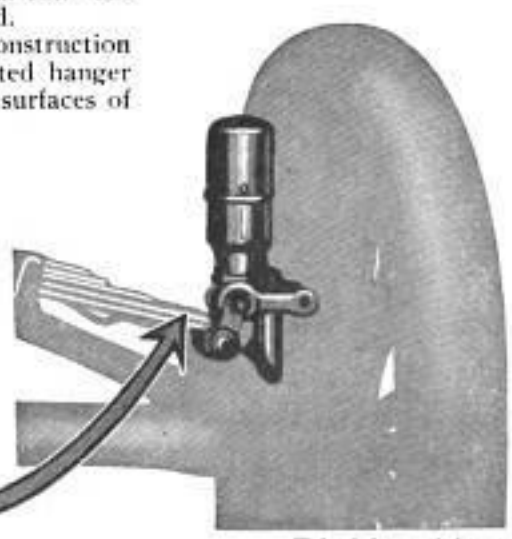
Temco Shock Absorbers give your car great flexibility—actually help the steering mechanism—reduce friction between the motor and the running gear—preserve the alignment—save repair and upkeep expense—keep your car in better condition, thus giving you the most use and the most pleasure—add to the sales value of your car.

All the claims we here make for Temco Shock Absorbers are actual—proved by daily service upon thousands of Ford cars. We will refer you to these owners in all parts of the country. We back every set with our absolute guarantee of complete satisfaction—**or your money immediately refunded without question or argument.**

Double Spiral Vanadium Steel Springs

The known quality of high-grade springs proves the standard efficiency of the Temco—long double coil sensitive to the least jar—tough and tested quality to outlast any car. This is a new element in shock absorber construction—based upon scientific mechanical principles—not the product of a "cold blacksmith" or experimenter. The special creation of a master designer whose work has won him great reputation. No friction whatever. Design and construction covered by our original patents (Sept. 9, 1913) and patents now pending, covering **double** spiral spring and other improvements as here illustrated in sectional cut. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

Observe the simplicity of mechanical construction—load is entirely suspended from warranted hanger bolts, yet neither bolts nor springs touch surfaces of polished steel—mud proof—ice proof—dirt proof case.



Sold Upon 30 Days' Trial—Money-Back Guarantee

Equip your Ford with Temco Shock Absorbers, and learn the possibilities of your car for service and luxury of motion. You can apply them yourself. No changes. No holes to drill. If you cannot get them of your dealer, order direct from us. $15 prepaid to any address in the U. S. List price in Canada $20 per set of 4. Canadian Sales Office, Canadian Temco Sales Co., Ingersoll, Ont. Write today for complete information, with illustrated circular free.

The Temco Electric Motor Company, 1011 Sugar St., Leipsic, O.

The Zinke Co., 1256 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Direct Factory Representative

DEALERS: *We want you to fill orders for us. Write today for terms and prices.*

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 16 JULY 4 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Girl at the Ad Counter

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MISS KELLY'S other name was Jean. She stood behind the marble-topped counter in the "Advertiser" office every day, receiving small ads, handing out copies of the paper and imparting information. Although two other girls shared these humble duties, it was clear to the most careless observer that Jean transacted rather more than a third of the business. Jean was twenty-two. Her hair and eyes were brown, and her complexion was more to be desired than much fine gold. She couldn't help being the prettiest girl in the business district, but her air of aloofness, the chilly disdain with which she rebuffed familiarity, seemed only to intensify the desire of man to hurl himself upon the rocks imaginably represented by the "Advertiser's" counter. The shaggy foreman emeritus of the composing room, who was so old that he all but remembered Gutenberg, daringly leaned on the counter occasionally to pass the time of day; and the exchange editor was another of the favored, having acquired merit by handing her now and then a copy of the Bellefontaine "Hawkeye." (Jean was from Bellefontaine; but she was not sensitive about it.) Jean had no intention of computing the cost of small "ads" and answering foolish questions all the days of her life. Art beckoned to Jean. At least it seemed to. No other student in the Bellefontaine high school had developed quite her skill in free-hand drawing. She attended a night class at the Art Institute and was saving every dollar she could in the hope of earning leisure for a year's study in New York. Billy Wilkins, who covered police for the "Advertiser," found Jean's presence behind the counter highly disturbing. No one seeing Billy lift his hat as he passed the counter would have suspected that she interested him particularly. Sometimes Jean nodded in return; usually she didn't. Frequently one of the other girls picked up Billy's greeting like a foul tip, but Jean never saw this. Or if she did she betrayed no emotion. Yet Billy called on her at her boarding house; and he had taken her to the dog show that fall, and thrice to the theatre. Now and then Fred Gibbs, who was the "Chronicle's" reliance in affairs pertaining to infractions of the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, visited the "Advertiser" office, ostensibly to call on his friend, the advertising manager. The bitter rivalry between the "Advertiser" and the "Chronicle" made it impolitic for him to visit above stairs; but there was no reason why he shouldn't pass the time of day with Fenway, whose private office lay beyond the polar island where Miss Kelly was immured. Gibbs, like Wilkins, found Jean's appearance wholly satisfying, and he, too, had paid her slight attentions. What Gibbs was to the "Chronicle," Wilkins was to the "Advertiser," but with differences. Billy had none of his rival's jauntiness; he was lean and nervous, and worked harder for his effects. Unlike Gibbs, he was unknown to the matrons who keep an eye out for presentable young men with a view to filling in dinner lists or making up dancing parties. Mrs. Worthington Adams had passed favorably upon Gibbs's social availability and had advertised her approval by displaying him in a box at the theatre.



X-46 carried his letter to the front window where the bulletins were hung and opened it. The answer must have been the briefest; he read it at a glance

Gibbs was inspecting the haberdashery in a window near the "Advertiser" office at five o'clock one sharp evening in December, and caught step with Jean as she emerged and started briskly homeward. He had scored a "beat" that morning that had confirmed him in his exalted seat as the best reporter in town. The "Advertiser" had barely saved itself with a few sticks in an extra.

"Well, you cleaned us up this morning," remarked Jean. "It was a mighty good story. Yours?" (She knew it was his!)

"Oh, yes," said Fred in his large, generous fashion. "We all have to take our medicine occasionally; it's all in the day's work. You might be interested to know just how I got on to that story. It was sheer good luck."

Jean said she would like to know. It was flattering to receive the confidence of the day's journalistic hero.

"I'm almost persuaded that it's profitable to do more work than you're paid for. I helped out the other day by taking a little case the revenue people had dug up. An old fellow in a shanty boat moored in the river right near the big bridge was making corn whisky under the noses of thousands of people every day. He put up cash bail after his hearing. The police had never heard of him, and, so far as the Federal officers knew, it was his first offense against the revenue laws. I thought the mere arrest and being bound over by the commissioner didn't quite cover the case, so as things were dull I strolled out yesterday evening to see if he was still on his battleship. I spoiled a good suit of clothes climbing over a barbed-wire fence to get to the place. Boat frozen tight in the ice. All as dark and quiet as sin. But I screwed my courage to the sticking point, walked aboard, found the door ajar, struck a match and saw Graybill lying there, stabbed to death. Business of being thunderstruck by discovery."

"Excuse these shudders; pray continue," said Jean.

"Of course it wasn't up to me to throw away a big chance like that," said Gibbs, striking the walk with his stick in excess of good feeling. "I went back to a grocery by the bridge and called the office to ask them to hold a few yards of space. Then I bought a roll of wrapping paper and a handful of candles and went back to the boat and began my story. A strip off a $20 note was clutched in his hand; it was a bad bill. Tom Hill, the secret service chief, had one that had been sent him from Colorado and he'd shown me its defects. That's how I got that point. Presumably after the murderer had handed Graybill the faked money he regretted it, stabbed him and then

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tore the bill out of his hand and skipped. That was a big card—you couldn't overdo it on a job like that. I searched every corner of the shanty for anything that would serve to identify the dead man or his murderer. I suppose my joyous emotions, as I ground out my yarn there in the icebound house boat, were those of a war correspondent writing an account of a big battle. Rather picturesque?" he queried with his easy laugh.

"There's no doubt that you did a bully story; and the next big thing will be to find the murderer," observed Jean.

"Oh, the secret service men are interested now, on account of that scrap of the bad bill in the dead man's hand; but they confessed to-day that they were stumped."

"It was a clever job clear through, and you have reason to be proud of yourself."

"Thanks, and thanks repeated! I appreciate that—particularly from you, Miss Kelly."

HIS voice assumed a tone of tenderness and he held her hand a moment in saying good night at her door. "And I wish there were something I could do to help you along. I realize perfectly that you have no business behind that counter; you deserve better things." Jean laughed, to show that she didn't take this too seriously. "Please don't be sorry for me; I get what I deserve. But I mean to deserve something better than I'm getting."

"That's the stroke that wins!" Gibbs agreed.

It happened to be one of Jean's free nights and after supper she settled herself comfortably to a pen-and-ink assault upon a bust of Grant she had borrowed from the mantel in the boarding-house parlor. She was surprised when her landlady knocked to announce Wilkins. Billy had never called before without giving her warning of his coming. She tripped down the stairs and greeted him cheerfully in the dingy parlor.

"Hello!" she called as she poised an instant in the door. But it was clear that Billy was not in a hailing mood. "Good evening," he said dolefully, as they shook hands.

HE REFUSED to take off his ulster, in which he huddled in an uncomfortable chair; it symbolized sackcloth and ashes and she saw that he was indulging himself in that grim mood that makes a luxury of unhappiness.

"If you are worrying yourself sick about getting scooped, I'll tell you right now that I'm sorry. It's too bad; but you're something of a scoopist yourself. You've laid out the 'Chronicle' heaps of times."

"They've changed my job," he replied doggedly; "made a shift at the office to-day and pulled me off the police. That's all. Maybe you can get some consolation out of that!" he ended with the first bitterness she had ever heard from him.

"Oh," she answered, "you're too good a man to waste yourself on police anyhow."

"What do you think they've done with me!" he blurted defiantly. "Going to use me as an odd man on meetings: gave me a foreign-mission conference to sit through to-morrow."

"Well, you can do just as picturesque a story on a missionary meeting as you can on a murder. I wouldn't get sore if I were you. It's all right to drop in and tell me about it; but don't let anybody else know you're miffed. We've got to keep a stiff upper lip, Billy."

She had never called him Billy before and he looked at her quickly. His nickname had slipped from her lips naturally, unconsciously.

"I didn't **mean** to blubber; but it's no joke to fall down that way. I guess I never told you that I handled the State conventions for the New York 'Atlas' last year, and later when they had Gordon, a staff man, out here for the campaign wind-up I hit it off with him pretty well and he offered to put my name in the hat at the 'Atlas' office. Of course I haven't been counting on it, but I'd like to get a foothold in New York. And I'd hoped to be put on the Legislature this winter. The city editor had spoken of it. Good joke—to find police work a preparation for the reporting of our Assembly!"

HE SMILED forlornly and rose. He had to interview a missionary, he explained.

"I should think," remarked Jean, standing and resting her hands on the back of a chair, "that this Graybill case still offered opportunities. The man who learns the truth about the murder will score a bigger hit than the man who discovered it."

"I suppose that's so. And of course Gibbs will follow it up."

"But even if he does, there's no reason why you shouldn't work on it. It will be a diversion from the missionaries."

"I'd like to score on that case. It would be a big thing for me. "I'd like to do it," he added, "just to show you I'm not a dead one."

"You don't look like a man who's all in," she answered. "Fight off the blue devils, but if they still persist, bring them up here. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Be sure I will! You've cheered me up a lot. I suppose," he said ruefully, "I ought to be glad I didn't get fired."

She called him Mr. Wilkins as they shook hands and he went away wondering whether the Billy hadn't been a slip; then he argued himself into believing that it was even nicer as an inadvertence, for that meant that she must have been thinking of him as Billy.

A MONTH passed and the Graybill case remained a mystery. One day, during an unusually busy hour, Jean accepted an advertisement which attracted her attention from the fact that it was written in curious script on a bit of smooth paper. Practically all the ads that passed through her hands were scrawled on soft copy paper at the standing desks in the countingroom. This had been prepared in advance and carried to the office. It read:

WANTED

Report from party recently handling article required in every home.

She wrote "Advertiser" X-46 on the copy and gave the man an identification card. He stipulated that the ad should appear under Agents Wanted. There was no objection to this, as the "Advertiser's" classification rules were flexible. He was a low-spoken person, thirty-five or forty years old, and wore spectacles with unusually thick lenses. The neatness of the copy and the slender white hands of the man interested Jean.

That evening as she was about to pull down the shade in her window she noticed a light in a room directly across the alley from hers. The house was an old residence whose rooms were let to an unstable line of tenants.

As she glanced out for a weather observation the next morning she noticed a change in the window shade opposite. The day before there had been only one shade; now a second had been added halfway down, making it possible for the tenant to admit light above, while screening himself with a darker shade that covered the lower half of the window.

This was none of Jean's affair; but when she ran back to her room after breakfast and looked out again she caught a quick glimpse of her neighbor. His head bobbed for an instant above the screen, and she recognized the pallid, spectacled face of the man who had given her the "Agents Wanted" advertisement. She was quite sure that he hadn't seen her. In transacting his business at the counter it was clear that his curious, protruding eyes were unusually myopic.

Late that afternoon the old foreman stopped at the counter for a word with her.

"Billy Wilkins is mighty sore about that Graybill case; doesn't get it out of his system. And you know the boys are saying hard things about that 'Chronicle' chap who put it over on him."

JEAN'S eyes expressed mild surprise and interest. She accepted a "House Wanted" while the foreman waited.

"It's leaked out that Billy had proposed to Gibbs that they visit the house boat together the night Gibbs went alone. Billy thought it would be a good stunt to ask the old fellow up to the Robin Hood Club—you know what it is—a bunch of newspaper boys, artists, and musicians, and they make a point of inviting interesting people to come up for a high jinks. If it hadn't been for Billy, Gibbs wouldn't have gone out there."

Jean tapped the marble counter with her lead pencil and pondered this. Both Wilkins and Gibbs had talked to her about the murder, and it was significant that neither had spoken of this phase of it. It was like Billy not to mention it. But as for Gibbs. . . .

"Well, that night Billy had to run down a rumor that there was to be a shake-up in the police department, and he telephoned Gibbs he couldn't go. Gibbs said all right he'd wait, as it was only a lark anyhow. Then he sneaked out alone and got the best story any of the papers has had in half a dozen years."

"But even if that's true," said Jean, anxious to be just, "you could hardly expect a man to share a thing like that. It was too big."

"Wrong font! If Billy had got it under those circumstances, he'd have let Gibbs into it all right," said the foreman with emphasis. "Don't think for a minute that Billy's beefing. Atkins was by when Billy proposed it to Gibbs—the three of them were having lunch together—and he's been telling the other boys upstairs."

"That's too bad," murmured Jean. "I didn't think Mr. Gibbs was that kind of a man."

"The boys want Billy to tell the city editor about it, but he won't stand for it—says he'll resign if they squeal." Jean nodded. It was quite like Billy not to play the baby in his misfortunes. Old Bob left her pondering these matters. She could see that there were two sides to the case; and yet the foreman's attitude had influenced her in Billy's favor. And Billy's step, as he passed the counter, had certainly lost its spring. She must find an opportunity for speaking to Billy.

IN SORTING the mail three days later Jean had thrust into its proper box a letter addressed "The Advertiser, X-46," in an irregular hand and postmarked Bluffton, Ind. She had scrutinized the envelope carefully. At eleven o'clock the man with the white, delicate hands presented his check.

X-46 carried his letter to the front window where the bulletins were hung and opened it. The answer to his advertisement must have been the briefest, for he read it at a glance and returned it to its envelope. He then looked round casually, thrust the letter into the inside pocket of his coat, and walked back to the counter.

"If you please I'd like copies of the paper for December 14 and 15."

He thanked her for her trouble in finding the papers, and as he counted out the pennies she noted the lines of his face carefully. When he had gone she seized a moment of leisure to make a memorandum sketch of his head on a newspaper wrapper.

Wilkins, who had been in Bluffton reporting a meeting of the State League of Women's Clubs, dropped in at the boarding house that evening. Billy was tired; the affairs of the State League had bored him. The "Chronicle" had sent a woman to report its deliberations, and this was rather rubbing it in.

"Everybody seems to have passed up the Graybill case," suggested Jean carelessly, after his doleful recital of the day's happenings.

BILLY struck his hands together sharply.

"A bunch of those same twenty-dollar bills was let loose in Bluffton yesterday. I picked that up in the hotel. The local police wired here for the secret service men."

"I've been thinking about the Graybill case a good deal, and I've decided that it's up to you to catch



"I suppose my joyous emotions, as I ground out my yarn there in the icebound house boat, were those of a war correspondent writing an account of a big battle"

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Jean produced her drawing materials and began a large sketch of the prisoner while Billy fell upon the typewriter greedily. On the way to Hill's he had planned his story so that he wrote as easily as though taking rapid dictation

the murderer and find who's making those bad bills. If you can do that it will take away the reproach of that scoop."

"Some good men are still working on it, but it's a new gang—not the usual case where the Government operatives look through a card catalogue and then go out and pinch the right ones."

"I think," she remarked quietly, "that I have seen the man who's making the bills. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if he were within a few feet of us now."

"What's the joke? That's too easy to be true."

BILLY listened incredulously while Jean told her story. "I've doped it out this way: Graybill was the confederate of the man next door. Our counterfeiter skipped after the murder—waited a month—it was a month to a day when he came in with that queer want ad. And he had another confederate, who had gone off with a batch of his bills. Naturally, reading in the papers of the murder and of that fragment of bill, he would lie low. There had been an arrangement between them that if it became necessary they would communicate through want ads in newspapers. The envelope was plainly marked Bluffton. I took a good look at it. And he coolly bought copies of the paper that contained the coroner's investigation and the findings of the jury."

"But you'd think that they'd make a long jump for safety. If they were ingenious enough to think of sending letters through newspaper offices, they wouldn't be fooling around this neighborhood."

"We'll have to find a motive for that, too. Suppose there's something around here that they're particularly interested in and that they don't want to abandon entirely." Billy's face lighted.

"That's a good guess; first rate, in fact," he assented.

"This man looks as though he wouldn't be stampeded easily. Here's a rough sketch I made of him at the counter," Jean continued, handing him the drawing. "I forgot to say that he spoke like a man of education—an unusual accent—might have been an Englishman."

WILKINS rose, crossed the room, and then stopped abruptly before her, staring at her drawing. "Great Scott! He wouldn't have the nerve to do that!"

"Who wouldn't?"

"Why, Charlie the Canuck! When I first began doing police three years ago a circular letter was sent out by the Canadian Government asking for the arrest of a smooth crook with a long line of aliases who had been a confidence man in Australia, a gentleman thief in England, and a forger in our Eastern States. But it's hardly possible that he's camped here right under our eyes!"

"There's a vacant room in the lodging house. Why not take it?" suggested Jean. "In that way you can study this stranger at leisure. If I prove a bad guesser I'll apologize, and if I'm right it will be lots of fun to have had a hand in it."

"That readjustment of his blinds to give him light while screening the window looks suspicious," said Billy. "And then that letter from Bluffton, the last place where those twenties were passed, is an important link. It's worth getting busy on."

Wilkins paid a week's board and moved into the lodging house, representing himself as an agent. The room of the man who had aroused Jean's suspicions was across the hall from his own. The landlady mentioned him as a quiet person, and volunteered the information that he was an artist. This, reduced to terms, seemed to mean that he was engaged in coloring photographs. His name was Redmond, and he worked, she explained, only in the morning when the light was best for his purposes and went out soliciting in the afternoons. This was plausible, and accounted for the extra blind.

For two days Billy failed to catch even a passing glimpse of his neighbor. He got excused from the office on the third day the better to make observations.

He heard nothing until shortly after two o'clock when the door opposite opened softly. He waited an instant, then crept out to the guardrail and saw Redmond disappearing through the front door. Billy grabbed his hat and coat and followed.

Redmond went directly to the post office, passed down the corridor to the mailing windows and dropped in a long blue envelope.

BILLY, feigning to inquire for a letter at the general delivery, saw the tall figure pass through the door into the street. He went back and knocked on the glass front of the canceling desks. A clerk opened the wicket and Billy pointed to the blue envelope, still lying where it had fallen through the chute.

"Please hold that just where it is till I bring an inspector. I'll be back in two minutes."

He turned round, bumped into Captain Hill of the secret service and asked him to speak to the clerk who held the wicket open watching their colloquy.

"All right, Billy; I'll attend to it. Go up to my office and wait."

The detective joined him in a moment, saying that he asked a post-office inspector to confiscate the letter.

"It will be up here in a minute. What's the game?"

"It's a big thing for you and me both if we land it, Cap. I missed that Graybill case, you know, and they took me off police. Now, I've got a clue that may turn out good, and I need your help. But I want you to promise that I shall have all the time I want to handle the story—if there proves to be one."

"You've always been on the level, Billy, and if you're putting me next to something you shall have the full benefit of it."

"All right, Cap," and Billy told his story.

THE inspector came in and produced the blue envelope, which bore three two-cent stamps. It was addressed in a smooth, regular hand, with symmetrical shadings on certain letters:

George B. Lockwood, Esq.,
127 Milk Street,
Terre Haute, Indiana.

The detective bent it in his fingers, holding it close to his ear, then he handed it back to the inspector.

"I want a look inside; open it carefully so we can remail it."

In ten minutes the inspector returned with the envelope, whose flap had been freed by a process that left no telltale traces.

Hill locked the door when the inspector left and then spread out the contents.

Five new, unfolded $20 bills lay on his desk and with a murmur of delight he bent over them with a magnifying glass.

"Smooth; mighty smooth," he chortled. "Take a look at 'em and then I'll show you something."

Hill opened the safe and pulled out several slightly worn bills, the exact fellows of the new twenties. He then added to the exhibit the right-hand corner of a twenty that matched the intact bills perfectly.

"That's the piece they found on the old chap in the shanty boat. These two are from Colorado and that other bill is one of the three that were passed on the Bluffton merchants. They were originally $1 bills that have been cleaned off and twenties printed on 'em. The plate's been done by a real engraver."

Wilkins amplified his account of Jean's part in the discovery, and the detective repeated his promise to handle the case in a way to give the reporter the first chance at it.

"Don't worry, Billy; I owe your friend Gibbs one for printing a story I told him in confidence a while back. He said he thought the arrest had been made or he wouldn't have printed it; but that doesn't go. I'll be glad to hand him one."

THE blue envelope traveled toward Terre Haute by due course of mail on the train with one of Hill's men, who had orders to keep Lockwood under observation and await instructions. Hill undertook to watch the lodging house while Wilkins went through the "Advertiser's" files to refresh his memory of the biography of Charlie the Canuck.

Billy told Jean as she was leaving the office that matters were moving satisfactorily. In an hour she telephoned him that the dark shade had disappeared from Redmond's window and he left at once for the lodging house.

As he jumped from the car he ran into Hill.

"Thought it safer for your end of this sketch to bring matters to a head," said the detective. "I've given him a little jar—sent a man to your house a while ago to ask for the gentleman who tints photographs. Of course Redmond hasn't been talking water colors anywhere but to his landlady, so he had a real thrill when he got home and found a customer had asked for him. As soon as he got the news he came out to make a test to see if he was watched. Then he went to that drug store down there and telephoned for an express wagon to come up right away. You'd better leave me and go round to the alley back of the house and keep guard. When you hear the wagon, come out front. There's an auto back there by that doctor's office. It's in charge of my boy. Keep your car out for the express wagon, and if your friend tries the back gate when his traps leave, nab him. If he comes out front and rides off with the wagon, that will be all right."

In twenty minutes Wilkins, perched on a woodshed in the alley, heard the crunching of wheels as a transfer wagon drew in to the curb. He waited until it drove away and then ran out to the street and saw it turning the corner toward town. When he reached the auto he found Hill impassively smoking a cigar.

"Sent my kid to follow and he's sitting on the tail gate of the wagon. The gent in specs is on the front seat with the driver. If he gets out of my territory with that trunk, I'm a ruined man, Billy. But," he added, as he started the machine, "he ain't going to."

THE wagon reached the railway station and drew up at the baggage room, and a moment later Wilkins was in line at the ticket window three men behind Redmond, who bought a ticket to Columbus, Ohio, and went back to check his trunk. He then made another test to find out whether he was watched. Strolling through the train shed, he left the station and dived into an alley. As he emerged at the next street Hill's boy, who just then crossed the alley, noticed that he had substituted a fedora hat for his cap, and that his gray overcoat had turned black. He passed unsuspectingly by Hill as the detective stood as though waiting for a street car at the next corner, seemed satisfied that he hadn't been observed, and boarded a car. Hill's boy reappeared, sprinted after the car, and planted himself in the corner of the platform. In a moment Hill and Wilkins were following rapidly in the automobile.

"It's been my guess that there's a 'plant' out by the shanty boat," said Wilkins, who controlled his excitement with difficulty. "There has to be a motive for Redmond's coming back after the murder; there's something he wants."

"Easy, son; he may still be testing; when they're as keen as this chap they don't make any false moves."

As the car turned riverward the presence of the boy on the platform was an assurance that Redmond was still inside. The auto was held back at a discreet distance and stopped a block east of the bridge. Hill bade Wilkins follow the car while he ran the machine into an alley.

"I saw the boy jump," said the reporter when Hill joined him. "Redmond must have got off at the front end of the car."

HILL'S boy crawled through a fence that guarded the steep approach to the bridge and reported that Redmond had left the car, walked down the road some distance, and then dropped over into the bottoms. The detective sent the boy back to the machine.

(Continued on page 28)

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Detroit the Dynamic

Chapter IV of "Abroad at Home"

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

BECAUSE Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit are, in effect, situated upon Lake Erie, and because they are cities of approximately the same size, and because of many other resemblances between them, they always seem to me like three sisters living amicably in three separate houses on the same block.

As I personify them, Buffalo, living at the eastern end of the block, is the smallest sister. She has, I fear, a slight tendency to be anemic. Her husband, who was in the shipping business, is getting old. He has retired and is living in contentment in the old house, sitting all day on the side porch, behind the vines, with his slippers cocked up on the porch rail, smoking cigars and reading his newspapers in peace.

Cleveland is the fat sister. She is very rich, having married into the Rockefeller family. She is placid, satisfied, dogmatically religious, and inclined to platitudes and missionary work. Her house, in the middle of the block, is a mansion of the seventies. It has a cupola and there are iron fences on the roof, as though to keep the birds from falling off. The lawn is decorated with a pair of iron dogs. But there are plans in the old house for a new one.

The first two sisters have a kind of family resemblance which the third does not so fully share. Detroit seems younger than her sisters. Indeed, you might almost mistake her for one of their daughters. The belle of the family, she is married to a young man who is making piles of money in the automobile business—and spending piles, too. Their house, at the western end of the block, is new and charming.

Scandalous! And Yet—!

I AM half in love with Detroit. I may as well admit it, for you are sure to find me out. She is beautiful—not with the warm, passionate beauty of San Francisco, the austere mountain beauty of Denver, nor the strange, sophisticated, destroying beauty of New York, but with a sweet domestic kind of beauty, like that of a young wife, gay, strong, alert, enthusiastic; a twinkle in her eye, a laugh upon her lips. She has temperament and charm, qualities as rare, as fascinating, and as difficult to define in a city as in a human being.

Do you ask why she is different from her sisters? I was afraid you might ask that. They tell a romantic story. I don't like to repeat gossip, but— They say that, long ago, when her mother lived upon a little farm by the river, there came along a dashing voyageur from France who loved her. Mind you, I vouch for nothing. It is a legend. I do not affirm that it is true. But—*voilà!* There is Detroit. She is different.

If you will consider these three fictitious sisters as figures in a cartoon—a cartoon not devoid of caricature—you will get an impression of my impression of three cities.

They are merely symbols, like the figures of Uncle Sam and John Bull. A symbol is a kind of generalization, and if you disagree with these generalizations of mine (as I think you may, especially if you live in Buffalo or Cleveland), let me remind you that some one has said: "All generalizations are false—including this one." One respect in which my generalization is false is in picturing Detroit as young. As a matter of fact, she is the oldest city of the three, having been settled by the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac in 1701, ninety years before the first white man built his hut where Buffalo now stands, and ninety-five years before the settlement of Cleveland. This is the fact. Yet I hold that there is about Detroit something which expresses ebullient youth, and that Buffalo and Cleveland, if they do not altogether lack the quality of youth, have it in a less degree.



In midstream passes a continual parade of freighters . . . and in their swell you may see, teetering, all kinds of craft, from proud white yachts to canoes

So far as I recall, Chicago was the first American city to adopt a motto, or, as they call it now, a "slogan."

I remember long ago a rather crude bust of a helmeted Amazon bearing upon her proud chest the words: "I Will!" She was supposed to typify Chicago, and I rather think she did. Cleveland's slogan is the conservative but significant "Sixth City," but Detroit comes out with a youthful shriek of self-satisfaction, declaring that: "In Detroit Life is Worth Living!" Doesn't that claim reflect the quality of youth? Doesn't it remind you of the little boy who says to the other little boy: "My father can lick your father"? Of course it has the patent-medicine flavor, too; Detroit, by her slogan, is a cure-all. But that is not deliberate. It is exaggeration springing from natural optimism and exuberance. Life is doubtless more worth living in Detroit than in some other cities, but I submit that, so long as Mark Twain's "damn human race" retains those foibles of mind, morals, and body for which it is so justly famous, the slogan of the city of Detroit guarantees a little bit too much.

I find the same exuberance in the publications issued by the Detroit Board of Commerce. Having just left the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, I sedulously avoided contact with the Detroit body—one can get an overdose of that kind of thing. But I have several books. One is a magazine called "The Detroiter," with the subtitle "Spokesman of Optimism." It is full of news of new hotels and new factories and new athletic clubs and all kinds of expansion. It fairly bursts from its covers with enthusiasm—and with business banalities about Detroit's "onward sweep," her "surging ahead," her "banner year," and her "efficiency." "Be a Booster," it advises, and no one can say that it does not live up to its principles. Indeed, as I look it over, I wonder if I have not done Detroit an injustice in giving to Cleveland the blue ribbon for "boosting." The Detroit Board of Commerce even goes so far in its "boosting" as to "boost" Detroit into seventh place among American cities, while the "World Almanac" (most valuable volume on the one-foot shelf of books I carried on my travels) places Detroit ninth.

Like Cleveland, I find that Detroit is first in the production of a great many things. In fact, the more of these books issued by commercial bodies I read, the more I am amazed at the varied things there are for cities to be first in. It is a miserable city, indeed, which is first in nothing at all. Detroit is first in overalls production, in stoves, varnish, soda, and salt products, automobile accessories, adding machines, shipbuilding on the Great Lakes, pharmaceutical manufactures, aluminum castings, and, above all, in the manufacture of motor cars. And, as the Board of Commerce adds significantly, "That's not all!"

But it is enough.

Why Is Success

THE motor-car development in Detroit interested me particularly.

When I asked in Buffalo why Detroit was "surging ahead" so rapidly in comparison with certain other cities, they answered, as I knew they would: "It's the automobile business."

But when I asked why the automobile business should have settled on Detroit as a headquarters instead of some other city (as, for instance, Buffalo), they found it difficult to say. One Buffalonian informed me that Detroit banks had been more liberal than those of other cities in supporting the motor industry in its early days. This was, however, vigorously denied in Detroit. When I mentioned it to the president of one of the largest automobile companies he laughed.

"Banks don't do business that way," he declared. "The very thing banks do not do is to support new, untried industries. After you have proved that you can make both motor cars and money they'll take care of you. Not before. On the other hand, when the banks get confidence in any one kind of business they very often run to the opposite extreme. That was the way it used to be in the lumber business. Most of the early fortunes of Detroit were made in lumber. The banks got used to the lumber business, so that a few years ago all a man had to do was to print 'Lumber' on his letterhead, write to the banks and get a line of credit. Later, when the automobile business began to boom, the same thing happened over again: the man whose letterhead bore the word 'Automobiles' was taken care of." The implication was that sometimes he was taken care of a little bit too well.

"Then why did Detroit become the automobile center?" I asked.

The question proved good for an hour's discussion among certain learned pundits of the "trade" who were in the president's office at the time I asked it.

First, it was concluded, several early motor "bugs"

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happened to live in or near Detroit. Henry Ford lived there. He was always experimenting with "horseless carriages" in the early days and being laughed at for it. Also, a man named Packard built a car at Warren, Ohio. But the first gasoline motor car to achieve what they call an "output" was the funny little one-cylinder Oldsmobile which steered with a tiller and had a curved dash like a sleigh. It is to the Olds Motor Company, which built that car, that a large majority of the automobile manufactories in Detroit trace their origin. Indeed, there are to-day no less than a dozen organizations the heads of which were at one time connected with the original Olds Company. This fifteen-year-old forefather of the automobile business was originally made in Lansing, Mich., but the plant was moved to Detroit, where the market for labor and materials was better. The Packard plant was also moved there, and for the same reasons, plus the fact that the company was being financed by a group of young Detroit men.

The Delphic Oracle Up to Date

IT WAS not perhaps entirely as an investment that these wealthy young Detroiters first became interested in the building of motor cars. That is to say, I do not think they would have poured money so freely into a scheme to manufacture something else—something less picturesque in its appeal to the sporting instinct and the imagination. The automobile, with its promise, was just the right thing to interest rich young men, and it did interest them, and it has made many of them richer than they were before.

It seems to be an axiom that, if you start a new business anywhere, and it is successful, others will start in the same business beside you. One of the pundits referred me, for example, to Erie, Pa., where life is entirely saturated with engine and boiler ideas simply because the Erie City Iron Works started there and was successful. There are now sixteen engine and boiler companies in Erie, and all of them, I am assured, are there either directly or indirectly because the Erie City Iron Works is there. . . . In other words, we sat in that office and had a very pleasant hour's talk merely to discover that there is truth in the familiar saying about birds of a feather.

When we got that settled and the pundits began to drift away to other plate-glass rooms along the mile, more or less, of corridor devoted to officials' offices, I became interested in a little wooden box which stood upon the president's large flat-top desk. I was told it was a dictagraph. And, of course, not having seen a dictagraph before, and being something of a child, I wished to play with it as I used to play with typewriters and letterpresses in my father's office years ago. And the president of this many-million-dollar corporation, being a kindly man with, of course, absolutely nothing to do but to supply itinerant scribes with playthings, let me toy with the machine. Sitting at the desk, he pressed a key. Then, without changing his position, he spoke into the air:

"Fred," he said, "there's some one here who wants to ask you a question."

Behind the Veil, Behind the Veil

THEN the little wooden box began to talk.

"What does he want to ask about?" it said.

That put it up to me. I had to think of something to ask. I was conscious of a strange, unpleasant feeling of being hurried—of having to reply quickly before something happened—some breaking of connections.

I leaned toward the machine, but the president waved me back: "Just sit over there where you are."

Then I said: "I am writing articles about Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit. How would you compare them?"

"Well," replied the Fred-in-the-box, "I used to live in Cleveland. I've been here four years and I wouldn't want to go back."

After that we paused. I thought I ought to say something more to the box, but I didn't know just what.

"Is that all you want to know?" it asked.

"Yes," I replied hurriedly. "I'm much obliged. That's all I want to know." Of course it really wasn't all—not by any means! But I couldn't bring myself to say so then, so I said the easy, obvious thing, and after that it was too late. Oh, how many things there are I want to know! How many things I think of now which I would ask an oracle when there is none to ask! Things about the here and the hereafter: about the human spirit: about practical religion, the brotherhood of man, the inequalities of men, evolution, reform, the enduring mysteries of space, time, eternity, and woman!

Pedigrees

A FRIEND of mine—a spiritualist—once told me of a séance in which he thought himself in brief communication with his mother. There were a million things to say. But when the medium requested him to give a message he could only falter: "Are you all right over there?" The answer came: "Yes, all right." Then my friend said: "I'm so glad!" And that was all.

"It is the feeling of awful pressure," he explained to me, "which drives the thoughts out of your head. That is why so many messages from the spirit world sound silly and inconsequential. You have the one great chance to communicate with them, and, because it *is* your one great chance, you cannot think of anything to say." Somehow I imagine that the feeling must be like the one I had in talking to the dictagraph.

Among the characteristics which give Detroit her individuality is the survival of her old-time aristocracy; she is one of the few Middle-Western cities possessing such a social order. As with that of St. Louis, this aristocracy is of French descent, the Sibleys, Campaus, and other old Detroit families tracing their genealogies to forefathers who came out to the New World under the flag of Louis XIV. The early habitants acquired farms, most of them with small frontages on the river and running back for several miles into the woods—an arrangement which permitted farmhouses to be built close together for protection against Indians. These farms, handed down for generations, form the basis of a number of Detroit's older family fortunes.

Later He Ruled Uncle Sam's Navee

TO-DAY commerce takes up the downtown portion of the river front, but not far from the center of the city the shore line is still occupied by residences. Along Jefferson Avenue are many homes, surrounded by delightful lawns extending forward to the street and back to the river. Most of these homes have in their back yards boathouses and docks—some of the latter large enough to berth seagoing steam yachts, of which Detroit boasts a considerable number. Nor is the water front reserved entirely for private use. In Belle Isle, situated in the Detroit River, and accessible by either boat or bridge, the city possesses one of the most unusual and charming public parks to be seen in the entire world. Here, in lagoons fed by the river, there is a great deal of canoeing. Furthermore, there are many pleasant places near Detroit which may be reached by boat, among them the St. Clair Flats, famous for duck shooting. All these features combine to make the river life active and picturesque. In midstream passes a continual parade of freighters, a little mail boat dodging out to meet each one as it goes by. Huge side-wheel excursion steamers come and go, and in their swell you may see, teetering, all kinds of craft, from proud white yachts with shining brasswork and bowsprits having the expression of haughty turned-up noses, down through the category of schooners, barges, tugs, motor yachts, motor boats, sloops, small sailboats, rowboats, and canoes. You may even catch sight of a hydroplane swiftly skimming the surface of the river like some amphibious, prehistoric animal, or of that natty little gunboat, captured from the Spaniards at the battle of Manila Bay, which now serves as a training ship for the Michigan Naval Reserve.

A good many of the young aristocrats of Detroit have belonged to the Naval Reserve, among them Mr. Truman H. Newberry, former Secretary of the Navy, about whom I heard an amusing story.

According to this tale, as it was told me in Detroit, Mr. Newberry was some



THE CAMPUS MARTIUS—*The automobile has not only changed Detroit from a quiet old town into a rich, active city, but upon the drowsy romance of the old days it has superimposed the romance of modern business*

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years ago a common seaman in the Reserve. It seems that on the occasion of the annual cruise of this body on the Great Lakes a regular naval officer is sent out to take command of the training ship. One day, when common seaman Newberry was engaged in the maritime occupation of swabbing down the decks abaft the bridge, a large yacht passed majestically by.

"My man," said the regular naval officer on the bridge to common seaman Newberry below, "do you know what yacht that is?"

Newberry saluted. "The *Tenant*, sir," he said respectfully, and resumed his work.

"Who owns her?" asked the officer.

Again Newberry straightened and saluted.

"I do, sir," he said.

Two Social Groups

WITHIN the last few years there has come to Detroit a new life. The vast growth of the city, owing to the development of the automobile industry, has brought in many new, active, able business men and their families, whom the old Detroiters have dubbed the "Gasoline Aristocracy." Thus there are in Detroit two fairly distinct social groups—the Grosse Pointe group, of which the old families form the nucleus, and the North Woodward group, largely made up of newcomers.

The automobile has not only changed Detroit from a quiet old town into a rich, active city, but upon the drowsy romance of the old days it has superimposed a new kind of romance—the romance of modern business. Fiction in its wildest flights hardly rivals the true stories of certain motor moguls of Detroit. Everyone can tell you these stories. If you are a novelist all you have to do is go and get them. But, aside from stories which are true, there have developed, in connection with the automobile business, certain fictions more or less picturesque in character. One of these, which has been widely circulated, is that "90 per cent of the automobile business of Detroit is done in the bar of the Pontchartrain Hotel." The big men of the business resent that yarn. And, of course, it is preposterously false. Neither 90 per cent nor 10 per cent nor any appreciable per cent of the automobile business is done there. Indeed, you hardly ever see a really important representative of the business in that place. Such men are not given to hanging around bars.

Autos Instead of Curbstones Line the Streets

I DO not wish the reader to infer that I hung around the bar myself in order to ascertain this fact. Not at all. I had heard the story and was apprised of its untruth by the president of one of the large motor car companies who was generously showing me about. As we bowled along one of the wide streets which passes through that open place at the center of the city called the Campus Martius, I was struck, as any visitor must be, by the spectacle of hundreds upon hundreds of automobiles parked, nose to the curb, tail to the street, in solid rows.

"You could tell that this was an automobile city," I remarked.

"Do you know why you see so many of them?" he asked with a smile.

I said I supposed it was because there were so many automobiles owned in Detroit.

"No," he explained. "In other cities with as many and more cars you will not see this kind of thing. They don't permit it. But our wide streets lend themselves to it, and our Chief of Police lends himself to it, too. He lets us leave our cars about the streets because he thinks it a good advertisement for the town."

As he spoke he was forced to draw up at a crossing to let a funeral pass. It was an automobile funeral. The hearse, black and terrible as only a hearse can be, was going at a modest pace for a motor, but an exceedingly rapid pace for a hearse. If I am any judge of speed, the departed was being wafted to his final resting place at the somewhat sprightly clip of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. Behind the hearse trailed limousines and touring cars. Two humble taxicabs brought up the rear. There was a grim ridiculousness about the procession's progress—pleasure cars throttled down, trying to look solemn—chauffeurs continually throwing out their clutches in a commendable effort to keep a respectful rate of speed.

Is there any other thing in the world which epitomizes our times as does an automobile funeral? Yesterday such a thing would have been deemed indecorous; to-day it is not only decorous, but rather chic, provided that the pace be slow; to-morrow—what will it be then? Will hearses go shooting through the streets at forty miles an hour? Will mourners scorch behind, their horns shrieking signals to the driver of the hearse to get out of the road and let the swiftest pass ahead, where there isn't all that dust? I am afraid a time is close at hand when, if hearses are to maintain that position in the funeral cortège to which convention has in the past assigned them, they will have to hold it by sheer force of superior horsepower!

Almost Everybody Suspected of a Million

DETROIT is a young man's town. I do not think the stand-pat, sit-tight, go-easy kind of business man exists there. The wheel of commerce has wire spokes and rubber tires, and there is no drag upon the brake band. Youth is at the steering wheel—both figuratively and literally. The heads of great Detroit industries drive their own cars; and if the fact seems unimportant, consider: do the leading men of your city drive theirs? Or are they driven by chauffeurs? Have they, in other words, reached an age and a frame of mind at which men do not drive because it is not safe for them to do so, or worse yet, because it is not dignified? Have they that energy which replaces worn-out tires—and methods—and ideas?

I have said that the president of a large automobile company showed me about Detroit. I don't know what his age is, but he is under thirty-five. I don't know what his fortune is, but he is suspected of a million, and whatever he may have, he has made himself. I hope he is a millionaire, for there is in the entire world only one other man who, I feel absolutely certain, deserves a million dollars more than he does—and a native modesty prevents my mentioning this other's name.

Looking at my friend, the president, I am always struck with fresh amazement. I want to say to him: "You can't be the president of that great big company! I know you sit in the president's office, but—look at your hair; it isn't even turning gray! I refuse to believe that you are president until you show me your ticket, or your diploma, or whatever it is that a president has!"

Yes, but See "Who's Who" for 1914!

BECOMING curious about his exact age, I took up my "Who's Who in America" one evening ("Who's Who" is another valued volume on my one-foot shelf) with a view to finding out. But all I did find out was that his name is not contained therein. That struck me as surprising. I looked up the heads of half a dozen other enormous automobile companies—men of importance, interest, reputation. Of these I discovered the name of but one, and that one was not (as I should have rather expected it to be) Henry Ford. (There is a Henry Ford in my "Who's Who," but he is a professor at Princeton and writes for the "Atlantic Monthly"!)

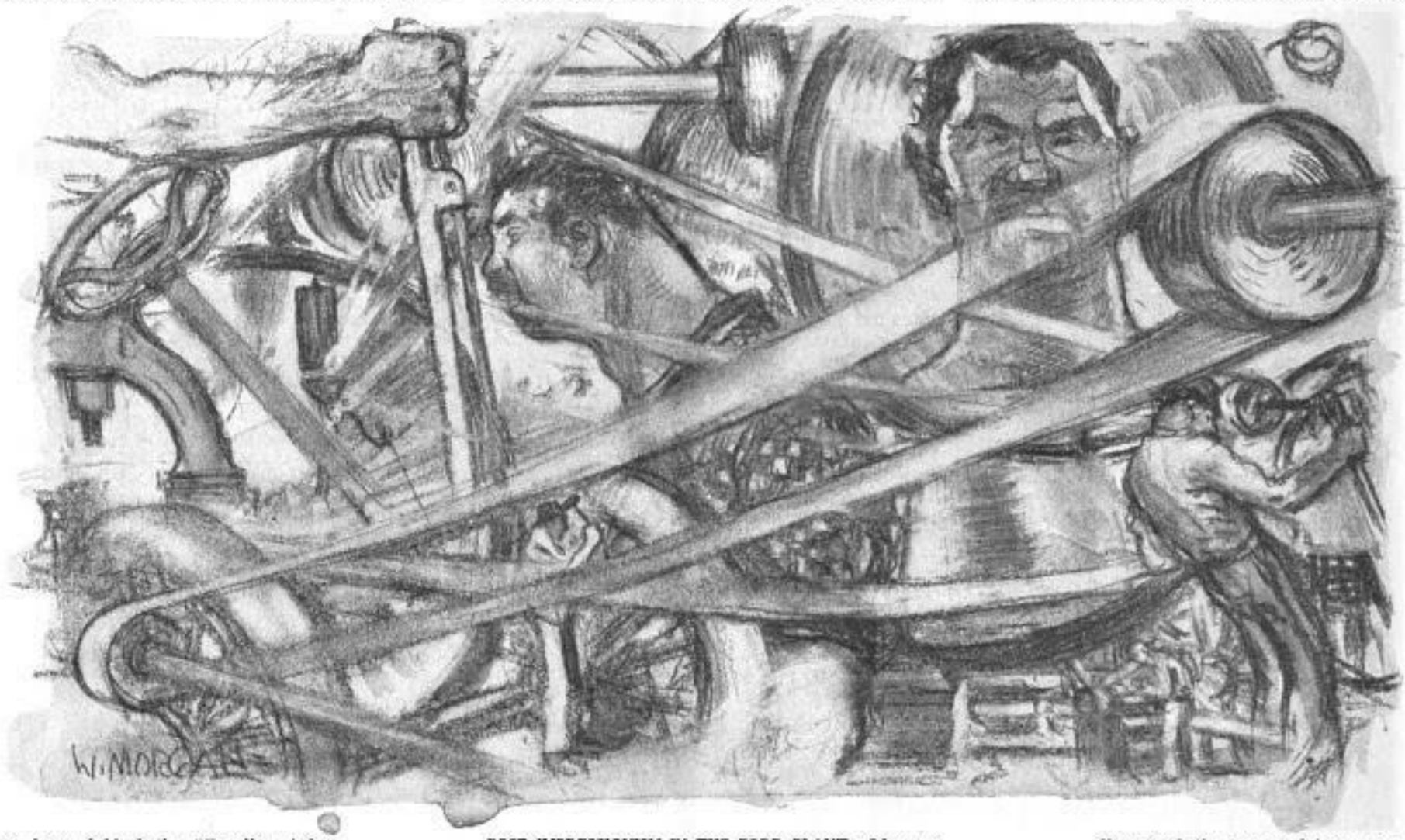
Now whether this is so because of the newness of the automobile business, or because "Who's Who" turns up its nose at "trade," in contradistinction to the professions and the arts, I cannot say. Obviously, the compilation of such a work involves tremendous difficulties, and I have always respected the volume for the ability with which it overcomes them; but when a Detroit dentist (who invented, as I recollect, some new kind of filling) is included in "Who's Who," and when almost every minor poet who squeaks is in it, and almost every illustrator who makes candy-looking girls for magazine covers, and almost every writer—then it seems to me time to include, as well, the names of men who are in charge of that industry which is not only the greatest in Detroit, but which, more than any industry since the inception of the telephone, has transformed our life.

The fact of the matter is, of course, that writers, in particular, are taken too seriously, not merely by "Who's Who" but by all kinds of publications—especially newspapers. Only opera singers and actors can vie with writers in the amount of undeserved publicity which they receive. If I omit professional baseball players it is by intention; for, as a fan might say, they have to "deliver the goods."

Art Owns a Homestead in Detroit

BAEDEKER'S United States, a third volume in the condensed library I carried in my trunk, sets forth (in small type!) the following: "The finest private art gallery in Detroit is that of Mr. Charles L. Freer. The gallery contains the largest group of works by Whistler in existence and good examples of Tryon, Dewing, and Abbott Thayer as well as many Oriental paintings and potteries."

But in the case of the (*Continued on page 23*)



POST-IMPRESSIONISM IN THE FORD PLANT: *Of course there was order in that place—relentless system—terrible "efficiency"—but to my mind it expressed but one thing, and that thing was delirium*

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The Loot and the Lieutenant

By Will Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"THE Major's compliments, and he wishes to see you at headquarters immediately, sir."

"Tell the Major I'll come at once."

"Yes, sir." The orderly saluted, pivoted on correct military heel, and departed the way he had come, while Lieutenant Stone threw down his three-months-old home paper and took his legs down from the railing of the officers' club porch. "Now what the deuce can the Old Man want at this time of day?" muttered Lieutenant Stone.

"Now you understand, Stone, it's officially an exploration and mapping trip. The island is small and little known on account of the fierce tribe that lives there. They're very much like the worst of the Igorrotes—only much more so. Spain never meddled with them much—neither have we except once when Jikiri took refuge there and we had to smoke him out. The natives keep very much to themselves and don't make trouble outside of their own island—stay-at-home lot they are, thank fortune. There's a reason going round why they stick so close to home and mother. The natives here say it's because they have a small pearl fishery hidden away on their island. I can hardly believe that, though—it's a little too improbable. First thing, it's a bit far up for pearls and it's asking too much to believe that any island in the Philippines could produce good pearls and not be known for them. If the pearls were of any value, they would trade them and become a known pearl island like Sulu—but they never do. If the pearl-fishery rumor has any basis in fact at all, the pearls must be of such a piffling sort that they know it's not worth while trading and must just keep them or store them up somewhere. And that's another thing: there's to be no looting. We're not at war with these people, and even if we were—remember some of the messes the men got into in China? It's a temptation, I admit, but orders are strict. No looting. I'll expect you to see that your men don't take a thing."

"I'LL do my best, sir, of course—but I see my work cut out for me if there's any loot goin'. You know what soldados are and the length they'll go to get it and hide it."

The Major knew; none better. He had led the prize troop of roughnecks into Peking. He grinned:

"All right then. And mind you set them a good example. Now about this shipwreck business. The *McArthur* that came in this morning reported a wreck about a hundred miles to the westward; no one on board. Later she picked up two empty boats drifting south. As she was in such bad shape herself from the typhoon, the captain decided to put in here and send from here an expedition to Paganay Island to see if any of the survivors of the wreck might happen to be there. The boats were very evidently coming from that direction, and Captain Marsh thinks it likely that they might have been moored there and got adrift. If there are any white people there, we must send at once, for God knows what these natives may do to them. You will take a sergeant, a corporal, and eight men of your troop. Take the largest launch, the one with the Hotchkiss in the bow. Don't fight unless you have to, but take rifles, pistols, and plenty of ammunition. Pack along a transit and sketching cases and get what you can done; the only map of Paganay we have at present is this thing."

HE DISPLAYED a rough outline sketch of the island with only a few things marked in it.

"Yes, sir, but if no one's there, hadn't we better let you know immediately in case—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted the Major. "We're sending the *Lady Love* to cruise about and see what she can find so as to make sure in either case. If the survivors *are* at Paganay, of course leave all mapping and rush them back here to the post. Here's the map. You'd better go see the Q. M. now; he's getting the launch loaded up with extra supplies in case the wrecked people are there. Look it over, ask for anything else you think you'll need, and get off as quickly as you can. I'll see you again before you go."



"Now set 'em up again," said Shorty. "One or two propped against the rock, so if the simple villagers look up all will seem to be in order. Drag the others inside the cave mouth"

AND so it came about that at dawn the next morning Lieutenant Stone sat up in the bow of the launch *Tuft* and gazed at the dim outline of a little island just showing out of the mist of rose and gray ahead. Little tingles of expectation vibrated unexpected nerves all over his body. For this was his first detail—the very first big thing that had come his way "on his own" since his recent winning of his commission. And, as Stone thought: "Gee! What a detail! Don't I wish Shorty could see me now?" Hostile natives, pearls (possible but not probable), rumors of a shipwreck! But his only expressed thought at all the exaltation and pleasant anticipation was: "Bloomin' good chance for me. We'll have a bully time."

"Mornin', Lieutenant," said a deep, cheerful voice, and Stone's daydreams fell away with a bump.

It was "Battle-Ax Bob," otherwise Sergeant Robert Ewart, who greeted him. "Mornin', Sergeant," answered Stone mechanically, still a bit dazed.

Battle-Ax Bob grinned: "Excuse me, sir, but I've been watchin' you a minute or two, sir. I've been in the service so long and seen so many of you. Battle, murder, and sudden death, wasn't it, sir?"

Stone reddened. "You're a very good guesser," he answered, admiringly. The other men were awake by now, and as they neared the island they breakfasted.

The corporal, Hilary, was a young person of singularly good family, but, having scrapped with every member of it but a younger sister, he had hitched up as a horse soldier in the United States army, and was going after a commission tooth and nail without asking anything of his displeased relatives. The transit and sketching cases were consigned to his care, for just now he was "boning" on that part of his work. Sergeant Ewart—Battle-Ax Bob, as he was known through the length and breadth of the service, wherever the flag fluttered and the morning gun boomed—was one of the few survivals in active service of the "Old Army," the enlisted force as it was before the Spanish War, the army of small, far-scattered Western posts, Indian fights, and prairie hikes—though actually the word hike itself didn't come into use until after '98. Very tall was Bob, with sandy hair and mustache and a complexion like a thimble, for in the days of his youth he had caught a fine case of smallpox from some Mexicans down around Fort Apache. Besides his face there wasn't an inch of his body that wasn't scarred—not with smallpox but with nicks from bolos. For during the insurrection Bob had been captured and tortured by Igorrotes and had been rescued only just before spirit and body parted. Bob knew all about Gu-gus, could speak Tagalog and Spanish fluently, and had a smattering of some of the other native languages. Stone, who could only speak a mongrel brand of soldado Español, realized what a treasure his Top Sergeant was on an expedition of this sort and wisely resolved to let Bob attend to most of the dispositions of the campaign. Not long from the position of Top Sergeant himself, Stone surely knew a good man when he saw one. The others of the party were privates, but carefully picked men.

BATTLE-AX and Stone had studied carefully the map the Major had given them and decided not to risk the barrio landing nor the main harbor. They planned to skirt along the ocean side of the reef, as the sea was very calm, and with the aid of powerful field glasses find out if there were any signs of the shipwrecked ones on the beach; if not, they would go around to the western shore and land near the mouth of the upper river, where the map showed a landing was practicable. The launch carried two large boats, either of which would easily hold them all, and Bob proposed to Stone the plan of using one to land with and leaving the other on the launch, together with one of their men, to augment the crew of two the *Tuft* boasted. "They can cruise around to the northeast and lay off for signal with all steam up. Seems that would be the most likely place to catch up our wigwags, and they'll be in a strategic position to come and take us off with the other boat in case we need an almighty quick getaway. And it's my opinion we'll need it all right."

"It was clever of Bob to think of that," said Stone, relating this part of his adventures. "Because it might never have occurred to me, and, as it turned out, that launch was right pat in the very place where she was needed most."

OPPOSITE the beach they raked it with the field glasses, but, seeing absolutely no signs of the shipwrecked party, they continued on around to the west, landed in one of the boats, which they made fast just above the mouth of the second stream, and followed it up as well as they could for the thick, tangled growth along the bank.

Suddenly Stone, ahead, raised his hand as a signal to halt. He beckoned Bob, who crept to his side as quietly as possible.

"Look!" whispered Stone.

About fifteen yards ahead of them, at the foot of a tree, a small man lay sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. His face was turned away—in fact, his

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whole head was buried in his arms. He wore clothing—of a sort so tattered, stained, and grimed that it seemed at one with the earth itself. No native, that was sure, but evidently some one shipwrecked; for what Stone had noted at the first glance was the pair of stout, American-made, brown shoes the man was wearing. And then his eyes, traveling upward, beheld a thing he could scarcely believe—puttees incased the man's stumpy little legs.

"United States army, or I'm a goat!" whispered Bob. "But how *could* it be?"

"Mighta been on the wrecked boat. Deserter maybe, tryin' to make a git-away."

"Gee! I hope not! Troubles enough as it is." The men were crowding behind them in an eager, expectant group. Stone's eyes were fascinated by those stumpy puttees: there was something very familiar about them—they looked exactly like Shorty's (Stone's old troop commander)—but of course it couldn't be Shorty: no such luck. Captain Campbell was in Leyte with old J Troop at Muymaras. But if it only *was* Shorty! Gosh! Wouldn't that be great? He hated to wake the man, who was evidently worn out, but if he was a white man he would be glad enough to see them, and if he wasn't it didn't matter.

So Stone signaled the men to follow, and quietly they surrounded the man, ready in case of need. Then Stone bent over and shook him by the shoulder, at first gently and then more roughly. The man did not wake, but turned over on his back. It *was* Shorty!

"It's Captain Campbell, my old troop commander!" whispered Stone to Battle-Ax. "He must be worn out to sleep like that. We'll camp here till he wakes. He'll probably be able to tell us everything we want to know."

"So that's Shorty," mused Bob (for the nickname was known throughout the army)—"the feller who defeated his own side in the maneuvers that time. He sure must be some potatoes."

STONE spread his blanket over his beloved Captain and sat beside him to wait for such time as he should wake. The men slept; all but Hilary, who was working on his map, and Bob, who was kindling a small, inconspicuous fire, making coffee and laying out a good big ration of food.

"He'll need it when he wakes," whispered Bob, nodding toward Shorty.

"Thank you, Sergeant," said Stone. "He sure will."

The Captain was never a beauty; now with his countenance very drawn and haggard, caked with dirt, streaked with sweat, and with a six days' fuzz of a beard on it, he hardly appeared an object on which to lavish affection; but Stone, warming to that tired dirty, ugly little mug, hung over Shorty with the solicitude of a mother over her child. At a little after twelve, when the men were eating their dinner, Shorty awoke. At the first glimpse of Stone's face above him he looked puzzled, then abruptly sat up and gazed about him. As his eyes, more squinty than ever with sleep, took in the surroundings, he demanded belligerently: "What the blank are you doin' here? Where the deuce *am* I anyway?"

"Paganay Island, Captain," said Stone. "*We're* under orders. What are you doin' here yourself?"

"It's not official," said Shorty, grinning and further eclipsing his eyes. "I was shipwrecked—that's all. Gee! That coffee smells good—and the chow, too. I'm starved."

He wolfed down the stuff. "First square meal I've had in six days—and the last two it's been nothin' but bananas. What time is it?" and, being told it was one o'clock, he consented to give an account of himself. "For," said he, "there's plenty of time."

"Time for what?" demanded Stone.

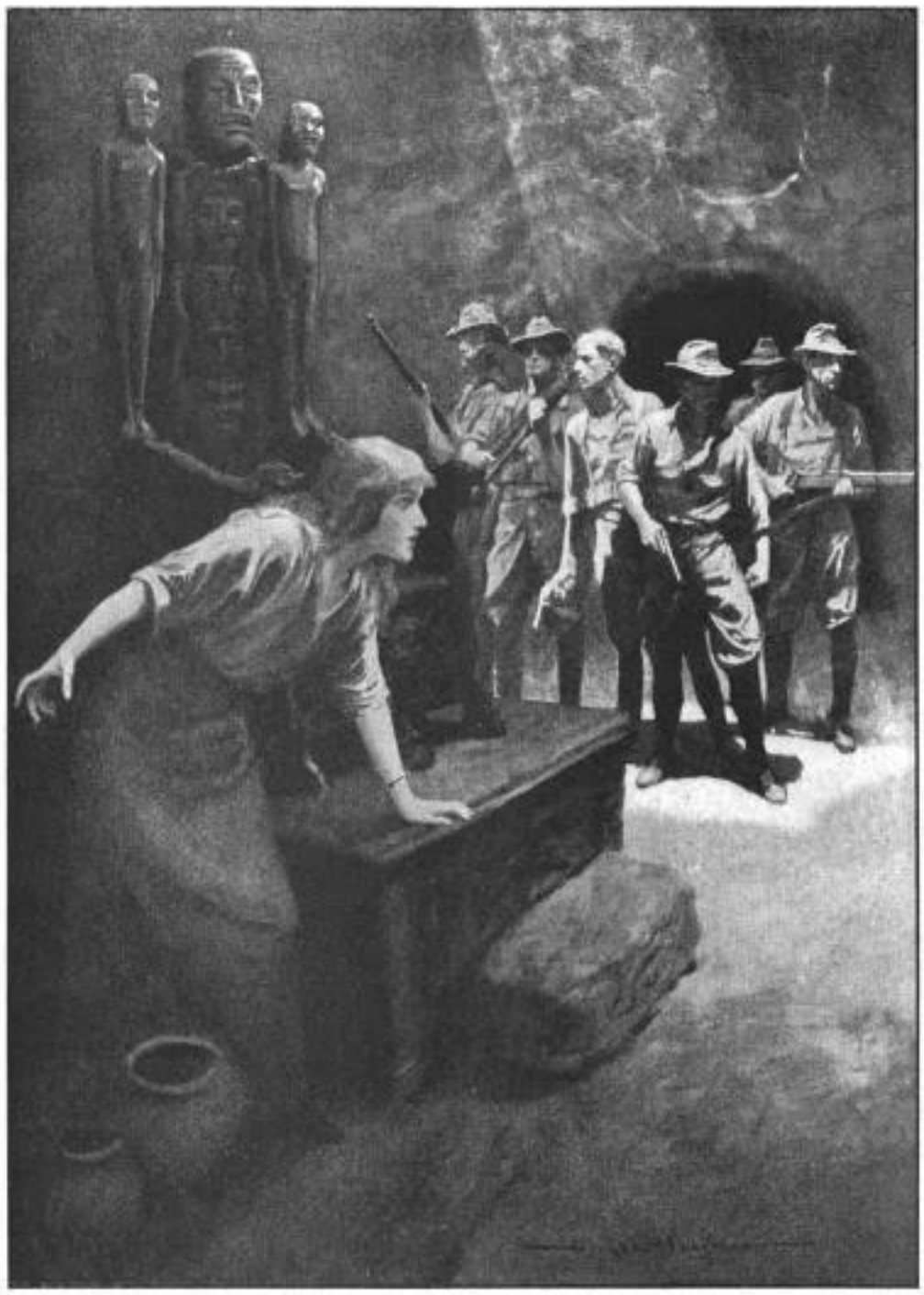
"You'll find out when I tell you," was the cryptic reply. "Well, to get back to Genesis, the troop sort of got on my nerves down there in Muymaras and I put in for leave to get away from it for a while."

"Don't believe it," said Stone flatly. "*That* is just one big whopper of a lie!" But he grinned when he said it, so the bald statement gave no more offense than that other offensive remark that you must "smile when you say it."

"You never even said 'Excuse me,'" said Shorty plaintively.

Battle-Ax Bob chuckled, the men inched closer, full of curiosity to hear what was coming next. Shorty deliberately turned his back on them (they weren't *his* troopers) and addressed himself exclusively to Stone:

"No, honestly, hombre, *that* wasn't it. I took leave because there hadn't been much doing in Muymaras for a while and not much prospect either, and I'd sorta got interested in pearls and pearl fisheries and began bonin' up on 'em. Burns had some books about 'em and I read 'em all—two or three times. It was interestin'. Then I put in for the two months' leave that was comin' to me to go down to Sulu and northern Borneo and poke about on my own. Thought, too, I might stop off at your place on my way home if I had time, but that blamed typhoon blew up that



"Where the deuce is she?" cried Shorty. At the sound of his voice a figure crept from behind the throne. "Captain Campbell! Soldiers! Oh, Fred!"

part. Well, I had a good look-see and saw all their makee pidgin, and I was comin' up to you on the sailin' ship *Mary Lee* when the typhoon struck us, and here I am. The whole thing was more almighty interestin' than I had imagined—especially the typhoon. Did you say this was Paganay? I had suspicions, but of course wasn't sure."

"YES," said Stone, "it's Paganay all right." It struck him as very strange that active, vibrating little Shorty should suddenly develop thus late in life a passion for pearl fishing. It reminded him oddly of the shock he had once had when a real-estate man—a subdivision boomer—he had known, a hustling, all-for-business, rather unimaginative yap with a perpetual glad eye and hand, had revealed his secret and consuming interest in bees, and how when he had "made his pile" his one desire was to have a quiet little bee ranch somewhere in the "real country," far from subdivisions, booming, and otherwise.

"You never know what bug will sting you," thought Stone. But Shorty! Still, he was erratic occasionally, witness his one-time passion for aeronautical work! But a slow-poke thing like pearls!

"There's lots of excitement in pearls," pursued Shorty. Stone's meditations were all upset again. "I'm glad this is Paganay; that's luck anyway; I've heard things about this place."

"But tell us how you got *here*, right in this spot where we found you. Was there anyone with you? Where are the others? You must have had a boat or something. Where is it? *Tell* something!"

Thus adjured, the castaway continued his narrative:

"The *Mary Lee* went all to smash and started sinkin' in the middle of the night—I'm no flatfoot, so I can't tell you just what happened. We'd been warned, so were ready to take to the boats. There were only two passengers on the *Mary Lee*—me and a girl: an army girl who'd been visitin' some of her people who were fool missionaries down in the Malay archipelago somewhere, and was comin' back to keep house for her brother, who's a captain of infantry somewhere up in Luzon."

There was a smothered exclamation from among the men. "Hilary! Was her name Hilary?" excitedly inquired the Corporal.

"It was," said Shorty. "Who are *you*?"

"She's my sister. My sister, I tell *you*! Where is she?" His voice mounted in a shrill crescendo.

"She's safe. Or safe for a while anyway—and we're going to get her all right. Don't you worry, hombre." Shorty was used to these situations when one member of a family was an officer and the other was enlisted in the ranks. "You must be the brother she told me about. How queer you should be in Stone's troop. Well, men, we'd better get along. I can explain as we hike."

"But," insisted Hilary, "where *is* Madge? Where is she? For God's sake, tell me!"

"She's in a cave up the mountain, quite safe, waitin' to be married to the chief of—"

"*To be married*—"

"There, there, keep your shirt on, son. It's a good thing for her she *is*—or I don't like to think what might have happened. All ready? For'd har!" Shorty walked between Stone and Hilary and explained as briefly as he could.

"THERE were four of the crew, your sister and me in our boat. The only boat that got away, I think. The ship sank as they were getting the others off. I'd have given a heap to save that captain's wife, but she wouldn't leave him. I tried to force her; I couldn't. She'd make two of me. Fought me like a cat. Yesterday morning our boat got in here. Managed to beach inside the reef all right. We hadn't beached long when down came the Gu-gus, killed the crew clean—thank God for *that*—no torture, and took Miss Hilary along with them."

There was a suppressed oath from the Corporal; it sounded like a groan.

"You may wonder where I was that I allowed 'em to get her alive, but, hombre, I wasn't there at all, or I'd have died, too, before they took her. But I was off in the jungle gettin' firewood and had to go pretty far to get it dry enough. When I came back it was all over and the natives had got your sister into the boat and were well off shore. I think she must have fainted, for I never heard a scream from her and she looked awfully limp, poor girl! They were just out of range of my six-shooter or I'd have killed her. Golly, I'm glad now they were! They went out of the lagoon and headed north and east, skirtin' the shore just far enough out to avoid the breakers and my bullets—me followin' on shore, keepin' in the jungle shadow. Thank God the trees grow thick right down to the beach. Up near the northeast corner of this island is a big barrio where they all live and that's where they took her. We're pointin' for it right now. I lurked round on the edges and saw 'em put her into an empty shack and take her in some chow. They put a guard over her and then they all held a mass meetin' out in the middle and they were crazy excited. 'Course I know gettin' a white woman would excite the hombre some, but this seemed different somehow, for even the women and kids were all worked up. If they'd been white, they'd all been givin' three cheers over somethin'. That's how they acted. I wiggled up near as I could—the trees grow right up to the clearin', and, as they were talkin' pretty loud, I managed to hear enough to put me wise. Their lingo's pretty much like Tagal, so I could sabe it all right, and I heard that they were keepin' her for the chief to come back. The buck I'd thought was the head man turned out to be only the vice president, and he put it to 'em straight that (*Continued on page 32*)

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Bealby

The Happy Caravanners — Chapter III

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NEVER had the gracious eastward face of Shonts looked more beautiful than it did on the morning of the Lord Chancellor's visit. It glowed as translucent as amber lit by flames. Its two towers were pillars of pale gold. It looked over its slopes and parapets upon a great valley of mist-barred freshness through which the distant river shone like a snake of light. The southwest façade was still in the shadow, and the ivy hung from it darkly greener than the greenest green. The stained-glass windows of the old chapel reflected the sunrise as though lamps were burning inside. Along the terraces a pensive peacock trailed his sheathed splendors through the dew. Amid the ivy was a fuss of birds.

And presently there was pushed out from amid the ivy at the foot of the eastward tower a little brownish buff thing, that seemed as natural there as a squirrel or a rabbit. It was a head—a ruffled human head. It remained still for a moment contemplating the calm spaciousness of terrace and garden and countryside. Then it emerged further and rotated and surveyed the house above it. Its expression was one of alert caution. Its natural freshness and innocence were a little marred by an enormous transverse smudge, a bar sinister of smut, and the elfin delicacy of the left ear was festooned with a cobweb—probably a genuine antique. It was the face of Bealby.

He was considering the advisability of leaving Shonts—for good.

Presently his decision was made. His hands and shoulders appeared following his head, and then a dusty but undamaged Bealby was running swiftly toward the corner of the shrubbery. He crouched lest at any moment that pursuing pack of butlers should see him and give tongue. In another moment he was hidden from the house altogether, and rustling his way through a thicket of budding rhododendra. After these dirty passages the morning air was wonderfully sweet—but just a trifle hungry.

GRAZING deer saw Bealby fly across the park, stared at him for a time with great, gentle, unintelligent eyes, and went on feeding.

They saw him stop ever and again. He was snatching at mushrooms, that he devoured forthwith as he sped on.

On the edge of the beech woods he paused and glanced back at Shonts. Then his eyes rested for a moment on the clump of trees through which one saw a scrap of the head gardener's cottage, a bit of the garden wall. . . .

A physiognomist might have detected a certain lack of self-confidence in Bealby's eyes.

But his spirit was not to be quelled. Slowly, joylessly perhaps, but with a grave determination, he raised his hand in that prehistoric gesture of the hand and face by which youth, since ever there was youth, has asserted the integrity of its soul against established and predominant things.

"*Ketch* me!" said Bealby.

BEALBY left Shonts about half-past four in the morning. He went westward because he liked the company of his shadow and was amused at first by its vast length. By half-past eight he had covered ten miles, and he was rather bored by his shadow. He had eaten nine raw mushrooms, two green apples, and a quantity of unripe blackberries. None of these things seemed quite at home in him. And he had discovered himself to be wearing slippers. They were stout carpet slippers, but still they were slippers—and the road was telling on them. At the ninth mile the left one began to give on the outer seam. He got over a stile into a path that ran through the corner of a wood, and there he met a smell of frying bacon that turned his very soul to gastric juice.

He stopped short and sniffed the air—and the air itself was sizzling.

"Oh, Krikey," said Bealby, manifestly to the Spirit of the World. "This is a bit too strong. I wasn't thinking much before."

Then he saw something bright yellow and bulky just over the hedge.

From this it was that the sound of frying came.

He went to the hedge, making no effort to conceal himself. Outside a great yellow caravan with dainty little windows stood a largish dark woman in a deerstalker hat, a short brown skirt, a large white apron and spatterdashes (among other things) frying bacon and potatoes in a frying pan. She was very red in the face, and the frying pan was spitting at her as frying pans do at a timid cook. . . .

QUITE mechanically Bealby scrambled through the hedge and drew nearer this divine smell. The woman scrutinized him for a moment, and then blinking and averting her face went on with her cookery. Bealby came quite close to her and remained, noting the bits of potato that swam about in the pan, the jolly curling of the rashers, the dancing of the bubbles, the humming splash and splutter of the happy fat. . . .



A pleasant woman was talking over the counter to a stout and worried one who carried a bundle. They both stopped abruptly at the appearance of Bealby

(If it should ever fall to my lot to be cooked, may I be fried in potatoes and butter. May I be fried with potatoes and good butter made from the milk of the cow. God send I am spared boiling: the prison of the pot, the rattling lid, the evil darkness, the greasy water. . . .)

"I suppose," said the lady prodding with her fork at the bacon, "I suppose you call yourself a Boy."

"Yes, miss," said Bealby.

"Have you ever fried?"

"I could, miss."

"Like this?"

"Better."

"Just lay hold of this handle—for it's scorching the skin off my face I am—" She seemed to think for a moment and added: "entirely."

IN SILENCE, Bealby grasped that exquisite smell by the handle, he took the fork from her hand and put his hungry, eager nose over the seething mess. It wasn't only bacon; there were onions, onions giving it—an *edge!* It cut to the quick of appetite. He could have wept with the intensity of his sensations.

A voice almost as delicious as the smell came out of the caravan window behind Bealby's head.

"*Ju-ly!*" cried the voice.

"Here! I mean—it's here I am," said the lady in the deerstalker.

"Judy—you didn't take my stockings for your own by any chance?"

The lady in the deerstalker gave way to delighted horror. "Sssh, mavourneen!" she cried—she was one of that large class of amiable women who are more Irish than they need be—"there's a Boy here!"

There was indeed an almost obsequiously industrious and obliging Boy. An hour later he was no longer *a* Boy but *the* Boy and three friendly women were regarding him with a merited approval.

He had done the frying, renewed a waning fire with remarkable skill and dispatch, rebodied a neglected kettle in the shortest possible time, laid almost without direction a simple meal, very exactly set out camp stools and cleaned the frying pan marvelously. Hardly had they taken their portions of that appetizing savoriness than he had whipped off with that implement, gone behind the caravan, busied himself there, and returned with the pan—glittering bright. Himself if possible brighter. One cheek indeed shone with an animated glow.

"But wasn't there some of the bacon and stuff left?" asked the lady in the deerstalker.

"I didn't think it was wanted, miss," said Bealby, "So I cleared it up."

He met understanding in her eye. He questioned her expression.

"Mayn't I wash up for you, miss?" he asked to relieve the tension.

He washed up, swiftly and cleanly. He had never been able to wash up to Mr. Mergleson's satisfaction before, but now he did everything Mr. Mergleson had ever told him. He asked where to put the things away and he put them away. Then he asked politely if there was anything else he could do for them. Questioned, he said he liked doing things. "You haven't," said the lady in the deerstalker, "a taste for cleaning boots?"

Bealby declared he had.

"Surely," said a voice that Bealby adored, "'tis an angel from heaven."

HE HAD a taste for cleaning boots! This was an extraordinary thing for Bealby to say. But a great change had come to him in the last half hour. He was violently anxious to do things, any sort of things, servile things, for a particular person. He was in love.

The owner of the beautiful voice had come out of the caravan, she had stood for a moment in the doorway before descending the steps to the ground, and the soul of Bealby had bowed down before her in instant submission. Never had he seen anything so lovely. Her straight, slender body was sheathed in blue; fair hair, a little tinged with red, poured gloriously back from her broad forehead, and she had the sweetest eyes in the world. One slender hand lifted her dress from her feet; the other rested on the lintel of the caravan door. She looked at him and smiled.

SO FOR two years she had looked and smiled across the footlights to the Bealby in mankind. She had smiled now on her entrance out of habit. She took the effect upon Bealby as a foregone conclusion.

Then she had looked to make sure that everything was ready before she descended.

"How good it smells, Judy!" she had said.

"I've had a helper," said the woman who wore spats.

That time the blue-eyed lady had smiled at him quite definitely. . . .

The third member of the party had appeared unobserved; the irradiations of the beautiful lady had obscured her. Bealby discovered her about. She was bareheaded; she wore a simple gray dress with a Norfolk jacket, and she had a pretty clear white profile under black hair. She answered to the name of "Winnie."

The beautiful lady was Madeleine. They made little obscure jokes with each other and praised the morning ardently. "This is the best place of all," said Madeleine.

"All night," said Winnie, "not a single mosquito."

None of these three ladies made any attempt to conceal the sincerity of their hunger or their appreciation of Bealby's assistance. How good a thing is appreciation! Here he was doing with joy and

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pride and an eager excellence, the very services he had done so badly under the cuffings of Mergleson and Thomas. . . .

AND now Bealby, having been regarded with approval for some moments and discussed in tantalizing undertones, was called upon to explain himself.

"Boy," said the lady in the deerstalker, who was evidently the leader and still more evidently the spokeswoman of the party, "come here."

"Yes, miss." He put down the boot he was cleaning on the caravan step.

"In the first place, know by these presents, I am a married woman."

"Yes, miss."

"And miss is not a seemly mode of address for me."

"No, miss. I mean—" Bealby hung for a moment and by the happiest of accidents a scrap of his instruction at Shouts came up in his mind. "No," he said, "your—ladyship."

A great light shone on the spokeswoman's face. "Not yet, my child," she said, "not yet. He hasn't done his duty by me. I am—a simple Mum."

Bealby was intelligently silent.

"Say—*yes, mum.*"

"Yes, mum," said Bealby, and everybody laughed very agreeably.

"And now," said the lady, taking pleasure in her words, "know by these presents— By the bye, what is your name?"

Bealby scarcely hesitated. "Dick Maltravers, mum," he said, and almost added: "The Dauntless Daredevil of the Diamondfields Horse," which was the second title.

"Dick will do," said the lady who was called Judy, and added suddenly and very amusingly: "You may keep the rest."

(These were the sort of people Bealby liked. The *right* sort.)

"Well, Dick, we want to know, have you ever been in service?"

IT WAS sudden. But Bealby was equal to it. "Only for a day or two, miss—I mean, mum—just to be useful."

"*Were* you useful?"

Bealby tried to think whether he had been, and could recall nothing but the face of Thomas with the fork hanging from it. "I did my best, mum," he said impartially.

"And all that is over?"

"Yes, mum."

"And you're at home again and out of employment?"

"Yes, mum."

"Do you live near here?"

"No—leastways, not very far."

"With your father?"

"Stepfather, mum. I'm a *Norfan*."

"Well, how would you like to come with us for a few days and help with things? Seven-and-sixpence a week."

Bealby's face was eloquent.

"Would your stepfather object?"

Bealby considered. "I don't think he would," he said.

"You'd better go round and ask him."

"I—suppose—yes," he said.

"And get a few things."

"Things, mum?"

"Collars and things. You needn't bring a great box for such a little while."

"Yes, mum. . . ."

He hovered rather undecidedly.

"Better run along now. Our man and horse will be coming presently. We shan't be able to wait for you long. . . ."

Bealby assumed a sudden briskness and departed.

At the gate of the field he hesitated almost imperceptibly and then directed his face to the Sabbath stillness of the village.

Perplexity corrugated his features. The stepfather's permission presented no difficulties, but it was more difficult about the luggage.

A voice called after him.

"Yes, mum?" he said attentive and hopeful. Perhaps—somehow—they wouldn't want luggage.

"You'll want boots. You'll have to walk by the caravan, you know. You'll want some good stout boots."

"All right, mum," he said with a sorrowful break in his voice. He waited a few moments but nothing more came. He went on—very slowly. He had forgotten about the boots.

That defeated him. . . .

It is hard to be refused admission to Paradise for the want of a handbag and a pair of walking boots. . . .

BEALBY was by no means certain that he was going back to that caravan. He wanted to do so quite painfully, but—

He'd just look a fool going back without boots and —nothing on earth would reconcile him to the idea of looking a fool in the eyes of that beautiful woman in blue.

"Dick," he whispered to himself despondently, "Daredevil Dick!" (A more miserable-looking face you never set eyes on.) "It's all up with your little schemes, Dick, my boy. You *must* get a bag—and nothing on earth will get you a bag."

He paid little heed to the village through which he wandered. He knew there were no bags there. Chance rather than any volition of his own guided him down a side path that led to the nearly dry bed of a little rivulet, and there he sat down on some weedy grass under a group of willows. It was an untidy place that needed all the sunshine of the morning to be tolerable; one of those places where stinging nettles take heart



The owner of the beautiful voice had come out of the caravan, she had stood for a moment in the doorway before descending the steps to the ground, and the soul of Bealby had bowed down before her in instant submission

and people throw old kettles, broken gallipots, jaded gravel, grass cuttings, rusty rubbish, old boots—

For a time Bealby's eyes rested on the objects with an entire lack of interest.

Then he was reminded of his not so very remote childhood when he had found an old boot and made it into a castle. . . .

PRESENTLY he got up and walked across to the rubbish heap and surveyed its treasures with a quickened intelligence. He picked up a widowed boot and weighed it in his hand.

He dropped it abruptly, turned about and hurried back into the village street.

He had ideas, two ideas, one for the luggage, and one for the boots. . . . If only he could manage it. Hope beat his great pinions in the heart of Bealby.

Sunday! The shops were shut. Yes, that was a fresh obstacle. He'd forgotten that.

The public house stood bashfully open, the shy, uninviting openness of Sunday morning before closing time, but public houses, alas! at all hours are forbidden to little boys. And besides he wasn't likely to get what he wanted in a public house; he wanted a shop, a general shop. And here before him was the general shop—and its door ajar! His desire carried him over the threshold. The sabbatical shutters made the place dark and cool, and the smell of bacon and cheese and chandleries, the very spirit of grocery, calm and unhurried, was cool and sabbatical, too, as if it sat there for the day in its best clothes. And a pleasant woman was talking over the counter to a stout and worried one who carried a bundle.

THEIR intercourse had a flavor of emergency and they both stopped abruptly at the appearance of Bealby. His desire, his craving was now so great that it had altogether subdued the natural wiriness of his appearance. He looked meek, he looked good, he was swimming in propitiation and tender with respect. He produced an effect of being much smaller. He had got nice eyes. His movements were refined and his manners perfect.

"Not doing business to-day, my boy," said the pleasant woman.

"Oh, *please*, 'm," he said from his heart.

"Sunday, you know."

"Oh, *please*, 'm. If you could just give me a *sold* sheet of paper, 'm, please."

"What for?" asked the pleasant woman.

"Just to wrap something up, 'm."

She reflected and natural goodness had its way with her.

"A nice *big* bit," said the woman.

"Please, 'm."

"Would you like it brown?"

"Oh, *please*, 'm."

"And you got some string?"

"Only cottony stuff," said Bealby, disemboweling a trouser pocket. "Wiv knots. But I dessay I can manage."

"You'd better have a bit of good string with it, my dear," said the pleasant woman whose generosity was now fairly on the run. "Then you can do your parcel up nice and tidy. . . ."

THE white horse was already in the shafts of the caravan, and William, a deaf and clumsy man of uncertain age and a vast, sharp nosiness, was lifting in the basket of breakfast gear and grumbling in undertones at the wickedness and unfairness of traveling on Sunday, when Bealby returned to gladden three waiting women.

"Ah!" said the inconspicuous lady, "I knew he'd come."

"Look at his poor little precious parsivel," said the actress.

Regarded as luggage it was rather pitiful, a knobby, brown paper parcel about the size—to be perfectly frank—of a tin can, two old boots and some grass, very carefully folded and tied up—and carried gingerly.

"But—" the lady in the deerstalker began and then paused.

"Dick," she said, as he came nearer, "where's your boots?"

"Oh, please, mum," said the dauntless one, "they was away being mended. My stepfather thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if I didn't have boots. He said perhaps I might be able to get some more boots out of my salary. . . ."

The lady in the deerstalker looked alarmingly uncertain and Bealby controlled infinite distresses.

"Haven't you got a mother, Dick?" asked the beautiful voice suddenly. Its owner abounded in such spasmodic curiosities.

"She—last year. . . ." Matricide is a painful business at any time. And just as you see, in spite of every effort you have made, the jolliest lark in the world slipping out of your reach. And the sweet voice so sorry for him! So sorry! Bealby suddenly veiled his face with his elbow and gave way to honorable tears. . . .

A simultaneous desire to make him happy, help him to forget his loss, possessed three women. . . .

"That'll be all right, Dick," said the lady in the deerstalker, patting his shoulder. "We'll get you some boots to-morrow. And to-day you must sit up beside William and spare your feet. You'll have to go to the inns with him. . . ."

"It's wonderful, the elasticity of youth," said the inconspicuous lady five minutes later. "To see that boy now you'd never imagine he'd had a sorrow in the world."

"Now get up there," said the lady who was the leader. "We shall walk across the fields and join you later. You understand where you are to wait for us, William?"

SHE came nearer and shouted: "You understand, William?"

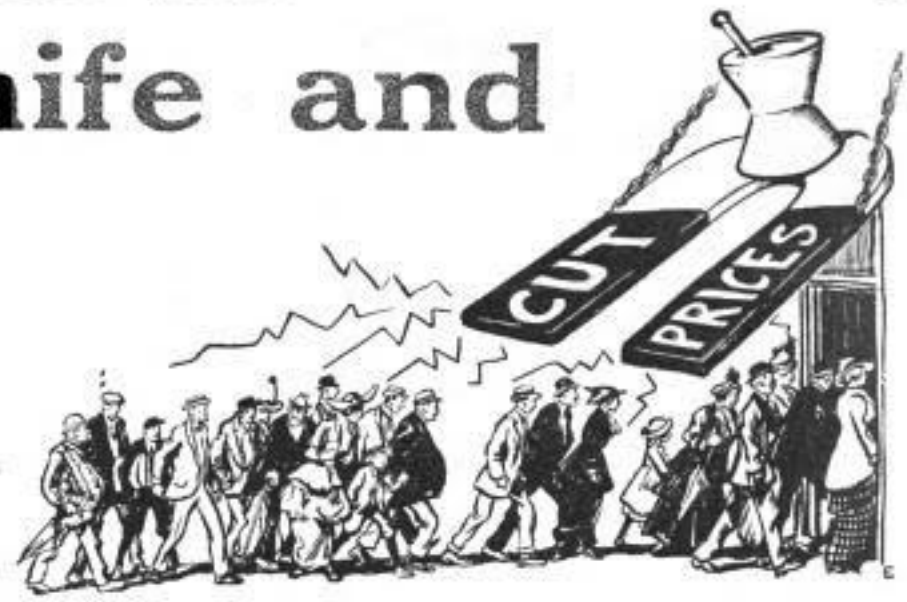
William nodded ambiguously. "'Ent a *'ool*," he said.

The ladies departed. "*You'll* be all right, Dick," cried the actress kindly.

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Price Knife and the Law



By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

TWO phrases to which the American people have attached an ugly meaning are about to trick our good commercial sense into a jungle of chaos and folly.

These two phrases are "price maintenance" and "price fixing."

At the sound of either of these phrases the average man—and unfortunately the average *intelligent* man—and lawyers and, worst of all, even Congressmen—think of monopoly and the high cost of living—and suppression of competition and the poor consumer. Thus minds are closed. So prejudice has its day.

Nevertheless, that price fixing under some conditions may be the godsend of the honest, independent manufacturer, the small dealer and the consumer, and that it may almost alone furnish the guarantee of fair competition, is an idea which clear thinkers are carrying forward at this moment.

The idea is not complicated. The price-fixing question may be separated and pigeonholed without difficulty. It is extraordinary that it has not been made foolproof long ago.

It is like the tariff—folks buried it in words. The tariff was much simpler than the talk about it. The labor question will probably be found to be much simpler when the vapor blows off. The price-fixing subject is simpler than either of these.

By whom can prices be fixed?

Take, for example, the prices on razors: First, suppose there is a razor trust. It has grown up by combinations of the larger makers which have driven the smaller out of business. Now it has a monopoly. What is this monopoly? It is a monopoly of things—*razors*. The trust controls the supply of razors; the trust can "fix the price" because it controls the source of supply.

What does the law say as to that? The old common law declared against it; the Sherman Law, built on top of that by Congress, declared against it. The Supreme Court has declared against it. State courts have declared against it. The people have declared against it. One group of theorists, headed by President Wilson, would want to restore competition in razors so that prices might not be fixed; and another group, headed by Colonel Roosevelt, would want the Government to fix prices so that competition would be restored. Take your choice. In any case, we are *all* against the fixing of prices *when fixing prices is the result of the monopoly of a class of things*.

The Law's Illogical Stopping Place

BUT now comes a man, not with a monopoly of *razors*, but with a monopoly of *one kind of a razor*. He does not have the monopoly of *things*, such as sugar, steel, coal, flour, or razors or corsets; he has the monopoly of one kind of razor—of a *thing*.

Who gave him this monopoly? We did. The United States gave him the monopoly. The man invented a particular kind of razor. We say that, having invented that new kind of razor, he may manufacture and sell it without competition. We give him a patent right. We say—the Supreme Court has said it over and over again—that we grant the monopoly for a period of years so that rewards shall be given the man for his inventive genius. He may make the new kind of razor, or lease the right and take his profits slowly, or he may sell the right to make it and take his profits in a lump. There is a good deal of buncombe about this doctrine of reward for inventive genius, and it is amusing to hear the courts talk about it so solemnly. But that is our policy. Pass it by.

There is no question that the man with a patent monopoly of a thing may fix any price he chooses when he sells it. Somehow it is easy to feel that if he has this absolute right to a monopoly of a *thing*—and can make as few or as many as he wishes and sell the *thing* for any price he can get, or even refuse to make a price at which anyone would buy—that he might be expected to have also the right to make the man who buys the thing agree not to resell it at all. And if he has a right to make a buyer agree not to resell at all, anyone would guess that he would have the right to make the buyer agree that he would not resell except at a particular price. But the Supreme Court has said what amounts to this: "Oh, no! Nothing of the kind. He may make the price at which he sells to the buyer, but there's an end of it." A good many lawyers—I am one—disagree with the sense of this. If it is not against "public policy," as the courts say, to give the man the sole right to make the thing and sell it, it is hard to see why it is against "public policy" to say: "Wherever this thing travels, with it it will carry an agreement which concerns the price of the thing itself."

Where Thought Goes Into the Ditch

AND now comes a man with a third kind of monopoly of *things*. This man has a patent monopoly on a new kind of razor. And he says: "I will not sell this razor to anyone who does not buy my shaving soap—the 'Grand Foam Shaving Stick.'" Is the power to force the sale of the unpatented common shaving soap one of the rewards which we intend to give inventors of new razors? Who would say so? But using the patent right to force the sale and fix the price on *things* not patented is an abuse which our legislatures and public attorneys have made but a poor and feeble attempt to prevent.

So the situation seems to be this: A monopoly of *things* without patent rights is illegal. But plenty of these monopolies, with power to fix prices, thrive in spite of all our laws and attorney generals and solemn judges who take "dissolution" suits much more seriously than the man who has to buy oil or beef or tobacco. The monopoly of *things*, when there are patent rights, however, is not only legal; it is *created* by the Government.

But now comes the confusion.

There is another kind of monopoly which concerns razors, or any other article. Here comes a man who makes a common razor. No other man is prevented from making a razor like his or selling it for less or for more—if this other man has the skill or the selling ability equal to that of the first man. This man who makes the common razor stamps his name on the razor, or he calls his razor "The Quickutter." The law recognizes his exclusive right to do this; the law protects the property rights in names, brands, and trade-marks.



Now comes the point where thought so often goes off the track and into the ditch. In fact, the chances are excellent that your Congressman's thought has been in the ditch all through this discussion of the trust and monopoly and price-fixing and price-maintenance questions in Washington. The chances are even better that you can go over to see your neighbor and find him without a glimmer of light about price fixing.

A Nice Round Expression

THE whole story can be told in this sentence: "*The monopoly of a name is not a monopoly of a thing.*" It is not a monopoly of any article which the American public buys. Because—if you do not like the "Quickutter" razor, which is a common razor, you can buy the "Stropdull," which sells for the same price, or the "Tornado," which sells for less, or a razor with no brand name at all, made, nevertheless, by the Hackitt Cutlery Company, which unnamed razor sells for more.

Now then the price-fixing question becomes a different question. No court and no sane person would question the right of the man who makes the "Quickutter" to sell it to the buyer at any price he pleases. If he marks it too high, you will buy some other kind. He can fix the price for you. He can fix the price when he retails direct to you—the consumer. He can fix the price to the retailer to whom he sells direct. He can fix the price to the wholesaler to whom he sells direct.

But the law—the wise, thoughtful, highest court in the land—has left the matter now so that it looks very much as if he cannot sell to the wholesaler under a contract by which the wholesaler agrees to maintain the price to the retailer, or the retailer to maintain the price to the consumer.

Listen!

If the man wants to sell you direct, he can charge you a fixed price upon a fixed quality of article. You can take it or leave it. There are other razors—a whole field of competing razors.

But because the manufacturer is one who finds the best and cheapest system of distribution to be through wholesaler and retailer, the law says he cannot fix the price at which his razor finally is offered to you.

Here again the courts talk about "public policy" as a reason for the possible prohibition.

That is a nice round expression—"public policy."

Driving a Senseless Idea Into a Corner

LET us go out of the court room and into the business world, and leave theories and face conditions and see what "public policy" really demands—the public policy which has a bowing acquaintance with the needs of the manufacturers, big and small; the wholesalers, big and small; the retailers, big and small; and, above all, the needs of the *consumer*.

Before we continue any laws or pass any laws against these different classes—and, above all, against the right of the *consumer* to be protected from price cutting, and saved from the price knife, and insured a continuance of sound American merchandising methods, let us take a look at the consequences which follow upon mistaking the monopoly of *names* for the monopoly of *things*. Let us drive into a corner the senseless idea that the consumer suffers because a man who makes common razors wants to maintain his particular razor at his particular price.

Let us consider whether we have not acquired, in spite of all our fast-moving and sometimes abnormal economic development, certain national virtues of trade, and distinctive, honorable, and noteworthy customs of business which we would be sorry to lose by taking the wrong road on the price-maintenance question. Then let us come down to actual cases and see whether it is not true that the consumer *himself* is vitally concerned on the side of *allowing* any maker to say at what price, in a competitive market, his product shall be retailed.

A little over half a century ago American business was being conducted from top to bottom on the jockey-

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ing, higgling, bartering basis. Manufacturers, as a general custom, were selling in one territory at prices higher than in others, discriminating in prices between individual customers, "trading out" orders. On the other end, the retailer was still a shopkeeper who regarded the customer with a "'walk into my parlor,' said the spider" attitude. The customer was prey. He was charged what he would pay. Competition between merchants was competition which was more exclusively based upon price, and did not emphasize, as there are now emphasized, "house" reputation, standard dealing, and service. The old principle of the common law, "caveat emptor"—let the buyer keep his eyes open, because the law says he takes the risk—had more of an application then than to-day.

Is Merchandising to Retrograde?

SPECIALIZATION of industry—the development of manufacturing toward the point where a few rather than the many products, and a class rather than a diversity of products, were made by one plant or group of plants—began to make it imperative that loose trade methods be relinquished. It was no longer a question of what the maker could get from his customer by "trading"; it became rather a question of figuring manufacturing costs plus a certain profit, and then basing upon these figures the price. With the development of the field of manufacturing and its arts, the old era, when "a shoe was a shoe," and there was competition on prices, gave way to a new era, when special shoes were made for special purposes and shoes were made with individuality. Competition was no longer primarily on price; competition in America had evolved into competition on *quality*.

So also with the service a retail store rendered. It was a business volcano when A. T. Stewart, the great New York merchant, and the Hoveys in Boston announced that they were about to put into effect a "one-price-to-all" system of retailing goods. But these changes marked the beginning of a new commercial principle.

In America, *Barter* was being supplanted by *Merchandising*.

To-day, it is still true that in general the retailing method in foreign countries remains in the bartering class. To-day, it is still true that we retain full belief in a national business custom of one price, based upon cost and offered to the world without discrimination. Our national competition is a competition on *quality*. We have no cause for alarm about our national business as long as we have competition and as long as that competition leads toward the making of a better *product*. But it would be unfortunate if the "down with quality" competition were opened again and we began a retrogression toward the state which the law still recognizes in its maxim: "The buyer takes the risk; let him beware."

Blows Aimed at Standardized Quality

WE HAD moved away from that unsavory principle. Business had become large enough so that a manufacturer who made a special product looked forward, not alone to selling this year a cheap, adulterated, or doctored article for the most he could get for it, but toward a succession of years during which he could build up a steady business, because a demand had been created *for his standard article of "proved quality."* The evolution of industry made a large investment necessary, not only in the plant itself, but in selling and building up a good will. It was to the interest of the manufacturer to put his name or his brand on his goods so that the consumer might know them from competing goods; it was to the interest of the consumer that any manufacturer should adopt a brand or put his name on goods because it was an evidence of good faith given to the buyer, no matter how remote, who was offered the goods. It tended to standardize quality and raise American business out of the "caveat emptor" class.

Instead of approving this tendency, however, our legislatures and courts, no doubt confusing the fixing of retail prices by a monopoly in a noncompetitive field with the fixing of retail prices by the maker of a competitive product in a competitive field, have been striking blows at our system of "good-faith quality," attempting to penalize the maker of products who goes to the consumer with a standardized product, identified by his name or his brand mark, and tending to reward the maker, wholesaler or retailer, who conducts the fly-by-night, trade-piracy, price-knifing quality-cutting type of business.

Follow the idea out in actual cases.

A publishing house has built up an individual reputation in a competitive market. The name of the house appears upon all its books. Among its books are those written by certain authors whose literary property in their works is unquestioned. The publishing house, *in a competitive field*, relies upon its reputation for procuring the right to publish the works of good authors, for producing attractive, serviceable books. It has no means of saying to the public: "You must buy our books." It merely says: "We offer these books. We are trying to appeal to the tastes of readers, just as numbers of other houses make their appeal." It arranges to publish books at a certain cost, which, with a retailer's profit, shall reach the reader at a certain price. It spends large sums of money in advertising. It depends on numbers of retailers of books, whose exclusive business is the retailing of books. After the demand has been "reached" by the advertising investment these are the retailers who make distribution of the product.

But a department store installs a book department. The department store does not intend to sell books at a profit. It intends to conduct a book department at cost in order to attract into its store customers who will buy *other* goods at a profit—and sometimes at an unreasonable profit. The department store knifes the price of the publishing house's books. The retailer of books up the street cannot compete. He cannot carry a stock of the reputable publishing house books. He "pushes" other books upon which there *is* a profit. The publishing house has to meet this situation. The better the reputation of this publishing house, the more advertising it has done; the larger the demand of the public for its distinctive quality of printing, papers, bindings, or authors, the more it is made a victim of this price-cutting dilemma. The department store has *stolen* the business good will of the publishing house, and, on top of that, it sells books at a price which gives the public the untrue fancy that the regular prices represented an undue profit.



Hoofit Hose was the bait. *On each of the half dozen hose he "saved" 9 cents; on each of the half dozen shirts he was "out" 15 cents*

To meet the situation the publishing house must either change its policy of building up a trade based on reputation or it may go to the lawmakers and the courts and say: "I want to protect myself. I want to be able to sell my product so that the buyers will agree to sell to the consumer at a price which is uniform. I have no monopoly of books. If you give me the right to fix resale prices, my competitors will still be able to undersell me or compete with me in quality and appeal to public demand. If you give me that right, you will protect me and the legitimate retailer as against the big store, the chain stores, or mail-order houses who use my books as 'come ons' and 'leaders.'"

The Law Really Stifles Competition

BUT the law is leaning toward the point where it will say "No," and will add: "It is against public policy"—and, in fact, will punish the publishing house for adopting sound business methods and for building up a business in a competitive market based on satisfaction furnished to consumers.

Let there be no confusion on this point: the law very properly forbids publishing house A and publishing house B from agreeing to fix prices. No one objects to the law forbidding *that*, because it tends to suppress competition. But the law is doing a different thing if it forbids A, who competes with B, C, and D, from attaching a price to his product, which shall follow through any resale, until the consumer is reached by A's own and exclusive article of manufacture. And everyone should object to a law forbidding *that*, because the prohibition tends not to encourage competition but to stifle it.

Let us see how. A manufacturer of tooth paste believes in his product. He attaches his name or his trade-mark so that you and I may know that tooth paste from other competing tooth pastes. We buy it, choosing it from among all other tooth pastes, because we learn that it has a quality. It costs a quarter. We pay the quarter because we want to. We prefer to pay a quarter for the Killgerm Paste rather than fifteen cents for the Bigtube Paste.

Business Damaged by "Sales"

BUT now a chain of retail drug stores cuts the price—either as a "come on" to catch patrons or *as a means of "knocking out" the small independent drug store*. The "independents" cut the price lower, trying to compete. By and by there is no retail profit on Killgerm. The Jones Drug Company, Smith & Brown, Apothecaries, and Robinson, the Pharmacist, cease to carry Killgerm, or they "talk up" the inferior "pink mud" in the Bigtube, which yields a large retail profit at fifteen cents. The upshot of all this is that the Killgerm Company is punished for attempting to serve the public with "a good-faith quality." The combine of drug stores is given another knife to cut into little competitors.

Another actual case without the real names: A maker of men's hosiery sells the Hoofit Hose to retail at 25 cents. He guarantees them to wear six months or money back. Does anyone have to wear the Hoofit Hose? Not at all. If anybody is willing to pay 25 cents for Hoofit quality, it is not because there are no other socks to buy; the market is flooded with competing socks. If there is any demand for Hoofit, it is a demand which the Hoofit has *earned*. Now comes a New York department store "featuring" Hoofit Hose at 95 cents a half dozen. A consumer who likes Hoofit and knows about the guarantee goes to the sale, buys half a dozen pair; while he is in the store he is tempted into buying six shirts marked at $1.15 and worth $1. The Hoofit Hose was the *bait*. On each of the half dozen hose he "saved" 9 cents; on each of the half dozen shirts he was "out" 15 cents. When he arrived at home he found the usual guarantee slip had been taken off the socks. A man who found himself in this situation wrote the manufacturer. His letter says: "I phoned the department store. . . . They absolutely refuse to do anything about it, and simply say, as only 95 cents was paid, they could do nothing. In their ad in the papers it distinctly said they were $1.50 quality; and they are in boxes with your trade-mark on the end. I am quite positive a firm like yours would not do such business. Very truly yours, L. B. C."

But the department-store-advertised "sale" did not damage good will only; it damaged *business*. Retailers who carried the Hoofit Hose in and around New York City began to complain. "How do you account for this advertising?" one storekeeper wrote the manufacturer. "How can we small dealers sell goods which are being advertised at smaller prices? Respectfully, Edward Kolb, Romney, New Jersey."

To such an extent has this evil of price knifing been conducted that sometimes even the more honest department stores find objection to branded goods because of the risk in handling them.

Where the Consumer Comes In

TWO forms of argument have appeared on the other side. One is that before manufacturers of branded articles are allowed to fix the resale price of their products, they should first be compelled to put into effect a one-price system in their sales to jobbers or retailers. The claim is made that makers of branded goods discriminate between large and small distributors. In answer to this it may be pointed out that the modern tendency is to do away with such discriminations on the ground of good business policy. One of the largest brand-marked cereal companies in the country has found a great asset of good will in a "single-price-to-all" system. But the more complete answer is that evil trade practices between maker and distributor have little or nothing to do with the matter of price maintenance as between the maker, his agents and distributors, and *the consumer*.

The second form of argument is that makers of branded articles are often recipients of undue profits and that the price cutter is therefore a public benefactor. This, like many of the fallacies about price maintenance, overlooks the fact that where there is competition in articles serving the same purpose, prices are regulated by what the consumer chooses to pay for an article of standard quality. It is as much an offense to the consumer to cut the price, discredit the article, and tempt the maker to cut quality, as it would be for another retailer to raise the price in the hope of obtaining an unmerited profit. The consumer knows the branded product, and buys it at a fixed price in preference to other brands at the same or different prices. The price cutter, instead of being a consumer's benefactor, disturbs the ideal trade situation in which the consumer "knows what he is getting," and pays for what he wants a price *which he is willing to pay*. If the consumer buys an advertised standardized brand which competes with a field of like products, it is because he is convinced that he wants that specific article, carrying a trade-mark or maker's name as a guarantee of good-faith quality. If the advertising is honest, no one can better represent the con-

(*Concluded on page 33*)

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Heat Waves

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

EVER since the glorious Fourth has been observed in this country there has been a marked advance in civilization, education, prosperity, happiness, and general good feeling. The alphabet commission at Niagara Falls should be urged to come to an agreement by to-day in order that Mexico may also celebrate the Fourth of July hereafter, and reap all the innumerable benefits of freedom at the cost of a few ruined fingers and burned thumbs per year.

Seasonable Sonnets

THE DENATURED FOURTH

When the red-coated tyrant held our land
In his dread grip, our bold forefathers rose
And smote him hip and thigh and likewise nose
Till freedom bloomed and grew to beat the band.
Ages have passed since Concord's mighty stand.
Do we forget? Not much. Their bravery
We laud each glorious Fourth with clap of hand;
With silken banners and with sweet iced tea.
Still are we valiant, brave, and eagle-free,
Our orators proclaim—in voices soft
Which wake no eaglet sleeping peacefully,
Safe on its listening mother's breast. Aloft
The rude flag soups and strains—fie on such noise
That sets so poor a pattern for our boys.

Mellen Food for Directors

FOR years we have heard a great deal about "High Finance" without knowing much about the meaning of the term. The late disclosures of Mr. Mellen, however, enable us to imagine with some slight accuracy the proceedings in a directors' meeting of a good old-fashioned railroad system running from Wall Street to Hades.

CHAIRMAN OF BOARD—C'm to order. Sec'l read min'ts. App'vd. Moved'n s'ec'd that we buy the Jiggerstown & Western Railway. All'n favor—

FIRST DIRECTOR—How much will it cost?

CHAIRMAN—None of your business. Motion carried.

SECOND DIRECTOR—I see by the report that we have spent $35,000,000 for the Solong & Elsewhere Railroad. Th' darn thing only cost $5,000,000. Whad'd we spend all this for?

CHAIRMAN—Well, we had a chance to borrow the money, and if we hadn't the Central people would have borrowed it. All in favor of buying the Clam Bay Ferry say "Aye." Carried.

THIRD DIRECTOR—How much do we have to pay for it?

CHAIRMAN—How much have we got in the treasury?

TREASURER—About $3,000,000, but the bank'll take some more second serial refunding equipment depreciation 6 per cent debentures.

CHAIRMAN—About two bushels of those 6 per cents ought to do.

FIRST DIRECTOR—Say. There isn't any Clam Bay Ferry. It burned down last year and we wouldn't let the ferryman rebuild it.

CHAIRMAN (angrily)—What'r you crabbing this game for? You don't know any more about finance than a rabbit. Anyway, I bought it last year, so dry up.

FIRST DIRECTOR—Did you pay for it at the time?

CHAIRMAN—I suppose so, but the owners are friends of ours and they need more money.

FIRST DIRECTOR—Just the same I don't think it's right to pay them twice.

CHAIRMAN—You big fool, we aren't paying them. We're just giving them bonds.

(Knock at the door.)

CHAIRMAN—Whaddye want?

GENERAL OPERATING SUPERINTENDENT (pokes head in cautiously)—I'm sorry, sir, but we're awfully short of locomotives, sir. We can't run all our trains.

CHAIRMAN—Whaddye mean, man? We've got scads of locomotives. I ordered a thousand last year.

SUPERINTENDENT (very nervous)—I know, sir, but those New York gentlemen, sir, they've been playing poker with a ten-mogul limit. We can't keep the engines at all, sir. They took one off the limited last night, sir.

CHAIRMAN—They ought not to do that. You ought to stop 'em.

SUPERINTENDENT—Me! My God!

CHAIRMAN (much peeved)—That's a fine trick. It'll take a month to get more engines. We'll have to rent some. Move we buy 500 new engines. Carried. (To Superintendent) Now, you take care of these engines, d'ye hear? Don't fritter them away.

SUPERINTENDENT—But the gentlemen insist on using them for chips. Can't you speak to—Him?

(Breathless pause. Chairman pales slightly.)

CHAIRMAN (gets bright idea)—I'll tell you what. You take the drivewheels off and keep them hidden. Tell 'em we got the stuff cheap and they held out on the drivewheels.

FIRST DIRECTOR (belligerently)—But how you going to run trains with no drivewheels? The people are kicking already.

CHAIRMAN (in deep disgust)—Argh, the people! You mean the agitators. We'll issue a statement saying that, owing to adverse legislation, we can't afford to buy equipment.



FIRST DIRECTOR—Say, we can't take care of our business now. We got to have more trains.

CHAIRMAN—Sit down. You give me a pain. We'll double the commutation rates. That ought to keep down business.

OTHER DIRECTORS—Fine idea.

CHAIRMAN—I have here a letter from a European banking house saying they'll take $100,000,000 new bonds.

ALL—Hurrah.

CHAIRMAN—Moved'n carried, issue hundr'd mill'n new bonds. Now, gentlemen, what shall we buy?

Kansas—Blissfull and Wheatfull

OF ALL known degrees of bliss, the extra superlatively perfect degree can be found in Kansas just now. Never has there been so much wheat in the State before, and unless the tired earth turns over with a convulsive grunt and buries it, the crop will break all previous records by 50,000,000 bushels.

This means that the Kansas wheat farmers will gather in upward of $125,000,000 in money this fall. Debts will be paid, business will boom, new farmhouses will spring up, barns will grow bigger and redder, automobile agents will work nights, tramps will have prosperity thrust upon them and the farmers' boys will go up to Manhattan (Riley County) by the thousands next year, armed with corpulent bank rolls, to study agriculture. Kansas is so happy that there aren't enough birds in the State to sing its joy and the thresher men are putting chime whistles on their engines.

Strange what varying significance a rainstorm has in various sections of the world. Rain is no great shakes in New York or even Illinois. It is a part of the general program and is only noticed when it fails to show up for two months. But as soon as Kansas has taken its first anxious look at the wheat fields sprouting green in the early spring it begins to watch the heavens.

One big rain means some wheat. Two soakers mean a fair crop; and a third deluge means canceled mortgages, bank accounts, new pianos for the parlors, trips to Europe, a year of auriferous joy.

They say one rainstorm added 25,000,000 bushels to the wheat crop of Kansas in May.

New York puts up half a million a year for grand opera, but a peal of thunder is music in Kansas which would make Caruso's tones sound like mournful bleats. In Kansas it can rain all day Saturday and Sunday, and not one golf player will say "Drat the Luck!"



Churched!

SLOWLY tobacco seems to be winning its way in the churches. Apparently it has been for many years a part of the ritual of the Episcopal Church—at least we have seldom seen an Episcopal rector unaccompanied by a cigar. And recently the use of tobacco by Methodist ministers in the South was forbidden by a majority of only two votes out of 234. We may yet see the day when the customer at a church supper who finds an oyster in his soup will be entitled to a good cigar.

Spelled Down

AS AN evidence of the progress of education in our leading colleges and universities, we submit the news that the freshman spelling team of Knox College defeated the Lombard College team last month in an exciting contest, the losers taking the count on the word "subterranean" amid tremendous applause.

Our Golf Department

Conducted for the Weak and Helpless

A MAGNIFICENT victory for the cause of the Dub Golfers has been won in an Eastern city. A veteran player whose driver was taken away from him by an eighteen-year-old boy who attempted to give him a few lessons was acquitted of the charge of assault. This is splendid news for those unfortunate players who have suffered so severely from advice during the last few years.

Preparations for the first annual tournament of Dub Golfers are already under way. The course has not yet been selected, but the nine-hole course in Jackson Park, Chicago, is favorably mentioned. It is about 1,800 yards in length and the only hazard is Lake Michigan.

A Miami, Fla., golfer who has spent as many as thirteen strokes in a bunker under the old system has invented a new club for use in a sand pit. It is short and thick, and is shaped like a shovel. With this club the inventor has succeeded in putting four pounds of sand, three large stones, and the ball itself on the green at a distance of thirty yards in a single stroke.

Answers to Correspondents

Discouraged, New Orleans—*If you took 25 strokes for a 350-yard hole, there must be something wrong with your game. Do you keep one foot on the ground while driving?*

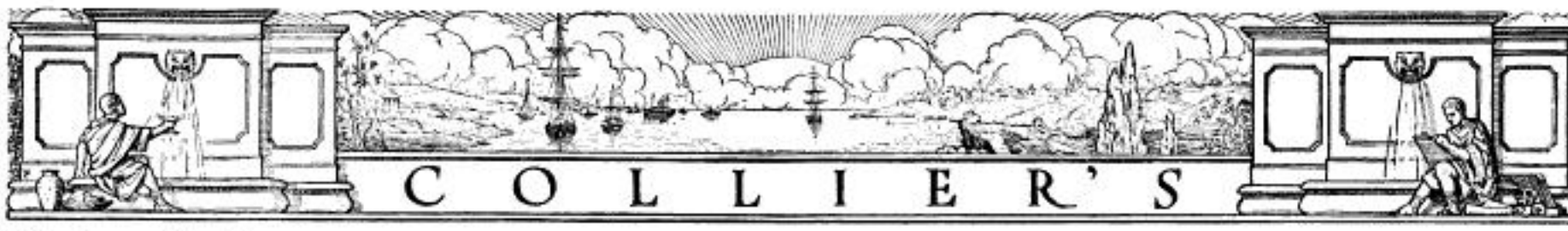
G. B. S., Indianapolis. *If you played your approach into a baby carriage beyond the green, your opponent has a right to make you play it out. On the other hand you have a right to buy the carriage and wheel it onto the green before upsetting it. A baby carriage is a movable hazard.*

F. R. B., New York. *Golf rules were invented by the Scotch, who do not trust each other even in the smallest details. If you touched the ball when you didn't intend to, it should be charged off against the last time you didn't hit the ball when you intended to.*





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The Day and the Flag

THE FOURTH OF JULY is, above all others, the day of our flag—"the flag that is like a flower," as the Chinese said when our banner was seen at Canton. The spirit of day and flag alike has never been more beautifully expressed than in these lines from the speech that Secretary of the Interior FRANKLIN K. LANE made to the clerks of his department on Flag Day:

> Then came a great shout from the flag:
> "The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of to-morrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

In "Who's Who in America," Secretary LANE's biography begins like this: "Born Prince Edward Island, Canada, July 15, 1864. . . . Removed to California in early childhood; educated at the University of California, 1886." Secretary LANE is an American.

Good Appointments, These

PRESIDENT WILSON'S appointments to the Federal Reserve Board are beyond reproach. Few men have the combination of scholarship and experience possessed by Mr. WARBURG, and none could approach a public service with a higher devotion to the public good. The other appointments are, according to the testimony of those who know the men, equally high. Many acts of Mr. WILSON'S Administration have been such as to excite enthusiasm for his high standards, none more than these appointments. They constitute a fitting perfection to what is probably, considering its intricacy, the best devised and most intelligently worked-out piece of important legislation that has been passed in Washington in more than a decade. For the quality and value of the currency bill, credit is due almost wholly to the high intelligence and steady hard work of President WILSON. It is a pity that, in execution, it is going to be slightly marred by the favoritism and arbitrariness shown in the selection of reserve cities by Secretary MCADOO and Mr. JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS.

The Achilles Heel

THE VULNERABLE POINT of the Democratic party in the Congressional elections this fall lies in the following quotation from their platform of 1912:

> We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. *We demand a return to the simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government.*

In the face of this plank the present Democratic Congress has been the most wantonly wasteful in the history of the Federal Government. If we were in charge of the anti-Democratic campaign this fall we would set the statisticians and the investigators busy upon the Democratic "pork" bills and confine our compaign to them alone. It wasn't merely wanton wastefulness. It comes near being larceny on the part of individual members, for they are taking the money with a private motive—to buy their way back to Congress with public money.

An Ancient Wail

THE ABLE CALAMITY HOWLERS who are twisting facts about tariffs and trade balances to make it appear that this country is hell-bent are urged by a correspondent of ours, Dr. H. C. MYERS of Spokane, Wash., to read the "Ladies' Repository" for June, 1853. The article is entitled "Speculation, Opulence, Beggary":

> A Wall Street journal thus discourses: "Real estate rising daily, the poor man becoming poorer, and the rich one gloating over rising rents and an increased price for those articles necessary to life. This is called a prosperous and healthy state of things. Never in our life have we seen beggars so staring us in the face on each corner—our streets swarm with them; while our public thoroughfares are crowded with carriages and finery bought with paper; our fashionables squandering paper on those who want it least; houses built for princes rather than republicans; extravagances rampant; city railroads sold by a venal, corrupt, and so self-admitted corporation, composed of the worst class of our citizens—a government whose imbecility is portrayed by the press, both friend and foe; millions on millions of credit piled up; indebtedness abroad daily increasing; exchange above the specie point; falsehood in every financial press, with few exceptions; our imports exceeding by millions our exports; and still we are sometimes asked, why are you a bear? While admitting, for we see it daily before us, the growing wealth of our country, the increased receipts of our great railroad lines—we know its noble destiny—we also know the base of the fabric is paper; the architect, the mob; the structure, artificial. It is hard to oppose the current—a dead fish cannot; but we, being alive, troutlike, will attempt to swim upstream."

And the swimming has been notably good since 1853. What does Dr. MYERS think of Representative HUMPHREY of his own State? Our own thought is that Mr. HUMPHREY would have done his State credit in Congress—about 1853.

A Prodigy

YEAR AFTER YEAR, season after season, we have waited for it to happen, hoping against hope, almost despairing that it could ever occur. But at last the ball dispatches of June, in the year of our LORD 1914, have brought the glad tidings. A ball game between Washington and St. Louis was the scene of the great event:

> ERNIE WALKER [of the St. Louis Browns] was presented with a floral tribute and immediately hit to center for a home run.

And yet they say the day of miracles is past!

Friends in the Dark

OUR CRITICISMS of LORIMER's friend, GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, as president of a little college at Marietta, Ohio, have drawn a number of letters from his friends, one of the more pungent being addressed to the "Idiotorial Department, the Pro Bumo Publico Magazine":

> Your malicious mud slinging at the former editor of the Chicago "Inter Ocean" is extremely funny; it reminds me of a cockroach attacking a lion. GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, when editor of C. L., was known as one of the few brilliant journalists of this country, a man whose scholarly and keen intellect was too rare for an editor of an American paper to make his paper a financial success; up to the present America has still a rural conception not only of morals but of all phases of civilization.

Cheers! We hope that this "rural conception of morality" will last a great while longer than HINMAN or our own "Idiotorial Department"—but we have a question to ask: Why do all HINMAN's friends neglect to sign their names to the letters they write us? We have had several, and we have wanted to print them in evidence of fair-mindedness—but the names are never given, and the fragment above is all that is decently enough written to go into a family paper.

If

IF A MAJORITY of the voters of the United States cast their ballots this fall in favor of Democratic candidates for Congress, it will be solely upon the theory that the best way to run the United States is to provide WOODROW WILSON with a sufficient number of pawns to do with exactly as he wishes. What has been worth while in the history of the present Congress has been done almost wholly on the President's initiative and insistence.

Getting Down to Business

A DISCUSSION of one of the most important points relative to the pending antitrust legislation at Washington is Mr. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD's article, "The Price Knife and the Law," in this issue. Mr. CHILD has ably presented the view which is commonly associated with its foremost advocate, Mr. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.

A Vindicated Brow

WHO IS FOREMOST of the artists of the last quarter century? WHISTLER, MONET, and CÉZANNE might suggest themselves to some of us as candidates, or possibly one of the Spaniards, SOROLLA or ZULOAGA; but the New York "Evening Journal" unhesitatingly discards them all and picks HARRISON FISHER. The choice may not win the unanimous approval of the world's art critics, yet there is a sense in which the "Evening Journal" is right as a fox. For no artist of the last quarter century has finished off Mr. HEARST with more artistic neatness and dispatch than Mr. FISHER did the other day. With no apparent provocation, the "Evening Journal" leaped upon a caricature of HARRISON FISHER (copyrighted property of the McClure publications) and printed above it "Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company," and below it "TOO MUCH FACE—TOO LITTLE BRAIN." Mr. FISHER was not named in the editorial, but the picture was in current circulation, and no one who knew the victim or had seen

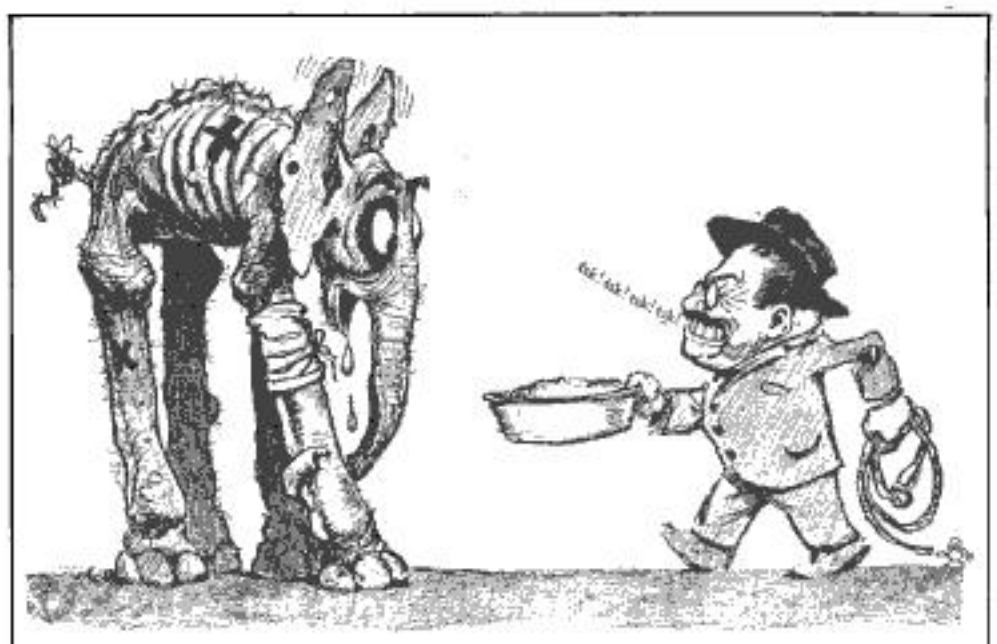
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

the drawing could fail to know at whom the thrust was aimed when Sir Oracle BRISBANE, he of the towering forehead, wrote:

> It is, of course, a caricature, but serves well as an illustration. This is one of the best instances we have ever seen of too much face and too little thinking machinery. . . . And you can tell fairly well what a man amounts to by looking at his face as you look at this picture, and deciding for yourself how much of the head you look at is face and how much is thinking machinery.

Crool woids, them—but soon to be unwritten! Through sixty or seventy editions the following day the "Evening Journal" carried a fulsome puff of HARRISON FISHER, past, present, and future. It occupied all of a full page but space enough for two sticks of city news and a couple of patent-medicine advertisements. The headline screamed: "HARRISON FISHER MAKES THE WORLD SEE THE RADIANT, ELUSIVE BEAUTY OF THE AMERICAN GIRL." The text described HARRISON FISHER as "foremost of the artists of the last quarter century," with a fame not of the United States alone, but world-wide. "It has come to be said," we see by the "Evening Journal," "that 'circumstances created the American man, but HARRISON FISHER created the American girl.'" If we were in HARRISON FISHER'S place, we wouldn't torture ALSOBRANDOLPH any longer. Yours is the last chortle, Mr. FISHER—"Let 'im up! He's all cut!"



Easier Hunting

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

Keep Off the Grass!

NOW that the open season for wrecking parks is on, we would like to point out that those who steal flowers, break shrubs, and trample grass are precisely on a moral level with the franchise grabbers and contract robbers who also infest our cities. Both sorts put the law aside for their own selfish purposes, both prefer their own mean immediate advantage to the common welfare. One set of rascals is bigger than the other, but we will have to get rid of both before our cities are really good places to live in.

The Man from the Machine

THE BEST DESCRIPTION of HENRY FORD of Detroit so far printed is the interview with him included in Mr. STREET'S article in this issue. Mr. STREET'S work in this case is entitled to the overworked but useful phrase: a human document.

Stenography and Style

DOES THE DICTATION HABIT tend to a loose and wandering style? The slovenly multiplicity of our business correspondence is a favorite topic among efficiency engineers. This blight is now invading the very citadels of our intellectual life. Has anyone, anywhere, at any time, seen a worse sentence than this?

> He was wise enough to see this, and it is an extremely convincing fact that while the announcement of his purpose to provide the largest single foundation which has ever been left by any one man for professional training in his own calling—so that the Pulitzer foundation stands alone in this respect, without any other example or instance in the whole round of beneficent gifts during the last century, while this announcement was received with doubt, with some derision and much skepticism a decade ago when it was first proposed, now that the school is to be opened, the widespread announcement of the first steps of its organization and the selection of its head has had this year from the press of the country an approval, an acceptance, and a readiness to support with sympathy and encouragement the new step such as never attended any previous proposal for the training of the journalist in the history of the calling, short though these annals be.

Yet the able and learned man who did this is teaching others to write, and on a large scale at that, being none other than Dr. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, Dean of the Joseph Pulitzer School of Journalism in Columbia University. The example quoted stands (or sprawls) on pages 237 and 238 of the Columbia University Quarterly, Vol. XIV, No. 3.

Men and Women: Human Beings

WE HAVE COMMENTED on the loose "nature-faker" generalizations which are bandied about concerning the "sex question." The most nonsensical of these lunacies are those perpetrated concerning men by overwrought women, and those got off about women by complacent men. For example, Mr. OWEN JOHNSON, fiction-writing son of a man of letters, author of the new gospel that you may wallow in pitch and be profited, not defiled, whose novels are almost as interesting as scandalous gossip—Mr. OWEN JOHNSON comes forward with this sweet new bit of amateur sociology:

> Man has in him certain deeply grained intuitions toward order from the fact that he is a creator and an impelling force in life, even when he is no longer under the discipline of religion, and comes naturally toward a formation of rules and standards which give him the discipline he himself needs to enforce discipline upon others.
>
> Woman, on the other hand, due to the fact that for centuries she has been almost a benevolent parasite, has in her very little natural instinct for order. To her religion has brought the necessary element of stability in her various attitudes toward the duties and responsibilities of life. For ages this has been her bulwark, her defense against the world, and her protection from herself.

There is just enough truth here to make the untruth really offensive. If the "successful" author would leave "his sitting room at the Vanderbilt Hotel" long enough to take a few observations, he might learn that to attempt to explain things by wholesale is merely to be the more mistaken. People are orderly as individuals, not just by sex. And we should really like to see Mr. OWEN JOHNSON tell his grandmother that she was "almost a benevolent parasite." That is such an impudent, unmannerly falsehood!

More Than a Joke

"OF COURSE I'm open to conviction," remarked a charming lady in the course of some trivial discussion, "but I'd just like to see the person who could convince me." She was tossing off an idle pleasantry. But we have never heard any one sentence which so completely reflects the attitude of all reactionaries.

The Golden Hour

PSYCHOLOGISTS have scrutinized it, philosophers have discoursed upon it, cynics have sneered at it, bigots have thundered against it, artists have painted it, poets have rhapsodized over it. Yet no one has ever completely caught it—this hour of radiant girlhood. And naturally enough, for it is the most intangible and fleeting hour in all life. It marks the passing forever of the days of dear mud pies and dolls. And a great poet has hinted that with the relinquishment of childhood come the shades of the prison house. But was he not wrong? Is not rather this young girlhood the span which seems to catch and mingle for one magic instant the unreasoning blitheness of childhood with the tenderness of maturity? And the vivid and vital young girl herself—what shall be said of her? Shall one emphasize the mere external details—the lengthening of dresses and the looping up of hair, or the host of interchanged confidences with girl friends, or the comradeships with boys which now suddenly become tinged with all manner of moonshine and innocent coquetries, or the romantic dreams, or the first actual romance—in truth, a passing trifle, but filling the sky for the moment and never quite forgotten? No one of those will make the picture: it needs a little of all. Neither poet nor pedant can analyze the fragrant charm of girlhood, and in that very fact lies the real secret of its charm. Surely here is the quintessence of all living beauty, this golden instant when the dreams of youth come their nearest to fulfillment. By the mere sight of it the whole workaday world is enriched.

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

SENATOR ROOT raised a broader and more pressing question of public moment than is commonly suspected when he asked in the Senate whether our methods of transacting public business are not breaking down; whether our arrangement for the discharge of our duties [in the Senate] does not imperatively demand revision; whether the business of the country is not becoming so vast and complicated that we must have new parliamentary institutions within these bodies of Congress for the performance of our duty?

Senator Chamberlain immediately expressed his entire accord with the sentiment. "It has been almost a physical impossibility," he told the Senate, "to get the Public Lands Committee together. It is a very large committee, and we never have a full committee meeting." Senator Fall said: "I can say the same thing of other committees of the Senate, and I can say the same thing of the Committee on Mines and Mining." Senator Smith bore testimony: "Senators have to serve on too many committees. There is the whole folly of the present organization. I am a member of six or seven committees, and two of the most important meet on the same day." Senator Clapp thought the vice lay in the inordinate size of committees and the growing tendency to accommodate Senators by constantly increasing the membership. Senator Lane thought the present method "such that it would bankrupt a barber shop." He compared the veneration and respect the Senate feels for its committee system to the sacred bulls of India, "which go about eating up all the cabbages of the poor people, and it ought to be knocked on the nose and jarred loose." The truth is that both the Senate and the Lower House are swamped with the amount of work they have to do. Practically every Senator is conscientious in fidelity to work and public duty—indeed, several deaths that have occurred in the Senate during recent years are generally attributed to overwork. Congress has been in session a longer time during the past four years than in any similar period of history.

A Possibility

THE serious impeding of public business which Senator Root describes is one of the most obvious conditions to be observed at Washington. In his last few words he hints at some fundamental change in our form of government. Whether that will come in the near future remains to be seen. Everybody at Washington is agreed that the country has had about as many innovations and fundamental changes in the recent past as it can well digest for a few years to come. The general feeling is that reform and change will not be popular in the near future. And yet a constitutional convention or some form of revision of the form of government is by no means impossible. It is believed that President Wilson realizes that time has made some of our forms unnecessarily cumbersome, and would be entirely willing to initiate the call for such a constitutional convention if he felt the demand for it to be strong enough.

The President's Share

ONE of the chief present causes for delay in the expediting of the public business is the manner in which President Wilson insists upon dominating what is done. At the beginning of his Administration he had laid out a program which could well have been completed within two years but for the fact that the Mexican problem intervened. President Wilson himself initiates all the important legislation and performs the work of substantially shaping the bills, work which in other administrations is left to the proper committees of the Senate and House. This is a very great tax on the President's time and strength. He would have been able to do it well enough but for the demands on his time and vitality which have been made by the unexpected complications in Mexico.

A Serious Matter

ONE who is well informed about the shipments of arms to the Mexican combatants says there are more rifles in Mexico to-day than in the United States.

It's a Grave World

THE absence of humor and of a sense of humor is a marked characteristic of this Congress. Never has the public business been taken so seriously. There is not a recognized humorist at Washington. There has always been at least one professed humorist in the House and the Senate, but aspirants for that job in the present posture of affairs have no materials upon which to work. It isn't the present fashion to regard anything lightly or humorously. While "life is real, life is earnest," anybody who makes a joke is subject to suspicion. As most things do in Washington at the present time, the responsibility for this comes back to the President. As he discloses himself in his public formal aspect, his demeanor is serious. In his private life and his hours of ease he is reputed to have a proper sense of humor, but of this side of his character political Washington knows nothing.

Mr. Wilson is not to be blamed for not emphasizing the lighter aspect of public affairs. While there may be need, there is no occasion for humor. With foreign affairs shaping as they are, and the ever-present overshadowing Mexican problem, the humorous aspect would not betray itself to any man who did not have Lincoln's profound philosophy.

If We Should Fight

WILLIAM KENT, Representative of California, "can claim knowledge of and a sympathy with the common everyday people, whom we vaguely know and often despise as peons." Mr. Kent offers this contribution to the solution of the Mexican problem:

> If we can have ten years more of peace, I believe the Mexicans will come to be friendly with us. I cannot tolerate the thought of war with these people, looked at either from our viewpoint or theirs. Thousands of our soldiers would be killed by a people fully armed, incompetent in many warlike ways, but a people in a fighting state of mind. We all know that, psychologically, as between a man who is mentally in a state of peace and a man who is mentally in a state of war, you can shoot the latter through the heart, and before he falls he will kill his adversary, whereas the man who is mentally peaceful will quit with the slightest wound. Those people are excited; as we cowpunchers say, they are 'on the prod.' They have arms which they did not have until recently, and as long as their ammunition holds out they will make a desperate fight, and it will be a war of miserable reprisals. If we fight, it will be against a people who do not know civilized methods of war, and who can blame them for not understanding the absurd refinements of murder?

In the Olden Time

MEMBERS of Congress store away curious and interesting facts in their minds and repeat them on occasion, garnished with sound platitudes. Old Mr. Payne of New York, assistant maker of an unpopular tariff bill and the oldest man in the House in point of service, some time ago, while the House was talking about taxation in the District of Columbia, remembered

> when our present great Secretary of State broke into Washington as a member of Congress. The fact was announced that Vanderbilt was putting two front doors on his house that cost $100,000 apiece, and Mr. Bryan thought it was an awful waste of money. I said no, the bronze and other materials in those doors cost a very few paltry dollars, and the other part of the $75,000 or $100,000 went to labor. I think that is the best way to help the laborer, to give him something to do, and the more money they spend in that way the better I like it, because it helps to scatter that money among the poor and deserving people. The best way to help a man is to give him some work to do and pay him well for doing the work.

No exception was taken to this very human political economy.

How many persons besides Mr. Borland of Missouri can recall offhand Louisa M. Alcott's description of the physical appearance of Washington in 1874? Mr. Borland, while telling the House what he knew about taxation in the District, brought in his remembrance of how Miss Alcott "described in detail the pigs she met on Pennsylvania Avenue, and their individual traits and habits." And the cows still fed in Lafayette Square.

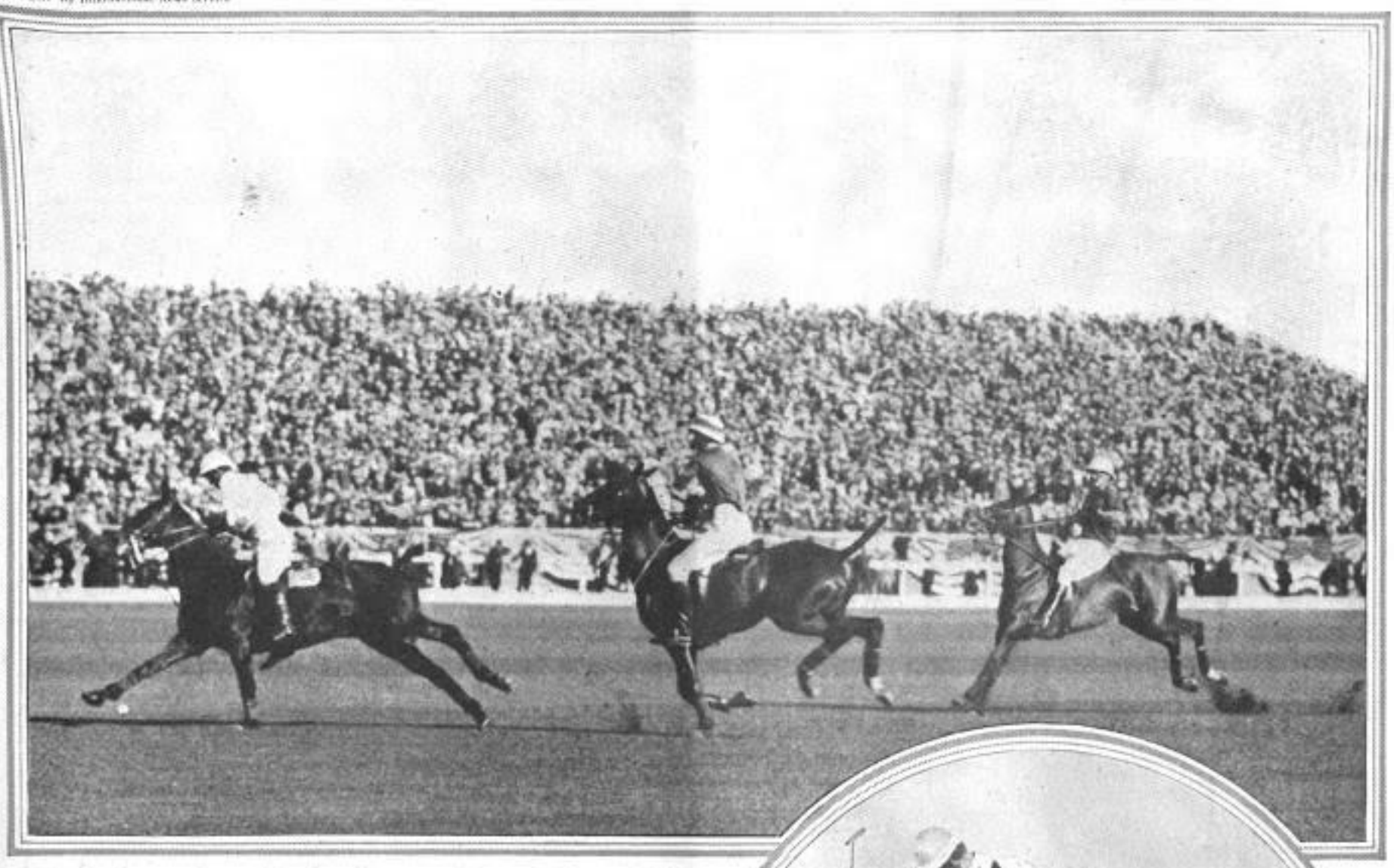
THE RECORDS OF CONGRESSMEN

FOUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelection. The best basis for determining whether they should be elected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish and address

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU,
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"The Grandest Polo Game Ever Played!"

AFTER winning the second and final game the other day in the international polo contest at Meadow Brook, Long Island, Lord Wimborne's team cabled this message back to England: "We are coming home with the cup after the grandest game of polo ever played!" They may have exaggerated a little, but they did not go far beyond the popular verdict. The game gave a crowd of 35,000 people all the thrills they were looking for. The first game was easily won by the Englishmen, but in the second the Americans gave them the fight of their lives. The cup defenders—R. La Montagne, J. M. Waterbury (captain), Lawrence Waterbury, and Devereux Milburn—did marvelous work, but the British army men—Captain H. A. Tompkinson, Captain Leslie St. George Cheape, Major F. W. Barrett (team captain), and Captain Vivian Lockett—equaled the Americans for speed and surpassed them in teamwork. All the players covered themselves with glory, but Captain Cheape and Mr. Milburn got a little more applause than the others.

In the photograph above, Milburn, the American back, is carrying the ball down the field toward the English goal posts in the second game and is being chased by Captain Cheape (center) and Captain Tompkinson. The picture in the circle shows J. M. Waterbury in action.

The score of the first game was 8½ to 3, and the second was 4 to 2¾. The American team will be reorganized before it challenges the British team, as the Waterbury brothers say they will retire from the "Big Four." England won the championship in 1886 and held it twenty-three years. Then the Americans won it back and held it five years. They are counting on bringing the cup back across the Atlantic in less than five years, while the Englishmen are equally confident of future victories.

The 1914 tournament was a financial success. The box-office receipts for the two games are said to have been $200,000.

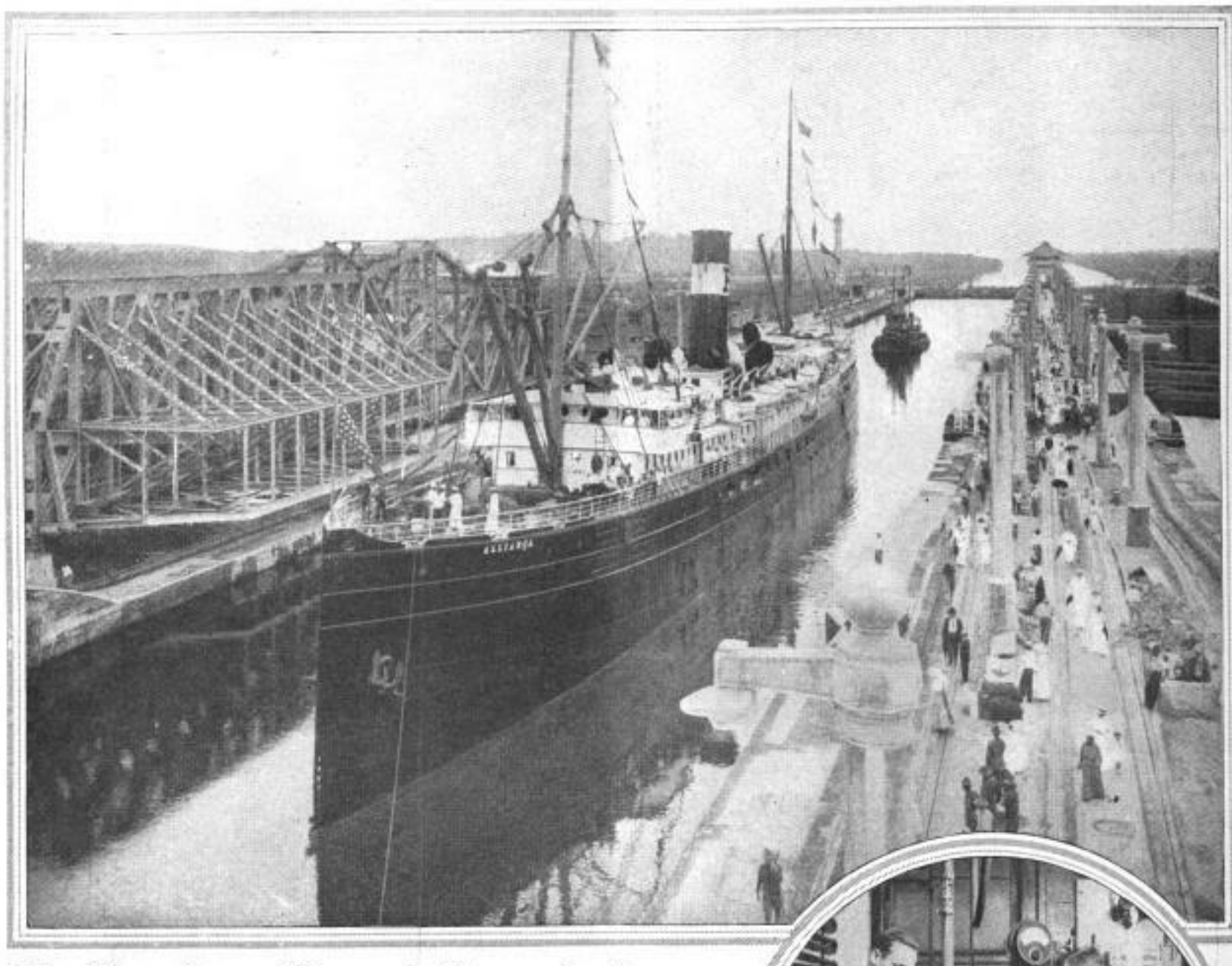
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Women's Clubdom Goes Over to the Suffrage Cause

THE long fight over the suffrage question in the General Federation of Women's Clubs is over. The equal-rights advocates worked hard for twenty years to convert the national organization to their way of thinking, and the victory was won on June 13 at the biennial convention at Chicago. Practically every State delegation voted for the resolution. A few weakly voiced "noes" came from individuals when the vote was taken, and nobody attempted to speak against the measure. The triumph was due largely to a radical change of sentiment in the Southern States since the last biennial convention. Prominent clubwomen who had been strongly opposed to the political-equality movement were among its chief supporters this year. Our photograph shows the president, Mrs. Percy V. Pennypacker of Austin, Tex., calling the convention to order. She was re-elected without opposition and the regular ticket for other offices was chosen.

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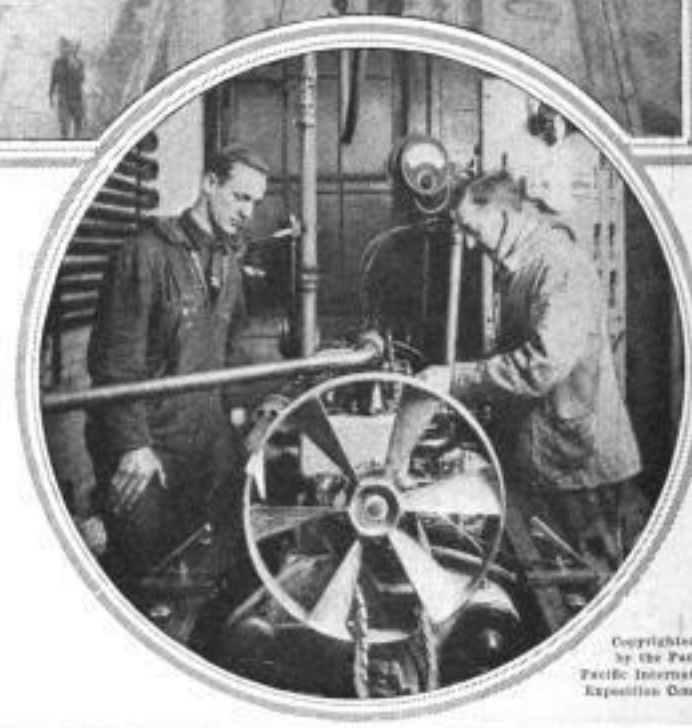


The First Liner Through Gatun Locks

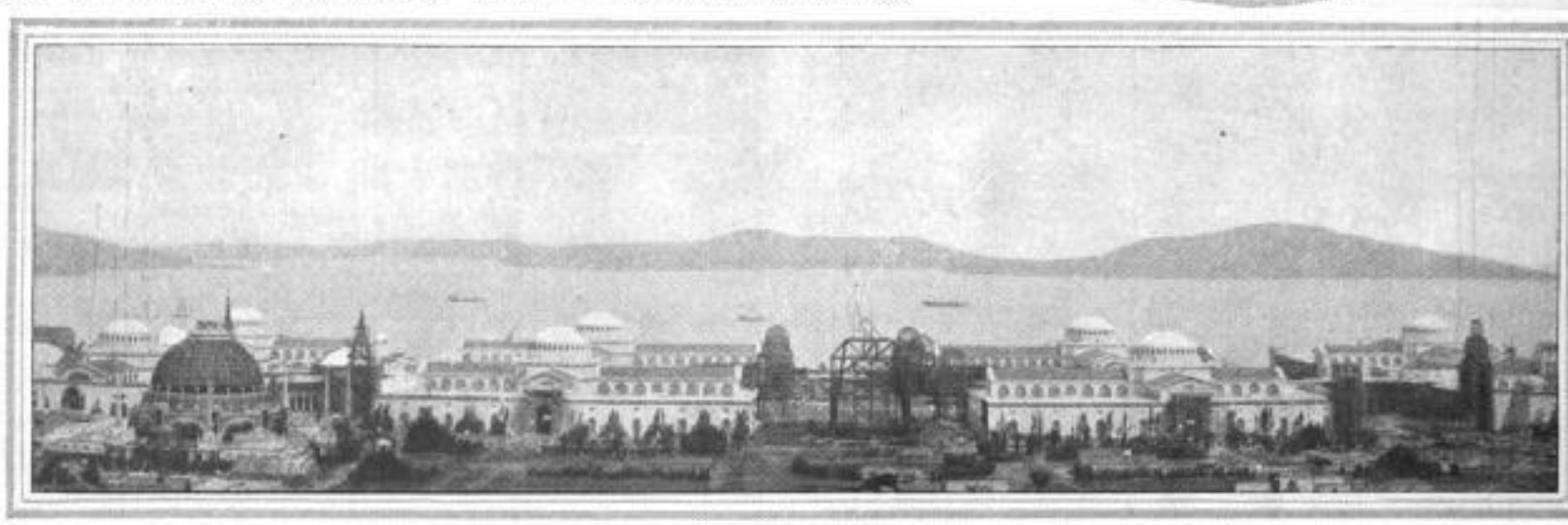
THE snapshot above shows the *Alliança* of the Panama Line on the first trip ever made through Gatun Locks of the Panama Canal by an ocean liner. She is leaving the upper west chamber on her way to Gatun Lake on the Pacific side of the Divide. The ascent from the sea level to Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet, took an hour and twenty-four minutes. The return trip was about ten minutes longer. The *Alliança* is a small steamer—she had a gross tonnage of only 4,000 when on June 8 she went through the locks—but the test was as good as if she had been one of the biggest liners afloat. The experimental trip was to try out the electrical towing machines, which were operated with the accuracy of a perfectly regulated clock. But the speed with which this test was made is not regarded as indicative of the time required to take a bigger ship through the locks.

Finding Motor Trouble with a Lung Tester

THE motor-car makers have borrowed a good idea from the medical profession. They are using the stethoscope to detect irregularities in the workings of automobile engines. The factory instrument which is being applied to an engine by the man at the right in the circle is essentially the same as the stethoscope used by doctors in testing the lungs and other internal organs of the human body.



Copyrighted 1914 by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company



THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IS 85 PER CENT COMPLETE.—*Eight of the finished buildings are shown in this photograph. The four facing the harbor, left to right, are the palaces of Food Products, Agriculture, Transportation, and Mines. Again proceeding from left to right: Education, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, and Varied Industries. The domes of the paralleling exhibition buildings are 160 feet above the floors. The large structure in the foreground (left) is the Palace of Horticulture, whose dome is 186 feet high and 152 feet in diameter. The steel framework in the center is for the 435-foot Tower of Jewels*

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Detroit the Dynamic

(Continued from page 10)

Detroit Museum of Art, Baedeker bursts into black-faced type, and even adds an asterisk, his mark of special commendation. Also a considerable reference is made to various collections contained by the museum: the Scripps collection of old masters, the Stearns collection of Oriental curiosities, a painting by Rubens, drawings by Raphael and Michelangelo, and a great many works attributed to ancient Italian and Dutch masters. "The museum also contains," says Baedeker, "modern paintings by Carl Melchers, Munkacsy, Tryon, F. D. Millet, and others."

I have quoted Baedeker as above, because it reveals the bald fact with regard to art in Detroit; also because it reveals the even balder fact that our blessed old friend Baedeker, who has helped us all so much, can, when he cuts loose on art, make himself exquisitely ridiculous.

The Art in One Man's Head

THE truth is, of course, that Mr. Freer's gallery is not merely the "finest private gallery in Detroit"; not merely the finest gallery of any kind in Detroit; but that it is one of the exceedingly important collections of the world, just as Mr. Freer is one of the world's exceedingly important authorities on art. Indeed, any town which contains Mr. Freer—even if he is only stopping overnight in a hotel—becomes by grace of his presence an important art center for the time being. His mere presence is sufficient. For in Mr. Freer's head there is more art than is contained in many a museum. He was the man whom, above all others in Detroit, we wished to see. (And that is no disparagement of Henry Ford!)

Once in a long, long time it is given to the average human being to make contact for a brief space with some other human being far above the average—a man who knows one thing supremely well. I have met six such men: a surgeon, a musician, an author, an actor, a painter, and Mr. Charles L. Freer.

I do not know much of Mr. Freer's history. He was not born in Detroit, though it was there that he made the fortune which enabled him to retire from business. It is surprising enough to hear of an American business man willing to retire in the prime of life. You expect that in Europe, not here. And it is still more surprising when that American business man begins to devote to art the same energy which made him a success financially. Few would want to do that; fewer could. By the time the average successful man has wrung from the world a few hundred thousand dollars, he is fit for nothing else. He has become a wringer and must remain one always.

A Real Job for a Biographer

OF course rich men collect pictures. I'm not denying that. But they do it, generally, for the same reason they collect butlers and footmen—because tradition says it is the proper thing to do. And I have observed in the course of my meanderings that they are almost invariably better judges of butlers than of paintings. That is because their butlers are really and truly more important to them—excepting as their paintings have financial value. Still, if the world is full of so-called art collectors who don't know what they're doing, let us not think of them too harshly, for there are also painters who do not know what they are doing, and it is necessary that some one should support them. Otherwise they would starve, and a bad painter should not have to do that—starvation being an honor reserved by tradition for the truly great.

Very keenly I feel the futility of an attempt to tell of Mr. Freer in a few paragraphs. He should be dealt with as Mark Twain was dealt with by that prince of biographers, Albert Bigelow Paine; some one should live with him through the remainder of his life—always sympathetic and appreciative, always ready to draw him out, always with a notebook. It should be some one just like Paine, and as there isn't some one just like Paine, it should be Paine himself. Probably as a development of his original interest in Whistler, Mr. Freer has, of late years, devoted himself almost entirely to ancient Oriental art—both paintings and ceramics. The very rumor that in some little town in the interior of China was an old vase finer than any other known vase of the kind, has been enough to set him traveling. Many of his greatest treasures he has unearthed, bargained for and acquired at first hand, in remote parts of the globe. He bearded Whistler in his den—that is a story by itself. He purchased Whistler's famous Peacock Room, brought it to this country and set it up in his own house. He traveled on elephant-back through the jungles of Java in search of buried temples. Now he will be pursuing a pair of mysterious porcelains around the earth, catching up with them in China, losing them, finding them again in Japan, or in New York, or Paris; now discovering in some unheard-of Chinese town a venerable masterpiece, painted on silk, which has been rolled into a ball for a child's plaything. The placid pleasures of conventional collecting, through the dealers, is not the thing that Mr. Freer loves. He loves the chase.

You should see him handle his ceramics. You should hear him talk of them! He *knows*. And though you do not know, you know he knows. More, he is willing to explain. For, though his intolerance is great, it is not directed so much at honest ignorance as against meretricious art.

Drunk with the Esthetic

THE names of Chinese painters, of emperors who practiced art, of dynasties covering thousands of years, of biblical periods, flow kindly from his lips:

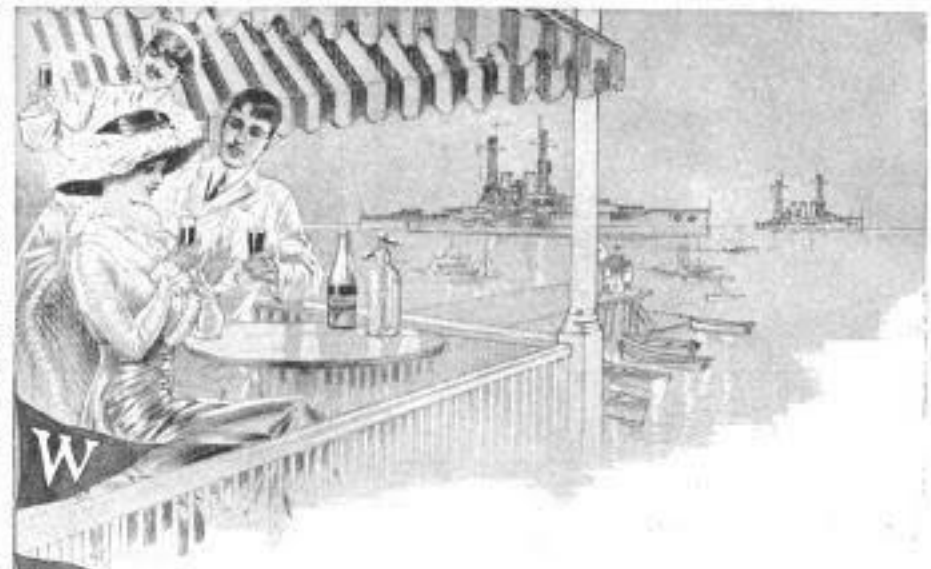
"This dish is Grecian. It was made five hundred years before the birth of Christ. . . . This is a Chinese marble, but you see it has a Persian scroll in high relief. . . . And this bronze urn: it is perhaps the oldest piece I have—about four thousand years—it is Chinese. But do you see this border on it? Perfect Greek! Where did the Chinese get that? . . . Art is universal. We may call an object Greek, or Roman, or Assyrian, or Chinese, or Japanese, but as we begin to understand, we find that other races had the same thing—identical forms and designs. Take, for example this painting of Whistler's, 'The Gold Screen.' You see he uses the Tosa design. The Tosa was used in Japan in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and down to about twenty years ago. But there wasn't a single example of it in Europe in 1864, when Whistler painted 'The Gold Screen'; and Whistler had not been to the Orient. Then, where did he get the Tosa design? . . . He invented it. It came to him because he was a great artist, and art is universal. . . ."

It was like that—the spirit of it. And you must imagine the words spoken with measured distinctness in a deep, resonant voice by a man with whom art is a religion and the pursuit of it a passion. He has a nature full of fire. At the mention of the name of the late J. P. Morgan, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or of certain Chinese painters of the distant past, a sort of holy flame of admiration rose and kindled in him. His contempt is also fire. A minor eruption occurred when the automobile industry was spoken of; a Vesuvian flare which reddened the sky and left the commercialism of the city in smoking ruins. But it was not until I chanced to mention the Detroit Museum of Art—an institution of which Mr. Freer strongly disapproves—that the great outburst came. His wrath was like an overpowering revolt of nature. A whirlwind of tempestuous fire mounted to the heavens and the museum emerged a clinker.

He went to our heads. We four who saw and heard him, left Mr. Freer's house drunk with the esthetic. Even the flooding knowledge of our own barbarian ignorance was not enough to sober us. Some of the flame had gotten into us. It was like old brandy. We waved our arms and cried out about art. For there is in a truly big human being—especially in one old enough to have seemed to gain perspective on the universe—some quality which touches something in us that nothing else can ever reach. It is something which is not admiration only, nor vague longing to emulate, nor a quickened comprehension of the immensity of things; something emotional and spiritual and strange and indescribable which seems to set our souls to singing.

Lost to Detroit

THE Freer collection will go, ultimately, to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, a fact which is the cause of deep regret to many persons in



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To extend the use of Welch's, June 29 to July 4 is "Welch Week" in the stores of the principal distributors of Welch's.

A Welch Week or at least some Welch "occasions" will be appreciated by your family and friends—don't forget the youngsters.

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Cussin' is jest grindin' of a feller's mental wheels. Grease the axle, I say, with a little oil o' human kindness. When I feel my dander gettin' up I jest lubricates with a pipe o' VELVET. Hev a tin o' VELVET handy in your pistol pocket and when y' see trouble coming, you draw first.

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The tobacco of which VELVET is made is the one tobacco which has all the full flavor and "body" and tobacco fragrance of a real *man's* pipe smoke, without the harshness found in many kinds. VELVET is made of Burley leaf which, owing to the most thorough cultivation, is the finest and richest grown. By the time we have finished the long, slow process of curing, all the natural qualities of this Kentucky *Burley de Luxe* have been brought out to the full and "fixed." There's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness in VELVET.



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Detroit, more especially since the City Plan and Improvement Commission has completed arrangements for a Center of Arts and Letters—a fine group plan which will assemble and give suitable setting to a new Museum of Art, Public Library, and other buildings of like nature, including a School of Design and an Orchestra Hall. The site for the new gallery of art was purchased with funds supplied by public-spirited citizens, and the city has given a million dollars toward the erection of the building. Plans for the library have been drawn by Cass Gilbert.

It seems possible that, had the new art museum been started sooner, and with some guarantee of competent management, Mr. Freer might have considered it as an ultimate repository for his treasures. But now, apparently, it is too late. That the present art museum—the old one—was not to be considered by him, is perfectly obvious. Inside and out it is unworthy. It looks as much like an old waterworks as the new waterworks out on Jefferson Avenue looks like a museum. Its foyer contains some sculptured busts, forming the most amazing group I have ever seen. The group represents, I take it, prominent citizens of Detroit—among them, according to my recollection, the following: Hermes, Augustus Cæsar, Mr. Bela Hubbard, Septimus Severus, the Hon. T. W. Palmer, Mr. Frederick Stearns, Apollo, Demosthenes, and the Hon. H. P. Lillibridge.

I do not want to put things into people's heads, but—the old museum is not fireproof. God speed the new one!

More Contents of Detroit

THE great trouble with Detroit from my point of view is that there is too much which should be mentioned: Grosse Pointe with its rich setting and rich homes; the fine new railroad station; the "Cabbage Patch"; the "Indian Village" (so called because the streets bear Indian names) with its examples of modest, pleasing, domestic architecture. Then there are the boulevards, the fine Wayne County roads, the clubs—the Country Club, the Yacht Club, the Boat Club, the Detroit Club, the University Club, all with certain individuality. And there is the unique little Yondatega Club of which Theodore Roosevelt said: "It is beyond all doubt the best club in the country."

Also there is Henry Ford.

I suppose there is no individual having to do with manufacturing of any kind whose name is at present more familiar to the world. But in all this ocean of publicity which has resulted from Mr. Ford's development of a reliable, cheap car, from the stupefying growth of his business and his fortune, and more recently from his sudden distribution among his working people of ten million dollars of profits from his business—in all this publicity I have seen nothing that gave me a clear idea of Henry Ford's personality. I wanted to see him—to assure myself that he was not some fabulous being out of a Detroit saga. I wanted to know what kind of man he was to look at and to listen to.

The Ford plant is far, far out on Woodward Avenue. It is so gigantic that there is no use wasting words in trying to express its vastness; so full of people, all of them working for Ford, that a thousand more or less would make no difference in the looks of things. And among all those people there was just one man I really wanted to see, and just one other man I really wanted not to see. I wanted to see Henry Ford and I wanted not to see a man named Liebold, because, they say, if you see Liebold first you never do see Ford. That is what Liebold is for. He is the man whose business in life it is to know where Henry Ford *isn't*.

On the Ford Trail

TO get into Mr. Ford's presence is an undertaking. It is not easy even to find out whether he is there. Liebold is so zealous in his protection that he even protects Mr. Ford from his own employees. Thus, when the young official who had my companion and me in charge received word over the office telephone that Mr. Ford was not in the building, he didn't believe it. He went on a quiet scouting expedition of his own before he was convinced. Presently he returned to the office in which he had deposited us.

"No; he really isn't here just now," he said. "He'll be in presently. Come on; I'll take you through the plant."

The machine shop is one room, with a glass roof, covering an area of something less than thirty acres. It is simply unbelievable in its size, its noise and its ghastly furious activity. It was peopled when we were there by five thousand men—the day shift in that one shop alone. (The total force of workmen was something like three times that number.)

Imagine It if You Can!

OF course there was order in that place; of course there was system—relentless system—terrible "efficiency"—but to my mind, unaccustomed to such things, the whole room, with its interminable aisles, its whirling shafts and wheels, its forest of roof-supporting posts and flapping, flying, leather belting, its endless rows of writhing machinery, its shrieking, hammering, and clatter, its smell of oil, its autumn haze of smoke, its savage-looking foreign population—to my mind it expressed but one thing, and that thing was delirium.

Fancy a jungle of wheels and belts and weird iron forms—of men, machinery and movement—add to it every kind of sound you can imagine: the sound of a million squirrels chirking, a million monkeys quarreling, a million lions roaring, a million pigs dying, a million elephants smashing through a forest of sheet iron, a million boys whistling on their fingers, a million others coughing with the whooping cough, a million sinners groaning as they are dragged to hell—imagine all of this happening at the very edge of Niagara Falls, with the everlasting roar of the cataract as a perpetual background, and you may acquire a vague conception of that place.

Fancy all this riot going on at once; then imagine the effect of its suddenly ceasing. For that is what it did. The wheels slowed down and became still. The belts stopped flapping. The machines lay dead. The noise faded to a murmur; then to utter silence. Our ears rang with the quiet. The aisles all at once were full of men in overalls, each with a paper package or a box. Some of them walked swiftly toward the exits. Others settled down on piles of automobile parts, or the bases of machines to eat, like grimy soldiers on a battlefield. It was the lull of noon.

From Chaos—the Finished Car

I WAS glad to leave the machine shop. It dazed me. I should have liked to leave it some time before I actually did, but the agreeable young enthusiast who was conducting us delighted in explaining things—shouting the explanations in our ears. Half of them I could not hear; the other half I could not comprehend. Here and there I recognized familiar automobile parts—great heaps of them—cylinder castings, crank cases, axles. Then as things began to get a little bit coherent, along would come a train of cars hanging insanely from a single overhead rail, the man in the cab tooting his shrill whistle; whereupon I would promptly retire into mental fog once more, losing all sense of what things meant, feeling that I was not in any factory, but in a Gargantuan lunatic asylum where fifteen thousand raving, tearing maniacs had been given full authority to go ahead and do their damnedest.

In that entire factory there was for me but one completely lucid spot. That was the place where cars were being assembled. There I perceived the system. No sooner had axle, frame, and wheels been joined together than the skeleton thus formed was attached, by means of a short wooden coupling, to the rear end of a long train of embryonic automobiles, which was kept moving slowly forward toward a far-distant door. Beside this train of chassis stood a row of men, and as each succeeding chassis came abreast of him, each man did something to it, bringing it just a little further toward completion. We walked ahead beside the row of moving, partially built cars, and each car we passed was a little nearer to its finished state than was the one behind it. Just inside the door we paused and watched them come successively into first place in the line. As they moved up, they were uncoupled. Gasoline was fed into them from one pipe, oil from another, water from still another.

Then as a man leaped to the driver's seat, a machine situated in the floor spun the back wheels around, causing the motor to start; whereupon the little Ford moved out into the wide, wide world, a completed thing, propelled by its own power.



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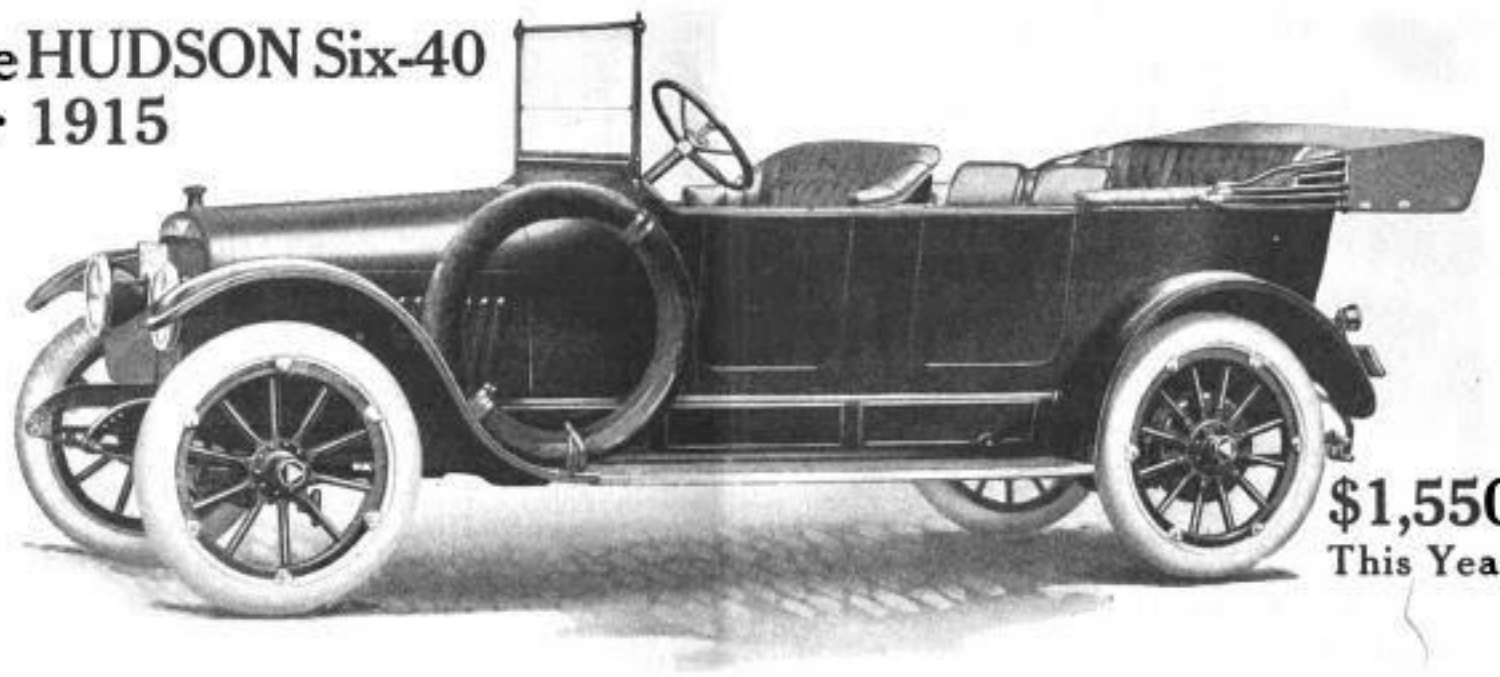
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$1,550 This Year

The extra tonneau seats disappear when not wanted

Our Gem Car

The New HUDSON Six-40 Described by Howard E. Coffin

There are 48 of us—each a skilled designer—in the HUDSON corps of engineers. All are quality men—men of high ideals; so we never have aimed to make the HUDSON a cheap car. Engineering reputations are not gained in that way.

Prices have dropped because costs dropped—due to multiplied output and standardization. This year—with a trebled production—the new HUDSON Six-40 will sell for $1,550. But we engineers have naught to do with this price matter.

From our standpoint—as a piece of fine engineering—we consider this the gem car of 1915. We are proud of it. Without respect to the price-mark, it's our ideal of a car.

The Evolution of Sixes

The best engineers have for years aimed at Sixes. Continuous power is essential to a smooth-running, flexible car, and Sixes alone afford that. But the early Sixes were heavy and wasteful, so this logical motor was confined to high-priced cars.

European engineers first solved this difficulty. They conceived the small-bore, long-stroke motor which reduced fuel cost immensely. It also reduced explosive shocks by 50 per cent as compared with our same-powered Fours. This permitted lighter construction.

In the HUDSON Six-40 we have worked out the ultimate in this type of motor. The result is, an operative cost nearly 30 per cent less than we ever attained in a Four of like power.

How We Attain Lightness

All of us formerly built heavy cars. We used iron where we now use aluminum. We used castings where we now use drop forgings. Instead of proper designing and costly materials, we employed mere size. Those heavy cars were not nearly so staunch as the light HUDSON Six of today.

For years we have worked to combine lightness with strength, but every pound saved added cost to construction. This new HUDSON Six-40, constructed on old lines, would weigh at least 4,000 pounds. We have made it weigh 2,900 pounds. Thus we save you the weight of seven people—all that extra tire cost and fuel. Yet last year this Six-40, in thousands of hands, failed to develop one weakness. We never built a stauncher car.

Our 31 New Features

We devoted three years to this HUDSON Six-40 before we shipped the first car. Our fourth year on it—the year just past—has been spent on refinements. We took part by part and studied ways to improve them.

This new model shows 31 important betterments. They are mostly in comfort and convenience. Among them are better carburetion, automatic spark advance, locks on lights and ignition. All wires are run in conduits. Seats are wider and higher. There is more room for the driver.

We have here now one of the handsomest, one of the best-equipped cars in the world. In no way that we know of can any car excel it. And many of these attractions are exclusive to the HUDSON.

Men's Refining Tastes

The evidence is that motorists are turning away from extremes. They want sufficient size and power, but not excessive. The pressure on us for years has been to bring down upkeep cost, and to do that in a Six.

Here is the final result. Here is all the power, all the room you have use for—enough for seven passengers comfortably. Here also is a matchless lightness and low operative cost.

The fact that no car can be built any better is shown by this record lightness. A car must be built of the finest materials, in the most skilful way, to attain such staunchness with this weight.

The HUDSON Six-40 has met modern ideals. Last spring there were two buyers waiting for every car we could build. We have trebled our capacity, yet we cannot hope to keep up with demands. Men who see this car won't be content with cars which fall below it. We know that every car sold will win new converts to our gospel of refinement.

Howard E. Coffin

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In a glass shed of the size of a small exposition building the members of the Ford staff park their little cars. It was in this shed that we discovered Mr. Ford. He had just driven in (in a Ford!) and was standing beside it—the god out of the machine.

"Nine o'clock to-morrow morning," he said to me in reply to my request for an appointment.

I may have shuddered slightly. I saw my companion shudder. I was aware for one brief instant of a strong desire to intimate to Mr. Ford that ten o'clock would suit me better. But I restrained myself.

On Time—but No Ford

INWARDLY I argued thus: "I am in the presence of an amazing man—a prince of industry—the Maecenas of the motor car. Here is a man who, they say, makes a million dollars a month, even in a short month like February. Probably he makes a million and a quarter in the thirty-one-day months when he has time to get into the spirit of the thing. I wish to pay a beautiful tribute to this man, not because he has more money than I have—I don't admit that he has—but because he conserves his money better than I conserve mine. It is for that that I take off my hat to him, even if I have to get up and dress and be away out here on Woodward Avenue by 9 a. m. to do it."

Furthermore, I thought to myself that Mr. Ford was the kind of business man you read about in novels; one who, when he says "nine," doesn't mean five minutes after nine, but nine sharp. If you aren't there your chance is gone. You are a ruined man.

"Very well," I said, trying to speak in a natural tone, "we will be on hand at nine."

Then he went into the building, and my companion and I debated long as to how the feat should be accomplished. He favored sitting up all night in order to be safe about it, but we compromised at last on sitting up only a little more than half the night.

The cold, dismal dawn of the day following found us shaved and dressed. We went out to the factory. It was a long, chilly, expensive, silent taxi ride. At five minutes before nine we were there. The factory was there. The clerks were there. Fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-seven workmen were there—those workmen who divided the ten millions!—everything and everyone was there with a single exception. And that exception was Mr. Henry Ford.

True, he did come at last. True, he talked with us. But he was not there at nine o'clock, nor yet at ten. Nor do I blame him. For if I were in the place of Mr. Henry Ford, there would be just one man whom I would meet at nine o'clock, and that man would be Meadows, my faithful valet.

Apropos of that, it occurs to me that there is one point of similarity between Mr. Ford and myself: neither of us has a valet just at present. Still, on thinking it over, we aren't so very much alike, after all, for there is one of us—I shan't say which—who hopes to have a valet some day.

The Gods He Worships

MR. FORD'S office is a room somewhat smaller than the machine shop. It is situated in one corner of the administration building, and I am told that there is a private entrance, making it unnecessary for Mr. Ford to run the gantlet of the main doorway and waiting room, where there are almost always persons waiting to ask him for a present of a million or so in money; or, if not that, for four or five thousand dollars' worth of time—for if Mr. Ford makes what they say, and doesn't work overtime, his hour is worth about four thousand five hundred dollars.

He wasn't in the office when we entered. That gave us time to look about. There was a large flat-top desk. The floor was covered with an enormous, costly Oriental rug. At one end of the room, in a glass case, was a tiny and very perfect model of a Ford car. On the walls were four photographs: one of Mr. James Couzens, vice president and treasurer of the Ford Company; another, a life-size head of "*Your friend, John Wanamaker*," and two of Thomas A. Edison. Under one of the latter, in the handwriting of the inventor—handwriting which, oddly enough, resembles nothing so much as neatly bent wire—was this inscription:

To Henry Ford, one of a group of men who have helped to make U. S. A. the most progressive nation in the world.
THOMAS A. EDISON.

This Is Henry Ford

PRESENTLY Mr. Ford came in—a lean man, of good height, wearing a rather worn brown suit. Without being powerfully built, Mr. Ford looks sinewy, wiry. His gait is loose-jointed—almost boyish. His manner, too, has something boyish about it. I got the feeling that he was a little bit embarrassed at being interviewed. That made me sorry for him. I had been interviewed the day before myself. When he sat he hunched down in his chair, resting on the small of his back, with his legs crossed and propped up upon a large wooden wastebasket—the attitude of a lanky boy. And, despite his gray hair and the netted wrinkles about his eyes, his face is comparatively youthful, too. His mouth is wide and determined, and it is capable of an exceedingly dry grin, in which the eyes collaborate. They are fine, keen eyes, set high under the brows, wide apart, and they seem to express shrewdness, kindliness, humor, and a distinct wistfulness. Also, like every other item in Mr. Ford's physical make-up, they indicate a high degree of honesty. There never was a man more genuine than Mr. Ford. He hasn't the faintest sign of that veneer so common to distinguished men, which is most eloquently described by the slang term "front." Nor is he, on the other hand, one of those men who (like so many politicians) try to simulate a simple manner. He is just exactly Henry Ford, no more, no less; take it or leave it.

And if you are any judge of character at all, you know immediately that he is a man whom you can trust. I would trust him with anything. He didn't ask me to, but I would. I would trust him with all my money. And, considering that I say that, I think he ought to be willing, in common courtesy, to reciprocate.

The Great Secret!!

HE told us about the Ford business. "We've done two hundred and five millions of business to date," he said. "Our profits have amounted to about fifty-nine millions. About twenty-five per cent has been put back into the business—into the plant and the branches. All the actual cash that was ever put in was twenty-eight thousand dollars. The rest has been built up out of profits. Yes—it has happened in a pretty short time; the big growth has come in the last six years."

I asked if the rapid increase had surprised him.

"Oh, in a way," he said. "Of course we couldn't be just sure what she was going to do. But we figured we had the right idea."

"What is the idea?" I questioned.

Then with deep sincerity, with the conviction of a man who states the very foundation of all that he believes, Mr. Ford told us his idea. His statement did not have the awful majesty of an utterance by Mr. Freer. He did not flame, although his eyes did seem to glow with his conviction.

"It is *one model!*" he said. "That's the secret of the whole doggone thing!" (That is exactly what he said. I noted it immediately for "character.")

Having revealed the crux of things, Mr. Ford directed our attention to the little toy Ford in the glass case.

"There she is," he said. "She's always the same. I tell everybody that's the way to make a success. Every manufacturer ought to do it. The thing is to find out something that everybody is after and then make that one thing and nothing else. Shoemakers ought to do it. They ought to get one kind of shoe that will suit everybody, instead of making all kinds. Stove men ought to do it, too. I told a stove man that just the other day."

That, I believe, is, briefly, the business philosophy of Henry Ford.

"Money to Use, That's All"

"IT just amounts to specializing," he continued. "I like a good specialist. I like Harry Lauder—he's a great specialist. So is Edison. Edison has done more for people than any other living man. You can't look anywhere without seeing something he has invented. . . . Edison doesn't care anything about money. I don't either. You've got to have money to use; that's all. . . . I haven't got any

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job here, you know. I just go around and keep the fellows lined up."

I don't know how I came by the idea, but I was conscious of the thought that Mr. Ford's money worried him. He looks somehow as though it did. And it must, coming in such a deluge and so suddenly, I asked if wealth had not compelled material changes in his mode of life.

"Do you mean the way we live at home?" he asked.

"Yes; that kind of thing."

"Oh, that hasn't changed to any great extent," he said. "I've got a little house over here a ways. It's nothing very much—just comfortable. It's all we need. You can have the man drive you around there on your way back if you want. You'll see." (Later I did see; it is a very pleasant, very simple type of brick suburban residence.)

Ford Hobbies—What Are They?

"DO you get up early?" I ventured, having, as I have already intimated, my own ideas as to what I should do if I were a Henry Ford.

"Well, I was up at quarter of seven this morning," he declared. "I went for a long ride in my car. I usually get down to the plant around eight-thirty or nine o'clock."

Then I asked if the change had not forced him to do a deal of entertaining.

"No," he said. "We know the same people we knew twenty years ago. They are our friends to-day. They come to our house. The main difference is that Mrs. Ford used to do the cooking. Lately we've kept a cook. Cooks try to give me fancy food, but I won't stand for it. They can't cook as well as Mrs. Ford either—none of them can."

I wish you could have heard him say that! It was one of his deep convictions, like the "one model" idea.

"What are your hobbies outside your business?" I asked him.

It seemed to me that Mr. Ford looked a little doubtful about that. Certainly his manner, in replying, lacked that animation which you expect of a golfer or a yachtsman or an art collector—or, for the matter of that, a postage-stamp collector.

"Oh, I have my farm out at Dearborn—the place where I was born," he replied. "I'm building a house out there—not as much of a house as they try to make out, though. And I'm interested in birds, too."

No Pose in This Reply

THEN, thinking of Mr. Freer, I inquired: "Do you care for art?"

The answer, like all the rest, was definite enough.

"I wouldn't give five cents for all the art in the world," said Mr. Ford without a moment's hesitation.

I admired him enormously for saying that. So many people feel as he does in their hearts, yet would not dare to say so. So many people have the air of posturing before a work of art, trying to look intelligent, trying to "say the right thing" before the right painting—the right painting as prescribed by Baedeker. True, I think the man who declares he would not give five cents for all the art in the world thereby declares himself a barbarian of sorts. But a good, honest, open-hearted barbarian is a fine creature. For one thing, there is nothing false about him. And there is nothing soft about him either. It is the poseur who is soft—soft at the very top, where Henry Ford is hard.

I saw from his manner that he was becoming restless. Perhaps we had stayed too long. Or perhaps he was bored because I spoke about an abstract thing like art.

I asked but one more question.

"Mr. Ford," I said, "I should think that when a man is very rich he might hardly know, sometimes, whether people are really his friends or whether they are cultivating him because of his money. Isn't that so?"

He Does

MR. FORD'S dry grin spread across his face. He replied with a question:

"When people come after *you* because they want to get something out of you, don't you get their number?"

"I think I do," I answered.

"Well, so do I," said Mr. Ford.

"MICHIGAN MEANDERINGS," the next adventures of Mr. Street, will appear in the issue of July 18 Battle Creek and Kalamazoo take notice!



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Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope.

The Girl at the Ad Counter

(Concluded from page 7)

They walked warily over the rough ground, pausing frequently to listen. In the pitch blackness they fell into a barbed-wire fence; and once Wilkins nearly slipped over the edge of the bank.

"Steady," whispered Hill. "We're close enough. I remember this tree."

On his last word a spurt of light cut the darkness. A moment later it was repeated. "Pocket lamp," murmured Hill.

They were within fifty feet of the shanty. A firefly flash was seen again, but at a point they judged to be beyond the boat, and there was a sound of dull blows. They began crawling over the ground, guided by the pounding. The strokes ceased suddenly and a spurt of the electric lamp struck the sycamore at whose roots apparently the suspect had been digging. They now heard sounds as of some one stamping. Hill chuckled and whispered in Wilkins's ear:

"Got his plunder and filled the hole; covering it with leaves—you don't need a light to see him work. Smooth—?"

Frozen twigs snapped in the underbrush as Redmond began his retreat. He staggered heavily along, feeling blindly for the path, and then his outstretched hand touched Wilkins's face. Redmond jumped back instinctively and before he recovered Hill threw him over and clapped his hand to his mouth. Surprised as he was, the prisoner struggled furiously. In the dark it was difficult for Wilkins to lend assistance, but in stumbling about trying to get into the fight he fell across the suspect's legs, seized them and held on. He then heard Hill saying:

"No good making a fuss. I'm holding a gun and if you yell she pops. We're secret service men. If you're not the man we want you'll have plenty of time to explain. Let him stand up, Billy."

Wilkins fished a revolver and an electric lamp out of the prisoner's overcoat.

"I've lost my spectacles, gentlemen," remarked Redmond, blinking as Billy turned the light on him, "and as I'm extremely nearsighted I'd like to have 'em."

Wilkins found them intact. Hill held his automatic against Redmond's nose.

"Stick 'em on for him, Billy," said the detective cheerfully.

REDMOND thanked them courteously and then asked in the same quiet tones just what they proposed to charge him with. "Oh, not much," remarked Hill: "counterfeiting, forgery, murder, and some little things like that."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated the man ironically, as Hill clicked on the handcuffs.

Billy searched the prisoner's pockets while Hill held the gun and flashed the lamp. A big clasp knife, $30 in good bills, a bunch of keys, and a long flat jeweler's case were the principal results of the search. Wilkins dropped them into his pockets hastily.

"Can't waste any time inspecting the trinkets now," said the detective. "We've got to get to cover as quickly as possible."

They found the boy guarding the machine and the detective sent him to a public telephone to direct a man he had on call at the Federal building to go at once to Hill's house.

"Now, Billy," said the detective as Redmond was squeezed between them in the machine, "you can have all the time you want on this case. We'll carry our friend to my house and Salzby will be there to watch him while you write. I'll go to the baggage room and bring up the trunk and wire our man in Terre Haute to gather in Lockwood." . . .

"I'll want a page or two, that's all," said Wilkins to his city editor over Hill's telephone. "I can't tell you what it is or where I am. I've got a boy to carry in copy, and I want the story held for the last edition. You'd better guard the composing room till the paper's off."

He summoned Jean, who arrived in a taxi, bringing copy paper and a typewriter she had borrowed from a stenographer in the boarding house. She identified the prisoner as the man who had filed the "ad" and called for the Bluffton letter, and as the same person she had seen at the lodging-house window.

Jean protested her drawing materials and began a large sketch of the prisoner while Billy fell upon the typewriter greedily. On the way to Hill's he had planned his story so that he wrote as easily as though taking rapid dictation.

In an hour Hill arrived with the trunk, which he began unpacking in the hall so that he might not disturb the absorbed reporter, or the artist, whose model sat handcuffed with Salzby watching him. "It's a safe play, all right," called Hill. "The $20 plate and a portable press that's a wonder."

The most amazing incident of that crowded evening came when Wilkins had posted the boy off with his second batch of copy and paused to stretch himself. He had forgotten that he had thrust into his overcoat pockets the articles taken from Redmond on the river bank. Hill asked for them and a moment later gave a yell as he opened the case and held suspended in his hands a diamond necklace that glittered and shone brightly. "No wonder he waited to pick this up!" cried Jean, taking it in her hands wonderingly.

"That nails the identification!" chirruped Billy. "That necklace was stolen from the wife of the Canadian Premier last August—supposed to have been taken by a dinner guest. I've got all Charlie's history in my head. For God's sake keep still and let me write!"

JEAN accepted small ads for the "Advertiser" the next morning with a copy of the city extra spread out on the counter. She had contributed a column and a half with her own hand, describing the incident of the advertisement. Her drawing of the famous criminal had come out splendidly; and she had made sketches of the trunk and diamond necklace, which helped beyond doubt to embellish Billy's story.

"Hear that yelling?" asked the veteran foreman stopping at the counter at noon just after Billy had gone upstairs. "They tore up the place when Billy came in. I guess that boy's vindicated now. And they've decided to steal the necklace and give it to you!"

Later in the day, after Billy had related the circumstances surrounding the scoop, with due emphasis on the fact that it was really Jean who had made the capture possible, there was a lively debate as to ways and means of rewarding Miss Kelly. And when the instructor of the art school gave an enthusiastic estimate of her talents, it was determined that as a staff artist Miss Kelly would be more valuable than as a clerk. At any rate, the "Advertiser" was under obligations to her, and a scholarship in a New York art school with the privilege of returning to the paper at the end of the term, seemed the proper acknowledgment. All of which, with a light blue check for $500 was laid on the marble counter before the amazed girl as she was about to leave the office.

"It's the grandest thing that ever happened," declared Billy that evening in the boarding-house parlor; "only it's going to be pretty lonesome in these parts, I can tell you!"

MRS. WORTHINGTON ADAMS, the most active trustee of the Art Institute, undertook to see Jean safely settled in New York. Accordingly, on the afternoon of New Year's Day, there was a representative gathering of Jean's friends at the station—students from the night art class, girl friends, and six young gentlemen from the "Advertiser's" city room, each accompanied by a box of violets. But Billy Wilkins was not visible on the landscape, and the "Advertiser's" delegation wondered at this. And maybe Jean did!

There was the usual flutter when the New York train was called and Jean shook hands all round for the third time. Inside the train shed she turned to wave her hand and saw the crowd part to permit the passage of a gentleman in haste who lawlessly ran by the gateman flourishing a long green ticket.

It was Wilkins and, puffing hard from mighty exertions, he stood a minute later in the door of the stateroom which Mrs. Adams was to share with Jean.

"Why, Billy!" cried Jean, staring in wide-eyed wonder.

"Nearly missed the train," panted Billy, as though everybody had known from the beginning of time that he had meant to cross the Alleghenies on this particular train. "Got a wire from good old Gordon that the 'Atlas' is ready for me and here I am. Turned down an offer to go to Washington for the 'Advertiser' just one hour ago—"

"I hope," said Mrs. Adams, after Jean had presented the breathless Billy, "that this doesn't mean that you're going to interfere with Jean's career?"

"Don't know about *her* career," grinned Billy; "but I was sure mine would suffer without her!"

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The Perfect Suburbanite

By Anne Hard

ILLUSTRATED BY MORRIS HALL PANCOAST

WHEN Martin doesn't like anything that he has to endure just the same, he is as placid and withdrawn as a little bronze Buddha.

I never would have married one of these men that kick over chairs at the inevitable and damn the inescapable. Martin is an artist at enduring. He doesn't even look patient. I should say, on the whole that, next to the swearing man, the I-should-suffer man makes the worst husband. Martin is neither.

That's why, when I saw him spading up the back twenty feet of our newly acquired suburban lot, I just ached for him. Not in the same places he was aching, of course. I was aching in my heart and he was aching—not in his shoulders, as you might think, for up to a few months before he'd played handball too regular at the city Y. M. C. A. to mind a bit of spading—but in his brain.

Every shower of red clay as it hit the pile punctuated a shudder. Martin's whole manner seemed to say without a word: "The perfect suburbanite! The perfect suburbanite—"

I suffered with him. I stopped picking nasturtiums and went over to the battle field.

"Isn't it exercise enough?"

Anything for an opener.

Martin spaded hard.

"Look at the light on those hills! Isn't it beautiful! And smell . . . Oh, do smell! Isn't that petunias', that sort of thick, pink smell . . .?"

"Don't you mean those petunias . . .?" Martin muttered.

MARTIN, if he hadn't happened to be general manager, would have made a great little school-teacher.

"You wouldn't have an air like this to breathe if we'd kept on living in town . . ."

Martin shoveled.

"Anyway, you know I couldn't find a sunny place . . ."

"The Wilds and the Smiths and the Digbys have plenty of sun . . ."

"But the Wilds have a Boston and the Smiths a Persian. And the Digbys only a grand piano. Now you know with our children and our aged parent . . ."

"That's it. The children. *And* the schools. But stick to that. We came out here on account of the *children!* But don't try to make me admit *I* like it."

"Look at your beans, dear, and your corn and your radishes. Don't you like *them?*"

Martin shoveled.

"If we'd taken that house out on Convent Avenue, you'd have been a half an hour, *and* the subway and this way you're only forty-five minutes. I don't see why you grudge that extra fifteen . . ."

"I don't. I don't grudge anything. It isn't the city. Get that? It isn't the *city.*"

I felt perfectly helpless.

"Of course it isn't the city. It's precisely ten miles shy of it. But what . . ."

"How d'ye do?"

I wish you could hear Martin's howdy. It's like the funny page written in primitive sign language translated into winds and sky and sunshine. *That* isn't a bit citified, I tell you.

Our neighbor next door was just turning on his hose.

"Fine for your first year," he said pleasantly as he wiped some of the spray from his face—the hose had turned on too fast. "But we're both of us duds to Jenkins."

We all looked across the street to the Jenkins shaved, painted, raked, seeded, scrubbed, screened, fertilized, pruned place.

"There," said Martin to the neighbor in words meant for my ear alone, "there is a perfect suburbanite. I bet Jenkins knows how many tons of coal he burned last winter and the winter before and . . ."

THE neighbor looked at Martin as if he hadn't heard well.

"Of course," he said.

There is something of the mosquito in most women. They aren't satisfied with getting what they want out of their husbands. Some buried instinct compels them to keep on singing and humming around the poor creature even after he is subdued.

"I wish you liked it out here better . . ." I said tentatively as soon as we were alone.

"I can't make you understand."

Like the mosquito's victim, he at last straightened up and went to the mat with his tormentor.

"I like this place as well as any place. Any place that is outside the city.

"I repeat, it isn't the distance to the office *only* nor furnace *only*. It is really something that I have no doubt you will in no way understand. It is the spirit of the suburb. That's it. The spirit of the suburb. I tell you, you can't get away from it. If you stay there, you'll get—I mean it'll get you."

"Don't talk like ten-year-old Puck, please, and allude to bundles . . ."

"I'm not. This is a recent misery, and it has nothing to do with packages . . . of that kind."

"Oh, ho! Now we're getting to it. You want our innocent children to have to pass by rum palaces and the dens of King Alcohol as they wend their way to school!"

"No gentleman—by that I mean no one who has the price—needs to take refuge in such arguments," Martin was walking up and down. He looked warm to me.

"Won't you take off your coat, dear?"

"There you have it again. No. I wore my coat in the office all day, and I see no reason for removing it now that the evening has rendered the air appreciably cooler."

"That chap next door begins to peel before he gets the screen door open. Jenkins, I have no doubt, puts on an alpaca coat at the station. And that reminds me, I've never seen Jenkins himself. Have you?"

"No, I haven't. There is a Mrs. Jenkins, but it isn't his wife; it's his mother. He does some kind of work that keeps him in town at night, and she is very quiet and never goes anywhere . . ."

THEN I stopped. We both laughed.

"You see," Martin went on, "it's got us already. An interest in the neighbors. Nothing else to think about but Jenkins and his mother."

"But"—he was not to be deflected—"I'm going to get understood right now, and then, for Heaven's sake, let's drop it.

"A suburb is a great big bedroom. It's neither farm nor city. It has no spine and very little heart and practically no arteries . . ."

"You used to go to bed early in town, and our friends come out here as often as they did in town to dinner, and the children . . ."

"There you are. You always bring up at the salient point the children. Remember. They're why. But wait till Bert is ready for college . . ."

"Back to the city?"

"You bet. It's real. It's genuine. There's something about the people. . . . Why, look what the suburb does to you. Take that fellow Jenkins . . ."

"You've never seen . . ."

"Sure, but I know him. I know him as well as if I'd roomed with him in college or carried a chain with him on a Western railroad extension. He gets out of bed at exactly a quarter to—an admirable virtue, I admit. All his virtues are admirable. You have only to look across the way to prove it.

"He takes the 'fifty-five' regularly, and brags to the fellow at the desk next to him: 'One hour from bed to desk. That's what I do from Fairmont.' At exactly half past he goes to lunch and passes up dessert because he promised to bring home a yard of pink ribbon. He won't buy a hat till it's marked down, not because he can't afford it, but because he's afraid it may look a 'little startling,' and he can't get around to root for the Giants, so he sees the game between the Fairmont Athletics and the Hoboken Flyers. He votes for president of the Fairmont Improvement Society, and his favorite art is the illustrations in the seed annuals.



"Sure," said the man next door. "Sure he lives here. Right across the street. That's Jenkins"

"It's all right for these people that have children. I've got a certain amount of respect for a man that gives up all that is vital and real and moves out into a nondescript, bridge-playing, Pharisaical area divided at geometrical right angles into patches fifty feet on a side in the exact center of which are erected cubical sections of sleeping quarters if he has a young family and his wife tells him he can't bring 'em up anywhere else (though, for the matter of that, there seem to be enough children in the city), but he's got to fight it or it'll get him. And as for a man who has no children, such as this Jenkins of yours . . ."

"He isn't mine . . ."

Martin swept on. His sails were up and all hands leaned to. I was a cockleshell.

"As for this Jenkins of yours . . ."

"Whom you haven't seen . . ."

"I don't need to see him. I tell you I know all about him. He is the perfect suburbanite."

MARTIN breathed hard through his nose.

"And to-night I will *not* put on my flannel trousers with a blue serge coat and white canvas shoes, in imitation of English country life, and go with you to 'call' upon the Hodgsons who have just moved into the new house on the hill. Mrs. Hodgson shall bite her nails in peace upon the porch, and Mr. Hodgson shall in vain try to interest her by a reflected long-distance interest in the accounts of sports enacted far from this suburbium in the open stretches of the great metropolis—or in the fluctuations of the world's gold output as chronicled in the heart of the great city—for all of me. Let the children go to their hygienic schools, and you, Friend Wife, may do your tatting with every other lovely suburban lady in all Fairmont. As for me, I rebel. I am a prisoner till such time as Bert shall have passed his college entrances.

"In the meantime you shall not make a Jenkins out of *me*."

Martin leaned over and picked a little bunch of mint from the patch we had started against the August drought. "There shall be consolation," he murmured. "There shall be balm in Gilead. Is there plenty of ice?"

AS he spoke a tall, thin man dressed in a cutaway suit of black-and-white check bound with braid, who was passing just the other side of our low hedge, paused and looked pleasantly at Martin. Martin can't let a thing like that go by.

"Good evening," Martin said.

"How's crops?" said the stranger.

"The visible supply seems to be adequate," Martin began.

"I've had my eye on that little patch for quite some time," said the stranger. "First thing when you moved in here I noticed you set out that bed among the early varieties."

"Got another among the late bearing." Martin had his back to me by this time. He had his right arm parallel to the stranger's left arm, and that sort of a hunch to the shoulders that two men always get when the conversation is strictly masculine and nothing feminine need apply.

The stranger's voice became very gentle. "Our cook threw kerosene into the finest patch in town last Friday," he said. "But the rest of the necessary crops are safe. 'Twas fortunate, too, for the key never leaves me. I'd be glad to show you the finest that was ever called Kentucky home."

Martin silently handed his greenery to the stranger. The man next door was looking on during this colloquy. When it was over and the speckled suit had disappeared behind the lilac screen at the edge of our yard, he turned off his hose and strolled over into our yard.

"Know him?" he said.

"No," we answered.

"Nice chap," the man next door went on. "Used to be a sporting editor. He's a wine agent now and the most popular referee in the city.

"Why, you must know *him*," he went on. "*He's* the chap they call 'Electric,' because, they say, he's not seen the sun in twenty years except in the middle of summer."

"Doesn't live here, then," said Martin. "Where does he . . .?"

"Sure," said the man next door. "Sure he lives here. Right across the street. That's Jenkins."

We looked at each other.

Neither of us smiled.

"Did you say you would like to call on the Hodgsons to-night, Martin?"

"No, madam, I will not," said Martin.

"It is the spirit of the suburb. That's it. The spirit of the suburb. I tell you, you can't get away from it. If you stay there, you'll get—I mean it'll get you"



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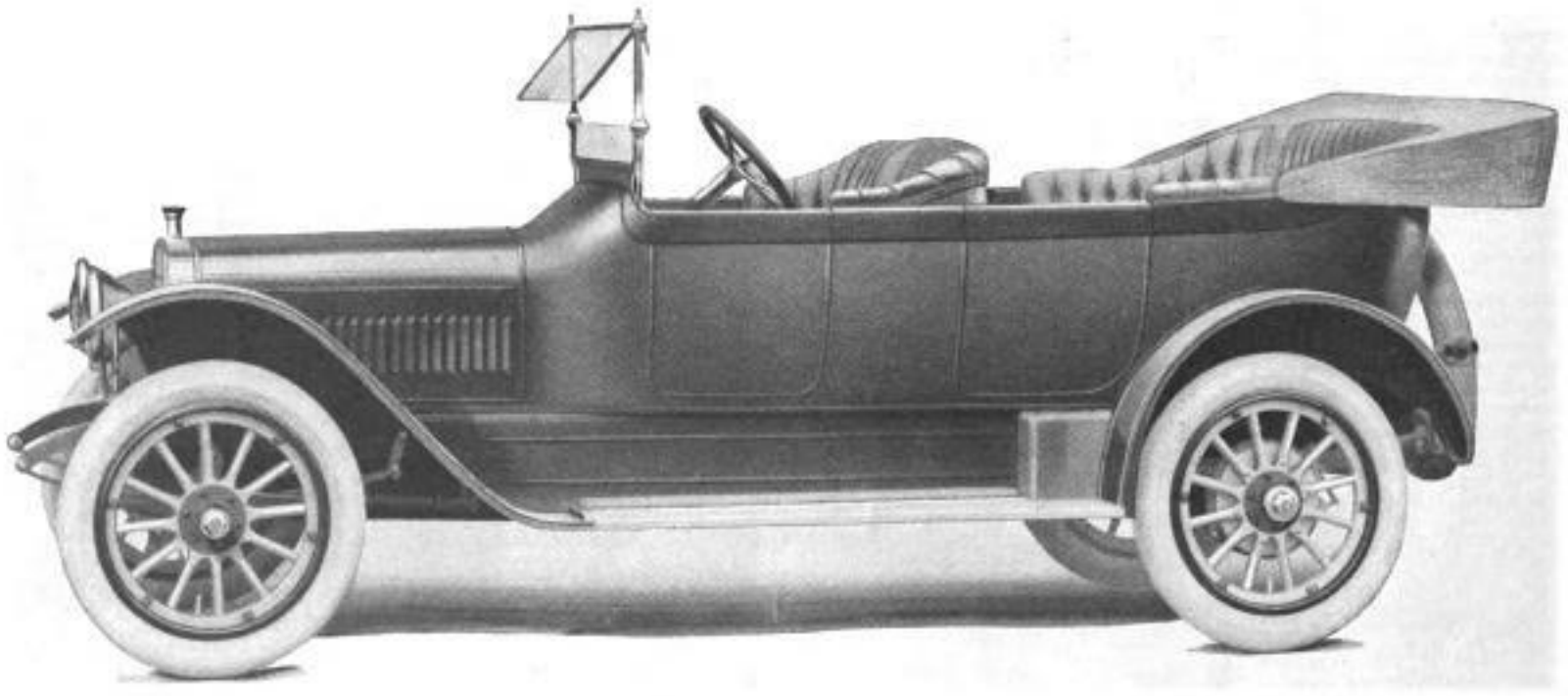
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Bealby

(Continued from page 14)

He sat up where he had been put, trying to look as Orphan Dick as possible after all that had occurred.

"DO you know the wind on the heath—have you lived the gypsy life? Have you spoken, wanderers yourselves, with 'Romany chi and Romany chal' on the wind-swept moors at home or abroad? Have you tramped the broad highways, and, at close of day, pitched your tent near a running stream and cooked your supper by starlight over a fire of pinewood? Do you know the dreamless sleep of the wanderer at peace with himself and all the world?" For most of us the answer to these questions of the Amateur Camping Club is in the negative.

Yet every year the call of the road, the Borrovian glamour, draws away a certain small number of the imaginative from the grosser comforts of a complex civilization, takes them out into tents and caravans and intimate communion with nature and, incidentally, with various ingenious appliances designed to meet the needs of cooking in a breeze. It is an adventure to which high spirits and great expectations must be brought. It is an experience in proximity which few friendships survive—and altogether very great fun. The life of breezy freedom resolves itself in practice chiefly into washing up and an anxious search for permission to camp. One learns how rich and fruitful our world can be in bystanders, and how easy it is to forget essential groceries. . . .

The heart of the joy of it lies in its perfect detachment. There you are in the morning sunlight under the trees that overhang the road going whither you will. Everything you need you have. Your van creaks along at your side. You are outside inns, outside houses, a home, a community, an *imperium in imperio*. At any moment you may draw out of the traffic upon the wayside grass and say: "Here—until the owner catches us at it—is home!" At any time—subject to the complaisance of William and your being able to find him—you may unpan and go onward. The world is all before you. You taste the complete yet leisurely insouciance of the snail.

And two of those three ladies had other satisfactions to supplement their pleasures. They both adored Madeleine Phillips. She was not only perfectly sweet and lovely, but she was known to be so: she had that most potent charm for women, prestige. They had got her all to themselves. They could show how false is the old idea that there is no friendship nor conversation among women. They were full of wit and pretty things for one another and snatches of song in between. And they were free too from their "menfolk." They were doing without them. Dr. Bowles, the husband of the lady in the deerstalker, was away in Ireland and Mr. Geedge, the lord of the inconspicuous woman, was golfing at Sandwich. And Madeleine Phillips, it was understood, was only too glad to shake herself free from the crowd of admirers that hovered about her like wasps about honey. . . .

YET after three days each one had thoughts about the need of helpfulness, and more particularly about washing up, that were better left unspoken, that were indeed conspicuously unspoken beneath their merry give and take, like a black and silent river flowing beneath a bridge of ivory. And each of them had a curious feeling in the midst of all this fresh free behavior, as though the others were not listening sufficiently, as though something of the effect of them was being wasted. Madeleine's smiles became rarer; at times she was almost impassive, and Judy preserved nearly all her wit and verbal fireworks for the times when they passed through villages. . . . Mrs. Geedge was less visibly affected. She had thoughts of writing a book about it all, telling in the gayest, most provocative way, full of the quietest, quaintest humor, just how jolly they had been. Menfolk would read it. This kept a little thin smile upon her lips. . . .

As an audience, William was tough stuff. He pretended deafness; he never looked. He did not want to look. He seemed always to be holding his nose in front of his face to prevent his observation—as men pray into their hats at church. But once Judy Bowles overheard a phrase or so in his private soliloquy. "Pack o' wimmin," William was saying. "Dratted petticoats. *Dang* 'em. That's what I say to 'em. *Dang* 'em!" As a matter of fact, he just fell short of saying it to them. But his manner said it. . . .

You begin to see how acceptable an addition was young Bealby to this company. He was not only helpful, immensely helpful, in things material, a vigorous and at first a careful washer up, an energetic boot polisher, a most serviceable cleaner and tidier of things, but he was also belief and support. Undisguisedly he thought the caravan the loveliest thing going, and its three mistresses the most wonderful of people. His alert eyes followed them about full of an unstinted admiration and interest, he pricked his ears when Judy opened her mouth, he handed things to Mrs. Geedge. He made no secret about Madeleine. When she spoke to him, he lost his breath, he reddened and was embarrassed. . . .

They went across the fields saying that he was the luckiest of finds. It was fortunate his people had been so ready to spare him. Judy said boys were a race very cruelly maligned; see how *willing* he was! Mrs. Geedge said there was something elfin about Bealby's little face; Madeleine smiled at the thought of his quaint artlessness. She knew quite clearly that he'd die for her. . . .

THERE was a little pause as the ladies moved away.

Then William spat and spoke in a note of irrational bitterness. "Brasted Vooley," said William and then loudly and fiercely: "Cam up, y'ole Runt, you."

At these words the white horse started into a convulsive irregular redistribution of its feet, the caravan strained and quivered into motion, and Bealby's wanderings as a caravanner began.

For a time William spoke no more and Bealby scarcely regarded him. The light of strange fortunes and deep enthusiasm was in Bealby's eyes. . . .

"One Thing," said William, "they don't 'ave the Sense to lock anythink up—Whatever." Bealby's attention was recalled to the existence of his companion.

William's face was one of those faces that give one at first the impression of a solitary and very conceited nose. The other features are entirely subordinated to that salient effect. One sees them later. His eyes were small and uneven, his mouth apparently toothless, thin lipped, and crumpled, with the upper lip falling over the other in a manner suggestive of a meager firmness mixed with appetite. When he spoke he made a faint slobbering sound. "Everyfink," he said, "behind there."

He became confidential. "I been in there. I larked about wiv their Flings."

"They got some choc'late," he said, lusciously. "Oo Fine!" . . .

"All sorts of Flings." He did not seem to expect any reply from Bealby.

"We going far before we meet 'em?" asked Bealby.

William's deafness became apparent.

His mind was preoccupied by other ideas. One wicked eye came close to Bealby's face. "We going to 'ave a bit of choc'late," he said in a wet, desirous voice.

He pointed his thumb over his shoulder at the door. "*You* get it," said William with reassuring nods and the mouth much pursed and very oblique.

Bealby shook his head.

"It's in a little dror, under 'er place where she sleeps."

BEALBY'S headshake became more emphatic.

"*Yus*, I tell you," said William.

"No," said Bealby.

"Choc'late I tell you," said William, and ran the tongue of appetite round the rim of his toothless mouth.

"Don't want choc'late," said Bealby, thinking of a large lump of it.

"Go on," said William. "Nobody won't see you. . . ."

"*Go* it!" said William. . . .

"You're afraid," said William. . . .

"Here, *I'll* go," said William, losing self-control. "You just 'old these reins."

Bealby took the reins. William got up and opened the door of the caravan. Then Bealby realized his moral responsibility—and, leaving the reins, clutched William firmly by his baggy nether garments. They were elderly garments, much sat upon. "Don't be a Vool," said William, struggling. "Leago my slack."

Something partially gave way and William's head came round to deal with Bealby. "What you mean pullin' my cloes orf me?" . . .



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Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $250,000 yearly from honest debtors all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Lake, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

Dull Razor Blades

If You Think No Man In This World Can put a good edge on a dull blade, keep on buying new ones. But we'll prove that we can, and at our risk, if you'll send your address. Parker-Warren Co., 1433-B Broadway, N. Y.

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A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents!! Will You Take A Steady Job Paying regular Weekly Income to start if we give you a chance to work up to Big Yearly Profits? No experience required! Great Crew Manager's proposition! We are big Manufacturers. Middlemen's profits saved! Write quick for Exclusive Territory. Need 500 men at once. E. M. Davis, Pres., R 61 Davis Block, Chicago, Illinois.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Headley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

$2500 Accident And Health Policy For $6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays $2500 death, $25 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $2000 Policy for $30 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents. We Want Men And Women To Rep-resent us and start sub-agents. "Every home a sale." Big Profits Everywhere. Territory being taken fast. Write us quick. Enclose stamp for particulars. Sun Mfg. Co., 312 Dean Bldg., South Bend, Indiana.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 50,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 508, Chicago.

Sliding Casters. Necessity Every Home, Child can attach. Saves floors, carpets, furniture. Hotels, Restaurants buy gross lots. Cost 5c, sell 25c. Agents making big money every week. Samples free. H. G. Sliding Caster Co., 19 C. T. State St., New York City.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Self-Lighting gas tips and gas stove lighters; no matches required. Just turn on gas, lights itself; sells on sight; send for proposition before all territory is taken. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., 1 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele-phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Phondate Co., 550 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Har-vest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N.J.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 368 Warren St., New York.

Agents—"Large Profit" Free Sample Our Gold & Silver Sign Letters for Store fronts & Office windows. Easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. 452 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

If You Can Sell To Banks, Offices Or Homes, send 10 cents for samples that sell for 50 cents. Corking good summer proposition. Exclusive territory if desired. Venus Co., 21 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

At Last—A Compressed Air Clothes Washer; cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Washing now a pleasure. Women going it at $3.50. Price to agents 50c in quantities. Wendell Washer Co., 255 Elm St., Leipsic, O.

High-Grade Salesmen

Salesmen Wanted. Exceptional Opportunity for side line Specialty Salesmen, calling on wholesale and Retail Drug, Department, Automobile or Hardware Trade. Patented, nationally advertised, guaranteed specialty. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. Give full particulars, present line, territory, experience and references in first letter. Sanitax Co., 2333 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.90 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing $10 a year pays $4000 for accidental death—$25 a week sickness or injury. $5 a year buys policy paying $2000 accidental death—$15 a week injury or sickness. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted Residing In Or Making Small towns. Take orders on our special plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales. $4.00 commission on each order. Write for pocket outfit today. Caufield Mfg. Co., 308 Sigel St., Chicago.

Wanted, Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty, widely advertised, easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. W. Skinner, 1042 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Salesmen Calling On Retailers Or Manufacturers can add materially to their income by taking orders for Masson's Advertising Safety Matches. Repeat orders. Fine profit. Paul Masson Co., 53 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

Agents Wanted

Agents—Sell 5 Silk Wash Ties For $1.00. Catchy Gold Filled Tie Clasp and Stick Pin Free. Wins sales. Big Profits. Write for samples and terms. Comer Mfg. Co., 6 Tenth St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 35-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Agents And Side Line Men. Write For Propo-sition on Midget Vest Pocket Coat Hanger. Silver Company, 131 Madison Avenue, New York.

Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed Washcake. We help make, and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract to a hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Washcake Mfg. Co., Booneville, Mo.

Agents: Portraits 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pic-tures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. Pillow tops 28c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1468, 107 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposi-tion in U. S. If you are making less than $500 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 30 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Sign Men Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Be independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. Universal Sign & Letter Co., Inc., 371 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel-ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novitas Sales Co., 180 High St., Waltham, Mass.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 50 to 60 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

"That,"—he investigated. "Take me a Nour to sew up."

"I ain't going to steal," shouted Bealby into the ear of William.

"Nobody arst you to steal—"

"Nor you neither," said Bealby.

The caravan bumped heavily against a low garden wall, skidded a little and came to rest. William sat down suddenly. The white horse, after a period of confusion with its legs, tried the flavor of some overhanging lilac branches and was content.

"Gimme those reins," said William. "You be the Brastedest Young Vool. . . ."

"Sittin' 'ere," said William presently, "chewnin' our teeth, when we might be eatin' choc'late. . . ."

"I 'ent got no use for *you*," said William; "blowed if I 'ave. . . ." Then the thought of his injuries returned to him. "I'd make you sew 'em up yourself, darned if I wount—on'y you'd go running the brasted needle into me. . . . Nour's work there is—by the feel of it. . . . Mor'n nour. . . . Goddobe done, too. . . . All I got. . . .

"I'll give you Sumpdin, you little Beace, 'fore I done wi' you."

"I wouldn't steal 'er choc'lates," said young Bealby. "Not if I was starving."

"Eh?" shouted William.

"*Steal!*" shouted Bealby.

"I'll steal ye, 'fore I done with *ye*," said William. "Tearin' my cloes for me. . . . Oh! Cam *up*, y'old Runt. We don't want *you* to stop and listen. Cam *up*, I tell you!"

(*To be continued next week*)

The Loot and the Lieutenant

(*Continued from page 12*)

anybody who went near her would have his head chopped off. All-fired funny thing! It seemed that what pleased 'em all so was that her comin' this way was the fulfillment of some heathen prophecy or other that had been made about a hundred years ago. As near as I could make out from what he said, the prophecy was that a white woman would come out of the sea with hair like gold, that she was to be given the eye of dawn (God knows what *that* means!), that she was to marry the chief, and the people would live happy ever after, or some such rot. Anyway we're out to bust the last part of that. She *isn't* to marry that son of a gun and they *won't* live happy ever after—not if we can help it. They all seemed to know about it and kept noddin' their heads all the time he was spielin' it over for their benefit.

"THERE are high cliffs slopin' up to a pretty sheer mountainside to the north and west of the barrio. It's in a slopin' place, sort of horseshoe-shaped, with the hills and cliffs makin' about half the shoe and the jungle the rest. The beach and sea make the line between the heel points. The vice president suddenly pointed to the mountain and cliff and said somethin' about the eye of dawn again—I couldn't just make out what—and then they all made a rush to the little shack and brought out your sister—Gad! I was sorry for her; she didn't know what was comin', but she's pure grit; she'd found herself and she looked 'em right in the eye. I'd have given anythin' to be able to tell her she wouldn't be touched for quite a while, but if I had yelled out it would have spoiled all our chances; I was determined to get at her some way before they hurt her, and I never say die till the last ditch. Look at you people turnin' up like this! They led her up the cliff and up the trail to a cave in the mountainside—I could see through my field glasses—good job I had 'em. First the vice president went with her, and then he came out and sent in women with chow and mats and things, and when they came out he put guards at the cave mouth. You see, they've cached her there for safe keepin' till the chief gets back. From what I heard he won't be back till sunset this evenin'. I made sure of that before I went off to get some sleep—God knows I needed it—but I wouldn't have done it at all if I hadn't been sure."

"You left her!" cried Hilary. "Left her all alone up there."

"I'd have been a fool if I hadn't. I *knew* they wouldn't touch her, and I had to be fresh to help her at all. I went as far away as I could so no one would find me sleepin' and finish me—and her, too. They're not after me, of course, 'cause they don't know there *is* any me. And that's another good thing; this sortie will take 'em by surprise all right. They don't dream of any soldados on their precious old island."

"Not so much of a surprise," said Stone, "They've probably sighted our launch long before now. I ordered her to lie out along the north coast to wait signal."

"Humph!" said Shorty, ruminating. "That's good business. We *might* be able to make a get-away down the back slope of the mountain there. Anyway, the Gu-gus don't know anyone's landed from her, I guess."

They soon reached the edge of the jungle, Hilary urging them feverishly, and in view of the circumstances Shorty forbore to mention that such was not a corporal's duty. The Captain led them to the very spot whence he had watched the barrio and seen Madge Hilary led up the mountainside into the cave. "There," he whispered, pointing. They cautiously parted the rich foliage and looked out from between the young bamboos. There was the barrio, the hills, and the mountain ridge behind. They were relieved to see through their field glasses that guards still stood in front of the cave.

"Thank God," said Hilary, almost sobbing. "I was so afraid the chief had come back!"

"Isn't that just like Shorty?" thought Stone to himself. "Gee, isn't he the limit, goin' off calmly and sleepin' that way? He couldn't help her tired out the way he could rested, but I'd have hung round and tried and watched and probably got captured and been no good to her. As things turned out he did the right thing exactly; but it takes nerve to be a Shorty."

"Here's the plan of battle, hombre. We'll circle to the left, try and flank those guards, and come down on 'em from the top. We may be able to overpower 'em without shootin'—there's only four of 'em, and the folks below would never know, bein' so occupied gettin' ready for the merry-merry, as you see." Shorty pointed to the cluster of shacks where there was certainly great bustle of preparation, and many public and unblushing ablutions and toilets with no mystery about them were under way.

"Then," continued Shorty, "we can get in and get Miss Hilary and signal to your launch from somewhere, and try and make a clean get-away before they wake up to the fact that we've been here at all. We can do it if we're lucky. Let's try it anyway, unless anyone has a better scheme."

NO one had, so cautiously they backed away and, making a wide circle to the left, began to climb gradually rising ground, thickly wooded, until suddenly they came to an abrupt slope towering up for almost two hundred feet at a dangerous angle.

"Gee!" said Stone. "Can we make it?"

"Got to make it," said Shorty. "It runs too far to the left to waste time tryin' to outflank 'em by goin' around it, and I don't dare inch up any further on the right."

Battle-Ax Bob sized up the ascent with a practiced eye. "We can make it all right, sir. My whole troop did worse in Mindanao. There's plenty of footholts and handholts, only we'll have to leave some of the extree stuff behind."

"Won't need half of it anyway," said Shorty. "You people are outfitted like a traveling circus. Must have expected to supply a whole ship's crew. Just keep chow enough for one ration apiece—count in Miss Hilary—canteens, rifles, .45's, and ammunition. Chuck all the rest. We'll gamble on gettin' away before breakfast to-morrow—and if we don't it's good-by Dolly Gray anyway, and we won't be in a position to need 'em."

"If you've got anythin' done on that map, Hilary," said Stone, "just stuff the paper in your pocket. Leave the transit and case."

Lightened of unnecessary equipment, they managed by dint of much exertion and hard work and many breathing spells to reach the top. But when they won to that elevation and looked down they could hardly realize that they had come up that difficult slope. They had made it in fairly quick time, too, led, exhorted, and sworn at by the indefatigable Shorty, who now at this stage of the game began to get excited over the operations, and, sentiment aside, was as usual glorying over the actual operations of war—he never let anything stop him once he got into action. His beady

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eyes were snapping with excitement, and his hearing reminded one of a small electric generator developing more than enough current for its work and charging the air all about it with excess waves. Shorty's sparks of enthusiasm were certainly catching. The men, of course, were more than ready and full of eagerness to rescue Miss Hilary ("Do you think we'd let those blankety-blank Gu-gus have her?"), but when Shorty began to "feel" his coming fight he put something extra into them. Stone felt himself beginning to tingle all over with excitement, and the men, instead of lying down to die, as they might have done had Stone led them up that terrific ascent alone, simply took a deep breath and professed themselves instantly willing and ready to follow Shorty without resting.

"What *is* it?" thought Stone. "What makes him like that? Is it just some sort of chemical mixture, or is it soul, or both? Never saw a man yet that didn't feel waves comin' out of Shorty at one time or another. He's a wonder!"

The wonder led them first impetuously, then cautiously, to the right. Hilary was trembling and his knees were shaking as with ague.

"Poor yap!" thought Stone. "Thank God it's not my sister who's captured!"

"We ought to be well above those guards now," whispered Shorty to Stone, stopping suddenly. "Have the men get somethin' ready to gag 'em with, and pass the word for each two to pick a man, fall on him, gag, and tie him up before he can raise the long yell. You and I'll take one between us, too. Easy—quiet there—less noise, men. We want to come down on 'em like a ton of rock."

Imbued with Shorty's spirit, that was exactly what they did, and the surprised guards in front of the cave were quickly gagged with rather dirty handkerchiefs and bound up with tough creepers.

"Now set 'em up again," said Shorty. "One or two propped against the rock, so if the simple villagers look up all will seem to be in order. Drag the others inside the cave mouth." They entered the cave; dark and narrow was the passage.

"Got a light?" asked Shorty.

"Pocket lamp," said Stone.

"Better flash it."

The passage began to lead up steeply and precipitously. Bowlders and smaller stones had been arranged to help the ascent, but still it was quite a stiff climb, and ended more than a hundred feet above the level on which it began. Keyed up and full of expectation as they were, the men thought it would never end. Stone caught his breath. "This must have been a devil of a stiff climb for your sister," he said to Hilary.

Hilary assented in a hopeless manner. "And I'm afraid, too," he said, "we'll have worse trouble getting her down if we have to fight in a place like this!"

"Cheer up, hombre!" said Stone. "There may be another way out on the ocean side. It would be better in lots of ways."

"It would," grunted Shorty. "Close up. For'd!" and plunged into the passage ahead. Even this passage wasn't dead level, but sloped up at about a three per cent grade.

"We'll come out at the top of the world soon," thought Stone as he followed next to Shorty.

THERE was a glimmering of daylight ahead, the corridor widened, they broke into a double-quick, and charged precipitously into a great circular room with walls of solid rock. In the middle of the domed rock ceiling a small, square opening showed blue sky and shed light. The walls were daubed with crude drawings at intervals, and immediately opposite to them on the far side was a long altar—that Shorty afterward remarked only needed a foot rail to look exactly like a bar—with a rudely carved and painted image of some hideous heathen god squatting in the middle and holding in his hands a gilded sphere. At the right-hand end of the room, on a raised platform, was a huge, badly carved chair of heavy teak. But of Miss Hilary or of door or entrance to the room other than that by which they had entered there was no sign.

"Where the deuce *is* she?" cried Shorty.

At the sound of his voice a figure crept from behind the throne, then flashed across the space between them.

"Captain Campbell! Soldiers! Oh, *Fred!*"

(To be concluded next week)

The Price Knife and the Law

(Concluded from page 16)

sumer's point of view than the consumer himself. This he evidences by paying the particular price for the particular thing; if he is not satisfied with the thing, he will not buy it; if he is not satisfied with the price, he will not pay it. Other articles of the same kind are offered to him at other prices.

The consumer wants more than anything else a continuance of the American manufacturer's practice of attaching name or brand to products as a real token of good faith. He wants branded products kept up to standard so that he may know what he is buying when he buys in a competitive market. He does *not* want to penalize the manufacturer who meets those wishes, by allowing the big department store, the mail-order house, or the chain of stores to cut an honest trade to pieces by the piracy of "cut-price sales of well-known makers' products," and he does *not* want large retailers to use the price-knife weapon to kill off small retailers. Just now the consumers' point of view and the law's point of view are not in accord.

Three recent decisions of our courts on price cutting have achieved large importance. Two of these decisions were handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States. In the so-called "Sanatogen" case it was decided that a manufacturer of a *patented* article cannot fix the resale price of his article by notice. In the so-called "Isotor Miles' Remedy" case the court, to all intents and purposes, decided that the maker of a *trade-marked* article cannot fix the resale price of his product by a *valid contract*.

The third decision was on the other side and was given by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington in the case known as the "Fisher Flouring Mills" case. It sustained a contract fixing the reselling price of a branded article. Among other things the court said:

"The true competition is between rival articles, a competition in excellence, which can never be maintained if, through the perfidy of the retailer who cuts prices for his own ulterior purposes, the manufacturer is forced to compete in prices with goods of his own production, while the retailer recoups his losses on the cut price by the sale of other articles at, or above, their reasonable price. It is a fallacy to assume that the price cutter pockets the loss. The public makes it up on other purchases. The manufacturer alone is injured, except as the public is also injured through the manufacturer's inability, in the face of cut prices, to maintain the excellence of his product. Fixing the price on all brands of high-grade flour is a very different thing from fixing the price on one brand of high-grade flour. The one means destruction of all competition and of all incentive to increased excellence. The other means heightened competition and intensified incentive to increased excellence. It will not do to say that the manufacturer has not interests to protect by contract in the goods after he has sold them. They are personally identified and morally guaranteed by his mark and his advertisement."

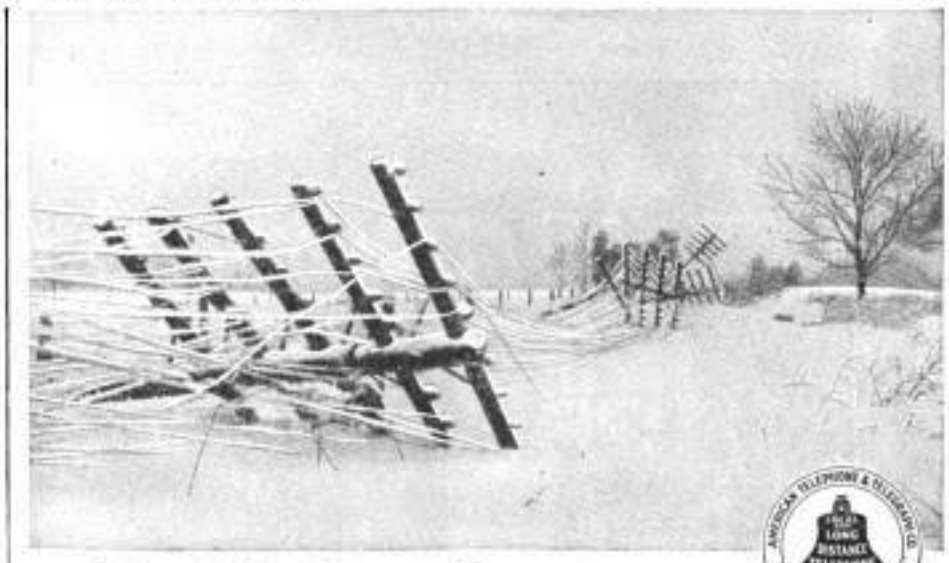
It is this decision that best represents the interest of sound business methods, the interest of that vague domain which the courts call "public policy," and the interests of the consumers of the United States.

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The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

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And How Goodyear Met Them

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We met this price trouble through multiplied output, new machinery, new efficiency. And by paring down our profits. No-Rim-Cut tires cost half what they used to cost. Their prices dropped 28 per cent last year. Yet they embody, as always, the best we know.

* * * * * *

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Our statistics on such tires show that 31.8 per cent are discarded for rim-cuts only. That means that this one trouble, where it exists, adds nearly one-third to one's tire bills.

No-Rim-Cut tires never rim-cut—that we guarantee. And the time-tested method we use to prevent it is employed in no other tire.

* * * * * *

Tires That Blow-Out

Most blow-outs are due to wrinkled fabric, buckled in the cure. This can be remedied by final-curing on air-filled fabric tubes. But the method is expensive.

No-Rim-Cuts are the only tires which get this exclusive "On-Air" cure. It adds to our cost $450,000 per year, but it prevents these needless blow-outs.

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* * * * * *

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On Goodyears alone you find the All-Weather tread. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. It is flat and smooth-riding and regular. It spreads the strains like a plain tread. It grasps wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

* * * * * *

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We have kept scores of experts working for years to attain lowest cost per mile. Their efforts have cost us $100,000 per year. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to compare in metered road tests. Now they all agree that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the present-day limit in this respect.

* * * * * *

Those are the reasons why Goodyears rule Tiredom—why they outsell any other tire. And why, every month, they are winning legions from other tires to Goodyears.

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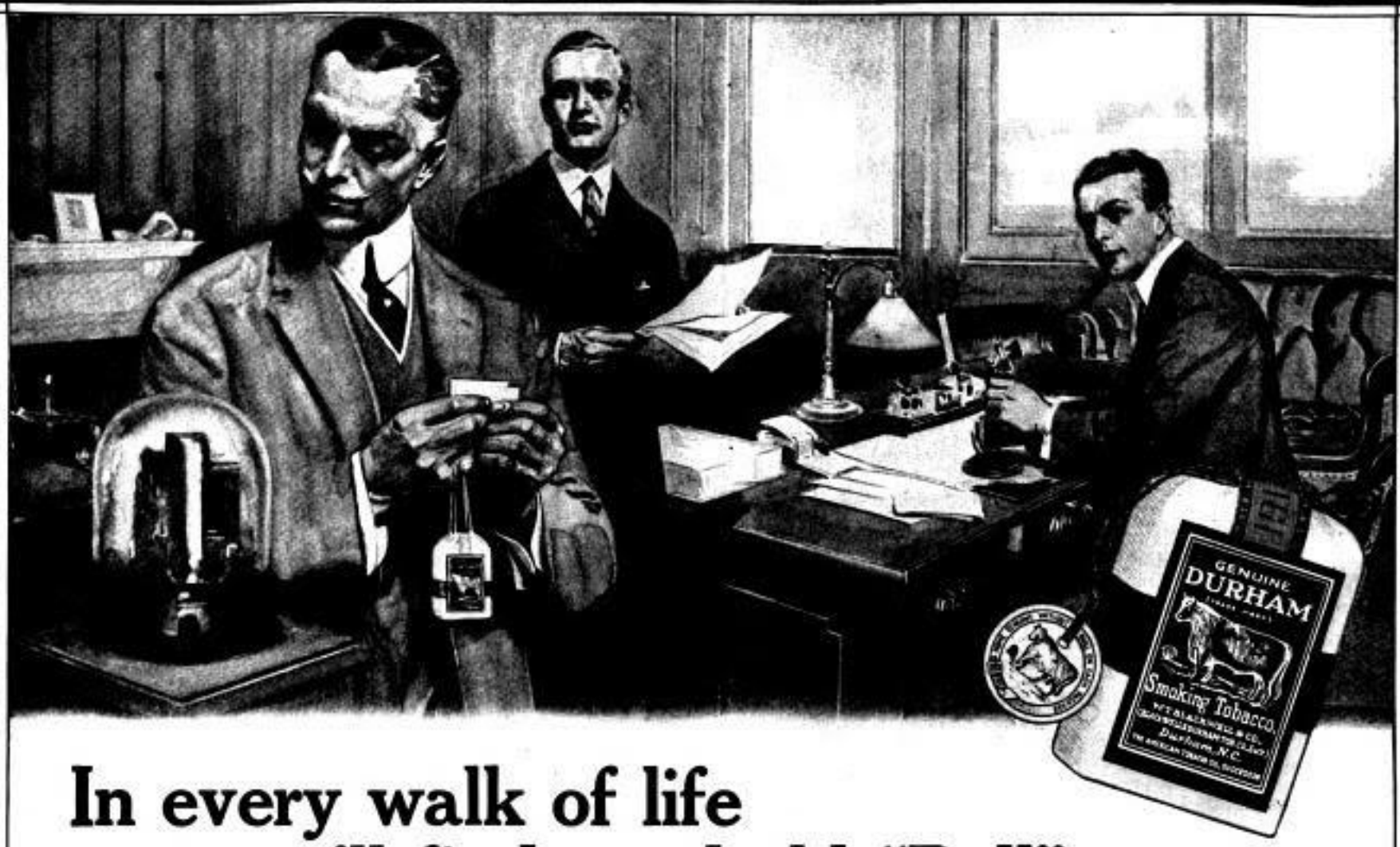


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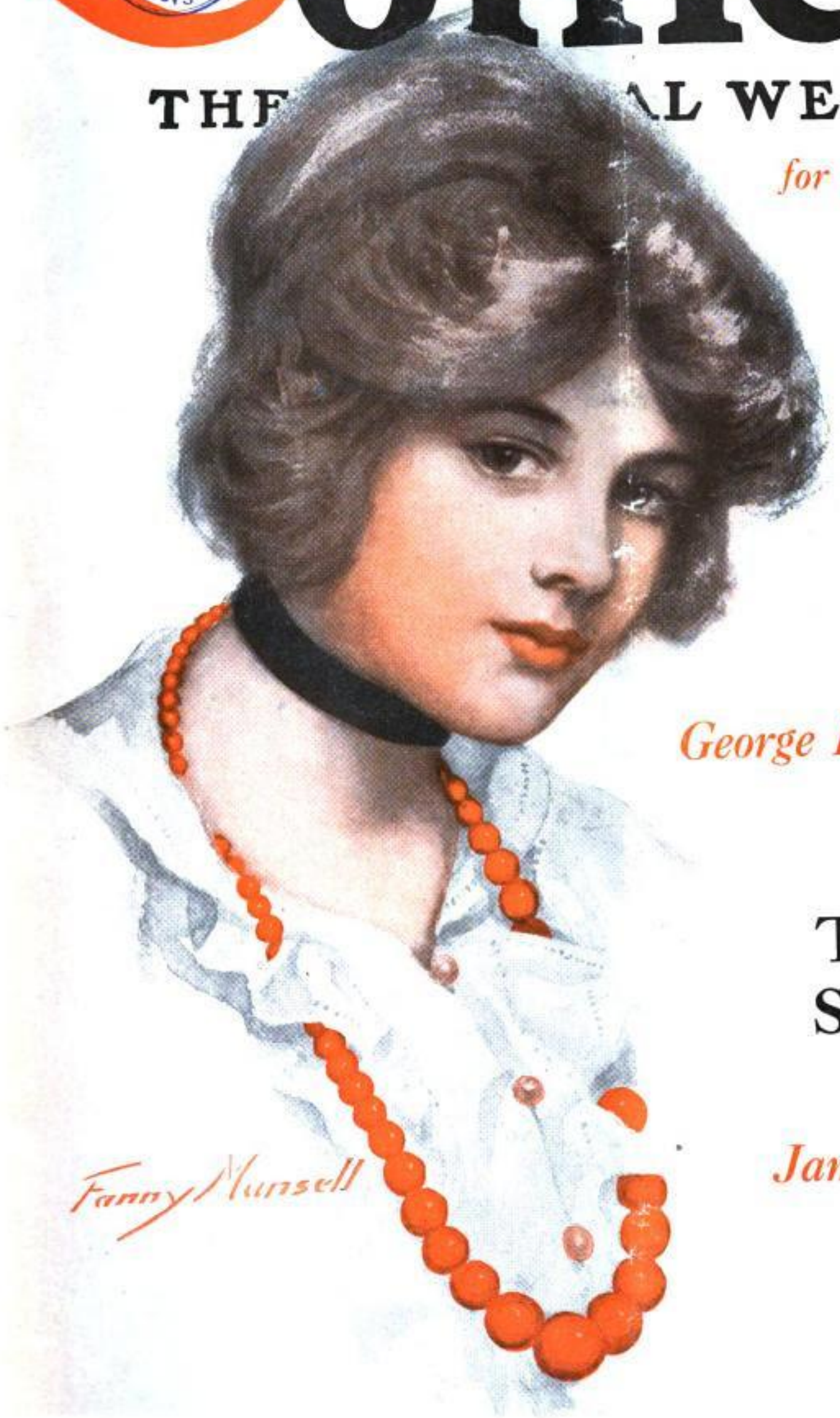
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for July 11, 1914



The Smash in the Ear

The First of a Series by

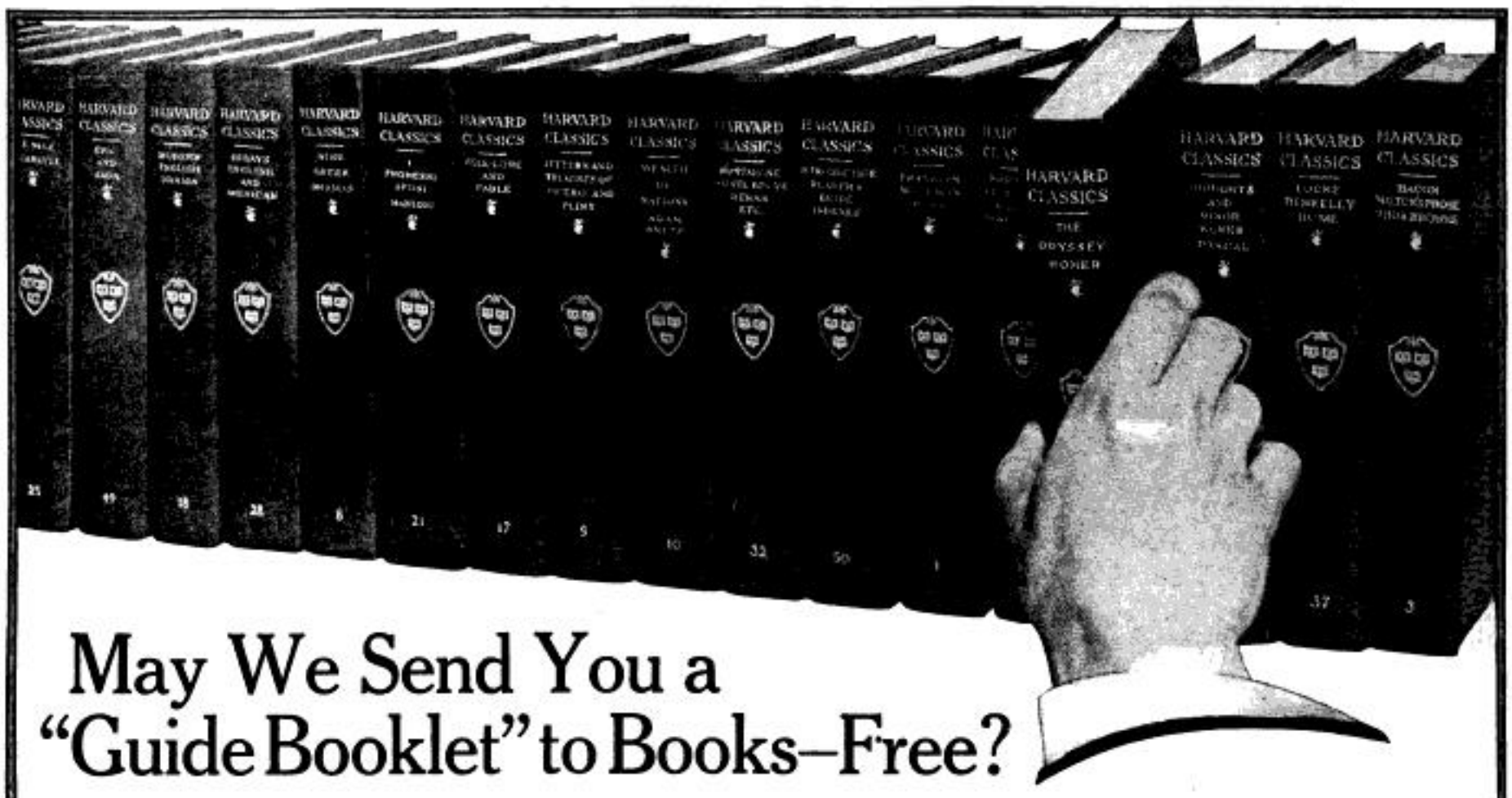
George Randolph Chester

The Fleet Stands By

By

James B. Connolly

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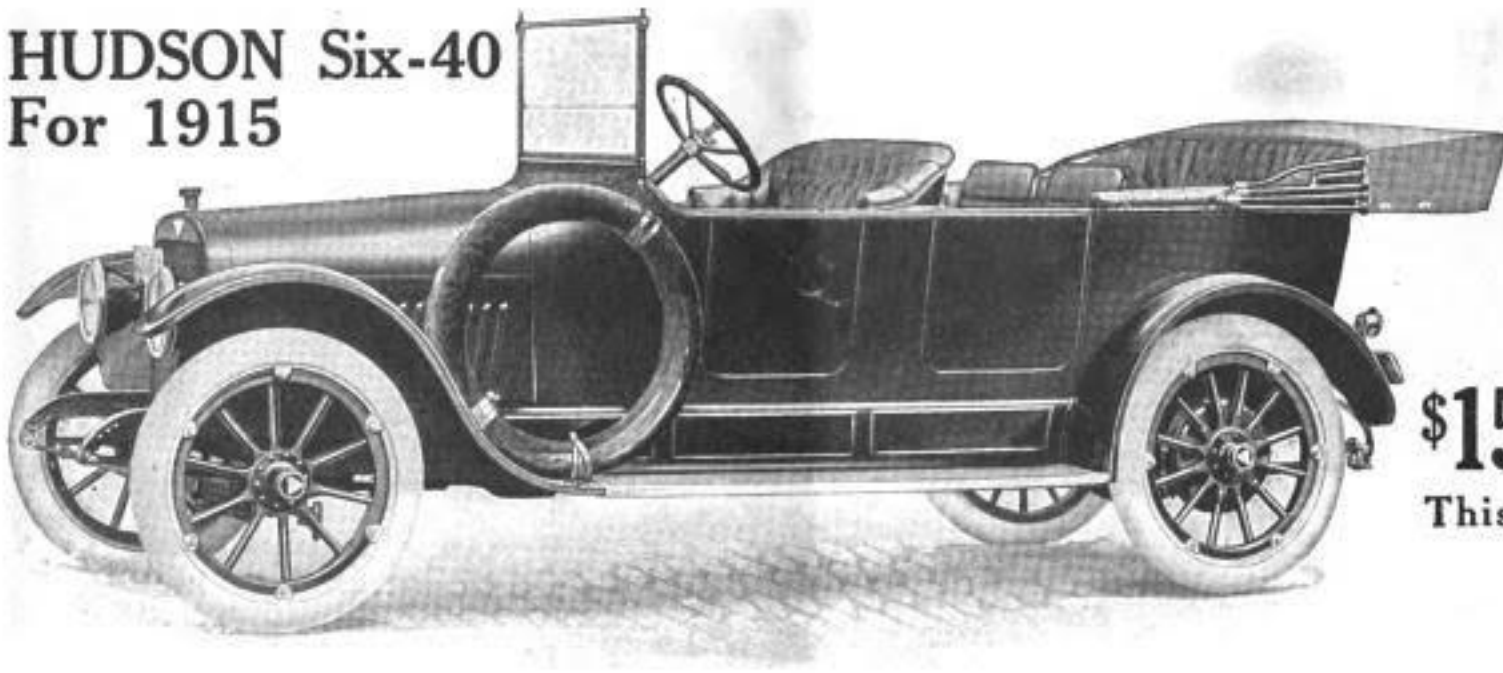
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HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



$1550 This Year

The Model Car

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 comes, we believe, pretty close to your model car. It reveals all the latest refinements. In big things and little, you will find it the typical modern car.

Most of you, for ten years, have watched Howard E. Coffin develop new standards in motor car designing. And his every innovation has led closer to your ideals.

The new-model HUDSON is the fruition. He and his 47 engineers have devoted four years to it. Men recognized it instantly as the coming type of car, and they ordered last year 3,000 more than we could build. Premiums as high as $200 were offered to obtain

Now comes the 1915 model with 31 refinements. We have trebled our output to cope with demands, and that lessens our cost $200 per car. **So last year's price of $1,750 is this year reduced to $1,550.**

Men's Changed Desires

Once the ideal was an oversize car, big, impressive and powerful. Now modest size is wanted. This HUDSON Six shows 47 horsepower—enough for any requirement. The 123-inch wheel-base gives ample room for the two extra tonneau seats.

Once the finest cars were heavy. But men knew less then about proper materials, and less about designing. Here is a car, as staunch as heavy old-timers, but weighing 2,890 pounds. By better materials and greater skill, we have saved you the weight of a car-full of people. Yet we have even added strength.

Once, in the best cars, operative cost was extravagant. Few men could stand the tax. Here, by matchless lightness and a new-type motor, we have made it very small.

Once the desirable cars were costly—way beyond the reach of the many. Today, this Six costs you but $1,550. Three years ago, not a Six was built to sell at less than twice that.

New Artistic Features

We have gained as much in luxury and art. Compare this exquisite HUDSON Six-40 with the cars of two years back. Note the flowing, unbroken lines, the excellent body finish, the hand-buffed upholstery, the invisible hinges—the countless touches which show infinite pains.

This car looks the thoroughbred. You will find none handsomer, none better equipped, none with more comforts and conveniences than this.

The Highest Type

The new HUDSON Six-40 in no way whatever sacrifices ideals to price. It is what we regard—what Mr. Coffin regards—as the highest type of a modern car.

In quality, beauty and equipment there is no way to excel it. In size and power it accords with present demands. Its lightness shows the finest materials and the highest skill in designing.

This is our masterpiece. The price is all the best need cost when built in enormous lots. If your tastes and your tendencies accord with the times, this is the car you'll want. For there is not, on these lines, a single rival in sight of it.

Phaeton, seating up to 7 passengers, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

Some 1915 Features

Two disappearing tonneau seats.
Gasoline tank in dash.
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Dimming searchlights.
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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 17 JULY 11 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Smash in the Ear

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

THE sleepiest town on the map was Winburg. Year after year the same old horse cars jangled their lazy way down Main Street, the same old city officials were reelected, and the same old stores sold the same old goods to the same old customers. On Saturday nights, from June to September, there was a band concert in Hero Square! People in Winburg grew up and became well to do in their several stations, and waxed fat around the belly, and died and were buried in the same old cemetery. It was a nice town, with its mossy gray stone buildings, and its modest spires, and its wide, straight streets shaded by tall elms and oaks; but it, too, seemed to have waxed fat as it grayed with the years; and in the fullness of time it might be expected to fold its plump hands on its plump stomach and placidly close its eyes and be decently interred as became its wealth and rank. One bright summer day something happened to Winburg. Sam and Ruth Arnold came home on a visit! For two weeks they reveled in the blissful peace and the picturesque beauty of the place, and then the habit of intense activity began to reassert itself.

THERE came an accidental hour when there were no relatives or neighbors at hand, and Sam found his best friend sitting on the back porch settee with her hands folded in her lap, gazing somberly down the hill at Winburg.

"Well, Ginger, what's the verdict on the old home town?" he asked, bending over her with that cordial familiarity which spoke of unmarred companionship.

"Guilty," Ruth flashed up at him, the dimples springing into her velvety cheeks, and she made room for him on the settee, where the sun glinted with apparent delight on their hair. Both were frankly red-headed. The difference was that he was blue-eyed and she black-eyed, and that Sam had freckles on his nose. "There's no place to go except the cemetery," she added; "and the only excitement they've had this year was a cat fight."

"It's a beautiful burg." Sam looked down over the lazy city its quaint old houses almost hidden in the green, and the shining river curving round it. At the bend the arches of the old gray stone bridge cast their long, white ovals on the water. "All it needs to make it perfect is about everything from a wave of crime to practical streets."

"Can't we give it a jolt and wake it up?" Ruth suggested, selecting a perfectly good red hair to pull out. The home visit was getting on her nerves. "The angel Gabriel will need a megaphone to wake Winburg. The town has the sleeping sickness."

"I wonder why. It's the richest city in the State."

"Yes; but every citizen carries the exact change for a two-cent newspaper. Winburg needs a smash in the ear."

"Let's do it." Ruth suddenly cocked her head on one side, and her lips parted in a smile of joy. "I smell cookies!" and she was gone in a flash.

When she returned, twenty minutes later, with some of the hot cookies on a cherished old cracked plate, Sam was standing at the edge of the porch, gripping the rail with his freckled hands and looking down over the city in deep thought.



"Well, Ginger, what's the verdict on the old home town?" he asked

"Guilty," Ruth flashed up at him

"Ginger, we've done a lot of traveling in four years," he observed, drawing her to him and taking a cookie. "We've been every place where they kept the lights burning, and always looking for opportunities." He bit off half a cookie. "Well, you found them," and she glanced up at him with admiration. "There's money in the bank."

"I'm going to shock you stiff." He ate the balance of his cookie with deliberation. "How would you like to settle down in Winburg?"

Ruth nearly lost her breath, but she was calm in all emergencies. She studied her husband soberly. He had an extraordinary scent for profit, a genius for promotion, a talent for quick operation. "Why?" she asked.

"To restore the old town to the face of nature! We can make it stay up until after midnight! We can give it dress suits, and gowns cut lower than the chin! We can force it to exercise its money! Ginger, the town's full of opportunities!" He tilted back her head and gazed into the depths of her black eyes. "Suppose we stay and start Winburg up an alley with an alarm clock tied to its tail?"

"WHY, it's Sam Arnold!" President Frazier of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank looked up with a puckered smile of welcome on his lips. There were a hundred tiny wrinkles on his face, and each wrinkle seemed to pinch in at the ends. "Back for a visit with the home folks?"

"No, I think I'll stay and promote a little," cheerfully announced Sam. "Winburg is fat with opportunities."

Henry Frazier put on his spectacles. The young man was not joking!

"Opportunities for what?" he wanted to know, and there was almost a snarl in the question.

"To make money," returned Sam, with a grin which somehow seemed to belong to his red hair and blue eyes. Even the freckles on his nose took part in the grin. "I want some of that money before a stranger comes along and peels it loose."

"Winburg is mighty conservative," boasted Frazier, rubbing his bald spot with the palm of his incurving hand.

"We'll cure that disease," said Sam briskly. "We'll have to make a spendthrift of the town. I want to circle the city with an auto speedway lined with flowers and fountains and monuments, so that the local joy riders can flit from park to park, from dusky eve to dewy morn, with electric lights blazing all the way! We'll—"

"Sam, what are you talking about?" and President Frazier reached hastily for his spectacles again. "Why, do you know how much that would cost this city?"

"Four or five million."

"Four or five million!" The spectacles were shut nervously in their case, as if they could be of no further use. "Why in the name of common sense do you want to do that?"

"To scare the town awake! Winburg hasn't a cent of bonded indebtedness, and when a town gets to that point, it's ready for the coroner. Put five million dollars in circulation and everybody will have money. Real estate will experience a boom, and that's why I'm here talking to you."

"Oh!" Banker Frazier leaned back comfortably in his swivel chair and folded his hands together.

"Before the City Council passes the appropriation we'll float a million-dollar company to control the real estate along the speedway," went on Sam, glowing with enthusiasm. "We'll tie up every foot of the land in a neat little knot, and

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when the boom comes we'll make a million or so for ourselves. I want you to head the stock-subscription list with a hundred thousand dollars. Your name is the solidest one in town, and I have to have it before—"

A queer gurgle interrupted Sam. President Frazier had thrown back his head, and now he suddenly began to laugh. The more he thought of it the more he laughed, and that was all Sam could get out of him; just laughter. Occasionally Winburg's solidest man stopped to get his breath, but at the first word relating to the five-million-dollar speedway he burst into fresh peals of cackling. Finally Sam left him, gasping for air, red in the face, and with every tiny wrinkle puckered into him like a staple. Ruth was at the gate to meet the promoter when he came home, and she was quivering with anxiety to ask him all about it; but when he took off his hat, and she saw the peculiar kink of his stiff, red hair, she knew the worst.

"Won't somebody else do?" she helpfully suggested.

THERE was a redhead amid the green leaves of the big apple tree back of the house, and there was a redhead in the hammock just below the tree. Ruth Arnold, in a white linen frock, was swinging contentedly and embroidering daisies on a scarf. Sam, smoking a savage-looking pipe up among the boughs, was spending the morning in profound cogitation; for he had seen six other local capitalists since his interview with Henry Frazier, and they had all been amused. Now it was time to think. He liked to have his wife near him while he "tussled."

As a boy Sam Arnold had been one of those for whom wire puzzles and jig-saw pictures are invented. As a man, he believed that the ninety-seventh or ninety-eighth failure was one of the necessary steps to success. Along about lunch time he dropped from the tree and sat beside Ruth in the hammock.

"Well, Ginger, there isn't a man in this town with an imagination which will stretch further than one thousand dollars," he told her. "I see I'll have to fall back on oratory."

The dimples flashed into her cheeks and she giggled. That was all; she just giggled.

"You never heard me make a fancy speech," he indignantly declared. "When I talk about money, I'm eloquent! If I can't get these investors to organize before the City Council agrees to spend that five million, I'll have to go after the City Council."

Ruth picked up her scarf and studied a petal in one of the daisies. "Do I know any members of the present City Council?"

"Same old trustles," and Sam's brows knitted. "Held in office because they're honest, and the way they keep from making mistakes is never to do anything. Mayor Whiffer still drives his team of plucked grays to the City Hall at 10.30 a. m. every other Thursday, and the City Council consists of old Doug Bare"—Ruth stuck her needle in the scarf—"C. J. Edwards"—Ruth rolled up the scarf and dropped it in her lap—"Otto Schonberg, Martin Stillup, Jim Robertson—" Ruth pulled out a gleaming red hair.

"Don't, Sam," she interrupted. "I see all the drivers of Winburg's funeral. About what could you make a speech to them?"

"Civic progress!" announced Sam defiantly.

There was a shriek from Ruth. She threw back her head and laughed almost as heartily as Henry Frazier had done, and the more she thought about it the more she laughed. She could see the dried-up little Mayor, and blocklike Alderman Bare, and leathery C. J. Edwards, and round-headed Otto Schonberg, and the rest of Winburg's most conspicuous conservatives listening to Sam's rousing speech on civic progress, and the sight was too much for human gravity. Sam kissed her dutifully when he started downtown.

WHEN he returned he kissed her apologetically. "Well, Ginger, I made that speech to-night," he informed her, with deceptive cheerfulness. She suppressed her giggle, while he led her around the house to the hammock. The moon was shining brightly over the placid city of Winburg and striking sapphire glints from the winding river. "Beautiful evening," he nonchalantly observed.

The giggle began to break loose.

"Have it out," he cordially invited her. "Have a good laugh. Everybody does."

Still laughing, she snuggled close to him in the hammock. "Now I guess they get the smash in the ear," she judged.

"A crook could make them beg for this speedway," he savagely declared, reaching for his pipe.

"Crooks are smart, aren't they, Sam?" mused Ruth. "Why can't their methods be applied to honest schemes?"

"By George, that's an idea!" and Sam was cheerful again. His eyes sparkled in the light of his match. "Ginger, suppose we think."

For twenty minutes they sat silently, gazing down at unsuspecting Winburg.

"Have you an idea, Sam?"

"No. Have you?"

"No."

Twenty minutes more. The frogs in Hilger's pond and the near-by tree toads and the katydids in the orchard sang their strident odes to the moon. Far away a mournful owl hooted, and then Ruth suddenly jumped from the hammock.

"I know how to start enthusiasm!" she excitedly told him.

"Shake, pal," he said, coming out of deep thought. "I have the smash."



"Why, hello, old chap!" hailed Sam with all the effusive cordiality of a confidence man. "I've been hunting for you everywhere." Charley Tinbury smiled with pea-eyed gratification. It was something to be hunted for everywhere!

JOHN FERRET was a long, lean farmer, with a high forehead and a thin nose and self-focusing eyes. There were three men at work in his fields, but John himself was astride one of the harrows when Sam Arnold added his red hair to the landscape.

"Would you like to sell your river-road land, Mr. Ferret?" called Sam, waiting for the harrow to make the turn near the fence.

"Whoa!" yelled the farmer, and, tossing the lines over the backs of his thick-rumped horses, he strode over and leaned his sinewy arms on the rail.

"What did you say?"

"Would you like to sell your river-road land?"

There was a snap in the self-focusing eyes.

"Would you like to buy it?"

"No," promptly returned Sam, with that laugh which displayed his even, white teeth and rounded his cheeks and set the freckles on his nose into acute prominence. "I'm incubating a buyer for it."

Ferret studied the young man shrewdly.

"Real-estate agent, eh?"

"No, I'm Sam Arnold; son of Gil Arnold."

"Oh, yes! Why, hello Sammy! Funny I'd forgot that hair, but I didn't know you since you've grown up," and then and there John Ferret gave a demonstration of why no stranger would ever waken Winburg. He looked into the clear eyes of Sam, and saw there the same blueness of Gil's; and Gil Arnold was a trustworthy man! Ferret shook hands with a grip like a hay hook. "Now, Sammy, why do you want my river-road land?"

Leaning on the fence, and talking as friend to friend, Sam explained his entire speedway project with glowing enthusiasm, even admitting that he hoped to make a large profit from it for himself.

JOHN FERRET stroked the big crease in each of his leathery, bronzed cheeks with a calloused thumb and middle finger, and looked speculatively down at the shining river. His was the high, rolling farm at the beautiful bend, but the land along the bank was not of much use for farming purposes.

"What's your proposition?"

"What's your land worth?"

"Five hundred an acre."

"I'll get you six if you'll give me an exclusive six months' contract to sell it for you on five per cent commission." Ferret put a clay-laden boot on the second rail of the fence, and, with a stiff thumb, pushed small pieces of bark from the top rail.

"Reckon I'd better stay out till the speedway's built," he considered.

"No, you don't, John!" laughed Sam. He knew the exact moment to clap a man on the shoulder. "I'm too old a bird in the promoting game to put my foot in the lime. If all you fellows don't come in, there'll be no speedway. Six hundred's a big price for the land, and you know it. You're getting part of the boom in advance. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Now sign this contract."

AGAIN Sam Arnold followed his shining freckles into the president's office of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank. Henry Frazier took off his spectacles at the sight of him and leaned back his head to laugh. Sam slammed his hat on the old, carved desk, and his red hair seemed to fairly spring up as if angry with confinement.

"I'll have them digging on that speedway before next spring," he declared, a flush creeping up in his cheeks and making his eyes particularly blue. He tossed a thick bundle of documents in front of Frazier.

"All right, Sam, all right," returned Frazier, still chuckling. "Mayor Whiffer was telling me about the speech you made before the City Council," and he threw back his head again.

"It was a highly humorous occasion," said Sam dryly. "One day I'm going to hold another session with those caked officials and do all the laughing myself. Frazier, here is control of 90 per cent of the property along the speedway. It represents real-estate commissions for me of over fifty thousand dollars as soon as you help me organize the Speedway Improvement Company."

President Frazier's wrinkles immediately relaxed. He sat up, wiped his eyes, put on his spectacles, and reached for the papers.

It was Sam's turn to smile. "I thought the mention of money would sober you," he said.

FRAZIER paid no attention to him. He examined three or four of the contracts, and estimated the weight of the balance. "You've been remarkably energetic," he conceded. "But what do you expect me to do with these contracts?"

"Be impressed," answered Sam. He had entirely regained his good humor, and the wave in his red hair was distinctly triumphant. "I brought these in to make a dent in your intellect, and I've succeeded. Frazier, you can make my work just twice as quick and half as hard if you'll head my subscription list now, in place of later on. If you'll come in immediately, I'll let you have your stock at seventy-five. If you wait, you'll pay par."

President Frazier rubbed his bald spot in vexation. Sam had disturbed him. He was becoming interested in this fool project in spite of himself.

"I don't intend to come in," he asserted, with a firmness inspired by fear. "Why, you're not any nearer than you were! You have this real estate tied up so that you can make a profit out of the boom if there is one; but to make the boom you must have the speedway, and the city won't give you that. Why do you pester me?"

"Because yours is the best name in town to head a subscription list," grinned Sam, rising, and shutting in his red hair. "I'm sorry for you, Frazier; you'll have to pay par."

"Well," considered Frazier, polishing his spectacles nervously, "I'd rather pay par for a sure thing than seventy-five for a speculation."

"That's why Winburg still has horse cars," commented Sam, picking up his contracts. "You won't be interested in anything until it's too late."

"I won't say I wouldn't be interested in an enterprise which was solid and substantial," and Frazier still polished. He was like a small boy at the edge of a cold creek. "But I never do let myself be coaxed into anything too quick."

"I don't intend to coax you in," grinned Sam; "I intend to push you in."

A RED streak flashed out from the house to meet Sam at the gate. The black eyes of Ruth were snapping as Sam swung her from the ground and set her down again.

"You have just kissed a president," she gayly told him, as, arm in arm, they made for the back porch.

"President Ginger of the Winburg Civic Art League!" he laughed. "Immense!"

"Hasty work, wasn't it, Sam?" she exulted. "It has only been three weeks since I proposed the idea of an art league to Mollie Stanton, and we organized this afternoon. We've started a campaign against the hitching posts in Main Street."

"What did they think of the speedway?" inquired Sam anxiously.

"Why, I kept that as my most precious secret," and there was infantile blandness in her round, black eyes.

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Sam studied her a moment in surprise, and then he grinned. "The smash in the ear don't work with the ladies, eh?" he guessed, as he fixed the cushions in her end of the porch settee.

"Indeed no," she dimpled. "Winburg's women have been kept from wanting anything for so long that their nerve must be developed gradually. I think it will take me about two weeks to make them dare to imagine the speedway."

"Then that's off my mind," and Sam, with a stretch of his tall body and long arms, dragged down his bulldog pipe from under a porch rafter. "Ginger, who is there in this town that has five thousand dollars and is a hopeless fool?"

"Charlie Tinbury!" The answer was explosive, it came so promptly, and it ended in a giggle.

"Good-by," and Sam reached for his hat.

"What are you going to do to Charlie?"

"Make him lucky. I've come to the point now where I need money for incorporating, advertising, and a red-carpeted office with a mahogany desk and two brass cuspidors; and it's against the rule, in this country, to use anything but sucker money for promotion."

"I can't understand that," puzzled Ruth.

"It's because you can't hand a wise man as big a profit as you can a womp," grinned Sam, and kissed her good-by.

HE FOUND Charlie Tinbury in the billiard room of the Hotel Winburg solemnly playing billiards with himself and keeping the score on alternate strings. He was a phenomenally thin young man, with a fuzzy mustache and a long nose and small eyes, and just now he was much distressed because his black string was fifteen points ahead of his white one; and he was betting with himself on the white!

"Why, hello, old chap!" hailed Sam with all the effusive cordiality of a confidence man. "I've been hunting for you everywhere."

Charlie Tinbury smiled with pea-eyed gratification. It was something to be hunted for everywhere!

"Thanks, old chap," he returned in an astounding bass voice considering his thin chest. "Have a drink?"

"I'm too busy, Charlie," refused Sam, and taking Mr. Tinbury by the wrist, he led him four feet from where they were then standing, as if the new spot were more secretive. "Charlie, I'm organizing the most progressive company which was ever floated in Winburg. Now, you're a live young business man!"

Charlie blinked and pulled at his fuzzy mustache. He seemed to have an eternal hope that if he pulled persistently enough he might stretch that mustache into flamboyant luxuriousness.

"Yes," he granted. His sole business in life was to evade the tannery his father had left him.

"That's the reason I came to you! You'll appreciate a good sporting proposition! This company is for a million dollars! If you'll take twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock in advance of incorporation, I'll let you have it for twenty per cent; five thousand dollars!"

Charlie knitted his brows in severe thought, and plucked at both sides of his fuzz.

"Suppose the company falls through?"

"Then you'll lose like a good little sport!" and Sam slapped him on the shoulder. "But you won't lose, Charlie. I've told you the conditions; now I'll tell you the scheme. You run your own car, don't you?"

CHARLIE smiled until his eyes themselves seemed to pucker. "I have the only six-cylinder automobile in this county!"

"And no place to run it!" Sam took off his hat and thrust his fingers through his red pompadour. He drew Charlie impulsively to a chair beside him. "Oh, you'll like this!" and then and there he painted that auto speedway, every inch. He not only painted it; he built it, with all its wide, smooth macadam, and all its flowers and monuments and fountains, its summer hotel at Hilger's Lake, and its numerous roadhouses. When he finished, Charlie Tinbury, his pale hair streaming, was riding on it at fifty-seven miles an hour, taking the curves on one wheel and passing everything on the road!

"And you may be one of the incorporators, my boy!" concluded Sam, gripping the wrist of Charlie with enthusiasm. "Understand, one of the incorporators!"

"When—when would you want the money?" gasped Charlie. The speed had made him breathless.

"Now!" and Sam jumped up. "You bank at the Winburg National, don't you? I have one of their check blanks in my pocket if you haven't your book with you. Here's a fountain pen."

Half an hour later Sam was uncovering his red hair in Frazier's office and illuminating the dingy old room with his cheerful grin. Frazier began polishing his spectacles as soon as he saw Sam.

"I suppose you've brought your stock subscription list," he observed with an attempt at banter.

"Not for your signature. You're too late to get in on the ground floor. I've another proposition for you. Next week we open the books of the Speedway Improvement Company to popular subscription, in ten-dollar shares. Will the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank become the custodian of the funds received for the stock, these funds to remain on deposit, at interest, until the company is completed and the speedway appropriation is voted?"

President Frazier put on his spectacles and pondered deeply, and, as he pondered, his thin lips puckered into a wrinkled smile.

"There seems to be no flaw in that proposition," he admitted.

"Flaw?" and Sam caged his hair with his hat. "If it was an apple, you'd eat it!"

THE new speedway! Placid old Winburg awoke with a shock to the consideration of that mighty project, and the awakening was distressing. Winburg did not want anything. It did not want to want anything. It had dwelt in fat content for a hundred years amid its gray stones and its moss, its oaks and its elms. Young Winburg had been active, ambitious, aggressive; middle-aged Winburg had been prosperous, thrifty, proud; old Winburg, heavy with its goods and chattels, and sleek with its honors, wished for nothing but to sit in the sun. Now, all at once, it was asked to get up and dance and be young again; to start life all over!

Who wanted the new speedway? And what was it? A broad, macadamized roadway to stretch straight out Maple Avenue, with expensive electric lights blazing, ten miles into the country. Why, it was proposed to have those big, pearl-like globes glow all night long! Who'd use them after nine o'clock? Who!

THAT matter of the electric lights was the one thing which Winburg could not comprehend; but it was the one thing which kept the topic alive to agitated discussion. The flowered and shrubberied parkway, the monuments, the fountains, the beautiful views, all these fell within the reach of the imagination, though in an unreal sort of way; but Winburg could not grasp the amazing thought of those thousands of electric lights blazing all night away out there in the country! Alas for the peace of Winburg! She had within her citizenry one class of malcontents of whose existence she had never been aware. All Winburg's bright and ambitious young men had moved away shortly after they began to shave; but Winburg's bright and ambitious young women had been compelled to stay at home. It was these whom Ruth Arnold, with fully as much sympathy as calculation, gathered into the Winburg Civic Art League; and it was these who saw immediately, and with almost tearful gratitude, the joy of those thousands of electric lights burning all through the night away out in the country. They saw at once that the retiring hour of Winburg would change from 9 p. m. to 1 a. m.

WITH the eye of romance they fashioned new programs for the evenings which were now so dull—a smooth spin in the cool night air, over roads so even that it was like being wafted in a swift aeroplane; a stop at a gleaming roadhouse, with its broad piazzas overhanging the water; music, life, gayety, pretty frocks, and a place to wear them! Suddenly the Winburg Civic Art League became a vociferous power! Armed with the desperate resolves which come with sudden emancipation, it clamored so vehemently for the speedway that its voice was heard from park to park and from river to pond.

It appropriated the public print for its forum, and the newspapers, which had long neglected the ladies, except to mention them in a casual and patronizing way, now found some mysterious force impelling them to give the ladies and their wants serious consideration and generous space. The newspapers, too, sober and content and placid, like the bearded city fathers, were dazed by the revolution and found themselves, without quite knowing why, bristling with adjectives about the new speedway.



President Frazier sat up, wiped his eyes, put on his spectacles, and reached for the papers. It was Sam's turn to smile. "I thought the mention of money would sober you," he said

IMMEDIATELY after the Winburg Civic Art League had exploited its enthusiastic feelings, Sam Arnold went to the five newspapers with an extremely rare and precious five hundred dollars for each of them, and bought advertising space to that amount.

By George, the ladies had been right! The speedway was an improvement which would do more to quicken the commercial activity of Winburg than all the combined factors of the past hundred years! Had it not already turned five hundred dollars of solid cash into the coffers of each newspaper? Was not this a direct, tangible evidence of commercial progress? Hurrah for the speedway! Hurrah for Winburg's Civic Art League! Hurrah for Sam Arnold! Hurrah for everything! There had not been so much hurrahing in the public print since the days of the Civil War!

The solid and well-to-do investors of the city paid no attention to all this chimerical gush. Their cash was comfortably located in 3 per cent bonds, or 5 per cent mortgages, according to a man's fears or his activities. But the five hundred dollars' worth of advertising in each of the five papers was not designed to appeal to the solid, conservative investors. It appealed, in large black type, to the people, for this was essentially a people's movement! A man could invest as low as ten dollars in a share of Speedway Improvement stock, and as high as a hundred; and for his stock he could secure a hold on a home site in the North Road subdivision. Safe, too; perfectly safe! The Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank, over the signature of President Frazier, guaranteed the security of every dollar! Either the company was completed, the money invested in positive profit-bearing real estate and the speedway built, or else the money was to be returned at the end of six months by the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank, plus 4 per cent interest. And the stock could be bought at the bank! It was like a savings account, with a beautiful big gamble attached. Everything to gain and nothing to lose!

PRESIDENT FRAZIER looked up in surprise at the man who came in with Sam Arnold. He was a broad-jawed, mottle-faced old Irishman who for years had been the forlorn leader of the distressed and discredited minority party, but in whom the years of disappointment had left no bitterness. Hope sprang anew in him every spring and fall. "Good morning, Tim," said Frazier with scant cordiality, and he looked wonderingly at Sam.

"Morning, Governor," husked Tim Cassidy, and sat down diffidently in the chair furthest from the desk, where he ran his stubby fingers through and through the fringe of crisply curly gray hair at the back of his neck.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" asked Frazier, polishing his spectacles and smiling his puckered smile. If Sam had done nothing else, he had brought to the bank a host of small investors, most of whom would remain as depositors.

"Hand me a bouquet and my share of the profits," and Sam's red hair seemed to have an extra wriggle in it as he laid his hat on the desk. The freckles on his nose were unusually in evidence to-day. "I want you to agree to vote me, at the first stockholders' meeting of the Speedway Improvement Company, 10 per cent of the stock for my services in promotion."

Old Tim Cassidy nodded his head and smiled admiringly at Sam, while President Frazier put on his spectacles.

"I don't see what I have to do with it," he said.

"You will have," rejoined Sam. "I'm ready for you to come in to the company"

(Concluded on page 27)

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Where the Story Begins

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THANK God we have no class distinctions in America! And having rejoiced accordingly, let us consider the Savarin-Splendide Hotel.

Your car stops at the entrance. An attendant, disguised as an Admiral of Horse Marines, helps you to descend. You cross the sidewalk under a canopy and a page in buttons revolves a squirrel door to make your entrance dignified.

You enter the foyer. Another attendant, liveried like a Cubist impression of a royal footman, bows with grace and leads you to the desk. You register, or your secretary does it for you, while two human beings deploy in the distance with your hand baggage and try to appear unconscious of their plum-colored shorts.

Presently you prepare yourself for dinner. If you have left your body servants at home, a liveried maid or valet will help you to dress. You dine—a magnificent ceremony—and when you have dined you saunter along the Splendide's promenade and look bored at the other bored products of democracy who have given the promenade its name of the billion-dollar parade.

Past the Louis Quatorze drawing room you saunter, past the Arabian room, past the entrance to that labyrinth which leads to the café, past the music room, past the afternoon tea room, and then as you draw near to the crush in the grand lobby you pass the little shop where literature and theatre tickets are sold at the usual Splendide premium. And in that little shop, surrounded with plate glass like the business floor of a lighthouse we will dally a while and concern ourselves, for that's where the story ends.

LIKE a lighthouse overlooking the promenade—there's a happy thought. And the lamps in the little shop were kept burning by two wise virgins, rather more haughty than Catherine de' Medici would have been if she had been twins and had spent her life in charging nickels for one-cent evening papers.

The first virgin was named Lizzie. Wherefore she called herself Beatrice. In her professional character she talked with a drawl which incited old ladies to murder. In her hours of ease, however, she returned to the language of childhood with that same blessed sense of relaxation which is generally associated with old slippers, old corsets, and old friends.

The second virgin was named Edna, and though she might just as well have called herself Heloise, or Alyss, or Jardinière, or some other pretty name, she stuck to the call of Edna. This marks her at once as an unusual character, but we will return to that later. For the present we will content ourselves with listening to the conversation of Beatrice and Edna, who are all alone in the little shop and quite unconscious of the fact that history is taking notes.

"GEE, I'm tired!" said Beatrice, yawning widely behind Caruso's lithograph. "Say, Edna, look at that fat old dame in the evening dress. Wouldn't that jar you?"

"S'long as nothing jars *her*," said Edna, looking. "I should worry— Say, you're giving me the gapes, too. Quit it."

"Looks like a butcher shop togged up for Christmas; don't she? Huh?"

"Wasser-matter, Bea?"

"I was justa thinking."

"Does it hoit?"

"My, but you're witty! Honest, though, I was thinking how I felt when I first come here. I thought it was going to be romantic. What d'you thinka that?"

"Romantic! Rats!"

"Well, didn't you think so yourself?"

"Sure I did. Cheese it— I beg your pardon, sir. Two orchestra seats for the Herald Square to-morrow night? Here are two very good seats—eighth row, center aisle. Five dollars. Thank you."

She watched Beatrice sell two popular novels to a woman in black and yellow velvet, and again the glass doors closed upon the little shop.

"She's some chicken in the black and yellow; believe me!" murmured Beatrice.

"Ye—eh," said Edna. "Trying to look like a tiger. Got romantic notions the same as we used to have. But she has to take it out in novels, and little Willy has to take it out in theatre tickets, because there's nothing doing in real life. Whatcher staring at? Got a mash?"

"Mash nothing. It's that goil again."

"What goil?"

"The goil that looks like you."

"Is she rubbering at me again?"

"Yep. Peeking through the palm. That's three nights running she's done it. Dressed in sables, too, if I know what sables is; and just comes into rubber and then chases off again. Gee whiz, Edna; she's coming in! Don't look!"

The glass doors opened and a girl in furs walked slowly to the counter behind which Edna was making up her daily accounts.

THEY were indeed remarkably alike in figure and features. But the girl in furs looked uncomfortable while Edna was the acme of aristocratic assurance.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl in furs, "but you leave at half past eight; don't you?"

In her subconscious mind, Edna replied: "Huh huh." But aloud she answered: "At eight-thirty. Yes, madam."

"Then could you—would you mind—er—having a cup of tea or something with me? I—I want very much to talk to you."

Edna looked at her with more surprise than haughtiness.

"Sure," she said. "I'll be outside on the corner in just about five minutes."

The girl in furs drew a long breath which sounded like relief.

"You're very kind," she murmured. "I'll be waiting there—in a car."

She hurried, almost ran from the little shop, and the two wise virgins faced each other, flabbergasted quite.

"Now what d'you thinka that?" muttered Bea.



"I beg your pardon," said the girl in furs, "but you leave at half past eight; don't you?"

EDNA left the employees' entrance and made her way toward the limousine which was standing near the corner. In her ears Beatrice's warning was still echoing with an ominous crescendo: "You never can tell, Edna. Look out for white slavers and 'essile fem's. Maybe it's just a trick to get you in a car and chloroform you. A goil can't be too careful nowadays."

As Edna approached the car the door opened and the girl in furs looked out.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here," she said. "Come in."

"If it's all the same to you," said Edna, "I'd rather walk. I don't feel like riding to-night."

"But, my dear, I have such a lot to say to you. And I don't want anybody to overhear it."

"That's all right. We can go over to the Cheltenham and get something to eat. There won't be many in the dining room." They crossed the street to the Savarin-Splendide's great rival, and after Edna had ordered a Welsh rabbit, a pot of chocolate, and a charlotte russe, she nodded to her hostess. "All right," she said, "any time."

"Dear me, I hardly know where to begin—"

"Why don't you try the beginning?" asked Edna. "It's as good a place as any."

"Very well, my dear, I will. But please try to give me a little sympathy, because I'm in a dreadfully awkward position."

"Sure," thought Edna. "I've got no call to give her the frozen face. She never did nothing to me." And so she smiled a little. "I'm ready," she said.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said the other, looking down at the cloth. "I spent last summer at North East Harbor and there I made the acquaintance of a young man. I did this under very—er—unconventional circumstances—"

"What d'you mean?" asked Edna. "He picked you up?"

"PICKED me up?" repeated the girl with furs. "What an odd expression! What do you mean?"

"Did he say it was a nice night and ask if you were going for a walk?"

"Oh, I see! No; not quite like that. I dropped my handkerchief and he picked it up and then he walked along with me."

"Sure," said Edna with a wise look at her Welsh rabbit. "They always walk along with you."

"But, you understand, it was really an accident; my dropping the handkerchief."

"Sure," said Edna with a wiser look than before. "It's always an accident."

"And then I met him again—oh, by the purest accident!—and after that we seemed to meet rather frequently. In fact—er—"

"In fact, all the time," remarked Edna.

"My dear, we did; yes. And, somehow, you know, I thought I liked him."

"Ye-eh," said Edna reflectively. "You've got to be careful or that sometimes happens, too."

"But, you understand, all our meetings were—were—"

"On the quiet?"

"My dear, you have such a way of putting things! But he lived in a very cheap boarding house, while



Edna nodded to her hostess. "All right, any time." "Dear me, I hardly know where to begin—" "Why don't you try the beginning?" asked Edna

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We have our cottage there. And, in fact, he had no clothes, so we simply couldn't meet socially."

"Not if he had no clothes," said Edna, pouring out another cup of chocolate. "It might have made talk."

"Exactly. And meeting him that way, it seemed so romantic. It was preposterously silly, of course. We exchanged photographs and wrote each other poetry, and there was some silly talk about a ring."

"Did you get the ring?"

"My dear, yes."

"Huh! He meant business all right; didn't he! Most of these Johnnies talk love till they're hoarse, but they never say 'Peep' about a ring. But maybe it's a five and ten. Got it with you?"

THE other girl searched her handbag and found a small gold ring set with a modest diamond.

"No," said Edna, examining it. "Woolworth's never saw that."

"Does it fit you?"

"Fine," said Edna, slipping it on.

"All right, wear it," said the other. "Now let me see. Where was I?"

"You were saying he gave you this ring."

"Oh, yes. And the next week we returned to the city, and I began to see how silly—how perfectly silly—I had been! Of course he thinks we're engaged. But I—I—"

"You want to shake him?"

"I would hardly put it that way. But I think you know what I mean."

"Why don't you send him his ring, then, and tell him to go chase himself?"

"Oh, my dear! I'm sure he wouldn't take it. I'm sure he wouldn't go. He's the most persistent sort of person: you've no idea. And, to make it worse, he's in the theatrical profession, and I'm just as sure as anything that it isn't myself he loves. It—it's my money."

"You've got a lot of money?" asked Edna.

"A horrible lot. I'm Miss Florence Kies, you know."

Edna made a gesture of deep interest with a spoonful of charlotte russe. "Are you the hundred million-dollar deb-you-tant?" she asked.

"ISN'T it ridiculous!" nodded Miss Kies. "Of course it's a frightful exaggeration, but they call me that in some of the papers. I came out last month and—and you know it's simply tragic—the way this other thing's hanging over me. And besides I've—I've met a—"

"You've met a feller you like better?" asked Edna, her cool eyes on the other's embarrassed face.

The hundred-million-dollar débutante nodded again and looked more embarrassed than ever.

"And you think I can help you?" asked Edna.

"Yes, and I would make it most tremendously worth your while. The moment I saw you in the Savarin Splendide— Do you know, my dear," she broke off, "that you look an awful lot like me?"

Edna nodded this time. "Funny; isn't it," she said. "Like looking in a mirror."

"Exactly. And that's my plan. You see, Ronald never met me except when I was alone—"

"Is his name Ronald?"

"Yes."

"Some floss."

"And for all he knows, I might have been Miss Kies's maid, using her name and her stationery and everything like that."

"And stringing him along; sure."

"Well, a few days ago I got a letter from him that he's coming to see me. He'll be in New York the day after to-morrow, and I want to know if you'll meet him instead."

EDNA thought this over.

"Ronald's nothing to me," she said at last. "No; I don't want to meet him."

"But wait till I tell you," pleaded the other. "I want you to be my maid for a few days—I'll pay you anything you wish. And when he comes to the house I want you to meet him in the servants' sitting room and tell him you were deceiving him in North East Harbor and that you're only

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The Loot and the Lieutenant

By Will Adams—Part II

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

AFTERWARD, when Stone tried to analyze those next few moments, he could get nothing clearly. It was all a jumble—a lump in the throat, a dazzle in the eyes, a song in the heart, a vision of a girl in blue, with golden hair, hugging Hilary—that rotter—hugging desperately, convulsively. The sound of a voice—a sweet voice that trembled with suppressed feeling—that put all the relief and happiness and joy of the world into the two oft-repeated words: "Oh, I am so glad! So glad! So glad!"

Stone was glad, too—a great upsurge of feeling brought the blood to his brain and a singing in his ears. And he had been pitying Hilary in a remote, untouched way which he had thought sympathetic enough at the time! Now this rescue was suddenly alive, vital. Was there anything else in the world to do but to get the girl away from this cursed place? Suppose they hadn't come! His soul turned sick. Suddenly he was aware of the girl's eyes staring straight into his and of Shorty's voice, a thousand miles off, saying: "This is Mr. Stone, your brother's lieutenant."

He must have made some sort of salutation, for the next thing he was aware of was the girl's voice.

". . . I had given up hope; I had given up praying. It seems that I have been here years and years, only I know it can't be on account of the sky up there. There's only been one night."

"And we'll have to light out of here quick before there's another," said Shorty.

"Wait one minute," said Miss Hilary. She went to the right, into the shadow near the wall, where there was a basket of food, a jug of water, and a sleeping mat. From under the mat she took something and came back to them.



Just as he reached the hole, from which came savage cries of rage, a hideous black head emerged. Gripping his rifle by the barrel, Stone brought the butt crashing down with all the energy of his strong young arms

"THE head man gave me this," she said. "He tried to make me understand something, but I couldn't. I was so frightened, but just before he left he opened the ball in the idol's hand there, took this out, and hung it around my neck." In her hand was a small woven-grass case hung on a string of small fresh-water pearls.

"Pearls!" cried Shorty.

"But see inside!" She opened the case, unwrapping something from a covering of soft fiber, and there, on her outstretched palm, lay an enormous, oval, delicately pink pearl. A roseate glow, a faint flush, seemed to lie in all the atmosphere that encircled it.

"By golly!" cried Shorty, "the Eye of Dawn!"

The men were crowding around to look, and many were the exclamations and sharp-drawn breaths.

"I don't know what it is," said Miss Hilary, giving a little shiver, "but there's something about this thing that frightens me just to look at it. I can't bear it: the very sight of it turns me sick." She turned her face away. "I've heard how some jewels exert influences over people, and I know this is—it must be—one of the great jewels of the world, but—oh! I couldn't bear to keep it on me."

"It's some jewel all right," said Shorty. "It's just about the most perfect specimen of the *Strombus gigas* ever seen—but how it could have got *here!* And how they could have kept it there in that idol's ball so long, so living, so *well!*" He came out of his meditations suddenly and gave a keen glance around. With the exception of Madge Hilary, who's gaze was still averted, and Stone, who was looking intently at her face, everyone's eyes were centered on the rosy oval that still lay in her outstretched palm, and on every face but that of Bob, who looked with interest only, was written greed and acquisitiveness. Hilary's lips were curled back at one corner in a little canine snarl, while the eyes of one of the privates were dilated until the black pupil almost covered the iris.

"Good Lord!" thought Shorty. "Looks like more trouble. I always heard that these big jewels got some folks' goat completely and raised Cain all along the line, and now I'm goin' to see somethin' of it or I'm much mistaken. Cover it up and hang it round your neck, Miss Hilary," he said abruptly.

"But I don't want it, Captain; let me put it back. It's a shame to loot it."

"Loot!" cried Shorty. "Loot nothin'! They gave it to you, didn't they? Don't you put it back. Not on your life! Don't you know what that will mean to you after we get out of this? Slip the thing down under your blouse if you don't want to see it. Now tell me quick, 'cause we don't want to waste any more time, is there any other way out of here except the way we came in?"

MADGE HILARY obediently hung the pearl chain around her neck and slipped the case inside her blouse as Shorty suggested. ("Safest place in the world for it to stop immediate trouble," thought he.) "No," she answered. "Oh, I am sure there isn't! Haven't I searched and searched?"

"All right, then," quoth Shorty crisply. "Corporal Hilary, take a man and watch the doorway; we mustn't be surprised. Stone and you, Sergeant, and you men get this throne down off the platform and drag it over under the hole in the ceiling."

"Going out that way?" said Stone.

"It's the one best bet," said Shorty.

They lifted the heavy throne off the dais and dragged it to the center, then began on the dais itself. The men worked well: they knew they were in peril and wanted to be away.

"If only they hadn't seen that damn pearl!" thought Shorty. "*Hoare!*" he called aloud as they all lifted at one edge of the dais. It came up and stood on edge, and they all but fell into a shallow sort of pit beneath—a pit that was full almost to the brim with fresh-water pearls. Hundreds and thousands—*bushels* of them there were: the gatherings and hoardings of centuries!

"GOOD Lord!" gasped Shorty, pulling out his foot that had slipped in ankle deep and shaking it as a cat does after walking in the wet. "For God's sake, where did all these come from?"

"Rivers?" asked Stone.

"No, there wasn't a sign, for I looked. Never mind; here, men," with a quick thought, "fill your pockets. You're entitled to *some* loot, only be quick about it." He thought: "This'll take their minds off the Eye—"

"The Major—" began Stone.

"To hell with the Major! Excuse me, Miss Hilary. I rank you, don't I? I'm responsible for the order. Take some yourself."

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"No, thank you," said Stone.

"Time to quit now, men," warned Shorty, and reluctantly they rose from their knees and dragged themselves away, spilling pearls from gorged pockets at every step. The dais was placed under the hole, the throne with the high carved back upon it, but there still remained about five feet of space unbridged.

"That's all right," said Shorty. "Sergeant, you go up first, you're big enough to make it easily. We'll hold your feet steady on the top part of the back while you get a handhold."

Up went Battle-Ax Bob. "All right," he called back. "And I can see the launch. Hurray!"

"Stand by to help up Miss Hilary," said Shorty. "Then wigwag 'em to send a boat inshore immediately."

BUT Miss Hilary had happened to be poking in the pearl pit and now gave a startled exclamation. "There's something here," she called; "under the pearls. It looks like rope."

"Fine!" exclaimed Shorty, rushing over with Stone. They dragged it out, and it was indeed a rope of heavily twined hemp—what was more, it had something like a huge hook of some fossilized substance fixed firmly at one end of it.

"Why!" cried Stone, "this couldn't be better if it was made to order for getting out of this hole. I say, I wonder if that's what the little yaps used it for?"

"Five—ten—fifteen feet," measured Shorty. "Golly, hombre, you've hit it! Now you go hand Miss Hilary up to the Sergeant while I get the kinks out of this, so the rest of us can get up quicker than by wiggling."

They stood together in the spacious seat of the great throne under the opening that let a flood of light down upon her golden hair. She smiled into Stone's face as he put his arms around her and lifted her up to Bob, who was waiting above. It took but a moment, but the nearness of her and the dearness of her turned him giddy.

"You next," said she, looking down, but Shorty came up with the rope and clambered into the throne, too.

"Hi, Sergeant!" he called.

THE head of Battle-Ax Bob appeared in the opening. "It's all right, Captain. They answered my first wag. I'll signal for the boat, but God knows how we'll get down to it, the cliff's sheer drop."

"Umph!" grunted Shorty, reaching up. "Here, take this thing and hook it in something strong."

Bob reached down a scarred arm. "Gee! Why, here's the very thing; sort of a bar thing. Might have been made for it."

"It was," grunted Shorty. "Now, everybody up! You men from the door there, come!"

BOB had the field glasses. "I see a native boat comin' from the south," he announced. "Probably the chief comin' home. We'll have to hustle." Miss Hilary gave a movement of uneasiness and most unaccountably drew closer to Lieutenant Stone instead of to her brother.

"Good job they can't see the launch from the lay of the land," said Shorty. "Haul up that rope. We don't want any trailers, and, besides, we'll need it."

They found themselves on a level plateau between three and four hundred yards square, towering high above the rest of the island. Upon every side the cliff fell sheer.

"By golly!" said Shorty, slapping his thigh, "I believe we've bunkoed 'em. Looks to me like we came the only way up. That place to the other side there, where we fell from onto the guards, is the highest you can get except through the hole."

"Only way up, all right," said Stone rather ruefully. "Only way down, too. How are we ever goin' to get Miss Hilary out of this awful mess?"

"Keep your shirt on, hombre—excuse me, Miss Hilary, not used to ladies about. Just you trust to Little Willie. Now it's me for a reconnoissance. And say, everybody flop down; they might be able to see the tops of our heads from the barrio. I don't say they can for sure, but they *might* pick us up—Gu-gus have eyes like hawks. I'll be back pronto," and off went Shorty, bent almost double on his hasty reconnoissance.

STONE lay by Miss Hilary in the rank grass. The plateau was covered with lush green growth and occasional small, clumpy bushes whose name they did not know, but never a large tree or even a tall sapling reared itself upward through the verdure save one lone, wide-girthed sentinel that on the sea edge stood gaunt and firm. So there was no shade and the sun was very hot up there on the mountain's crown. To the north lay the glittering sea, and Bob pointed. "There's the launch, miss." He peered through his field glasses. "The boat's overside and comin' in, but God knows how we're goin' to get to her. This rope we've got ain't near long enough. It's almost a three-hundred-foot drop—sheer."

"Some one else knows, too," said Stone, loyal as ever. "Captain Campbell does. He says so, and that's final. If *he* says it, it's so. But I must say I surely would like to know what he's got up his sleeve."

Bob moved nearer the sea edge and left the two separated from the rest. Stone turned to Madge Hilary reassuringly. "Don't you worry. The Captain'll get us on the launch all right. This sun is too much for you, Miss Hilary, without a hat. You must take mine."

"Nonsense, Mr. Stone, I've twice as much hair on top of my head as you have."

"You'll take it," he insisted quietly. "You've got to do what I say."

SOME fine chord between them vibrated. She obeyed him. "We're in a tight place, but you mustn't worry. Shorty'll get us out. We're goin' to get out all right. Your troubles will soon be over," he repeated soothingly.

"All but one. This—this *dreadful* pearl. I can't stand it on me." She pulled at the pearl string about her neck and up came the Eye of Dawn in its little case. "Take it—please take it," she begged.

Stone took it slowly. "I'll carry it for you, of course. When we get to the post I'll give it back. It's yours. But, I say, hadn't you better let your brother carry it? Won't he think it funny that you give it to me?"

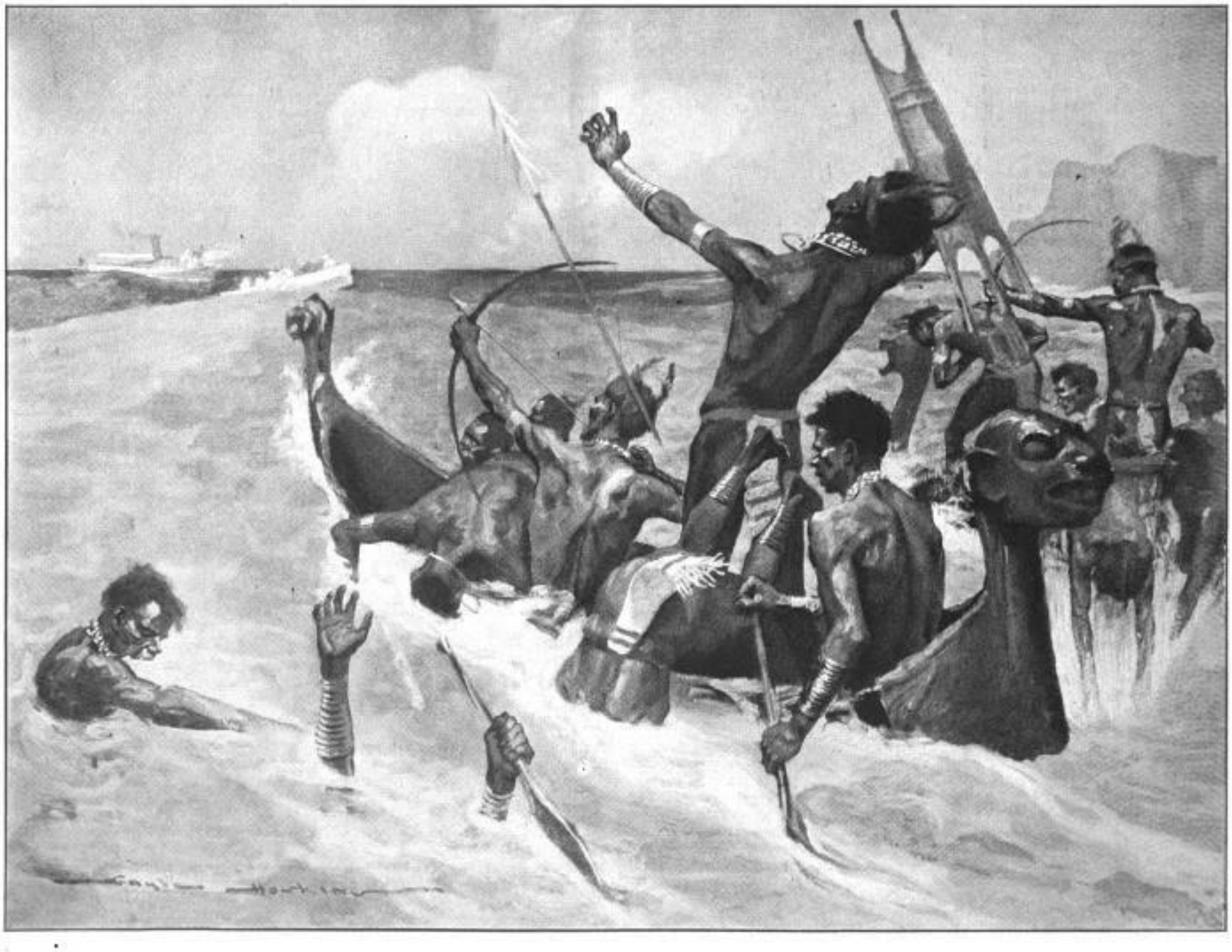
"No," she said slowly; "he won't think it funny."

"Why?" said Stone, but he rose to his knees and stowed the jewel safely in an inside pocket.

"He knows," she answered gravely, "that while I never acted to him as the rest of the family have, I don't trust him. He's all right in most things, but once—" There came a faint sound behind them.

"Gee!" exclaimed Stone, springing to his feet. "Bob Hilary, *quick!*" He grabbed a rifle and sprang toward the hole up which they had come. "Timmins, go get the Captain," he called as he raced back.

JUST as he reached the hole, from which came savage cries of rage, a hideous black head emerged. Gripping his rifle by the barrel, Stone brought the butt crashing down with *(Continued on page 24)*



"That's the chief in the lead," said Shorty. "Never saw him before." They let out a cloud of arrows, but we weren't in range for those yet

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Bealby

Beauty in Distress—Chapter IV

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THEY (William and Bealby) found the ladies rather, it seemed, by accident than design waiting upon a sandy common rich with purple heather and bordered by woods of fir and spruce. They had been waiting some time and it was clear that the sight of the yellow caravan relieved an accumulated anxiety. Bealby rejoiced to see them. His soul glowed with the pride of chocolate resisted and William overcome. He resolved to distinguish himself over the preparation of the midday meal. It was a pleasant little island of green they chose for their midday pitch, a little patch of emerald turf amid the purple—a patch already doomed to removal, as a bare oblong and a pile of rolled-up turfs witnessed. This pile and a little bank of heather and bramble promised shelter from the breeze, and down the hill a hundred yards away was a spring and a built-up pool. This spot lay perhaps fifty yards away from the highroad and one reached it along a rutty track which had been made by the turf cutters. And overhead was the glorious sky of an English summer, with great clouds like sunlit, white-sailed ships, the Constable sky. The white horse was hobbled and turned out to pasture among the heather and William was sent off to get congenial provender at the nearest public house. "William!" shouted Mrs. Bowles as he departed—shouting confidentially into his ear: "Get your clothes mended?"

"Eh?" said William.

"Mend your clothes?"

"Yah! 'E did that," said William viciously, with a movement of self-protection, and so went.

Nobody watched him go. Almost sternly they set to work upon the luncheon preparation as William receded. "William," Mrs. Bowles remarked, as she bustled with the patent cooker, putting it up wrong way round so that afterward it collapsed—"William—takes offense. Sometimes I think he takes offense almost too often. . . . Did you have any difficulty with him, Dick?"

"It wasn't anything, miss," said Bealby meekly.

Bealby was wonderful with the fire lighting and, except that he cracked a plate in warming it, quite admirable as a cook. He burned his fingers twice—and liked doing it; he ate his portion with instinctive modesty on the other side of the caravan, and he washed up—as Mr. Mergleson had always instructed him to do. Mrs. Bowles showed him how to clean knives and forks by sticking them into the turf. A little to his surprise, these ladies lit and smoked cigarettes. They sat about and talked perplexingly. Clever stuff. Then he had to get water from the neighboring brook and boil the kettle for an early tea. Madeleine produced a charmingly bound little book and read in it, the other two professed themselves anxious for the view from a neighboring hill. They produced their sensible spiked walking sticks such as one does not see in England; they seemed full of energy. "You go," Madeleine had said, "while I and Bealby stay here and make tea. I've walked enough to-day." . . .

SO BEALBY, happy to the pitch of ecstasy, first explored the wonderful interior of the caravan: there was a dresser, a stove, let-down chairs and tables, and all manner of things, and then nursed the kettle to the singing stage on the patent cooker, while the beautiful lady reclined close at hand on a rug.

"Dick!" she said.

He had forgotten he was Dick.

"Dick!"

He remembered his personality with a start. "Yes, miss!" He knelt up, with a handful of twigs in his hand and regarded her.

"*Well*, Dick," she said.

He remained flushed adoration. There was a little pause and the lady smiled at him an unaffected smile.

"What are you going to be, Dick, when you grow up?"

"I don't know, miss. I've wondered."

"What would you like to be?"

"Something abroad. Something—so that you could see things."

"A soldier?"

"Or a sailor, miss."

"A sailor sees nothing but the sea."

"I'd rather be a sailor than a common soldier, miss."

"You'd like to be an officer?"

"Yes, miss—only—"

"One of my very best friends is an officer," she said, a little irrelevantly it seemed to Bealby.

"I'd be a norficer like a shot," said Bealby, "if I 'ad 'arf a chance, miss."

"Officers nowadays," she said, "have to be very brave, able men."

"I know, miss," said Bealby modestly. . .

The fire required attention for a little while. . . .

The lady turned over on her elbow. "What do you think you are *likely* to be, Dick?" she asked.

He didn't know.

"What sort of man is your stepfather?"

Bealby looked at her. "He isn't much," he said.

"What is he?"

Bealby hadn't the slightest intention of being the son of a gardener. "'E's a law writer."

"What! in that village?"

"'E 'as to stay there for 'is 'ealth, miss," he said. "Every summer. 'Is 'ealth is very pre-precocious, miss." . . .

HE FED his fire with a few judiciously administered twigs.

"What was your own father, Dick?"

With that she opened a secret door in Bealby's imagination. All stepchildren have those dreams. With him they were so frequent and vivid that they had long since become a kind of second truth. He colored a little and answered with scarcely an interval for reflection. "'E passed as Mal-travers," he said.

"Wasn't that his name?"

"I don't rightly know, miss. There was always something kep' from me. My mother used to say: 'Artie,' she used to say, 'there's things that some day you must know—things that concern you. Things about your farver. But poor as we are now and struggling. . . . Not yet. . . . Some day you shall know truly—*who you are*.' That was 'ow she said it, miss."

"And she died before she told you?"

He had almost forgotten that he had killed his mother that very morning. "Yes, miss," he said.

She smiled at him, and something in her smile made him blush hotly. For a moment he could have believed she understood. And indeed she did understand, and it amused her to find this boy doing—what she herself had done at times—what indeed she felt it was still in her to do. She felt that most delicate of sympathies, the sympathy of one rather overimaginative person for another. But her next question dispelled his doubt of her, though it left him red and hot. She asked it with a convincing simplicity:

"Have you any idea, Dick, have you any guess or suspicion, I mean, who it is you really are?"

"I wish I had, miss," he said. "I suppose it doesn't matter, really—but one can't help wondering. . . ."

How often he had wondered in his lonely wanderings through that dear city of daydreams, where all the people one knows look out of windows as one passes and the roads are paved with pride! How often had he decided and changed and decided again!

NOW suddenly a realization of intrusion shattered this conversation. A third person stood over the little encampment, smiling mysteriously and waving a cleek in a slow, hieratic manner through the air.

"De-licious lill 'corn,'" said the newcomer in tones of benediction.

He met their inquiring eyes with a luxurious smile. "Licious," he said, and remained swaying insecurely and failing to express some imperfectly apprehended deep meaning by short peculiar movements of the cleek.

He was obviously a golfer astray from some adjacent course—and he had lunched.

"Mighty Join you," he said, and then very distinctly, in a full, large voice: "Miss Malleleine Philps." There are the penalties of a public and popular life.

"He's *drunk*," the lady whispered. "Get him to go away, Dick. I can't endure drunken men."



But he was no longer a trivial Bealby—his soul was purged, he was a strong and silent man, ready to explode into generous repartee or nerve himself for high endeavor

She stood up and Bealby stood up. He advanced in front of her, slowly with his nose in the air, extraordinarily like a small terrier smelling at a strange dog.

"I said Mighty Join you," the golfer repeated. His voice was richly excessive. He was a big, heavy man with a short-cropped mustache, a great deal of neck and dewlap, and a solemn expression.

"Frup. Be'r. Introzuze m'self," he remarked. He tried to indicate himself by waving his hand toward himself, but finally abandoned the attempt as impossible. "Ma Goo' Soch't Poshishun," he said.

BEALBY had a disconcerting sense of retreating footsteps behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Miss Philips standing at the foot of the steps that led up to the fastnesses of the caravan. "Dick," she cried with a sharp note of alarm in her voice, "get rid of that man."

A moment after Bealby heard the door shut and a sound of a key in its lock. He concealed his true feelings by putting his arms akimbo, sticking his legs wider apart, and contemplating the task before him with his head a little on one side. He was upheld by the thought that the yellow caravan had a window looking upon him. . . .

The newcomer seemed to consider the ceremony of introduction completed. "*I* done care for *goff*," he said, almost vainglorously.

He waved his cleek to express his preference. "*Natua*," he said with a satisfaction that bordered on fatuity.

He prepared to come down from the little turfy crest on which he stood to the encampment.

"'Ere!" said Bealby. "This is private."

The golfer indicated by solemn movements of the cleek that this was understood but that other considerations overrode it.

"You—you got to go!" cried Bealby in a breathless squeak. "You get out of here."

The golfer waved an arm as who should say: "You do not understand but I forgive you," and continued to advance toward the fire. And then Bealby, at the end of his tact, commenced hostilities.

He did so because he felt he had to do something and he did not know what else to do.

"Wan' nothin' but frenly conversation sushus cus-

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tu'ry wehavel peel," the golfer was saying, and then a large fragment of turf hit him in the neck, burst all about him, and stopped him abruptly.

He remained for some lengthy moments too astonished for words. He was not only greatly surprised but he chose to appear even more surprised than he was. In spite of the brown-black mold upon his cheek and brow and a slight displacement of his cap, he achieved a sort of dignity. He came slowly to a focus upon Bealby, who stood by the turf pile grasping a second missile. The cheek was extended scepterwise.

"Replace the—Divot."

"You go orf," said Bealby. "I'll chuck it if you don't. I tell you fair."

"Replace the—*Divot*," roared the golfer again in a voice of extraordinary power.

"You—you go!" said Bealby.

"Am I t'ask you—third time? Reshpect—Ross. . . . Replace the Divot."

It struck him fully in the face.

He seemed to emerge through the mold. He was blinking but still dignified. "Tha'—was intentional," he said.

He seemed to gather himself together. . . .

THEN suddenly and with a surprising nimbleness he discharged himself at Bealby. He came with astonishing swiftness. He got within a foot of him. Well it was for Bealby that he had learned to dodge in the village playground. He went down under the golfer's arm and away round the end of the stack, and the golfer with his force spent in concussion remained for a time clinging to the turf pile and apparently trying to remember how he got there. Then he was reminded of recent occurrences by a shrill, small voice from the other side of the stack.

"You gow away!" said the voice. "Can't you see you're annoying a lady? You gow away."

"Nowish — 'noy anyone. Pease wall wirl."

But this was subterfuge. He meant to catch that boy. Suddenly and rather brilliantly he turned the flank of the turf pile, and only a couple of loose turfs at the foot of the heap upset his calculations. He found himself on all fours on ground from which it was difficult to rise. But he did not lose heart. "Boy—hic—scow," he said, and became for a second rush a nimble quadruped.

Again he got quite astonishingly near to Bealby, and then in an instant was on his feet and running across the encampment after him. He succeeded in kicking over the kettle and the patent cooker without any injury to himself or loss of pace, and succumbed only to the sharp turn behind the end of the caravan and the steps. He hadn't somehow thought of the steps. So he went down rather heavily. But now the spirit of a fine man was roused. Regardless of the scream from inside that had followed his collapse, he was up and in pursuit almost instantly. Bealby only escaped the swiftness of his rush by jumping the shafts and going away across the front of the caravan to the turf pile again. The golfer tried to jump the shafts too, but he was not equal to that. He did in a manner jump. But it was almost as much diving as jumping. And there was something in it almost like the cavorting of a Great Horse. . . .

When Bealby turned at the crash, the golfer was already on all fours again and trying very busily to crawl out between the shaft and the front wheel. He would have been more successful in doing this if he had not begun by putting his arm through the wheel. As it was, he was trying to do too much; he was trying to crawl out at two points at once and getting very rapidly annoyed at his inability to do so. The caravan was shifting slowly forward. . . .

IT WAS manifest to Bealby that getting this man to go was likely to be a much more lengthy business than he had supposed.

He surveyed the situation for a moment, and then, realizing the entanglement of his opponent, he seized a camp stool by one leg, went round by the steps and attacked the prostrate enemy from the rear with effectual but inconclusive fury. He hammered. . . .

"Steady on, young man," said a voice, and he was seized from behind. He turned—to discover himself in the grip of a second golfer. . . .

Another? Bealby fought in a fury of fear. . . .

He bit an arm—rather too tweedy to feel much—and got in a couple of shinners—alas! that they were only slippered shinners!—before he was overpowered. . . .

CUFFED, crumpled, disarmed, and panting Bealby found himself watching the careful extraction of the first golfer from the front wheel. Two friends assisted that gentleman with a reproachful gentleness, and his repeated statements that he was all right seemed to reassure them greatly. Altogether there were now four golfers in the field, counting the pioneer.

"He was after this devil of a boy," said the one who held Bealby.

"Yes, but how did he get here?" asked the man who was gripping Bealby.

"Feel better now?" said the third, helping the first-comer to his uncertain feet. "Let me have your cleek o' man. . . . You won't want your cleek. . . ."

Across the heather, lifting their heads a little, came Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Gestige, returning from their walk. They were wondering whoever their visitors could be.

And then, like music after a dispute, came Madeleine Philips, a beautiful blue-robed thing, coming slowly with a kind of wonder on her face, out of the caravan and down the steps. Instinctively everybody turned to her. The drunkard with a gesture released himself from his supporter and stood erect. His cap was replaced upon him—obliquely. His cleek had been secured.

"I heard a noise," said Madeleine, lifting her pretty chin and speaking in her sweetest tones.



Bealby advanced in front of her, slowly with his nose in the air, extraordinarily like a small terrier smelling at a strange dog. "I said Mighty Join you," the golfer repeated

She looked her inquiries. . . .

She surveyed the three sober men with a practiced eye. She chose the tallest, a fair, serious-looking young man standing conveniently at the drunkard's elbow.

"Will you please take your friend away?" she said, indicating the offender with her beautiful white hand.

"Simly," he said in a slightly subdued voice. "Simly coring."

EVERYBODY tried for a moment to understand him.

"Look here, old man, you've got no business here," said the fair young man. "You'd better come back to the clubhouse."

The drunken man stuck to his statement. "Simly coring," he said a little louder.

"I *think*," said a little bright-eyed man with a very cheerful yellow vest—"I *think* he's apologizing. I *hope* so."

The drunken man nodded his head. That among other matters.

The tall young man took his arm, but he insisted on his point. "Simly coring," he said with emphasis. "If—if—done*eran*' me to cor. Notome. Nottot. . . . Mean' say. Nottot tat-tome. Nottotome. Orny way—sayin' not-ome. No wish 'trude. No wish 'all."

"Well, then, you see, you'd better come away."

"I *ax*' you—are you *tome?* Miss—Miss Pips." He appealed to Miss Philips.

"If you'd answer him—" said the tall young man.

"No, sir," she said with great dignity and the pretty chin higher than ever. "I am *not* at home."

"Nuthin' more t'say then," said the drunken man, and with a sudden stoicism he turned away.

"Come," he said, submitting to support.

"Simly orny arfnoon cor," he said generally and permitted himself to be led off.

"Orny freely cor . . ."

For some time he was audible as he receded, explaining, in a rather condescending voice, the extreme social correctness of his behavior. Just for a moment or so there was a slight tussle, due to his desire to return and leave cards. . . .

He was afterward seen to be distributing a small handful of visiting cards amid the heather with his free arm, rather in the manner of a paper chase—but much more gracefully. . . .

Then decently and in order he was taken out of sight. . . .

BEALBY had been unostentatiously released by his captor as soon as Miss Philips appeared, and the two remaining golfers now addressed themselves to the three ladies in regret and explanation.

The man who had held Bealby was an aquiline, gray-clad person with a cascade mustache and wrinkled eyes, and for some obscure reason he seemed to be amused; the little man in the yellow vest, however, was quite earnest and serious enough to make up for him. He was one of those little fresh-colored men whose faces stick forward openly. He had open, projecting eyes, an open mouth, his cheeks were frank to the pitch of ostentation, his cap was thrust back from his exceptionally open forehead. He had a chest and a stomach. There, too, he held out. He would have held out anything. His legs leaned forward from the feet. It was evidently impossible for a man of his nature to be anything but clean-shaved. . . .

"Our fault entirely," he said. "Ought to have looked after him. Can't say how sorry and ashamed we are. Can't say how sorry we are he caused you any inconvenience."

"Of course," said Mrs. Bowles, "our boy servant ought not to have pelted him."

"He didn't exactly *pelt* him, dear," said Madeleine. . .

"Well, anyhow our friend ought not to have been off his chain. It was our affair to look after him and we didn't. . . .

"You see," the open young man went on, with the air of lucid explanation, "he's our worst player. And he got round in a hundred and twenty-seven. And beat—somebody. And—it's upset him. It's not a bit of good disguising that we've been letting him drink. . . . We have. To begin with, we encouraged him. . . . We oughtn't to have let him go. But we thought a walk alone might do him good. And some of us were a bit off him. Fed up rather. You see, he'd been singing—would go on singing . . ."

He went on to propitiations. "Anything the club can do to show how we regret. . . . If you would like to pitch—later on in our rough beyond the pinewoods. . . . You'd find it safe and secluded. . . . Custodian—most civil man. Get you water or anything you wanted. Especially after all that has happened. . . ."

Bealby took no further part in these concluding politenesses. He had a curious feeling in his mind that perhaps he had not managed this affair quite so well as he might have done. He ought to have been more tactful-like, more persuasive. He was a fool to have started chucking. . . . Well, well. He picked up the overturned kettle and went off down the hill to get water. . . .

What had she thought of him? . . .

In the meantime one can at least boil kettles.

ONE consequence of this little incident of the rejoicing golfer was that the three ladies were no longer content to dismiss William and Bealby at nightfall and sleep unprotected in the caravan. And this time their pitch was a lonely one with only the golf clubhouse within call. They were inclined even to distrust the golf club. So it was decided, to his great satisfaction, that Bealby should have a certain sleeping sack Mrs. Bowles had brought with her and that he should sleep

(*Concluded on page 30*)

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The Fleet Stands By



By James B. Connolly

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

IT HAS been night, but in a moment the red sun rolls up from the oily, undulating tropic Gulf, and it is day. Landward, the yellow night lights grow dim; there is a moment of haze and vapor and then the city—a pink and white city, with here and there a touch of cream and blue—emerges from above the breakwater and the harbor front. A quartermaster of the watch steps up to the officer of the deck and, saluting, says: "Two bells, sir."

"Strike two!" says the officer of the deck; and the quartermaster strikes them; and, striking them, seems also to strike a sharp double stroke from every other ship in the harbor; for what is happening on one ship is happening also on every other ship in the harbor. The double strokes echo all about us.

A quartermaster of the watch steps up and, saluting, says: "Quarter past five, sir." And the officer, saluting, says: "Tell the bugler to sound reveille."

And the seagoing bugler sends the morning call echoing up and down the passageways and across the quiet waters; and presently from out of hammocks, from off gratings, from under the bilges of triced-up boats, of the overhangs of turrets—from a blanket or hammock, or wherever a curled-up body could fit, they come rolling out—the slumberers of a battleship's crew; and from other battleships, colliers, cruisers, gunboats, supply ships, repair ships, destroyers, and what not, the same insistent call is ringing and the reluctant sleepers also turning out to greet the tropical morning sun.

The Top of the Day

BETWEEN decks the morning coffee is being served, and soon up topside the stimulated watch is washing down decks. Before the torrential charge of the hose division the last lingering deck slumberer is routed out; before, not one, but half a dozen big hose; and in rear of the hose division come a battalion of scrub brushes and squeegees, the same manned by barefooted lads with white trousers rolled to the knee.

The market boat, which is the second steamer, is cleared away and brought to gangway, a half dozen Filipino stewards take position in the stern sheets, and away she goes to bring back what they may gather from the early morning market in Vera Cruz.

The washed-down, scrubbed, and squeegeed planking is drying out, white and beautiful under the mounting sun. Mess gear sounds, and the breakfast call. Joyous sounds! Below rush the men, every soul that is not on watch; and by and by reappear, and, leaning comfortably over for'ard and 'midship, leisurely pick their teeth or smoke while they descant on the fortunes of the city before them.

It is ten minutes to eight. The marine band takes station on the afterdeck. Two bluejackets come aft and make fast the ensign to the jack-staff halyards. "Eight bells!" says a messenger; the officer of the deck says "Make it so" to him and "Colors!" to the band. The four double strokes ring out, and with the first stroke of them the band begins the immemorial two bars of our national hymn, and the two bluejackets slowly hoist the ensign to the truck of the jack staff.

An absent-minded, and possibly a lonesome, young recruit is staring lackadaisically toward the city. "Colors!" snaps a shipmate at him, and the young recruit also suddenly freezes to attention—head up, arms at side, and eyes on the mounting emblem. With the last note the flag comes into place, officers and men salute, and once more resume the loose, half-lounging bearing of the man-o'-war's man.

The band plays on. There are half a dozen foreign warships in the harbor. The band plays the national hymn of each. Some of them—as "God Save the King," "The Marseillaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein"—they play well; some others not so well.

Mail from Home—65 Bags Full

GUN crews appear and begin to polish up their charges; the big 14-inch turrets begin to revolve; signal boys are wigwagging with their little square flags; a squad of marines begin their morning heliograph practice. Some of them seem to be making hard work of it—probably raw recruits; a hydroplane sails serenely by over our heads. The business of the day is on.

A staff officer steps out from the Admiral's cabin and says a word to the officer of the deck, who salutes, says "Aye, aye, sir," and gives the order which casts loose the Admiral's steam barge, with the two gold stars on its bow, from the 'midship boom, the marine band to the quarter-deck, six side boys and a chief bosun's mate to the gangway. The Admiral appears, and as he nears the rail the brasses fanfare and the drums roll—three ruffles for an admiral—the bosun pipes—three long, curling, corkscrew pipes—the side boys salute, the officer of the deck salutes, and the admiral, two of his staff preceding, goes ceremoniously over the side. He is off, as the regulations provide, to call on other admirals of the fleet.

A quartermaster on the bridge has been balancing a long glass across the rail before him. "A steamer standing down from the north, sir," he suddenly hails. The officer of the deck is interested. He brings his own long glass into play.

"She's raisin' fast. Looks like a destroyer, sir," hails the lookout again.

She is a destroyer, the officer sees, and raising fast, with a ridge of sea water showing bone-white before her. "Maybe the mail runner from Galveston," says the watch officer hopefully.

And so she turns out to be, as her signal flags inform us in good time—from Galveston with sixty-five bags of mail from home. Mail from home? Thousands of eyes look kindly on her as she whips her way through the fleet to her anchorage. She wigwags a signal before yet the ripples are gone from where her anchor is dropped. "No ice aboard—can you let us have some?" To which the chief engineer, somewhere down in the bottom of the ship, upon being questioned, barks up: "For the mail destroyer? Sure we can! How much she want?"

Whereupon the mail destroyer answers: "A hundred pounds. Thanks. Will send our boat at once."

Coaling—an Ancient and Dirty Institution

THE sun is straight overhead, the sky clear of clouds, the air motionless. Ensigns, blue peters, and signal flags droop on jack staffs and halyards. From out of the stacks the black smoke comes straight up and then—drops in soot and ashes on the nice clean decks. The shining brasses are blinding to look at; even the gray-blue war paint seems to glare in the sunlight. Men on watch seek the shade of the small boats, of the turrets, of deck houses. Men in bare feet step lively where their business calls for a traversing of metallic surfaces. A wonderful number seek to see their duty under the fore-'s'le awning and to do it there.

Three brutes of colliers of the new 12,000-ton type, looking, with their great cranes topside, more like so many Brooklyn Bridges than like the steamers of tradition, are tied up to as many battleships. We are glad it is not we who are coaling ship this day in the tropics. It is fifty feet from the coamings to the bottoms of those collier hatches, and down there in those black pits the sun is pouring, while men from whom the sweat is pouring in black streams are trimming away, while the big dippers are scooping down and hoisting up and dropping a ton at a filling on to the ship's deck.

And on the ships, officers and men in dungarees are having the problem of stowing that coal, shoveling it through near and far-away holes in the deck, down to where other men and officers in dungarees will be crowding it into bunkers; and the air above and below will be full of black dust, and clothes and shoes, and eyes and ears—yes, they will be eating it, officers and men alike, before the bare boards, where they knock off for lunch.

An ancient and honorable and necessary, but should be an obsolete, institution—that of coaling ship. Twenty-four hours before they will show clean decks again. We know, because only two days ago we filled our own ship up to the mark—2,850 tons.

Lunch comes and goes with half a glass of iced tea all round in the wardroom, and the doctor warning everybody in the mess not to be free with tropical fruits and vegetables from shore.

Lunch comes and goes. Everything comes and goes—everything but the heat: signals, steam barges, a native boat with a cargo of watermelons and what look like refugees from some port to the south. The British Admiral comes and goes. We admire the way he does it. No steam barge for him. No, sir; but a pulling barge—a shapely, shining, mahoganylike gig, with six boys to the oars. There are two masts, unshipped in the bottom of the boat and the sail to go with them. Were there any wind stirring he would be sailing her up, but there is no wind stirring—not an infant's breathful—no, sir. And so his pulling boat comes alongside and the officer of the deck has the band ready and the side boys ready and the bosun standing by; and he climbs up the wide port ladder from his pulling boat, he gets his three fanfares and his ruffles and his long, melancholy piping from the bosun.

Sir Christopher Cradock is his name—a dignified name, no doubt, and surely a highly honorable one—but the side boys call him "Chris" when he is beyond hearing. The men in the navy call almost every topside officer something. Sir Christopher is treated very honorably in his nickname.

Too Many Mascots

THE hot sun works slowly to the westward. Ships' boats come and go; ships also. A transport signals for permission to sail. It is granted. Her passengers, mostly refugees from the interior of Mexico, crowd her rail to wave, and some perhaps to weep, as she passes slowly out of the harbor.

A liberty boat, which in this case is the ship's fifty-foot sailing launch with a gas engine in her, returns with eighty lads aboard. Most of them are happy in their returning. It has been the first visit for most of them to a foreign city, and it is a wonderful, strange city; but home is home—they are glad to get back to the ship.

They bring souvenirs and the promise of even greater things.

One clutches a bunch of ripe red bananas with one hand and a pineapple in the other. He has difficulty in making the transfer from the liberty boat to the ladder platform, but he refuses to loosen his grip of his pineapple or bananas. A lady in a blue dress sold him the pineapple.

One with a bird of glorious plumage announces himself when he makes the deck: "Four pesos," and holds up his prize.

"But what's he good for—besides his looks?"

"Him? Wait till dark comes and hear him sing. He only sings in the dark."

"Too bad you didn't wait till dark came before you bought him."

One brings the offer of two more mascots for the ship. A chum ashore from off a gunboat says he can get him two fine billy goats. D'y' s'pose the executive officer'd let 'em come aboard?

The executive, overhearing, considers the matter for about one-fifth of a second.

"We have ten dogs now," says the executive—"not to mention four parrakeets and an owl, and some kind of a creature that shrieks like a lost soul every time anybody comes within ten feet of him. Tell that gunboat chum of yours to take back his goats."

The Spirit of "Standing By"

NO MATTER. They have had their liberty; and it was the lad who could have secured the billy goats who so proclaimed, and went on to say when they had answered the roll call and were free of the ship again: "An' you fellows ain't been ashore

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yet, I say you want to go and take a peek at the place. More cantinas" (that's where you get a drink) "than you can count, and the streets full of the full-sized spigotties walkin' round barefoot. And the little spigotty donkeys, 'bout the size of a good big dog, with a spigotty weighing 200 pounds with seven or eight eight-quart cans o' milk and a deckload o' vegetables atop of him. And see the Plaza where all the trees and little plants are, with the benches, and you sittin' down and ordering your drink and your meal like any officer—and payin' just as much for it. And watch the people pass and hear the band play. And take a walk around the city and see where our fellows shot the Navy College to pieces—and the rifle holes punched in the spigotty doors and the plaster chipped off the 'dobe walls where our fellows cleared the streets with their rifles and machine guns. Wouldn't you like to been in that landin' party?"

"Never mind, how d'y' know we won't be in the next one?" It was the lad with the bunch of bananas and the pineapple.

"And how d'y' know it won't be somebody besides Mexico with her little spigotty navy? And when it comes, will we be standin' by? Will we? Lemme tell you something, son—"

They had been sitting down under the overhang of the afterturret, but now the lad of the goats stood up on the clear deck where he might have action for his arms while he explained:

"Take this one we're on right now. If we was to anchor off the Battery—"

"But where's the Battery?"

"Wherever'd you ship from? Where's the Battery? The next thing you'll be askin' what city the Giants hail from? Well, this turret right here carries a gun—two of 'em, yes—and she could anchor off the Battery and point one of 'em straight up Broadway and let her go. And fourteen or maybe fifteen miles away—say, up the other side of the Harlem River—the shell from that gun'd blow up a building twenty stories high—if they build 'em that high up Harlem way. A 14-inch, 1,400-pound shell, son—and she's got ten of 'em aboard here, and twenty-one 5-inch boys on the side. And they're building battleship No. 39, son, right now. And she'll be bigger again than this one—twelve 14's. Only they won't any of 'em ever be pointed, straight or crooked, up Broadway."

"And will they be pointed straight up any other street—somewhere else?"

"I dunno, son, but you put this away in a corner o' your ditty-box for quiet night readin'. If she does, there's 1,400 aboard this ship, and we're not the only ship in the navy—officers and men, bluejackets and marines—and there's the khaki boys ashore—and when the time comes we'll be standin' by."

"You betcher we'll be standin' by—every cross-eyed son of us, officers and men. Let topside pass the word and see whether we'll be standin' by or not!"

That Last Desire

AND what kind was he that spoke?

Oh, pretty nearly an average specimen, twenty-one years of age perhaps, five feet eight and well made; by no means the dullest and something short of the brightest; more boastful than most, and not quite the man that would be picked by his division officer to carry through a last desperate chance; a fair average in his entirety—just now wishful to shine in the eyes of his mates and even more wishful to have the people back home hear good words of him. And that last desire would be what would finally carry him through.

And that last desire is what will carry a lot of them through; that and the discipline of the service. And while we are on the subject, they are nearly all young, these bluejackets and marines on the warships—average age, about twenty-one years; and they come from anywhere and everywhere—from the farms, the prairies, the corners of city streets; and they have been many things—farm hands, carpenters, mechanics, barbers, trolley-car men, clerks, street loafers, high-school boys, and just plain boys who wish to see the world. Some are terribly sophisticated in worldly ways and some so green, of course, that the wags have frequent chances to keep their wits on edge. Some have come with the plain notion that the navy offers many fine chances for a good, industrious fellow to earn a good living, and some, indisputably, have come with the bright hope of some day pointing a 14-inch gun and sending a relay

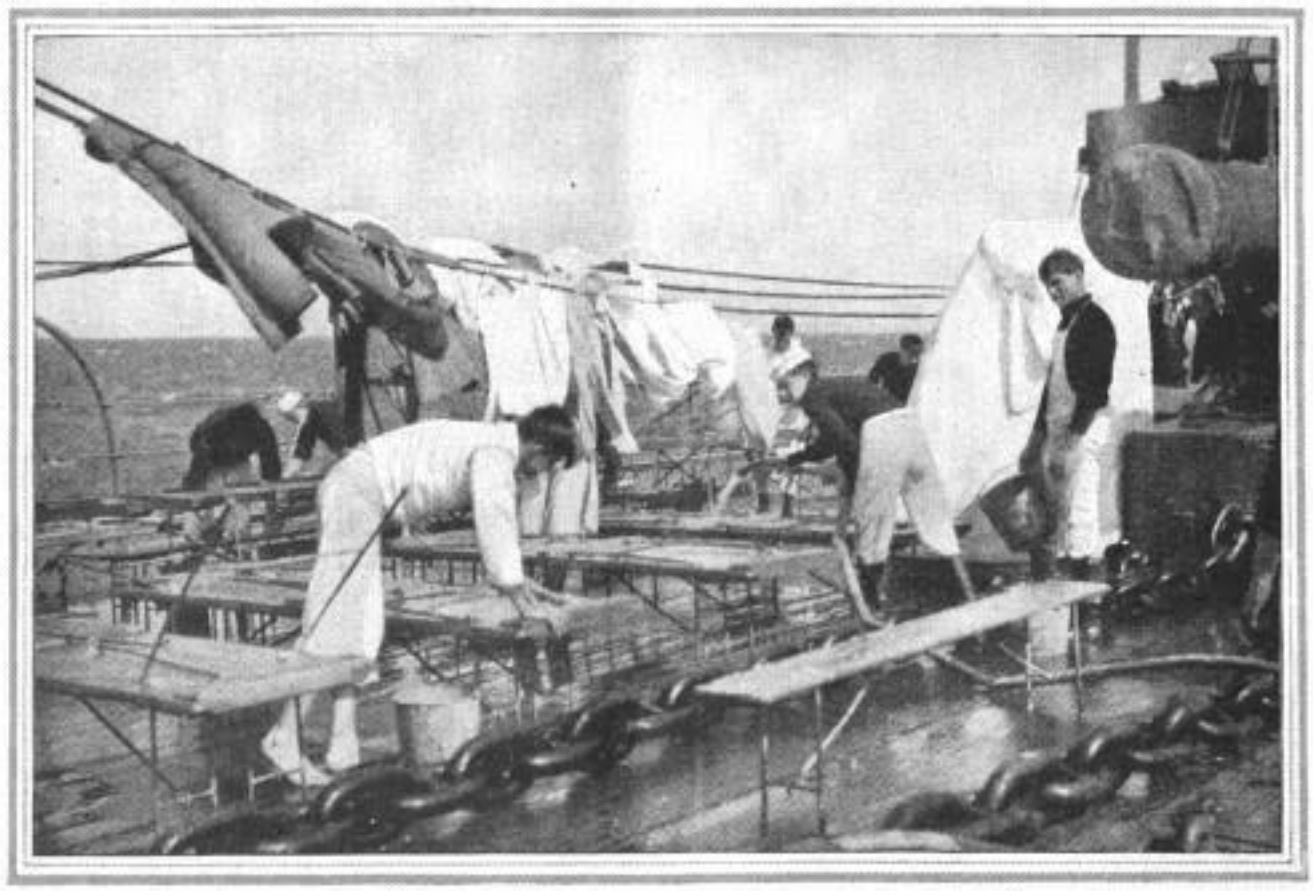


They are nearly all young, these bluejackets on the warships—average age about twenty-one years; and they come from anywhere and everywhere—from the farms, the prairies, and the corners of city streets

of 1,400-pound shells where they will blow something foreign and opposing, ship or building, whatever it may be, as high as the flying clouds.

They Took Their Shells Standing

BUT no matter, all that. When the "show-down" comes but few of them will turn their backs on the fighting. Blowing up ships and people may have seemed a terrible idea at first, but a few weeks in the community of a warship with its matter-of-fact, professional manner of discussing such subjects soon brings them around to common, seagoing notions of the matter. Ashore at Vera Cruz, during that first and second day's fighting, standing in solid columns there for a while, not knowing just what was going to happen, but feeling to a certainty that something was going to happen, and that something stirring had to happen soon, they stood there grinning widely and waiting for the ball to open. It may have been their



In the rear of the hose division come scrub brushes and squeegees, the same manned by barefooted lads with white trousers rolled to the knee

childish innocence, it may have been their untutored ignorance, but when that sheet of flame, the rifle fire of a compactly crowded foe, first burst from the roof of the Naval College, and a solid squad or two of them went down, and following that the snipers began to get them in ones and twos and threes—when that happened there was no distressing confusion in their ranks. When, later, it became necessary for the *Prairie* and *Chester* to fire just over their heads to batter the walls of that same War College, it made no difference. The ships' gunnery was rapid and excellent—they knew it would be—and when the shells went whistling through the walls of the second story, the marines and bluejackets stood under the first story and let them whistle. Plaster and bricks from the shaken walls came tumbling down upon them. They ducked beneath the falling mortar, some of them, but they all took their shells standing.

They are not the sailors of classic tradition, these battleship lads of the twentieth century. Every man to the age he lives in—it must be so. The old phrase, "Drunk as a sailor," meant, in most men's minds, drunk as a man-o'-war's man. I was born and brought up in a great seaport—Boston—and my earliest memories are of loafing days along the harbor front and the husky-voiced, roaring fellows coming ashore in the pulling boats from the men-o'-war: fine, rolling-gaited fellows, in from long cruises and flamingly eager to make the most of their short liberty. Great-hearted men, who gave truth to the phrase—"and spending his money like a drunken sailor"—and knowing, usually, but two inescapable obligations—to do his duty aboard ship and to stand by a shipmate in trouble ashore. Almost any of the old-time policemen of the large seaports can tell you many fine tales of the riotous hours along the water front in the old days.

Such is the passing tradition. The present lad of the navy is creating a new one. For one thing, he no longer gets drunk—that is, he does not get drunk by divisions. To illustrate:

During that greatest steaming stunt in all maritime history—the cruise of our sixteen battleships with their auxiliaries around the world—all naval records were broken in the number of enlisted men allowed ashore. Every day in large foreign ports saw 4,000 of our bluejackets and marines allowed shore liberty. Now consider the case of the first foreign port where liberty was granted, Rio de Janeiro in South America; and what happened in Rio was what happened in other ports.

It was five weeks or more since leaving home, and during that five weeks they had been for twelve days steaming along one of the hottest coasts (Brazil) in all the world—the tropics—and it was summertime once they were south of the line; and in all that time no chance for an enlisted man to get a drink of any kind of liquor—no beer or light wine even—no matter what the intensity of the thirst which may have possessed him.

Now he is suddenly thrown ashore with his pockets full of money. He has only to go to the paymaster and draw pretty much all he pleases. By actual figures the men of the battle fleet—about 13,000—drew $200,000 in gold to spend ashore in Rio—about $16 a man. For five or six weeks not a drop to drink, and all at once 4,000 of them thrown daily to roam into the midst of 500 grog shops with their pockets full of money, and no restrictions placed upon them, except one: they must be back to their ship that same night!

An Observation

I WAS a passenger with that battle fleet, and night after night I stood on the great stone quay in Rio and watched them returning to their ships. On no night did I see more than forty or fifty who might be said to be "soused"; on no night did I see more than a dozen or fifteen who had to be thrown into the accommodation barge with the "dead ones," the helpless ones who were so far gone that they had to be carried up the sides of their ships from the barge which made the last rounds of the fleet.

Now I would like to make an observation; it is purely gratuitous and has little to do with the story, but it may be of human interest right here: I think if we took 4,000 lawyers or doctors or authors or car drivers or clerks—4,000 of almost any sort from civil life—and locked them up so that for five or six weeks in a warm or a cold climate they could not get a drink of any kind of (*Concluded on page 32*)

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Passing the "Pork"

Getting Votes with Federal Cash

"THE people will some day know about the pork barrel. All the golden gags distributed throughout the land cannot much longer keep the barrel afloat."

The quotation is from a speech recently delivered in the House by Congressman James A. Frear of Wisconsin on the present River and Harbor Bill. Mr. Frear is making a determined fight against the squandering of millions from the National Treasury on questionable Government projects. Whether his prophecy is true remains to be seen. Its fulfillment will depend to a considerable extent upon the Wisconsin man's own pluck. Other men have gone to Congress fully determined to fight the pork barrel to the last ditch, and have lost their ardor under the frowns of influential members in the tacit conspiracy against the Treasury.

"Golden gags" is a good metaphor. It gives you the key to the pork-barrel idea. The logic of it was explained by Senator Tillman when, in a debate on a former appropriation measure, he said:

"The whole scheme of river improvements is a humbug and a steal. But, if you are going to steal, let us divide it out and not go to complaining."

A Congressman once characterized the usual River and Harbor Bill as "a generous campaign fund drafted from the public treasury under another name to reelect members of Congress." And this description fits most of the other appropriation bills. The post-office grabs used to be the most openly scandalous of all the pork-barrel schemes. It has not been long since Senator Warren put through the Senate an appropriation of $75,000 for a post-office building in a village of 381 population, and he had close rivals in Smoot of Utah, Gamble of South Dakota, Briggs of New Jersey, and Watson of West Virginia in the Senate, and Cannon of Illinois in the House. The Republicans are famous for their raids on the Treasury, and now the Democrats are going them one better.

"The Most Vicious and Vulnerable"

WARREN'S performance probably could not be repeated now, but some of the projects financed by the 1914 River and Harbor Bill are every bit as objectionable. Senator Burton of Ohio, for ten years chairman of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors, and a recognized authority on waterways, says the 1914 bill is "the most vicious and vulnerable" of all such measures in the history of our Government. It is scientifically drawn, with particular regard to distributing a given sum over the largest possible number of Congressional districts. Politics dominates its every page. The bill proper, as passed by the House, carried in appropriations and definite authorizations $43,330,404. The Senate polished it up a little, dropped some of the most obviously fraudulent schemes, and increased it to $53,683,004.

With $6,900,000 in river appropriations in the Sundry Civil Bill and $32,897,871, which Mr. Frear says will be required to complete new projects begun, the River and Harbor Bill runs the Government's obligations up to $93,570,875. One-third, if not one-half, of the money spent by the Government for river and harbor improvements is either wasted on useless projects or invested in conveniences which benefit only private interests and not the general public, so it is easy to estimate how much of the pork-barrel fund is squandered.

In all, the Government has spent approximately $800,000,000 on rivers and harbors, and it is pretty generally agreed that one-third of that amount has been wasted.

So much for the general indictment. Now let us get down to particulars. A brief without concrete facts gets a poor hearing, and we propose to produce some specific evidence to clinch our argument.

Fetching the Gulf to Dallas

AN INTERESTING exhibit in the 1914 catalogue of follies is the Trinity River in Texas. The plan is to make Dallas, 512 miles (by water) from the river's mouth, a seaport. The politicians and misguided business men behind the project propose to drown the deep baritone of bullfrogs on the Trinity's banks with the roar of steamboat whistles in midstream. But it is likely the frogs will be croaking for many years to come. The Trinity is being "improved" by canalization—by open channel work and a system of locks and dams—in order to secure a six-foot stage from Dallas to its mouth. In 1902 Congress appropriated $125,000 to start the work, and to June 30, 1913, $1,952,287 was appropriated for the job. It is estimated that $581,622 more will be required to complete the project. The present bill carries $175,000. Last year only 60,677 tons of freight was carried on the Trinity, and 44,867 tons of that was saw logs and cordwood.

Texas furnishes another illustrious example in the Brazos from Old Washington to Waco, a distance of 170 miles. We have spent $950,000 to date and the present bill carries $275,000. Official reports say "no commerce has yet developed," and that the amount necessary to complete the work is "indefinite."



This cartoon was printed in the Seattle (Wash.) "Post-Intelligencer" two years ago when the local Congressman, W. E. Humphrey, was running for reelection on a pork-barrel record. Mr. Humphrey is still in Congress. The cartoon represents the common attitude of Members of Congress toward the pork barrel. They use success at the pork barrel as an argument for reelection

Where Each Ton Costs Uncle Sam $6.56

AND then there is the Tombigbee in Alabama. It is known in its upper reaches, first, as the Warrior, and then as the Black Warrior. In the early days the proponents of that section of Alabama went before Congress and told glowing stories of how the expenditure of a reasonable sum of money would unlock wonderful mineral and agricultural resources. The Government undertook the project, and to date $9,151,295 has been appropriated for locks and dams along the Tombigbee and the two Warriors. During the last fiscal year $704,188 was expended. Official reports indicate that the traffic last year was 163,110 tons, all but 37,540 tons of which was logs and timber products.

From a computation based upon the expenditure for last year, plus 4 per cent interest on the total investment, we find that it cost the Government $6.56 for every ton of freight carried on this river. Excluding the timber products, which can be floated without locks and dams, the cost was $28.50 a ton. Yet despite this showing an appropriation of $750,000 was put into the 1914 bill. We have expended $3,107,784 on the Arkansas River, and last year the transportation of freight, exclusive of timber, cost the Government $19.51 per ton. And not very far away is the Red River. On this stream below Fulton, Ark., Congress has appropriated $2,768,377. The House did not have the face to recommend an appropriation for next year, but the Senate Committee was less timorous and inserted an item of $100,000. Practically all of this good money might as well be used to make a bonfire.

The upper Tennessee stands as one of the most notable monuments to our political river and harbor system. In 1890 the Mussel Shoals Canal, eighteen miles long, having eleven locks and paralleling the rapids in the river, was completed at a cost of $3,191,726. Last year $46,393 was expended for upkeep, and the total traffic was 5,520 tons. The traffic amounted to 26,878 tons in 1906 and has declined steadily.

Seven locks and dams have already been built on the Cumberland River above Nashville, Tenn., at a cost of $2,944,000, and it is now proposed to construct ten more locks and dams at an estimated cost of $4,500,000 and spend $50,000 annually for upkeep. In 1912 Major Burgess of the Engineer Corps made a study of this project and reported against it. Major Harts had reported against it two years before. They both said the quantity of freight and the population in the territory traversed did not justify the expenditure of so much money.

How the Plate Is Passed

IN the meantime local interests and political fortunes combined to keep alive the agitation for the improvement, and a Nashville organization known as "The Boosters' Club" conducted a campaign to secure its adoption.

In December, 1913, Major Burgess reversed himself. The division engineer modified Major Burgess's report and recommended that if the work be undertaken, the States of Kentucky and Tennessee should be required to foot one-half of the bill. Then in January of this year the Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors at Washington held a hearing on the project.

Among many Senators and Representatives from Kentucky and Tennessee who appeared before the board was Congressman Cordell Hull of Tennessee. Mr. Hull presented a typical pork-barrel argument.

"A hundred and fifty thousand people," he said, "are in this section, and they have never received anything from the Government. I think that no section of people have more fully performed their duties to the Government, not only in time of peace but in time of war. . . . They have contributed a large amount of internal revenue from whisky and tobacco. . . . Now this great section of country, comprising 3,000,000 acres, presents this uncompleted section of the river."

This plea was as fair and logical as any plea for "pork," and Mr. Hull deserves no more criticism than most of the political beneficiaries of such appropriations.

His activities were typical. He was spokesman for people back home who wanted the upper Cumberland improved. And doubtless he, like a majority of the members of Congress who get their hands into the pork barrel, did not know for certain whether or not the project would be a good investment. A majority of the Hulls are silenced by the golden gags that Mr. Frear talks about. They are not sure that their own demands are justifiable, but they are encouraged by the backing they receive from home. And opposition to the other fellow's schemes is out of the question when a Congressman's or Senator's own project is not above suspicion.

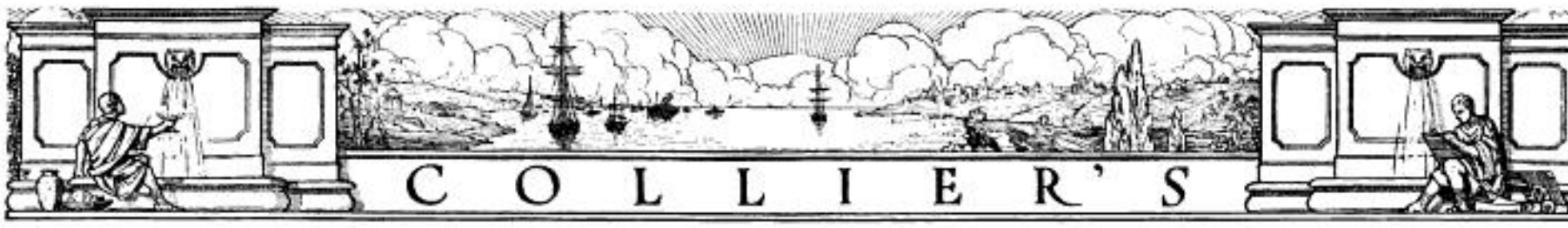
The Cost of the Hennepin Link

THIS story of our waterway policy would be incomplete if the famous Hennepin Canal, technically known as the Illinois and Mississippi Canal, were left out.

This canal was built to provide a link in a navigable waterway from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi at the mouth of Rock River in Illinois. It was begun in 1892 and opened to navigation in 1907. General T. J. Henderson, a resident of the district which includes the canal, was chairman of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors at that time, and he and other proponents of the project declared that this artificial

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Our Next President

HERE IS A PORTION of an interview with WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST—translated from the Berlin "Vossische Zeitung":

The next President of the United States will be a man and an American, a worthy successor of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, of MADISON and MONROE, of JACKSON and LINCOLN. The people . . . have had enough of pusillanimous pedagogues and vainglorious visionaries. They have had enough of unpatriotic and impractical theorists, whose idea of courtesy to foreign peoples is disloyalty to our own. They have had enough of anemic students of the outgrown past and unbalanced idealists of an impossible future.

You are exceedingly personal, Mr. HEARST. Pardon us, therefore, if we, too, are personal. Are we mistaken in supposing that you are thinking of yourself as a possible "next President" even as you libel the man who is President at this time? No? Well, you haven't a chance, Mr. HEARST. The American nation is a fairly intelligent nation, you see. You are, to be sure, neither a student nor an idealist; but, in spite of all that, you haven't a chance. Stick to muddy journalism, Mr. HEARST; you haven't a chance in politics.

Is Hearst Really Wilson's Friend?

HOW MANY EDITORS are there who, in criticizing WILSON on his Mexican policy—the one point on which COLLIER'S has expressed disagreement with him—are made uncomfortable by finding themselves in company with HEARST?

"Independence" and Journalism

TO MOST FOLKS an independent paper is one that supports their side; the one that supports the other side is partisan. Also, there seems to be something in human nature which reacts against the idea of a really independent paper—a paper, that is to say, which supports the better acts of a man or a party and condemns the less desirable ones. Perhaps it is mixed up with the universal human liking for the quality of loyalty. To interrupt a course of praise seems, of course, like the unpleasing trait of disloyalty. But is there anything else for a really independent paper to do? Many a paper which regards itself as independent merely contents itself with keeping silent about the things it cannot conscientiously praise. In the nature of things, a really independent paper cannot inspire universal affection. It is on the fence, and it is going to get the bricks from both sides. In spite of all the talk about an independent press, in spite of the great growth of the independent vote, the only really independent papers in this country continue to be the ones that have held to that rule for more than a generation, such as the New York "Evening Post" and the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican." The editorial page of the New York "World," which has been for more than thirty years a remarkably able and virile critic of public affairs, has been, of intention, prevailingly Democratic. It has not been independent in the sense of detached regard, or disregard, of all parties and all leaders alike.

The High Cost of Congressmen

"PASSING THE 'PORK'" is the title of an article in this week's COLLIER'S. "Messing Things" is the caption below F. G. COOPER'S cartoon on the opposite page. It's the same idea: politics, old style. Incidentally, it's your pork that the politicians fry in their pan. Eight hundred millions have been spent by the Government on rivers and harbors already—and this expenditure doesn't serve to reduce taxes. Shall we go on standing for the Congressional merry-go-round just because "it always has been done"—or shall we teach Congressmen, once for all, that we expect them to spend money as intelligently as if they were directors in a private corporation?

A Precedent for Mexico

AN OLD AND FALSE ARGUMENT for privilege is the carelessness of the poor. Men say that justice cannot settle the Mexican land problem because the peon will either gamble away his few acres or lose them for debt. But homestead exemption is a very good American principle. Lord KITCHENER applied it in Egypt, where the money lenders may seize crops but not the land, farming implements, hut, or necessary cattle. The same thing can be done in Mexico if order is at length brought out of chaos. The way to protect the poor is to give them justice. DIAZ had the lawyers on his side, and they used the law to rob the peons in favor of the "cientificos." This must never be done again, and homestead exemption is one of the precedents needed for the future.

Double-Dummy Lorimer

THE REPORTS so far given out as to the Munday-Lorimer banking failure in Chicago seem to reveal the state of affairs that is always found where crooked politics and sharp banking practice are joined together for unholy profit. The savings of many poor people are got hold of by means of a chain (so-called) of "savings institutions"; these funds are juggled from one to another, with the insiders drawing off the cream and making a few choice loans to themselves just before the final spill. It is the open season for some of these wise birds. LORIMER'S ability to weep, shake hands, kiss the babies, bare his warm heart, and embrace all humanity must have come in very handy for the work of this syndicate. What do those who voted to seat him in the Senate of the United States think of him now? What does his coworker, Editor HINMAN (now president of Marietta College) think of him? LORIMER seems to have been a dummy in business as well as in politics. There is no room for such any longer.

Looking Backward

NOW COMES the Committee on Franchises of the National Municipal League pointing out that public utilities—i. e., street railways, telephones, and electric and gas plants—are

. . . primarily urban in character, and that, on general principles, the control of public functions should be localized as much as possible, in order to secure the interest and effective cooperation of citizens.

This is the darkening of counsel that we must apparently expect from our "experts." The solid instances of successful utility regulation in this country are afforded by the work of commissions organized and supported by the State Governments—e. g., the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin. To handle these matters by cities acting separately is merely to pile up confusion and multiply interminable lawsuits. This is the one fundamental exception to the admirable and necessary doctrine of home rule for our cities. These means of transportation and communication must be used so as to better living conditions over the widest possible areas. We must broaden the bases of our community life. The report quoted above was put out by a group of city men only. It is time we heard from the other side.

Illustrations That Illustrate

SOMETIMES ONE GETS FOOLED, but generally the joy of work tells. Take the matter of pictures; one is sure not only that GEORGE DU MAURIER understood the people he was drawing when he illustrated his own novels, "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby"—one feels sure, too, that he enjoyed visualizing them and presenting them to his readers. One is sure that CRUIKSHANK enjoyed his Dickens, or he could never have made Little NELL and DAVID and Mr. PICKWICK half so humorous or half so heart-grabbing. But speaking of DICKENS reminds us that the real subject of this paragraph is the illustrations drawn for H. G. WELLS'S "Bealby." There is something Dickensian about these pictures too—the tousled boy and the pompous upper servants, the Lord Chancellor (most pompous Englishman of all), the jaunting ladies, the rejoicing golfer. We have seldom seen illustrations, always excepting DU MAURIER'S, which so naturally and artfully express those things which the author expresses in his different media. HENRY RALEIGH evidently believes in Mr. WELLS and in Mr. WELLS'S characters. And this brings us back to the starting point—the joy of work. For Mr. RALEIGH tells us that "Bealby" is the best story he ever illustrated. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but it is certain that it has something to do with his making such good pictures.

The Difference

THAT YALE(BY INCHES)-HARVARD boat race stirred up again fanatical American worship of the result itself. For the first time in seven years Harvard was gloriously defeated after a glorious struggle, but the headlines read as if the crimson crew had flunked out and proved unequal to the occasion. From FROISSART to the unknown Western chronicler who declared that "life ain't so much in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well," men of chivalry have always held that the contest was the proof of worth and valor, no matter how the victory went. The gamblers have always stuck by the result—that the six-spot turned up, that Faro's nose got under the wire ahead of Roulette's, is the sum of their simple wisdom. That is the difference between chivalry and gambling. Any Harvard graduate can tell you how consoling this philosophy is! But the truth stands nevertheless.

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The Bible as a Newspaper Serial

FOR A NEWSPAPER to reprint a "best seller," a chapter or two to the issue, is no journalistic novelty. Yet, oddly enough, the idea of publishing in serial form the best seller of all best sellers is an experiment so unusual that it is attracting wide publicity. If you haven't happened to notice the statistics, you may not know that the book which leads all others in sales is the Bible. Editor W. W. FOLSOM of Hope, Ark., is reprinting this Best of Books in his "Gazette," a chapter a week. To date he has completed the publication of the Four Gospels, and the feature has proved so popular that the other day he notified the Little Rock Board of Trade that if he lives long enough (he is now seventy-six) to reprint the New Testament in its entirety he will then begin to reprint it a second time. Not so very long ago the library table in an American farmhouse sitting room used to display only a patent-medicine almanac, a copy of the "Weekly Tribune," and a family Bible. In recent years the R. F. D. has weighted down the red tablecloth with a variety of other reading matter. Has it befallen that, to make room for numerous magazines, dailies, and novels, the bulky, brass-bound Bible has been relegated to the table's lower shelf, where a thin layer of dust is settling on its cover? If so, Editor FOLSOM is restoring in Hope the old order of life celebrated in an ode to "Kansas, 1897":

When the cares o' day is done
On the plains o' Kansas
An' the kids begin to yawn,
Sleepy like, in Kansas,
Farmer wipes his glasses blurred;
Reads a chapter o' the Word;
Then kneels down and thanks the Lord
That he lives in Kansas.

The Humor of the Very Rich

SOME LITTLE WHILE AGO the country was agitated by a report that MORTON F. PLANT, a multimillionaire (a railroad, steamboat, etc., magnate), was to marry the divorced wife of a restaurant manager. An interview was secured and this statement given out by the great one: "Yes, I am going to be married, and it's my own business." Within three days thereafter the following item appeared in the press reports of the New Haven investigation:

Chief Counsel FOLK read an affidavit from DR. FRANK W. HUGHLETT of Groton, Conn., to the effect that MORTON F. PLANT is suffering from heart complications and high blood pressure, and that his health would not permit his coming to Washington to testify.

We have been waiting ever since for the "Financial Chronicle" or some other of those papers to tell us how exquisitely funny this is.

That "American Novel"

WAS IT CHATEAUBRIAND who said that no one could be a fair judge of foreign literature? If it wasn't, it was somebody else as good or better than CHATEAUBRIAND, and his point was well taken. One is reminded of this by GEORG BRANDES's visit to America and his remarks upon our literature. It appears that, of living American novelists, JACK LONDON takes first place because he is so typically "American." Fairly near him stand UPTON SINCLAIR and the late FRANK NORRIS. At this stage the learned editor of the "Nation" reminds us of MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, who, in his flying visit to our sleeping cars, named THEODORE DREISER and Professor ROBERT HERRICK as our leading novelists. Why is it that we stand for being told things that are not true about our books, on condition that they be told by people who haven't had a chance to learn the facts in the case? And who are our leading writers anyway, and what makes them "American" in style or spirit? We hope some of our readers will regard this as a referendum and will send us in their ballots. Also their reasons.



Messing Things

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

ONE NOVEMBER NIGHT JOHN NANCE went to Spokane from his home in the outskirts and bought three one-gallon jugs, one of whisky and two of alcohol. He consumed all the whisky on the way home (all he didn't spill), and once there set to work with his brother MITCH on the two gallons of alcohol. In the drunken quarrel which soon broke out JOHN was instantly killed, and his brother MITCH was placed on trial for the crime. Here is part of a letter about it which we have received from JOHN A. HOUSTON of Spokane:

Yesterday I sat in the court where MITCH NANCE is on trial for murder. By his side sits his wife, bowed with grief, while in his arms coos and plays his infant son, born since its father's arrest. Only one more victim of this hellish traffic, but to my last day I will remember that little family—the father on trial for killing his brother, the wife and mother crushed and numbed with grief, the baby wondering why its daddy is so solemn—and whisky did it all. But why not make the man who manufactured the whisky and the man who sold it also suffer for the murder of JOHN NANCE?

The liquor was purchased from a saloon keeper in Spokane who blatantly advertises: "If your children need shoes don't buy booze." And yet we do not feel as bitter against this saloon keeper as toward the man who supplies him with bad whisky. Probably he is some highly respected citizen whose wife is one of our best people and whose check book is at the service of so-called charity. The law may better conditions in some respects, but whether it is bad "booze" or poisonous patent medicines that are dispensed, the only way really to accomplish anything is to bring shame into partnership with the man who makes money out of it.

For Some Painter

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN a wrecking gang at work repairing damage done by a washout? Have you ever seen the train moving forward through the curtain of black night, a flat car first, followed by an engine whose headlight throws into boldest relief the silhouette of a trainman perched on the flat car, flag in hand, ready to warn the engineer when he must stop his train on the chasm's brink? Perhaps not; certainly the painter has not. Yet where could he find a more actual or more impressive subject?

Flowers and Feminism

A HOME is not really a home unless it has growing flowers about it. It may be an uncommonly good house, but it stops right there. We have precious little use for folks who have grounds round about them which they keep through all the warm weather innocent of any touch of color. They may not lie, steal, cheat, or abuse their children, but just the same there is something lacking in that sort of person. We like to recall the days when our grandmothers thought it as essential to have a plot filled with snapdragon, sweet William, and mignonette as to have a spare room with wall mottoes. They understood the part flowers can play in life. Fortunately that race of women has not wholly died out. There are still dooryards which flame with color. There is still twining honeysuckle enriching the air. There are still roses running riot—white, yellow, red—the one never-to-be-supplanted blossom. And, best of all, there are still women tending this family with loving care; tirelessly stooping to plant and transplant, to weed, to prune, to train, to pluck. The world cannot spare them. Their sisters who find no zest in life except in clamoring for a ballot and a private latchkey might well pause sometimes to consider the lilies. The woman who does not love to fuss with flowers will never be the best sort to plan model tenements. Far sounder in fundamental instincts is the little slum girl whose searing day in the sweatshop is a shade more bearable once she has watered the geranium in the tin can at the window of her dingy room.

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GILBERT W. LEE:
Treasurer Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.
President Lee & Cady (Wholesale Groceries).
Director First and Old Detroit National Bank, Hammond, Standish & Company, Hammond Estate Company.

WILLIAM B. CADY:
Secretary Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.
Director Cheboygan Paper Company.
Law Firm Warren, Cady & Ladd.

WILLIS E. BUHL:
President Buhl Sons Company.
Director Detroit Copper & Brass Rolling Mills.
Director First and Old Detroit National Bank.
Vice-President Buhl Malleable.
Director National Can Company.
Director Parke, Davis & Company.

CHARLES B. WARREN:
Counsel Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

EDWARD D. STAIR:
President Detroit Free Press Company, Detroit Journal Company and Stair & Havelin.
Director Detroit Trust Company.
Director First and Old Detroit National Bank.

The Story of the Ten Associates

Three and a half years ago Ten Men of great affairs organized the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

They were ten men of character and standing in the community—Men whom you can readily look up through your Banker or any Mercantile Records.

Each in his respective line was a leader and many had won national reputations.

Each had builded solidly and enduringly upon the firm foundation of business integrity and fair profits.

They said, "Let us pool our resources; our manufacturing, merchandising and general business experience."

They said, "Let us pool our capital—$20,000,000 if it is needed."

They said, "Let us be content for a period with no profits, and, at best, small profits."

They said, "Let us combine with our own experience the best engineering talent—the most expert knowledge—that the automobile field has developed."

They said, "Let us build a motor car and a company that will outlive each and all of us."

They said, "Let us build slowly and well—let us build the highest quality at the lowest price."

The PAIGE of Yesterday

The Ten Associates made 300 Paiges three years ago.
This year they will build 13,000.
Paige sales have increased 167.9 per cent in the last two years.

This is the greatest growth in the history of the automobile industry for the past two years.

In three years Paige employes have grown from a mere handful of workmen to a veritable army.

In three years Paige dealers have increased from 39 to 1026.

In three years the Paige has grown from a small leased plant to the present mammoth factory with a capacity of 25,000 Paige cars a year.

In three years Paige sales have grown from $44,000 to $1,250,000 a month.

Today the Paige-Detroit is operating (as it always has operated) on ample capital backed dollar for dollar by tangible assets.

There is no issue of "good-will" or preferred stock on which dividends must be earned.

There is not a dollar's worth of bonded indebtedness upon which interest must be paid.

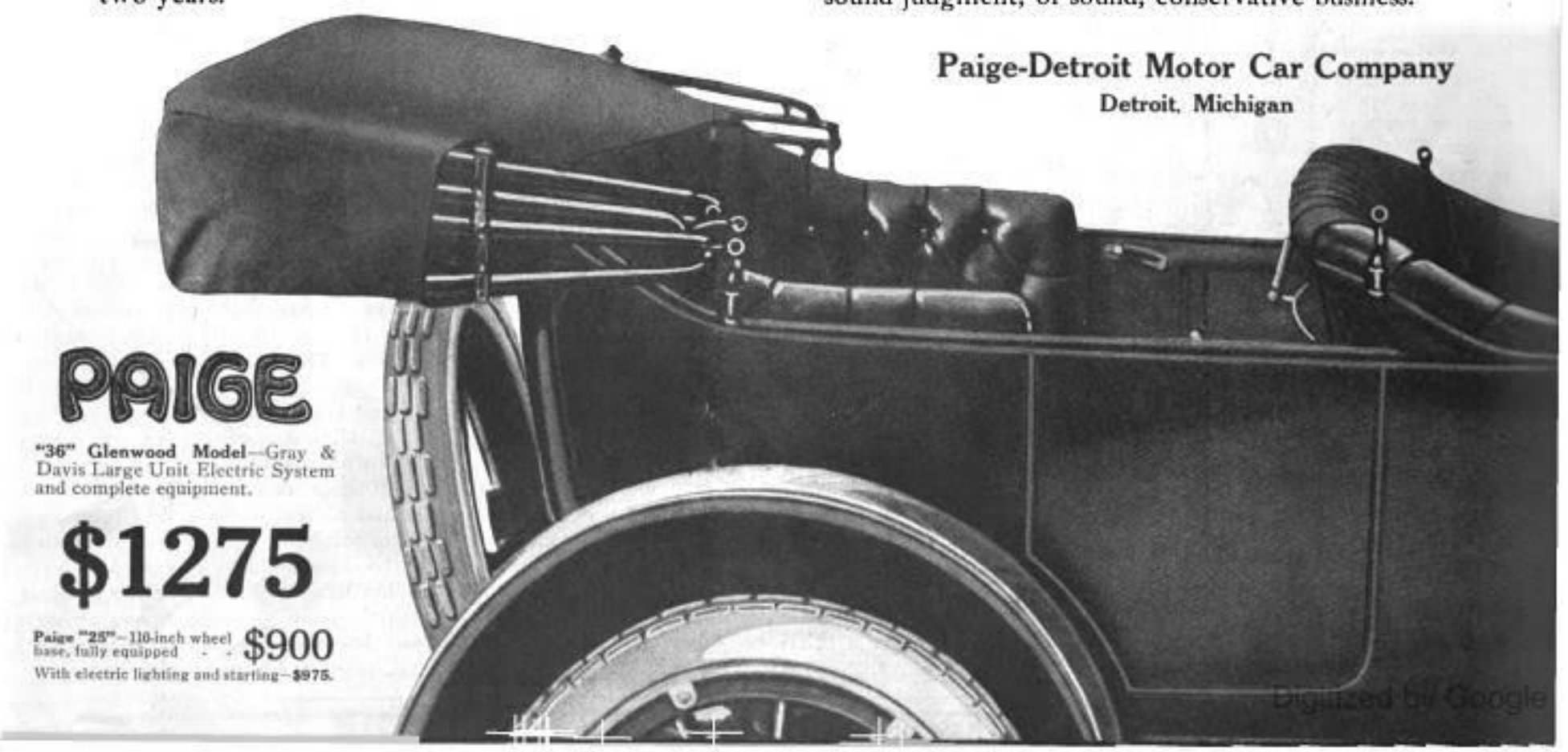
The Ten Associates are putting Paige dividends back into the Paige car.

The astounding growth of the Paige undisputably proves Paige *quality*. The Public does the buying. The Public, alone, must determine whether sales shall increase or decrease.

So the story of the Ten Associates—the story of the Paige—is more than the victory of ten men.

It is the triumph of a great principle—the principle of sound judgment, of sound, conservative business.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan



PAIGE

"36" Glenwood Model—Gray & Davis Large Unit Electric System and complete equipment.

$1275

Paige "25"—110-inch wheel base, fully equipped - - **$900**
With electric lighting and starting—$975.

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CHARLES H. HODGES:
President Detroit Lubricator Company.
Director National Bank of Commerce.
Vice-President and Member of Executive Committee American Radiator Company.



HARRY M. JEWETT:
President Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Vice-President Jewett, Bigelow & Brooks; President J. B. B. Collieries Company; Vice-President Village Grosse Pointe Shores.
Vice-Pres. Iroquois Collieries Co.



JAMES F. BOURQUIN:
General Manager Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.
Formerly Superintendent Mfg. of Chalmers Motor Company.



SHERMAN L. DEPEW:
Treasurer and General Manager the Pingree Shoe Company.



EDWARD H. JEWETT:
Vice-President Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.
President Jewett, Bigelow & Brooks, J. B. B. Collieries Company.
President Iroquois Collieries Co.

The PAIGE of 1915

The Paige "36" is, in many ways, a contradiction of so-called "Price Class" standards. In and on the Paige are mechanical principles and equipment found in no other cars below the $3000 mark.

"The **best** of automobile engineering practice—regardless of cost"—that has been the keynote of Paige construction. And—by rigidly adhering to this principle—Paige cars have been developed to a point of excellence that has earned them a reputation of being "unusual" motor car values.

The Paige of 1915 is a Paige of still greater refinement—still greater development—yet, the price remains unchanged.

Consider the following features carefully. You will find that they measure up to the Paige standard—"The **best** of automobile engineering practice—regardless of cost."

The Ten Cardinal Points of PAIGE Supremacy

Paige Motor

Paige motors have earned a reputation that is absolutely unassailable. To appreciate this power plant you must ride behind it—up hill, down dale, through heavy, clinging sand roads and over smooth, oiled boulevards. **Under all conditions,** the Paige motor runs smoothly, silently and willingly. This motor is the crowning achievement of the Paige engineers—the result of years of development and experiment.

Rear Axle

Our axle is built with excess strength; and the experience of Paige owners proves that it has been remarkably free from trouble. It is the floating type. There is no noise of gears—no hum when the car is running 20 miles per hour—no roar when it is going 40.

Noiseless Chain Drive

The noiseless chain drive for magneto, cam and pump shafts of the Paige motor is the greatest single factor in the elimination of mechanical noise. Engineers assert the noiseless chain is 15% more efficient than gears and maintains a mechanical efficiency of 98%. It costs **twice** as much as timing gears; and this principle is almost exclusively confined to the high priced field.

Cork Insert Multiple Disc Clutch

This type is admittedly the most expensive and most efficient. It is found almost invariably on highest priced cars. The Paige clutch runs in oil, and its velvety action relieves transmission, universal, axle and bearings from sudden and excessive strains.

Gray & Davis Large Unit Electric System

Paige is the only car below $3000 standardly equipped with the **large unit** Gray & Davis system. The smaller unit system is designed for cars in the Paige "price class," but we adopted the large and more expensive unit because it charges quicker—has a larger storage battery capacity—and, in its application on the Paige, uses less current in starting. This is a distinct "over value."

Oiling System

The Paige oiling system is automatic, requires no watching or adjustment, and is designed to make the motor as free as possible from carbonization. With this system it is absolutely **impossible for a Paige motor to smoke.**

Mayo Radiator

The Mayo honeycomb radiator is admittedly the most expensive and efficient built. It positively eliminates over-heating and it is established that this radiator requires less re-filling than any other. The highest Priced Cars—Pierce-Arrows—Fiats and Locomobiles—equip with the Mayo.

Stewart Carburetor

We believe the Stewart Carburetor the most efficient obtainable. It is simplicity itself in construction—noiseless and positive in action under all weather conditions. There is but one adjustment—a lever on the dash. This adjustment facilitates the strictest economy in gasoline.

Ease of Operation

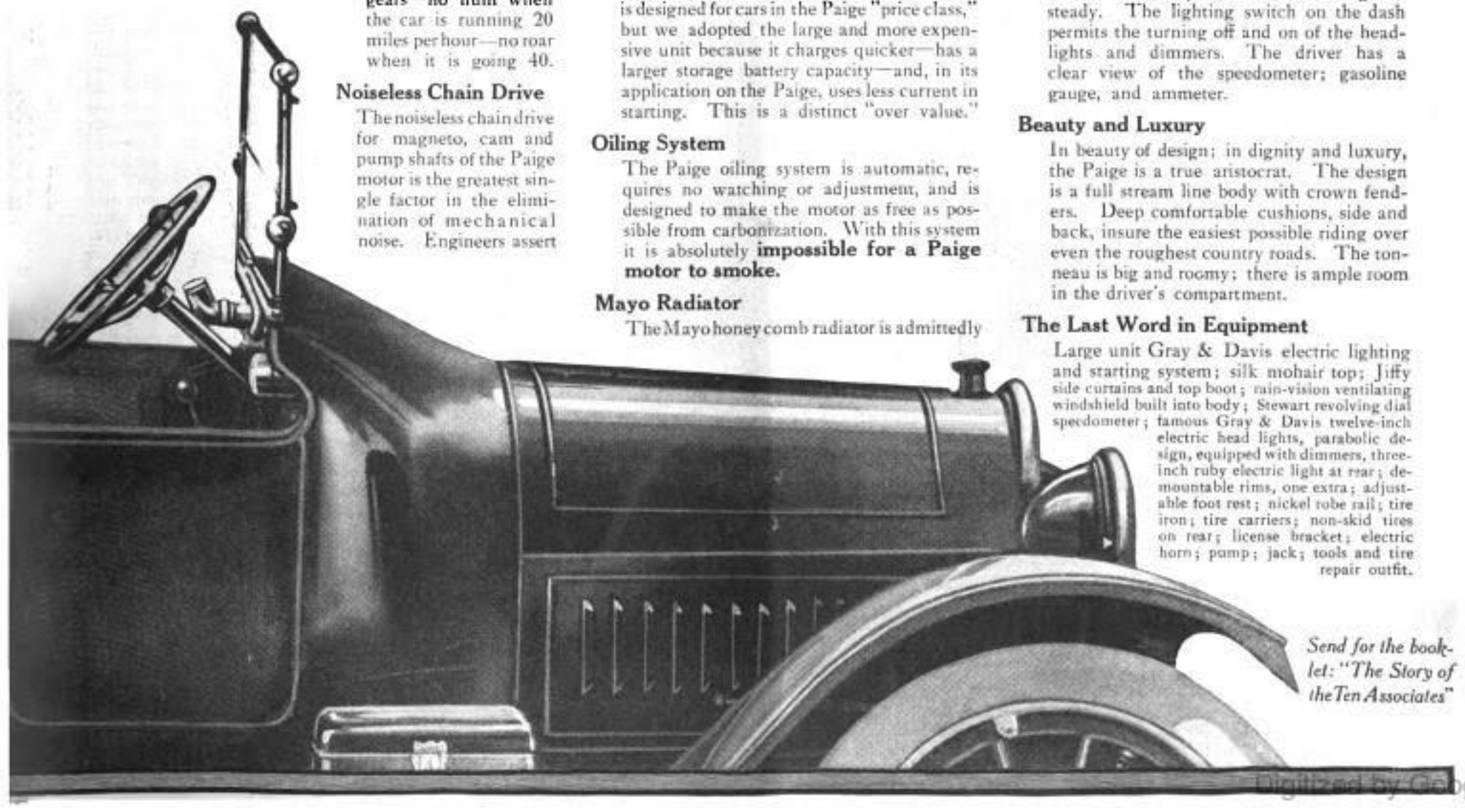
The accelerator pedal is smooth acting and steady. The lighting switch on the dash permits the turning off and on of the headlights and dimmers. The driver has a clear view of the speedometer; gasoline gauge, and ammeter.

Beauty and Luxury

In beauty of design; in dignity and luxury, the Paige is a true aristocrat. The design is a full stream line body with crown fenders. Deep comfortable cushions, side and back, insure the easiest possible riding over even the roughest country roads. The tonneau is big and roomy; there is ample room in the driver's compartment.

The Last Word in Equipment

Large unit Gray & Davis electric lighting and starting system; silk mohair top; Jiffy side curtains and top boot; rain-vision ventilating windshield built into body; Stewart revolving dial speedometer; famous Gray & Davis twelve-inch electric head lights, parabolic design, equipped with dimmers, three-inch ruby electric light at rear; demountable rims, one extra; adjustable foot rest; nickel robe rail; tire iron; tire carriers; non-skid tires on rear; license bracket; electric horn; pump; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.



Send for the booklet: "The Story of the Ten Associates"

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Pickups

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by F. C. Cooper



In Behalf of the Eagle

FAR be it from us to maintain a vindictive or a malignant spirit. But a threat with us is the same as a promise not to be broken.

Hence it is that in behalf of these exuberant dispatches we have challenged Hurlingham for a return polo battle next June. Our picked line-up stands without the chance for a change—viz.: No. 1, Tyrus Raymond Cobb; No. 2, James Thorpe; No. 3, John Franklin Baker; No. 4, Charles Edward Brickley.

If this line-up fails us we may send over another—i. e.: No. 1, Cornelius McGillicuddy; No. 2, the I. W. W.; No. 3, Gunboat Smith; No. 4, John J. McGraw.

In any event England is fairly warned.



Awarding Comfort

("Do not fear criticism. Shakespeare, Keats, Milton, Byron, Burns and others were ridiculed in their day, denounced as doggerel writers and tiresome persons. Greene called Shakespeare an upstart crow; Jeffrey called Wordsworth hopeless; Keats was killed by criticism."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

SHADE of each immortal bard,
You who roam dim glades of pain,
Dreaming still the way is hard,
Thinking that you wrote in vain—
Shed your sable coat of grief,
Take the sleep that you have earned;
For I bring to your relief
Respite for the stings that burned.

Take your rest—forget it now;
Stalk no more the Anguished Way;
Back upon your troubled brow
Let the laurel hold its sway;
You should worry—you should fret—
Let the carping critics be—
Think of what I've penned—and yet
They have even roasted ME!

The International Lesson

"IT ISN'T raining rain to me," sang a certain diminutive watcher at the windowpane; "it's raining roses down." That, at least, is one way to view a day of shadows. The international carnival so far has done something more than rain defeats—it has rained us at the same time a much-needed lesson. As a sportive commonwealth we were becoming entirely too self-satisfied and chesty. We couldn't lamp the next contender in sight with a Lick Telescope. We were beginning to exude egotism from every open pore. Too much victory is as bad for an individual or a clan as an overdose of defeat. It is inclined to breed carelessness, overconfidence, arrogance, and other kindred ills.

Now we have discovered that there are other entries in the field. We have discovered that after all we are not the whole show, including the menagerie, the pink lemonade, the peanuts, the hard blue seats, the three-ringed circus, and the concert after the same.

All of which has brought on exactly the shaking up that was needed. It was not our bad luck but our good fortune that England was at last able to rise and give us something to fight for that required an expansion of our skill and courage. We were on the verge of taking a long, slothful sleep. But the reveille of defeat has lifted us again and sent us back to the battle. In behalf of which England deserves our heartfelt and extended thanks.

Forewarned

IF ENGLAND persists in her reckless policy of lifting all our cups, we'll dispatch the Colonel over next summer with a set of golf clubs and a polo mallet. In addition to this we may enter him as a relay team against Oxford and let him plunge into the ocean disguised as a yacht. There's nothing like having an ace in the hole when it's set to round out a royal flush.

The Cry of Uncle Sam

(In the wake of the Oxford relay team, the golf invasion, and the Albionic return of the Polo Cup)

RISE, Revere, from your grave of glory!
Come, O Washington, from your dust!
My eye is black and my beak is gory,
Left by those whom I gave my trust.
Once I was there with the crown eternal,
King at large of the Ruling Push,
But thrown at last from the clan supernal,
Back I drift to the waiting Rush.

Come, Old Hickory, to the clover!
Rise, O phantom of John Paul Jones!
Show 'em the way that you put it over
Back in the years which the dead past owns;
Show 'em the old-time combination,
Stuff that made us the Only Bet;
Come to me in my degradation,
Lift me out of this Class B set.

Take me back to the old-time legion,
Back to the days of a Batting Eye;
Far away from this morbid region,
Frittered up with the Alibi;
Was Concord staged in a vanished border?
Was Bunker Hill but a myth and dream?
Arise, ye ghosts of the ancient order!
I ain't used to a Losing Team.

The Lion Returns

APPARENTLY there are certain concrete limits that must be observed in goading a harassed Lion. The Eagle, enjoying a picnic, wasn't satisfied to play it safe. England absorbed her sportive rebuffs passively enough until America sent a young amateur golfer joy riding over the prostrate forms of Vardon and Ray. This last blow might be mixed metaphored as the ultimate straw. That unexpected stroke hit the Lion in a highly vulnerable spot and effectually ended his siesta. He has been quite a different beast ever since.



Since Ouimet's victory last fall America's long string of conquests has sagged badly. Save the lone triumph of Jay Gould over Hovey, the Eagle has known no manna in the wilderness save the husks of defeat.

Oxford took home our star relay trophy. Our golfers were driven headlong into the sea. And on top of this a discouraged English polo team came over and replevined the polo cup. Shelves that were once silver-shining with the trophies of the chase are now beginning to assume the bleak, bare aspect of dust-covered cedar planks. In no case has there been even the slightest opening for an alibi. Of the three events, two were contested here upon our native soil.

The polo triumph was decisive. At the start the Big Four lagged and were overwhelmed. At the finish they rose and fought gloriously—fought with all the skill and magic and courage of their best days—and yet were beaten. The Lion was no longer a skulker in the jungle. He was again King of Beasts. Three crushing defeats in a row frame something between heaven and earth that Uncle Sam's philosophy had never dreamed of. The home realm of the Eagle is up above—not down below. Second place is no spot for the Stars and Stripes. But the answer is written in the records of to-day—not yesterday. No wonder our Uncle Samuel is waiting with feverish interest for Mr. McLoughlin to pick up a tennis racket and for a certain white-winged boat to ride surf and winds. It is all he can do to restrain himself until the next dish arrives. He isn't accustomed to his enforced diet of early summer, and he never will be.



The Lean Epoch

THE Feds picked a lean, gaunt year to launch a new enterprise. It has been a depressing epoch for all varieties of turnstiles that are oiled by the kale. So they have suffered heavily with organized baseball, and with everything else. There has been but one immune division of humanity. Seven thousand six hundred and fifty-four years ago the Poet's Union became acclimated to Hard Times and two meals a week, so one year is the same as another.

Poetry may not pay, but it's one grand little conditioner against the assaults of Old Doc Trouble.

Ouimet's Status

"JUST what is Mr. Ouimet's golfing status now?" queries a reader. A trifle blurred as to once prevalent heroics, but it is still the status of a first-class amateur who took a week off and ventured far beyond his class, only to return at the first opening to his own set.

From the start Ouimet was sent on a hopeless quest. He was outclassed before he set foot upon Sandwich and Prestwick. Lifted to such dizzy heights by one week of inspiration, his corresponding fall seemed greater than it really was.

But while shorn of most of his glory, no one can take away from him the fact that for six rounds, 108 holes, he set the pace for a Vardon and a Ray; that as a twenty-one-year-old amateur he repulsed a British attack to which his country's best professional talent had made but feeble resistance. And that's still something.

On Cruelty to Animals

OH, children, do not ever swat
The Rhino on the snout;
Oh, do not kick the Tiger's shins
Or pull his whiskers out.

Bad Johnny Harvard went and slapped
The Bulldog on the wrist;
And then his Uncle Sammy gave
The Lion's tail a twist.

And now with patches on their pants
They're roosting up a tree,
And both are just as sorry as
They both know how to be.

So, children, when you start to give
The elephant a slam,
Just look at Johnny Harvard, dears,
And lump your Uncle Sam.

Greed and the Game

"THE greed of ball players," says Ban Johnson, "is wrecking the game." This is partly true.

But joined with the greed of the player is the greed of certain magnates, and the combination certainly isn't doing the game any good.

With so much money pouring in it was easy enough to see the tangle ahead. It was inevitable that the cupidity of all involved would some day be aroused. Sport is sport after all. When it gets to be 75 per cent business it is no longer sport. The arrival of the Feds for the time being has helped the player—but not the game. The Feds entered the field not as sportsmen but as business men with visions some day of absorbing their share of the kale.

Unless conditions are changed, both magnate and player will wake up some fine morning and find everything in wonderful order—barring the turnstiles, which will be coated with rust through lack of use.

Looking Forward

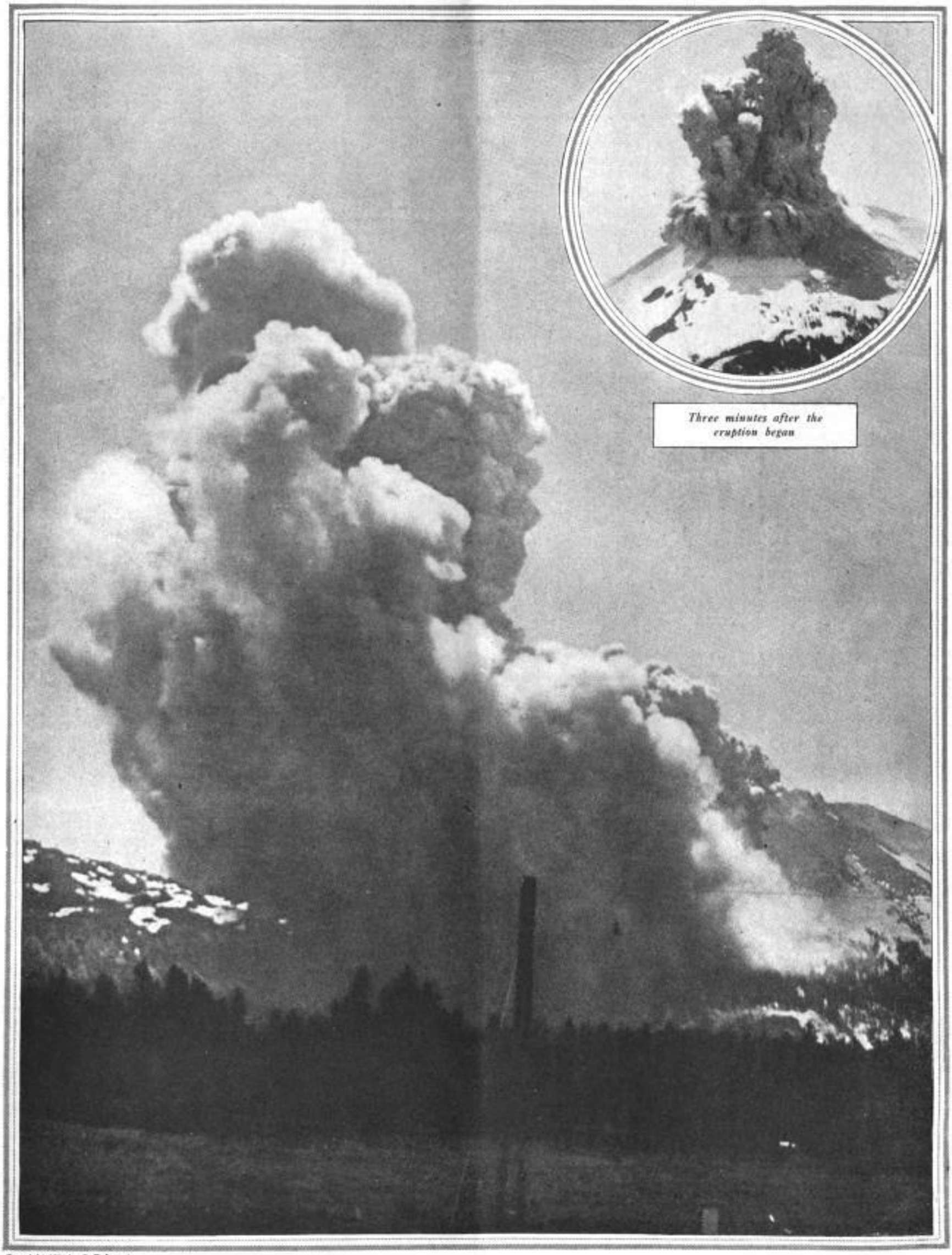
OCTOBER is still several gray and dusty leagues on beyond us, but even this far away it still seems to present a familiar, well-remembered make-up. We seem even here to have a hazy impression of a Mr. Mathewson, a Mr. Tesreau, and a Mr. Marquard throwing baseballs at a Mr. Collins, a Mr. Baker, and a Mr. McInnis.

And there is already the advance detonation of something large and round meeting a baseball squarely on the trade-mark.

There may be something new beneath the sun, but not in the vicinity of our world-series enterprises.



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Three minutes after the eruption began

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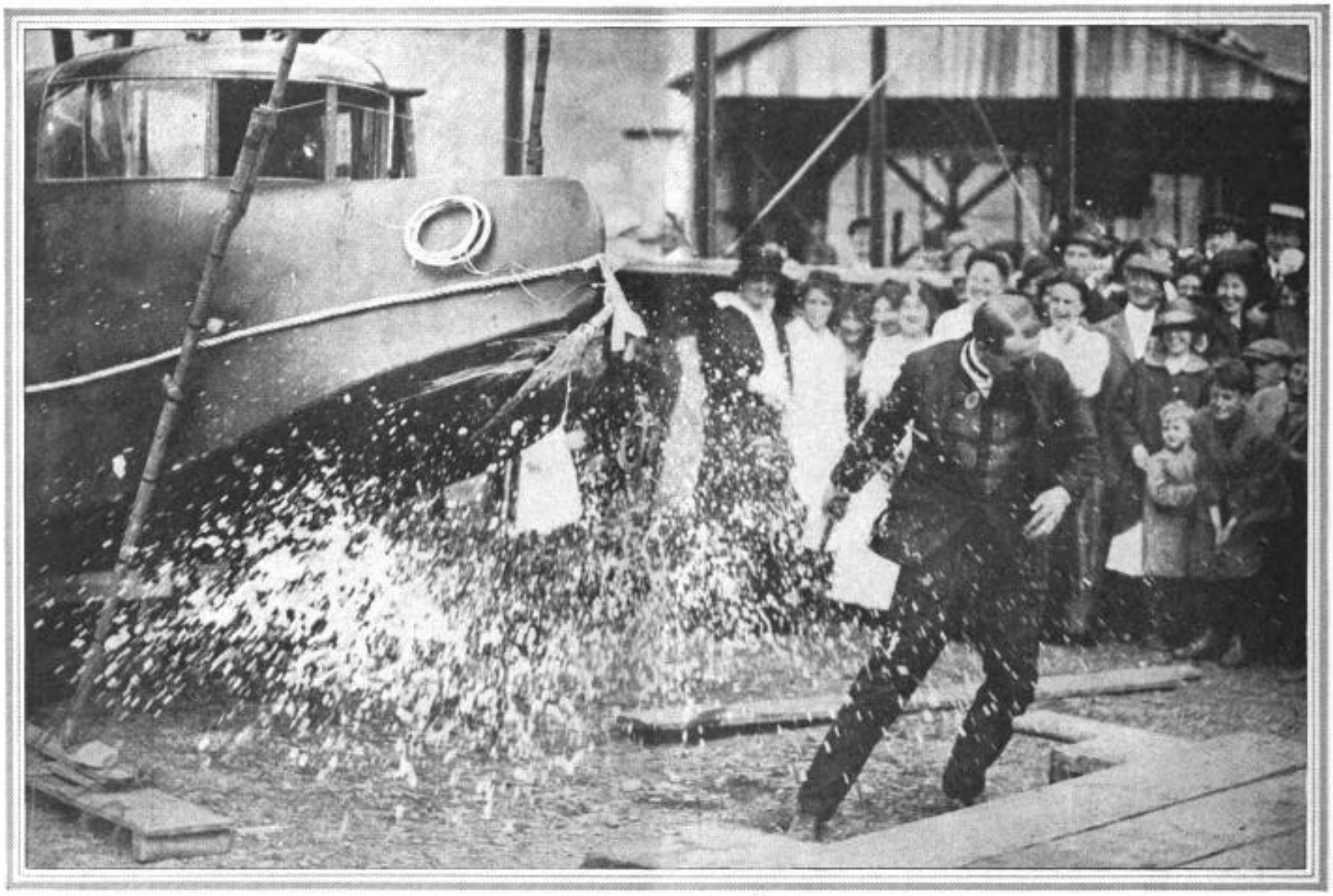
California's Volcano in Action

LASSEN PEAK of the Sierra Nevada Range in northern California is here shown in one of her most violent eruptions since the recent awakening of the ancient crater. The photograph in the circle was snapped three minutes after the cloud of smoke began to show, and the large one was taken ten minutes later. The suddenness of this outburst, typical of many, is supposed to have been due to a caving in of the sides, which plugged up the crater and confined the gases until enough pressure was generated to blow the plug out. The thunderheadlike column of smoke rose to a height of something like 5,000 feet and a shower of ash and stones fell from it.

A mountaineer named Lance Graham, a member of a party of eight on the peak at the time, was severely injured by falling cinders, and another mountaineer was driven temporarily insane. Two new craters, a mile from the main hole, opened on the same day, June 14.

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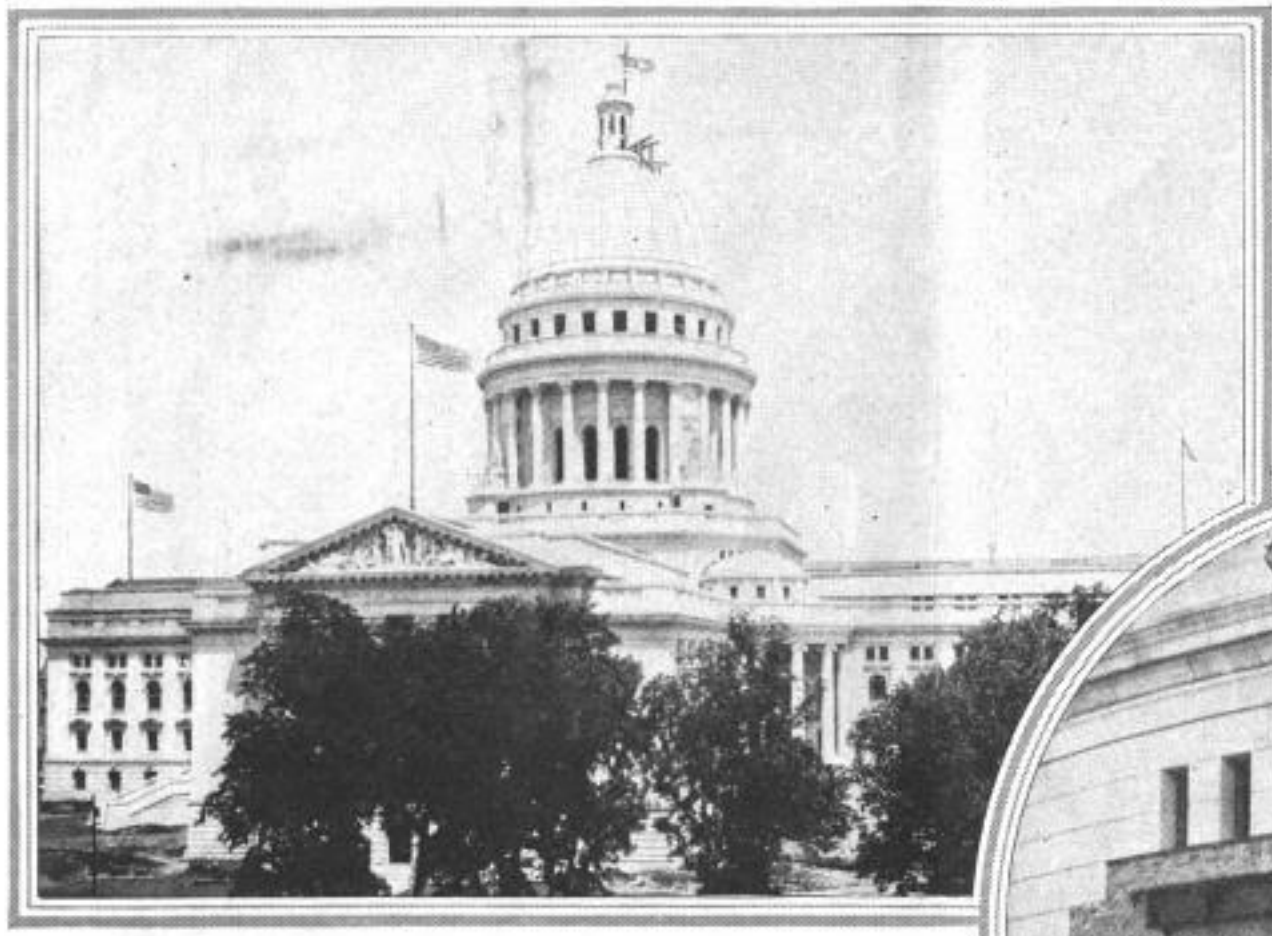
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Miss Katherine Masson, sponsor for the America, could not break the champagne bottle, so Lieut. Porte used a hammer on it

An Airboat Built to Flit Across the Atlantic

THE greatest achievement dreamed of by flying men will be realized if the plans of Lieutenant J. C. Porte do not fail. Porte, with the financial backing of Rodman Wanamaker, is going to attempt to fly across the Atlantic in an airboat, the *America*, the christening of which is seen in the photograph above. The machine is the most remarkable seaplane ever built. It weighs 5,000 pounds, is 72 feet from tip to tip, and will carry supplies for the entire journey. It can alight and rise at sea. The hull is fish-shaped and its cockpit contains a bed on which the pilots can rest. Porte expects to fly from Newfoundland to Ireland in 24 hours. His companion will be George Hallett.





Miss Forward starts upward

Symbolizing the Wisconsin Spirit on the New Madison Statehouse

IT is not difficult to guess the name of the tilted bronze lady in the circle when you hear that she symbolizes the Badger spirit and that she is being hoisted to a pedestal on the dome of Wisconsin's new Capitol, which is shown in the photograph above. "Forward" is about the only name that could have been given her. The placing of the statue on the dome was one of the finishing touches given the building, which is to be completed in the next few weeks. The statue is a little over fifteen feet in height, and is large enough to appear life size when viewed from the park below. It is the work of Daniel Chester French. The dome is 287 feet high, the fourth highest in the world, being overtopped by St. Peter's in Rome, the Duomo of Florence, and the National Capitol at Washington. The building will cost $6,000,000. It is by no means the costliest State capitol in the country, but it rivals the best of them in beauty. It makes Madison a conspicuous spot on the architectural map.

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Mexico and Wilson

Comebacks and Compliments

COLLIER'S doesn't like the President's Mexican policy. Will COLLIER'S please enlighten us as to what the President's Mexican policy is?—Portland (Me.) *Express.*

✚

The President has had no stronger, no more consistent, and no more disinterested supporter than COLLIER'S WEEKLY. We believe that COLLIER'S has been of greater service to the Administration than all the so-called Administration organs in the United States combined. Every policy of the President has received its approval, but of late it has come to believe that his methods are unwise and that some of his ideals are impractical.—Phoenix (Ariz.) *Republican.*

✚

Mark Sullivan tells us that "a man in public life, who is probably the most intelligent and powerful friend of the Administration in the country, spoke the other day, in confidence, of Wilson's Mexican course as a tragedy of errors." A man capable of taking advice, as Mr. Wilson apparently is not, would never have come into this great tragedy.—Waco (Tex.) *Times-Herald.*

✚

It must be pretty hard to find arguments in support of his party when an editor is ready to use such unworthy stuff in his effort to discredit the President. It is a pretty cheap grade of partisanship.—Milwaukee (Wis.) *Journal.*

✚

"Huerta's house of sand is crumbling," says COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Well, the old man seems to have absorbed some of it into his constitution.—Washington (D. C.) *Post.*

✚

President Wilson's friendliest and most sympathetic critic in all American journalism is probably Mark Sullivan, editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Sullivan has fought the President's battles in season and out. Therefore what Sullivan says may be considered the word of an Administration partisan. If he has prejudices—and, Heaven knows, he has—they are prejudices *favorable* to Mr. Wilson —Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald.*

✚

One of the most ardent worshipers at the Wilson shrine has been COLLIER'S WEEKLY. . . . But it has at last been forced to abandon its servile attitude.—Lawrence (Mass.) *Telegram.*

✚

And now COLLIER'S finds fault with the President's Mexican policy. That isn't fair. Wait until we can all learn what the policy is.—Boston (Mass.) *Journal.*

✚

Mark Sullivan in his "Comment on Politics" in COLLIER'S WEEKLY curiously reflects the marked change public sentiment has been undergoing. From an idolatrous worshiper at the feet of the National Administration, Editor Sullivan has become a study in half-suppressed criticism.—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Republican.*

✚

That most interesting political magazine of the country, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, has assumed an attitude toward the Wilson Administration that is entirely hypercritical, not to say hypocritical, and very far away from the usually just and independent position assumed by the editor, Colonel Mark Sullivan.—Shreveport (La.) *Journal.*

✚

We cannot resist further reference to the continued phenomenon of COLLIER'S hostility to the Wilson Mexican program. . . . COLLIER'S continues to put the clear white calcium on contemporary history. —Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY comes out this week with a flat-footed position that Wilson's Mexican policy is wrong. The policy is devious and "wobbly," according to many critics, but it remains for COLLIER'S to appeal to Southern Democrats to heed! In Wilson's practical encouragement to Villa a situation similar to an uprising of the negroes in the South for a partition of the plantations.—Wichita (Kas.) *Eagle.*

✚

For a periodical which has shown itself a friend of liberal causes, COLLIER'S WEEKLY is strangely illiberal in its treatment of Villa and the agrarian revolt now going on in Mexico. It might even be accused of insincerity and a desire, which no Progressive ought to feel, to discredit President Wilson's Administration, right or wrong.—San Francisco (Cal.) *Bulletin.*

✚

RALEIGH, N. C.

"It is undoubtedly true," to use your mild statement of the case, "that the land tenure in Mexico constitutes a grave economic wrong, which ought to be remedied." But pray tell us, dear Sapiency, if it would have involved any the less "A Tragedy of Errors" to have aided the Huerta way of perpetuating that grave "economic wrong" than "to help the Villa way of changing it"?

J. M. PICKEL.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which has never refrained from giving President Wilson full meed of praise, has furnished one of the severest criticisms of the Administration for its handling of the Mexican imbroglio. . . . The Democrats have a defensive campaign before them that may well cause them to worry, and they may be very much mistaken if they think they are going to meet a divided foe everywhere. They have very little to point with pride to, and they have much to apologize for.—Portland (Me.) *Press.*

✚

The incessant and tiresome harping of Mark Sullivan in COLLIER'S on the villanies of Villa, with the aim of discrediting President Wilson's Mexican policy, scarcely does credit to Mr. Sullivan's journalistic candor. Mr. Sullivan ignores the plain truth that the United States is not concerned with Villa's "past."—Columbia (S. C.) *State.*

✚

We think COLLIER'S is right in insisting that the President's refusal to recognize Huerta was not, as many believe, a negative act, or keeping hands off, but an affirmative act. To refuse to recognize is really interference, entailing much more responsibility than recognition.—B. L. T. in Chicago *Tribune.*

✚

From the day Woodrow Wilson received the Democratic nomination for the Presidency he had no abler, more vigorous supporter than COLLIER'S WEEKLY. But lately COLLIER'S has seen a great light. —Herkimer (N. Y.) *Telegram-Record.*

✚

Mark Sullivan in COLLIER'S represents that President Wilson has made a horrible mess of the Mexican business, that his acts have been one long series of blunders, and that the President is getting deeper and deeper into difficulty. We are a little surprised that Mark should thus berate the President whom he helped elect. . . .

We can recall how this writer condemned former Presidents, and sometimes we have wished that he were in the Presidential chair to show the rest of the country just how things should be run.—Galesburg (Ill.) *Republican.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY remarks that it is grotesque that President Wilson, after revolting at Huerta, should be giving aid and comfort to a leader like Villa. The answer is, of course, that Wilson thought Mr. Villa was a nice young man.—Toronto (Canada) *Mail and Empire.*



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The Loot and the Lieutenant

(Continued from page 10)

all the energy of his strong young arms. The head disappeared, and there were more cries from below. A pair of dusky hands reached up, catching at either side of the opening. Bob ground one hand under his heel and bumped the other under his rifle butt. "This is easy," he grinned, "but I hope Captain Campbell gets a hustle on with his get-away scheme before they get back to the barrio to give the alarm, or they'll be comin' round in canoes and things and cuttin' us off from the launch. Here, you men, roll over that big stone here. We can plug this hole up."

UP hurried Shorty and the private sent for him, laden with coils of rope and hooks. "What! By golly, they've flushed us! That's right, cork 'em up!" He dropped his burden and lent eager hand and shoulder to the great bowlder that they were pushing into place. "Sling her round this way; she fits better. There! All right! See here, Stone, look what I found! I knew they were somewhere about—diving tackle. Now hustle, everybody; don't worry over anything but making quick time. We've got to make the launch before they can get down and get the canoes." He set everybody to work furiously knotting ropes. "They're good and strong, thank God! they're made to hold men."

"But," said Stone as he pulled at a knot, "is there no other way they can get up here after us before we can all get down?"

"We've just corked up the only way," grunted Shorty as he tested his knot. "This place is sheer cliff all around. Is the boat in and ready? Corporal, signal the boat to stand under. Now, Sergeant, help me take a good hitch around this providential tree. Take the other end, Stone, and two of you men; run and pull as hard as you can to make sure of it. All right. Stone, make loops for Miss Hilary's arms. We'll lower her first; the rest of us can slide for it."

The cliff dropped for at least three hundred feet to the ocean. Its side was smooth, with hardly even enough projections to allow the sea birds to build their nests. It sloped but little; almost a pure perpendicular. The boat had come up and was almost directly beneath them. Stone had taken off his khaki blouse and was arranging it around Madge Hilary and under her arms.

"This will keep the rope from cuttin' Don't be afraid, dear, we'll lower you very gently. If you *should* happen to bump against the wall, push out with your feet, not your hands."

THE strain of the moment was great, and that tender, protective word slipped out unconsciously. Yet Stone knew when something in her eyes answered it. Answered in a way to bind these two faster than any verbal vows. Life takes short cuts in such hours and words have little to do with deepest sanctities.

All Miss Hilary said was: "But *I* am afraid. But, of course, I must do it. Oh, suppose this rope breaks?"

"This rope?" cried Shorty, who had just come near. "Why, I could rope and tie a mammoth with this cord," quoth the diminutive officer.

"Go ahead," said Madge, stoutly. She gave Stone a long, steady look, and Stone's eyes bent to hers. Then he and Shorty gently lowered her over the edge, and the men behind on the rope took up her weight. They lowered her as quickly, but as carefully as they could. But Shorty's mind was in a turmoil. What was this thing that had just happened right under his nose? Why did he think anything had happened? But he knew something had and he knew what. What was all this rot about love at first sight? Had the thing really hit his precious and best-loved protégé, Stone? He had considered him above such rot. There was a sharp pang of jealousy at his heart, for there was no one whom Shorty cherished as he did his one-time First Sergeant. "He won't ever be the same for me again. And I was goin' to have such a visit with him!" He liked Miss Hilary, she was all right—for a girl, but no girl was good enough for a thoroughbred hombre like Stone. He conceived a violent grudge against her for "breakin' all records in ropin' him." Shorty panted with the exertion. "Good job she isn't a three-hundred-pounder like our Colonel's wife," he grunted, "or we'd have stood no show at all—been dragged right over. Easy! *Hold!*" He dug his little heels into the ground. "Let her go; they've got her. *Slack up!*" Stone and he peered over and watched Miss Hilary, helped by the two men in the boat, slip the rope from off her arms. "Hold the rope. Hold it as fast as you can," he shouted through his hands to the men below.

FIRST Bob, then Hilary and the other men, then Stone slid down the rope, each with his rifle slung around his back well out of the way.

"By-by, Don Juan," said Shorty grimly as Stone alertly slipped over the edge.

Stone grinned. He knew just what was the matter with Shorty.

Just as Shorty was letting himself down, the launch in the offing began to signal. From the tail of his eye Shorty caught enough to realize that the natives were coming, and let himself zip down the rope, careless of knots. "Look out below!" he yelled. He came down so quickly he bumped Stone in the head, and the two rolled in the bottom of the boat, pulling the rope from the hands of the men who held it and knocking down two or three men who fell on top of them.

"Pull away!" gasped Shorty from where he lay with a private across his chest. "*Pull!* The chief must have got back early. Where are they comin' from, Sergeant?"

"Canoes from around the northeast point, sir."

"Pull like thunder. Get your rifles ready, men." They pulled. They pulled as Shorty bade them, and the boat fairly shot through the water. Soon they saw quite a fleet of native-made and native-filled canoes rounding the corner of the island. "That's the chief in the lead," said Shorty. "Never saw *him* before."

THERE were not enough oars for all to be pulling, so Stone sat and held the girl's hand in one of his and in the other his rifle.

"They let out the most awful yells when they saw us," said he afterward; "dreadful yawps and hoots, and the paddlers worked like mad. No wonder! We'd got their prophesied woman with the gold hair (thank God for that!), a good bunch of their small pearls, and their sacred ancestral jewel, or whatever the dence it really was. They let out a cloud of arrows, but we weren't in range for those yet. They had no firearms.

"'See that one,' says Shorty, pointing out a rabid fanatic. 'That's the vice president. I guess it's up to him to make good or lose his job—and his head too.'

"We pulled like life and death, but the boat was overloaded and too bloomin' heavy to do any quick-dash work with, and I could see that the next flock of arrows they were gettin' ready to send would arrive all right. We were still all of a hundred yards from the launch with the Gu-gus gainin' every stroke.

"'Don't shoot unless we have to,' says Shorty. 'But why doesn't the slick-jointed mechanical fool in that qualified launch wake up and come get us?'

"'Too shallow; he'd ground,' said one of the crew.

"'But,' said I, 'why the dence that yap doesn't get action'— But I never finished my speech for just then he did it—without orders, which was just what we wanted. Got the little 1.65 in the bow going like the dence and began turning the crank industrious as an organ man while the little quick-firer began pi-r-rut pi-r-ruttin' and the shells jumped and skipped out into the hopper. I tell you she cut a swath. He had the range down fine, Gee! The front two canoes were the chief's and the vice president's and inside of two minutes nearly every man in them was hit and the boats riddled up like sieves. They began to sink and the Gu-gus spilled out into the ocean. Old MacNab, the launch's engineer who was workin' the little spitter, never stopped a minute. He had plenty of ammunition that he kept crowdin' into the belt and she just rained bullets. Such a screechin' they made! You could hardly hear the Gu-gus yellin', but we could see from the way those red cavities of mouths opened in those black faces that they were doin' some tall hollerin'. They turned and beat it around the point and "back to Baltimore." That wasn't really the name of their barrio I guess. They were game enough, but they saw they had no chance, and what with the chief and vice president gone, I reckon they felt the need of reorganization. But it must have been an awful bump to them

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to lose chief, headman, Eye of Dawn and prophesied lady, to say nothing of all that bunch of fresh-water pearls that Shorty had the roughnecks loot. I couldn't get a line on those; where they came from nor where Shorty got the diving tackle from, so later when we were all aboard the launch headin' for home I poked him up to tell me.'

"'Why,' says he grinnin', 'that was easy. The answer's the same for both. I suspected as much when Miss Hilary found the first rope in the pearl pit. Then when we got on top I scouted to make sure, and 'twas a good thing I did or we wouldn't have had the rope to make the get-away. I was almost dead sure I should find it, though.'

"'But what was it?'

"'A fresh-water lake, hombre, that took up the best part of the west end of the plateau; those two little streams start from it. It was clear as good Scotch though not so yellow and I could see it was just chock full of *Unio margaritiferus* and *Anodonta japonica*; they're the things you get the pearls from. I suppose those Gu-gus have been workin' that lake with care for centuries and that pit under the throne was the principal storehouse. Funny the padres didn't get on to it while they were there—maybe they did though and that's why they were run out. Trust *them* to try and annex the pearls. The Gu-gus must have kept it secret all right; just the chief's and heathen priests' bunch that knew about it. That hole's the only way up to the plateau and I reckon they kept it pretty well guarded. I found the ropes with a big litter of diving stuff—baskets, belts, and lines at the side of the lake. They must go down like the Malays—with just a basket strapped on and a rope to be pulled up by in case of trouble. Golly! I tell you Stone that's some lake there and they've conserved it mighty well.'

"'But the Eye of Dawn?' I said. 'Where did that come from? That's never a fresh-water pearl, is it?'

"'Fresh-water your grandmother! Good Lord! Why man there's only one place in the world a perfect pink pearl of that class could have come from—and that's way around on the other side of the world. Pink pearls come in the Eastern Hemisphere of course, but one with a skin and orient like that never came out of anythin' but the fountain shell, the big conch of the West Indies, *Strombus gigas*—' and he went on spatterin' out for quite a while such things as *gastropod* and *pectinibranchia* and God knows what all! It sure had some name—that pearl, but then it deserved somethin' of a handle; look what it was! It got me though to think of Shorty interested enough in anythin' but the army to go 'lootin'' up stuff like that and I couldn't help grinnin'.

"'Gastropod! would make a corkin' good swear wouldn't it?'

"'Tame, hombre, tame!' says Shorty. 'When I really want to swear I'll use a man's word and make sure that there are no ladies present.'

"'But,' I said, goin' back to the Eye of Dawn, 'how the deuce do you suppose a West Indian pearl got up here in the handball of a Gu-gu idol?'

"'Well,' said Shorty. 'The way I dope it out is this: what's the only connection between the two places—Philippines and West Indies? The Spaniards, isn't it? Doesn't it strike you that the padres might have brought it along and had it stolen from them by these pearl-crazy Gu-gus as they themselves probably swiped it from the original owners? Makes me think of the old Moonstone somehow. Hope those Gu-gus won't trail after it through all the generations like those Brahmins did.'

"'Didn't know you read Wilkie Collins.'

"'Didn't till I began studyin' pearls; then I read everythin' about jewels I could find in the post. It wasn't much, either. Do you know I'm almost sorry I made Miss Hilary put it on. It was all right while we were there, but now we're safely on the way home I'm kind of leery of all the bunch that saw it. You seem to be so hard smitten in that quarter you'd better take it over for her. I'd trust you with it even if you *have* gone crazy. Oh, hombre, hombre, how could you do it?'

"'Do what?' I said, pretendin' ignorance.

"'Fall into the barrel of mush like that,' and gee! he was reproachful. 'I was almost as sure of you as I was of myself.'

"'Couldn't help it. Neither will you be able to when your turn comes.'

"'My turn! Curse your impudence, Stone!' Shorty was on his ear at that insinuation. 'For the Lord's sake, what do you think I am? Just quit on that idea or I won't be any friend of yours. You're lost to me enough as it is. And to think that he goes love over a skirt that he hardly knows, forgettin' the friend of his youth and troubles!'

"'Now, El Capitan, you know I'll be just the same to you as ever.'

"'Yes, you will, Teniente—like nothin'! They all say that rot, but it doesn't fool me any more; I've seen too much of this givin' in marriage game. You mean well, but you don't know how soon you'll be trained to sit up and beg, and lie down and play dead. We'll be good friends, of course, but you won't be able to give me what you gave before. Shut up! Go now and get that pearl like I told you.'

"'Don't worry; I have it already. She made me take it just before we went over the edge—said she couldn't stand it on her. I'm the one they'll have to garrote to get it.'

"'Well that's comfortin' to hear any-



"Go ahead," said Madge, stoutly. She gave Stone a long, steady look, and Stone's eyes bent to hers. Then he and Shorty gently lowered her over the edge, and the men behind on the rope took up her weight

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way,' said Shorty. 'But look here, hombre, you want to be almighty careful. If they know you've got it, you'll have to be on your guard every minute. Your lady love's brother now—I don't like his looks at that a little bit. He's the black sheep of the family, you know. She told me a few things about him. Has she said anything to you? What do you know?'

"'She started the tale, but just then the Gu-gus poked up through the hole and it became a serial. I haven't got the continuation yet.'

"'Well, I don't like his looks a little bit,' he repeated. 'Goin' up for his commission is goin' to be no drawback to him if he's really after this thing. What's a commission beside it—to most? Think what it's worth! Of course with you and me it's different. Our commissions mean more to us than money—thank God—there's no thought even of temptation. But that hombre belongs to the swift bunch all right—and by golly I bet he'd rob his sister of that pearl first crack out of the box. Particularly since he's wise about you two. He thinks he won't get a look in now, though he might have before. His chin's weak, too. You keep pickets posted!'

"'All right,' I said; 'I'll give this to the Major and get it locked up the instant I hit the post. It's in my inSidest Inside pocket and the yap that gets it out will have some slick work to do.'

"'Very well, hombre,' said Shorty, 'but remember the hombre in that old song who had fifteen dollars in the same place one Saturday night and 'not a divilish cent had I on Sunday mornin'.'"

STONE had finished his circumstantial account to the Major.

"I guess a lot of this wouldn't go well in an official report, would it, sir? Suppose I just report the finding of Captain Campbell and Miss Hilary while we were out on a mapping trip, and on that account the trip had to be abandoned. I guess I'll have to report pursuit by natives though, won't I, on account of leavin' all that stuff?"

"And ammunition," said the Major. "Make it clear that the gun was fired by an employee of the Q. M.'s not acting under your orders and that your men didn't fire a shot. We've got to conserve Gu-gus. It would never do to shoot at them."

"Yes, sir. And now let me hand over this old pearl. It'll get on my nerves if I have to carry it round very much longer."

He opened his blouse and put his hand within.

After some groping he grasped the object and drew it out carefully. He opened the little grass case and disclosed to the Major's eager gaze—a common pebble!

For a minute Stone stood stunned, then he went absolutely deathly white; in an instant the blood surged up again and he crimsoned to the very roots of his hair. He gave a queer, strangled cry.

Just then Shorty entered the room. With lightning rapidity his glance traveled to the table where the rifled case lay.

"By golly!" he exploded. "So Hilary frisked you after all! Quick, hombre, round up your detail and make sure."

WITH one leap Stone was out of the room and racing to the barracks, Shorty pounding and puffing after him, for while Stone ran well and lithely at any time, now he seemed, under stress, to have on Mercury's shoes. The detail was rounded up.

Hilary alone was missing. Scouts sent about the post could not find him. His sister had not seen him. As soon as the detail sensed what was in the wind one of the privates squealed.

"Hilary! He's gone! He's got the pearl all right!"

"How do you know?" demanded Shorty instantly, down on him at once.

In his utter rage the man threw caution to the winds. "'Cause I seen him take it! That time you and the Lieutenant tumbled into the boat down the rope together, we was all mixed up in the bottom of her and he done some slick work."

"But for God's sake, man, why didn't you tell us?"

"Why?" he cursed plaintively. "I wanted it myself! I was goin' to take it from him to-night and make a get-away. There's a liner passin' by to-night and I was goin' to take a boat and row out to her. But he bunkoed me!" The foul, ill-sounding curses filled the place.

"Hades!" said Shorty—only he said it shorter. "Fine words butter no parsnips. Put this man under arrest, Sergeant. Come, Stone, hustle!"

AS they loped along at the double Shorty pantingly explained: "We may get him yet. If he's rowin' out to catch the liner that's goin' by to-night as that man said, no reason why we shouldn't get a boat and go after him."

"The launch has got steam up yet," said Stone. "The Major was holding it in case any word should come in by wireless from the other boats of the *Mary Lee*."

"Good business! We'll take her."

Just as they raced down the landing stage Stone stopped with an exclamation. "*Look!*" he pointed. There was the liner at least ten hours ahead of schedule time and she was very evidently preparing to stop in a place she was never known to stop before.

"Bunkoed again, by golly!" swore Shorty. "Why should they stop and take him on?"

"He may have yelled he was shipwrecked off the *Mary Lee* or conned them by throwin' himself in the water and pretendin' he was drownin.'" And indeed that last was exactly what the astute Hilary had done, being able to swim like a Kanaka.

THEY stared at the big liner, but were too far away to see what was happening.

"Lieutenant Stone," said one of the launch's crew coming up, "Corporal Hilary just now went out in one of the boats; he said it was on an errand for you; was it all right?"

"*All right! Gee!* Was he in uniform?"

"No, sir, not exactly. Just an old pair of khaki trousers and a blue shirt."

"Most anybody could wear that," said Shorty. "I guess it's adios, Corporal Hilary, all right. No, it isn't either; *there's the wireless.* We'll get him!" he started to run.

"Where are you goin'?" cried Stone, running after him.

"To the wireless station!" tossed Shorty over his shoulder.

"No!" cried Stone. "Wait till I see Madge—his sister. Don't you see what such a message would mean to her!"

Shorty stopped short. "All right, hombre, there'll be plenty of time to nail him before they make the next port—if she wants to. But oh, Teniente, I wish you'd renig on this sentimental mush. Can't you retire in good order before actually gettin' into the mêlée? You've only engaged skirmishers yet. Fall back while there's time!"

BUT Stone only shook his head and quoted the regimental motto of Shorty's own eighteenth. "No retreat!" he said.

"I'm glad it's gone," said Madge Hilary. "Glad, glad, glad. Poor Fred, he always had a habit of taking what was not his, if the temptation proved strong enough. That's what got him into trouble. The only thing I'm sorry about is the easy times it would have meant for *you;* now you'll have all the usual expenses of marrying and the additional one of having to provide a trousseau for the bride. Every rag I owned went down on the *Mary Lee*."

"Don't worry, girl. We'll get along all right. I've got a bit saved: not much, but enough to give you a dress or two, and what with perks and all we'll make out splendidly."

"And you never even got any of those fresh-water pearls that some of your own men are going to get a small fortune out of."

"Well, you know the Major said 'No loot,' and though of course Shorty took all the blame of that part of it, I can see he doesn't like it. The Major's a mighty good sort and I like to obey him, but"—Stone's eyes began to twinkle.

"Well, what?"

"I'm thinkin' I got—in spite of orders—the biggest piece of loot of all!"

THE END

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The Smash in the Ear

(Concluded from page 7)

now. With your name at the head of the list for a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock, you and I can close the balance of the subscription in two days."

FRAZIER turned grave. The wrinkles in his lips puckered forward, but his tone was not unkindly as he swung squarely in his swivel chair toward young Arnold. "I'm sorry to see you take this thing so seriously, Sam. You've been advertising a month, and you've sold something less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock. There is still seven hundred and fifty thousand to place besides yours. And you won't complete your subscription list! The stock purchases have been dropping off during the past week, and I think you've sold all you can."

The banker was surprised that this report did not seem to discourage Sam in the least. Instead, the young man beamed, and in his smile was the hearty cooperation of his white teeth, his blue eyes, his orange freckles, and his red hair.

"I've passed out all the stock the small investors are to get," stated the promoter. "I only set aside a hundred and fifty thousand for them. Frazier, you once said that if I got the City Council to pass the speedway-appropriation ordinances you'd help me organize this company."

"Yes," admitted Frazier. "I'd see a splendid investment in it. But the City Council won't pass the ordinances. I've talked with them. They're not misled by this enthusiasm. They are solid, conservative, honest citizens, which is why they are reelected every year. They've run this city cheaper than any city of its size in the United States, and there is positively no chance that they would spoil that record by committing a five-million-dollar extravagance."

SAM glanced at the pleased expression on the face of old Tim Cassidy.

"How many investors are represented in your sale of the speedway stock?" he asked of Frazier.

"A raft of them," answered the banker, and consulted a memorandum card in his daily file. "Between four and five thousand."

"Is that enough, Tim?"

"God bless you, boy, it's aplenty!" and old Tim beamed on the young redhead. "Every mother's son that owns a share of that stock will vote for the candidates that's pledged to build the speedway; them and all their fathers and their sons and their cousins and their uncles and their pals. What do you think of me slate, Mr. Frazier?" and, hitching his chair forward, old Tim displayed a list of names, scrawled on a crumpled and soiled legal envelope. "They're good men, every one!"

The puckered smile came on Frazier's lips, and every tiny wrinkle on his face seemed to puncture him at both ends.

"Sam," he observed as he reached for the subscription list, "you have every qualification for a crook—except dishonesty."

THE new-born Winburg lay swathed in a mantel of white, even to the fleecily tufted branches of her tall old elms and oaks.

The only spots of color in all the landscape were the flaming red hair which waved around the face of Ruth Arnold beneath her saucy little bonnet, and the flaming red hair of Sam Arnold where it gleamed below his cap. They stood on the back porch looking steadily down toward the city.

Presently there came a new spot of color. It rose against the sky just over the City Hall: a gay American flag, jerking swiftly to the top of the flagstaff, where it suddenly flaunted out in the winter breeze.

"Old Tim's signal!" shouted Sam. "Ginger, the new City Council has passed the speedway appropriation!"

They spread their arms wide and threw them around each other, and did an ecstatic dance up and down the porch. Breathless, they stopped to look at the flag again. It represented the consummation of all their ardent hopes.

"At last the speedway's off our minds!" exulted Ruth.

"Until we get pinched for speeding on it," grinned Sam. "A promoter is through the minute the money is up."

Mr. Chester's next story
FUNDAMENTAL JUSTICE
will appear in the issue of July 25

"The Dummy"

By HENRY J. FORMAN

EVERY now and again there comes to New York a play that by all the cut-and-dried standards must and should fail, and experts of the theatre prove in advance quite conclusively that it cannot do anything else. "The Dummy," still running at this writing, is one such play. The playbill describes it as "a detective comedy"; it is in reality a melodrama on a theme that the nickel novel has long since exhausted in endless and numerous "boy detective series." No recognized producer would touch it, and those who saw it in rehearsal hastily stood from under.

Some comparatively inexperienced producers, however, had faith enough to back it with their money last spring, and now it is one of the hot-weather-proof attractions in New York. It is the old story of an outworn form revitalized by a new talent, just as one day a writer will appear who will bring to life again the dead form of the romantic and the historical novel.

Readers of COLLIER'S will recall the Barney stories by Harvey J. O'Higgins—Barney the little street Arab of Greenwich Village, who yearned to be a "detectuv." Together with Miss Harriet Ford, Mr. O'Higgins has put together a play upon Barney's small frame that fits him like the disguises his "detectuv's" heart delighted in. Human nature and natural genial humor mingle into a story that rejoices old and young much as does Tom Sawyer.



Barney (Ernest Truex) as the "detectuv" and Beryl (Joyce Fair), the kidnaped child, in "The Dummy"

To outwit a set of clever crooks, Barney's task in the play, seems literally child's play to that astute youngster. It is by his speech, by the free and flexible use of a beautiful vernacular, that he endears himself to audiences. The late O. Henry was fond of saying jocularly that "Shakespeare was the O. Henry of his time," and proved it by Shakespeare's love for the slang of that day. If there is truth in O. Henry's words, then Mr. O'Higgins had better take the vacant seat at the Mermaid Tavern, for he has put one over on the bard. In Shakespeare's gallery there is not a single boy "detectuv."



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The Associated Press

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE read with interest the editorial upon the Associated Press which appeared in your issue of June 6th. While I recognize an evident purpose to be just, it seems clear to me that your suggestion that "the information sent over the Associated Press wires is likely to have a slight official bias," lacks force. The dispatches of the association are very widely published. If there is the sort of bias you intimate, it should be easy to furnish some illustration. Such evidence would certainly be convincing. In truth there is no basis for the idea, as can be demonstrated, I am confident, in any specific case that may be presented.

In respect of your other contention, "that the Associated Press ought to be required to give its service, under proper restrictions and conditions, to any newspaper which asks for it," there are several things to say. First, your attempt to find analogy between this business and that of a railroad must fall utterly. The railroad is, in the very nature of the case, a common carrier. Not only does it fall under the proper legal rule which applied to the coach, the cab, and the ferry, long before the railroad existed, but it enjoys certain peculiar privileges, such as the right of eminent domain, etc., which gives the public a distinct claim upon it. On the other hand the Associated Press enjoys no exceptional right of any sort. It is simply a voluntary union of a number of gentlemen for the employment of a certain staff of news reporters to serve them jointly. For its work it derives no advantage from the Government, from any State or municipality, from any corporation, or from any person. Its service is a purely personal one, and never, except under the long since abolished slave laws, has any government sought to compel personal service, save in cases of voluntarily assumed contracts, or of adjudgments for crime. The output of the Associated Press is not the news; it is its own story of the news. There can be no monopoly in news. At the point of origin, Havana, the destruction of the *Maine* was known by every man, woman, and child. Any one could have written a story of it. The Associated Press men did. It was their own story. Who shall say that they, or those who employed them, were not entitled to its exclusive use? And is this not equally true, whether the employer be one man, or ten men, or nine hundred men acting in cooperation?

YOU say: "Where a city has only one morning paper and where that morning paper, possessing the Associated Press franchise is able to keep the franchise exclusively and prevent any other paper from getting it, there arise all the mischiefs which attend monopoly." To this let me say that there is no such case, nor has there been in the life of the Associated Press of which you speak. If there were, Mr. Noyes's remark that "a competitor has as much right to demand and receive the same news service as he would to demand and receive the use of the other's press, composing room, editors, and reporters," would unanswerably apply. But as to the facts: The existing Associated Press began business on September 29, 1900, with 612 members publishing daily newspapers in 265 cities and towns. In the thirteen years and nine months which have elapsed since that date, 627 new members, publishing daily newspapers in 434 cities and towns, have been admitted. As you will observe, this means an average of about one new member elected each week. Meanwhile members have resigned, newspapers have failed or ceased publication, so that the 627 elected do not represent an increase of that number on the membership roll. The present membership is 891.

As to the exclusive right, my answer is that there is no exclusive right. There is what is called a "right of protest," which is simply the right of a member to say that the Board of Directors cannot elect a new member in his field, but must leave the question of election to the membership at large. And even this "right of protest" is held by less than one-fourth of the members. No such right has been granted to any member in over thirteen years, and, since it requires a vote of seven-eighths of the total membership of the association to grant it, none is likely to be granted within your lifetime or mine, to say the least.

SOME applicants have failed of election, it is true. But in the great majority of such cases they have failed for other reasons, and not because of the exercise of any protest right. Since the association is a cooperative one, making no profit, there is no fund out of which to provide for the delinquency of one who may be unable to pay for the service. And as contracts for leased wires run over a considerable period, the failure of a member to pay his share of the expenses may become a serious thing. If the Associated Press were a money-making venture, it would be justified in taking the risks which merchants are accustomed to reckon on in making credits.

This is one of the difficulties which would be involved in any attempt to compel the organization to give its service to all applicants. An increased charge would necessarily be paid by the thrifty, solvent members to provide for the improvident or untrustworthy.

Anyone may withdraw from the Associated Press. What holds it together? The confidence of the members and of the public in its integrity. The only property it has is its good will. Is this a thing in which an applicant may claim a legal right to share?

IN the case of the New York "Sun," it should be said that the proprietors of that paper have never sought admission to membership in the association. On February 19, 1897, when the paper was under the control of Charles A. Dana and William M. Laffan, there appeared in italics at the top of its editorial columns an announcement that the paper would not join the Associated Press, but would collect the news for itself. This policy was pursued until the death of both of the men named. And thereafter the present manager declined to make application for membership, but instead presented a petition to the Attorney General of the United States asking that he institute proceedings against the Associated Press as an unlawful organization. This was not an appeal for aid; it was an effort to destroy a competitor. For it must be borne in mind that the New York "Sun" has a news collecting and distributing agency of its own, and has had such an agency for over twenty years.

But you say "the time will come when newspapers will be recognized as having the qualities of a public utility, and will be subject to inquiry and regulation by commissions similar to those which have arisen in many States during the past few years to supervise railroads, telephone, and lighting corporations." Well, then we shall have turned back the clock 300 years, and John Milton and his "Plea for Unlicensed Printing" were all in vain. The first Amendment to the Federal Constitution will be accounted a mistake, and we shall be face to face with a method of governmental administration once delighted in by the Stationers' Company and the Star Chamber.

AS long ago as March, 1807, a writer in "Harper's Magazine" said: "The American public are a little superstitious about the Associated Press, and the feeling results from that common and natural cause of all superstition—ignorance." That such ignorance exists now, as it did then, is undeniably true. But it would be altogether unfair to suspect that this lack of knowledge on the part of the public is due to any effort by the association, or its management, to veil in secrecy either its scheme of organization or its method of operation. Any one who is anxious or even willing to investigate it will find no obstacle. Neither the membership nor the management has any apology to offer for the work. Instead it is believed that the association is engaged in a distinctly meritorious endeavor.

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Does the Associated Press receive or distribute to its members all of the news of the day? By no means. Nor is it intended that it shall. There are news fields which, however important, it is forbidden to enter. These are the fields which by the proprieties are left for exploration to the enterprise of the individual newspapers. What may it do and what may it not do? It may and should report the consequential events fairly, or as nearly as is possible for human beings to do so. It may not go further. And herein lies in large measure the misunderstanding of the well-intentioned public.

AS an illustration: If a "pogrom" occurs in a Russian town, the Associated Press should tell dispassionately the story of the event. But it is not permitted to even say whether the thing is right or wrong. If President Wilson goes to the Capitol and urges a repeal of the statute exempting American coastwise vessels from the payment of the Panama Canal tolls, and if Senator O'Gorman or Republican House Leader Mann, or Democratic House Leader Underwood takes issue with President Wilson, the Associated Press calmly reports both sides and must give no hint that either side is right or wrong.

But, says some one, this sort of negative work has no value. It sees a great wrong and makes no sign of disapproval. It sees a movement for the betterment of mankind which is of the highest moment and does not lend a hand to help the thing along. Let us see. There is an underlying belief that the American people are capable of self-government. If so, they must needs be able to form a judgment. And we conceive it to be of very great importance that the people be given the facts, free from the slightest bias, leaving to them the business of forming their own judgment. Let us see what any other method of dealing with the news of the day must mean. If a news agency is to present somebody's view of the right or wrong of the world's happenings, whose view is it to be? And what assurance are we to have that this somebody's view is the right view? And if it is the wrong view, what then?

It was out of all this that there grew a cooperative Associated Press. The business of news gathering in a dominant way was in the hands of three men. They were responsible to no one. They could send out to the newspapers anything they chose and no one could call them to account. A large number of newspaper proprietors revolted. They felt that, far beyond their own interests, there was a great public question involved. They set about the development of a plan which should insure an honest, truthful, and impartial reporting of events. After deliberation, they concluded that the safest way was to organize a cooperative association of newspaper proprietors, representing diverse interests and thus put the institution under pledge to report the truth, and, to guarantee impartiality, the news service was to be subjected to the scrutiny and the censorship of the varied views of its membership.

THUS the business started. It took four years of hard struggle to wrest the business from private control; and then it succeeded. The cooperative association was accepted by enough publishers to make it a success. The very underlying principle was that it, its method of organization, and its news service should be subject to criticism. With an appreciation of their responsibility, and a full recognition of their duty to the American people, they sought to work out the problem before them in the best possible fashion. If they did not succeed, then the effort of as patriotic and well-minded a set of men as this country has ever known is a failure. At one stage of the contest they pledged themselves for hundreds of thousands of dollars as a guaranty fund to break the chains which at the moment bound the American press to enslavement by the three men to whom I have referred.

I HAVE no thought of saying the Associated Press is perfect. The frailties of human nature attach to it. But of this I am certain: If in its form of organization, or its method of operation, it is in violation of any law, divine or human, it is the very last institution in this country to seek to avoid its responsibility. If anyone can devise or suggest a better way to do the work it is seeking to do, it will be glad to adopt it, or to permit some one else to put it in operation. The thing it is striving for is a truthful, unbiased report of the world's happenings, under forms that are legal, and not only conformable to statutes, but ethical in the highest degree.

MELVILLE E. STONE.

Passing the "Pork"

(Concluded from page 15)

waterway would save the people of the United States at least $20,000,000 annually in cheaper foodstuffs. There was not a widespread demand for the canal: it was built to serve the political fortunes of General Henderson. To date it has cost the Government $7,612,795 for construction and $173,585 for maintenance and operation. Last year the total freight carried on the Hennepin Canal was 11,982 tons, which cost the Government $41.46 a ton.

The private owners of the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal, which connects the Delaware River with Chesapeake Bay, found the property to be a white elephant and a scheme was set on foot to have Congress buy it. The House appropriated $1,500,000 for the purpose, and the Senate raised the figures to $2,250,000. Stockholders in the company, interested shippers, and large dredging companies backed the movement. The dredgers are interested because some $15,000,000 worth of work will have to be done on the canal before it can be made really useful.

Scores of harbors, inlets, and little rivers on both coasts have been improved at the people's expense and steamship companies and factory owners have been the chief beneficiaries. For many years the steamship companies owned or controlled by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad have been almost the sole beneficiaries of the improvements along the New England coast.

We might continue indefinitely the enumeration of wasteful projects.

Senator F. M. Simmons and Congressman J. H. Small of North Carolina have long fingers when it comes to reaching for "pork." These two Tarheels were chiefly instrumental in putting twenty-six North Carolina schemes into the 1914 bill. And Congressman Stephen M. Sparkman of Florida, chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, is at the front of the line when the head of the barrel is removed. Among the other notable "pork" getters are Senators Ransdell of Louisiana, Fletcher of Florida, Clarke of Arkansas, and Bankhead of Alabama, and Congressmen George W. Taylor of Alabama, B. G. Humphreys of Mississippi, W. E. Humphrey of Washington, George F. Burgess of Texas, and J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania.

But it would be unfair to say that individuals are personally responsible for all the evils of the pork-barrel system or that there is no merit in some of the projects that are being badly handled. Most Senators and Congressmen take their home obligations very seriously, especially their political obligations, and whenever there is a pork barrel to be opened they feel it their duty to get as much as they can for their own States or districts. Few of them take the time and trouble to investigate thoroughly the demands of their constituents for Federal cash. So it would be anything but fair to put down as a criminal every member of Congress who gets an appropriation for a project that will not bear careful scrutiny.

The pork-barrel system is to blame for most of the evils in connection with Government projects. When the improvement of our waterways is placed in the hands of a board appointed by the President and removed as far as possible from the influence of Congressmen and Senators, most of the money will be well spent. Then the meritorious projects will receive all the attention they deserve and the iniquitous ones will be ignored. And, what is more, Congress will be relieved of a demoralizing influence that has existed ever since the Government was organized.

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Departments Preparatory, High School, Education, Kindergarten, Primary Methods, Domestic Science, Agriculture, Scientific, Higher English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Sciences, Classic, Engineering, Architecture, Manual Training, Expression and Public Speaking, Music, Fine Art, Law, Pharmacy, Medicine, Dentistry, Commerce, Phonography and Typewriting, Penmanship, and Review.

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Bealby

(*Concluded from page 12*)

therein between the wheels. This sleeping sack was to have been a great feature of the expedition, but when it came to the test Judy could not use it. She had not anticipated that feeling of extreme publicity the open air gives one at first. It was like having all the world in one's bedroom. Every night she had relapsed into the caravan.

Bealby did not mind what they did with him so long as it meant sleeping. He had had a long day of it. He undressed sketchily and wriggled into the nice woolly bag and lay for a moment listening to the soft bumpings that were going on overhead. *She* was there. He had the instinctive confidence of our sex in women, and here were three of them. He had a vague idea of getting out of his bag again and kissing the underside of the van that held this dear, beautiful creature. . . .

He didn't. . . .

Such a lot of things had happened that day—and the day before. He had been going without intermission, it seemed now, for endless hours. He thought of trees, roads, dew-wet grass, frying pans, pursuing packs of gigantic butlers hopelessly at fault—no doubt they were hunting now—chinks and crannies, tactless missiles flying, bursting, missiles it was vain to recall. He stared for a few seconds through the wheel spokes at the dancing, crackling fire of pine cones which it had been his last duty to replenish, stared and blinked much as a little dog might do, and then he had slipped away altogether into the world of dreams. . . .

In the morning he was extraordinarily hard to wake. . . .

"Is it after sleeping all day ye'd be?" cried Judy Bowles, who was always at her most Irish about breakfast time.

MONDAY was a happy day for Bealby.

The caravan did seventeen miles and came to rest at last in a sloping field outside a cheerful little village set about a green on which was a long tent professing to be a theatre. . . .

At the first stopping place that possessed a general shop Mrs. Bowles bought Bealby a pair of boots. Then she had a bright idea. "Got any pocket money, Dick?" she asked.

She gave him a half crown—that is to say, she gave him two shillings and sixpence, or five sixpences or thirty pennies—according as you choose to look at it—in one large undivided shining coin.

Even if he had not been in love here surely was incentive to a generous nature to help and do distinguished services. He dashed about doing things. The little accident on Sunday had warned him to be careful of the plates, and the only flaw upon a perfect day's service was the dropping of an egg on its way to the frying pan for supper. It remained where it fell, and there presently he gave it a quiet burial. There was nothing else to be done with it. . . .

All day long at intervals Miss Philips smiled at him and made him do little services for her. And in the evening, after the custom of her great profession when it keeps holiday, she insisted on going to the play. She said it would be the loveliest fun. She went with Mrs. Bowles because Mrs. Geedge wanted to sit quietly in the caravan and write down a few little things while they were still fresh in her mind. And it wasn't in the part of Madeleine Philips not to insist that both William and Bealby must go too; she gave them each a shilling—though the prices were sixpence, threepence, twopence, and a penny—and Bealby saw his first real play.

IT was called "Brothers in Blood or the Gentleman Ranker." There was a poster—which was only very slightly justified by the performance—of a man in khaki with a bandaged head proposing to sell his life dearly over a fallen comrade. One went to the play through an open and damaged field gate and across trampled turf. Outside the tent were two paraffin flares illuminating the poster and a small cluster of the impecunious young. Within on grass that was worn and bleached were benches, a gathering audience, a piano played by an offhand lady, and a drop scene displaying the Grand Canal, Venice. The Grand Canal was infested by a crowded multitude of zealous and excessive reflections of the palaces above and by peculiar crescentic black boats floating entirely out of water and having no reflections at all. The offhand lady gave a broad impression of the Wedding March in "Lohengrin," and the back seats assisted by a sort of gastric vocalization called humming and by whistling between the teeth. Madeleine Philips evidently found it tremendous fun, even before the curtain rose.

And then—illusion. . . .

THE scenery was ridiculous, it waved about, the actors and actresses were surely the most pitiful of their tribe and every invention in the play impossible, but the imagination of Bealby, like the loving kindness of God, made no difficulties: it rose up and met and embraced and gave life to all these things. It was a confused story in the play, everybody was more or less somebody else all the way through, and it got more confused in Bealby's mind, but it was clear from the outset that there was vile work afoot, nets spread, and sweet, simple people wronged. And never were sweet and simple people quite so sweet and simple. There was the wrongful brother, who was weak and wicked, and the rightful brother, who was vindictively, almost viciously, good, and there was an ingrained villain who was a baronet, a man who wore a frock coat and a silk hat and carried gloves and a stick in every scene and upon all occasions—that sort of man. He looked askance always. There was a dear, simple girl, with a vast, sweet smile who was loved, according to their natures, by the wrongful and the rightful brother, and a large, wicked, red-clad, lip-biting woman, whose passions made the crazy little stage quiver. There was a comic butler—very different stuff from old Mergleson—who wore an evening coat and plaid trousers and nearly choked Bealby. Why weren't all butlers like that? Funny. And there were constant denunciations. Always there were denunciations going on or denunciations impending. That took Bealby particularly. Never surely in all the world were bad people so steadily and thoroughly scolded and told what. Everybody hissed them; Bealby hissed them. And when they were told what, he applauded. And yet they kept on with their wickedness to the very curtain. They retired—askance to the end. Foiled but pursuing. "A time will come," they said.

THERE was a moment in the distresses of the heroine when Bealby dashed aside a tear. And then at last most wonderfully it all came right. The company lined up and hoped that Bealby was satisfied. Bealby wished he had more hands. His heart seemed to fill his body. Oh, *prime! prime!* . . .

And out he came into the sympathetic night. But he was no longer a trivial Bealby: his soul was purged, he was a strong and silent man, ready to explode into generous repartee or nerve himself for high endeavor. He slipped off in the opposite direction from the caravan because he wanted to be alone for a time and *feel*. He did not want to jar upon a sphere of glorious illusion that had blown up in his mind like a bubble. . . .

He was quite sure that he had been wronged. Not to be wronged is to forego the first privilege of goodness. He had been deeply wronged by a plot—all those butlers were in the plot, or why should they have chased him?—he was much older than he really was, it had been kept from him, and in truth he was a rightful earl. "Earl Shonts," he whispered: and indeed, why not? And Madeleine, too, had been wronged: she had been reduced to wander in this uncomfortable caravan: this gypsy queen: she had been brought to it by villains, the same villains who had wronged Bealby. . . .

Out he went into the night, the kindly consenting summer night, where there is nothing to be seen or heard that will contradict these delicious, wonderful persuasions.

HE was so full of these dreams that he strayed far away along the dark country lanes and had at last the utmost difficulty in finding his way back to the caravan. And when ultimately he got back, after hours and hours of heroic existence, it did not even seem that they had missed him. It did not seem that he had been away half an hour.

(*To be continued next week*)



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Colorado Coal Dust

WITH its usual speed, COLLIER'S is now out with an article, vicious in its untruthfulness, covering the coal strike. . . . Nobody has ever had any faith in COLLIER'S, and, therefore, this story is doing far less harm than those in other journals.—Pueblo (Colo.) *Chieftain.*

✦

For the benefit of some of our friends who seem to have heard but one side of the Colorado labor war, we reprint an editorial from COLLIER'S.—Jamestown (N. Y.) *Post.*

✦

DENVER, COLO.

It is a difficult and thankless task to ferret out the falsehoods continually told about the Colorado coal strike. We are getting mighty tired of these apparently deliberate and malicious falsehoods.

Mr. Macfarlane says that "for a long stretch of time the Colorado mines have killed twice as many workers as all the other coal mines in all the rest of the United States combined." If this statement were true it surely would be "something to think about"; but it is not true. Colorado mines do not kill over one-forty-sixth of the number charged by Mr. Macfarlane. . . . It is true that more men per thousand employees are killed in Colorado than is the average in the entire country. Colorado is comparatively new as a coal-producing State, and the badly broken-up condition of the coal measures increases liability of accident in all the Rocky Mountain States.

The Colorado record from 1806 to 1908 of 5.71 deaths per thousand is much better than that of her sister States of New Mexico (7.23), Utah (11.67), and Wyoming (11.60).

In 1911 the average number killed per thousand employees in the United States was 3.73, and in Colorado it was 6.85 with 14,315 men employed. The C. F. & I. the Victor American (the next largest company in the State), and the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company employ 8,848 men, and the number killed was but 3.31 per thousand as against an average for the United States of 3.73.

I am no apologist for the coal companies, but Macfarlane's attack is not simply upon the C. F. & I. or Rockefeller, but upon the State of Colorado, where I have lived for twenty-five years.

Colorado is the fairest and sweetest of the sisterhood of States. It is estimated that she has ten times more coal than Pennsylvania ever had. Her factories produce 50 per cent more per wage earner than the average of the United States. Such a State ought not to be marred by the horrid hand of armed rebellion. C. W. VARNUM, Lawyer.

✦

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Your editorial on the strike in Colorado is right up to the minute; you have the whole thing condensed, and if you were to write a book on the subject you could not give the situation any clearer. Please continue to send me COLLIER'S for the next two years. ARTHUR F. RICE.

✦

FOWLER, COLO.

You have for years been a chief prophet against yellow journalism, but nothing has ever approached in that regard the article by Macfarlane. The article is so saturated with mendacity it is impossible to answer it. Take one statement: that "twice as many workers (in mines) have been killed as in all the rest of the United States!"

We also resent his statement that these strikers are "of like passions with ourselves." He refutes this statement when he says "many of the strikers are veterans from the Balkans." You have doubtless read the report of the international committee, investigating the late Balkan cruelties. Yet these are the brutes who are here in Colorado, bringing their rifles and soft-nosed bullets to tear the tender flesh of our young militia soldiers.

The cause of the strike was the insatiate greed of the leaders of mine workers to control the mines absolutely. Of the ten original demands, eight were met by laws on our statute books. The ninth, 10 per cent increase of wages, was so absurd that it was soon dropped. The tenth demand, recognition of the union, will not, cannot, be met.

It was the "poor little Greek" who commenced his carnival of riot and massacre immediately after Hayes called the strike, with rifle and ammunition on hand. It was this "poor little Greek," heavily armed, who was observed reading a proclamation of the President in Trinidad, and was overheard to say "it looks like the United States is trying to run this country." It was one of these "poor little Greeks" who shot Dr. Lester, a physician of Walsenburg, who was acting surgeon to the militia—killing him instantly—while the doctor was treating a wounded man on the field and wearing a Red Cross badge. It was this "poor little Greek," five hundred of him, who treacherously attacked a handful of militia (thirty-four of *him*) at Ludlow. It was "poor little Greeks" who, when the tents caught fire from unknown cause, and when the militia boys dropped their guns to rush into the burning tents and rescue the women and children of the strikers, these Greeks, I say, it was who continued to fire into the soldier boys while carrying their wives and children into safety. And it is this "poor little Greek," who is still down in the southern coal fields of Colorado, his rifles, most of them, cached in the arroyos and cañons, instead of turning them over to the Federal officers, as all the private citizens and mine owners did. When the Federal soldiers leave we expect the "poor little Greek" to again emerge on his career of carnage and riot.

Ah, COLLIER'S, COLLIER'S, what have you done? All this I have written, and a hundred times as much more, was at the disposal of Macfarlane if he had wanted it. Any decent citizen could have given Macfarlane the facts. Colorado can take care of herself if she is let alone, but the East gives us more than we can carry. God pity Colorado! J. L. WOODBRIDGE.

✦

Special correspondents of the New York "Evening Post," the New York "Independent," COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and "Everybody's Magazine" agree in laying the heaviest burden of responsibility for the anarchy and rebellion in Colorado upon the operators rather than upon the men. It is doubtful, therefore, whether John D. Rockefeller the younger is well informed. He has taken his information from biased sources. . . . It is impossible for an ignorant Greek or Italian or Hungarian miner, scarcely able to speak English, imported because of his initial cheapness by the operators, to bargain with the representative of the Rockefellers.—Topeka (Kas.) *Capital.*

✦

According to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., committed most of the lawlessness in Colorado himself.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Dispatch-News.*

✦

STREATOR, ILL.

Macfarlane's article is the clearest, justest, most graphic and convincing presentation I have seen.

J. E. WILLIAMS.

✦

If the younger Rockefeller has a sense of humor he should indulge it by reading Peter Clark Macfarlane's article on the Colorado mining troubles in COLLIER'S. . . . If the irony of the whole situation does not dawn upon the young magnate after reading this incisive location of "the nigger in the woodpile," his sense of humor is atrophied.—Milwaukee (Wis.) *Journal.*

✦

DENVER, COLO.

In a surprisingly large number of particulars Macfarlane got right to the root of the matter. His analysis will be of much value in bringing before the public the underlying differences of viewpoint between miners and operators. E. S. C.

✦

None show such utter disregard for truth as the latest story in COLLIER'S . . . written by Peter Clark Macfarlane . . . the most infamous falsehood ever printed in a paper or magazine pretending to contain a spark of honesty or decency.—Pueblo (Colo.) *Chieftain.*



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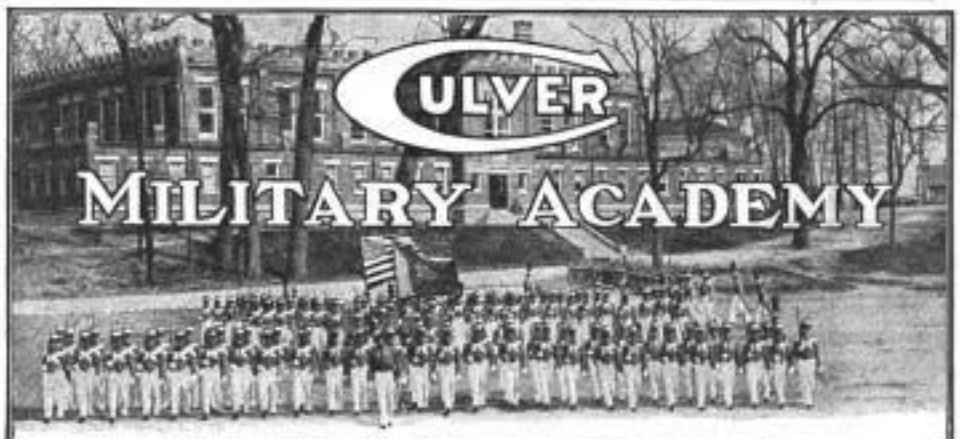
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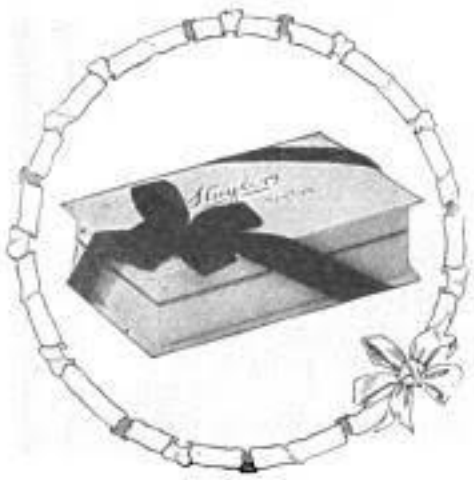
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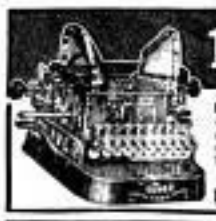
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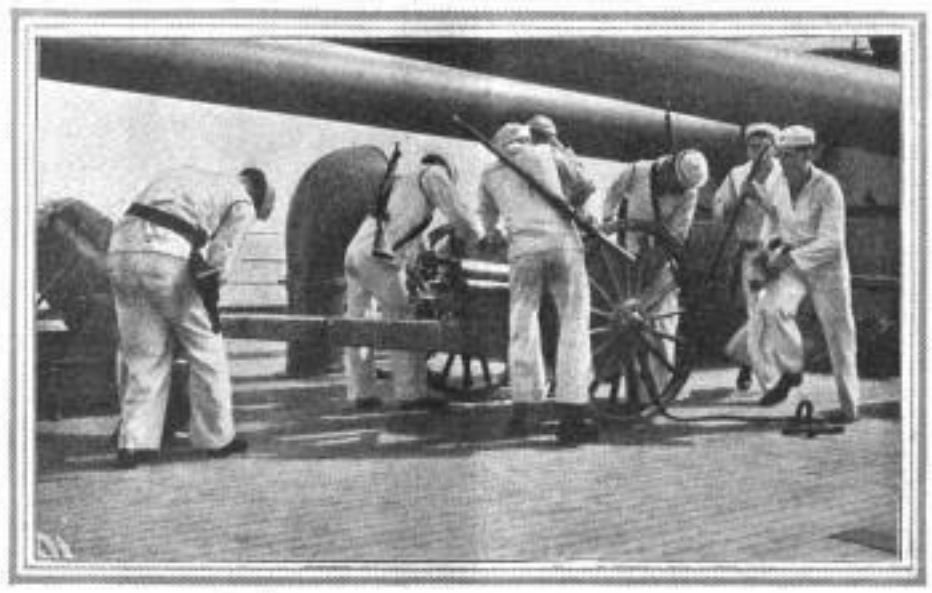
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Gun crews appear and begin to polish up their charges; the big 14-inch turrets begin to revolve



The Fleet Stands By

(Concluded from page 14)

liquor, no matter how great their fancied or real need; and at the end of that five or six weeks took the whole 4,000 of them, with their pockets full of money, and suddenly threw them into the middle of all the grog shops of a great city—I do think that more than forty—that is, 1 per cent of them—would be found "soused"—that is, if we had means of locating them all at the end of the day.

What is the point in this discursive tract? What of the day's work we started out to describe?

Why, this is all part of the talk of the men on the job. The heroic sailor of tradition has passed—a sailor of another kind, but just as efficient in another way—the way of his day—is rapidly creating another tradition. The lad who in the lusty days of his youth can thus hold himself in check is a pretty good product of American navy development, too. He pretty generally passes up the grog shop, but he visits the art galleries, the museums, the cathedrals, the Y. M. C. A.'s ashore, takes books from the library on shipboard, buys post cards and mails them home to let his friends know of the great things in the world. On that memorable world cruise the men cleaned Rio de Janeiro out of 250,000 of them. I doubt if many of them, on the first try, could lay out on a topsail yard in a gale of wind without immediately falling overboard; but they don't have to lay out on topsail yards nowadays. They do have to shoot, however; and they can shoot. Lay a gun's crew of them behind a big turret gun and watch them make lacework of the target at 11,000 yards, which is six and a half miles as we measure it ashore. Aboard the particular ship where I am writing this they think they can do things at fourteen miles—if they have to—with their 14-inch guns; and nobody around here doubts they can do them. They are not going ashore 4,000 at a time here. Vera Cruz is not big enough to take care of that many; but such as are allowed to go ashore are behaving pretty well, after making all the little human allowances, and they will continue to behave pretty well.

The fleet is standing by in Vera Cruz. They were on the spot when wanted on that first and second and third and fourth day, and they will be on the spot when again they are wanted.

Where the Story Begins

(Continued from page 9)

my maid. Don't you see? And then he'll be so mortified that he'll never bother again."

"Some scheme, all right," said Edna thoughtfully. "Honest, though, I don't like it much. Doesn't sound straight goods."

"But listen, my dear. He's only a fortune hunter. Doesn't that make a difference?"

"Sure?" said Edna slowly. "But how do you know I won't make a break and give the whole snap away?"

"I've thought of that, too. But you can read his letters, and I'll tell you what I wrote him, and all about everything that happened. And you can whisper so he won't know your voice. And anyhow—when he finds you're the maid—"

"But why don't you dress up as a maid yourself?" objected Edna, "and meet him in the servants' room?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. You see, it's my mother's house. And the servants would know. And besides—" She looked at Edna appealingly.

"Yuh haven't got the nolve?" suggested Edna. "Well," she reflected, "I don't think much of it, but—"

"I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can get my letters back!" burst in the other breathlessly.

"Some coin," thought Edna, looking up at the ceiling. "Take me ten years to save as much as that. And it'll be kinda fun to try—" Suddenly she dropped her gaze into the other's worried eyes. "All right," she said. "If anything goes wrong it'll be your funeral. And I guess I can get off for a coupla days."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" cried the other. "Thank you ever so much! Oh—" And there in her thanks we will leave Miss Kies, because we're getting close to the place where the story begins.

RONALD MACKENZIE—he of the flossy name—rang the basement bell of the Kies Fifth Avenue residence. His letter from Florence had said: "Ring basement bell. Servants' door."

"Doesn't she think I'm good enough to use the front door?" thought Mackenzie, not unproudly. "If I was good enough for her to get engaged to, by Jingo, I guess I'm good enough to walk up the front steps."

THE basement door opened, interrupting his moody meditations, and a pretty little face under a pretty little cap looked out at him with a very pretty little affectation of guilt.

"Why, Florence—!" he gasped.

"Sh!" whispered Florence the False, finger on lip. "Don't say a word."

She dragged him into the vestibule under the stone steps leading him by the lapel of his coat as one would lead a mesmerized horse by the halter.

"You've caught me on a busy day," she whispered, "but I guess they won't want me upstairs for half an hour or so—and—I got an awful lot of things to explain to you, Ronald." Still in his dazed condition she led him into the kitchen.

"Cook," she said. "This is my steady—Mr. Mackenzie."

"Pleased to meet you," said the cook, looking up from her pastry board. "You any relation to Harry Mackenzie, the butcher over at Liebmeyer's?"

Ronald managed to make a gesture indicating negation.

"You've got his mouth and nose That's why I ast."

"No, cooky dear," said the pseudo-Florence. "Mr. Mackenzie's a stranger in the city and I'm going to take him into the sitting room for a few minutes. If Miss Florence rings the bell, let somebody run up and tell her I've gone out to mail her letters."

She led the round-eyed Mr. Mackenzie into the servants' sitting room and closed the door behind them. In the kitchen the cook looked askance at Katie the laundress.



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A full list of these bulletins (not the bulletins themselves) and information on how to obtain them will be sent to all those who will write to COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. Our service is entirely without charge.

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"Bless us!" said the cook. "But she don't lose no time nor nothing. But isn't she the spit of Miss Florence, though? I said so the minute I clapped eyes on her."

"Spit or no spit," said Katie philosophically. "If she gets caught entertaining her steady down here, she'll wonder what's struck her."

But in the meantime, if Katie could have seen them, she would have known that it was Mr. Mackenzie who was marveling at the missile.

"FLORENCE—!" he stammered.

"I—I'm not Florence," she miserably whispered, hiding her face in her handkerchief.

"Not Florence?" he gasped.

"No, Chubbsy; no," she sobbed in a muffled voice, but nevertheless most careful of her speech. "I'm not Miss Florence and I never was. I—I'm just a wicked girl."

"What do you mean: a wicked girl?" asked the astonished Mr. Mackenzie.

"Because I've de—d e c e i v e d you. Oh, dear! When I met you in front of the p o s t office at North East Harbor and dropped s e t my h a n d k e r chief, you—you thought I was a young lady. But—but I'm not. I'm only a young lady's maid! Oh, Ronny - Wonny, what a wicked girl I've been!"

"But your letters—"

"I wrote them on her stationery—and t h a t poem I wrote you—Prince of the R a v e n H a i r, Waft Me a Kiss—aw!—I copied it o u t of a book!"

"But my letters—" objected t h e erstwhile wafting prince of the raven hair. "The letters I wrote her—"

"I hung on to them when I went for the mail. I—I couldn't help it, Chubbsy. I loved you s—s—s—s—s—s—so!"

She leaned her arm against the wall, and leaned her forehead against her arm, and shook and quivered and trembled like an exceedingly shapely mold of pink blancmange.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Ronald, alias Chubbsy, speaking for the first time in a natural voice. And having arrived at this interesting determination, he put his arm around the other's waist and would have kissed her if, so to speak, the blancmange hadn't slipped off the spoon.

"No, Ronald," she said. "That's all over now. We'll give each other our letters back and then I'll give you back your ring, and—"

"Not on your life, kiddo," said Ronald. "I got something to say about that!"



A pretty little face under a pretty little cap looked out at him with a very pretty little affectation of guilt. "Why, Florence—!" he gasped

HE walked to the other end of the room, shooting his cuffs once, twice, and again, like a young man getting his steam up. "What did you say your right name was?" he suddenly asked.

"Edna."

"Well, listen to this, Edna. When I picked up your handkerchief I thought you was a school-teacher or something like that. And it even scared me to think you were a school-teacher. It wasn't till after we were engaged that I found out you were rich—that is, I mean, that Miss Kies was rich—"

"Say!" gasped Edna to herself. "What's he going to spring!"

"I nearly got cold feet right there," continued Ronald earnestly, "because it's all I can do to pay my board bill. But my old man's in the moving-picture business up in Maine and he'd been talking about taking me into partnership. So I thought that maybe I could hold my end up somehow. Of course I didn't know then how much money you'd got—I mean Miss Kies had got—"

"Sure," said Edna, dabbing her nose and staring at this earnest young man.

"But last week," he went on, "I saw a big piece about her in the Sunday paper—calling her the hundred-million-dollar deb—deb—deb—"

"Deb-you-tant," Edna told him.

"Ye—eh; that's it. And right then and there I knew it was no place for little Ronald to hang his hat. Maybe it didn't break me all up! All the same there was nothing else to it: I had to come down here and tell her it was all off. But now—" Again his nervous arm went around her, and again he found she was trickier than the eels.

"LISTEN," she said. "You're all to the good. But I don't like the way this thing began—"

"I don't care a hang how it began as long as it ends all right," interrupted the persistent Mr. Mackenzie.

"But it makes a lot of difference to the gall," said Edna, unconsciously making a total reversion to F i r s t P r i n c i p l e s of Speech. "A gall doesn't want it thrown up at her that she fooled a feller into marrying her. So if your feet ain't chilly just because I'm walking here, we've got to start all o v e r a g a i n. What's past has never happened, so far as I'm concerned. See? So send back my letters and my picture—"

"I've got them with me. I was g o i n g to give them to you."

"All r i g h t. Now wait a minute and I'll get yours."

She soon reappeared, carrying a bundle of letters almost as large as two loaves of bread.

"There," she said, handing him this nourishing food of love. "Now we're even. Good-by."

"NOT on your life: 'Good-by!'" he indignantly replied. "Listen, Floss—I mean Edna. My old man says just as soon as I've saved a thousand dollars, to show him I can, he'll take me into partnership in his moving-picture shows. So as soon as I find a steady job we'll get married and start saving. That is, if you think you wouldn't mind keeping house and frying hash for me—"

"Maybe I wouldn't mind at that," she said, looking at him with one of her even glances. "But you've got to beat it now. Good-by—Chubbsy." She started up the stairs.

"But when'll I see you again?" he asked, running up after her.

"I dunno," she said. "I'm leaving here."

"Where are you going?"

She looked down at him seriously, reflectively, and especially into his eyes.

"Mr. Mackenzie," she said at last in her best aristocratic manner. "My permanent address is—er—the Savarin-Splendide! Au revoir!"

Eel-like again she vanished through the door above, thinking "That'll hold him!" He heard the door click after her.

THE two wise virgins were using their lamps again in the little shop, watching through the curtains the bored procession in the billion-dollar parade.

"Look, Edna," said Beatrice. "There he is, sitting opposite."

"Who is?" asked Edna with a start which almost left her blushing.

"Billy Van Houten, the guy whose engagement to Florence Kies was announced yesterday. Say, ain't he a bum!"

The young gentleman thus succinctly described was inhaling a gold-tipped cigarette and tapping his patent-leather pumps with a cane.

"Fresh wind, free wind blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy fountains.
Draughts of life to me."
—Dinah Maria Mulock

DUTY oft' chains us to sultry plain when our desires cry for cooling winds of the sea.

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Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

*Significant Price-History of Grape Juice

By E. T. WELCH, Sec. and Treas., The Welch Grape Juice Company

SEVERAL years ago the writer wrote an article for *Welch's Magazine*, showing that how, through the increased output of Welch's, made possible by advertising, the cost to the dealer and to the consumer had been reduced, notwithstanding very material advances in the cost of grapes.

What we have to say now is a repetition of some of the same statements which appeared in that article, brought down to date by a reference to the recent change in our selling plan, and a mention of the extremely high prices which prevailed for grapes this last fall.

In the early days, when our output was very small, the cost to the trade on the two largest selling sizes of Welch's was $9 and $10 per case. As our output increased prices were reduced from time to time until the trade list in 1897 was $4.75 and $5 for the same two sizes. In the year 1897 we paid $10 per ton for our grapes. In 1898 we paid about $12 per ton for grapes. Our output in each of the years of 1897 and 1898 was about 50,000 gallons, and, notwithstanding the fact that the business was conducted at a small loss in 1898, we reduced the trade list 25 cents per case early in 1899.

Since 1898 our output has steadily increased each year, and the price of grapes increased so that up to and including the year 1910 we had paid $40 per ton for our grapes in each of two years and $43.50 a ton in 1910. During this period the trade list on two of the five sizes in which Welch's is bottled was reduced 25 cents per case, and larger quantity discounts were allowed on all sizes. The average cost of our grapes for a number of years preceding 1913 was about $35 per ton.

Last fall the Concord grape crop showed less than 50 per cent of a yield, not only in the Chautauqua grape belt, but in all other sections in which Concord grapes are raised. In the early part of the season we paid $50 per ton for our grapes, and the price gradually increased until the last few days of the season, when we paid $60 per ton.

Some months ago, before we knew that the 1913 crop would be so small, and therefore were not expecting prices to be anything like the figures just mentioned, we decided to eliminate quantity discounts, reduce our trade list, making the price the same to large and small dealers. When we faced the unusual grape conditions of last fall we thought at first that it would be impossible to put a one-price plan into effect, but it was necessary that we revise our selling terms. One of the most serious things connected with the unusual situation was the fact that even at the high prices paid we were unable to secure a large enough quantity of grapes to give us the increased business in 1914 that we would ordinarily expect.

After thorough consideration we decided to put the one-price plan into effect by reducing the trade list 25 cents per case and eliminating all quantity discounts, and this is the proposition which we offer to the trade for 1914. The trade prices on the two sizes that many years ago sold for $9 and $10 per case are now $4 and $4.50.

For ten years or so the usual retail price of Welch's has been 25 cents for pints and 50 cents for quarts. In deciding upon any change in our selling terms to the retail trade, we wanted to make terms that would insure the continuance of these retail prices. The plan which we decided upon makes it possible for these prices to be continued—in fact, our new terms are a reduction to all dealers who heretofore handled in five-case lots or less, and such dealers handle a very large proportion of the grape juice sold.

Grape juice, or unfermented wine, as it was first called, was unknown when Dr. Welch put up the first dozen bottles in 1869. There was no demand for the product: most temperance people opposed it, and those who favored fermented wines of course opposed it. The demand had to be created. The public had to be educated—and because of the fact that there was very little money available for advertising and salesmen, the growth was very small during the first twenty or twenty-five years. During the past fifteen years the growth in the popularity of grape juice has been quite rapid—a growth made possible by advertising. We believe that in making Welch's Grape Juice popular we have contributed to the health and the sobriety of the nation.

* From *Printers' Ink*, January 22, 1914.

"I always hated a feller who looks as if he'd swallowed his chin," continued the fastidious Beatrice. "What's he rubbering over here for, anyhow? Is he going to buy a coupla tickets to take his girl to a show?"

As a matter of fact, the last hope of a long line of Knickerbockers was frying a larger fish, that is to say he was helping to prove the immortal theory that murder will out. "Billy," Miss Kies had said to him, "there's a pretty girl at the paper stand on the promenade in the Splendide, and they say she looks like me. The next time you're around there, take a look and see what *you* think."

So Billy Van Houten was taking a look and seeing what he thought.

"Let's nudge up closer," was the sum total of his reflections. "She doesn't look bad to me."

He made a coquettish flourish with his cane and entered the little shop.

"Good evening," he said to Edna.

NOW the counter in the little shop sloped at an angle in order to make the best possible display of current fiction. The front of the counter, where the customers stood, was about waist high. But the back of the counter where the two wise virgins were stationed, was almost breast high. They were further fortified by a row of popular novels, so that when the Misses Edna and Beatrice sat down behind their sloping counter, they were entirely lost to the view of the people.

"Good evening," repeated Mr. Van Houten, with a smile like very old jam.

Beatrice sat down and lightly kicked Edna's foot in an eloquent pantomime which said: "Didn't I tell you he was a bum?"

"I beg your pardon," said Edna, looking over his head.

"Have you any books," he smirked, "on love?"

"All the latest fiction," answered Edna, still gazing over his head.

"I should think," he continued, warming to his task, "that when it comes right down to love, you could write a peach of a book yourself. Eh, little one?"

"You're very fresh," said Edna, and she dropped out of sight by the simple expedient of sitting down by Beatrice. In their chaste seclusion the two wise virgins winked at each other.

"I SAY! I say!" complained Mr. Van Houten, rapping on the counter with his cane. "I want to buy something."

Edna arose, a stony-faced Jill-in-the-box, and as her chin lifted to its aristocratic tilt, a fatal fascination took possession of that part of Mr. Van Houten which metaphysicians would have designated as his soul. With a killing smile he leaned forward and tried to chuck Edna under her chin with the silver handle of his cane.

Simultaneously the door opened, but neither of the combatants noticed this. Edna was busy dodging her head north to escape the cane's caress. Mr. Van Houten was gently swinging his stick forward to catch that north-bound chin. But in the excitement of the moment he swung too hard and the cane caught Edna shrewdly just above her pearly ear.

"Oh, I say—!" he began. He never said it, though. An eager fist sought the center of his features and Willy went down on the marble floor, his nose nobly spouting like a fountain.

"It's Ronald!" breathed Edna, as the little shop began to fill with an excited crowd. She thought of the headlines that would surely appear in the morrow's papers—"Miss Kies's Fiancé Knocked on Nose for Mashing." "Serves her right, too!" thought Edna. "She ought to have had more sense! Why, my Ronald's worth a dozen of her fool dub!"

The "my" was unconscious; so was the toss of her head; and, literally speaking, we're getting very close indeed to where the story begins.

THE little shop was cleared at last; the reporters hurried away; Miss Edna was excused for the night on the plea of nerves; and gently but firmly she led Ronald to Central Park.

"I'm glad there's a moon," she thought. And strangely she added: "I always wished there'd be a moon."

At Fortieth Street, Ronald had her by the arm. At Fiftieth Street he had her by the hand. And at Sixtieth Street, in the discreet shadows of the park, he would have had her by the waist, but Edna wouldn't. "Cheese it," she said, "I got something to tell you foist."

They sat on a bench, unconscious of the cold, unconscious of everything but each other, and Edna told him all about the adventure of Miss Kies.

"And she paid you a thousand to get those letters?" he muttered.

"Yep. Didn't have you sized up right at all; did she!"

"Say!" Ronald's voice was shaky with excitement. "Was it you who sent me that thousand with a typewritten note pinned to it, 'This is to start you in business?'"

Edna made a gesture of despair.

"That's the woist of telling everything," she sighed. "What else could I do? Think I'd want to make any money outa you, when you'd showed how square you were? Hur! I guess nit! Did you do what I said with the money?"

"Sure I did. That's what kept me from hunting you up before. Making over fifty a week now, and getting better all the time. But say! To think it was you, when all the time I thought it was the old man, trying to find out if I'd spend the money!" He looked at her with a tenderness which had something almost voracious about it. "D'you have to have a license to get married in this State?" he suddenly demanded.

"Yep," she nodded, and in a voice so faint that he hardly heard her, she murmured: "But if you take the ferry—over to Joisey—"

HE seized her hand and almost ran to the entrance of the park where he hailed a taxi.

"The ferry! Over to Joisey!" shouted Ronald as the door shut behind them.

And that's where the story begins.

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Weigh Tires By This Scale

These are the troubles you wish to cure. These are the services you seek. But a tire can't render what it lacks. What the maker fails to give it can't be given you.

Let us avoid generalities and get down to specific facts. These are the ways in which Goodyears excel. These are the reasons why they hold top place. These are the advantages they offer you over any rival tire.

No-Rim-Cut Tires
Are the Only Tires Which Weigh Up to These Requirements

Rim-Cutting is made impossible in them. And the feature which makes it impossible is a feature which we control.

Blow-outs—the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric—are eliminated by our "On-Air" cure. This extra process—this final-curing on elastic air—costs us $450,000 yearly. No other maker employs it.

Loose treads are combated by a patent method which reduces the danger by 60 per cent. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are created during the vulcanization. This is done in no other tire.

All-Weather treads are used on Goodyears only. These are tough and double-thick. They are flat and smooth, so they run like a plain tread. They grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Popularity

After 15 years of comparison—after millions of mileage tests—Goodyear tires rule Tiredom. They outsell any other.

That shows the verdict of users—hundreds of thousands of them. And this year users are changing to Goodyears faster than ever before.

That is due to less trouble—to lower cost per mile—to just the savings that you seek.

16 Extra Prices

Yet, despite these features, there are 16 makes which cost more than Goodyear prices. Some are one-third higher. The price of some buys a half-inch larger Goodyear. And some charge for three tires what Goodyear asks for four.

This is due to our rapid reductions. Multiplied output has brought Goodyear prices down. New equipment and new efficiency have helped.

Don't judge tires by prices. Those are arbitrary facts. Weigh them by the scale we picture. Weigh them by their worth.

When you do this you'll want Goodyears. And any dealer will supply them to you.

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With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

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"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

Painted by W. V. Cahill for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for July 18, 1914



Money and the Movies

By Isaac F. Marcosson

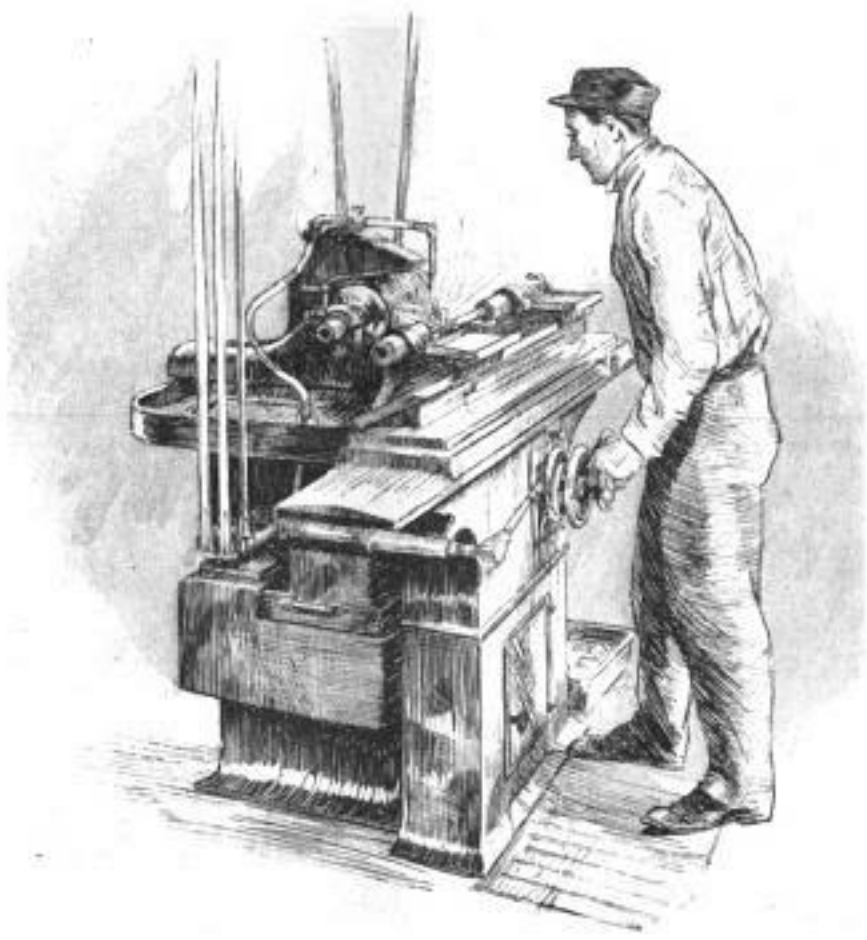
A Cure for Lumbago

By Charles E. Van Loan

Michigan Meanderings

By Julian Street

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MASTER CRAFTSMEN HAVE A PROFOUND RESPECT FOR WORK DONE THOROUGHLY; THEY DELIGHT IN A TASK FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

To make things free from error or defect is their purpose; and to this end they create tools to overcome man's limitations.

Scientifically hardened and accurately ground parts are essential for long life and absence of friction in an automobile. Every part must fit just so—neither too tight nor too loose. The "shades of dimensions" necessary to obtain this exactness of fit can only be attained by careful grinding of the various parts.

In the Hyatt Factories whole floors are filled with batteries of the special grinding machines, and the component parts of Hyatt Quiet Bearings are each subjected to different grinding operations before they are finally inspected and assembled into a complete bearing.

This extreme accuracy in manufacturing, results in the long service and quiet operation of Hyatt Roller Bearings.

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

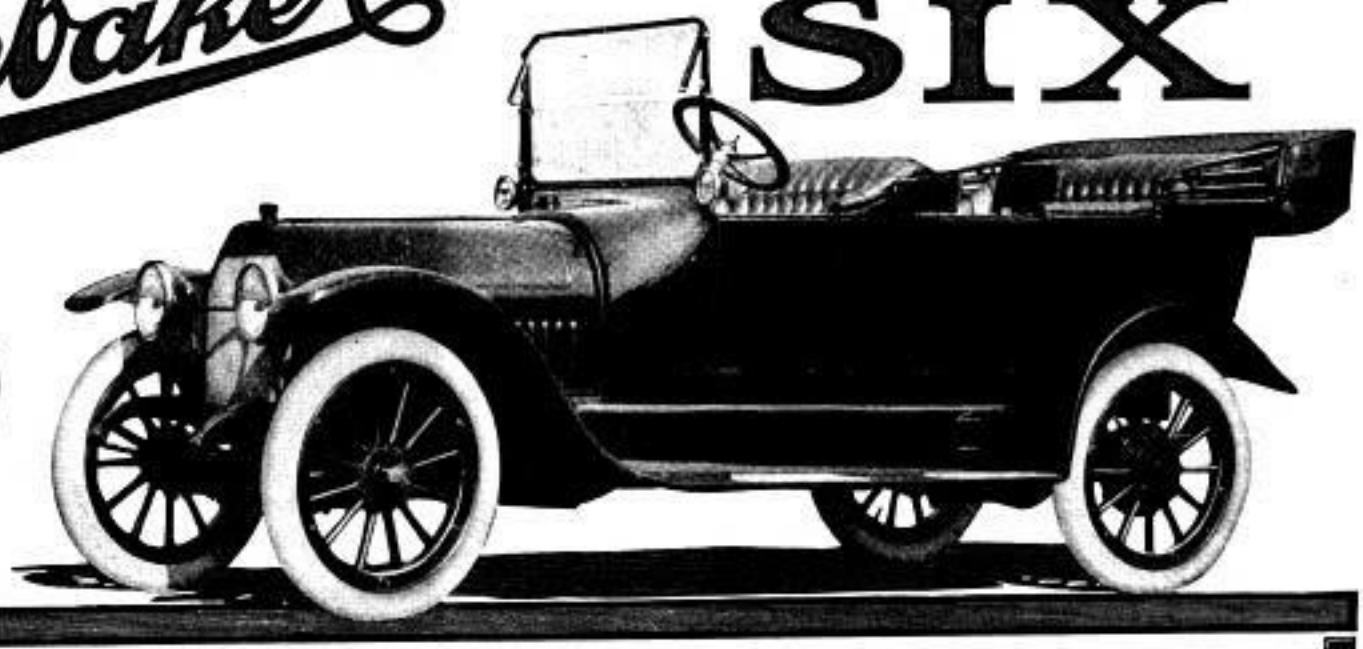
HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

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Studebaker ECONOMICAL LIGHT WEIGHT SIX

$1575



More Than One Hundred Heat Treating Processes Perfect Studebaker Steels

Studebaker roadability goes clear back to the sampling and testing and heat treating of Studebaker steels—long before the car is built.

But the result is made perfectly plain the first time you take a ride, in the wonderful way it holds the road.

You realize in that very first ride that the Studebaker laboratory has not labored in vain.

As the beautiful balance of the car reveals itself, you know that the chemical, metallurgical, and physical tests, have accomplished their purpose.

And, in due time, the longer life and the lesser cost demonstrate beyond a doubt, that more than a hundred Studebaker heat treating processes have increased the value of its steels, far beyond the ordinary standards.

Studebaker is committed to the principle of a "Six" manufactured by themselves in all essential parts, except a few patented specialties and some equipment.

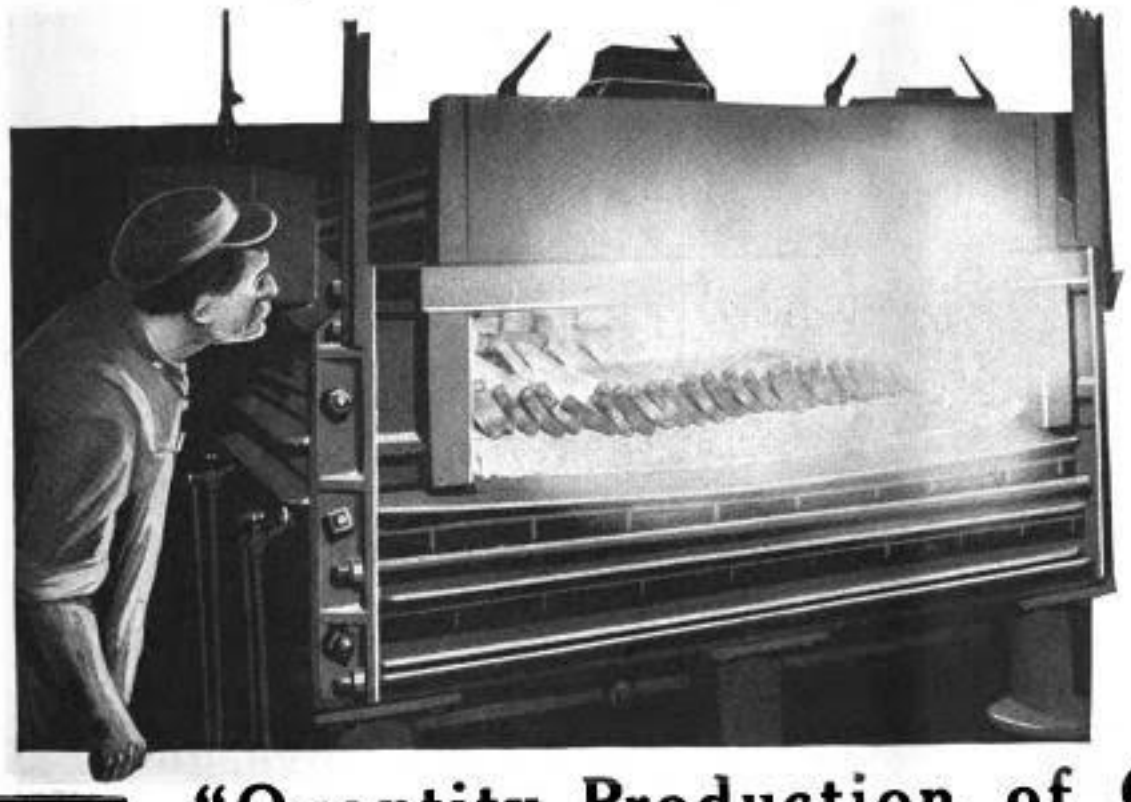
Studebaker believes that the ease, the long life, the balance, the roadability of a motor car is in direct relation to the proportion of closely manufactured parts produced by the maker of the car himself.

Studebaker believes that every buyer should investigate the proportion of such parts in every "Six" he considers.

In such a test the weight of evidence will be overwhelmingly in favor of the Studebaker SIX.

The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the scientific manufacturing operation of Studebaker. Send for it.

STUDEBAKER
Detroit



One of more than one hundred heat treating processes used in 142 Studebaker heat treating ovens.

The Full Floating Rear Axle
Full Timken Bearing Equipment
24 Body Finishing Operations
Electrically Lighted and Started
Completely Equipped

F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	1575
SIX Landau-Roadster	1800
SIX Sedan	2250

F. O. B. Walkerville

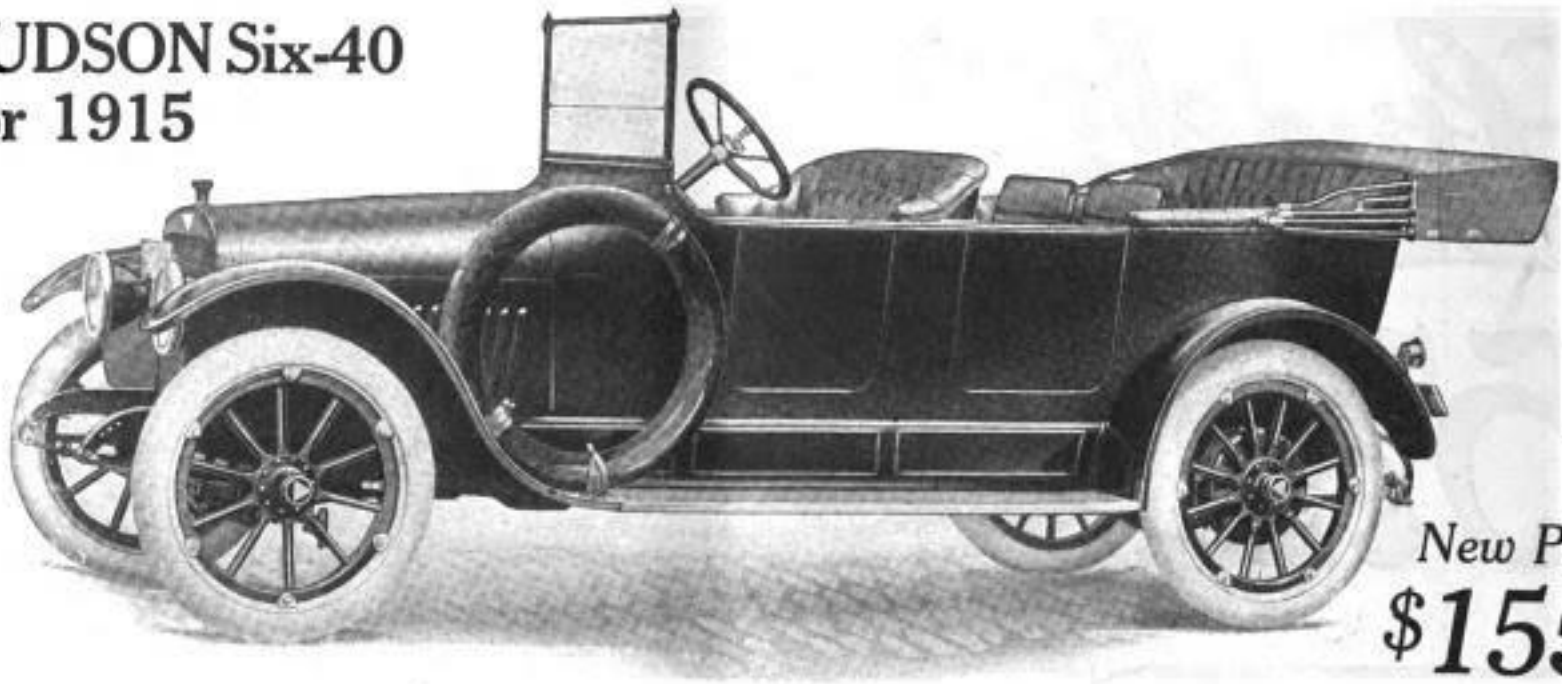
FOUR Touring Car	$1575
SIX Touring Car	1975
SIX Landau-Roadster	2350
SIX Sedan	2950

Canadian Factory: Walkerville, Ont.

"Quantity Production of Quality Cars"

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HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



New Price
$1550

The New Criterion

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we present a new standard for quality cars.

Go see how other cars measure up to it.

Here are new attainments in lightness, in beauty, in utter refinement. Here are new comforts, new conveniences. Here is new economy in operative cost.

And here, above all, is a new quality price. Howard E. Coffin's finest production—the finished model of his ideal Six—is sold for $1,550.

It will force revision in the ideas of what high-grade cars should cost.

Every detail of this car conforms with HUDSON standards. And no man thinks those standards would be compromised for price.

Our 48 engineers, including Mr. Coffin, have devoted four years to this model. They have given one year—the year just passed—to nothing but final refinements. It is hardly probable that other men in other cars excel them. If not, our price is the proper cost today for motor car perfection.

It will alter old-time ideas of what stanch cars need to weigh.

Good engineers never sacrifice strength to lightness. They use Aluminum in place of iron. They use drop forgings in place of castings. They use finer grades of steel. They employ better designing. One example in the HUDSON is our tubular propeller shaft.

The new HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. You used to expect at least 4,000 pounds in a 7-passenger car. We have saved that difference — the weight of seven adults—by sheer good engineering. It means immense saving in fuel and tire cost. And the thousands of light cars we sent out last year proved the ample strength of every part.

It fixes new economy standards.

In the HUDSON Six-40 we adapt from Europe a new-type small-bore motor. It immensely reduces operative cost. That motor in this light-weight car has increased miles-per-gallon about 30 per cent for cars of this capacity.

It establishes a new ideal of a handsome, distinguished and well-equipped car.

The HUDSON Six-40 looks the jewel among cars. Its lines are artistic, its finish superb. Our whole engineering corps spent all last year on just the final touches. Every detail shows a master hand. And, in some respects, no other car on the market is so perfectly equipped.

How We Saved You $200

The last HUDSON Six-40 sold for $1,750—a record for this-class car. The new model brings out 31 improvements—some costly, all important. Yet this year's price is $200 less.

That is due to the car's popularity. Last season men over-bought our out-put by 3,000 cars. For 1915 we have trebled our capacity, and the saving is deducted from our price.

HUDSON cars are not built to a price. Could we build better in any respect we would do so. But we don't quote an over-price just to prove class.

New Measures

These are some of the new measures of an up-to-date car.

Artistic streamline body.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
Finest body finish.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified Delco starting, lighting and ignition system.
Wires in metal conduits.
Locked ignition and lights.
Speedometer drive on transmission.
Automatic spark advance.
New-method carburetion.
Trunk rack on back.
Horn button in wheel.
Weight, 2,890 pounds.

Go measure up this model. We consider it America's representative car—the model for coming types. And we are sure that most men will agree with us.

Phaeton, seating up to 7 passengers, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

New Hudson Six-54

We build this same new model with a larger motor and a 135-inch wheelbase. It is a big, impressive and powerful car, and the price is $2,350.

Hudson dealers everywhere now show these latest models. Our new catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8077 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 18 JULY 18 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

A Cure for Lumbago

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

COLONEL JIMMY threatens to resign from the club. He says it was sharp practice. Archie MacBride says it wasn't half as sharp as the lumbago trick which the Colonel worked on him as well as several of the other young members. Colonel Jimmy Norman is one of the charter members of our golf club. He is about as old as Methuselah and he looks it. That is what fools people. It doesn't fool the handicap committee, though. They've got the Colonel down to 8 now and he hasn't entered a club competition since for fear they'll cut him to 6. Respect for age is a fine thing, I admit, but anybody who can step out and tear off 79's and 80's on the Meadowmead course—72 par and a tough 72 at that—isn't entitled to much the best of it because he can remember the Civil War and cast his first vote for Tilden.

Mind you, I don't say that Colonel Jimmy shoots 79's every day, but he shoots 'em when he needs 79's to win, and that's the mark of a real golfer. And bet? The old pirate will bet anything from a repainted golf ball to a government bond. He has never been known to take his clubs out of the locker without a gamble of some sort. The new members pay all the expenses of Colonel Jimmy's golfing, as well as the upkeep of his limousine—the old members are shy of him—and the way he can nurse a victim along for months without letting him win a single bet is nothing short of miraculous. I ought to know, for I am one of Colonel Jimmy's graduates, and, while I never beat him in my life, he always left me with the impression that I would surely rook him the next time—if I had any luck. Somehow I never had the luck.

Colonel Jimmy has the gentle art of coin separation down to an exact science. Perhaps this is because he made his money in Wall Street and applies Wall Street methods to his golf. After every match he waits around until he collects. He always apologizes for taking the money and says that he hopes you'll be on your game the next time.

THE Colonel is a shrewd judge of how far he can go in shearing a lamb, and when he sees signs that the victim is getting bare in spots and is about ready to stop betting with him, he cleans up all the spare fleece with the lumbago trick. I'll never forget how he worked it on me. I had been betting him five and ten dollars a match and winning nothing but sympathy and advice and I was about ready to quit the Colonel as a poor investment.

The next time I went out to the club I found Colonel Jimmy sitting on the porch in the sun and I heard him groan even before I saw him. Naturally I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, it's this cursed lumbago again! I must have caught cold after my shower the other night and—ouch! —just when I'd been looking forward to a nice little game this afternoon, too! It's a real pleasure to play with a young man like you who—ouch! O-o-o!"

After a while he began to wonder whether light exercise would do him any good. I thought it might and he let me persuade him. If I would give him my arm as far as his locker—ouch!

All the time he was dressing he grunted and groaned and rubbed his back and cursed the lumbago bitterly. He said it was the one thing the devil didn't try on Job because it would have fetched him if he had. He worried some because he would have to drive with an iron, not being able to take a full swing with a wooden club. Then when he had me all ribbed up properly, he dropped a hint where I couldn't help but stumble over it.

"You have always named the bet," said Colonel Jimmy. "Don't take advantage of my condition to raise it beyond reason."

Up to that time the idea of making a bet with a cripple hadn't occurred to me. It wouldn't have seemed fair. I got to thinking about the fives and the tens that the old rascal had taken away from me when the advantage was all on his side and—

"I suppose I shouldn't expect mercy," said Colonel Jimmy, fitting his remarks to my thought like a mind reader. "I have been quite fortunate in winning from you, William, when you were not playing your best. This seems an excellent opportunity for you to take revenge. This cursed lumbago—"

The match was finally made at five dollars a hole, and if I hadn't been ashamed of taking advantage of a cripple I would have said ten.

Colonel Jimmy whined a little and said that in his condition it was almost a shame for me to raise the bet to five dollars a hole and that he couldn't possibly allow me any more than five strokes where before he had been giving me eight and ten. He said he probably wouldn't get any distance off the tees on account of not being able to take a full swing, and I agreed on the basis of five strokes, one each on the five longest holes.

I went out to the professional's shop to buy some new balls. David Cameron is a good club maker, but a disappointing conversationalist. He says just so much, and then he stops and rubs his left ear. I told David that I had caught Colonel Jimmy out of line at last and would bring him home at least six or seven down.

"Ay," said David. "He'll be havin' one of his attacks of the lumba-ago again, I'm thinkin'. Ye've raised the bet?"

I ADMITTED that the bet had been pressed a little.

"Ye're not gettin' as many str-rokes as usual?"

I explained about the Colonel's not being able to take a full swing with his wooden clubs.

"Ay," said David, beginning to polish his left ear.

"I wish you'd tell me what you think," said I.

"I'm thinkin'," said David, "that ye'll not have noticed that the climate hereabouts is varra benefeecial to certain for-rms o' disease. I've known it to cure the worst case o' lumba-ago between the clubhouse an' the fir-rst tee. The day o' meeracles is not past by any means," concluded David, rubbing his ear hard.

I suspected then that I had a bad bet. I was sure of it when I saw Colonel Jimmy pulling his driver out of the bag on the first tee.

"I thought you said you'd have to drive with an iron." I reminded him of it anyway.

"I might as well try the wood," said Colonel Jimmy. "I'll have to shorten up my swing some and I suppose I'll top the ball."

He groaned and he grunted when he took his practice swing, and said that he was really afraid he'd have to call the bet off, but when he hit the ball he followed through like a sixteen-year-old, and it went sailing down the middle of the course, a good 200 yards—which is as far as Colonel Jimmy ever drives.

"Well, I'll declare!" he crowed. "Look at that ball go! I had no idea I could do it! And with this lumbago too!"

There's no use in prolonging the agony with a detailed account of the match. The old shark was out for the fag end of the fleece crop so far as I was concerned, and he surely gave me a close clip. He made a 79 that day and I had to hand him my check for forty dollars. It might not have been so much, only on every tee the Colonel whined about his lumbago and got me in such a state of mind that I couldn't keep my eye on the ball to save my life.

When we got back to the clubhouse, David Cameron was sitting in the door of his shop, rubbing his left ear thoughtfully. He knew it wouldn't have been safe for him to ask about the match. Colonel Jimmy, confound him, blatted right along, apologizing to me for playing "better than he knew how" and all that sort



"Yeh," said Small, "and while I'm resting I think I'll learn this fool game of golf." Colonel Jimmy was sitting over by the reading table and I saw him prick up his ears at this remark

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of rot. He said he hoped we could have another match soon, and perhaps I was a little crusty with him. At any rate he was satisfied that my forty-dollar check was the last contribution he would ever get from me, and he took up with Archie MacBride, who had just joined the club and was learning the game.

Archie hails from out West somewhere and he has the Eastern agency for a lot of stuff manufactured in Chicago. In the beginning he didn't know any of the younger members at Meadowmend and that made it easy for the Colonel to take him under his wing. The old rascal has rather a pleasant manner—in the clubhouse at least—and he talked Chicago to Archie—what a wonderful city it is and all that stuff. He talked the same way to me about Cincinnati.

I WATCHED the shearing proceed to the lumbago stage, but I didn't interfere. In the first place, it wasn't any of my business. In the second, I hadn't been introduced to MacBride. And, besides, I had a sort of curiosity to know how he would act when he was stung. He looked more like a goat than a lamb to me.

One day I was sitting on the porch and MacBride came out of the locker room and sat down beside me. Colonel Jimmy was over on the extra green, practicing sidehill putts. Somehow we drifted into conversation.

"Did you ever play with that old fellow over there?" said he.

"A few times."

"Ever beat him?"

"No-o. Nor anybody else. His methods are—well, peculiar."

"Darned peculiar! I don't know but that the grand jury ought to investigate 'em. If you shoot 110 at him, he's just good enough to win. If you make a 90, he's still good enough to win. He's always good enough to win. The other day I came out here and found him all doubled up with—"

"Lumbago, wasn't it?"

MacBride held out his hand immediately.

"Both members of the same lodge!" said he. "I feel better now. He nicked me for an even hundred. What did he get you for?"

Nothing cements a friendship like a common grievance. We had both been rooked by the lumbago trick and we fell to discussing the Colonel and his petty larceny system of picking on the new members.

"Far be it that I should squeal," said Archie. "I hope I'm a good loser as far as the money goes, but I hate to be bunkoed. I handed over one hundred big iron dollars to that hoary old pirate—and I smiled when I did it. It hurt me worse to smile than it did to part with the frog skins, but I wanted the Colonel to think that I didn't suspect him. I want him to regard me as a soft proposition and an easy mark because some day I am going to leave a chunk of bait lying around where that old coyote can see it. If he gobbles it—good night. Yes, sir, I'm going to slip one over on him that he'll remember even when they begin giving him the oxygen."

"He'll never be trimmed on a golf course," said I.

"He'll never be trimmed anywhere else. It's the only game he plays. If he sticks around this club, I'll introduce him to the Chicago method of taking the bristles off a hog. I'm not sure, but I think it's done with a hoe."

"It can't be done with a set of golf clubs," said I.

"Don't be too sure of that. By the way, my name's MacBride. What's yours? . . . If you don't mind, I'll call you Bill for short. We will now visit the nineteenth tee and pour a libation on the altar of friendship. We will drink success to the Chicago method of shearing a hog. Simple, effective, and oh, so painful!"

COLONEL JIMMY picked up a new pupil after Archie quit him and Archie paired off with me. We played two or three times a week and often ran into the Colonel on the porch or in the locker room. The old reprobate was always cordial in his cat-and-canary way—infernally cordial. I couldn't resist the temptation to inquire after his lumbago occasionally, but it was next to impossible to hurt his feelings. The old fellow's hide was bullet proof and even the broadest sort of hint was lost on him. Archie was more tactful. He used to joke the Colonel about a return match, but he was never able to fix a date. The Colonel was busy anyway. His latest victim was a chinless youth from Poughkeepsie with money to burn and no fear of matches.

One afternoon Archie brought a friend out to the club with him—an immense big chap with hands and feet like hams. Everything about him was beyond the limit. He was too beefy to begin with, though I suppose that wasn't his fault. He wore a red tie and a yellow vest. He talked too much and too loud. Archie introduced him to me as Mr. Small of Chicago.

"Small but not little!" said Small. "Haw!"

"Mr. Small is an old friend of mine," said Archie. "He is taking a short vacation and I am putting him up at the club for a week or ten days. He doesn't look it, but his doctor says he needs exercise."

"Yeh," said Small, "and while I'm resting I think I'll learn this fool game of golf. Think of a big fellow like me, whaling a poor little pill all over the country! I suppose all there is to it is to hit the blamed thing."

COLONEL JIMMY was sitting over by the reading table and I saw him prick up his ears at this remark. He always manages to scrape an acquaintance with all the beginners.

Small went booming along.

"I can remember," said he, "when people who played golf were supposed to be a little queer upstairs. Cow-pasture pool, we used to call it. It's a good deal like shinny-on-your-own-side, ain't it?"

Archie took him out to David to get him outfitted with clubs and things, left Small in the shop, and came back to explain matters to me.

"You mustn't mind Small's manner," said he. "He's really one of the best fellows in the world, but he's—well, a trifle crude in spots. He's never had time to acquire a polish; he's been too busy making money."

"Excuse me"—Colonel Jimmy had been listening—"but is he in any way related to the Caspar Smalls of Chicago and Denver?"

"Not that I know of, Colonel," said Archie.

"You spoke of money," said I. "Has he so much of it, then?"

"Barrels, my dear boy, barrels. Crude oil is his line at present. And only thirty-five years of age too. He's a self-made man, Small is."

I couldn't think of anything to say except that he must have had a deuce of a lot of raw material to start with—and if I put the accent on the raw it was unintentional.

"Well," said Archie, "his heart is in the right place anyway."

When you can't think of anything else to say for a man, you can always say that his heart is in the right place. It sounds well, but it doesn't mean anything. Archie proposed that we should let Small go around with us that afternoon. I didn't like the idea, but, of course, I kept mum; the man was Archie's guest.

SMALL got in bad on the first tee. I knew he would when I saw who was ahead of us—Colonel Jimmy and the chinless boy. Like most elderly mechanical golfers, the Colonel is a stickler for the etiquette of the game—absolute silence and all that sort of thing.

Archie introduced Small to the Colonel and the Colonel introduced us to the chinless boy, who said he was charmed, stepped up on the tee and whacked his ball into the rough.

While the Colonel was teeing up, Small kept moving around and talking in that megaphone voice of his. Colonel Jimmy looked at him rather eloquently a couple of times and finally Small hushed up. The Colonel took his stance, tramped around awhile to get a firm footing, addressed the ball three times, and drew his club back for the swing. Just as it started downward, Small sneezed—one of those sneezes with an Indian war whoop on the end of it—"Aa-chew!" Naturally Colonel Jimmy jumped, took his eye off the ball and topped it into the long grass in front of the tee.

"Take it over," said the chinless boy, who was a sport if nothing else.

"I certainly intend to!" snapped the Colonel, glaring at Small. "You—you spoiled my swing, sir!"

"Quit your kidding, Colonel!" said Small. "How could I spoil your swing?"

"You sneezed behind me!"

SMALL laughed at the top of his voice. "Haw! Haw! That's rich! Why, I've seen Heinie Zimmerman hit a baseball a mile with thirty thousand people yelling their heads off at him!"

"Yes," said Archie, "but that was baseball. This is golf. There's a difference."

"You bet there is!" said Small. "A baseball player has to hit at a pill that's moving like a streak and not moving in a straight line either. Noise don't bother him a particle. In this game you jam a ball down onto a pile of sand where it can't possibly get away and bust it right on the nose. If somebody makes a noise you can have the shot over again. You bet there's a difference!"

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "when you are through with your discussion, I would really like to drive."

I PLAYED with Small all the afternoon without yielding to an impulse to slay him with a niblick, which speaks volumes for my good disposition. It was a harrowing experience. Small proceeded on the usual theory of the beginner, which is to hit the ball as hard as possible and trust to luck. The most I can say for his day's play is that I never expect to see golf balls hit any harder. His wooden club shots hooked and sliced into the woods on either side of the course—he bought a dozen balls to begin with and was borrowing from us at the finish—he dug up great patches of turf on the fair greens, he nearly destroyed three bunkers and after every shot he yelled like a Comanche.

We caught up with Colonel Jimmy at the eighteenth tee. The Colonel was in a better humor and was offering to give the chinless boy a stroke and play him double or quits on the last hole—sure proof that he had him badly licked. The chinless boy took him up.

"Now, there's some sense to that!" said Small. "I never could play any game for fun. Make it worth while, that's what I say! Archie, I'll bet you a hundred that I beat you this hole!"

Colonel Jimmy was picking up a handful of sand for a tee. He dropped it and began to clean his ball.

"I'd be ashamed to take the money," said Archie. "You wouldn't have a chance."

"You mean you're afraid to take one. Be a sport!"

"I *am* a sport. That's why I won't bet on a cinch."

They had quite a jawing match and finally Archie said that he would bet Small ten dollars.

"Huh!" said Small. "I wouldn't exert myself for a measly ten spot. Make it twenty-five!"

"Well, if you insist," said Archie, "and I'll give you two strokes."

"You'll give me nothing!" said Small. "What do you think I am? I'll play you even and lick you." And he was so nasty about it that Archie had to agree.

THE Colonel turned around after he played his second shot to watch us drive. Small took a tremendous swing and hooked the ball over the fence and out of bounds. He borrowed another and sliced that one into the woods. When he finally sunk his putt—he took 17 for the hole and that wasn't counting the ones he missed—he dug up a wallet stuffed with currency and insisted on paying Archie on the spot.

"I don't feel right about taking this," said Archie.

"You won it, didn't you?" said Small. "If you had lost, would you have paid?"

"Ye-es," said Archie, "but—"

"But nothing! Take it and shut up!"

Colonel Jimmy, waiting on the porch, was an interested witness. In less than five minutes by the watch the chinless boy was sitting over in a corner, alone with a lemonade, and the Colonel had Small by the buttonhole, talking Chicago to him. I have always claimed that Colonel Jimmy has all the instincts of a wolf, but perhaps it is only his Wall Street training that makes him so keen when a lamb is in sight.

(*Continued on page 22*)





"You — you spoiled my swing, sir!" snapped the Colonel, glaring at Small. . . . Small laughed at the top of his voice

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Michigan Meanderings

Chapter V of "Abroad at Home"

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

IT WAS on a chilly morning, not much after eight o'clock, that we left Detroit. I recall that, driving trainward, I closed the window of the taxicab; that the marble waiting room of the new station looked uncomfortably half awake, like a sleeper who has kicked the bedclothes off, and that the concrete platform outside was a playground for cold, boisterous gusts of wind.

Our train had come from somewhere else. Entering the Pullman car, we found it in its nighttime aspect. The narrow aisle, made narrower by its shroud of long green curtains, and by shoes and suit cases standing beside the berths, looked cavernous and gloomy, reminding me of a great rock fissure, the entrance to a cave I had once seen. Like a cave, too, it was cold with a musty and oppressive cold; a cold which embalmed the mingling smells of sleep and sleeping car—an odor of Russia leather and banana peel ground into a damp pulp.

Morning in a Sleeper

SILENTLY, gloomily, without removing our overcoats or gloves, we seated ourselves, gingerly, upon the bright green plush of the section nearest to the door, and tried to read our morning papers. Presently the train started. A thin, sick-looking Pullman conductor came and took our tickets, saying as few words as possible. A porter, in his sooty canvas coat, sagged miserably down the aisle. Also a waiter from the dining car, announcing breakfast in a cheerless tone. . . . Breakfast! Who could think of breakfast in a place like that? . . . So, for a long time, we sat in somber silence, without interest in each other or in life.

To appreciate the full horror of a Pullman sleeping car it is not necessary to pass the night upon it; indeed, it is necessary *not* to. If you have slept in the car, or tried to sleep, you arise with blunted faculties—the night has mercifully anesthetized you against the scenes and smells of morning. But if you board the car as we did, coming into it awake and fresh from out of doors, while it is yet asleep—then, and then only, do you realize its enormous ghastliness.

Our first diversion came with a slight stirring of the curtains of the berth across the way. That gave us the faintest shadow of a speculative interest. For even in the most dismal sleeping car there is always the bare chance, when those green curtains stir, that the Queen of Sheba is all radiant within, and that she will presently appear, like sunrise.

The Hope That Springs Eternal

OVER our newspapers we watched, and every now and then our curiosity was piqued by further gentle stirrings of the curtain. And, of course, the longer we were forced to wait, the more hopeful we became. In a low voice I murmured to my companion the story of the glorious creature I had seen in a Pullman one morning long ago: how the curtains had stirred at first, even as these were stirring now; how they had at last been parted by a pair of rosy finger tips; how I had seen a lovely face emerge; how her two braids were wrapped about her classic head; how she had floated forth into the aisle, transforming the whole car; how she had wafted past me, a soft, sweet cloud of pink; how she— Then, just as I was getting to the interesting part of it, I stopped and caught my breath. The curtains were in final, violent commotion! . . . They were parting at the bottom! . . . Ah! Slowly, from between the long green folds, there appeared a foot. No filmy silken stocking covered it. It was a foot. There was an ankle, too—a small ankle. Indeed, it was so small as to be a misfit, for the foot was of stupendous size, and very knobby. Also it was cold; I knew that it was cold, just as I knew that it was attached to the body of a man, and that I did not wish to see the rest of him. I turned my head and, gazing from the window, tried to concentrate my thoughts upon the larger aspects of the world outside, but the picture of that foot remained with me, dwarfing all other things.



"Can that stuff," admonished Miss Buck in her easy, offhand manner

I did not mean to look again; I was determined not to look. But at the sound of more activity across the way, my head was turned as by some outside force, and I did look, as one looks, against one's will, at some horror which has happened in the street.

He had come out. He was sitting upon the edge of his berth, bending over and snorting as he fumbled for his shoes upon the floor. Having secured them, he pulled them on with great contortions, emitting stertorous sounds. Then, in all the glory of his brown balbriggan undershirt, he stood up in the aisle. His face was fat and heavy, his eyes half closed, his hair in towsled disarray. His trousers sagged dismally about his hips, and his suspenders dangled down behind him like two feeble and insensate tails. After rolling his collar, necktie, shirt, and waistcoat into a mournful little bundle, he produced from inner recesses a few unpleasant toilet articles, and made off down the car—a spectacle compared with which a homely woman, her face anointed with cold cream, her hair done in kid curlers, her robe a Canton-flannel nightgown, would appear alluring!

Never, since then, have I heard men jeering over women as they look in dishabille, without wondering if those same men have ever seen themselves clearly in the mirrored wash room of a sleeping car.

Small Cities with Large Reputations

ON THE railroad journey between Detroit and Battle Creek we passed two towns which have attained a fame entirely disproportionate to their size: Ann Arbor, with about fifteen thousand inhabitants, celebrated as a seat of learning; and Ypsilanti, with about six thousand, celebrated, so to speak, as a seat of underwear.

One expects an important college town to be well known, but a manufacturing town with but six thousand inhabitants must have done something in particular to have acquired national reputation. In the case of Ypsilanti it has been done by magazine advertising—the advertising of underwear. If you don't think so, look over the list of towns in the World Almanac. Have you, for example, ever heard of Anniston, Ala.? Or Argenta, Ark.? Either town is about twice the size of Ypsilanti. Have you ever heard of Cranston, R. I.; Butler, Pa., or Belleville, Ill.? Each is about as large as Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor put together.

Then there is Battle Creek. Think of the amount of advertising that town has had! As Miss Daisy Buck, the lady who runs the news stand in the Battle Creek railroad station, said to us: "It's the best advertised little old town of its size in the whole United States." And now it is about to get some more.

In Battle Creek

WE WERE total strangers. We knew nothing of the place save that we had heard that it was full of health cranks and factories where breakfast foods, coffee substitutes, and kindred edibles and drinkables were made. How to see the town and what to see we did not know. We hesitated in the depot waiting room. Then fortune guided our footsteps to the station news stand and its genial and vivacious hostess. Yes, hostess is the word; Miss Buck is anything but a mere girl behind the counter. She is a reception committee, an information bureau, a guide, philosopher, and friend. Her kindly interest in the wayfarer seems to waft forth from the precincts of the news stand and permeate the station. All the boys know Miss Daisy Buck.

After purchasing some stamps and post cards as a means of getting into conversation with her, we asked about the town.

"How many people are there here?" I ventured.

"Thirty-five," replied Miss Buck.

"*Thirty-five?*" I repeated, astonished.

Though Miss Buck was momentarily engaged in selling chewing gum (to some one else), she found time to give me a mildly pitying look.

"Thousand," she added.

Past the Portals Into Main Street

THE World Almanac gives Battle Creek but twenty-five thousand population. That, however, is no reproach to Miss Buck; it is, upon the contrary, a reproach to the cold-hearted statisticians who compiled that book. And had they met Miss Buck I think they would have been more liberal.

"What is the best way for us to see the town?" I asked the lady.

She indicated a man who was sitting on a station bench near by, saying:

"He's a driver. He'll take you. He likes to ride around."

"Thanks," I replied, gallantly. "Any friend of yours—"

"Can that stuff," admonished Miss Buck in her easy, offhand manner.

I canned it, and engaged the driver. His vehicle was a typical town hack—a mud-colored chariot, having C springs, sunken cushions, and a strong smell of the stable. Riding in it, I could not rid myself of the idea that I was being driven to a country burial, and that hence, if I wished to smoke, I ought to do it surreptitiously.

Presently we swung into Main Street. I did not

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She was saying to herself (and to us through the window): "If I had played that hand, I never should have done it that way!"

ask the name of the street, but I am reasonably certain that is it. There was a policeman on the corner. Also, a building bearing the sign "Old National Bank." . . . Old! What a pleasant, mellow ring the word has! How fine, and philosophical, and prosperous, and hospitable it sounds. I stopped the carriage. Just out of sentiment I thought I would go in and have a check cashed. But they did not act hospitable at all. They refused to cash my check because they did not know me. Well, it was their loss! I had a little treat prepared for them. I meant to surprise them by making them realize suddenly that, in cashing the check, they were not merely obliging an obscure stranger but a famous literary man. I was going to pass the check through the window, saying modestly: "It may interest you to know whose check you have the honor of handling." Then they would read the name, and I could picture their excitement as they exclaimed and showed the check around the bank so that the clerks could see it. The only trouble I foresaw, on that score, was that probably they had not ever heard of me. But I was going to obviate that. I intended to sign the check "Rudyard Kipling." That would have given them something to think about! But, as I have said, the transaction never got that far.

Drink Kaffir Tea — the Flavor Lasts!

THE principal street of Battle Creek may be without amazing architectural beauty, but it is at least well lighted. On either curb is a row of "boulevard lights," the posts set fifty feet apart. They are good-looking posts, too, of simple, graceful design, each surmounted by a cluster of five white globes. This admirable system of lighting is in very general use throughout all parts of the country excepting the East. It is used in all the Michigan cities I visited. I have been told that it was first installed in Minneapolis, but wherever it originated, it is one of a long list of things the East may learn from the West.

After driving about for a time we drew up. Looking out, I came to the conclusion that we had returned again to the railway station.

It was a station, but not the same one.

"This is the Grand Trunk Deepo," said the driver, opening the carriage door.

"I don't believe we'll bother to get out," I said.

But the driver wanted us to.

"You ought to look at it," he insisted. "It's a very pretty station."

So we got out and looked at it, and were glad we did, for the driver was quite right. It was an unusually pretty station—a station superior to the other in all respects but one: it contained no Miss Daisy Buck.

After some further driving, we returned to the station where she was.

"I suppose we had better go to the Sanitarium for lunch?" I asked her.

"Not on your life," she replied. "If *you* go to the 'San,' you won't feel like you'd had anything to eat—that is, not if you're good feelers."

"Where else is there to go?" I asked.

"The Tavern," she advised. "You'll get a first-class dinner there. You might have larger hotels in New York, but you haven't got any that's more homelike. At least, that's what I hear. I never was in New York myself, but I get the dope from the traveling men."

However, not for epicurean reasons, but because of curiosity, we wished to try a meal at the Sanitarium

Thither we drove in the hack, passing on our way the office of the "Good Health Publishing Company" and a small building bearing the sign, "The Coffee Parlor"—which may signify a Battle Creek substitute for a saloon.

I do not know how coffee drinkers are regarded in that town, but I do know that, while there, I got neither tea nor coffee—unless "Postum" be coffee and "Kaffir Tea" be tea. It was at the Sanitarium that I drank Kaffir Tea. I had it with my lunch. It looks like tea, and would probably taste like it, too, if they didn't let the Kaffirs steep so long. But they should use only fresh, young, tender Kaffirs; the old ones get too strong; they have too much bouquet. The one they used in my tea may have been slightly spoiled. I tasted him all afternoon.

A Busy Day at the "San"

THE "San" is an enormous brick building like a vast summer hotel. It has an office which is utterly hotellike, too, even to the chairs, scattered about, and the people sitting in them. Many of the people look perfectly well. Indeed, I saw one young woman who looked so well that I couldn't take my eyes off from her while she remained in view. She was in the elevator when we went up to lunch. She looked at me with a speculative eye—a most engaging eye, it was—as though saying to herself: "Now there's a promising young man. I might make it interesting for him if he would stay here for a while. But of course he'd have to show me a physician's certificate stating that he was not subject to fits." My companion said that she looked at him a long while, too, but I doubt that. He was always claiming that they looked at him.

The people who run the Sanitarium are Seventh-Day Adventists, and as we arrived on Saturday it was the Sabbath there—a rather busy day, I take it, from the bulletin which was printed upon the backs of the dinner menu:

7.20 a. m. Morning Worship in the Parlor.
7.40 to 8.40 a. m. BREAKFAST.
9.45 a. m. Sabbath School in the Chapel.
11 a. m. Preaching Service in the Chapel.
12.30 to 2 p. m. DINNER.
3.30 p. m. Missionary talk.
5.30 to 6 p. m. Cashier's office open.
6 to 6.45 p. m. SUPPER.
6.45 p. m. March for guests and patients only.
8 p. m. In the Gymnasium. Basket Ball Game. Admission 25 cents.

No food to be taken from the Dining Room.

Dallying with the Nuttolene

THE last injunction was not disobeyed by us. We ate enough to satisfy our curiosity, and what we did not eat we left.

The menu at the Sanitarium is a curious thing. After each item are figures showing the proportion of Proteins, Fats, and Carbohydrates contained in that article of food. Everything is weighed out exactly. There was no meat on the bill of fare, but substitutes were provided in the list of entrees: "Protose with Mayonnaise Dressing," "Nuttolene with Cranberry Sauce," and "Walnut Roast."

Suppose you had to decide between those three. which would you take?

My companion took "Protose," while I elected for some reason to dally with the "Nuttolene." Then, neither of us liking what we got, we both tried "Walnut Roast." Even then we would not give up. I ordered a little "Malt Honey," while my companion called for a baked potato, saying: "I know what a *potato* is, anyhow!"

After that we had a little "Toasted Granose" and "Good Health Biscuit," washed down in my case by a gulp or two of "Kaffir Tea," and in his by "Hot Malted Nuts." I tried to get him to take "Kaffir Tea" with me, but, being to leeward of my cup, he declined. As nearly as we could figure it out afterward, he was far ahead of me in Proteins and Fats, but I was infinitely richer in Carbohydrates. In our indigestions we stood absolutely even.

There are some very striking things about the Sanitarium. It is a great headquarters for Health Congresses, Race Betterment Congresses, etc., and at these congresses strange theories are frequently put forth. At one of them, recently held, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the Sanitarium, read a paper in which, according to newspaper reports, he advocated "human stock shows," with blue ribbons for the most perfectly developed men and women. At the same meeting a Mrs. Holcome charged that: "Cigarette-smoking heroes in the modern magazine are, I believe, inserted into the stories by the editors of publications controlled by the big interests."

To this Mr. S. S. McClure, the publisher, replied: "I have never inserted cigarettes in heroes' mouths. I have taken them out lots of times. But generally the authors use a pipe for their heroes."

There was talk, too, about "eugenic weddings." And a sensation was caused when a Southern college professor made a charge that graduates of modern women's colleges are unfitted for motherhood. This statement, it may be added, was vigorously denied by the heads of several leading women's colleges.

Rather wild, some of this, it seems to me. But when people gather together in one place, intent on some one subject, wildness is almost certain to develop. One feels, in visiting the Sanitarium, that, though many people may be restored to health there, there is yet an air of mild fanaticism over all. Health fanaticism. The passionate light of the health hunt flashes in the stranger's eye as he looks at you and wonders what is wrong with you. And whatever may be wrong with you, or with him, you are both there to shake it off. That is your sole business in life. You are going to get over it, even if you have to live for weeks on "Nuttolene" or other products of the diet kitchen.

Nuttolene as a Diet of Penance

"NUTTOLENE!" . . . It is always an experience for the sophisticated palate to meet a brand-new taste. In "Nuttolene" my palate encountered one, and before dinner was over it met several more.

"Nuttolene" is served in a slab, resembling, as nearly as anything I can think of, a good-sized piece of shoemaker's wax. In flavor it is confusing. Some faint taste about it hinted that it was intended to resemble turkey; an impression furthered by the fact that cranberry sauce was served on the same plate. But what it was made of I could not detect. It was not unpleasant to the taste, nor yet did I find it appetizing. Rather, I should classify it in the broad category of uninteresting food. However, after such a statement, it is but fair to add that the food I find most interesting is almost always rich and indigestible. Perhaps, therefore, I shall be obliged to go to Battle Creek some day, to subsist on "Nuttolene" and kindred substances as penance for my gastronomic indiscretions. Better men than I have done that thing—men and women from all over the globe. And Battle Creek has benefited them. Nevertheless, I hope that I shall never have to go there. My feeling about the place, quite without regard to the cures which it effects, is much like that of my companion:

At luncheon I asked him to save his menu for me, so that I might have the data for this article. He put it in his pocket. But he kept pulling it out again, every little while, throughout the afternoon, and suggesting that I copy it all off into my notebook.

Finally I said to him:

"What is the use in my copying all that stuff when you have it right there in print? Just keep it for me. Then, when I get to writing, I will take it and use what I want."

"But I'd rather not keep it," he insisted.

"Why not?"

"Well, there might be a railroad wreck. I don't want this thing to be found on me. When they went through my clothes and ran across this they'd say: 'Oh, this doesn't matter. It's all right. He's just some poor boob that's been to Battle Creek.'"



Never, since then, have I heard men jeering over women as they look in dishabille, without wondering if those same men have ever seen themselves clearly in the mirrored wash room of a sleeping car

When we got out of the hack at the station before leaving Battle Creek, I asked the hackman how the town got its name. He didn't know. So, after buying the tickets, I went and

(Continued on page 28)

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"They'll eat 'em all. I know they'll eat 'em all"

Bealby

Startling News—Chapter V

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

TUESDAY was not so happy a day for Bealby as Monday. Its shadows began when Mrs. Bowles asked him in a friendly tone when it was clean-collar day. He was unready with his answer.

"And don't you ever use a hairbrush, Dick?" she asked. "I'm sure now there's one in your parcel."

"I do use it *sometimes*, mum," he admitted.

"And I've never detected you with a toothbrush yet. Though that perhaps is extreme. And Dick—soap? I think you'd better be letting me give you a cake of soap."

"I'd be very much obliged, mum."

"I hardly dare hint, Dick, at a clean handkerchief. Such things are known."

"If you wouldn't mind—when I've got the breakfast things done, mum. . . ."

The thing worried him all through breakfast. He had not expected personalities from Mrs. Bowles. More particularly personalities of this kind. He felt he had to think hard.

HE AFFECTED modesty after he had cleared away breakfast and carried off his little bundle to a point in the stream which was masked from the encampment by willows. With him he also brought that cake of soap. He began by washing his handkerchief, which was bad policy because that left him no dry towel but his jacket. He ought, he perceived, to have secured a dishcloth or a newspaper. (This he must remember on the next occasion.) He did over his hands and the more exposed parts of his face with soap and jacket. Then he took off and examined his collar. It certainly was pretty bad. . . .

"Why!" cried Mrs. Bowles when he returned, "that's still the same collar."

"They all seem to've got crumpled, 'm," said Bealby.

"But are they all as dirty?"

"I 'ad some blacking in my parcel," said Bealby, "and it got loose, mum. I'll have to get another collar when we come to a shop."

It was a financial sacrifice, but it was the only way, and when they came to the shop Bealby secured a very nice collar indeed, high with pointed turn-down corners, so that it cut his neck all round, jabbed him under the chin and gave him a proud upcast carriage of the head that led to his treading upon and very completely destroying a stray plate while preparing lunch. But it was more of a man's collar, he felt, than anything he had ever worn before. And it cost sixpence halfpenny, six dee and a half.

(I should have mentioned that while washing up the breakfast things he had already broken the handle off one of the breakfast cups. Both these accidents deepened the cloud upon his day.)

And then there was the trouble of William. William having meditated upon the differences between them for a day had now invented an activity. As Bealby sat beside him behind the white horse he was suddenly and frightfully pinched. *Gee!* One wanted to yelp. "Chocolate," said William through his teeth and very, very savagely. "Now then."

After William had done that twice, Bealby preferred to walk beside the caravan. Thereupon William whipped up the white horse and broke records and made all the crockery sing together and forced the pace until he was spoken to by Mrs. Bowles. . . .

It was upon a Bealby thus depressed and worried that the rumor of impending "men folk" came. It began after the party had stopped for letters at a village post office; there were not only letters but a telegram, that Mrs. Bowles read with her spats far apart and her head on one side. "Ye'd like to know about it," she said waggishly to Miss Philips, "and you just shan't."

SHE then went into her letters.

"You've got some news," said Mrs. Geedge.

"I have that," said Mrs. Bowles, and not a word more could they get from her. . . .

"I'll keep my news no longer," said Mrs. Bowles, lighting her cigarette after lunch as Bealby hovered about clearing away the banana skins and such like vestiges of dessert. "To-morrow night as ever is, if so be we get to Winthorpe-Sutbury, there'll be Men among us."

"But Tom's not coming," said Mrs. Geedge.

"He asked Tim to tell me to tell you."

"And you've kept it these two hours, Judy."

"For your own good and peace of mind. But now the murther's out. Come they will, your Man and my Man, pretending to a pity because they can't do without us. But like the self-indulgent monsters they are, they must needs stop at some grand hotel, Reilake he calls it, the Royal, on the hill above Winthorpe-Sutbury. The Royal! The very name describes it. Can't you see the lounge, girls, with its white cane chairs? And saddlebacks! No other hotel, it seems, is good enough for them, and we, if you please, are asked to go in and have—what does the man call it?—the 'comforts of decency'—and let the caravan rest for a bit."

"Tim promised me I should run wild as long as I chose," said Mrs. Geedge, looking anything but wild.

"They're after thinking we've had enough of it," said Mrs. Bowles.

"It sounds like that."

"Sure I'd go on like this forever," said Judy. "'Tis the Man and the House and all of it that oppresses me. Vans for Women. . . ."

"Let's not go to Winthorpe-Sutbury," said Madeleine. (The first word of sense Bealby had heard.)

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bowles archly, "who knows but what there'll be a Man for you? Some sort of Man anyhow." (Bealby thought that a most improper remark.)

"I want no man."

"Ah!"

"Why do you say *Ah* like that?"

"Because I mean *Ah* like that."

"Meaning—?"

"Just that."

Miss Philips eyed Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Bowles eyed Miss Philips. "Judy," she said, "you've got something up your sleeve."

"Where it's perfectly comfortable," said Mrs. Bowles.

And then quite maddeningly, she remarked: "Will you be after washing up presently, Dick?" and looked at him with a roguish quiet over her cigarette. It was necessary to disabuse her mind at once of the idea that he had been listening. He took up the last few plates and went off to the washing place by the stream. All the rest of that conversation *had* to be lost.

Except that as he came back for the soap he heard Miss Philips say: "Keep your old Men. I'll just console myself with Dick, my dears. Making such a Mystery!"

To which Mrs. Bowles replied darkly, "She *little* knows. . . ." A kind of consolation was to be got from that. . . . But what was it she little knew? . . .

THE men folk when they came were nothing so terrific to the sight as Bealby had expected. And, thank Heaven, there were only two of them and each assigned. Something he perceived was said about some one else, he couldn't quite catch what, but if there was to have been some one else, at any rate there now wasn't. Professor Bowles was animated and Mr. Geedge was gracefully cold, they kissed their wives but not offensively, and there was a chattering pause while Bealby walked on beside the caravan. They were on the bare road that runs along the high ridge above Winthorpe-Sutbury, and the men had walked to meet them from some hotel or other—Bealby wasn't clear about that—by the golf links. Judy was the life and soul of the encounter, and all for asking the men what they meant by intruding upon three independent women who, sure alive, could very well do without them. Professor Bowles took her pretty calmly and seemed on the whole to admire her.

Professor Bowles was a compact little man wearing spectacles with alternative glasses, partly curved, partly flat; he was hairy and dressed in that sort of soft tweedy stuff that ravels out—he seemed to have been sitting among thorns—and baggy knickerbockers with straps and very thick stockings and very sensible, open-air, in fact quite mountainous, boots. And yet, though he was short and stout and active, he had a kind of authority about him, and it was clear that for all her persuasiveness his wife merely ran over him like a creeper without making any great difference to him. "I've found," he said, "the perfect place for your encampment." She had been making suggestions. And presently he left the ladies and came hurrying after the caravan to take control.

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He was evidently a very controlling person.

"Here, you get down," he said to William. "That poor beast's got enough to pull without *you*." And when William mumbled he said: "Hey?" in such a shout that William forever after held his peace.

"Where d'you come from, you boy, you?" he asked and Bealby looked to Mrs. Bowles to explain.

"Great silly collar you've got," said the Professor, interrupting her reply. "Boy like this ought to wear a wool shirt. Dirty too. Take it off, boy. It's choking you. Don't you *feel* it?"

THEN he went on to make trouble about the tackle William had rigged to contain the white horse.

"This harness makes me sick," said Professor Bowles. "It's worse than Italy. . . ."

"Ah!" he cried and suddenly darted off across the turf, going inelegantly and very rapidly, with peculiar motions of the head and neck as he brought first the flat and then the curved surface of his glasses into play. Finally he dived into the turf, remained scrabbling on all fours for a moment or so, became almost still for the fraction of a minute and then got up and returned to his wife, holding in an exquisite manner something that struggled between his finger and his thumb.

"That's the third to-day," he said, triumphantly. "They swarm here. It's a migration."

Then he resumed his penetrating criticism of the caravan outfit.

"That boy," he said suddenly with his glasses oblique, "hasn't taken off his collar yet."

Bealby revealed the modest secrets of his neck and pocketed the collar. . . .

Mr. Geedge did not appear to observe Bealby. He was a man of the superaquiline type with a nose like a rudder; he held his face as if it was a hatchet in a procession, and walked with the dignity of a man of honor. You could see at once he was a man of honor. Inflexibly, invincibly he was a man of honor. You felt that anywhen, in a fire, in an earthquake, in a railway accident when other people would be running about and doing things he would have remained—a man of honor. It was his pride rather than his vanity to be mistaken for Sir Edward Grey. He now walked along with Miss Philips and his wife behind the disputing Bowleses, and discoursed in deep sonorous tones about the healthiness of healthy places and the stifling feeling one had in towns when there was no air.

THE Professor was remarkably active when at last the point he had chosen for the encampment was reached. Bealby was told to "look alive" twice, and William was assigned to his genus and species. "The man's an absolute idiot," was the way the Professor put it. William just shot a glance at him over his nose.

THE place certainly commanded a wonderful view. It was a turfy bank protected from the north and south by bushes of yew and the beech-bordered edge of a chalk pit; it was close beside the road, a road which went steeply down the hill into Winthorpe-Sutbury with that intrepid decision peculiar to the hill roads of the south of England. It looked indeed as though you could throw the rinse of your teacups into the Winthorpe-Sutbury street; as if you could jump and impale yourself upon the church spire. The hills bellied out east and west and carried hangers, and then swept round to the west in a long level succession of projections, a perspective that merged at last with the general horizon of hilly bluenesses, amidst which Professor Bowles insisted upon a "sapphire glimpse" of sea. "The Channel," said Professor Bowles, as though that made it easier for them. Only Mr. Geedge refused to see even that mitigated version of the sea. There was something perhaps bluish and level, but he was evidently not going to admit it was sea until he had paddled in it and tested it in every way known to him. . . .

"Good *Lord!*" cried the Professor. "What's the man doing now?"

William stopped the struggles and confidential discouragements he was bestowing upon the white horse and waited for a more definite reproach.

"Putting the caravan alongside to the sun! Do you think it will ever get cool again? And think of the blaze of the sunset—through the glass of that door!"

William spluttered. "If I put'n t'other way—goo runnin' down t'hill like," said William.

"Imbecile!" cried the Professor. "Put something under the wheels. *Here!*" He careered about and produced great gray fragments of a perished yew tree. "Now then," he said. "Head up hill."

WILLIAM did his best.

"Oh! *not* like that! Here, *you!*"

Bealby assisted with obsequious enthusiasm.

It was some time before the caravan was adjusted to the complete satisfaction of the Professor. But at last it was done, and the end door gaped at the whole prospect of the Weald with the steps hanging out idiotically like a tongue. The hind wheels were stayed up very cleverly by lumps of chalk and chunks of yew, living and dead, and certainly the effect of it was altogether taller and better. And then the preparations for the midday cooking began. The Professor was full of acute ideas about camping and cooking, and gave Bealby a lively but instructive time. There was no stream handy, but William was sent off to the hotel to fetch a garden water cart that the Professor with infinite foresight had arranged should be ready.

In that hour the ambition for mechanism, the passion for leather and oilskin was sown in Bealby's heart

The Geedges held aloof from these preparations, they were unassuming people: Miss Philips concentrated her attention upon the Weald—it seemed to Bealby a little discontentedly—as if it was unworthy of her—and Mrs. Bowles hovered, smoking cigarettes, over her husband's activities, acting great amusement. "You see it pleases me to get Himself busy," she said. "You'll end a Camper yet, darlint, and us in the hotel."

The Professor answered nothing, but seemed to plunge deeper into practicality.

UNDER the urgency of Professor Bowles, Bealby stumbled and broke a glass jar of marmalade over some fried potatoes, but otherwise did well as a cook's assistant. Once things were a little interrupted by the Professor going off to catch a cricket, but whether it was the right sort of cricket or not he failed to get it. And then with three loud reports—for a moment Bealby thought the mad butlers from Shouts were upon him with firearms—Captain Douglas arrived and got off his motor bicycle and left it by the roadside. His machine accounted for his delay, for those were the early days of motor bicycles. It also accounted for a black smudge under one of his bright little eyes. He was fair and flushed, dressed in oilskins and a helmet-shaped cap and great gauntlets that made him, in spite of the smudge, look strange and brave and handsome like a Crusader—only that he was clad in oilskin and not steel, and his mustache was smaller than those Crusaders wore—and when he came across the turf to the encampment Mrs. Bowles and Mrs. Geedge both set up a cry of "A-*Ah!*" and Miss Philips turned an accusing face upon those two ladies. Bealby knelt with a bunch of knives and forks in his hand laying the cloth for lunch, and when he saw Captain Douglas approaching Miss Philips, he perceived clearly that that lady had already forgotten her lowly adorer, and his little heart was smitten with desolation. This man was arrayed like a chivalrous god, and how was a poor Bealby, whose very collar, his one little circlet of manhood, had been reft from him, how was he to compete with this tremendousness? In that hour the ambition for mechanism, the passion for leather and oilskin was sown in Bealby's heart.

"I told you not to come near me for a month," said Madeleine, but her face was radiant.

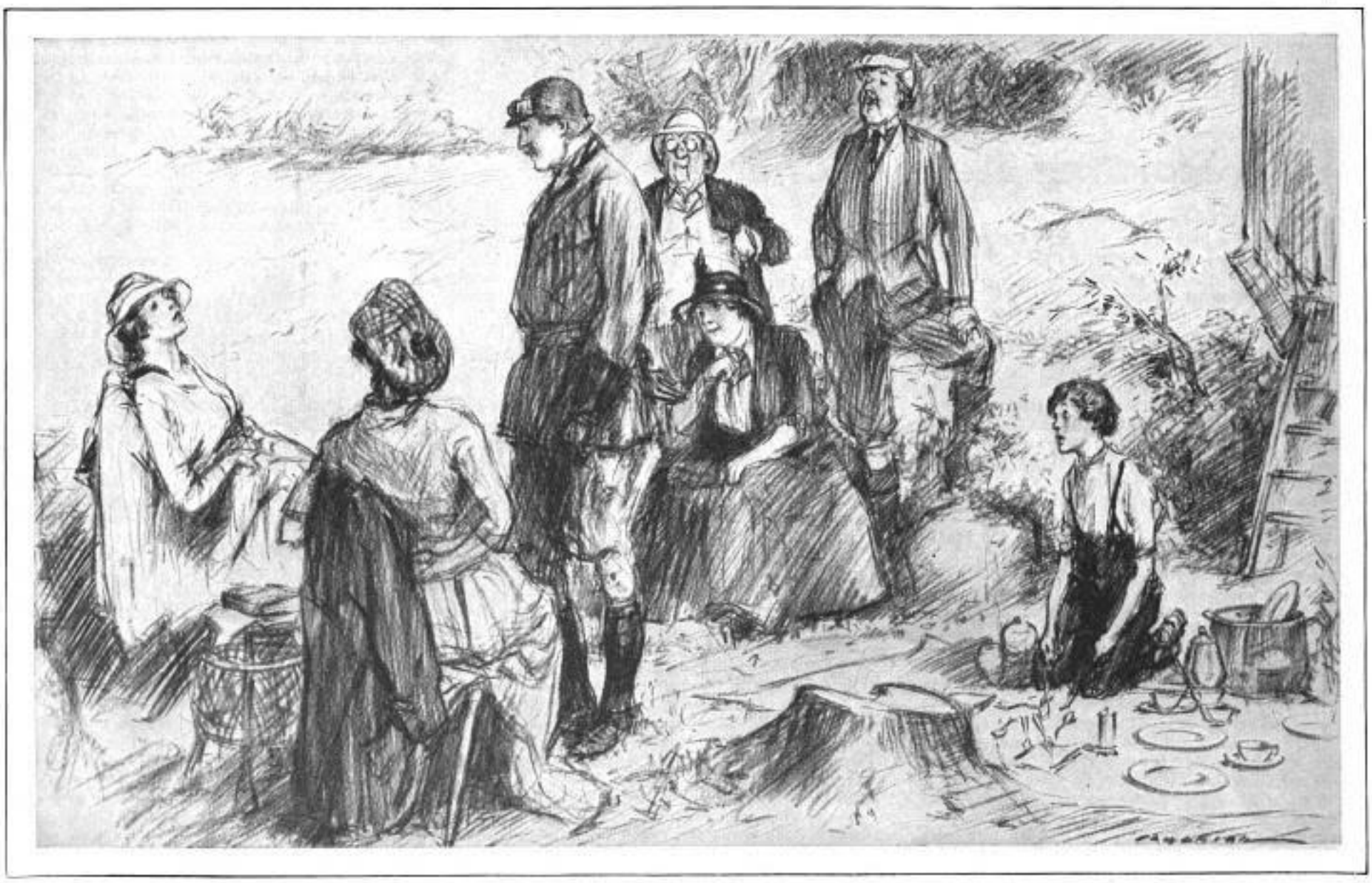
"These motor bicycles—very difficult to control," said Captain Douglas, and all the little golden-white hairs upon his sunlit cheek glittered in the sun.

"And besides," said Mrs. Bowles, "it's all nonsense."

THE Professor was in a state of arrested administration; the three others were frankly audience to a clearly understood scene.

"You ought to be in France."

"I'm not in France." (*Continued on page 27*)



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Money and the Movies

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS



WHEN you shove your dime through the box-office window of your favorite movie theatre, it joins a current of coin that registers a total daily admission fee—in the United States alone—of $1,000,000. The theatre you enter is a link in a chain of "picture houses" that, placed side by side, would stretch from New York to Hartford. The film that flashes its thrill and romance on the screen before you is part of a far-flung belt of animated celluloid that in the course of a year would girdle the globe nearly three times over.

Five millions of people, more than all the residents of Paris and Chicago combined, see the movies every day in the week; over $500,000,000, or well-nigh twice the amount of "greenbacks" in circulation, are invested in the business; a force of men and women equal to the population of Kansas City is engaged in creating and exploiting it. Such is the extent and scope of the motion picture which in a decade has risen from toy to amusement necessity.

So quickly and naturally has the photoplay entered into the pursuit of diversion that we have scarcely paused to measure its amazing financial side. We have been told a good deal about the picturesqueness of its production; how it has become the economic life saver of the legitimate actor; the vivid historian of progress; the first aid to education; how time, literature, and history from the Crucifixion down through "Les Misérables" to the fall of Torreon have been ransacked to feed the mighty reel of 72,000 miles of film that comprises our annual output.

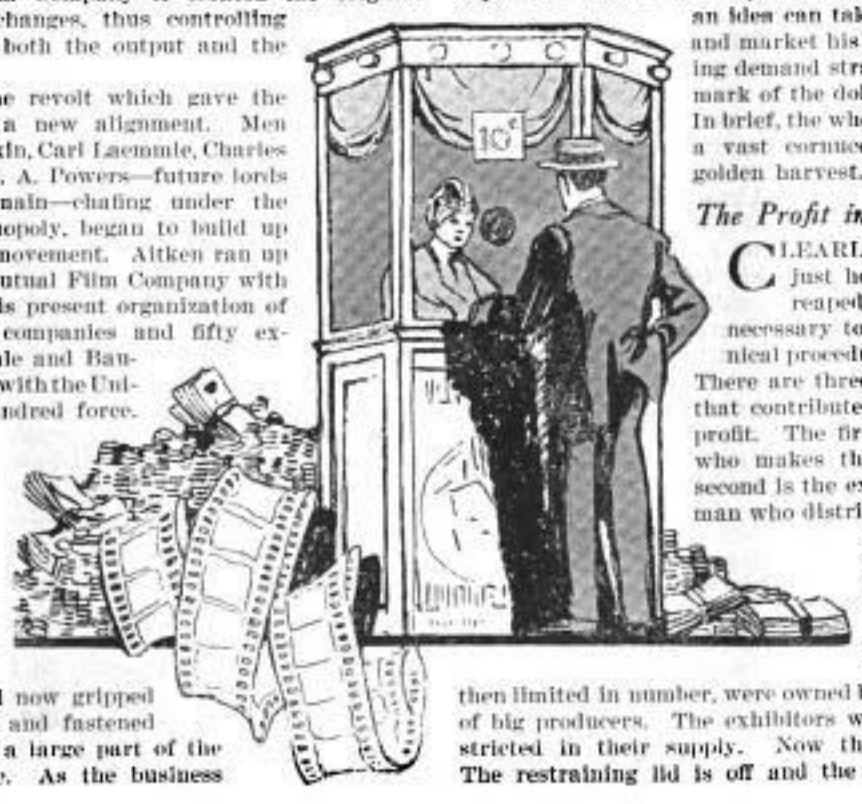
But these are the obvious and external features. Behind all the tumult and clash of this sensational advance, which vies with the growth of the automobile in swiftness of evolution, and where the historian of motion-picture progress seldom delves, is the real bulwark of its now recognized stability—the domain of its dollars.

Probe its many millioned depths and you get a narrative of men and money no less romantic or stirring in some of its details than the story of steel and copper. It is the record of the obscure and even the lowly, recruited from shop and store, and projected into wealth and power on the high tide of an amazing expansion. What, then, is the finance of the film? What is the real commercial status of the activity that is emerging from the gilded disorder such as attends a huge mining "strike" into the legitimate proportions of a standardized industry?

The Line-Up of the Business

SO EPOCHAL are the changes that have crowded thick and fast upon this business that practically its whole map has been transformed in so brief a period as the last five or six years. In 1908, for example, the Motion Picture Patents Company (the so-called trust, built around the original Edison camera patents and on whose standard floated such pioneer brands as Lubin, Vitagraph, Biograph, Edison, Selig, Kalem, and Essanay) ruled the reel world. With the General Film Company it created the original monopoly of exchanges, thus controlling for the moment both the output and the distribution.

This led to the revolt which gave the whole industry a new alignment. Men such as H. E. Aitkin, Carl Laemmle, Charles Baumann, and P. A. Powers—future lords of the film domain—chafing under the restraint of monopoly, began to build up an independent movement. Aitken ran up the flag of the Mutual Film Company with the nucleus of his present organization of nine producing companies and fifty exchanges; Laemmle and Baumann struck out with the Universal with a kindred force.



Here were three great competing film-making organizations, each equipped with complete machinery to make and distribute the photoplays that had now gripped the imagination and fastened on the purse of a large part of the American people. As the business grew these people became more fastidious. The original 1,000-foot reel was inadequate for a story. They wanted a more sustained thrill—a longer tug at the heartstrings. Hence came the fourth big producing agency dedicated to the so-called "feature" with its three- to five-reel narrative based on famous play, filmized novel or memorable event. This feature movement not only widened the field of the industry, providing a whole evening's entertainment with a single screen picture, but gave to the whole enterprise its first artistic and dramatic distinction because it lured to the ranks of producing directors such men as Daniel Frohman and Augustus Thomas.

Movie Money in Action

WITH it, too, came the first era of sky prices for material and service. You find Sarah Bernhardt getting $30,000 to appear in "Queen Elizabeth"; Rex Beach selling the film right for "The Spoilers" for $10,000; John Bunny being graduated from $30 a week (his first wage as movie actor) to a salary of $15,000 a year; Mary Pickford taking a flying spurt on the way to her yearly compensation of $25,000. Producing developed into a fine art, and men like David W. Griffith and Edwin S. Porter—the Belascos of the camera—leaped to annual incomes that, with royalties and interest, are to-day near the six-figure mark. In a word, movie money—other than production and exchange profits—leaped to the realm of big figures and it has remained there ever since.

Equally significant as showing the expansion of the business was the fact that a photoplay could be booked for "big" time, that is for a week or more at a regular theatre and on a percentage basis. Thus the motion picture came into direct competition with the legitimate, and the boards of such standard theatres as the Broadway, the Herald Square, and the Savoy in New York and McVicker's in Chicago yielded to the silent actors of the film. To-day with a hundred native sources of supply (this is the estimate of studios), to say nothing of the considerable importation of foreign films, the business is a bristling battle ground, alive with competition; vibrant with many-sided energy. So fast is the pace that it is almost impossible to prepare statistics. The records of yesterday are wiped out to-day. The field is wide open. A man with cash and an idea can take a flyer in a film and market his product. Increasing demand strains at supply, the mark of the dollar is everywhere. In brief, the whole industry is like a vast cornucopia disgorging a golden harvest.

The Profit in Production

CLEARLY to understand just how this harvest is reaped it will first be necessary to explain the technical procedure of the business. There are three distinct agencies that contribute to motion-picture profit. The first is the producer who makes the film plays; the second is the exchange or middleman who distributes the product; the third is the exhibitor who shows it to the public.

Under the old monopolistic order the exchanges, then limited in number, were owned by the united group of big producers. The exhibitors were arbitrarily restricted in their supply. Now things are changed. The restraining lid is off and the owner of a small theatre can throw on his screen the products of General, Universal, and Mutual, and, in addition, if he is willing to pay the price, an added "feature." So much for the emancipation of the business.

What then are the film profits? Of course, all figures in such an instance as this are estimates, but with certain facts we can arrive at some conclusions. Let us begin at the bottom and see just how the structure of motion-picture income is reared. Take the producer first and follow the film on its road from factory to screen. The American picture makers consume approximately 72,000 miles of film a year. Of this, 60,000 is made in this country and the rest is imported. This unused film costs an average of 2¾ cents a foot delivered to the studios. Roughly speaking, the outlay for raw material is $10,000,000 a year.

To this must be added not less than $40,000,000, which is the conservative estimate of the cost of producing photoplays in this country every twelve months. The gross total outlay then is $50,000,000.

Right here you encounter one of the startling evidences of change in the business. A few years ago the average cost per foot of finished film ranged from 50 cents to $1. This was for the ordinary story told on a 1,000-foot reel. But that was when the scenario of such a tale cost $25 and before the high cost of production began to march shoulder to shoulder with the high cost of living.

With the advent of "stars," big and expensive literary material, gorgeous accessories, elaborate equipment, and all the rest of the trimmings that the sophisticated movie fan now demands, the price has gone to $5 a foot, and in many instances, notably in such productions as "The Prisoner of Zenda," which had a costly cast, and "Judith of Bethulia," it is even higher.

Los Angeles Has a Movie Empire

TO GO into specific details of the production end would mean to embark on a long and complicated narrative—a separate article in itself. A few facts will give a hint of the expensive expansion. The original flimsy Edison studio called the "Black Maria," which was moved about on a track so as to keep up with the sun (it was the type of the early kind), has given way to the million-dollar steel-and-glass plant with accessories like complete zoos, ranches, and regular staffs of scores of actors and actresses. More than a dozen companies have establishments that represent more than $1,000,000 each. Out near Los Angeles, in the heart of the outdoor motion-picture empire, there are concerns with weekly salary lists of over $15,000. One owner has a park of 20,000 acres, and another huge combination, the Universal, has a city all its own.

Salaries have soared. There was a time when the motion-picture actor was glad to get $5 a day. Now many get from $20 to $30 a day, while such favorites as Costello, Bagsott, Kerrigan, and various others, draw down $10,000 a year. Costly scenario departments must be maintained; authors get royalty instead of lump sums; the world is racked for striking and stirring features. It is no infrequent thing for a manager to spend from $10,000 to $15,000 on a production and make no bones of it. Yet a few years ago this would have been a sensational performance. Now you begin to see why the camera crank must be kept turning, for the longer the reel the fatter the bank roll.

The Way the Profits Come

THE profit in motion-picture production, like the profit in ordinary photography, depends upon the number of prints you sell. The original film—the so-called negative—is seldom, if ever, sold outright. It remains in stock as a constant income producer. The owner bends his energies to sell as many positives—as the reproductions are called—as possible.

The average number of positives made from a commercial film in the United States is thirty. This is a very low estimate because many of the larger con-

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cerns print fifty and some even turn out eighty or ninety. The foreign demand helps to swell the number. One concern makes 43,000 feet of negatives a week. From this figure you get some idea of the number of positives it can let loose. A single company—part of the Motion Picture Patents Company—used 17,000,000 feet of film last year!

The standard price that the producer gets from the exchange on regular film stories is 10 cents a foot. This means $100 for every 1,000-foot reel. The manufacturer counts himself fortunate if he can average a net profit of 4 cents a foot.

Even in film merchandising a change is creeping over the business. Until a comparatively recent time the manufacturer flatly said: "How many prints can I sell?" as a measure of his profit. To-day in the case of the big and costly reels it is a question of "What is this film worth?" It is quality and not only the numerical prints that helps to make the measure of earning. For feature films a fixed sum is paid for daily rent. In the early days of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in which James K. Hackett was starred (the first of the popular American actors to be featured in this way), the owners received $50 a day for the use of the film. It is tribute to the advance that this kind of film represents to say that after a year it is still commanding practically the same figure.

108 Releases a Week

THE life of the film—that is, its earning period—is usually about six months. One of the best-known motion-picture magnates in the United States told me that each copy of the ordinary 1,000-foot subject would bring in not less than $300 during this time. The life of the feature film is considerably longer. A first-class big feature will return at least $50,000 to its owner during the first twelve months. Such films are sometimes subleased for five years and from present indications they will be producing some sort of income during all this time.

It is impossible to get at the exact motion-picture gross and net income figures for the United States. It is estimated, however, that there are 108 film "releases" in this country every week. By "release" is meant a film play let loose for exhibition. This piles up a weekly film literature of 108 negatives from each of which thirty to eighty positives are printed and sold. Each production has its own scale of price cost; its own particular expense of distribution. Hence the difficulty in hazarding a statement about returns.

But competent and conservative producers will tell you that the total gross revenue to the American film producers is not less than $80,000,000 a year. Since we calculated the outlay to be $50,000,000 the profit would be in the neighborhood of $30,000,000. To this must be added the profit that comes to the producers who own, control, or have some sort of interest in the various exchanges.

The film manufacturers are very canny individuals. Most of them have clung to the exchange golden egg. The General Film Company, for instance, has a string of ninety exchanges in this country and Canada. They get the middleman's profit out of them just as if they had nothing to do with the manufacture. You get some idea of the profit in this particular end of the business when I say that it is a tradition in the business that for one week, during the heyday of monopoly, the General Film exchanges cleared exactly $65,000. This represented a high-water mark and could not be duplicated to-day.

What Feature Films Did

WITH the introduction of the big feature films the exchange method of operation suffered a setback; first, because some of the big stories, as "Traffic in Souls," were sent out to the public over the heads of the conventional middleman and like a regular theatrical attraction; and, second, because special feature exchanges have been established. The Famous Players' Film Company, for instance, the pioneers in dramatic-feature films in this country, has its own string of nineteen exchanges which book not only the films bearing the company's brands but the output of the various other big feature-producing concerns. These feature films are sold in two ways—through disposal to an individual or firm who takes the right to produce in a specified territory (this is called State rights), and through the exchange which books them on a cash-price basis or on a percentage of the receipts.



There was a time when the motion picture actor was glad to get $5 a day. Now many of the favorites draw down $10,000 a year

Reels That Tour as "Stars" Do

A SENSATIONAL film, such as "Traffic in Souls," or a big thrilling spectacle, such as "Quo Vadis," is put on tour just like a traveling theatrical company, with a manager, a press agent, trained operator, and plenty of paper. It plays on a royalty basis.

There is no doubt but that the feature film of the kind I have just mentioned has weakened the hold that the exchange has had upon the exhibitor. The purveyors of the old-line shorter photoplay maintain that it is the craze of the moment and that the motion-picture goer wants variety of subject. But the fact remains that the stirring, scenic, so-called star features are gaining rather than losing in box-office value and are luring millions of capital into this newest phase of the business.

Some Fortunes in Films

THIS seems an opportune place to inject some of the hitherto untold romance of the reels and to show the pranks that fortune has played with notable films. From these annals you will find that the cherished commercial traditions of the speaking stage, the money-making records rolled up by such perennials as "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Hazel Kirke" are likely to have lesser prototypes in the biographies of some of the picture plays that during the brief period of a year have come to the attention of at least a fourth of the people of the United States.

The case furnished by "Quo Vadis" is one in point. This film was made in Italy at a cost of about $45,000 in Italian money. Over here, with the higher cost of labor, it would have meant an outlay of nearly $60,000.

The way it came to America is interesting. George Kleine, one of the pioneer producers—the man who put the K into the name of the Kalem Company—had retired from the business at fifty with a fine competency. He had originally drifted into motion pictures because he was one of the best lens makers in the country. While on a trip to Italy he saw the "Quo Vadis" film. It appealed to him as an immense proposition, but he realized also that up to that time there was no market for such features in the United States. Nevertheless he took a chance—and the film.

He knew that the only way to produce it was in a big New York theatre first and at prices higher than those usually charged. After some negotiating with other theatres he booked it at the Astor Theatre for four weeks. It was the first time that a going Broadway house had been turned over to a feature film put in as a regular matinée and night attraction. Previously Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" had been shown at the Broadway, but that had already become a picture playhouse.

The success of "Quo Vadis" was sensational. At prices of 25 and 50 cents it filled the theatre twice a day and ran for fifteen weeks. At McVicker's in Chicago it almost duplicated this record. Then began an amazing career. Theatres all over the country pleaded to have the film. It ran all summer in Boston, two months in Philadelphia, five weeks in Baltimore, and so on from coast to coast. During some weeks it played to $5,000 a week in New York alone. During the first eight months of its appearance in the United States it brought in $250,000 and it is still doing business. Such are the possibilities of the feature film.

There are real adventures in films too, as the case of "Traffic in Souls" will show. The beginning was picturesque. Up in the scenario department of the Universal Film Company was a young editor named Walter McNamara who had an ambition to become a director. He had been a newspaper man and he had a good nose for the timely. The New York papers blazed with white slavery; the Grand Jury reeked with investigation of the "underworld." McNamara saw his chance, for he said to himself:

"Here is the opportunity for a great film story and it will make me a director."

So he wrote the story, which he called "Traffic in Souls," and put it up to his chiefs. They were inclined to be skeptical on account of the rawness of the subject, but it went to the studios and was produced. When the "Death Watch," as the producing critics are called, sat in judgment on its first unfolding they were even more skeptical. But having put good money into the proposition they decided to take a flyer. The only Broadway theatre that seemed accessible was Weber's, once the haunt of the nimble-footed and the golden-throated. When they sought to make a dicker with Weber on shares he declined.

"Pay me $500 a week rent and make it fifty-fifty," he said. This meant that he wanted half of the receipts.

"Traffic in Souls"

THE play was put on and the title strung up on the outside in red lights, fitting herald of what lurked within.

The unexpected happened. The theatre was packed four times a day for weeks. So tremendous was its success that it was planted in four other New York theatres at the same time. Thus it enjoyed the distinction of playing to five different audiences at the same moment within a comparatively small radius. And every house did a capacity business. In one week it played to a gross business of $50,000.

Fifty positives were made and the country was invaded. Every film went out with all the accessories of a regular theatrical organization. The Shuberts bought a third interest in the film and booked it in their own theatres. It was a better paying attraction than many of the expensive companies they had out. Such was the record of a film that was at first despised and well-nigh rejected. It is fitting to add that since Mr. McNamara had turned out this scenario in the regular performance of his work he got no royalty. But at Christmas time his employers presented him with a check for $10,000 in appreciation of his work.

This incident illustrates the swiftness with which a sensational movie success can be capitalized. All that was necessary to secure fifty sources of income was to print fifty positives and turn them loose on an expectant public everywhere with trivial cost. Now if "Traffic in Souls" had been a regular play it would have been necessary to hire a cast for each road company and rehearse at least two weeks, and the expense would have been heavy even before a dollar came in.

Then, too, there was the incident of the Rainey African pictures. Paul Rainey, a venturesome young millionaire, thought it would be a good thing to have a motion-picture record of his adventures in the jungle. So he took along J. C. Hemment, an admirable photographer. The thought of profit never entered his mind. When he returned with some very wonderful pictures he was advised to show them at high prices at the Lyceum Theatre. Unsuccessful there (only because of the price) he had about washed his hands of them. Carl Laemmle and his associates heard of the films, took them off Rainey's hands outright for $15,000 cash and then plastered the country with the films, cleaning up a fortune on them.

Such incidents as I have just described—and I could cite more—have naturally attracted the regular theatrical managers to the picture game. The net result is that Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, the Shuberts, W. A. Brady, Henry W. Savage, Cohan & Harris, and the Liebler are making alliances with movie producers to present their plays—many of them long discarded—on the screens. Thus a whole new range of attraction from the hectic heart throbs of a Theodore Kremer thriller to the highly sensitized emotions of a Clyde Fitch society drama are in line for pictures.

The Vast Growth of the Theatres

NOW let us turn to the third or exhibiting wing of the business—to the vast chain of picture houses now so essential to the average man's pleasure that they vie with the freight car as the outposts of civilization. Nearly 18,000 theatres, from the stuffy ten-by-fifty "store (*Continued on page 24*)

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First Love



By Mary Lanier Magruder

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA

BESIDE the window, old-fashioned and set with many a tiny pane, Lucy Ames sat sewing her wedding gown. Her forehead was cleft by a deep wrinkle, for the delicate thread had snarled; her fingers set to work patiently to unravel the tangle; her little mouth drew itself into a very stubborn, very scarlet line. The ardor of her vexation sent a vivid rose to a cheek usually pale and cool.

The house was very quiet. Emmy was lying down in the room above. Gringo, the cat, slept purringly on the hearthrug at Lucy's feet. The ponderous ticking of the old hall clock but intensified the silence.

With a little indrawn breath of victory and satisfaction, Lucy drew the thread, straightened now, between thumb and finger. She lifted her eyes from her work; the window looked out past rose bush and daffodil and columbine to the yellow pike. A car came whirring down the long hill and then across the bridge and up the steep slope.

"It is Philip Darrell," she thought. "How recklessly he drives!"

She leaned her face nearer the pane, meaning to bow to him. Since her childhood, all during the years of his life's sordid story, Lucy had always insisted upon speaking to Philip Darrell.

THE little smile on her lips faded suddenly; Lucy's heart gave an ungentle bound in her breast. The car was turning in at the square of lawn, it was slowing down at the gate, Philip Darrell was opening the gate! He was coming up the walk!

Lucy's first impulse was flight. Her second thoughts—which were best—assured her that it was unnecessary to disturb Emmy. She could meet Philip Darrell at the door herself and inquire his errand. In timid, sheltered maidens like Lucy Ames there is often some strange and secret longing for adventure. Any meeting with Philip Darrell must be an adventure.

She spread the breadths of satin over a rosewood chair and laid her needle in the case. But she kept the little silver thimble on her finger. Smoothing her tiny, embroidered apron, Lucy went trippingly across the room. The outer door stood open and Darrell was at the threshold.

"Good day, Miss Lucy; may I come in?"

"Cer—certainly," faltered Lucy, taken aback. She herself was slender and tall, but he was much taller, and she found she must look up into his eyes—dark, restless eyes. And that upward glance of her blue eyes revealed her thought. Darrell smiled grimly. He was not a welcome guest in homes like this.

SHE led the way into the sitting room, warm with sunlight, fragrant with white hyacinths, all arrayed on the window sill.

"Please have a chair," Lucy said. "I will call Emmy."

"No," he said, "my errand is with you."

"With me?"

"Lucy," Darrell said, leaning down to touch the breadths of satin, "what is this?"

"Satin," she breathed. "My—my—" she faltered, her dimpled chin lowered to the lace at her bosom.

"Your wedding gown?" He spoke with a strange gentleness.

She flashed a little reproachful smile at him. Was it that the word was too sweet to be said?

"Suppose I were to tell you you would not need this gown."

"Not need—my wedding gown?"

He turned to her fully then.

"Lucy, have you any reason to believe I would come to you with a lie?"

She shook her head hesitantly; her eyes were dilated, her lips apart and paling.

"For no other soul in all the world would I go through the like of this business. The man you loved and trusted, Lucy, is not true to you; he never was true! To-day he went across the State line with Janet Blair to marry her."

THERE was absolute silence for a breathless moment. Then Lucy spoke clearly, finally:

"That is a lie."

Darrell's face flushed a slow, dark red.

"I only wish it were," he said.

"I tell you," she reiterated, passion breaking her words into vehemence, "it is a lie!"

"There is but one way to prove it," he said. "Either wait for their return, or else go yourself across the line to Hollow Dawns."

Lucy put a sudden hand to her throat. The thimble fell tinkling upon the floor. Darrell picked it up and fingered it upon his palm, looking curiously at the small, intimate, housewifely thing.

"I will not go!" she said. But a note of wildness was in her voice. "I have all faith in Jim Maxwell. Why do you come here with such tales of him? What has he ever done to you, Philip Darrell, that you should—"

"You do not understand, Lucy. I only want to help you face the world and all the gossip. I come to forewarn you. I think, as yet, no one knows they went, but by this afternoon everyone will know that you—that he—"

"That he jilted me? That remains to be proven!"

"You will—"

"Perhaps you will tell me why you know this—you alone?" Her voice, though fluttering, had not lost its dignity.

"I was fishing under the cypresses by the Black Drift. Janet and Maxwell were rowing in the backwater. I heard their plans, got it all. Perhaps I should not have listened. But I owe them nothing, no silence, no mercy. They—and the rest—have shown me none."

"Have you deserved it?" said Lucy unexpectedly.

HE LOOKED at her a long moment, then his gaze fell to the floor, brooding, bitter.

"No, I have not deserved it, no matter how I may have longed for it." He set the thimble on the table there beside the wedding gown that never would be worn.

"Lucy, according to the judgment of the elders, I am not fit to take your hand, much less to offer you what may seem an impertinent assurance. But when Jim Maxwell broke faith with you to-day, you escaped a bondage that would have worn your soul to tatters long before God let you die. Thank Him for what you have escaped. Hold your head high, Lucy, and brave it out."

A little twitching of his lips was all that betrayed emotion under the gray mask of his face. Lucy stood looking at him. The walls of her faith were horribly shaken. Her knees crumpled under her.

"Sit here," he said—and she felt his hand supportingly on her shoulder. She sank into the chair, always looking with her hurt, young eyes up at him who had cast down the altar of her trust and loyalty.

"Believe me," Darrell said, "if I could have spared you I would. If I could have given you happiness, I would have caned him and sent him back to you."

"What need," she said slowly, "have I of a whipped hound?"

Again he looked at her with a glance that measured her with astonishment. She was so slender, so white, so cool with her innocent eyes, her dimpled chin, he had feared to see her sink like a crushed flower. But for all that her lips were trembling; she looked back at him with eyes where a flame had suddenly kindled.

"I think you meant this for a kindness. But you must pardon me if I refuse to accept, utterly, what you have told me. I must have something else."

"Besides my word?"

She inclined her head.

"If I were anyone else, I should ask you to let me drive you across the line to Hollow Dawns. I can offer no better, no more convincing proof than the clerk's record there."

"Why do you not offer then?"

He laughed. "Why?"

HE TURNED his shoulder to her, under pretext of fingering the hyacinths in the window.

"Lucy," he said presently, "do nothing you might regret. It could do you no good to be seen with me at this time."

"Are you so unwilling as all that? But you owe me something."

He wheeled, the color stealing back into his face. "Your sister—she might—"

"Emmy, when she thinks at all, thinks as I do," Lucy said, calmly stating an incontrovertible fact. "I shall be ready as soon as I put on my coat and veil."

He awaited her, walking the floor restlessly. He had been long under the harrow of his country world's code, a code sometimes hypocritical, always self-righteous; this room seemed to heal him of much that tormented him like a bodily curse. All about was so sweetly intimate of her—the little sewing table, the hyacinths' fragrance, the lustrous satin lying in long, lovely folds across the chair. How many unnumbered times in his black days had he dreamed of all that lay behind the high window and its little glittering panes! How many times had she braved disapproval and sent her greeting to him. He could claim that in sheer honesty of nature he had lost a standing no man imperiled by the veriest vices so long as they were ever so scantily, albeit conventionally, veiled—but what did this girl know of all that? She had stood by him as far as in her lay when he must have been to her as the worst man in the country.

SHE came in, a long veil over her close-fitting velvet hood, and her blue broadcloth coat wrapping her slenderness from the north wind of late March. Darrell put her into the car, and as he cranked his engine his face flushed in the center of each gaunt cheek. He sprang in beside her and the car hummed, sang, and leaped forward down the long, straight slope.

They had a silent journey. Darrell gave all his attention to driving the machine, while Lucy sat, unspeaking, beside him. Once her veil blew across his face, bringing a thrill of some lavender sweetness too quickly lost, when Lucy, with an exclamation, recaptured the truant gauze. Hollow Dawns, across the State line, was but twenty miles away, and the roads, red pavements of gravel pike, were whipped dry by the March winds.

The little country town, in its girdle of green hills, nestled about the public square. The country courthouse, presenting its four gray walls to the four points of the compass, towered above a wide green plot, and, under the great maples and oaks, crocuses were blooming in the sward and a fountain was sending a chill spray upon the March air.

As Darrell drove the car into the square the clock, intoning the chant of the hours, marked twelve—high noon. A midday quiet lay all about. The rhythm of their footsteps echoed sleepily down the courthouse corridor. In the clerk's office the stenographer was pinning on her hat. She turned wise and expectant eyes upon them.

"Anything for you to-day?" Then smiling: "I am deputy county court clerk."

A SUDDEN flush overran Darrell's throat and face. He did not look at Lucy.

"We wish to know if you have issued a marriage license to-day to James Maxwell and Janet Blair."

"Mr. Singleton wrote the paper an hour ago. Friends of yours?"

"Thank you so much," Darrell said. The extreme

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courtesy of his words and manner covered the fact that he ignored her question.

"Would you mind showing us the record?" Lucy said unexpectedly.

THE girl's eyes snapped a little. "If you please," Darrell said, and the snap vanished in a flash of white teeth and dimples.

She brought the ledger and laid it before them, indicating the entry with a well-manicured finger. The ink seemed scarcely dry. Lucy read it slowly; she lifted her eyes and the girl thought she had never seen eyes so blue.

"You are very kind," Lucy said. "Please pardon our giving you so much trouble."

"Trouble is what we are here for," the girl said cheerfully, replacing her book. But she looked after them curiously as she drew on her gloves.

Darrell opened the door of the car. Neither of them had spoken a word. But Lucy, with a little gesture, turned and, retracing her steps, passed on to the green-slat seat beside the fountain. She sat down and Darrell came and stood beside her. "Sit down," Lucy said. "Forgive me for doubting your word."

"There is no question of forgiveness. I honored your faith, Lucy, though you put it in that cur. I could wish I had not brought you the ill tidings."

"No, I am glad. It gives me more time to think, to consider, although all the thinking on earth will not alter the fact that from now on forever I must always be the Lucy Ames that Jim Maxwell jilted in two weeks of her wedding day."

"Why always Lucy Ames? Some good man and true will come into your life some day."

"What man wants a woman another man has cast away?"

"I know one man too well—" he began. The words had slipped out, but he caught at them, and ceased speaking, his eyelids drooping, his hand tight on the iron rail of the seat.

Lucy looked at him with narrowing eyelids. "I have had no sweetheart since I was a child but Jim Maxwell."

"For a year or two that man has passed your window, hoping for nothing more than a glimpse of your face, the barest courtesy of your eyes and lips, such as in your kindness you might give to the sorriest wayfarer along the road. This man in an evil hour—he could have gone away perhaps and made a fresh start elsewhere. But I tell you pride forbade that, Lucy, so a blight settled down on him. One day at your window you looked up and smiled at him—smiled with innocence and kindness, with a mercy not tempered by justice. Then something awoke in his soul—not hope, Lucy, but light."

HER lips moved, but she did not speak. She sat staring steadfastly into the blue waters of the pool.

"Well?" she said at last.

"That smile—he worshiped you. There was no sin in that, just as there was no hope in the love he had for you."

Her eyes met his own. They had grown darker than rain-drenched violets.

"Philip, I do not understand all you are saying. But most of all I know you are trying to give me back something of my pride, my self-respect."

He was silent for a moment. Then he came round the seat and sat down beside her.

"What self-respect could you lose in losing Jim Maxwell? This is my one opportunity. When I leave you again at your own door, Lucy, you and I will not likely see each other again except as passers-by."

"Unless—"

"Lucy!"

"You did not tell me the man's name, Philip."

"It is not necessary!"

"But if he pitied me so much he might be willing to exchange—"

"Lucy, you do not want to hear me speak of love, I understand. You are very young and—I think you do not know what you are saying, but all I ask is to serve you."

"If a man lived so hopelessly, he would not expect too much if a woman agreed to marry him, would he?"

Darrell caught her hand. His eyes held fright—and fascination. "Lucy, you would not marry me?"

She looked at the pool again—and laughed. "I might under certain conditions."

"And those?"

"First, that you asked me."

"And—"

"That we be married at once—to-day—*now*."

HE TOOK her face between his hands, regardless of the hour, the place.

"Lucy, I shall leave you here a little while. Think well, but remember that now—with this first love of yours bleeding—I cannot, I must not tell you all I feel. I will marry (*Continued on page* 33)

The Boy's Politics



They sat down on the curb and appeared absorbed in deep admiration of a very much soiled picture card

By Ceylon Hollingsworth

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

ONE warm, breezy, summer night Dudley Shedd, aged twelve, sat on the curb and gazed disconsolately across the avenue at a large house showing dimly behind tall maples. His father and mother lived in that house; but except in freezing or drowning weather, Dudley did his best to limit his living there strictly to eating and sleeping within it. That's about all the use a boy can find for a house, anyway, except when he has the measles or scarlet fever. This morning Dudley and his father had held an executive session behind closed doors in the furnace room to devise ways and means for mowing the lawn.

And so Dudley, lonely and forlorn, sat on the curb and contemplated the long years of hardship he must yet endure if he continued to reside in the house across the street. His eyes grew damp with self-pity as he brooded over the lacerating, overlapping troubles which had this day beset him. That vast lawn, over which he had labored in agony of soul and body, was in plain view and gnawed at his vitality with its dumb but positive assurance that it would need another clipping in a few days. His melancholy reflections created a torturing appetite for elevating excitement.

He had just begun to consider, once more, his favorite project of secretly building a long, snug canoe and escaping down the river to parts unknown, there to drift along and fish, hunt, eat and sleep, and live a free life of continued ease and peace, when a boy came trotting across the street.

DUDLEY shot erect like a jack-in-the-box and his face lost its despondency.

"Hello, Pete, where's the kids?"

"Dunno," said Pete, "jus' got through supper. Pa and I wuz out in the country and got back a little while ago. They'll be comin' along pretty soon. What'll we do?"

"I dunno," said Dudley; and then, beginning to whistle, he stood on one foot, shoved his hands in his trousers pockets, and began to shuffle himself with a heel-and-toe movement across the asphalt. He thought more clearly under such exercise.

On the corner lot in front of which he had been sitting stood the synagogue of the Jews. Dudley suddenly ceased his antics and gazed at the structure.

"Say, Pete, t'night's Thursday night, ain't it, and t'morrow night's when they hold meetin'? Wonder if old Liberman's 'round?"

"W'y?"

"W'y, he's always 'round Thursday night cleanin' up. Mebby we could have some fun with him."

"Gosh, I dunno. Hope he is! Let's watch. What'll we do?"

"I dunno. Let's see if there's any light in the back." They forthwith trotted down the cross street and found all the windows black.

"He ain't come yet," said Dudley as they walked



The janitor hissed "Ah! ha!" as he jumped. He ran like a duck, but his running was deceptive

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back to the corner. "He'll be here, though. Always fixes things up Thursday night. Gosh! He's comin' now. See 'is bowlegs! Let's set down and p'tend to be lookin' at somethin'."

They sat down on the curb and, with heads bent over close together, appeared absorbed in deep admiration of a very much soiled picture card that Dudley had snatched from his pocket.

In a few moments a short, elderly man, whose knees had never touched each other since infancy, came rapidly along with flat-footed steps, jerky and diminutive. His smoothly shaven face was broad, fat, brown, and as Hebraic as the Old Testament. As he passed the boys he twisted his head sidewise and rolled his large, white-rimmed eyes toward them in a suspicious glance. He jerked open the gate of the low iron fence and, unlocking the synagogue doors, disappeared with a bang. Then the boys got up.

"He's liable to be in there for an hour now," said Dudley; "we'll play some trick on 'im when he comes out, huh?"

"Bet yer life!" affirmed Pete. "What'll it be?"

DUDLEY studied the doors of the synagogue and danced a slow clog.

"Say, look here," he said in a whisper as he stood still, "he acts as if he wuz in an awful hurry, don't he? And when he comes out he'll be in a bigger hurry and yank the gate open and hustle out 'thout lookin', I bet. Say, I've got it! Come on over with me till I get a piece of old clothesline." Dudley's miseries had fled. Trouble will stay with a boy just as long as a cottontail will when the boy has dragged it by the hind leg out of its burrow. If he lets go, it's gone.

Fifteen minutes later that synagogue gate was loaded with several feet of old, thin rope and two boys were crouching down behind a thick clump of snowball bushes that grew just beyond the synagogue fence. The old, thin rope, in a loop about two feet long, hung down against the outside of the latch juncture of gate and fence. The ends of the rope were neatly and tightly tied to the top cross rod, about three feet from the ground, one end to the jam of the fence, the other near the edge of the gate. And if that little janitor, eager to get back into the bosom of his family, should come hurrying down the dark walk, push the gate partly open and whirl through without scouting for trouble, why, as the boys reasoned, he and their clothesline and gate, fence and sidewalk, like angleworms in a can, would tangle themselves up into a bunch of trouble right away. Pete bet if the old man went through the gate sidewise the quick way he did last week he'd loosen the fence and wreck the gate, and he bet what the old man would do to the sidewalk, when he got through with the fence and gate, would be aplenty. Dudley said naw, he wouldn't loosen the fence, but he bet, if the rope didn't break, he'd loosen hisself, tho', pretty much all over.

THE boys continued for some time to poke up their squirming anticipations by "betting" back and forth at each other on their ideas about what that rope could do to a man.

At last there came the rasping of one of the big doors, followed by the faint click of the key against the lock. "Here he comes!" Pete gasped in exultation. He scrambled stealthily to one side of the bushes while Dudley went to the other, and so, on hands and knees, they watched with unimpeded view. The next moment, with a loud clearing of his throat, the janitor backed out on to the stone landing, pulled the door shut and locked and shook it. Then he stood still with his hand on the key.

"Tear! Tear!" they heard him exclaim. "Now, if I hafn't fergot t' durn dot lide in t' sullar oud!"

He unlocked the door, went in and slammed it. The boys caught the jingle of keys. Dudley jumped up with a lively "Gee!" leaped the fence, and ran up to the doors. Pete heard again the jingle of keys, and his companion came bounding back, flung himself over the fence and upon the ground behind the bushes. He was laughing through his hand and his shoulders were twitching with merriment.

"What did you do, anyway, Dud?" demanded Pete.

"He left all 'is keys hangin' in the door—oh, gosh!—and I've locked 'im in!"

"Oh, ho ho!" began Pete, and they both swayed themselves about in chuckling delight.

"But," exclaimed Pete suddenly, "he'll unlock the little side door and come out."

"No, he can't; how can he? All 'is keys are hangin' on a ring on the big key! He'll haf to come out a window."

"Oh, ho ho!" broke out Pete, and again the boys hugged themselves and swung their bodies about in surpressed glee.

They were startled into rigidity by the vigorous shaking of the big doors. They stood up and stared the way boys at a circus stare when a bunch of clowns engage in a mêlée with bladders and stuffed clubs. For one moment silence ensued, sticky with possibilities. Then the doors sounded out as if trying to tear loose and walk off.



Liberman yelled in fierce joy as he started cutting great scollops up toward Mullen, who was gathering himself together

"Hey!" came an angry, muffled shout. "Poys, *poys, poys!* Unlock dis toor immejetly, juh hear!"

Another moment of silence and another spasm with the doors. "Poys! You young scountrels you, open tis toor righd avay at vunce! You Shett poy, I know you, you vild limb, gome righd avay here and open tis door immejetly!"

THE janitor's voice suggested knotted fists wildly shaking above an apoplectic head; and his voice gave suggestion only of the truth. With his fists he was frantically trying, as he gave his commands, to punch holes through the high vault of the vestibule. On receiving no response, he switched from ceiling to doors and his resounding thumps could have been heard half a block. But the street, in that immediate vicinity, happened to be deserted.

"Jeeruselam!" ejaculated Dudley, "he's hot!"

"Rats!" jeeringly shouted Pete, losing control of his feelings.

"Shut up," snapped Dudley, "ain't you got no sense at all?"

At Pete's shout the janitor ceased action, with one fist against a door and the other raised ready for a blow. "Ah, ha! Ah, ha!" he breathed through his nose. "Tare you are, ad lasd! Tare you are, ad lasd! Now I slib out a back window and gatch you, and I trash you, and I trash you! Ah, ha!" And then he rapidly tiptoed through the darkness toward the rear of the Sunday-school room.

The boys in gaping expectation stood for five minutes, awaiting another demonstration upon the doors.

"Bet he's gettin' out a back window," said Dudley. "Come on and see," and they glided down beside the fence toward the rear. As they obtained a view of the back of the synagogue, the janitor, about to jump, was discovered sitting on the ledge of an open window. He caught sight of the dim silhouettes of the boys at the same instant.

"Ah, ha!" he hissed as he jumped. "Tare you are! Now I ged you!"

HE RAN like a duck, but his running was deceptive. If you have ever had a bear start to run you down you can appreciate the surprise of the boys. A bear standing or walking doesn't look as if it could run faster than an aged cripple. But when a bear begins to run in earnest, it looks and travels like a bear hitched by a long chain to the hind end of a limited express making up time.

The boys ran into the dark shadow back of a near-by house and began trotting in a cross-lot direction down the block. For about two seconds they didn't worry any about the Jew's ability to gain on them at their present rate of retreat. Then Dudley casually glanced over his shoulder. "Great gosh, skip!" he cried, and, followed by Pete, dashed off at the top of his speed, dodged around the second house and toward the street. A man with legs six feet long could never catch two boys at night, with residences, outhouses, shrubbery, and black shadows in such profusion.

SO, when the irate and wheezing janitor arrived in front of the house around which the boys had vanished, not a sign of a boy could he find, although he hopped about in boiling excitement and scanned every direction. The impenetrable shadows, enshrouding that clump of snowball bushes, a couple of hundred feet away, allured his suspicions, and, keeping within the darkest spots, he cautiously advanced until he reached a large elm growing by the driveway that passed between the two houses nearest the synagogue. Sheltered behind its trunk, he first tried to pierce the gloom of the bushes. Then hearing a slight noise down in the darkness of the driveway, he imagined he saw two slight, vague forms slowly edging toward the street and he became oblivious to everything else. About the moment when the old gentleman crawled through the window, Martin Mullen, the night policeman on that beat, stopped on the synagogue corner just long enough to hold his watch to the light. Martin was no comic-weekly officer. He performed his duties conscientiously and kept his eyes and ears keenly alert. Consequently, as he put away his watch, he eyed the synagogue and caught the weak glint from the bunch of keys. The edifice was dark. Without hesitating an instant, therefore, he vaulted the fence and, twirling his club, walked up to the doors and tried them.

"Hughee!" he said in undertone as he tested several doors with the keys and found them locked from the outside. "Liberman or some one must be losing his mind."

He took out the keys and remarked to himself that he'd stop and leave them with the rabbi. Then, very contented in his mind, he sauntered down the walk, carelessly opened the gate and took a long stride through the aperture. The rope instantly showed one of the things it could do to a man. Martin's club rapped and clattered upon the flagging, his helmet bounced and rolled away, and as his outspread hands gave the big stone two mighty smacks, and his knees bumped it with two dull bumps, he said: 'D—n it all! What did that?" And he said it with the deepest of feeling.

THE noise of Mullen's fall sent the janitor bouncing in huge hops out to the sidewalk; and when he saw the bulk of the policeman on hands and knees he never doubted that it was the boys caught by some mishap. "Ah, ha!" he yelled in fierce joy as he started cutting great scollops up toward Mullen, who was gathering himself together. "Ah, ha! you tam scountrel you! Now I haf you at lasd! Now I haf you! Now I figx you!"

"Haf me! Figx me!" snorted the amazed and furious Mullen as he disentangled himself from rope and gate and rose to his feet. "What d'ye mean, you hoop-legged idiot, by roping yer gate and callin' me a 'tam scoundrel,' when I d—n near killed myself with it?" And then Mullen stooped his shoulders, thrust out his head and roared forth a "*Hey!*" that meant business.

"Mein Gott, vat is tis! Vat is tis! Vat 'as happened!" gulped the janitor. His frantic exertions to become stationary resembled a perpendicular fit, and the shocking transformation of two boys into one tall, angry man almost gave him one. His momentum propelled him to within three feet of Mullen, who remained motionless in his belligerent posture.

"Mister Mullen, is id you?" he cried in a horrified voice, flinging up his hands in consternation. "Mein Gott, vat is ter madder? Vat 'as happened?"

"Look at that gate, blast it!" groaned out Mullen. The other swung the gate wide open.

"Oh, tose poys. *Tose poys!* (*Continued on page 31*)

. . . *July 18*

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COLLIER'S

Bad Dreams of Conspiracy

WILSON'S HARANGUE against business men who write letters to Congressmen was clearly childish. This form of appeal has been used by reformers for years. It was used in the fight on CANNON, in the passage of the income-tax amendment, in urging temperance legislation. This method of influencing Representatives was more responsible than any other one element in forcing WILSON'S nomination at Baltimore. Our recollection of the number is not exact, but we think that upward of one hundred thousand telegrams came to delegates asking them to vote for WILSON. Here is a familiar, frank, and wholly proper way of exerting influence. To talk about it in terms of conspiracy is childish. As WILSON'S acts and utterances continue under scrutiny, his intellectual and temperamental traits become apparent. A very marked one is the disposition to prevail by mere weight of will, by assertion, without willingness to argue or meet argument.

Wilson and Mexico

FROM SAN ANTONIO, TEX., MR. WILLARD L. SIMPSON writes a very reasonable letter about Mexico, among other things asking:

What would you have advocated and what do you now advocate?

What we would have advocated a year ago doesn't much matter after so much water has gone over the dam. We would have kept out of the mess. WILSON quite deliberately projected himself into it, and his course ever since has been partly stubborn pride in sticking by his position, partly a hurried opportunism to avoid the consequences of that position. If WILSON really had intended at the beginning to go out of his way to introduce agrarian reform in Mexico (we think he did not have this intention in the beginning and that it came to him later as a justification of the mess he found himself in), he could have made recognition of HUERTA contingent upon agrarian reform. What we advocate now is the sanitation of publicity and discussion, and anything that will save us from what we think WILSON, against his will, is headed for eventually—military occupation and a foreign war.

Democratic Bombast

SECRETARY MCADOO informs us that the total ordinary expenditures of our National Government for the fiscal year that ended on June 30 will probably amount to $703,000,000. This exceeds by some twenty millions the total for the preceding fiscal year. The increase of only about 3 per cent seems unimportant until we notice the contrast with this plank in the Baltimore platform:

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. *We demand a return to the simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government.*

To increase "profligate waste" by 3 per cent is *not* returning to "simplicity and economy"!

Brother Amos

PENNSYLVANIA FRIENDS tell us that some folks in that State are opposing GIFFORD PINCHOT because the public prints have associated him with some rather extreme reformers. We hasten to inform these Pennsylvanians that they are confusing GIFFORD with his brother AMOS. GIFFORD PINCHOT is a great idealist. He is one of the large figures of his generation. Because of his identification with all that is implied by the term "conservation" the future historian will have a good deal to say about him. AMOS PINCHOT, as PERLMUTTER would put it, "is something else again." He is a young man who has acquired a great deal of money by the easiest known form of acquisition. The leisure which comes from that and the possession of a famous brother account for such participation as he has in public affairs. AMOS is a Cubist in politics. He belongs to the Futurist fringe of reform. He is for most of the "isms" identified with current agitation, not omitting pessimism. What he isn't for he's against. We certainly hope the Pennsylvania voters won't confuse him with GIFFORD.

The Fundamental of Prosperity

SUCCESSFUL MEN fix their minds on the important things (however small, remote, or obscure) and refuse to be diverted therefrom. That is why they succeed. So in this season of cross currents, with Wall Street in mourning over the decay of speculation, with the railroads bluffing the facts to the limit of their ability, with the obsolete type of newspaper economist sweating blood over fantastic balances of trade, we find Mr. E. C. SIMMONS, a successful hardware dealer of St. Louis, Mo., sending out this letter to his salesmen:

Don't worry. War or no war, freight rates or no freight rates, tariff or no tariff, baseball or no baseball, grape juice or champagne—the farmer is still on the job. Don't forget him.

MR. SIMMONS knows these United States.

What Does Wealth Mean to You?

IT MAKES US STOP AND THINK to see an item like this:

HAMMOND, IND.—Receiving a letter from Greece that he is heir to a $7,000,000 estate, MATHIAS CONSTANTE, a steel worker here, has hired five close friends at $5,000 a year apiece to help him spend his money. That is all they will have to do.

This man has the same view of riches that the Huns and Goths had fifteen hundred years ago: lots to eat and drink, money to spend! The power that wealth gives, the room for living and serving, the long reach of it toward the future under the fostering of science—to all these things MATHIAS CONSTANTE is blind. What does wealth mean to you? What dream of yours would come true if you had $7,000,000 at your command to-morrow?

A Railway That Knows How

ON A SMOOTHLY RUNNING EXPRESS TRAIN between Washington and New York we found an illustrated circular called "Information," issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad system. This issue tells what Italians are doing for the railroad, and says that of 140,000 employees on the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, 11,000 are of that nation. Twenty years ago there were very few, all of them "laborers"; to-day

Italy is represented in practically every department of the railroad, and each day these men are making their impression. . . . Many of them hold positions of trust and responsibility, due possibly to a great extent to their learning the English language. . . . Promotion is always open to the man who works hard and improves himself.

We are glad to believe that this is true. We are glad to read of "the Italian-English correspondence course which the railroad gives to all who apply for it." The Pennsylvania is exceptionally fortunate as a corporation and employer of labor if its employees really believe promotion "always open to the man who works hard"—and the public will share the benefit. The spirit of loyalty, confidence of receiving justice; no dollar-and-cent value can be placed upon these matters, but their absence is none the less fatal to successful organization. The men who have made the Pennsylvania Railroad have not always measured up in all regards (civic virtue, for instance) to SAINT LOUIS and GEORGE WASHINGTON—but somehow they have managed to instill a notable morale into their men, and the traveling public knows their conductors and brakemen for courtesy and intelligence and a general air of self-respect. Some of the railroads realize that they are public-service corporations, and act accordingly in those human relations where this service is apparent. But cheerful, hopeful employees are essential to creating really cordial relations between the public and the corporation. The Pennsylvania was one of the first railroad systems to apply this fundamental truth.

"David Describeth a Citizen of Zion"

IN THIS TIME OF AFFIDAVITS, doctors' certificates, squabbles over immunity, and wholesale indictments of dead men, it is worth remembering that the Psalmist, in talking about the good citizen, used this sentence: "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Very few of this sort have been investigated.

A Sad Case

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE, what kind of thing is this Parkersburg (W. Va.) "State Journal," and what on earth is the matter with it? We find this allusion to us in a recent issue:

LAST ONE DECENT

The last COLLIER'S WEEKLY is decent, and it is certainly a relief to see the dirty vulture left out of it, and to have it talk sane, even if it should begin gyrating with its ears again, and have a breath like a garbage wagon, and its eyes get red and gallons and gallons of filth cover it!

Won't some of our friends down there tell us about the "Journal"?

Telling What You Don't Know

MANY YOUNGSTERS have lately endured the pangs of entrance examinations for college. STEVENSON was right in speaking of these tests as "exanimations"; that's why we pity the subfreshman. His sensations frequently resemble those sketched in "Verdant Green." Mr. BOUNCER, "Giglamps," and "Four-in-hand" FOSBROOKE, you remember, got hold of a youth who was searching for the entrance

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

examination authorities, told him *they* were those authorities, and set him to work on the following "phony" test in "History, Euclid, Arithmetic, and Algebra":

1. Draw a historical parallel (after the manner of Plutarch) between Hannibal and Annie Laurie.

2. Show the probability of the College Hornpipe having been used by the students of the Academia, and give passages from Thucydides and Tennyson in support of your answer.

3. Give a brief account of the Roman emperors who visited the United States, and state what they did there.

4. Draw a parallel between the Children in the Wood and Achilles in the Styx.

5. Name the prima donnas who have appeared in the operas of Virgil and Horace since the "Virgilii Opera" and "Horatii Opera" were composed.

6. If one side of a triangle be produced, what is there to prevent the other two sides being brought forward?

7. In equal circles, equal figures from various squares will stand upon the same footing.

8. If two parts of a circle fall out, the one part will cut the other.

9. If seven horses eat twenty-five acres of grass in three days, what will be their condition on the fourth day? Prove by practice.

10. If an Austrian florin is worth 5.61 francs, what will be the value of Pennsylvania bonds? Prove by rule-of-three inverse.

11. If a coach wheel, 6 5-39 in diameter and 5 9-47 in circumference, makes 240 4-19 revolutions in a second, how many men will it take to do the same piece of work in ten days?

Is there anyone in whom that last question does not awaken poignant memories? And yet, to live those days over again, you'd be willing to undergo more than a few examination papers.

Common Sense in Canada

AUTOMOBILE regulations in the Province of Quebec impose a fine of $100 for the first offense and $200 for the second, with imprisonment for one or two months, for any person who, while intoxicated, drives an automobile. It is understood that the Canadians enforce this provision. The bells, horns, and other signaling devices must not be used in Quebec except as a warning of danger, and then not in such a way as to make a "harsh, objectionable, or unreasonable noise" except in the case of fire or police vehicles or ambulances. Even these, we suspect, are not expected to make "unreasonable" noises. The Quebec laws provide that every motor vehicle shall carry a muffler and that it shall not be cut out "in any public park or public highway." The muffler cut-out used to be recognized as the stigma of the cheap car, but since the cheap cars have been so perfected, it now merely advertises the cheap driver. The intoxicated driver is entitled to no leniency. The noisy horn is an excuseless nuisance. Altogether, one sometimes yearns to see the United States annexed to Canada.

A Free Ad

IF ANYONE were to rush up to us and ask what high-brow periodical comes nearest now to filling the place of the old "Atlantic Monthly" in its palmy days, we should promptly reply: "The Yale Review."

"Smiling Images"

WE FLAYED—in a recent paragraph—the man who is nothing. But, even with the aid of ROLLAND'S "Jean-Christophe," we made no more complete job of it than STEVENSON once did in four sentences:

> It is better to be a fool than to be dead. It is better to emit a scream . . . than to be entirely insensible to the jars and incongruities of life, and take everything as it comes in a forlorn stupidity. Some people swallow the universe like a pill, they travel on through the world, like smiling images pushed from behind. For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself!

Here is one of the most tremendous indictments ever penned against the human zero. Remember this: a corpse is the only absolutely blameless thing in the world—and the least effective. DANTE dedicated a special circle of his Inferno to such as these. The one unforgivable sin is—not to sin—but to lead a posthumous life.

The Saloon, 2000 B. C.

THE REPUTATION of the saloon is by no means modern. In the Code of Hammurabi, promulgated nearly four thousand years ago, appears this decree:

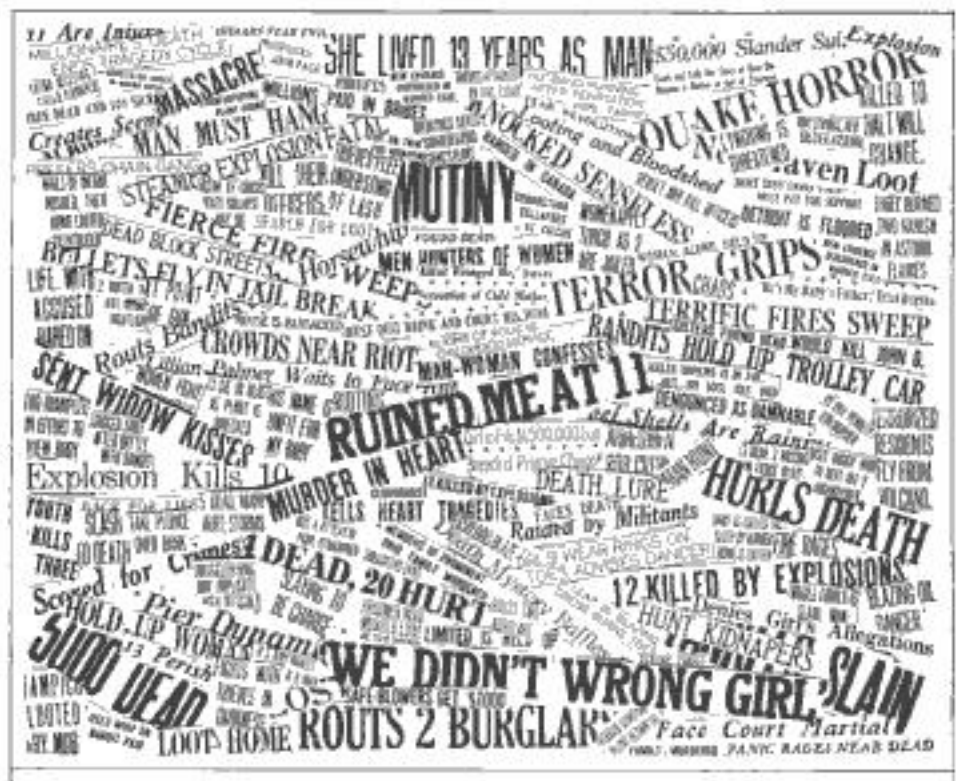
> If outlaws collect in the house of a wine seller, and he do not arrest these outlaws and bring them to the palace, that wine seller shall be put to death.

Newspapers Then and Now

NOW, of the headlines reproduced on this page, **all were clipped from newspapers published at Los Angeles, Cal.,** within a period of five days. They represent almost every form of violence, crime, scandal, and sex degeneracy. The question is asked: Can this showing be matched by other cities, or is Los Angeles worse served than other American towns? The question is addressed to us by MARY RECKER CASE, who adds:

> LOS ANGELES used to have self-respecting newspapers. When Mr. HEARST entered the afternoon field with his "Herald" and began to fight for circulation by ultrasensational methods, the other papers seemed to lose their heads. Present conditions are due to competition of the editors not to be outdone by Mr. HEARST.
>
> Mr. Editor, Colorado may need soldiers, but Los Angeles needs a brigade of fumigators and a regiment of evangelists.

Undoubtedly HEARST has done more to cheapen journalism and degrade the public than any other newspaper man ever born into this country of ours. Now and again his editorials are on the right side of some great question (as when they attack the drink curse), but in general his great wealth and the intelligences and energies which it buys work for demoralization rather than uplift. Traitorous to truth and to individuals, mud-slinging and muck-spreading, HEARST'S fingers are busy in corrupt political bargains, in demagogy, in jingoistic imperialism, in fomenting wars and the war spirit. HEARST, in the twentieth century, befriends those who war on inoculation against smallpox and typhoid fever; he fights that medical experimentation which is conquering disease and sparing human life. He plays upon ignorance and prejudice, and prints, alongside news reports of human nature at its lowest and foulest, advertisements of harmful patent medicines such as cheat his readers out of money and health, or hope of health. But HEARST'S baleful influence has not been confined to the public that reads his muddy newspapers; it has reached a greater public through that part of the press which has imitated his methods in madly seeking to compete with HEARST in degradation. Fortunately for America, the best, the most effective, portion of the contemporary press finds it possible to maintain higher ideals and to practice purer ethics without forfeiting either vigor or success. JAMES KEELEY, the cockney boy who has made the Chicago "Tribune" what it is, and who has now fused HINMAN'S bankrupt "Inter Ocean" and the "Record-Herald," and is making them over into a great journal destined perhaps to be this country's most influential newspaper—JAMES KEELEY sees farther than HEARST, and has in his field a greater triumph and a more real influence. And KEELEY is only one newspaper man. The Hearst formula is waning. The man, the issue, for which HEARST stands is, generally speaking, foredoomed to fail. CHAMP CLARK and the Panama Canal subsidy are the latest examples of this tendency, but the examples are infinitely various. Men distrust HEARST and his hirelings. And American journalism will be an increasingly constructive force for righteousness and justice as time goes on; already it has rising standards of honesty and decency and service. DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN has told the Lawrence (KAS.) Newspaper Conference that the newspaper profession is "as sacred" as the minister's. But journalism, too, is a ministry; and DR. GLADDEN is looking (as always) not behind, but ahead.



The Headlines Los Angeles Can't Miss

All these were clipped from five days' issues of Los Angeles newspapers — most of them from the first page

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Summer Days are Overland Days

IF there ever was one particular time of the year when you actually are in need of one of these big, comfortable, powerful cars it certainly is right now when the red hot sun bakes you into a state of extreme and excessive perspiration, pessimism and discontent.

Suppose you wanted to get to the seashore quick—or the country club, woods, mountains, lake, river or wherever that favorite cool spot is—do you know of a better way for instant relief, rest recreation?

Trolleys and trains are crowded, s tedious, tiresome and unhealthy. —how different with an Overland! the family in—smoothly spin along breeze-creating rate of from fifte twenty miles an hour, and you inst become an optimist in the most p ful sense of the word. All the seems changed!

Handsome Catalogue on Request—Please Address Department 6

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio **$950** Complet Prices f.

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND OF CANADA, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

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COLES PHILLIPS

A few minutes in an Overland cools, refreshes, stimulates and invigorates. What is more it takes you in comfort, style and safety, without any loss of time or annoying inconveniences. Your temperature and temper slip back to normal in a jiffy.

Cost?

Not anything like you imagine. Here's the way to figure it out. An Overland lasts for years. Spreading the cost over a period of years makes the cost per year less than the expense of your present annual and probably commonplace vacation. Yet see how much more you get!

As the Overland costs 30% less than any other car of similar specifications it is the most logical and economical car for you to buy. Dealers everywhere. Suppose you step in and talk with one today.

Brief Specifications:

Electric head, side, tail and dash lights
Storage battery
35 horsepower motor
33 x 4 Q. D. tires
114-inch wheelbase
Mohair top, curtains and boot
High-grade speedometer
Clear-vision, rain vision, windshield
Electric horn

Toledo **$1075** With Electric Starter and Generator

CANADIAN PRICES f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont. **$1250** Completely Equipped **$1425** With Electric Starter and Generator

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Norris—and His Type

By E. G. Lowry

THIS is a Congress of average men. It is lacking in intellectual promontories, jutting headlands, or towering peaks. Like the simple annals of the poor, or the mean average rainfall or the least common multiple or the greatest common divisor, it tends toward monotony of effect. To put it in cloudier phrase, some of the members of Congress are better equipped than others, but few of them are less well equipped than the average of their colleagues. There is not a single striking intellectual leader in either branch; no man who by common consent stands out from the crowd, unless it be Oscar Underwood, in the House.

Old Demos the Leveler

THIS condition has come about through a natural process of evolution. It is a result of the change that has taken place in the political life of the United States in the past dozen years. It has come about naturally. Ever since I have known anything about Congress from a personal daily contact with its members and its proceedings, the House has been truly representative of the political life of the United States. Even in the days of the Cannon régime the House was a faithful reflection in miniature of the political conditions and of the state of political morality that obtained throughout the United States. Now the Senate has become representative. Half a dozen years ago there was a marked difference between the House and the Senate. The two bodies were controlled by different principles and different motives. Now they are virtually alike.

George William Norris, junior Senator from Nebraska, is a typical member of the present Congress. I choose to put a piece in the paper about him because I know him better and know more about him than I do about some of the others who might serve equally well for present purposes of illustration. If his interests and his springs of action can be set forth with any degree of definiteness, they will provide a key for the understanding of the present membership of the two branches of Congress. Norris is not only a typical member of Congress, but he might also be called a typical average American citizen.

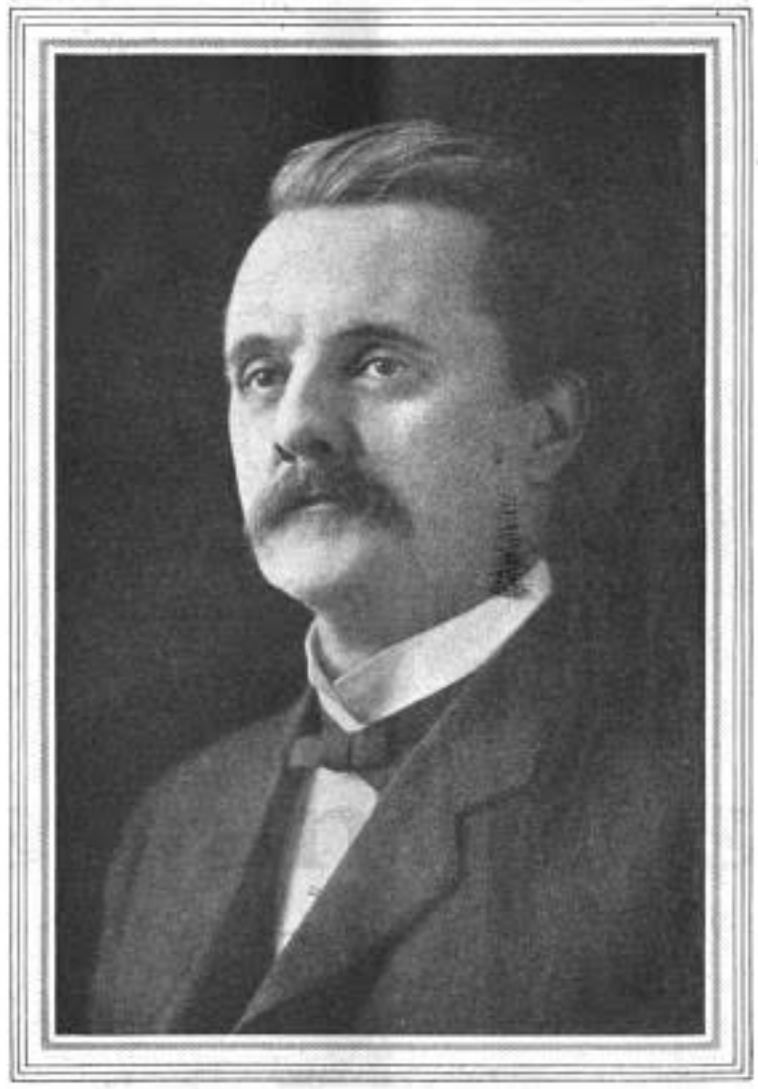
Under the Pure Food Law red wine made in California can no longer be called Burgundy, but must be labeled "Burgundy type." In a way of speaking, the endeavor here is not so much to make a sketch of Norris as to describe the Norris type.

Perhaps before going any further it may be necessary to identify Norris by associating him with his principal achievement in Congress. By virtue of the fact that he received twenty-two more votes than his Democratic opponent he sat in the Sixty-first Congress as the Representative from the Fifth District of Nebraska. On a Saturday in March, in the second session of that Congress, he carried a resolution causing the rules of the House to be changed in an important and essential particular. He pulled down Cannon and the Cannon régime. He diverted from the office of the Speaker a great share of his power and he shook and humbled and defeated Mr. Cannon after a series of dramatic and exciting scenes such as are not witnessed in the House once in a generation.

The Type's Strong Characteristics

GET on any train in the corn and hog States anywhere between Chicago and Lincoln, Neb., and you will find a dozen men like Norris. They are church members, don't drink, probably have a Sunday-school class at home, and smoke five-cent cigars with a relish which is the truest and surest visible manifestation among adult males of real leaders of the simple life. They have a fair first-hand grasp of the simple elements of public affairs and a rough working knowledge of national governmental machinery and procedure. They do not know the subtleties and chicanery and wheels within wheels of politics as it is played in the East.

There aren't many men like Norris in the large Eastern cities—at least not in politics. But in the Middle West they have become in recent years the dominant type. They are plain, simple people, who have worked hard all their lives, and who have known what it is to be poor, but not the squalid, sordid poverty of the congested East, that kills hope and crushes the life and strength and self-respect out of men. I should say that the strongest characteristics of men of the Norris type (it seems impossible to differentiate him in any way from the type) is a strong and active feeling of fellowship. They are marked by a notable desire to be helpful to those who have not been so fortunate. As nearly as possible they want everyone to share and share alike the common privi-



In the hog States you will find a dozen of the type: Church members who don't drink but do smoke five-cent cigars and carry horse sense into politics

leges of human society. They are good, useful citizens; there is no getting around that. Not "prominent citizens," but useful citizens. There is a world of difference between the two kinds.

Norris has had a career that has become almost conventional in the United States. He was born on a farm in Sandusky County, Ohio, in 1861, and spent all of his early life on the farm where he was born. He learned what real, honest, grubbing work was at an age when more carefully nurtured "modern" children are being taught to cut out paper flowers and truncated cones in kindergartens. His father died when he was a small child, his only brother was killed in the Civil War, and his mother was left in straitened circumstances. Young Norris "worked out" among the neighboring farmers by the day and month during the summer and attended district school during the winter. He acquired enough of an education to become a schoolteacher and moved West. He lived in several of the Far Western and Northwestern States, and taught school in abandoned barns and chicken houses and other queer shacks that he had to fit up with his own hands to make suitable for schoolrooms.

By what wizardry of finance this young itinerant school-teacher saved enough money to come back to Ohio and pay his way through Baldwin University at Berea, Ohio, and the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, Ind., even he cannot now explain. But he did, and later studied law while teaching and was admitted to the bar in 1883. Two years later he went to Nebraska and settled at McCook. He was three times prosecuting attorney of his county, and twice elected a district judge for a four-year term. He was on the bench when he was nominated to the Fifty-eighth Congress in 1899. He has been continuously in Congress, in the House and Senate, since that time.

He Is Plain and Unspoiled

IN HIS manner, in his processes of mind, and in his mode of living, he is as simple, as plain, as direct, and as unassuming as when he was teaching the three R's in Idaho. He knows more, of course, than he did then. His mind is more mature and has broadened. His convictions, however, for the main part, are based on what he has personally known and seen, and not on deductions from wide reading. He is not afraid to think and do for himself, because he has never known anything else.

He became an "insurgent" as soon as such a movement as "insurgency" became known in the House of Representatives. He did not rebel against the authority of the Cannon group because of sentiment in his home district. Indeed, it was the other way about. He had to educate his constituency to accept his views. It must be said to his credit that he never sought publicity or notoriety in connection with the movement in the House even after it reached its highest tide and accomplished its first actual important achievements under his leadership. Norris did not aspire to limelight and "leadership." One of the aims of insurgency was to eliminate such "leadership" as it was then practiced, and as the term was then understood.

The Decent Average

NORRIS is of average size, well-muscled and wiry. He is very quiet in his manner, with an open, frank, friendly face. His hair is beginning to gray. When one comes to try to describe him one sees that there isn't an extraordinary thing about him. He is the average American, born of clean stock in a farming country, who has lived all of his life upon a plane of perfect equality and upon terms of absolute democracy with his neighbors. One of the interesting things about the "insurgency" movement was that its propulsive force and motive power came from average men. It was an average man's movement. Though nobody phrased it so, it became more and more impressive as a groping after an equitable diffusion of responsibility in self-government. Within its own natural limitations it was a sort of reaching out for the old town-meeting plan applied to national affairs.

Norris was in no hurry to reorganize the House overnight. He bided his time. The resolution which he introduced enlarging the Rules Committee had been carried about in his pocket for months while he awaited an opportune chance that seemed to spell success. Let him tell again, and in his own words, what he and his fellows were driving at:

"The insurgents in the House of Representatives were fighting a system, and not individuals. 'Cannonism' was no individual, but a machine. It went deeper and far beyond any personality. The Speaker was the head of a political organization of which he was only the instrument—the means—by which its will was carried out. The Speaker derived all his power from the rules of the House. The particular source of that power which gave him influence in controlling legislation greater than was possessed by any other person, excepting alone the President, was that rule which authorized him to select the standing committees of the House.

"A member cares more for a good committee appointment than for anything else connected with his political life. To get the desired place under the old order he had to have the favor of the Speaker, and to retain it had to obey the commands of the Speaker's machine. By this power the Speaker could reward those who were faithful, and at the same time punish those who refused to obey. This rule gave him the key to the pie counter and placed him in control of the political guillotine. In the palm of his mighty hand he held the political destiny of practically every member."

"George Made Good"

NORRIS came in for much praise for his modesty and for the skill with which he conducted the parliamentary fight when he succeeded in having the Rules Committee enlarged in March, 1910. As soon as the fight was won, he promptly and expressly disavowed any desire for a place on the enlarged committee. The whole House recognized that he was not fighting for personal preferment.

Norris represents the best type of man in the present Congress. No personal animus has been disclosed in anything that he has said or done. Whether right or wrong, to all appearances he is disinterested and striving for what he conceives to be the general welfare. Certainly that is about all we can ask of our public servants in this imperfect world. Norris could not by any use of the imagination be called, as the common phrase runs, a "big man." He lacks the broad vision, the thoroughly trained mind, and the controlled imagination that characterizes political giants, but he is honest and sincere and well-meaning; that is something.

At any rate, he has done what he set out to do, and made a clean job of it. His plan to depose Cannon was conceived in the public interest. As they said of him in his own town: "George made good on his proposition." Well, we all admire that in a man, don't we?

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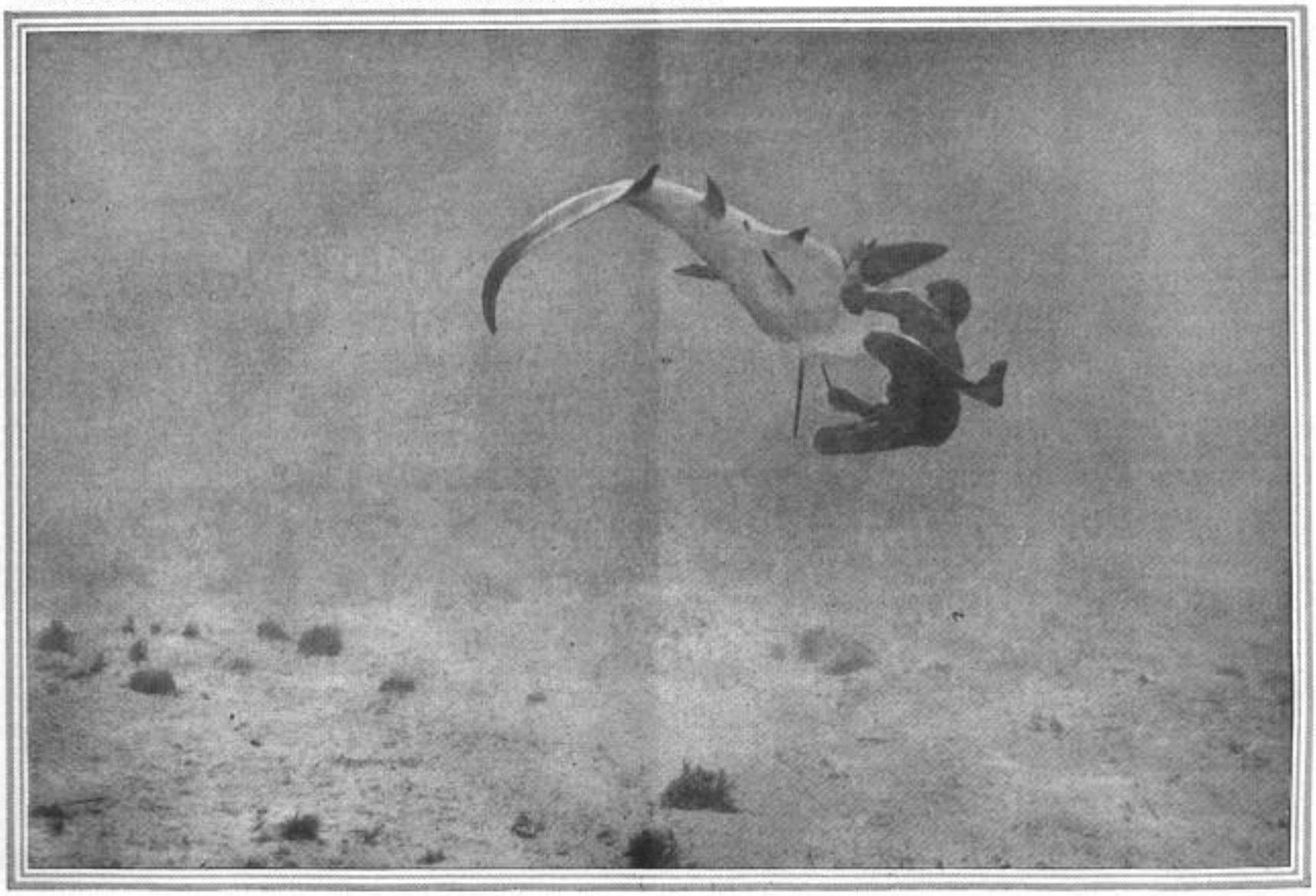
A Camera Reveals Some Wonders on the Floor of the Ocean



The first photograph of a deep-sea diver at work. It was taken at a depth of 50 feet



PHOTOGRAPHY is turning from its conquest of the air to search out the mysteries of the sea, and the subterranean wonders dreamed of by Jules Verne are the latest targets of pioneering camera men. The story of the first notable achievement in this work is told in the snapshots on this page. Captain C. Williamson of Norfolk, Va., invented a glass-windowed operating chamber in which photographers could be let down in the sea, and recently the device was put into practical use by his sons, J. E. and G. M. Williamson. The Williamson brothers went to the Bahama Islands and took 20,000 of film showing divers at work, some wonderful rock and vegetable formations, and a great variety of fish in their natural element. In the photograph above the motion-picture man is going down in a collapsible, flexible metal tube connecting the boat with the submerged chamber. Standing over him are J. E. Williamson (left) and G. M. Williamson.



A West Indian negro shark fighter, the most daring and skillful in the Bahamas, killing a big man-eater before the camera 30 feet under the water. He seized the fish by the fin with one hand and ripped it open with a knife in the other. Shark fighting is a popular sport in the West Indies and Central America

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Make Every Road A Lincoln Highway

¶ Don't wait for good roads—make them. Get big car comfort from your light, economical Ford by Smoothing out the Rough Roads with

TRADE K-W MARK

Road Smoothers
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Quickly applied to your Ford Car

Three K-W Features

¶ A helical spring to take up the shock. An Air Chamber to check the rebound. Anti-side-motion-links to prevent side rocking and consequent skidding, turning corners.

K-W Quality

¶ Taking the bumps is the hardest kind of work, but the quality built into K-W Road Smoothers enables them to give efficient service during the life of the car **because the principle is right—the design is right—and the workmanship and materials are of the highest quality.**

¶ We use no cheap castings, but instead, high-grade, heat-treated drop forgings, whose toughness defies the roughest roads—electric smelted chrome Vanadium steel springs, gauged accurately and thoroughly tested. Extra heavy phosphor bronze bushings throughout. During the process of manufacture every part is under rigid inspection, a feature that makes possible our broad guarantee.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

¶ **There is only one Road Smoother**—Don't confuse with ordinary shock absorbers or auxiliary springs. Look for the name "K-W ROAD SMOOTHER." Write for booklet "Taking out the Bumps."

THE K-W IGNITION Co.
TRADE MARK
2131 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the 100,000 K-W Master Vibrators



$25 Set of Four One for Each Wheel

SOLD BY DEALERS WHO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE EVERYWHERE

A Cure for Lumbago

(Continued from page 6)

"Yes, Chicago is a live town all right," said Small, "but about this golf proposition, now: I'm getting the hang of the thing, Colonel. If I didn't lose so many balls—"

"You have a fine, natural swing," said the Colonel in a tone soft as corn silk. "A trifle less power, my friend, and you will get better direction."

WELL, it was too much for me. I didn't care much for Small, but I hated to see him walk into ambush with his eyes open. I left him and the Colonel hobnobbing over their highballs, and went into the locker room, where I found Archie.

"Look here!" I said. "That old pirate is after your friend. Colonel Jimmy heard Small make that fool bet on the eighteenth tee, and you know what a leech he is when soft money is in sight. He's after him."

"So soon?" said Archie. "Quick work."

"Well, don't you think Small ought to be warned?"

Archie laughed.

"Warned about what?"

"Don't be more of an ass than usual, Archie. The Colonel has got him out there, telling him about Chicago. You know what that means, and a fellow that bets as recklessly as Small does—"

"I can't do anything," said Archie. "Small is of age."

"But you wouldn't let him go up against a cinch?"

"Small has been up against cinches all his life. That's how he made his money."

"That's how he'll lose it, too. I'll put a flea in his ear if you don't."

"Bill," said Archie, "I've made it a rule never to open my mouth in any gambling game unless my money was on the table. Understand? Then, whatever happens, there's no comeback at me. Think it over."

"But the man is your guest!"

"Exactly. He's my guest. If you see fit to warn him—" Archie shrugged his shoulders.

WELL, what could I say after that? I took my shower bath and dressed. Then I went into the lounging room. Small was, if anything, a trifle noisier than ever.

"Any game that I can bet on is the game for me," said he, "but I hate a piker. Don't you hate a piker, Colonel?"

"A man," said Colonel Jimmy, "should never bet more than he can afford to lose—cheerfully."

"Cheerfully. That's the ticket! You're a sport, Colonel. I can see it in your eye. You don't holler when you lose. Now, Colonel, what would you consider a good stiff bet, eh? How high would you go? This kindergarten business wouldn't appeal to either one of us, would it? You wait till I go around this course a few times and I'll make you a *real* bet—one that will be worth playing for, eh? What's the most you ever played for, Colonel?" It was like casting pearls before swine and he wasn't my guest, but I did what I could for him.

"Mr. Small," said I, "if you're going in to town there's room in my car for you."

"Thanks. I'm stopping here at the club. Archie fixed me up with a room. The Colonel is going to stay and have dinner with me, ain't you, Colonel? Surest thing you know! He's met a lot of friends of mine out West. Small world, ain't it? Going, eh? Well, behave yourself! . . . Now then, Colonel, gimme a few more days of this cow-pasture pool and I'll show you what a real bet looks like!"

I LEFT the wolf and the lamb together, and I don't mind admitting that I liked one as well as the other.

Business took me out of town for ten days, and when I returned home I was told that Archie had been telephoning me all the morning. I rang him at his office.

"Oh, hello, Bill! You're back just in time for the big show. . . . Eh? Oh, Colonel Jimmy is due for another attack of lumbago this afternoon. . . . Small telephoned me last night that he was complaining a little. . . . The goat? Why, Small, of course! The clumsiest boy is playing alone these days; better pickings elsewhere. . . . Yes, you oughtn't to miss it. See you later. 'Bye."

NOW, very little happens at Meadowmead, in the clubhouse or on the links, without David Cameron's knowledge. The waiters talk, the steward gossips, the locker-room boys repeat conversations which they overhear, and the caddies are worse than magpies. David, listening patiently and rubbing his ear, comes by a great deal of interesting information. I felt certain that he would have a true line on the wool market. I found him sitting in front of his shop. He was wearing a collar and tie, which is always a sign that he is at liberty for the afternoon. "You're dressed up today, David," said I.

"Ay," said he, "I'm thinkin' I'll be a gallery."

"Is there a match?"



"I'll make you a business proposition, Colonel. Double or quits on the last hole?"

"Ay, a money match. The ter-rms were agreed on at eleven this mornin'. The Cur-rnel is gruntin' an' groanin' with the lumba-ago again. Muster Small has taken a cruel advantage of the auld man. A cruel advantage."

"What are they playing for?" I asked.

David rolled his eyes full upon me and regarded me steadily without blinking.

"A thousan' dollars a side," said he quietly.

"*What?*"

"Ay. Posted in the safe. Muster Small wanted to make it for two. It was a compr-romise."

"But, man, it's highway robbery! One thousand dollars!"

David continued to look at me fixedly.

"Do ye ken, Muster Bell," said he at last, "that's precisely what I'm thinkin' it is mysel'—juist highway robbery."

"What handicap is he giving Small?"

"None. Muster Small wouldna listen to it. He said the Cur-rnel was a'ready handicapped wi' auld age, lumba-ago, an' cauld feet. His remarks were quite personal, ye'll understand, an' he counted down the notes on the table an' bletherred an' howled an' reminded the Cur-rnel that he had lost three hunder to him the last week. The auld gentleman was fair be-damned an' bullied into makin' the match, an' he was in such a towerin' rage he could scarce write a check. . . . Ay, I'm thinkin' it will be a divertin' match to watch."

ARCHIE arrived just as Small and Colonel Jimmy started for the first tee. We formed the gallery, with David Cameron trailing along unobtrusively in the rear, sucking reflectively on a briar pipe. The Colonel gave us one look, which said very plainly that he hoped we would choke, but thought better of it and dropped back to shake hands and explain his position in the matter.

"Pretty stiff money match, isn't it, Colonel?" asked Archie.

"And surely you're not playing him even!" said I. "No handicap?"

Colonel Jimmy had the grace to blush; I wouldn't have believed he knew how. I suppose if you should catch a wolf in a sheepfold the wolf would blush too—not because he felt that he was doing anything wrong by his own standards, but because of the inferences that might be drawn from the wool in his teeth. The Colonel didn't in the least mind preying on lambs, but he hated to have a gallery catch him at it. He hastened to explain that it was all the lamb's fault.

He said that he found himself in an unfortunate situation because he had allowed his temper to get away from him and had "answered a fool according to his folly." He blamed Small for forcing him into a position where he might falsely be accused of taking an unfair advantage. He whined pitifully about his lumbago—the worst attack he remembered—and earnestly hoped that "the facts would not be misrepresented in any way." He also said that he regretted the entire incident and had offered to call off the match, but had been grossly insulted and accused of having cold feet.

"It isn't that I want the man's money," said he, "but I feel that he should have a lesson in politeness!"

ON the whole, it was a very poor face for a wolf to wear. He groaned some more about his lumbago, which he said was killing him by inches, and went forward to join Small on the tee.

"The old pirate!" said Archie. "He wasn't counting on any witnesses, and our being here is going to complicate matters. Did you get what he said about hoping the facts would not be misrepresented? He's wondering what we'll tell the other members, and for the looks of the thing he won't dare rook Small too badly. Our being here will force him to make the match as close as he can."

"Yes," said I, "there ought to be some pretty fair comedy."

Small came over to us while the Colonel was teeing his ball. He looked bigger and rawer than ever in white flannel, and he didn't seem in the least worried about his bet. He was just as offensive as ever, and I could appreciate the Colonel's point about giving him a lesson in politeness.

AS early as the first hole it became evident—painfully so—that Colonel Jimmy was out to make the match a close one at any cost. It would never do to give Small the impression that his pockets had been picked. In order to make him think that he had had a run for his money, the Colonel had to play as bad golf as Small—and he did it, shades of Tom Morris and other departed golfers, he did it!

Bad golf is a depressing spectacle to watch, but deliberately bad golf, cold-blooded, premeditated and studied out in advance, is a crime, and that is the only word which fits Colonel Jimmy's shameless exhibition. His only excuse was that it needed criminally bad golf to make the match seem close. The old fellow's driving was atrocious, he stopped and flubbed his iron shots in a disgusting manner, and his putting would have disgraced a blind man. Lumbago was his alibi, and he worked it overtime for our benefit. After every shot he would drop his club, clap his hands on his back, and groan like an entire hospital ward.

The only noticeable improvement in Small's playing was that he managed somehow or other to keep his ball on the course, though the lopsided, thumb-handed, clubfooted way he went at his shots was enough to make angels weep. Then, too, he didn't have so much to say and didn't yell after he hit the ball.

THIRTEEN holes they played, and I venture the statement that nothing like that match has ever been seen since the time when golf balls were stuffed with feathers. By playing just as badly as he knew how, getting into all the bunkers, and putting everywhere but

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The Men Who Flirt With Death

Racing automobile drivers take their lives in their hands every time they enter a race—and the greatest risk they run is that of friction.

Think of the tremendous strain put on every bearing, the enormous heat generated. Let one little bearing get dry and—Zing!—Mr. Driver keeps right on going to the Pearly Gates.

What is the safeguard?

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

Every well-informed racing driver lubricates his car with Dixon's Graphite Lubricants. He knows that the bearings, when so lubricated, are safe.

One of the foremost racing drivers in America was offered $500 in cash to use a certain lubricant, and the reply was, "No, I would rather pay $5 per pound for Dixon's Graphite Lubricants than use any other as a gift."

Dixon's Graphite Lubricants have as a basis Dixon's selected flake graphite, the only form of flake graphite that will successfully lubricate an automobile without packing or balling up the bearings. The Joseph Dixon Company are the only producers in the world of this peculiar form of flake graphite. Try out

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on your own car and see for yourself what a difference it makes in mileage and smoothness of running. Dealers who sell real service know and recommend Dixon's Graphite Greases. Equally good for motor cars and motor boats.

Write for "Words of Wisdom from the Speed Kings" and the Dixon Lubricating Chart.

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Established in 1827

straight at the cup, Colonel Jimmy arrived on the fourteenth tee all square with Small. They had each won two holes; the others had been halved in scandalous figures.

I COULD tell by the way the Colonel messed the fourteenth hole that he wanted to halve that too. He certainly didn't try to win it. Small's fifth shot was in the long grass just off the edge and to the right of the putting green. Colonel Jimmy laid his sixth within three feet of the cup.

"Boy, give me that shovel!" said Small, and the caddie handed him a niblick. It wasn't really a bad lie, but the ball had to be chopped out of three inches of grass.

"In a case of this kind," said Small, "I guess you trust to luck, what?" He played a short chop shot and the ball went hopping toward the pin, hit the back of the cup with a plunk, and dropped for a six. Of course it was a pure accident.

"Fluke!" said Colonel Jimmy, rather annoyed.

"Sure!" said Small. "But it wins the hole just the same!"

I knew then that the comedy was over for the day. Four holes remained to be played, and the Colonel was one down. It was never his policy to leave anything to chance. He would run the string out at top speed. David Cameron came up from the rear.

"They'll play golf from here in," he whispered.

"They!" said I. "One of 'em will!"

"Do ye really think so?" said David.

OUR Number Fifteen is 278 yards long, over perfectly level ground. There are bunkers to the right and left of the putting green and a deep sand trap behind it. It is a short hole, but the sort of one which needs straight shooting and an accurate pitch. Of all the holes on the course, I think it is the Colonel's favorite.

"My honor, eh?" said Small. "That being the case, I guess I'll just rap it out of the lot!"

He didn't bother to measure the distance or take a practice swing. He didn't even address the ball. He walked up to it and swung his driver exactly as a man would swing a baseball bat—tremendous power but no form whatever—and the wonder is that he hit it clean. A white speck went sailing up the course, rising higher and higher in the air. When the ball stopped rolling it was 200 yards from the tee and on a direct line with the pin.

"Beat that!" said Small.

Colonel Jimmy didn't say anything, but he grunted whole volumes. It takes more than a long drive to rattle that old reprobate. He whipped his ball 200 yards down the course and stepped off the tee so well satisfied with himself that he forgot to groan and put his hands on his back. Small laughed.

"Lumbago not so bad now, eh?" said he.

"I—I may be limbering up a bit," said the Colonel. "The long drive isn't everything, you know; it's the second shot that counts!"

"All right," said Small. "Let's see one!"

COLONEL JIMMY studied his lie for some time and went through all the motions, but when the shot came it was a beauty—a mashie pitch which landed his ball five feet from the cup.

"Beat that one!" said he.

"I'll just do that thing!" said Small. And he did. Of course he had a short approach, as approaches go, but even so I was not prepared to see him play a push shot and rim the cup, leaving his ball stone dead for a three. Colonel Jimmy was not prepared to see it either, and I have reason to believe that the push shot jarred the old rascal from his rubber heels upward. He went about the sinking of that five-foot putt with as much deliberation as if his thousand dollars depended on it. He sucked in his breath and got down on all fours—a man with lumbago couldn't have done it on a bet—and he studied the roll of the turf for a full minute—studied it to some purpose, for when he tapped the ball it ran straight and true into the cup, halving the hole.

"You're getting better every minute!" said Small. "I'm some little lumbago specialist, believe me!"

Colonel Jimmy didn't answer, but he looked thoughtful and just the least mite worried. One down and three to go for a thousand dollars—it's a situation that will worry the best of 'em.

Number Sixteen was where the light dawned on me. It is a long, tricky hole—bogey 6, par 5—and if the Colonel hadn't made another phenomenal approach, laying his ball dead from fifty yards off the green, Small would have won that too. They halved in fives, but it was Small's second shot that opened my eyes. He used a cleek where most players would try a brassie, and he sent the ball screaming toward the flag—220 yards—and at no time was it more than ten feet from the ground. I was behind him when he played, and I can swear that there wasn't an inch of hook or slice on that ball. The cleek is no club for a novice. I remembered the niblick shot on the fourteenth. That was surely a fluke, but how about the push shot on fifteen? English professionals have written whole books about the push shot, but mighty few men have ever learned to play it. Putting that and the cleek shot together, the light broke in on me—and my first impulse was to kick Archie MacBride.

I DON'T know who Colonel Jimmy wanted to kick, but he looked as if he would relish kicking somebody. He had been performing sums in mental addition, too, and he got the answer about the same time that I did.

"It's queer about that lumbago," said Small again.

"Yes," snapped the old man, "but it's a lot queerer the way you've picked up this game in the last two holes!"

"Well," and Small laughed, "you remember that I warned you I never could play for piker money, Colonel—that is, not very *well*."

Colonel Jimmy gave him a look that was all wolf—and cornered wolf at that. He answered Small with a nasty sneer.

"So you can't play well unless big money is bet, eh? That is exactly what I'm beginning to think, sir!"

"At any rate," said Small, "I've cured your lumbago for you, Colonel. You can charge that thousand to doctor bills!"

Colonel Jimmy gulped a few times, his neck swelled and his face turned purple. There wasn't a single thing he could find to say in answer to that remark. He started for the seventeenth tee, snarling to himself. I couldn't stand it any longer. I drew Archie aside.

"I think you might have told me," I said.

"Told you what?"

"Why, about Small—if that's his name. What have you done? Rung in a professional on the old man?"

"Professional, your grandmother!" said Archie. "Small is an amateur in good standing. Darned good standing. If the Colonel knew as much about the Middle West as he pretends to know, he'd have heard of Small. Wonder how the old boy likes the Chicago method of shearing a pig?"

THE old boy didn't like it at all, but the seventeenth hole put the crown on his rage and mortification. Small drove another long straight ball, and after the Colonel had got through sneering about that he topped his own drive, slopped his second into a bunker, and reached the green in five when he should have been there in two. I thought the agony was over, but I didn't give Small credit for cat-and-mouse tendencies.

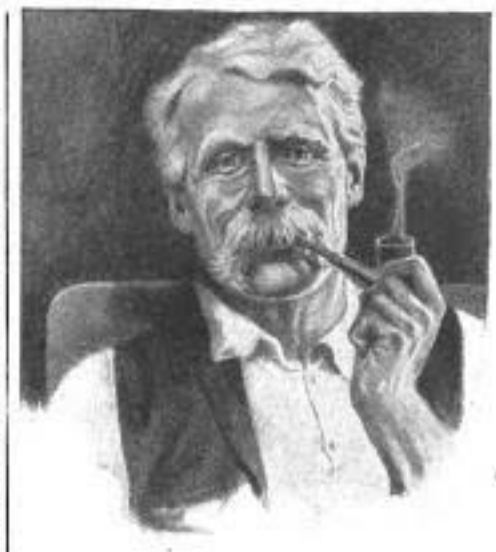
"In order to get all the good out of this lumbago treatment," said he, "it ought to go the full eighteen holes." Then, with a deliberation that was actually insulting, he played his second shot straight into a deep sand trap. I heard a queer clucking, choking noise behind me, but it was only David Cameron doing his best to keep from laughing out loud.

"Muster Small is puttin' the shoe on the other foot!" said David. "Ay, it's his turn to waste a few now."

"Cheer up, Colonel!" said Small. "You fooled away a lot of shots early in the match—on account of your lumbago, of course. I'm just as generous as you are when it comes to halving holes with an easy mark." To prove it Small missed a niblick shot a foot, but pitched out on his fourth, and, by putting all over the green, finally halved the hole.

WHEN Small stood up on the eighteenth tee for his last drive he looked over at the Colonel and nodded his head. "Colonel?" said he.

Colonel Jimmy grunted—rather a profane grunt, I thought.



THE AFTER-SUPPER PIPE

Thar's a hour in th' evenin'
That seems to crown th' day,
Sorter smoothes out all th' wrinkles
An' chases care away,
An' lets in glad contentment
Wharever shadders lay—
It's th' hour of the after-supper pipe.

It's a time when soldiers gather
'Round th' far camp fires bright,
An' th' soldiers in life's battle,
Weary with a hard day's fight,
Join th' million other fellers
That are settin' down tonight,
To a restful, peaceful after-supper pipe.

Velvet Joe

WHEN you light *your* after supper pipe tonight, think of the thousands of men who are finding rest and peace after a good day's work, and are joining you in the free-masonry of a pipe of VELVET. Flash these other good fellows a "Luck to you, old man"—via VELVET wireless!

VELVET is the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. Taste the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of VELVET, the Kentucky *Burley de Luxe*, cured by more than 2 years' ageing.



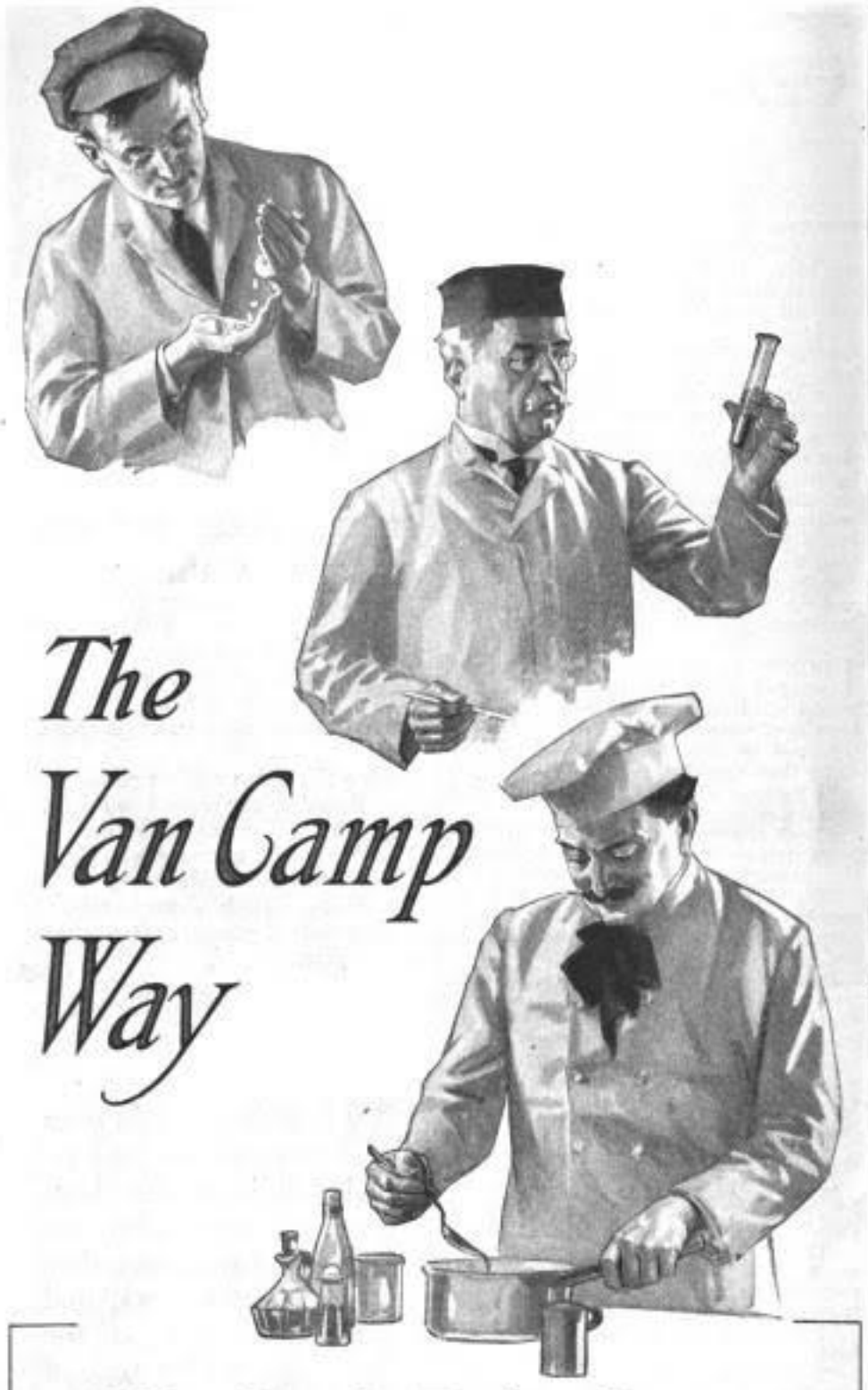
Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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The Van Camp Way

We *Don't* Bake Beans Like Mother's

Pies "like mother used to bake" may be the ideal pies. But not her Beans.

Mother's Beans were almost indigestible.

Some were hard and some mushy, some crisped and some soggy. For mother lacked all of the modern facilities.

Contrast them with Van Camp's Beans, in the year 1914. A famous food expert selects the materials. Chemists test them by analysis. Then master chefs prepare them.

Tomatoes are specially grown for the sauce, and picked when ruddy red. Modern steam ovens bake the sauce and the beans together.

Note the result. Beans mellow and whole, uncrisped and unbroken. A zest that's irresistible. The old commonplace dish—the old once-a-week dish—has become the daily delicacy. And Science, for the first time, gives this dish its approval.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Come to modern cookery. We know things now, in every line, undreamed of in the old days. Cucumbers are as much like melons as Van Camp's are like old-time Beans.

Experts, scientists, chefs and inventors have been working 20 years on Van Camp's Pork and Beans. And no other kitchen in all the world produces an equal dish.

It comes to you ready-baked. Heat it in the can and it comes to your table with all the fresh oven flavor. Keep the pantry shelf filled with it, and dinners and luncheons are ready any time.

And you buy this perfection—all this skill and this quality—for only three cents per serving. Go and compare it with the Beans you know. Let your own good sense—your own good taste—prove the wisdom of Van Camp's.

You'll never find anything like it.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(357)

"Dormie!" said Small.

"Confound it, sir! You talk too much!"

"So I've heard," said Small. "I'll make you a business proposition, Colonel. Double or quits on the last hole? I understand that's what you do when you're sure you can win. Two thousand or nothing? . . . No? Oh, all right! No harm done, I suppose?"

COLONEL JIMMY had a burglar's chance to halve the match by winning the last hole, and he fought for it like a cornered wolf. They were both on the green in threes, Small ten feet from the cup and the Colonel at least fifteen. If he could sink his putt and Small should miss his, the match would be square again.

The old man examined every blade of grass between his ball and the hole. Three times he set himself to make the putt, and then got down to take another look at the roll of the green—proof that his nerve was breaking at last. When he finally hit the ball it was a weak, fluttering stroke, and though the ball rolled true enough, it stopped four feet short of the cup.

"Never up, never in!" said Small. "Well, here goes for the thousand-dollar doctor bill! Lumbago is a very painful ailment, Colonel. It's worth something to be cured of it." Colonel Jimmy didn't say a word. He looked at Small and then he turned and looked at MacBride. All his smooth and oily politeness had deserted him; his little tricks and hypocrisies had dropped away and left the wolf exposed—snarling and showing his teeth. I thought that he was going to throw his putter at Archie, but he turned and threw it into the lake instead—into the middle, where the water is deep. Then he marched into the clubhouse, stiff as a ramrod, and so he missed seeing Small sink his ten-foot putt.

"An' ye were really surprised?" said David Cameron to me.

"I was," said I. "When did you find it out, David?"

"Come out to the shop," said the professional. He showed me a list of the players rated by the Western Golf Association. A man by the name of Small was very close to the top—very close indeed.

WE don't know whether the Colonel is going to lay the case before the committee or not. If he does, we shall have to explain why he has not had an attack of lumbago since.

Money and the Movies

(*Continued from page 12*)

show" at the cross-roads hamlet to the $1,000,000 Broadway palace, unfold the wonders of the films every day. No phase of a living industry replete with startling change is more packed with human interest than this one.

The original exhibitors were a motley lot—peddlers, artisans, showmen, and amusement soldiers of fortune—all drawn to what seemed to be a new way to turn a quick dollar. But that dollar, in many instances, sprouted into a fortune because the soil on which it fell proved to be a miracle field. Likewise some of these early exploiters, as you shall now see, have become monarchs of the movies. Two cases, a one-time clothing clerk who became a producing magnate and an erstwhile vender of slot-machine diversion who emerged as king of exhibitors, will illustrate a romantic evolution almost without precedent in modern business. One day back in the eighties a poor German lad landed from the steerage in New York. After being stranded for weeks he got in touch with a brother in Chicago; joined him there and worked as messenger, wrapper, and finally clerk in various stores. Then he became manager of a retail clothing establishment in Oshkosh and rendered such a good account of himself that he was given a share of the profits. He saved up a few thousand dollars and decided to start a 5 and 10 cent store somewhere. With his money in his pocket he went to Chicago to look over the field.



John Bunny

On a rainy afternoon he thought he would seek some diversion. Walking down State Street near the Palmer House he saw a lurid sign advertising a motion-picture show whose admission fee was 5 cents. Anything with the nickel label interested him at that moment, so he went inside and thus for the first time Carl Laemmle looked upon the marvel of the animated picture. He remained all the afternoon and was deeply impressed. As he went out he said to himself: "This is the biggest nickel's worth I ever got."

Somehow the proposition appealed to him. Here might be just the chance his savings were clamoring for. Then he did a characteristic thing, for he said:

"I'll just see how many people pay money to go into this show." So he stationed himself on the curb and with a pencil kept record on the back of an envelope of the number of patrons that streamed in between six and nine o'clock. He was amazed at the stream of nickels that poured in.

"Here is the business for me," he declared. Early the next morning he went around to see his only friend in Chicago, R. H. Cochran, who was then conducting the advertising agency that had handled some business for the Oshkosh firm. In great excitement Laemmle rushed up to him and said:

"I've struck a great business. There are millions in it!" Then he told about the picture show. Of course Cochran laughed at him, but Laemmle persisted. That very day he hired a small store over on Milwaukee Avenue, started a picture show, and the profits for the first week were $150. This was the basis of one of the great fortunes of the motion-picture business of to-day. Two weeks after he had set up shop Laemmle had a second show in operation. Soon he turned to the establishment of an exchange, and in a year had a whole string of them. When the trust put a stop to his supply he started to produce, and out of his revolt grew part of the whole independent movement, of which the Universal Film Company was one concrete expression. He is now head of this huge enterprise.

Cochran, it is worth while adding, who was so skeptical at first, was soon impressed by the swift course of events that was projecting Laemmle on to fortune. With all his savings, which represented exactly $2,500, he bought a tenth interest in Laemmle's exchange enterprise. To-day he is vice president of the Universal and an accredited nation-wide force in the business.

Just about the time that Laemmle was getting his first hard knocks, an energetic gamin—Marcus Loew by name—was playing around the streets of the East Side in New York. At six he was selling newspapers; at eight he peddled lemons; at twelve he had started a little periodical called the "East Side Advertiser," for which he solicited advertisements and did all the mechanical work except the actual typesetting.

When he was fourteen he got a job in a fur shop and learned the trade. In three years he was foreman, and before he attained his majority he had put by enough capital to start a modest furriery.

Chance started him on the way to become a movie baron. A friend, starting a penny arcade—the original poor man's theatre—where the first slot machines showing motion pictures were exhibited, persuaded him to join the enterprise. One of his fellow investors, by the way, was David Warfield.

Loew now saw his opportunity. He quit furs for films. In a few years he controlled a chain of picture arcades extending from New York to Ohio. One of his houses was in Fountain Square, Cincinnati. Here began the incident which, probably, more than any other, helped to shape motion-picture theatre destiny in this country.

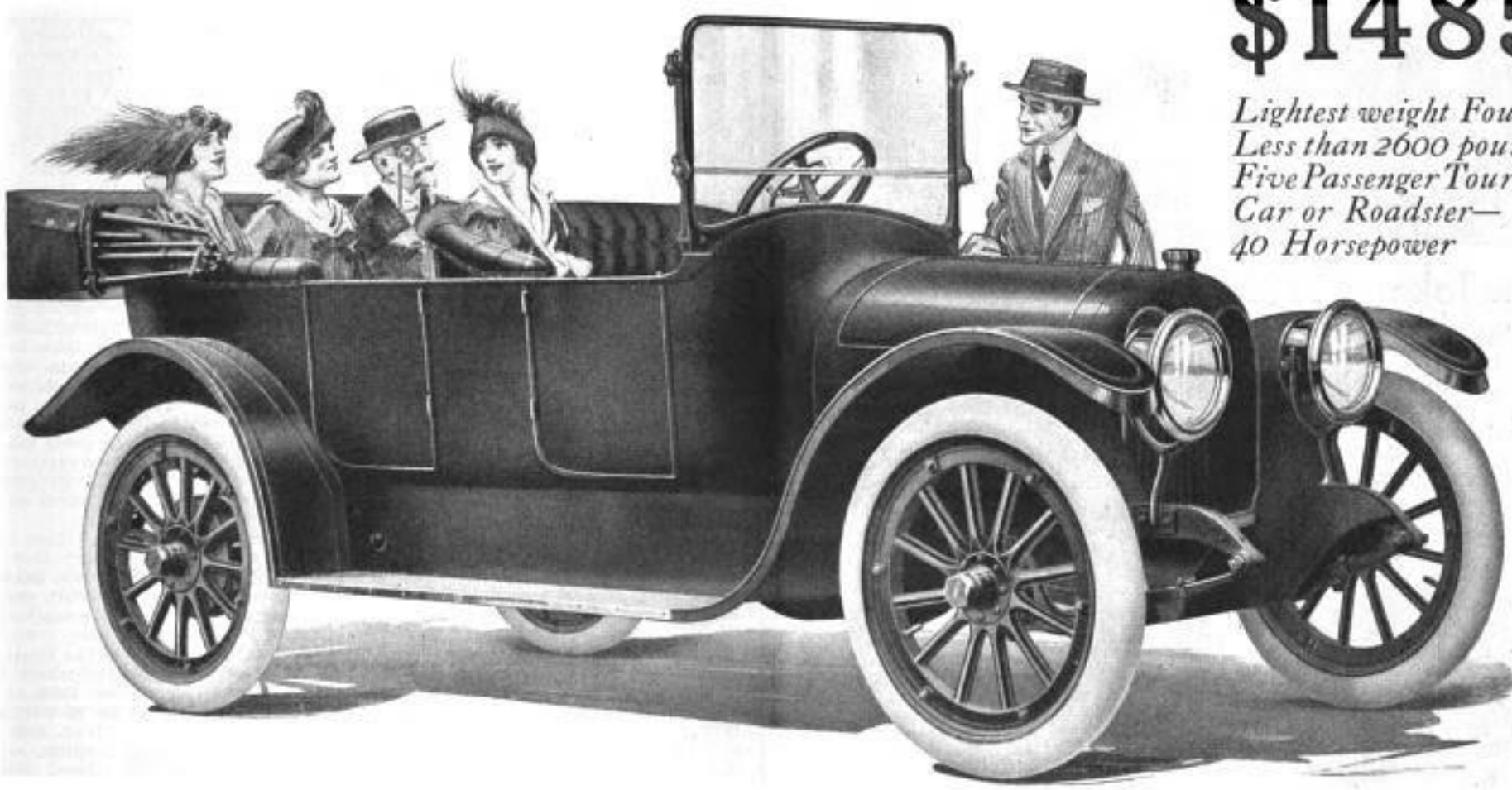
On a hot afternoon his carpenter ap-

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Elmer Apperson's Greatest Triumph

$1485

Lightest weight Four—
Less than 2600 pounds
Five Passenger Touring
Car or Roadster—
40 Horsepower



His New Economical Four at Lowest Price

Five years ago, Elmer Apperson determined to build a *low priced* Apperson Four that would shatter records for low upkeep cost. He has achieved all he hoped for in the new Apperson Light Four. This car expresses his undisputed inventive genius. His priceless experience of 22 years' actual motor car manufacture is embodied in it. He has designed and built the parts in his own factories. He has superintended the construction. He now offers you the *lightest weight Four at $1485—the car economical.*

Once Apperson cars were sold at $11,000! *Now*, the new Four is yours for $1485! The new car is more perfect than the old. This year, there has been added a body of rarest beauty of stream line design with a wealth of "luxury appointments."

Thousands Demanded This Apperson

Thousands have said: "Apperson is my choice, but I can't pay the price." They knew that the cars were mechanically correct and economical in upkeep. The price barrier has been removed. The low maintenance cost has been further reduced, new beauty added. All this value is possible because Elmer Apperson's cars are—

Manufactured—Not Simply Assembled

July 4, 1894, Elmer and Edgar Apperson tested their first motor car. They realized that the "perfect unit" car could only be obtained when they themselves built the vital parts. That is why 95% of the Apperson parts are designed by them and then built under their supervision in their factories. Thus, they were able five years ago to begin to build this 1915 car.

Makers O. K. Every Car

Elmer and Edgar Apperson will personally superintend the construction of every car made this year, despite the increased production. No car will leave the factory until it is O. K'd. personally by either one of these great engineers. That is an assurance of motor car perfection no other maker offers you.

A Six Marvel

The new Apperson Light Six is part of Elmer Apperson's 1915 triumph. It, too, was determined on five years ago. It is the lightest weight Six per horsepower made. Its 50 horsepower motor will conquer steepest hill or roughest road. It offers ample room for seven passengers. It is just the sort of Six careful buyers will select—beautiful, economical in upkeep, sturdy and dependable—striking values for the price—$1785.

Cars like this Four and Six cannot be designed in a season. Nor can such results be gained when parts are simply assembled. Hence, these cars will have no real competition.

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Tapering hood.
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Tire rim on rear.
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Ultra brilliant finish.
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Switches handy to driver.
Wheel base of Four, 116 inches.
Wheel base of Six, 126 inches.
Surplus power in all models.
Lightest weight cars per horsepower.

Write for Advance Catalog

Your copy of our advanced catalog, containing complete specifications of the New Light Four and Six and of other new Appersons, is ready. Send for it today. It is full of motor car surprises and is beautifully illustrated. Visit the Apperson dealer near you and go over these cars point by point.

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FANNING, mopping and grimacing, "Phew! how hot," *won't* keep you cool, when the sun grills. B. V. D. *will.* It lifts a burden from your body and weight from your mind. You forget the heat, because you're too busy "enjoying life"—lounging, dancing, a game of golf, a bout at tennis, watching a baseball game. Remember that *not all* "Athletic" Underwear is B. V. D.

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proached Loew and told him that a man had started a motion-picture theatre over in Covington, which is just across the river. This interested the New Yorker, so he visited the place. He found the show rigged up in a private house; the front hall was the lobby; the parlors served as auditorium; the proprietor sold admissions. As soon as he assembled a handful of people he closed the "box office," which was a dry-goods case, acted as doorkeeper, and when the "crowd" was seated—on camp stools—he locked the front door and started the entertainment. He operated the machine, and as he turned the crank he gave an impromptu lecture. At the conclusion he made this announcement:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have a colored porter here who can do a monologue or a contortion act to wind up the performance. Which do you prefer?"

I cite this incident, first, to show the crudeness of the start of the independent motion-picture theatre in this country; second, because it impressed Loew so deeply that he hurried back to Cincinnati, turned his arcade into a picture house, and thus helped to inaugurate the great chain of "store shows"—literally stores converted into places of amusement—where the general public in seats got its initial glimpse of the wonders of the film.

At the present time Loew's name gleams in electric lights on twenty-eight picture theatres—including two big ones on Broadway—in Greater New York alone, while more than two hundred others, many combining vaudeville with the films, stretching from ocean to ocean, call him master. As a matter of fact, he owns or controls more playhouses than any other individual in the world. This one-time East Side newsboy is a multimillionaire, and the nickels of the average man made him one.

One more episode will serve to show in another way the extraordinary advance in the picture theatre. Exactly six years ago a live young insurance agent, S. L. Rothapfel, settled down in Forest City, Pa., because he happened to marry a girl whose father lived there. It was in the center of the hard-coal-mining district; there was little opportunity for writing policies there, so he started a picture show over a saloon in a side street. He rented 250 undertaker's chairs on which to his seat his audience. The admission fee was 10 cents. Rothapfel operated the projecting machine, kept the phonograph going (it was the only music), and, when the occasion demanded, acted as bouncer when some drink-laden Slav got boisterous. To-day he is manager of the Strand Theatre on Broadway in New York, which represents an investment of over $1,000,000, which seats 3,500 people, and which is the newest and most elaborate house dedicated to the silent drama in the United States. Such is the swift evolution of some of the men connected with picture showing.



Mary Pickford

Millions in Nickels

THE admission to the movie theatre has steadily risen. Only a few years ago 10 cents was the standard. Now some of the finer houses get 50 cents. At the Vitagraph Theatre in New York—once the Criterion and the home of many famous dramatic productions—you can get $1 seats. This is the first instance where a big producing company shows its films in its own theatre.

Here, as elsewhere in the business, it is difficult to get at actual financial facts. The theatres themselves cover a wide range (rents vary from $500 a year and less for the store show up to $50,000 a year for the converted Broadway Theatre), and the price of film service has a long range. A man with a small theatre can get a weekly service of three or four reels a day for as low as $40 or $50 a week. Of course these are a long way from being first runs, but they meet the requirements of a not too discriminating neighborhood. The bigger houses have to pay from $150 to $300 a week for films and in the case of exceptional films the cost is even greater.

The small theatres sometimes play to as much as $900 a week. One house of this kind that I happen to know about in New York clears not less than $300 every week and sometimes more. A fine new theatre such as the Regent in Harlem, New York, has had a week's gross business of $3,000. It may be set down that the average motion-picture-theatre owner can usually count on a profit of not less than 25 per cent and many clean up more.

The well-established picture theatre is a gold mine, for the interesting reason that it has a really loyal following. This is not true of the regular speaking playhouse. The legitimate theatre keeps its clientele only so long as it has a successful show. Put in a poor offering and the seats that groaned the week before under a delighted humanity are bare. Hence the movie manager can count on a definite income seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year. Here is where he has all the advantage over his theatrical brother.

Figures That Dazzle

THE statistics about the motion-picture theatre are little short of dazzling, especially when you reduce them to popular terms that everyone can comprehend at a glance. Take, for instance, the mere item of the daily admission fees of $1,000,000. Reduce this sum to nickels and pile them up and you get a shaft of metal higher than the Woolworth Building (the tallest commercial structure in the world) with Trinity Church of New York as a capstone.

Consider the attendance. More people go to see the movies every day now than lived in the whole United States at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In a year they represent the entire population of the world!

The total investment in the theatres—estimated at $500,000,000 of which $100,000,000 are in Greater New York alone—is greater than the value of our whole boot and shoe output, or five times the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation last year.

And to give a final evidence of the far-reaching scope of the screens in these institutions I have only to add that a single reel, shown on its regular journey throughout the country and not duplicated anywhere, will reach 15,000,000 people, or more persons than a legitimate company would play to if it traveled twenty years and gave a performance every day of the year.

Thus startling facts fairly tread on each other in the revelation of the inner side of this most remarkable of all commercial enterprises.

The Men Behind the Films

YOU have now seen the unfolding of the gilded film of movie finance; what of the personality of the men behind the glittering record? Here you find a galaxy of rough-hewn millionaires whose rise to fortune is as striking in its way as that of Carnegie, Frick, or Rogers. Who, then, are these captains of our newest industry?

A few years ago you could compress the gallery into a comparatively small space; now you have a long list in which self-made history has constantly repeated itself. So scant is the remaining space that it will only be possible to take a hasty glimpse at it.

Take the first big group of stalwarts who blazed the triumphant path of film fortune. Everyone stepped from overalls to silk. Nowhere can you uncover a more moving narrative of achievement, for you have such examples as Siegmund Lubin, the penniless German lad who was graduated from optician's bench to movie monarch; J. Stuart Blackton, the vaudeville crayon artist, his side partner Albert Smith, a magician, and William Rock, the one-time circus side-show manager, who formed the triumvirate that registered an epoch in the business; William N. Selig, who went from making lantern slides to making millions; George Spoor, who ran a country opera house in Illinois and who now has interests that stretch from sea to sea; J. J. Kennedy—the Francis Lynde Stetson of the game—who gridirons the West with the conquering Harriman rails and then built up a whole new picture empire, and all the rest of their associates.

Turn to the independent wing and you find a no less amazing transformation. You have already seen something of its

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caliber in the story of Carl Laemmle, and his is simply typical of his colleagues, who include men like P. A. Powers, once a blacksmith and now a factor in the feature domain.

Nor must we forget Adolph Zukor, the Hungarian immigrant who became brother furrier to Loew and with him rose to wealth. His discerning eye first beheld the vision of famous star in famous play on the film. He brought about an artistic era in the business, for he persuaded Daniel Frohman to join the picture host.

Youngest but one of the ablest of the magnates, and representing a large cycle of independence in the movement, is H. E. Aitken, who maintains the most picturesque traditions of movie progress. He is farm-born and college-bred, clean-cut and upstanding. At twenty-two he helped to start a life insurance company; two years later he was colonizing a part of Wisconsin. Here he made what was probably the first practical use of the motion picture. He saw how people were beginning to flock to the screens.

"If these films can sell entertainment, they can sell land," he said.

So he introduced films that proclaimed the desirability of the land he was exploiting and they attracted settlers. This naturally led him into the picture business. He opened an exchange in Milwaukee; soon he had a chain that extended to Missouri. When the trust froze him out he helped to head the insurgents and then when his plans became too big for them he did some insurging on his own account and formed the Mutual Film Company, of which he is president and the dominating force. At thirty-six he is one of the dictators in the industry.

Bealby

(*Continued from page 10*)

"I sent you into exile for a month," and she held out a hand for the Captain to kiss. He kissed it.

Some day, somewhere, it was written in the book of destiny Bealby should also kiss hands. It was a lovely thing to do.

"Month! It's been years," said the Captain. "Years and years."

"Then you ought to have come back before," she replied and the Captain had no answer ready. . . .

WHEN William arrived with the water cart, he brought also further proofs of the Professor's organizing ability.

He brought various bottles of wine, red Burgundy and sparkling hock, two bottles of cider, and peculiar and meritorious waters; he brought tinned things for hors d'œuvres; he brought some luscious pears.

When he had a moment with Bealby behind the caravan he repeated thrice in tones of hopeless sorrow, "They'll eat um all. I *knows* they'll eat um all." And then plumbing a deeper deep of woe, "Ef they *don't* they'll count um. Ode Goggles'll bag um. . . . 'E's a *bagger*, 'e is."

It was the brightest of luncheons that was eaten that day in the sunshine and spaciousness above Winthorpe-Sutbury. Everyone was gay, and even the love-torn Bealby who might well have sunk into an activity that was almost cheerful by flashes from the Professor's glasses.

They talked of this and that; Bealby hadn't much time to attend, though the laughter that followed various sallies from Judy Bowles was very tantalizing, and it had come to the pears before his attention wasn't so much caught as felled by the word "Shonts. . . ."

IT was as if the sky had suddenly changed to vermillion. *All these people were talking of Shonts!* . . .

"Went there," said Captain Douglas, "in perfect good faith. Wanted to fill up Lucy's little party. One doesn't go to Shonts nowadays for idle pleasure. And then—I get ordered out of the house, absolutely Told to Go."

(This man had been at Shonts!)

"That was on Sunday morning?" said Mrs. Geedge.

"On Sunday morning," said Mrs. Bowles suddenly, "we were almost within sight of Shonts."

(This man had been at Shonts even at the time when Bealby was there!)

"Early on Sunday morning. Told to go. I was fairly flabbergasted. What the deuce is a man to do! Where's he to go Sunday? One doesn't go to places Sunday morning. There I'd been sleeping like a lamb all night and suddenly in came Laxton and said: 'Look here, you know,' he said, 'you've got to oblige me and pack your bag and go now.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because you've driven the Lord Chancellor stark staring mad!'"

"But how?" asked the Professor almost angrily, "how? I don't see it. Why should he ask you to go?"

"*I* don't know!" cried Captain Douglas.

"Yes, but—!" said the Professor, protesting against the unreasonableness of mankind.

"I'd had a word or two with him in the train. Nothing to speak of. About occupying two corner seats—always strikes me as a cad's trick—but on my honor I didn't rub it in. And then he got it into his head we were laughing at him at dinner—we were a bit, but only the sort of thing one says about anyone—way he works his eyebrows and all that—and then he thought I was ragging him. . . . I *don't* rag people. Got it so strongly he made a row that night. Said I'd made a ghost slap him on his back. Hang it!—what *can* you say to a thing like that? In my room all the time."

"You suffer for the sins of your brother," said Mrs. Bowles.

"Heavens!" cried the Captain, "I never thought of that! Perhaps he mistook me. . . ."

HE reflected for a moment and continued his narrative. "Then in the night, you know, he heard noises."

"They always do," said the Professor nodding confirmation.

"Couldn't sleep."

"A sure sign," said the Professor.

"And finally he sallied out in the early morning, caught the butler in one of the secret passages—"

"How did the butler get into the secret passage?"

"Going round, I suppose. Part of his duties. . . . Anyhow he gave the poor beggar an awful doing—awful—*brutal*—black eye—all that sort of thing; man much too respectful to hit back. Finally declared I'd been getting up a kind of rag—squaring the servants to help and so forth. . . . Laxton, I fancy, half believed it. . . . Awkward thing, you know, having it said about that you ragged the Lord Chancellor. Makes a man seem a sort of mischievous idiot. Injures a man. Then going away, you see, seems a kind of admission. . . ."

"Why did you go?"

"Lucy," said the Captain compactly. "Hysterics."

"Shonts would have burst," he added, "if I hadn't gone."

MADELEINE was helpful. "But you'll have to do *something* further," she said.

"What is one to *do*?" squealed the Captain.

"The sooner you get the Lord Chancellor certified a lunatic," said the Professor soundly, "the better for your professional prospects."

"He went on pretty bad after I'd gone."

"You've heard?"

"Two letters. I picked 'em up at Wheatley post office this morning. You know he hadn't done with that butler. Actually got out of his place and scruffed the poor devil at lunch. Shook him like a rat, she says. Said the man wasn't giving him anything to drink—nice story, eh? Anyhow he scruffed him until things got broken. . . .

"I had it all from Minnie Timbre—you know, used to be Minnie Flax." He shot a propitiating glance at Madeleine. "Used to be neighbors of ours you know, in the old time. Half the people, she says, didn't know what was happening. Thought the butler was apoplectic and that old Moggeridge was helping him stand up. Taking off his collar. It was Laxton thought of saying it was a fit. Told everybody, she says. Had to tell 'em Something, I suppose. But she saw better and she thinks a good many others did. Laxton ran 'em both out of the room. Nice scene for Shonts, eh? Thundering awkward for poor Lucy. Not the sort of thing the county ex-



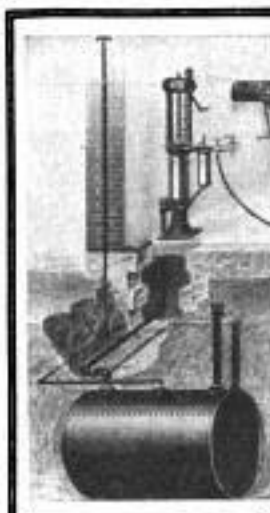


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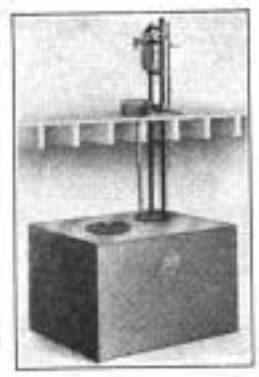
The bronze metal handle is all that is seen. Turning it opens or closes the casement window with ease and holds it firmly locked at any point. There is no interference with curtains or shades, or with window screens placed on the inside.

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peeted. Has her both ways. Can't go to a house where the Lord Chancellor goes mad. One alternative. Can't go to a house where the butler has fits. That's the other. See the dilemma? . . ."

"I've got a letter from Lucy too. It's here" — he struggled — "See? Eight sheets—pencil. No joke for a man to read that. And she writes worse than any decent, self-respecting, illiterate woman has a right to do. Quivers. Like writing in a train. Can't read half of it. But *she's* got something about a boy on her mind. Mad about a boy. Have I taken away a boy? They've lost a boy. Took him in my luggage I suppose. She'd better write to the Lord Chancellor. Likely as not he met him in some odd corner and flew at him. Smashed him to atoms. Dispersed him. Anyhow they've lost a boy."

He protested to the world. "*I* can't go hunting lost boys for Lucy. I've done enough coming away as I did. . . ."

MRS. BOWLES held out an arresting cigarette.

"What sort of boy was lost?" she asked.

"*I* don't know. Some little beast of a boy. I daresay she'd only imagined it. Whole thing been too much for her."

"Read that over again," said Mrs. Bowles, "about losing a boy. We've found one."

"That *little* chap?"

"We found that boy"—she glanced over her shoulder, but Bealby was nowhere to be seen—"on Sunday morning near Shonts. He strayed into us like a lost kitten."

"But I thought you said you knew his father, Judy," objected the Professor.

"Didn't verify," said Mrs. Bowles shortly, and then to Captain Douglas. "Read over again what Lady Laxton says about him. . . ."

To be Continued Next Week

Michigan Meanderings

(Continued from page 8)

asked Miss Daisy Buck: "I suppose," I said, "there was some battle here, beside some creek, wasn't there?"

But for once Miss Buck failed me.

"You can search *me*," she replied. Then: "Did you lunch at the 'San'?"

We admitted it.

"How did you like it?"

We informed her.

"What town are you making next?" she asked.

"Kalamazoo," I said.

"Oh, Ka'zoo, eh? What line are you gen'l'men traveling in?"

"I'm a writer," I replied, "and my friend here is an artist. We're going around the country doing articles for COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

In answer to this truthful statement, Miss Buck simply winked one eye as one who would say: "You're some little liar, Kid!"

"It's true," I said.

"Oh, sure!" said Miss Buck, and let one eyelid fall again.

"When the article appears in COLLIER'S," I continued, "you will find that it contains an interview with you."

"Also a picture of you and the news stand," my companion added.

Then we heard the train.

Taking up our suit cases, we thanked Miss Buck for the assistance she had rendered us.

"I'm sure you're quite welcome," she replied. "I meet all kinds here—including kidders."

That was some months ago. No doubt Miss Buck may have forgotten us by now. But when she sees this—as, being a news-stand lady, I have reason to hope she will—I trust she may remember, and admit that truth has triumphed in the end.

A Name with a Kick in It

I HAD but one reason for visiting Kalamazoo: the name has always fascinated me with its zoological suggestion and even more with its rich, rhythmic measure. Indian names containing "K's" are almost always striking: Kenosha, Kewanee, Kokomo, Keokuk, Kankakee. Of these, the last two, having the most "K's" are most effective. Next comes Kokomo with two "K's." But Kalamazoo, though it has but one "K," seems to me to take first place among them all, phonetically, because of the finely assorted sound contained in its four syllables. There is a kick in its "K," a ring in its "L," a buzz in its "Z," and a glorious hoot in its two final "O's."

I wish here to protest against the abbreviated title frequently bestowed upon the town by newspapers in Detroit and other neighboring cities. They call it "Ka'zoo."

Ka'zoo, indeed! For shame! How can men take so fine a name and treat it lightly? True, it is a little long for easy handling in a headline, but that does not justify indignity. If headline writers cannot handle it conveniently they should not change the name, but rather change their type, or make-up. If I owned a newspaper, and there arose a question of making space for this majestic name, I should cheerfully drop out a baseball story, or the love letters in some divorce case, or even an advertisement, in order to display it as it deserves to be displayed.

Kalamazoo (I love to write it out!), Kalamazoo, I say, is also sometimes known familiarly as "Celery Town"—the growing of this vegetable being a large local industry. Also, I was informed, more paper is made there than in any other city in the world. I do not know if that is true. I only know that if there is not more *something* in Kalamazoo than there is in any other city, the place is unique in my experience.

Calm Literary Domesticity

FROM my own observations, made during an evening walk through the agreeable, tree-bordered streets of Kalamazoo, I should have said that it led in quite a different field. I have never been in any town where so many people failed to pull their window shades, or owned green reading lamps, or sat by those green-shaded lamps and read. I looked into almost every house I passed, and in all but two, I think, I saw the selfsame picture of calm, literary domesticity.

One family, living in a large and rather new-looking house on Main Street, did not seem to be at home. The shades were up but no one was sitting by the lamp. And, more, the lamp itself was different. Instead of a plain green shade it had a shade with pictures in the glass, and red bead fringe. Later I found out where the people were. They were playing bridge across the street. They must have been the people from that house, because there were two in all the other houses, whereas there were four in the house where bridge was being played.

I stood and watched them. The woman from across the street—being the guest, she was in evening dress—was dummy. She was sitting back stiffly, her mouth pursed, her eyes staring at the cards her partner played. And she was saying to herself (and to us, through the window): "If *I* had played that hand, I never should have done it *that* way!"

"The Lure of Kalamazoo"

KALAMAZOO has a Commercial Club. What place hasn't? And the Commercial Club has issued a booklet. What Commercial Club hasn't? This one bears the somewhat fanciful title "The Lure of Kalamazoo."

"The Lure of Kalamazoo" is written in that peculiarly chaste style characteristic of Chamber of Commerce "literature"—a style comparable only with that of railway folders and summer hotel booklets. It is the "Here-all-nature-seems-to-be-rejoicing" school. Let me present an extract:

> *Kalamazoo is peculiarly a city of homes—homes varying in cost from the modest cottage of the laborer to the palatial house of the wealthy manufacturer.*

The only place in which the man who wrote that slipped up, was in referring to the wealthy manufacturer's "house." Obviously the word called for there is "mansion." However, in justice to this man, and to Kalamazoo, I ought to add that the town seemed to be rather free from "mansions." That is one of the pleasantest things about it. It is just a pretty, unpretentious place. Perhaps this man actually meant to say "house," but I doubt it. I think he missed a trick. I think he failed to get the right word, just as if he had been writing about brooks, and had forgotten to say "purling."

I saw but one building in Kalamazoo

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The New Regal A Great Reception

Here's an average example of what men who know cars thoroughly are telling us

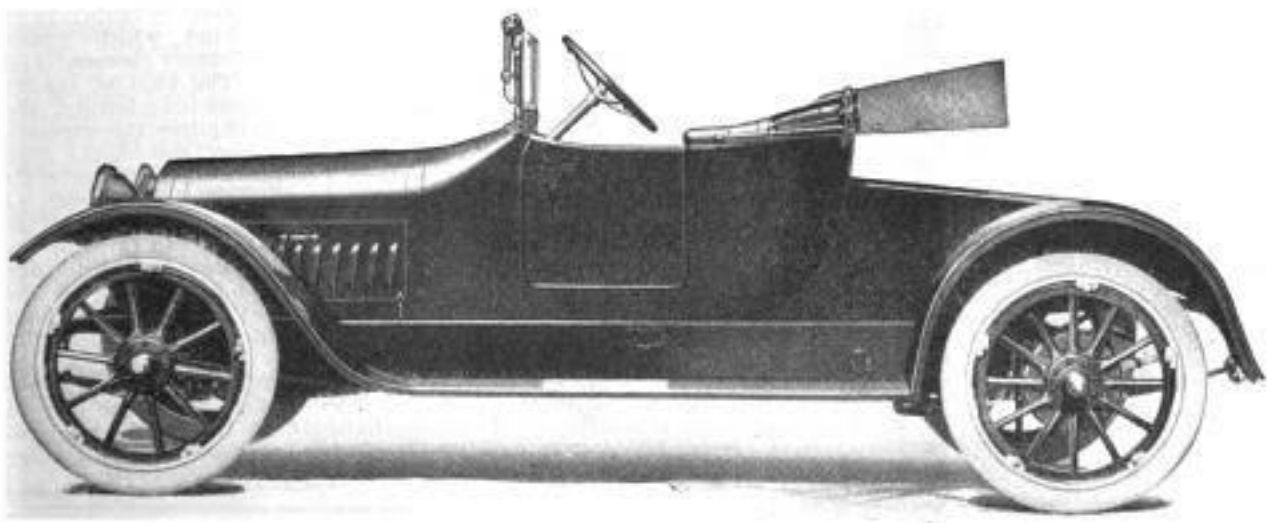
"I'M PROUD to drive such a car." That's what one of the first owners of the new Regal said. And in one form or another, hundreds have already echoed his opinion.

"I never before dreamed" said he, "that I could get a car with a motor developing 39 h. p. on brake test, with lots of room for five people, with so much beauty, and with every convenience, at such a price."

"The design has European smartness in every detail. There's not a break in the smooth lines. The useless side lights have been eliminated—even the radiator cap has been tucked away under the hood."

"I took four friends of mine out in the car—big fellows every one. They're still talking about the room in that big 48-inch tonneau seat, the ample floor space and the driving room in front. They could hardly believe such a big, easy riding car tipped the scales at under 2400 lbs. That special spring suspension is certainly great."

"I'm a rooter for the new Regal, from the one-man top, to the sturdy motor, with the removable head that lets me get at valves and cylinders without a surgical operation. And it's a lot of satisfaction to have a starter that acts directly on the fly-wheel without any intermediate gears to make trouble."



A New Regal Ride Makes a New Regal Rooter

It's impossible not to be enthusiastic about this car. Regal owners are Regal rooters every time. Low up-keep, simplified mechanical construction, a powerful, hill-climbing motor—and all the little conveniences. Look over the specifications. Take them along with you and compare the new Regal with any popular-priced car you ever saw or ever rode in.

The new Regal is an overhung car—a one-chassis car—a big-production car, made in tens of thousands. It is produced by a $3,000,000 company with a fully equipped ten acre factory.

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One-Man Top	Inside Curtains.

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The Regal Motor Car Co.

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Actual X-ray of a child's foot in the natural-shaped Educator.

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"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

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Peerless Tire Co., Inc.
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the architecture of which was distinguished. That was the building of the Western Michigan Normal School—a long, low structure of classical design, with three fine porticos.

Having a Commercial Club, Kalamazoo quite naturally has a "slogan," too. (A "slogan," by the way, is the war cry or gathering cry of a Highland clan—but that makes no difference to a Commercial Club.) It is: "*In Kalamazoo We Do.*"

This battle cry "did" very well up to less than a year ago; then it suddenly began to languish. There was a company in Kalamazoo called the Michigan Buggy Company, and this company had a very sour failure last year, their figures varying from fact to the extent of about a million and a half dollars. Not satisfied with dummy accounts and padded statements, this company had, also, what was called a "velvet pay roll." And, when it all blew up, the whole of Michigan was shaken by the shock. Since that time, I am informed, the slogan "*In Kalamazoo We Do*" has not been in high favor.

Checking Up the Almanac

AMONG the "lures" presented in the booklet are four hundred and fifty-six lakes within a radius of fifty miles of the city. I didn't count the lakes myself, I didn't count the people either—not all of them.

The World Almanac gives the population of the place as just under forty thousand, but some one in Kalamazoo—and I think he was a member of the Commercial Club—told me that fifty thousand was the correct figure.

Now, I ask you, is it not reasonable to suppose that the Commercial Club, being right *in* Kalamazoo, where it can count the people every day, should be more accurate in its figures than the Almanac, which is published in far-away New York? Errors like this on the part of the Almanac might be excused, once or twice, on the ground of human fallibility or occasional misprint, but when the Almanac keeps on cutting down the figures given by the Commercial Clubs and Chambers of Commerce of town after town, it begins to look like willful misrepresentation if not actual spitework.

That, to tell the truth, was the reason I walked around and looked in all the windows. I decided to get at the bottom of this matter—to find out the cause for these discrepancies, and if I caught the Almanac in what appeared to be a deliberate lie, to expose it, here. With this in view I started to count the people myself. Unfortunately, however, I did not start early enough in the evening. When I had only a little more than half of them counted, they began to put out their lights and go upstairs to bed. And, oddly enough, though they leave their parlor shades up, they have a way of drawing those in their bedrooms. I was, therefore, forced to stop counting.

I do not attempt to explain this Kalamazoo custom with regard to window shades. All I can say is that, for whatever reason they follow it, their custom is not cosmopolitan. New Yorkers do things just the other way around. They pull down their parlor shades, but leave their bedroom shades up. Anyone who has lived in a New York apartment house in summer can testify to that. Probably it is all accounted for by the fact that in a relatively small city, like Kalamazoo, the census takers go around and count the people in the early evening, whereas in New York it is necessary for those who make the reckoning to work all night in order to—as one might say—get all the figures.

Grand Rapids the Homelike

I KNOW a man whose wife is famous for her cooking. That is a strange thing for a prosperous and charming woman to be famous for to-day, but it is true. When they wish to give their friends an especial treat, the wife prepares the dinner; and it *is* a treat, from "pigs in blankets" to strawberry shortcake.

The husband is proud of his wife's cooking, but I have often noticed, and not without a mild amusement, that when we praise it past a certain point he begins to protest that there are lots of other things that she can do. You might think then, if you did not understand him, that he was belittling her talent as a cook.

"Oh, yes," he says, in what he intends to be a casual tone, "she can cook very well. But that's not all. She's the best mother I ever saw—sees right into the children, just as though she was one of them. She makes most of their clothes, too. And in spite of all that, she keeps up her playing—both piano and harp. We'll get her to play the harp after dinner."

People are like that about the cities that they live in. They are like that in Detroit. They are afraid that in considering the vastness of the automobile industry, you'll overlook the fact that Detroit has a lot of other business. And in Grand Rapids they're the same; only there, of course, it's furniture.

"Yes," they say almost with reluctance, "we do make a good deal of furniture, but we also have big printing



plants and plaster mills, and a large business in automobile accessories, and the metal trades."

They talked that way to me. But I kept right on asking about furniture, just as when the young husband talks to me about his wife's harp playing, I keep right on eating shortcake. That is no reflection on her music (or her arms!); it is simply a tribute to her cooking.

Grand Rapids is one of those exceedingly agreeable, homelike American cities, which has not yet grown to the unwieldy size. It is the kind of city of which they say: "Everyone here knows everyone else"—meaning, of course, that members of the older and more prosperous families enjoy all the advantages and disadvantages of a considerable intimacy.

To the visitor—especially the visitor from New York, where a close friend may be bedridden a month without one's knowing it—this sort of thing makes a strong appeal at first. You feel that these people see one another every day; that they know all about one another, and like one another in spite of that. It is nice to see them troop down to the station, fifteen strong, to see somebody off. It must be nice to be seen off like that. It makes you sure that you have friends—a point upon which the New Yorker has in his heart the gravest doubts.

New York in Contrast

CONSIDER, for example, my own case. In the course of my residence in New York, I have lived in four different apartment houses. In only two of these have I had even the slightest acquaintance with any of the other tenants. Once I called upon some disagreeable people on the floor below who had complained about the noise; once I summoned a doctor who lived on the ground floor. In the other two buildings I knew absolutely no one. I used to see occasionally, in the elevator of one building, a man with whom I was acquainted years ago, but he had either forgotten me in the interim, or he elected to do as I did; that is, to pretend he had forgotten. I had nothing against him; he had nothing against me. We were simply bored at the idea of talking with each other because we had nothing in common of which to talk.

Any New Yorker who is honest will admit to you that he has had that same experience. He passes people on the street—and sometimes they are people he has known quite well in times gone by—yet he refrains from bowing to them, and they refrain from bowing to him, by a sort of tacit understanding that bowing, even, is a bore.

That is a sad sort of situation. But sadder yet is the fact that in New York we lose sight of so many people whom we should like to see—friends of whom we are genuinely fond, but whose revolutions in the whirlpool of the city's life are such that we don't chance to come in contact with them. At first we try. We paddle toward them now and then. But the very act of paddling is fatiguing, so by and by we give it up, and either never see them any more, or, running across them, once in a year or two, on the street or in a shop, lament at the broken intimacy, and make new resolves only to see them melt away again in the flux and flow of New York life.

Thinking Ponderous Thoughts

I THOUGHT of all this at a Sunday evening supper party in Grand Rapids—a neighborhood supper party at which a dozen or more people of assorted ages sat around a hospitable table, arguing, explaining, laughing, and chaffing each other like members of one great glorious family. It made me want to go and live there, too. Then I began to wonder how long I'd really want to live there. Would I always want to? Or would I grow tired of that, just as I grow tired of the contrasting coldness of New York? In short, I wondered to myself which is the worst: To know your neighbors with a wonderful, terrible, all-revealing intimacy, or—not to know them at all. I have thought about it often, and still I am not sure.

The Grand Rapids "Press" fearing that I might fail to notice certain underlying features of Grand Rapids life, printed an editorial at the time of my visit, in which attention was called to certain things. Said the "Press":

"It isn't immediately revealed to the stranger that this is one of the clearest-thinking communities in the country. The records of the public library show the local demand for books on sociology, on political economy, on the relations of labor and capital, on taxation, on art, on the literature that has some chance of permanency. The topics discussed in the lecture halls, in the social centers, and in the Sunday gatherings, which are so pronounced a feature of church life here, add to the testimony. Ida M. Tarbell noticed that on her first visit. Her impression deepened on her second. . . . Without tossing any bouquets at ourselves it can be said that we are thinking some thoughts which only the elect in other cities dream of thinking."

A Growth of Good Taste

I SHOULD like to make some intelligent comment on this. I feel, indeed, that something very ponderous, and solemn, and authoritative, and learned, and wise, and owlish, and erudite, ought to be said.

But the trouble is that I am utterly unqualified to speak in that way. I am not one of the elect. If some one called me that, I would knock him down if I could, and kick him full of holes. That is because I think that the elect almost invariably elect themselves. They are intellectual Huertas, and as such I generally detest them. . . . I merely print the "Press's" statement because I think it is interesting, sometimes, to see what a city thinks about itself. For my own part, I should think more of Grand Rapids if, instead of sitting tight and thinking these extraordinary thoughts, it had done more to carry out the plan it had for its own beautification.

That is not to say that it is not a pretty city. It is. But its beauty is of that unconscious kind which comes from hills, and pleasant homes, and lawns, and trees. The kind of beauty that it lacks is conscious beauty, the creation of which requires the expenditure of thought, money, and effort. And, if it does nothing else to indicate its intellectual and esthetic soarings, I should say that it might do well to discard the reading lamp in favor of the crowbar, if only for long enough to take the latter instrument, go down to the park and see what can be done about that chimney which rises so absurdly there.

The lack of coherent municipal taste—or the evidence of it—is all the more a reproach to Grand Rapids for the reason that taste, perhaps above all other

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qualities, is the essential characteristic of the city's leading industry.

I used to have an idea that "cheap" furniture came from Grand Rapids. Perhaps it did. Perhaps it still does. I do not know. But I do know that the tour I made through the five acres, more or less, of rooms which make up the show house of Berkey & Gay, afforded me the best single bit of concrete proof I met, in all my travels, of the positive growth of good taste in this country.

Just as the whole face of things has changed architecturally in the last ten or fifteen years, furnishings have also changed. The improved appreciation which makes people build sightly homes makes them fill those homes with furniture of respectable design. People are beginning to know about the history of furniture, to recognize the characteristics of the great English furniture designers and to appreciate the beauty which they handed down.

We went through the warerooms with Mr. Gay, and as I feasted my eyes upon piece after piece, set after set, of Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and Adam, I asked Mr. Gay about the renaissance which is upon us. One thing I was particularly curious about: I wanted to know whether the improvement in furniture sprang from popular demand or whether it had been in some measure forced upon the public by the manufacturers.

Mr. Gay told me that the change was something which originated with the people. "We have always wanted to make beautiful furniture," he said, "and we have helped all we could, but a manufacturer of furniture cannot force either good taste or bad taste upon the people. He has to offer them what they are willing to buy, for they will not buy anything else. "I know that, because sometimes we have tried to press matters a little. Now and then we have indulged ourselves to the extent of turning out some fine pieces of one design or another, a little in advance of public appreciation, but there has never been any considerable sale for such things." He indicated a fine Jacobean library table of oak. "Take that piece for instance. We made some furniture like that twenty or twenty-five years ago, but could sell very little of it. People weren't ready for it then. Or this Adam set—as recently as five years ago we couldn't have hoped for anything more than a few nibbles on that kind of thing, but there's a big market for it now."

I asked Mr. Gay if he had any theories as to what had caused the development in popular appreciation.

Two Furniture Shows a Year

"IT is a great big subject," he said. "I think the magazines have done some of it. There have been quantities of publications on house furnishing. And the manufacturers' catalogues have helped, too. And as wealth and leisure have increased, people have had more time to give to the study of such things."

On the train going to Chicago I fell into conversation with a man whom I presently discerned to be a furniture manufacturer. I don't know who he was, but he told me about the furniture exposition which is held in Grand Rapids in January and July each year. There are large buildings with many acres of floor space which stand idle and empty all the year around, excepting at the time of these great shows. Last year more than two hundred and fifty separate manufacturers had exhibitions, a large number of them being manufacturers whose plants were not located in Grand Rapids, but who nevertheless found it profitable to ship samples there and rent space in the exhibition buildings in order to place their wares before the buyers who gather there from all over the country. As my informant seemed to know a great deal about furniture matters in general, I became curious as to who he might be. So I began to insert some leading questions.

"Do you live in Grand Rapids?" I inquired.—"Oh, yes."—"I understood you to say you had a factory?"—"Yes."—"How many men are working in your factory?" The man gave a sigh before he answered. Then: "Oh, about two-thirds of them," he said.

"CHICAGO," the next adventure of Mr. Street, is to appear in the issue of August 1

The Boy's Politics

(*Continued from page 35*)

Oh, tat limb! Tat Shett poy! Mister Mullen, I know nutting abowd tis gate. Tose poys vill *trive* me *grazy!*" He threw out his hands despairingly. Then, as Mullen picked up his club and helmet, Liberman began to gesticulate passionately, and, in a voice fluctuating with seething indignation, followed the good old advice of "Go tell your troubles to a policeman."

AS he began the relation of his evening's tribulations, those snowball bushes were giving friendly aid to the two boys. They had been hilariously riding that gate at a frenzied gallop down a broad course of fun, but at the words, "Mister Mullen," it had bucked straight up into the air, like a locoed broncho, and they now felt as if they had just landed in another county. And they didn't know what county it was either or how to get out.

"And I vill haf 'im arrestet t'morrow," Liberman concluded. "Mister Mullen, I vill haf 'im arrestet t'morrow mitoud vail! I vill stob tese tisgrazeful broceedings in t' only vay. I vill brosecute 'im to ter vullest extend of ter law!"

"Come on up to the corner where it's light," said Mullen; "we can go over this matter better there." Mullen handed over the keys and they talked in low tones for some time. Then the boys heard Liberman say: "All righd! Good nighd!" and he started for home. Mullen crossed the avenue, and the boys soon saw him standing against the light that streamed through the screen doors of the Shedd home. Dudley's father responded to the bell, and the policeman walked in. Their cruel disappearance, with its withering devastating suggestions, gave to the inside of Dudley's head the sensation of an oozing away. And this oozing seemed to be trickling down within him with a cold-hot feeling like peppermint without any taste. He stood in silence and blankly stared at the unobstructed doors, and Pete stood in silence and did the same thing. Minutes moved by with the speed and dignity of hours. Pete heaved a great sigh.

"Say, Dud," he said in a low voice like an undertaker's at a funeral, "what you goin' to do?" Dudley maintained his stare and paid no heed to the question. Another minute dragged away.

"Gosh," said Pete with a long sigh of relief, "I'm glad I didn't lock that door! Jimminy, Dud, I bet you wisht *you* didn't!" Dudley made no answer, and another minute crawled into the past.

"Say, Dud"—this came out like a sudden idea—"wonder what time they'll 'rest you t'morrow?" Then, after a moment: "Wisht I knowed when, I'd come down and see you get 'rested." Dudley said nothing.

Pete was now fidgeting. He was trying to comfort Dudley and sympathize with him and cheer him up, and Dudley's unexpected taciturnity made him uneasy. "Say, Dud, I guess your pa'll bail you out, though; what do you think, huh?" No reply.

"I bet mine would 'f I got 'rested—but I 'spect there's lots of pa's that wouldn't—"

"Gosh! Say, Dud, I bet that cop in your house is mad as blazes about failin'. I bet he's got your pa good and mad by this time; what do you think, huh?" Silence still. Pete was embarrassed.

"Say, Dud, wonder if your dad'll lick you t'night or wait till t'morrow morning; what do you think, huh?"

"A-a-ah, shut your mouth, will you?" suddenly and loudly snarled Dudley. And, although under other circumstances this retort would have led to something, they now resumed their staring in silence. At last the policeman and Mr. Shedd came to the door. "Good nights" were



"Is your father going, Dudley?" asked the Mayor, with something like a brighter light in his face

exchanged, and Mullen, smoking a cigar, came away and walked down the other side of the avenue. When Dudley's mother came out on the veranda and called him, he cried back a tremulous "All right," and, walking as if finishing an all-day tramp, proceeded slowly and wearily across the street.

"Say, Dud," was Pete's low and anxious call from the bushes, "don't you give *me* away, will you? I'll come down and see you after you get locked up, if you don't."

Dudley's feet grew gradually heavier and his pace slackened as he drew near the veranda where his mother awaited him. He paused at the steps, and, looking up with a face that was greenish white around the mouth, said in feeble accents: "Where's pa?"

"He's gone to bed," replied his mother in a low, sad voice. "Come in."

"Gone to bed?" This was the last feather. If he had been ordered to go at once to his father in the library or dining room, there would have been hope of escaping the vengeance of the law by a barrel-stave engagement and the purchase thereby of his father's protection. Had the policeman's tale of grievance and the coming arrest made his father sick? Had he gone to bed, heartbroken, or had he ruthlessly deserted and disowned him, and in contemptuous disgust retired for the night to avoid his presence?

LIMP and dazed, he mounted the steps and followed his mother into the hall. "Are you hungry?" she quietly asked, eying him in critical charity.

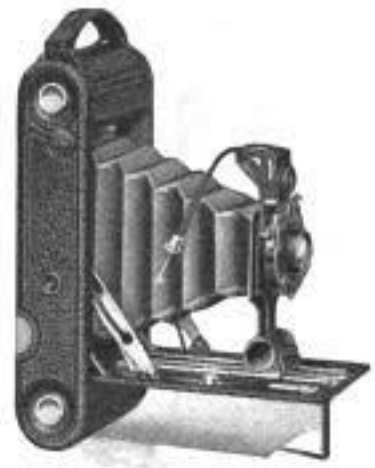
That was just the way, he thought, she spoke to tramps and looked at them when they applied at the house for something to eat. His throat commenced to swell and ache. "I'm not hungry, ma," he wailed.

"Go right up to bed, then, Dudley," she said, and turned and passed into the sitting room. With his throat almost bursting, with his eyes blinking, and his lips trembling, Dudley ascended the stairs.

Between six and seven o'clock the next morning the sun was shining brightly into the cozy room at the back of the house where Dudley lay sleeping. He opened his eyes, stretched himself, and looked vacantly for a moment as people do on first awaking. Then he kicked the covering away, sprang out of bed, and stood pawing his hair. His face shone with the animal delight in living.

"Gee, t'day's Friday," he said aloud to himself. "Got to go after grubworms t'day and get a slather uv 'm, too, fur if it's like this t'morrow the fishin' 'ill be out uv sight. My, I'm hungry! I'll get ma to put up a bustin' big lunch, and if pa goes 'long we'll have a—O Lord a Moses!" he groaned, and, tossing himself face downward upon the bed, flung his arms around the pillows and lay motionless and mute. The happenings and anguish of the night, in sudden and tumultuous stampede, had swept across his memory. After a bit he sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Wonder if ma don't like me much no more," he soliloquized. "I didn't do nuthin' to her. I've done lots worse things than lock a janitor in and she didn't act like las' night. She never acted like that before. Always talked and scolded—a person ud think she wuz 'is mother 'stead of mine. Wonder if pa's up—s'pose so. Wonder what he's goin' to do?



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Wonder if they feel as tough 'bout me as las' night? Bet if I had a kid there wouldn't no old janitor 'rest him. Y'ud think pa never did nuthin', the way he acts, and he stole a horse once when he wuz a kid like me, too—if he 'ud been out West he'd av got hung. Wisht some un ud tell him 'bout it. If I did, he'd lick me. Wisht I could eat my breakfast alone. Look at the pull pa has with the Mayor, too; he could stop my gettin' 'rested if he wanted to. Gosh!"

DUDLEY ceased complaining with this exclamation and thoughtfully began scratching his back. He had just discovered a nebulous idea and was thinking. Having scratched his way into some conclusion, he washed and dressed, stole downstairs and out into the back yard.

About seven o'clock Dudley's mother entered his room to call him. "The poor, dear boy couldn't sleep," she thought, looking at the tumbled-up bed. She returned to her bedroom where her husband was dressing.

"How does the young scamp act this morning?" he asked.

"He isn't in his room, and the bed looks as if a whirlwind had struck it," she replied. "I knew he couldn't sleep. I wonder if he heard Mr. Liberman swear to arrest him?"

"Haven't the slightest doubt of it—glad he did," he said as he tugged at his tie. "Don't suppose a boy would set a confab like that going and not be where he could hear it all? I'm glad of it. Whipping doesn't seem to do any good and we'll see what scaring him half to death will do."

"Well," she answered, "there's no doubt but that he saw Mullen come here and that he *is* frightened half to death. It almost made me cry to send him to bed the way I did."

"Mustn't be so soft-hearted in the training of boys, Mary. Glad he went up to bed like a lost soul. But I'm glad Mullen remembered all my kindness to him and argued that wire-strung lunatic out of the idea of arresting Dudley—I'd have made him sweat blood if he had gone that far!" he growled with a fierce flash in his eyes.

At breakfast Dudley felt like a stranger—some hungry, homeless orphan who had been invited to come in and eat breakfast with the charitable family of the house.

The pleasant, rambling conversation which usually enlivened meals was forebodingly absent, and Dudley ate his breakfast hastily without raising his eyes from his plate.

A short time later, on another street a few blocks away, Dudley lagged along in front of a modest house that stood back in a large yard. The Mayor lived in that house. The Mayor and Dudley's father were close friends and, with their wives, belonged to the same clannish little pedro club; and the Mayor issued warrants. It was a nebulous idea that brought Dudley into this locality, and that idea had whirled off from the word "jail" in his soliloquy.

HE loitered back and forth for several minutes, and looked over house and premises with the close interest of an intending purchaser. A boy about his own age, whittling at a stick, came out of the distant barn and Dudley whistled. The boy trotted out to the street.

"Hello, Dud," said the boy as he brought up on the sidewalk and resumed his whittling, "where you been?"

"Oh, nowhere," said Dudley. "What you makin'?"

"Makin' a bowie knife. The kids is goin' to play Indian t'morrow—didn't you know it?"

"'Course, but *I* ain't. *I'm* goin' fishin'. Fishin' 's out uv sight. Gee!" bursting into enthusiasm, "you ought uv seen the string uv shiners and chubs and sunfish Noodle Perkins caught yesterday in no time, and he wuz only below the dam. We're goin' at 'bout daylight and drive clean up to Fuller's and stay till dark where there's riffles and rocks and black bass and rock bass and perch— Gee! I bet we have a dandy ol' time—broil beefsteak and make coffee and have a big lunch— Gee!"

"Gee!" said the boy, forgetting to whittle, "wisht I wuz goin' 'long; bet we'd have an out uv sight time. Who's goin'?"

"Just me and pa. Pete wuz goin' to go, but he and I's mad and he ain't goin'. We're goin' in the surrey. Want to go 'long?"

"Goshyneels, guess I do. Wonder if pa'll let me? Come on, let's go back and see. He's in the barn. You ask 'im."

"Naw, you'd better ask 'im."

AWAY they jogged back to the barn and found the Mayor in old clothes, currying his horse. He was a tall, thin man with the shrewd, pleasant politician's face.

"Hello, Dudley," said the Mayor, knocking the currycomb against the stall.

"Say, pa," broke forth his son in high animation, "can I go fishin' up to Fuller's t'morrow with Dud? Oh, the 'fishin' is out uv sight, and you ought to see the fish they're ketchin' here in town, and hardly nobody fishes up there. Can I go, huh? Dudley and his pa are goin' to drive up 'bout five o'clock in their surrey and stay till dark, and are goin' to take a dandy big lunch and cook steak and coffee and have a dandy time, and they want me to go along. Can I go, huh?"

"Is your father going, Dudley?" asked the Mayor with something like a brighter light in his face.

"Yes, sir," piped up Dudley eagerly, not waiting for the Mayor to finish, "and he wants to know if you can't get off and go, too. He says you like fishin' awful and he wants you to go awful bad, because he sez you'll have a bully time, and he and you haven't been out fishin' since you went to Mich'gan and had all the fun he talks 'bout. Can't you go, Mr. Moore? He wants you to go the worst kind uv a way; yes, sir."

"Why," began the Mayor as he knocked the currycomb, "to-morrow is usually a very busy day at the office—very busy—but I certainly should enjoy a day's fishing; I certainly should. Is your father going without fail, Dudley?"

"Yes, *sir;* you bet he is! He's excited over goin'. He's goin' unless it rains pitchforks. Me and him and ma drove up the other evenin' before dark past Fuller's, and you ought to seen the bass jumpin'. One big one went kerflop up into the air that pa said he bet weighed five or six poun's. Oh, pa's excited. And you can get soft-shell crabs and minnies and helgamites and frogs and all kind uv bait there in no time at all jus' like nuthin'. And—"

"By George! I should like to go," interrupted the Mayor, the great, burdensome cloak of manhood rapidly slipping from his shoulders and revealing the boy underneath. "I certainly need a day's outing. I haven't had one for a long while, and I haven't been after bass in two years—ha, hum—Dudley, you tell your father I'll go—delighted to go—tell him I'll be over to see him to-day to make arrangements. And, Dudley" —the Mayor's enthusiasm was now taking the bit between its teeth—"ask your father what's the matter with taking your mother along and having a regular picnic?"

DUDLEY'S heart flopped about like a live fish in the grass as he stood on the veranda steps of his home and dug at the corners of his mouth for inspiration. He didn't know how to break this news about to-morrow. And while he stood there his father, smoking a cigar, opened the screen doors and, without any especial notice of his son, started down the steps on his way to town. Dudley's hair almost stood on end and desperation inspired him.

"Say, pa," he blurted out in a would-be matter-of-fact voice, "can I drive up to Berger's woods this afternoon and get a lot uv grubs for t'morrow? The fishin's goin' to be out uv sight and we want to start early."

Mr. Shedd took his cigar from his mouth and opened wide his eyes at him.

"Fishing? *Fishing?*" he said in assumed amazement. "Have you lost your mind? I'm afraid, young man, you won't feel much like fishing by to-morrow or be able to go if you do. I'm afraid, young man, you will be up before the Mayor by this time to-morrow. And, as for digging grubs this afternoon, I'm very much alarmed, Dudley, for fear it will be beyond my power to let you do anything whatever."

THIS speech was slowly delivered with impressive solemnity, darkened by subdued grief. But it did not shake the clutching determination with which Dudley's eyes were searching his father's face. "But say, pa," he faltered, "Mr. Moore, he's—"

"Certainly! Yes!" broke in his father austerely. "Mr. Moore's the Mayor and my friend. What has that got to do with helping you?"



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"Mr. Moore," continued Dudley, "he's—he's crazy to go fishin' too, and he's goin' along and wants you to be sure and go and ma."

MR. SHEDD jerked his cigar down from his mouth, where he was in the act of replacing it, and looked at Dudley with amazement that was not assumed this time.

"What are you talking about, anyway?" he demanded, eying him like a hawk.

"W'y, Pete wuz goin' with us, you know," began Dudley, his face flushed with the strain of the crisis at hand; "but Pete, I'm mad at 'im, and he ain't goin', so I've jus' been down to Mr. Moore's to see Rodger 'bout goin' 'long—say, pa, Rodger's a nice fella, don't you think?—and we went and asked 'is pa—his pa sez he can go—and I told 'is pa you'd like to have 'im go 'long the worst kind uv way, too—'cause I knowed you would—and 'is pa said he ud jus' like to go the worst kind uv a way, too—and so we all got to talkin', and 'is pa got way up in the air 'bout goin' 'long and wants to take ma and Rodger's ma and start 'bout five and stay till night and have a reg'lar picnic—"

During this flood of information the outcrooked arm which held Mr. Shedd's cigar gradually sagged down until it hung limp beside him. His face was a study of stupefaction.

He began to work his chin up and down as was his wont before speaking when greatly puzzled or surprised, and Dudley, seeing the sign, sailed in again upon his glittering prospectus. He must gag him until all its fascinating inducements were displayed.

"And he's comin' over to-day to see you and fix all up about goin', and he sez he'll get a pile uv sirloin and we'll run sticks through and broil it over the camp fire fur dinner—and he's got a big coffeepot what he'll make a pile uv coffee in that's better than any you get in town, he sez—"

DUDLEY stopped to breathe and take weather signs. The study in stupefaction was being retouched. The chin was working again.

"And he sez he's goin' to wear old pants and old shoes and socks, so's he can wade all over and get at them bass what I told 'im about we saw floppin' the other night. He's goin' to have Rodger's ma see ma, and he sez it makes 'im hungry as a bear now to think about the eatin' t'morrow, and he sez our ma's 'ill haf to jus' work like niggers gettin' up the lunch, and he's goin' to buy a net so's we can get a lot uv min—"

"Hold up, young man. *Look a-here!*" roared Mr. Shedd, like a man "whoaing" at a runaway. "Do you mean to say you've had the impudence to—"

In spurred Dudley and rode right over him: "And he sez he's goin' to bet you a box uv cigars that he'll catch more pounds uv fish'n you could, and I told 'im you'd take 'im up, 'cause you were a cracknjack at bass fishin', and he said that wuz no joke. Say, pa, your goin' to go, ain't you, huh? Think 'ow awful he'll feel if you don't, and you ain't been well lately, and there's nuthin' like livin' outdoors, is there, when you ain't well? You're goin' to go, ain't you, pa, huh, huh?"

"But, great guns, young man, hold up here!" almost shouted Mr. Shedd. "You seem to forget that Liberman is going to have you arrested to-day. What about that? Does that look like going fishing to-morrow, hey?"

"W'y, pa," queried Dudley in sober, wide-eyed surprise, "don't you have to go to the Mayor to have folks 'rested?"

"Yes, sir, you do, as a rule."

"But you don't s'pose, do you, pa," continued Dudley, illuminated by the rays of what he believed his clincher, "that the Mayor ud let me be 'rested now and spoil all our fun t'morrow? Do you, huh?"

FOOTSTEPS coming up the walk caused father and son to dart a glance that way. It was the Mayor, striding toward them with elastic steps and beaming face.

"Hello, Moore," cried Mr. Shedd heartily; "come to bet that box of cigars, eh?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I have," returned the Mayor in jolly voice.

"Well, I'll bet you another box this kid of mine's going to be as slick a politician as you are yourself, but I won't tell how he's put one over on you till we're safe up the river to-morrow."

First Love

(Continued from page 14)

you on any conditions I can get you. I leave you, but all the time I am gone I shall be praying that you will not change your mind. I ask only that."

Her lids swept open suddenly, and her eyes, meeting his own, were the eyes of a woman, and behind their blueness the kindling flame was burning, burning.

He left her there beside the fountain. When he came back she had risen and one glove was carried in her bared hand. "I have thrown his ring into the pool," she said calmly — too calmly.

"Lucy, are you sure you want me?" he said. The strain of emotions repressed struggled under the wistfulness of his tone. "Yes," she said. "You are generous, but I make no promises. I ask none."

In the earliest twilight they two again entered the room where but a few hours before Lucy had sat sewing her wedding gown. A gush of warm air heavy with the sweet breath of hyacinths rushed out at the lifting of the curtains, and between the logs a bright fire glowed.

"How sweet it is in here!" Darrell said. "Lucy, the room looks like you."

She smiled at him a little warily. Her face had a sort of pale brightness, and her voice the veriest hint of strain.



The tears no longer veiled the tenderness of her eyes

"We must go tell Emmy," she said.

"The sooner the better," he rejoined.

Together they climbed the stair. Emmy, pretty but faded from long ill health, lay on the couch, her arms above her head.

"Home at last, Lucy?" she said plaintively. "Hello, Jim."

"It is not Jim Maxwell. It is Philip Darrell. He and I were married in Hollow Dawns this afternoon."

Emmy sat up slowly. "Married! To Philip Darrell! *Lucy!*"

"I do not wonder you are surprised," Darrell said gently. "I hope some day you may forgive me—us, I cannot ask it now." Emmy fell back with a little cry, turned her face to the wall and lay there quite still.

"Wait downstairs for me," Lucy said, turning to her husband.

WHEN she came to him, perhaps ten minutes later, she carried a small traveling bag in her hand; she had not removed her coat nor hood.

"I think I am quite ready," she said.

"Ready?" He put it blankly—to say the least.

"To go home."

He recovered himself quickly, if somewhat confusedly. "Of course, Lucy, I



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Agents Make Big Money Selling Self-Lighting gas tips and gas stove lighters; no matches required. Just turn on gas, lights itself; sells on sight; send for proposition before all territory is taken. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., 1 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele- phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 7,000. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Phonidote Co., 530 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Har- vest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N. J.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stoart & Co., 25 Union, Newark, N. Y.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad- dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 501 Warren St., New York.

At Last—A Compressed Air Washing Machine; cleans tub of clothes in 4 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. Price to agents 'tis in quantities. Wendell Washer Co., 357 Elm St., Lepsic, O.

Agents Have No Trouble Selling Modern Faucet water filters. Easy demonstration; extra large profits. Terms to agents sent free on request. Sample 80c—money returned if desired. C. Jones Mfg., 240 Franklin St., Boston.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell "Eureka Steel Ranges" from wagon on tales or for cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

High-Grade Salesmen

Salesmen Wanted. Exceptional Opportunity for side line Specialty Salesmen, calling on wholesale and Retail Drug, Department, Automobile or Hardware Trade. Patented, nationally advertised, guaranteed specialty. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. Give full particulars, present line, territory, experience and references in first letter. Sanitas Co., 2252 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

A Million Dollar Casualty Company Has Just placed on sale the very latest $10 yearly Accident and Sickness Policy, paying $25 weekly; $5000 for accidental death. Sold to men or women. Also $2000 Accidental Death; $15 weekly for $5 a year. Top commission. Write Pillings & Co., General Agents, 1013 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made- to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $19.80 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing $10 a year pays $5000 for accidental death—$25 a week sickness or injury. $5 a year buys policy paying $2000 accidental death—$15 a week injury or sickness. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Sideline Salesmen Making Small Towns. Just the premium proposition you are looking for. Something a little Different than other houses are putting out. We guarantee our goods to sell or take back unsold goods. For full particulars write today. May Mfg. Co., 232 West Siegel Street, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: Calendar Salesman By One Of The leading manufacturers. Large exclusive copyrighted line. Very liberal commission paid on receipt of orders. Experience desirable but not essential. Best references required. Robert Chapman Company, 1013 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wanted, Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty, widely advertised, easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. W. Skinner, 1402 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Agents Wanted

Sign Men Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Be independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. Universal Sign & Letter Co., Inc., 353 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel- ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novitas Sales Co., 180 High St., Waltham, Mass.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi- ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Agents And Side Line Men. Write For Propo- sition on Midget Vest Pocket Coat Hanger. Silvex Company, 171 Madison Avenue, New York.

Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed Washcake. We help make, and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract to a hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Washcloth Mfg. Co., Bonnerville, Mo.

Agents: Portraits 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pic- tures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Pillow tops 25c. 30-days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1401, 3925 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents In Every City To Handle Our Triplex Folding Handbag, big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big sellers. S. B. Diamond & Bro., 15 West 21st Street, New York City.

am very stupid. I seem to think of you always as here in this room."

"I have done with this room." Her voice had a high, inflexible note. Her gaze seemed to fall suddenly upon the shimmering satin lying across the chair. With a swift and passionate gesture she stooped and gathered it into her arms, crumpling it into a gleaming mass. Upon the crimson and orange fire bed she thrust it, and the quivering heat began to curl and lick and leap upon the glimmering, exquisite folds. Up the chimney the shreds of it rolled in spark and red gold flame and blackening flake. Lucy stood looking down at the hearth until only gray ash was left of her wedding gown. She turned then to him with that soft, little, unreadable smile. "Let us go," she said.

And at her bidding he came and took her hand and led her from the door out through the windy night, to the roof that henceforward was to be her own and his together. But there was mutiny in his heart; it cried to go back for an hour with her to that sweet room; it cried to forget by what dark road she had come to him. If there could have been some such hour, some little space of time—some caress upon whose memory the heart could feed down the years they would live together, the shadow between!

At least there in the starlit darkness she sat beside him, not shrinking from him, as the car whirled them on toward home. And he felt suddenly the conviction she would not shrink even if his lips against her own burned a red-hot wound across her soul.

THE year was old. In the frozen fields Darrell, tramping after quail, set down his gun to chafe his numbed and reddened fingers. He whistled his dog to heel, and, crossing the branch, climbed to the top of the staked and ridered fence and sat there, a tall, still figure in his brown hunting clothes. Under the December sky the wild geese were flying southward; Darrell watched, idly, their persistent triangle cross the sky. The air prophesied snow; a west wind whipped the dry ragweed, and the clinging dampness made even more bitter the ever-increasing cold.

After a while Darrell pulled his cap closer over his ears and took up the homeward path through the stubble.

Entering the house he went upstairs to his own room slowly, fagged, soul and body. He knew Lucy was in the room below, sitting in her serene sweetness that no mood of his ever ruffled or disturbed. He had often, watching her with brooding and hungry eyes, wondered what lay under the stillness of her face and lips. He had never seen her off guard; always her foil struck sharply any attack of his; parried it, no matter how subtly, how skillfully he fenced with her.

WHEN he pushed the curtains of the living room apart, he saw her sitting on the low couch, her hands locked behind her head; she was staring at the wall. She turned her gaze slowly upon her husband. "What luck?" she said.

"None. Not a quail. They've gone to covert. After the snow it will be better shooting. Plenty of rabbits, but I had Leo out and I don't want to spoil him for hunting quail." He drew his chair to the table. His books, his papers, his pipe were all arranged for him, and beside them the vase Lucy kept filled with fresh flowers.

HIS involuntary groan startled his own ears; it was the first betrayal he had ever made of an inward disquiet he had set himself to conceal. At least in his weary introspection his guard had given way, and that faint sound focused a storm long brooding. "Philip," she said, "you did not deserve that evil star that shone at your birth—that at last set me between you and all possible happiness."

"Set you, Lucy? Your unhappiness—that is what poisons me. When you set me as a shield—"

"A shield! You think I was using you in mere cold blood! It was cruel to accept so much—but—oh, I must tell you. The truth is better than this tangle. You did not love me; you were generous, you were lonely; but nothing was clear to me that day. It was my hour of need, but most— Do you remember how I used to bow to you, to smile at you? You were mysterious, under a ban—for me that made you a hero. You cast a spell on me. My selfishness was no cold calculation. Philip, any day of my girlhood that you had come to me and held out your arms I would have gone straight into them and followed you unto the ends of the earth!"

SHE wrenched her hands from his, and, eluding him, stood tall and white before him, wild color on her lips and cheeks, her eyes reckless and beautiful.

"I am glad the truth must out. I am tired of masks; so are you. I challenge you to be honest as I am honest. Because I had no hope of you I meant to marry Jim Maxwell. I thought he loved me and I hoped I might forget you!"

Looking at him from over her shoulder, her gesture, the despair of it, was an incredible revelation of the folly of their long misunderstanding; swiftly as a miracle it dissolved at last. "Lucy!" he cried, but the curtains had fallen between them. Ecstasy began to stir, to rise, to beat in his breast. The stairway was unlighted; passing the turn of its steps, he felt rather than saw the presence of her, crouching and huddled there, sobbing and spent. He lifted her into his arms and, with the brief word "Come," drew her on up into the corridor above. Here the lamp, swinging from the ceiling, shed a yellow twilight over the long length of walls.

"Lucy," he said, "do you recall how I first told you I loved you? God knows His own truth was in my mouth then if never before. But you, you told me you would come to me asking and giving no promises. Child, I did not want you to repent that; still you came! The world's wonder was that I had you on any terms. There must be, I thought, something better in me than I myself knew. But now—Lucy, take me, make me new, make me in the least measure fit for you."

HE took her face between his palms and kissed her lips. Then gathered her up against his heart. Their pulses began to beat in intimate rhythm; and the tears no longer veiled the tenderness of her eyes.

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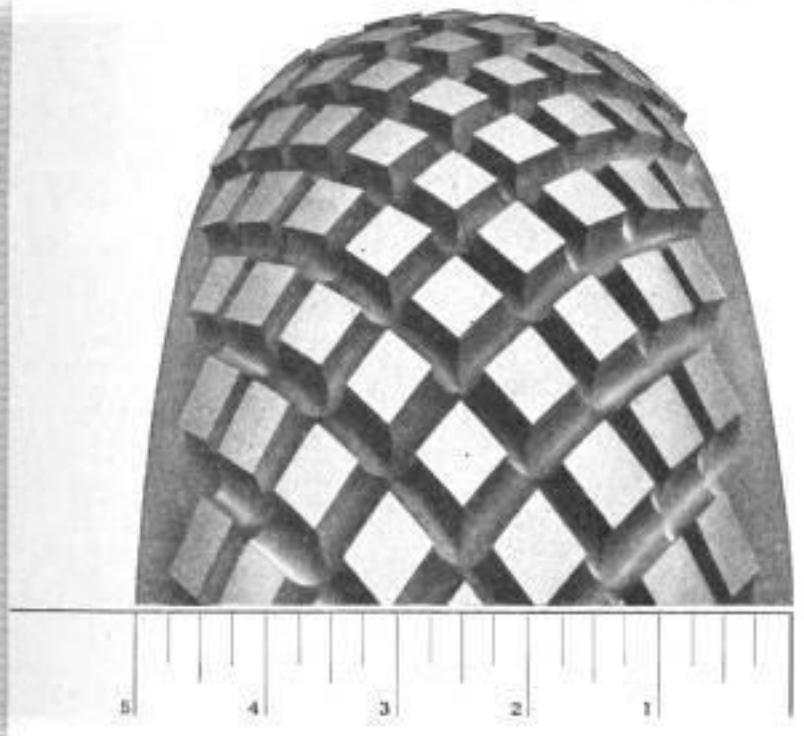
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A Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire With All-Weather Tread



Half-Inch Wider Tires—No Extra Price

Today's price situation means this:

Goodyear tires are underselling 16 rival makes. All because of mammoth output.

Some tires sell one-third higher.

Three tires of some makes cost as much as **four** No-Rim-Cut tires. Yet No-Rim-Cuts used to cost you one-fifth more than others.

Here is another comparison:

Some tires 36 x 4½ cost more than Goodyears in size 37 x 5.

Some tires 34 x 3½ cost more than Goodyears in size 35 x 4.

Some 30 x 3-inch tires cost more than Goodyears in size 31 x 3½.

So with many other sizes, both of which fit the same rim. You can get a half-inch larger Goodyear at no extra price.

Now, are these things believable?

Can you believe that three tires of any make will outlast four of Goodyears?

Can you think any tire so much better that a small size will serve you just as well as a half-inch larger Goodyear?

That is unthinkable. We put into Goodyears the best we know to get lowest cost per mile. We spend in our laboratory $100,000 yearly to find out ways to improve them.

No-Rim-Cut tires embody four great trouble-saving features found in no other tire. On sheer merit, at an equal price, they outsold any other. And these top-place tires are not today excelled.

There's No Tire Aristocracy

There are lines where high price has a value of its own. It may buy class—exclusiveness—pride of ownership.

Not so in tires—they are dead expense.

Here you seek mileage, freedom from trouble, lower cost of upkeep. And the desirable tire is the one that offers you most of them.

What Goodyear Offers

In No-Rim-Cuts we offer you tires that can't rim-cut. We do that in an ideal way—a way which never leads to trouble—a way which we control.

By an extra process—our "On-Air" cure—we save you all the blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This final cure, under actual road conditions, adds to our cost $450,000 per year. It saves our users many times that. No other maker employs it.

We combat loose treads by a patent method which reduces the danger by 60 per cent. In each tire we create, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets. No other maker does that.

The All-Weather tread is on Goodyears alone. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. It is flat and smooth, so it runs like a plain tread. Yet it has deep, sharp projections which grasp with a bulldog grip.

Thus your four greatest tire troubles are combated here in costly, efficient, time-tried ways employed in no other plant. Yet the tire which so combats them is the tire which costs you less.

Goodyear prices are due to mammoth output, to perfect equipment, to new efficiency. And to a profit margin which last year averaged 6½ per cent.

Unless higher prices buy something better, it will pay you to get Goodyears. Any dealer will supply them.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada **London, England** **Mexico City, Mexico**

Dealers Everywhere **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities** **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

(1726)

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"Watch Your Stroke!"



A good stroke at the right time will win in the race of life. This calls for an alert mind, a keen eye, strong muscle and steady nerve — and these come from rational exercise combined with a food that supplies the necessary tissue-building elements in a digestible form. Such a food is

Shredded Wheat

the food for athletes and invalids, for the indoor man and the outdoor man, for youngsters and grownups, for any meal in any season—a food to grow on, to row on, to work on. Read this voluntary tribute of a famous American rowing coach who has trained many champion scullers and crews on Shredded Wheat.

"MAKES MUSCULAR TISSUE; BETTER THAN MEAT"

The Shredded Wheat Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y. Syracuse, N. Y., July 15, 1913.

Gentlemen: In view of the splendid victory won by the Syracuse University Eight-oared Crew in the Intercollegiate Regatta at Poughkeepsie a few weeks ago, I have thought you might be interested to learn of the prominent part Shredded Wheat played in their training for that race.

As you are aware, I have long been a most enthusiastic advocate of Shredded Wheat, and I am pleased to say that I still consider it one of the finest foods on the market, not only for home use, but for the athlete. In fact, I have always made it a practice to have Shredded Wheat on the training table at every meal.

I find that Shredded Wheat is a better ration than meat when it comes to supply the muscle and strength that is needed for athletic feats that call for endurance, good wind and steady nerve. It makes muscular tissue without overtaxing the digestive organs. It has great sustaining power and fully satisfies hunger.

With kindest regards and best wishes, believe me, very truly yours, JAMES A. TEN EYCK.
Rowing Coach of Syracuse University Rowing Crew.

Shredded Wheat is on the training table of nearly every college and university in the United States and Canada. It is deliciously nourishing for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with berries or fruits of any kind.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Made Only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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NAL WEEKLY

for July 25, 1914



The Wilson Personality

By Edward G. Lowry

Fundamental Justice

A Story by

George Randolph Chester

Other Contributors:

Peter Clark Macfarlane

Grantland Rice

Rosamond D. Rhone

H. G. Wells

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Buy Wider Tires

Get This Extra Service When You Pay an Extra Price

This is today's chief tire question: Can I get less trouble—longer service—by paying an extra price?

You can. But not by paying more than Goodyear prices for the same-size tire. You can't buy better than No-Rim-Cut tires.

But nearly every motorist can use a half-inch wider tire—and one inch larger. And it will perfectly fit his rim. For instance—

A 31 x 3½ will fit the rim using a 30 x 3.
A 33 x 4 will fit the rim using a 32 x 3½.
A 37 x 5 will fit the rim using a 36 x 4½.

So with many other sizes. Your dealer will inform you. It will pay you well to use the largest size that your wheel allows.

No Extra Price to Many

Many of you now pay for tires more than Goodyears cost. Sixteen makes are sold at extra prices. Some are one-third higher. And a half-inch wider Goodyear doesn't cost as much.

That extra price now buys you nothing, so far as our tests can show. No extra mileage—no less trouble—nothing tangible at all. For Goodyear is the utmost in a tire.

Let it buy a real advantage. Let it, if you pay it, buy a wider tire—more size, more air capacity. Then the extra will come back to you—perhaps over and over—in the added mileage.

All That Tires Should Cost

In our opinion, Goodyear tires cost all that tires should cost. If there are ways to make tires better, we have never found them out.

And we should know. We spend $100,000 yearly on research, tests and experiments—just to make sure that Goodyears are not anywhere excelled.

In four ways they excel all others—in the four great trouble-saving features listed at the right. So we see no reason why a same-size tire should cost $5 to $15 more.

Goodyear prices are simply due to Goodyear popularity. Our No-Rim-Cut tires once cost far more than other standard makes. But multiplied output and new efficiency brought those prices down.

They outsell any other tire. The sales this year are growing faster than ever. That after millions have been tested on some hundreds of thousands of cars. All of which argues that Goodyear prices buy the best that men can give. Any dealer can supply you.

Goodyear's Four Exclusive Features

These four great features are embodied in Goodyear tires alone:

No-Rim-Cut feature—the faultless way to end rim-cutting. It makes this trouble impossible—that we guarantee.

"On-Air" cure—an exclusive process conducted under actual road conditions. It costs us $1,500 daily, but it saves the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

Rubber rivets—hundreds of which are formed in each tire to combat tread separation. They reduce the risk 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads—the tough, double-thick anti-skids. Flat and smooth, so they run like a plain tread; but with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

These are all costly features. They are saving tire users millions of dollars. But not one is found in any tire save the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. Tell your dealer that you want this tire.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada **London, England** **Mexico City, Mexico**

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(1739)

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ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

Quality is to Apparatus What Character is to a Man

It is the element in the man or the apparatus that meets the emergencies as unfailingly as it performs the routine of daily duties.

Quality is the fundamental of Delco manufacturing practice.

Quality that means not simply good enough to stand up under demonstration or factory tests, but that provides ample reserve in every part for the unexpected emergency.

Power enough to meet unusual conditions—strength enough to stand up under abnormal strain.

And with quality of this type it follows as a perfectly natural result that the grinding demands of everyday service are met with ease and certainty that are a source of constant gratification to the owner of a Delco-equipt car.

And it is this superquality—this extra margin of safety that has given to the Delco System its pre-eminence in the starting, lighting and ignition field.

Quality such as this is basic—it can be attained only as the result of an ideal that must permeate the entire factory organization.

It is built in quality—it cannot be purchased or priced in dollars and cents—it represents the integrity of every man in the organization.

And it is the kind of quality that cannot be built upon a price basis—price has always been secondary in the production of Delco apparatus.

That is why the Delco System has appealed most strongly to manufacturers of high quality cars—manufacturers who demand first of all efficiency, and who are willing to waive the price situation in order to obtain it.

Delco equipment is built to be put into a car and forgotten. To go along day after day, month after month, cranking the car unfailingly under all sorts of weather and operating conditions; furnishing ample current for lights, and providing an ignition that is instantly responsive to the demands of the motor, without a care or thought on the part of the owner as to the mechanism back of it all.

The Delco System was the pioneer in the electric cranking field.

Three years ago the first electrically cranked car appeared. It was a Delco equipt.

Delco quality was built into it—and it revolutionized an industry.

Today 130,000 automobile owners are driving Delco-equipt cars.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company

Dayton, Ohio

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"There, now! You've spoiled the whole picnic!"

Because she has spilled the best thing in the basket—the most necessary part of the picnic—the rich, full flavored, unfermented, unsweetened ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE—the best thirst quenching refreshment for indoors and out.

Being the pure, undiluted juice of ripe Concord grapes a bottle goes a long way. The most economical drink for picnics.

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If your dealer is not able to supply you we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3.00 or a dozen quarts for $5.50.

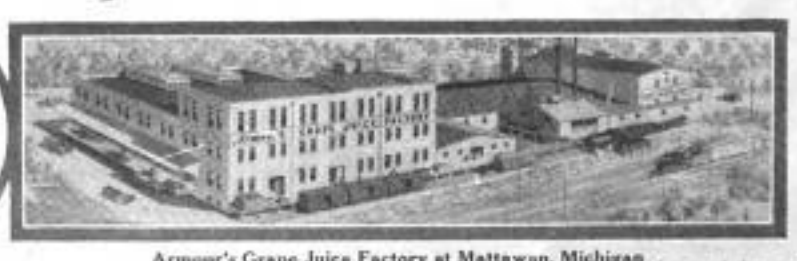
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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 19

JULY 25 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Wilson Personality

By Edward G. Lowry

DECORATIONS BY RUDOLPH WETTERAU



He dislikes to wear a silk hat, and would no more appear in a frock coat, except upon formal ceremonial occasions, than he would don a fireman's helmet or a red shirt

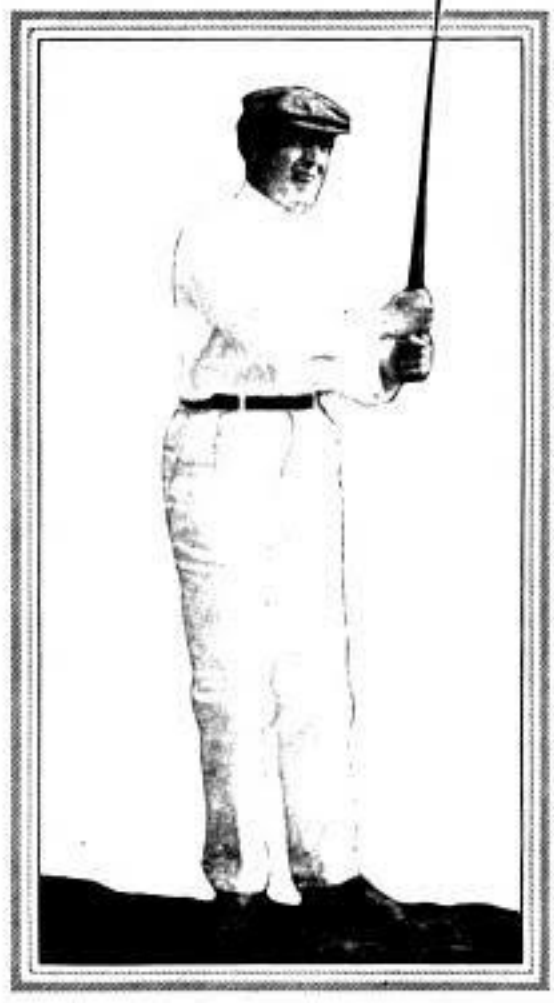
SINCE he became the foremost man among us a great many persons after contact, casual or sustained, have tried to set Woodrow Wilson down on paper, with all of his dips, angles, spurs, and variations. None of these charts, so carefully made, resembles any of the others. Mr. Wilson himself pronounced them all faulty and, conscious of the public need and demand, himself assumed the task of describing his own personality. His expedition into the unknown hinterland of his own character was what the critics of the theatre call a *succès d'estime*. It was brilliantly done, but his report of his discoveries was not popularly accepted. It was honestly meant, but his findings flew in the face of established facts.

Divisions and disagreements and contradictory reports give fair basis for one conclusion: Wilson is a baffling personality. He is complex, subtle, not easily known or understood. The raw primary colors are easily distinguishable, but when they are blended into what the ladies call pastel shades, it takes an expert to name the color and to resolve it into its primary constituents. The color of Mr. Wilson's personality may be likened to one of these pastel shades. He is as full of intricacies as a Swiss watch and performs his appointed tasks just as competently. He is as exquisitely adjusted and, to the average man who comes in contact with him, as difficult to comprehend. You may be permitted to see the wheels go round, but you don't understand the mechanism.

Washington Describes Him as Cold and Aloof

IT IS possible to write down a list, more or less comprehensive—depending upon one's opportunities for contact and intelligent observation—of what may be called the assets and liabilities of Mr. Wilson's personality; the elements or qualities in him that have made for his undeniable success and the things that have held him back or counted against him in his steady, forward progress. But after they are all set down and contrasted they do not explain the man.

Take a flock of the little, one-design racing boats so familiar on Long Island Sound. They are made from the same model, from one set of drawings, sometimes they are all made in the same yard, yet one will be incomparably faster than all the others. Another will steer like a witch; another will slip along like a ghost in light airs, while the others scarcely move. These divergences in type cannot be explained; neither can Wilson. A relatively short list of his known qualities can be set down, but his uncharted and undetermined qualities, which are the more important ones, make him what he is; and that is—well, here we are again, just where we started. Broadly speaking, warm personal regard and admiration for Mr. Wilson increase with the square of the distance from him. This is true at Washington, with exceptions, and seems to have been true at Princeton. When Mr. Wilson made his attempt to paint his own portrait for the members of the National Press Club at Washington he seemed to have this in mind when he put himself right up with Abou Ben Adhem as one who loved his fellow man. That was one of his findings that did not meet with general acceptance. In his daily walk there is nothing to show that his nature is one that demands companionship. Virtually all of Washington has the impression of him that he is cold, aloof, detached, and that he does not like being with many people.



True, he plays golf, if a man with a handicap of 16 can be said to play golf, but it isn't because he is enamored of the game. It "keeps him out in the open air"

Easily "Devitalized"

HIS salient qualities as observed are austerity, reticence, and that other one that the Scotch call canniness. The only primitive quality he seems to possess is patience. But he possesses an inexhaustible store of that cool attribute. He can wait without fussing and fretting for his plans to mature; and he doesn't cry out under punishment. In that respect and in the daily routine of his life he is simple. He does not like the appanages and trappings of office. Indeed, he is so simple in his daily habit as to be almost bleak. He dislikes to wear a silk hat, and would no more appear in a frock coat, except upon formal ceremonial occasions, than he would don a fireman's helmet or a red shirt. He lives simply and plainly, but he thinks subtly. His ideals and his standards are exalted. He has undeniably "the large vision."

It has been said for him that contact with many persons "devitalizes" him. In his position he could establish relations with most of the interesting personalities in the world. He could attract to the White House every fine or exceptional mind that discloses itself in this country. But he does not. Mr. Wilson consistently sees as few persons as possible. His contact with the country, with Congress, with Washington, is what it has to be and no more. Mr. Wilson husbands and shelters himself from the hurly-burly of life. He, of course, has a right to. This is not making a criticism but recording a fact. He can be "devitalized" so easily; he has to guard himself against it because he is both mentally and physically a fine-grained, delicately adjusted organism. It is a simple enough case of necessity.

Persons who see him much or have opportunities for frequent, brief observation ask themselves: Has he simplicity and imagination? Is he one of the dreamers whose dreams come true? Are his visions constructive? When translated into actualities, do they stand foursquare on their own bottom? Are they real structures? Yes and no, your true conservative would reply; and that is the best answer that can be given now. Sometimes his dreams work out and sometimes they do not. At home he has done what is apparently solid, enduring work, but many of the critics at Washington think that to this juncture the Mexican policy, as revealed in his Mobile speech, has been and is visionary. If it works out, all the present criticism



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of it falls to the ground and the query as to whether Mr. Wilson is really a big man would be answered.

Mr. Wilson has one strongly developed attribute or quality which official Washington, particularly, resents privately and finds hard to endure. He seems to be able, without consciously trying, to reduce his immediate associates to nothingness. He dominates his environment; he subordinates and dwarfs other figures. He makes them seem smaller than they are. One thing every observer of affairs at Washington has pointed out almost from the beginning of this Administration has been the complete dominance which Mr. Wilson enjoys over Congress. He has proved himself stronger than any man or any group of men in either or both branches. Congress has had to take its orders from him. It has passed the bills he desired to have passed and in the form he desired them to take. He has not only shared but has had the major share in the framing and making of all important legislation. The antitrust bills were referred to him time and again while they were being drafted and before they were introduced. Mr. Wilson sets apart Wednesday of each week for consultation with members of Congress about pending legislation. They now have the habit of coming to him for advice and suggestions.

And his Cabinet is just as submissive to his will. All of them think Wilson is a wonder. He regards them as departmental chiefs and lets them have a free rein in departmental matters; but they never forget that Mr. Wilson is the chief.

A Gallery of Mr. Wilson's Intimate Friends in Washington



E. M. HOUSE *is known colloquially as "the President's friend." Mind you, not "one of the President's friends," but "the President's friend." . . . Or, sometimes, as "the invisible Government"*



DR. CARY GRAYSON *is Mr. Wilson's physician. Probably no other person enjoys more of the President's companionship. Dr. Grayson is a playmate and companion, pure and simple*



JOE TUMULTY, *secretary, is believed to be the only man who sees the President and talks to him with absolute frankness without hesitating to find fault and make objections*

His Meekness a Profitable Asset

THE President achieves and holds his preeminence not by being domineering or dictatorial. Quite the contrary. In his manner he is one of the most deferential men that have ever been in the White House. He is even meek, but his meekness is that of one of those of whom it has been said that they shall inherit the earth. He does not lose anything by it. Many of those who have sat under it declare that no despotism is harsher, no tyranny so rigid as that exercised by a college or university president over his faculty. It would seem sometimes that Mr. Wilson had projected his experiences as a member of college faculties and as a university president into his present relationships with his Cabinet officers. So far as is known, nobody in his Cabinet has found occasion to stand up against him or to combat him without making ultimate surrender.

Mr. Wilson does not make friends easily. He would lead a more comfortable life and his way would be made easier for him if he did. It is rather curious that he doesn't attract more people to him. He can make himself very charming and agreeable when he wants to, but for the most part he chooses to erect an invisible barrier between himself and the world of men with whom he necessarily has to come in some contact. He has within himself the qualities to make and to hold friends, but he rarely exercises them. He gives nothing of himself. He does not honor the drafts and demands of friendship. To his work Mr. Wilson will give the last ounce of himself, but to the demands of friendship, to mere social intercourse, he apparently is willing to give nothing.

Hardly one of the Democrats in Congress, or out of it, either, feels that he really knows Mr. Wilson. It must be said, too, that they resent being held off. Mr. Wilson gives his full confidence reluctantly and sparingly. There is always a feeling among those who talk with him that in the back of his head are his real thoughts which he is not sharing. Therefore, it necessarily follows that he is not fully in the confidence of all of his party associates in Washington. They feel that he is holding back something and inevitably they keep back something themselves. At least twice irritation on this point has found vent in the chambers of Congress. When Mr. Wilson read his special tolls-repeal message to the two branches in joint session there was instant criticism that he had not revealed the true reasons for amending the Panama Canal Act as he desired it amended; that he was asking Congress to follow him blindly. This criticism was repeated when Mr. Wilson asked the legislators to justify him in using the armed forces of the United States against the Huerta Government in Mexico. The members complained openly on the floor of Congress that he had not given adequate reasons. They resented it, but in the end they did what he wished.

Even before this complaint was voiced in Congress Mr. Wilson apparently knew the feeling existed, for he told the members of the Press Club that if he could go out as "a free American citizen once more and have a jolly time, I might then meet some of you gentlemen and actually tell you what I really thought." He truly likes to think that he would. Yet he gives little of himself and expects to receive much and unreservedly from everyone else. This was one of the first of his traits that was clearly discerned after he was elected President and before he was inaugurated. Throngs of Democrats of high and low degree went over to Trenton to "get a line on him." He neatly and expeditiously absorbed all that they had to tell him and set them adrift. They went away from him empty-handed. He had emptied their intellectual containers. They returned to Washington not knowing what he thought or what he intended to do about a single thing.

Who are Mr. Wilson's intimate associates? Who are his win-lose-or-draw friends among his purely political associates? Who sees him daily on intimate terms in Washington? Who are the men sure to be invited to the White House to luncheon when they come to Washington? The brief list is at hand. E. M. House, Joe Tumulty, Dr. Cary Grayson. Does anybody else know another one who belongs on that list? Dudley Field Malone? If you like.

E. M. House of Texas and New York has the run of the White House. He is known colloquially as "the President's friend." Mind you, not "one of the President's friends," but "the President's friend." That characterization has some significance in itself.

He Has Few Close Friends in Washington

AT THE Capitol, by way of jest and without attaching any sinister meaning to the phrase, some of the Democrats have fallen into the way of calling Mr. House "the invisible Government." That is because he has no official status, but is reputed to have a share in shaping nearly all important Administration political transactions.

Dr. Cary Grayson of the navy is Mr. Wilson's physician. Probably no other person enjoys more of the President's companionship. Dr. Grayson is a playmate and companion, pure and simple. He plays golf with the President, takes automobile drives with him, and nearly always accompanies him to the theatre.

Since Mr. Wilson came to Washington Senator Ollie James of Kentucky has become a thick-and-thin adherent. He has made himself one of the chief administrator's spokesmen in the Senate. He is frequently at the White House and has become a devoted partisan. Perhaps he is the most notable acquisition among politicians that Wilson has made since he came to Washington. Yet it is not discoverable that Mr. Wilson seeks the advice of Mr. James in the conduct of public affairs. It's the other way about.

Joe Tumulty is loyalty and devotion personified. He would not admit that Mr. Wilson had a fault. Yet Tumulty is believed to be the only man who sees the President and talks to him with absolute frankness without hesitating to find fault and make objections.

This detachment, this impersonal attitude, has inevitably created a like feeling in those persons who come in contact with the President. Their attitude toward him is as impersonal and removed as their attitude toward the Tropic of Capricorn or the laws of gravitation. Any of the things in this life that are inexorable in their functions only become interesting and excite personal emotions when they fail to function. Mr. Wilson has come to be regarded as a sort of impersonal force. No legend has grown up about him. There are no illuminating anecdotes and stories about him. He never says or does anything "interesting"; that is, out of the ordinary. Yet people are intensely interested in him. They are always, as in the present instance, picking at him and scrutinizing him, trying to pluck the heart out of his mystery. Perhaps it is for the same reason that people stop every day on the street about noon to observe the time ball fall on the top of the Navy Department building. It falls every day precisely at noon. People set their watches by it. Once in a blue moon something goes wrong and it doesn't fall. Everybody that has the habit is always hoping that he may be there on the day that it performs irregularly or doesn't perform at all. But the time ball is not in itself interesting. It has only one function: to drop from the top of its staff every day precisely at noon. It takes on the quality of interest when it fails to do this.

The Effect of Impersonality

PEOPLE are always trying to find the human frailties in Mr. Wilson, the qualities that would make him akin to the world of men. One devoted writing man, seeking to accomplish this well-nigh impossible feat, built a four-thousand-word article around the simple circumstance that Mr. Wilson likes chicken and charlotte russe and has them on the table as often as possible. He has no fads or diversions. He does not collect stamps or kill big game or fish or do any of the things that men do to divert their minds from the real business of their lives. True, he plays golf, if a man with a handicap of sixteen can be said to play golf, but it isn't because he is enamored of the game. It "keeps him out in the open air."

It is because of these things and because we cannot find any kinship through the common human failings that there has come into being the Washington conception of Mr. Wilson as a thinking machine and not as a warm-blooded human being with faults and follies. He is always so everlastingly right. So far as anyone knows, he never loses his temper. If he does, he goes off and loses it privately, finds it again and then comes back, and everything is "all hunky-dory."

This impersonal relationship, unconsciously established and growing out of the cumulative effect of hundreds of little incidents, each trifling in itself, has had this curious effect: Because Mr. Wilson has come to be regarded so largely as an impersonal force, he has to "make good" on everything that he undertakes. Nothing short of perfection is expected

(*Continued on p. 33*)



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Fundamental Justice

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

The second of a series of short stories. The first, "The Smash in the Ear," appeared in the issue of July 11.

THE presiding genius of Winburg's distress was a tall, red-headed young man with freckles on his nose—Sam Arnold! It was he who had forced the placid old town into the extravagance of a five-million-dollar speedway; it was he who had thereby strewn yellow mud from end to end of the city; who had thereby filled the place with swarthy, stocky foreign laborers that drank queer drinks and fought late of nights; who had brought sleek, smooth strangers to the Hotel Winburg, monument men, and fountain men, and sewer-pipe men, and conduit men, and supply men of all descriptions. Poor old Winburg! If it is painful to be born, as the first cry of all mankind attests, how much more painful to be born anew. As a stupid man aroused from slumber, Winburg, rudely punched awake for its rebirth, desired nothing so much as to snuggle its shoulder against the pillow and snore again; but Sam Arnold was implacable. Like a demon of unrest, he wished to start one hullabaloo right in the midst of another, and now he sat in the office of the Winburg Street Railway Company, with his hat on the desk and a wriggle of purpose in his red hair.

"Well, Milburn, the curfew is ringing for your rickety old horse cars," he said with a friendly grin.

President Ben Milburn was a heavy man, and so sluggish that the only exercise he took was with his eyes. He rolled them sidewise at Sam.

"Our service is all that the business justifies," he grunted.

"Your business is all that the service justifies," retorted Sam. "People walk twelve blocks rather than ride. Your rails are worn flat and crinkled like a hairpin. Your cars are held together by the paint. How can you expect business to be better?"

THE treasurer lounged in. He was a tight-buttoned man of considerable roundness, and his nose pointed straight up. Anything he said had the effect of a snarl.

"What's the matter with business?" he demanded.

"Young Arnold thinks we should cut our 7 per cent dividends and spend our money in equipment," jested Milburn, turning his eyes in the treasurer's direction.

"You're mistaken," corrected Sam. "I want you to recapitalize and electrify your system. Then the logical thing is to build a new line out Maple Avenue and parallel the speedway to Sekansett Park, Hilger's Lake, Paradise Grove, and back into the city."

"So your Speedway Improvement Company can have transportation for its subdivisions," guessed Hodge with a sarcastic smile. It was the only kind of which he was capable.

"Certainly," admitted Sam again with a friendly grin. "Also, it allows your trolleys to make money out of our subdivisions. It's a nice arrangement for all of us."

"But we furnish the capital." Milburn rolled his eye at the treasurer.

"It will cost you 25 per cent less now than later on," promptly replied Sam, full of logically assorted facts. "You can save that amount or more, if you will put in the line while the city is constructing the speedway."

"And wait five years for returns," suggested the treasurer, his nose drawing up that sarcastic smile.

"No. Endow Sekansett Park with band concerts, build a clubhouse to pay for them, buy Paradise Grove and put in some up-to-date amusement devices. Have some place for people to go on your cars."

"I guess you mean well, Sam, but you're young and impractical," finally decided Milburn. "We've run the street-car business in this town for twenty years, and we know all about it. There are just so many nickels to be had here and we get them."

"We owned Paradise Grove once," added the treasurer. "We lost five thousand dollars on it. People wouldn't go."

"Why should they?" demanded Sam rising. "All they could do was buy a bag of peanuts and come back. Will you let me address your stockholders on this matter?"

Milburn and Hodge looked at each other.

"It wouldn't be worth while," smiled Hodge. "At our last meeting we voted to make no improvements or extensions, and to make no expenditures outside of necessary repairs. We are in business for profit."

Sam studied the men with clear eyes. Milburn was as unimpressionable as a lump of putty. The unchangeability of Hodge was shown by his very hair, which was parted exactly in the center and varnished toward each ear. It seemed impossible that they should not realize the opportunity he was pointing out to them! But they did not; and would not.

"All right, gentlemen." Sam put on his hat. "You'll wake up when it's too late. Winburg is to be a young town again, and it's to have a new street-car system. You've had the first chance at it."

SAM laid his hat on President Henry Frazier's desk in the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank.

"Well, Frazier, it's time for the next step in our campaign of rejuvenescence," he cheerfully observed. "I want to organize a million-dollar street car company."

Henry Frazier jerked on his spectacles and rubbed



You could tell they were born politicians by looking at their fists. They crowded round with every indication of pleasure, and drew their steins toward them

his bald spot. Every hairlike wrinkle on his face pinched in at the ends.

"For Heaven's sake, Sam!" he protested. "Why, boy, can't you be satisfied? You've committed this town, which didn't owe a penny, to a five-million-dollar bonded indebtedness; you've forced me and the other conservative business men into the forming of a million-dollar real-estate company to control the property along the speedway; you've—"

"Well, we control it, don't we?" grinned Sam. "When the speedway is completed, we'll make a fortune on that real estate."

"THEN let well enough alone," and Frazier wiped his spectacles impatiently. "You can't make me see the business advantage of building a street railway miles into the country where there are no passengers to carry."

"Can't you see the passengers who will be there when we give them transportation?"

Frazier shook his head and folded his hands on his desk.

"You'd better go away and rest a while, Sam," he advised. "Until this speedway is completed and our Improvement Company has begun to turn over its money, you can't raise another dollar in this town."

His blue eyes growing steadily bluer, his red hair growing steadily more kinky, and the three freckles on his nose growing steadily more prominent, Sam interviewed all the conservative investors in Winburg; but not one of them could find a serious thought in the organization of a million-dollar street car company to build lines along an unpopulated highway!

THE next day Frazier met Milburn at the Amen table in the dismal old Commercial Club, the corner where all the veterans congregated.

"Sam Arnold went East last night," he observed to Milburn as he nibbled at a stale cracker. "He's going to secure capital for a million-dollar traction company."

Milburn lifted his heavy eyes.

"Young Arnold's a damn fool," he grunted.

"Young Arnold may be a fool, but he gets what he wants," returned Frazier thoughtfully. "I don't know where he'll obtain money for his traction company, but he won't come back without it. Will he, Bellinger?"

A pink-faced old man with a white beard stopped at the table and took one of the stale crackers. He put it back.

"Will who what?"

"Young Arnold and his wife went East last night. Sam told me he was going to get capital for a new traction company."

"He'll get it, confound him," declared Bellinger. "Why doesn't Sam Arnold prove the success of one thing before he starts another?"

Lanky Charlie Tinbury had stopped just behind Bellinger. He was a painfully thin young man with a painfully long nose. "What's Sam doing now?" he asked.

"Gone East to get capital for a new traction company," explained Frazier.

"Why did he do that?" Charlie objected, pulling at his fuzzy mustache by way of encouragement. "We don't need strangers' money in Winburg. Say, I'll make a regular bet that he comes back with the capital."

THE president of the Winburg Street Railway Company raised his heavy-lidded eyes to Charlie Tinbury for a moment, then he excused himself and lumbered across to a side table, where a brisk, middle-aged man with the creases of a dyspeptic in his brow sat all alone. The man was Jim Linden, a member of the new city council and a stockholder in the street car company.

Three weeks later Sam Arnold returned with a tall, distinguished-looking stranger, who was anxious to invest in a new Winburg trolley company. The stranger went back on the night train. The Winburg Street Railway Company had just secured a blanket franchise covering every street in the city! Sam's outside capital was of no avail!

"ANYTHING yet, Ginger?" Twenty minutes had passed since the red-headed Arnolds had come out on the little back porch.

"No. Have you thought of anything?"

"No."

More solemn silence. The dusk began to fall. A lavender haze came up from the river and spread its softening veil over slothful Winburg. The lights on the old gray stone bridge flared up one by one, and cast yellow streaks beneath the arches on the water.

"Do they include your speedway, too?" asked Ruth coming out of a brown study.

"The franchises? They cover everything in the city. Milburn doesn't have to drive a spike for three years, and he won't. The street car system is tied up as tight as a drum."

"And there's no way to break the drum?"

Sam laughed and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

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"The only symbol my mind has conceived is a hammer," he acknowledged. "If old Tim Cassidy had been in town, those unconditional franchises never would have passed."

"That was a mean trick!" indignantly declared Ruth, pulling out her longest and strongest red hair, then slapping her fingers.

"Suppose we think again," suggested Sam, slipping his arm about Ruth's shoulders, and together they sat in solemn silence while the dusk deepened into darkness.

IT WAS nearly an hour before Sam jumped up with a laugh.

"I've found the hammer!" he exulted, and started for the telephone. "I wonder if Tim Cassidy is back."

Tim Cassidy was. In the shortest possible time, he stomped up on the porch, rang the bell with a vigorous thumb, hung his hat on the rack, and bowed over Ruth's hand with extravagant gallantry.

"You're bonnier every time I see you," he complimented her in his rich brogue. "Lord, Lord, what a thing it is to be young and beautiful! You're a lucky boy, Sam Arnold," and he accepted Ruth's thanks and Sam's banter with equal twinkles in his keen old eyes.

"How's your speedway construction coming on, Tim?' asked Sam when they had made themselves comfortable in the little den just off the sitting room.

"Oh, slow enough, Sammy," returned old Tim complacently. "Them dagoes is steady workers, but they don't pile up much by whistle time."

"If you were doing the contracting yourself, in place of managing it for the city, you'd get more work out of them, wouldn't you?"

There was a wheeze in Tim's throat, and he leaned closer. "I would," he admitted. "But it ain't the custom to drive men hard on city jobs. The longer you make it last, and the more money you spend, the more satisfactory the votin' is," and his face beamed. Sam Arnold, with his speedway, had made it possible for Tim's party to win a victory the first time in twenty years, and Tim meant to make the victory continuous.

"So that's why you're not putting in construction machines," laughed Sam. "Well, I wouldn't worry about city work, Tim. There'll be plenty of it, and the faster you get through with this the more there'll be."

"Do you say that now?" and old Tim shoved aside his glass and laid down his cigar to look Sam squarely in the eye. "Have you more up your sleeve?"

"PLENTY. I don't intend to stop until Winburg's the snappiest city without an ocean front in the United States."

"Then I'll drive them dagoes like the devil after a fiddler!" announced Tim, whose belief in Sam Arnold amounted to fanaticism. "But I don't like these construction machines, Sammy. They're not human. It costs a mint to run them and no voters get the money."

"They'd make a tremendous saving for the city," urged Sam. "Those enormous digging and leveling and surfacing machines will do more work than all the men you can pile on the job."

"But you've to build a track for them," persisted Tim; "and no little flimsy track, mind you. And then machines cost money."

"You can rent them." Sam stuffed his pipe thoughtfully and studied old Tim. "Let me go into the figures with you. I know these machines pretty well. I can tell you how many tons of dirt they'll dig and handle—"

"I'm so full of them figures that I feel like I was breakin' out with 'em now and then," interrupted Tim. "I know they'll save money and get the work done in half the time; even counting the labor of tearing up the track and resurfacing the side roadway."

"Then let's have them," urged Sam. "I'm very anxious to see them in use."

"Oh, ho!" and old Tim slowly poured himself another drink. "Is there some friend of yours mebby that rents these machines?"

"No," grinned Sam.

"Well, you've some reason; and if you don't want to tell me, it's none of my business. But there's one thing: I'll have them machines here as quick as freight can bring them; and will that satisfy you?"

POOR old Winburg! It's placid content was gone forever. Out along the river road huge, complicated engines dug and scraped, and lifted and set down, and shrieked demoniacally in their mad energy. A track had been pushed alongside the speedway as the construction progressed, and on this noisy little dump cars rattled and banged, drawn by electric engines which piped their shrill pneumatic whistles. A temporary track was even laid across Maple Avenue, connecting the north branch of the speedway with the south, and it was no unusual sight to see one of the gigantic construction machines shoving through historic old Maple Avenue itself, dragging at the branches of the trees and entangling telephone wires, and making itself a general blot on staid respectability.

Fall approached. Around the entire circle of the speedway ground was broken, and the construction track had joined its two ends at Hilger's Lake. The Speedway Improvement Company had kindly donated to the city a temporary wagon road through its possessions, and, on pleasant Sundays, it was the custom now for all who could to drive out as far as Sekansett Park and view the devastation en route. It was like looking at a wound to see where the hurt came from. At about this time a stranger came into town and made a bid for the steel rails of the track which was being used for the construction engines and the dump trains. He bought them in for something more than the price of scrap iron—a very good price indeed, the city thought—and paid for them in cash, under the obligation to remove them within sixty days after the speedway should be completed.

Kiddies' Day! That was another new-fangled idea of Ruth Arnold's Civic Art League. It was set for one of those wonderful Sundays in Indian summer, when there is warmth and sunshine with the tang of fall; and there were astounding preparations for Kiddies' Day! Every merchant had been invited to contribute. In Sekansett Park there was to be a magnificent band concert from morning until night. Why, all the musicians in the city were to take part; nearly a hundred of them! There were to be endless games with prizes, and free popcorn and peanuts, and lemonade and ice cream without stint, and a tremendous free lunch! Nothing was to be brought, for on this day there were to be no tired kiddies with bundles to lug and take care of. There was to be early Sunday school in all the churches, and, that over, the kiddies were to troop straight down to Hero Square, where conveyances would be provided for all; then away for a whole glorious day in Sekansett Park! Grown-ups were welcome, too, but they should arrive as best they might. A wonderful philanthropy it was, and every kiddie in town wore shining eyes about it for two weeks in advance. Would it rain on that Sunday? It did not rain! On Saturday night the sky was full of stars. On Sunday morning, just before daybreak, the stars were still there, glittering gems of promise, when more than one little mite pattered out of bed to look at the sky in place of asking for a drink. At sunup there was not a cloud! There were no children asleep at sunup, and the breakfast fires were booming in every home.

BUT what was that strange whizzing sound, audible at about six o'clock to all houses near Maple Avenue? Surely Tim Cassidy was not doing speedway construction work on the Sabbath! Tad Wilkes was the first youngster in Winburg to learn the impossible truth! He lived in the house farthest out on Maple Avenue, and he was the exact height of the gatepost. He came streaking back to the kitchen as fast as his short fat legs would carry him. He burst through the door like a football player and sprawled over a chair, but he did not know that he had sprawled.

"Street car! Street car! Street car!" he shrilled, and that was the only thing he said for half an hour after, screaming it hysterically to all who would listen, his face red and the tears in his eyes. Mrs. Wilkes came running to the door, flapjack turner in hand, then she dashed back into the house and went to the foot of the stairs.

"Street car!" she shrilled. "Look out of the window, John! Quick! Alice! Gertie! Get up! Quick! Street car!" She rushed to the telephone and called her sister, Mrs. Berger, upon the hill. "Mag!" she shrilled while the pandemonium broke loose upstairs. "There's a new street car line on Maple Avenue! Electric cars!" She tried to call her dearest friend, Mrs. Potter, but she got the busy wire. Some one else was telling Mrs. Potter about the new car line, and the switchboard girls up at the exchange were working both arms like punching-bag experts.

PRESIDENT BEN MILBURN of the Winburg Street Railway Company, who lived in the big gray stone house with the castellated tower at the other end of Maple Avenue, was out contemplating when his ear caught the strange whizzing sound which had so excited little Tad Wilkes. He turned his heavy eyes down the street, and then his jaw dropped and his eyes distended as they had not done for many years. He even ran out on the sidewalk to look as there approached him over the temporary construction tracks a huge shining yellow trolley car, a double-ender, with a hobble-skirt side entrance and a deck on top! A motorman in a bright blue uniform was in the front and on the doors was the legend "Have exact fare ready." Along the top was "Maple Avenue and Speedway." In the front window above the motorman was:

"Hero Square."
"Riverview Terrace."
"Sekansett Park."
"Hilger's Lake."
"Speedway Court."
"Paradise Grove."

Beneath the window was a big muslin streamer, "Kiddies' Day!"

President Ben Milburn, who had scarcely known an emotion since he held his first dollar bill in his hand, grasped his fence for support, and so far forgot himself as to climb on the bottom rail, while he



looked after that speeding yellow apparition. Two blocks above Milburn's house was a temporary pass switch. Here the car waited and presently another one just like it came whizzing along from the opposite direction, making the belt in reverse: Hero Square, Paradise Grove, Speedway Court, Hilger's Lake, Sekansett Park, Riverview Terrace!

BEN MILBURN hailed that second car as it came by his house. It ran up to the corner and stopped. Milburn, in his garden slippers and without his hat, ran up after it, while the conductor clutched an impatient hand on the bell rope. "Where did this car come from," he demanded as they started with a jerk.

"Car barn at Hilger's Lake," said the little fat conductor with a grin. He knew Milburn. He had once been conductor of a horse car. "Fare, please." Both his eyes and his lips were glistening.

"Who owns these cars?"

"Don't know. Fare, please."

"You'll be arrested for this!" declared Milburn. "This car has no right on these tracks! Everyone connected with running these cars is breaking the law!"

"That's none of my business," exulted the little fat conductor. "*Fare, please!*"

President Milburn, fuming with wrath, jammed his hand in his pocket. In his early Sunday morning clothes there was not even a penny!

"I've no change," he was compelled to admit.

"Then you'll have to get off!" shouted the little fat conductor, his ears turning red with joy and grabbing

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the bell rope he gave the motorman the quick stop, slammed open the doors, and put President Ben Milburn off in the mud!

THIS was at six-thirty. By seven o'clock the half-dozen new electric cars were thronged with passengers; eager-faced passengers; passengers alive with the ecstasy of a new experience. Out Maple Avenue they whizzed past the cemetery and along the speedway. Why, by George, Sam Arnold's boulevard began to look like something after all!

Here was a stretch of nearly a mile already asphalted, its broad surface smooth and shining, but wisely blocked off from possible traffic by boards and barrels and a quarter mile of mud. Here were the boulevard lamps going up—handsome things on their graceful cement pedestals and with their five huge pearl-like globes.

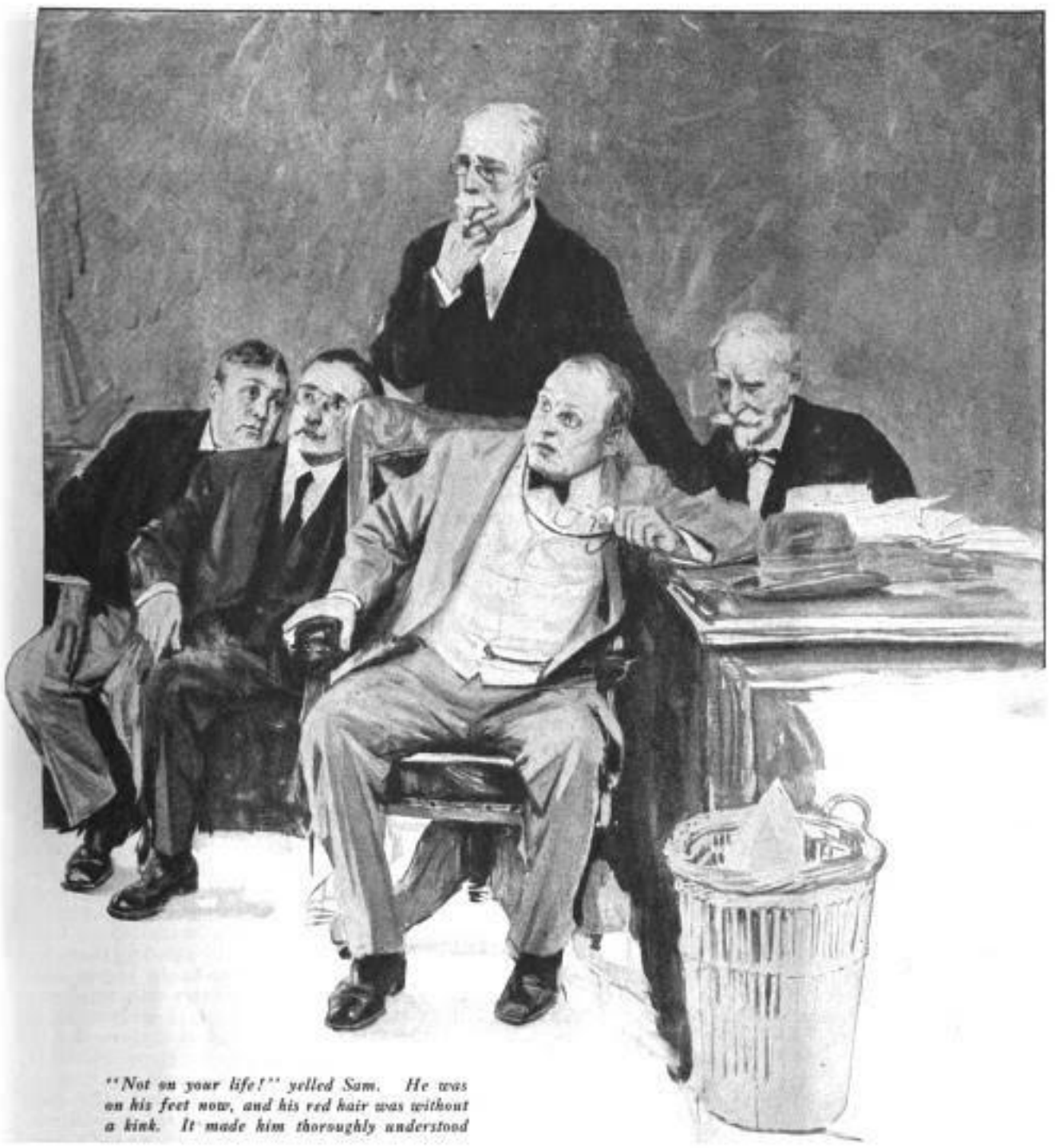
Riverview Terrace. Say! When the grass and the shrubbery grew over those yellow scars, that terrace would be great for a pleasant Sunday afternoon, with all its stone benches and its monuments and its fountains and its artificial waterfall tumbling down to the beautiful winding river. What was that big, tall thing shrouded in the canvas? That must be the statue of Chief Sekansett they've talked so much about. Jimminy Christmas! Look at that wonderful semicircular plaza cut into the hillside with its gleaming white stone balustrades and its imposing flights of steps leading down to the boat landing! Wait until that mud's covered up! Five million dollars the city is spending for the speedway and its trimmings! Well, it's worth it. I guess Winburg is a live town all right!

HERE'S one of those enormous construction machines. That's why they had to put down this track. How do you suppose they worked it to get these street cars on here? Why, Milburn's company has a franchise covering the town. Milburn? You bet Milburn didn't do it. Ask Fatty Scott there. He put Milburn off this car this morning. Didn't have a nickel! Fatty's the boy to do it all right. Well, there's a cute trick some place about this new street car line! Who do you suppose is back of it? What did you say, Bill? Sam Arnold! Well, you'll have to take off your hat to that redhead!

Terrace Villa? Oh, yes. That's the new restricted residence addition. You can't buy a lot unless you put up a house costing over five thousand dollars. And no business of any kind ever to be conducted here! A Speedway Improvement Company enterprise. Sam Arnold's back of that, too. Say, he's a humdinger.

Sekansett Park. Look at the new cement entrance! Ain't it a beauty! There must be thousands of electric lights on that.

Hilger's Lake. Oh, I guess we'll dance on that fussy big porch over the water! Say, Fatty, what's the shed off to the side there? Temporary car barn? Sam Arnold sneaked these cars in, all covered up, eh, and people thought they were more engines? Smart?



"Not on your life!" yelled Sam. He was on his feet now, and his red hair was without a kink. It made him thoroughly understood

Well, I guess! Swell-looking casino! Charlie Tinbury's back of it. What's that? Sam Arnold's back of Charlie Tinbury! What do you think! Well, we certainly need this car line to get out to Hilger's Lake! Would you believe it? That was a frog pond before Sam Arnold came back to town!

SPEEDWAY COURT. How would you like to live out here? All the houses facing circular parks, and a garden behind every house. Look at the signs! The Speedway Improvement Company'll build you a home, and you can pay for it like rent. What a sucker a man is to pay high rent in the city!

Oh, would you look at Paradise Grove! All painted up in a million colors and big roller coasters sticking up in the air like a hundred skyscrapers! I suppose they'll be working on this all winter. I wish it was spring!

Hero Square was a human bouquet at nine o'clock; no, a human garden with countless bright blossoms bobbing in every passing breeze; and from every street entering that historic square came bobbing other streams of blossoms from the various Sunday schools, their petals of red and blue and dazzling white filling the thoroughfares of staid old Winburg like a baptismal shower of morning-glories.

And here was the transportation! Hurray! All six of the big yellow street cars were lined up away down Maple Avenue; and behind each trolley car was a long stream of dump-car trailers, all gayly bedecked with bunting. Nobody but kiddies to be carried on these cars, and no kiddie to pay any fare! All free. Free! You could say what you please, Sam Arnold was a man with his heart in the right place! Everybody in town knew about Sam Arnold by this time. He was back of the new trolley line, and he had furnished the electric cars free for Kiddies' Day to the Civic Art League. And who was the president of the Civic Art League? Ruth Arnold! Red-headed Sam Arnold's pretty red-headed wife!

MONDAY morning. At six o'clock the yellow cars began to whizz along Maple Avenue in both directions, regardless of law and in defiance of franchise.

Certain early workers on the line were already waiting for those cars; and from that hour the patronage steadily increased. People walked two blocks out of their road at each end of the journey to take the clean, swift electric trolleys rather than ride on the rattling old Main Street horse cars.

At nine o'clock the courts opened. At nine-thirty an injunction was secured by wrathful Ben Milburn, who, shaken out of his years of motionless lethargy, was now as nervous and jerky as a rat terrier in an old barn. At ten o'clock all six of the shining yellow cars piled up in Maple Avenue and stopped dead, forlorn monuments to the futility of defying law. Could Sam Arnold or anybody else come along and use the methods of a brigand in Winburg?

The Winburg Street Railway Company was absolutely alone in the vociferation of that righteous principle. The ordinary citizens knew just this much: that the car line was there, that it was a great convenience, and that it had suddenly stopped. Why didn't it go?

Winburg found the answer to that in the evening papers. The horse car company owned franchises covering every street in the city. But Sam Arnold had bought up the old construction tracks from the stranger who had bought them from the city, and of course he thought he had a right to run cars on them. Suppose the stranger had been Sam's own lawyer from the East! The purchase was perfectly legal, wasn't it, and the city had accepted the cash? Now Milburn came along and stopped things! Who was Milburn? What was he doing to help the city that he should stop everybody else? He'd had his blanket franchise since spring. And was he giving the city new car lines? No!

BEFORE the evening papers were on the street, however, Sam Arnold, who had been waiting patiently in the offices of the Speedway Improvement Company ever since the serving of the injunction, received a telephone call.

"Is this Arnold?" came a heavy voice.

"Yes," and Sam's eyes began to snap, while his red hair seemed to respond to his grin. "Milburn?"

"Don't you go near him!" husked old Tim Cassidy, laying a mottled fist on each knee.

"I'd like to see you in my office," barked Milburn.

"If you want to see me, I'll be here until five o'clock."

"That's the stuff, Sammy!" Old Tim gave him a killing thump on the back.

"Then you'll take the consequences!" and Milburn's voice had a queer crack in it. At least one citizen of Winburg had been waked up. There was a sudden confusion of language in the telephone and then another familiar voice broke in. "This is Frazier, Sam. You'd better come over."

"Oh," the grin was now a 60-candlepower affair. "I'll be right there." He hung up the receiver. "It's Frazier."

"And don't you let him frame you either," warned the brigand's friend. "It's a bad sign that they're together."

"I'll find out," laughed Sam.

When he opened the door of Milburn's office, he paused a moment. The room was full of stale cigar smoke, and also full of substantial, prosperous-looking men: Frazier, Milburn, Hodge, Bellinger, and three others of the leading conservatives.

"We've been doing a little organizing, Sam," announced Frazier, smiling pleasantly as one who has done a good deed, and all his little wrinkles puckering in at the ends.

SAM took a chair and kept his mouth shut.

"You know you've laid yourself liable to the law," blurted Milburn, looking at the brigand out of the tops of his eyes. His heavy fingers, however, were thrumming on the arms of his chair.

"We were not to discuss that," Bellinger sharply reminded Milburn.

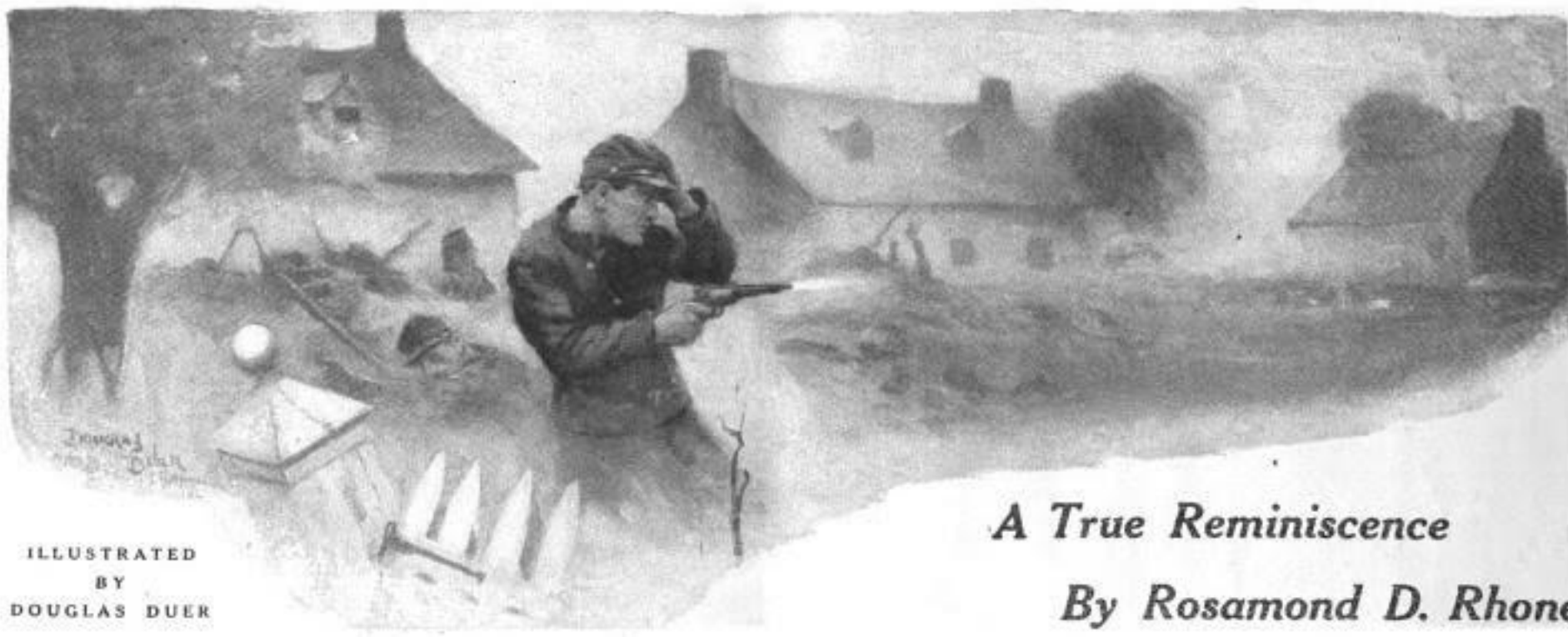
"The Winburg Street Railway Company is recapitalizing," went on Frazier, still smiling like a peacemaker. "Milburn is convinced, and we all are, in fact, that the public wants, and will support, a new traction system."

"We propose to put through a speedway belt line," said Treasurer Hodge, his nose so elevated that he looked as if he had his head thrown back. "We propose to take over your illegal equipment at a fair value in stock of the new company. You won't," and he smiled, "lose a cent."

Sam laid his hat on the desk. He could not consider properly with his hair shut in. (*Continued on page 24*)

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At Gettysburg Battle



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

A True Reminiscence

By Rosamond D. Rhone

"THEY'RE coming! They're coming! The rebels are coming!"

It was my little brother Gustave who gave the alarm, dashing into the kitchen and making, unrebuked, dusty heel-and-toe prints on mother's freshly scrubbed floor.

I remember just how we all looked that morning: mother was kneading bread, wielding a mass of dough in the long kneading trough with capable white arms; she stood a moment with her floury hands pressed against her breast; she said afterward that her heart stood still for a couple of beats; then she slapped the dough upon the bread board and began cutting off pieces and deftly shaping them into loaves; her decision and energy put heart into us all.

Father sat in his chair by the window trembling and not saying a word. He looked up to mother as we all did; he had had a stroke the year before, one arm hung helpless and he limped about with a cane.

BERTHA stood in the doorway, very white, with a hand on each doorpost. Bertha was my married sister; she had been married the first of October, nine months to the day, and her husband was in the army fighting the Confederates. She had never seen him since he went away at the end of his furlough and her honeymoon. She was the fainty, scary kind, and I thought she was going to faint. I had heard that a fright was bad for a woman with child, and I saw mother look at her anxiously, but she sat down quietly and took out of her bosom a letter which I had brought from the post office the night before. I had recognized it by the envelope, which had on its face the flag and the first verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner" in red, white, and blue. She used to give me the envelopes for my scrapbook, but I did not even ask her for this; it was as if the end of the world had come and there was no use of making a collection of anything any more. She did not read her letter, but sat holding it to her lips.

Nowadays you would call our Bertha a *type*. She was just as blond as blond could be. She had always worn her flaxen hair in two braids down her back, but since her marriage she had wound the braids around her head. She was wearing one of her wedding dresses, a bright blue silk with a flat lace collar and flowing sleeves with lace undersleeves, and she had put some soft, white, frilly stuff in the front of the waist, for it would not come together. I thought she was a good deal dressed up for morning, but she had an idea that Walter—he was her husband—might come that day, for there were Union troops in town.

"Bertha," said mother, "go and lie down!"

Bertha shook her head.

"If I'm going to be killed, I may as well die here as anywhere," she said. This was what we all felt, that the gray-coats would kill us. I began to cry and I saw Gustave winking back the tears. He felt himself the man of the house because my older brothers were in the army.

"Gustave," said mother, "did you get the cows?"

HE HAD been sent to the pasture to bring in the cows and stable them, for we had heard how the Shenandoah Valley had been raided. We were thrifty and took proper precautions. Some of our neighbors had run away from the town several days before.

"The cows are all—" said Gustave, and he began to cry, rubbing his fists into his eyes and wiping his nose with his sleeve. We were Pennsylvania Dutch and spoke a language made up of German and French words and idioms mixed with English. Our ancestors came from the Alsace-Lorraine provinces where French and German have always mingled. When I came West I found that nobody knew what I meant when I said a thing was *all*. I say it yet sometimes when I forget myself, and I sometimes say: "*It makes rain*" or "*It makes snow*." The children laugh at me and say: "That's Pennsylvania Dutch all right." But I must get back to Gustave's story.

WHEN he reached the pasture the bars were down and the cows were gone, not only our three but all the others which were there, for we rented pasture to persons who had no grazing land, and he saw three men driving them down the pike. He ran across a field, climbed a fence, all hot and breathless, and headed them off at a bend in the road. All at once he realized that the men wore gray clothes, but he was too anxious about the cows to be as scared as he was afterward when he thought about it.

"Those are my cows!" he shouted, standing in the middle of the road and waving his arms.

"Are they all yours?" asked the leader.

"No, sir," said Gustave, and he pointed out those which belonged to us.

"I'll pay for them," said he, and pulled out a pocketbook stuffed with bills. "How much are they worth?"

Now a cow was worth about fifty dollars, and Gustave knew it, but he thought he would put the price so high that the man would return the cows rather than pay it, so he said:

"One hundred dollars apiece."

"That's cheap enough," said the man, and he counted out fifteen new, stiff, twenty-dollar bills and put them into Gustave's hand. My brother stood a moment dazed, then he stuffed the bills into his pocket and ran toward home, cutting across fields and slipping along hedgerows, for he saw Confederate soldiers everywhere and he was afraid of being robbed, for he had never even seen so much money before. He met a man who rented pasture of us and told him what had happened and what a price he had received for his cows.

"Let me see the money?" he said.

Gustave pulled out the bills.

"Read what they say!"

Gustave began to read: "The Confederate States of America will pay—"

"Mein Gott!" said the man, and he sat down and cried, for he was a poor man and the cows were all he had.



I could hear them walking overhead whenever the firing would cease for a little while, and I held it very still while it slept

WHEN Gustave told the story in the kitchen and gave the bills to mother, I think he expected to be punished, but mother put them in a cracked teapot and set the teapot in the cupboard.

"They look like real money," she said, and went on molding her loaves. I have one of those bills yet; I have given the others away as curiosities.

Nothing happened right after that. We all stayed in the kitchen; we felt somehow that whatever came we would take it together.

The next thing which I remember was the sound of shots in the street. Our house was on a corner—a big stone house with deep windows—and I climbed into a window sill and looked out. I saw a lot of men in blue uniforms running, and right in the street in front of the house lay one of them, all crumpled up with his gun under him. Then I saw that the gray soldiers were chasing the blue ones; they were not in order like a parade, like the regiments which we had watched march off to the front with the flags that the women had made for them flying in the breeze and the drums beating like mad, but every man was running on his own account, and the gray soldiers were firing upon the blue. I observed a curious thing; whenever a Union soldier came to our corner he stumbled and fell; sometimes he got up again and ran on down the street and sometimes he lay still and groaned; then I saw a gray soldier in a second-story window across the street shooting the men who ran under him. I was so mad that I leaned out and shouted to the next who came running:

"Look up there!" He heard and turned and ran another way. Years after at one of the G. A. R. reunions that very man came to our house to see the little girl who saved him. I did not have a chance to save any other lives, for mother came behind me and pulled me in and closed the window.

WE HAD closed all the windows and locked and bolted the doors, when there came a heavy knock at the garden door and voices called: "Open! For Heaven's sake, open!"

We looked at each other in dismay, then mother pulled back the bolt and two Union soldiers burst into the room.

"Hide us! Hide us!" they said in hoarse whispers. Without a word and without a moment's hesitation mother opened the

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cellar door and they disappeared. A moment after three ragged Confederate soldiers burst in from the garden. Mother was opening the street door and they thought she was closing it.

"Did the Yankees go out that way?" they shouted.

"Yes," said mother, and they rushed out into the street. We all gasped; we did not know that mother knew how to lie. Then came a knock upon the street door, and mother opened it as calmly as if she thought it was one of the neighbors. An officer stood there with two men. He took off his cap politely.

"Madam, a drink of water and something to eat, if you please?" His eyes surveyed the kitchen and fell upon the brown loaves and the steaming pies. "Ah! This is just the thing! By your leave, madam!" He broke a loaf in two and began to eat; his men followed his example.

"Elizabeth," said mother, "get the gentlemen some fresh water."

THIS was a familiar formula and I was usually quick to respond. It meant going to the pump outside of the street door and pumping with long, steady strokes a brimming blickey from the deep, cold well; then I brought heavy green glasses from the cupboard in the chimney—we did not have thin glassware in those days—and set them on a japanned tray which had a swan arching its languishing neck in the center. I stood still with burning face. I do not know where I had heard the phrase, "To give aid and comfort to the enemy," but it came to me then. For weeks I had never knelt by my high postbed, with gayly flowered hangings, without adding to my nightly "Our Father which art in heaven" a prayer into which I put my whole soul: "O Lord! Please let our soldiers kill all the rebels!"

Mother thought my hesitancy came from fear, although the firing had ceased for some minutes. "Is it safe for her to go to the pump?" she asked anxiously. "Yes, madam. There will be no more street firing at present: the enemy are driven out."

The enemy! I was raging inside, but I opened the door and went out, carrying a blickey. I saw at once why the firing on our corner had ceased; the gray soldier hung half out of the window with a blood-clotted face; his gun had fallen to the pavement. While I stared fascinated I saw in the shadow of the room behind him the faces of the man of the house and his wife. There seemed to be a difference of opinion whether to take him in or to pitch him out. I saw the woman point downward and heard her voice across the narrow street: "Put him there with those he sent there."

THEN I saw that where there had been four men lying there were seven; it seemed to me that one of them moved a little. I began to work the pump, staring all the while at the ghastly spectacle. The counsel of the woman prevailed: the body fell to the ground with a thump like the falling of a sack of wheat and lay there all awry. I was giving aid and comfort to the enemy while my neighbor was casting him out. A moment after she hastily washed the blood off the window sill and closed the window. She was a famous housekeeper; she seemed to think all was over and done with. She was to see her house shot through and through and her spotless floors reddened with blood. I carried the blickey into the kitchen and began to get the swan tray and glasses, but the officer took the blickey and drank directly from it.

"We are not used to such refinements as tumblers," he said, and he passed it along to his men. The cannon began to roar. The officer was speaking to mother in a gentle, reassuring tone:

"You have nothing to fear from us," he said, "but you will be in great danger from cannon balls and shells. Have you a cellar? Then get into it at once."

We all felt guilty when we remembered who were in our cellar; we thought he could see our guilt in our faces. Mother said with a gesture toward Bertha which was more eloquent than a page full of words:

"Can I take my daughter somewhere? Her husband is in the army."

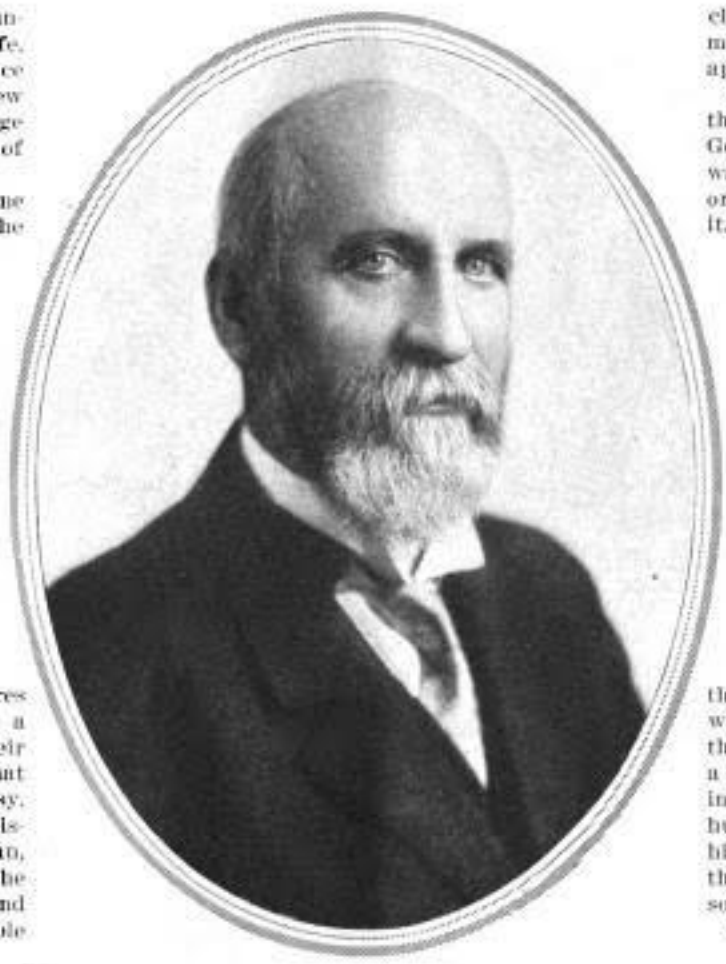
THE officer looked at Bertha, who still held the letter to her lips, too conspicuously, I thought. I was afraid he would see the flag and "Oh, say, can you see—" He bowed to her with such respect and gravity as I had never seen and said gently:

"I pray he is not in Pennsylvania to-day. Madam, I have a young wife who was as is your daughter when last I heard from her. I know not at this moment whether I am a father or a widower. She has been in the midst of war's alarms, but she has never been disturbed by the enemy. I can promise that your daughter shall be equally well treated. Let me lead her at once to the cellar; it is not possible to seek any other refuge. Is this the door?"

"We will go," said mother hastily. She was afraid he would really go into the cellar and discover the soldiers. The officer bowed and went out, followed by his men. He laid a hand on my head as I stood in the doorway. "Little Hebe," he said kindly, "you have done an ungracious task graciously. I could see how it galled you. Good-by and thank you."

NOW I must confess to something which may sound ridiculous, but if I am to tell all I remember, I must tell this. Every girl at that time was making a collection of buttons: we did not have post cards and spoons then. The trick was to ask each of your acquaintances for a button and remember who gave it to you, and at each opportunity go over the string, naming each button you touched. I had the longest button string in town. *(Continued on page 31)*

A Professional Peacemaker



By Peter Clark Macfarlane

SOME whiskers, a Socratic brow; large, blue, unimpassioned eyes, and sixty years of this life, fifteen of which were spent beneath the surface of the ground in the mining of coal, are a few of the features of this interesting man, whose strange specialty is dynamiting labor troubles by the use of huge sticks of common sense.

Here is a situation that reveals his quality. On one side, the largest men's clothing manufacturers in the world; on the other, ten thousand striking garment workers. Each side has exhausted the resources of negotiation; they are deadlocked over the issue of the closed shop; they seek almost in vain for a mediator. At last they find him in this clear-eyed coal miner, whose face used to come out of the ground as black as soot, but whose mind remained unsmutted; who for twenty-seven years has been manager of a small town opera house, and is now a national director of the Drama League; who is president of the Illinois Unitarian Association, who has been manager of Chautauqua courses and writer upon philosophic themes; but with all his varying interests still retains his enthusiasm for the cause of the man who works with his hands.

A Mediator's Qualifications

THE work of the mediator is hard and requires infinite patience, a passion for rationality, a perspicacity that penetrates to the care of their common interest, and an open, obvious sincerity that wins the confidence of both parties to the controversy. Slowly at first, and then suddenly, the difficulties dissolve. Just with talk this man, who is not a union man, though he has been one, and not a capitalist, though he has some capital, brings agreement out of difference, and a long and bitter strike which had appeared inevitable is entirely averted. Or take another situation:

The Cherry Mine disaster is two weeks old. The bodies by the hundred are still in the mine. The widows mourn and wail in half a dozen languages, making nothing intelligible but their grief. Yet already the ambulance chasers have been able to get their signatures to contingent fee contracts; suits for damages totaling millions are in the air; but lo! it appears that the widows may get nothing, since the mine, operated for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad and morally and practically theirs, is actually owned by an independent corporation with no assets save the mine itself, which is a property of doubtful value to any but the railroad company. The railroad company, actually holding no dollar of stock in the mine company, can and does throw up its hands with a technical plea of no liability. Suits may be tried, judgments may be entered, the mine may be sold, but it will likely bring less than enough to pay court fees, in which event the widows will get nothing.

But comes our mild-eyed man of the whiskers and the Socratic brow, looking not oversophisticated, yet with a kind of air of moral force about him that makes men listen—comes this man and sits across the table from Mr. A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and says to him:

"What are we going to do for these widows?"

A Delegate Without Credentials

THE railroad president, feeling very deeply the great burden of all this woe which has come upon the employees of one of the minor interests of the huge corporation of which he is the head, sighs deeply and says:

"You know we acknowledge only a moral responsibility in this sad affair."

"How much do you figure a moral responsibility amounts to per head, in the case of all these widows?" persists John I. Williams in that plain, practical way of his.

"By the way, whom do you represent?" counters President Earling, thinking of all the ambulance-chasing lawyers and of the foreign consuls and the many other conflicting interests which have already appeared. "Whom do you represent?"

Now, this question to John I. Williams was something of a poser. He could not say he represented God, for he doesn't believe in God—in the traditional way. He could not say he represented the widows and orphans, for he had never talked to one of them about it. He tried to tell President Earling that he represented humanity, just the spirit of fair play, that from long habit of thought he had come to represent the workingman's end of almost any issue that happened to rise within the sweep of his personal horizon, and that this had brought him here.

President Earling, being no blind man at all, looking this plain, fine soul of a man over rather carefully, pinned a small ribbon of faith and hope upon him and said:

"Go back to Cherry and see these widows and get them to authorize you to represent them before me."

Widows Voted Him Authority

NOW that was rather a momentous thing for President Earling to say and indicates rare powers of discernment and decision. To all the lawyers who were threatening the Milwaukee Road with legal assaults, President Earling turns an ear that is deaf and a face that is flinty cold; but when a man such as Williams comes, who represents nothing in the world but just the spirit of common sense and humanity, why, the president sighs deeply and grasps his hand and hangs on to it warmly. It shows something fine in Albert J. Earling which responds to something fine in John I. Williams.

Associated with Williams in his mission of humanity was Duncan McDonald, secretary of the Coal Miners' Union of the State of Illinois. When President Earling's suggestion was made, Williams turned to McDonald and said:

"Will you go down to Cherry with me to see if we can get this authority?"

"That I will," declared the Scotchman.

Off went the two to Cherry. The day was bitter cold. The snow lay heavy. The widows, with dishevelled hair, with dull, heavy eyes, almost put out with weeping, gathered to receive the two men in a hall on the second floor of the building.

Mr. Williams tried in vain to get their minds on money compensation for their losses and to tell them they were in danger of losing every prospect of such compensation. Their stolid minds refused to consider but one thing, to entertain but one idea—the bodies in the mine—why, oh why would not the company get the bodies from the mine?

Finally Duncan McDonald got up to talk. The women knew him better. He was one of the heroes of the disaster. He had descended into the mine while it still burned; he had breathed smoke and flames to save their loved ones for them, and they listened to

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him. Besides, McDonald led them on cannily. He began with a speech calling for radical action by the company, which the women applauded. He proposed a resolution demanding that the company hasten the reinstallation of fans to clear the mine, and the women passed it with a will.

On top of this he had no difficulty in securing the indorsement of a resolution to make himself and John I. Williams plenipotentiary ambassadors to the throne of presidential grace in the office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

With the passing of that resolution Williams took upon himself the burden of all these widows' woes and began a patient campaign of journeyings to and fro between the mourners in Cherry, the lawyers in Chicago, the administrators in various places, the foreign consuls from everywhere, and the office of President Earling. Week upon week and month after month his wise, persistent mediation continued until he actually got President Earling and his directors, who confessed no legal liability, to agree to settle with all these widows on the basis of the English compensation law of three years' wages for each life taken, or something like $1,800 apiece to these helpless widows.

And then, just between the pudding and the oven, when the Socratic coal miner was stroking his dappled whiskers with a sense of keen satisfaction, along comes an officious person and upsets the pudding into the fire.

Patience Won

PRESIDENT EARLING got angry and threw the whole case into the hands of his claim department, which assured him it could settle the cases on a much cheaper basis than $1,800 per widow. Again the husbandless and fatherless were at the mercy of the courts and lawyers and laws that were totally unable to work an equation in dollars and cents out of a mere moral responsibility. Only John Williams could do that, and for a few days even he was in despair. But once more he went to President Earling, again he talked about high moral grounds, and made one final appeal to the great executive to prove himself too big to let any offensive interference of meddlers spoil their beautiful plan of settlement upon the basis of human sympathy which was to demonstrate once for all that a corporation might not only have a soul but also a heart.

And President Earling sat for a time deep in thought, then, looking across once more at this blue-eyed, patient, sympathetic man of so much tact and so much sense, said:

"Mr. Williams, I'll do it."

Teaching His Fellows

WHEN the transactions had been completed and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad had disbursed nearly half a million dollars on behalf of the Cherry Mine victims, President Earling wrote a letter to Mr. Williams, in which he said:

". . . Nothing could have crystallized the details into a final result as did your patient, earnest, and disinterested mediation."

Mr. Williams was born in Wales. He went into the coal mines of Illinois at the age of thirteen. Along with his work he formed the habit of thinking. He mined ideas as well as coal. When, after the Jay Cooke panic of '73, wages were reduced in the coal mines, the miners with whom Williams worked declared a strike.

"Wait," protested Williams. "Let's send out a committee and investigate. Maybe the general conditions are forcing a reduction in wages and we are fighting against the inevitable."

Cries of "Throw him out!" and "Traitor!" greeted this mild, common-sense suggestion. Months afterward, when the strike had been lost, the hot-heads confessed that Williams had been right and they wrong. Young Williams seized the occasion to enforce upon his comrades the value of education and habits of thoughtfulness. "Miners need to know things," he urged. "Not only about mining coal, but about business and trade conditions; not only in Illinois, but in England and Australia; and not only conditions now, but a generation or a century ago. We ought to be able to do some thinking for ourselves, to know why things are the way they are, and be able to take a look ahead and make a reasonable guess at what they are going to be like."

This, as Williams put it, commended itself greatly to the smut-faced men of the mines. They accepted it for law and gospel, and they did a remarkable thing. Twenty-five miners formed a class in political economy. They met every Sunday for many years and John Williams was their teacher.

They went through Mill and Jevons and they thoroughly and patiently grounded themselves in the accepted political economics of the time; and then they turned about and studied other subjects; they went deep into geology and botany, and generally in the course of several years acquired an amount of cultural knowledge that was astounding.

The Change Machinery Wrought

HOWEVER, a great change has taken place in the character both of coal miners and coal mining since the day when that class was organized. Perhaps a free quotation from an address of Mr. Williams will put that more graphically than any words of mine. He said:

"In a life span I have been a witness of a remarkable change in a great industry. When a young man I worked for fifteen years at the trade of coal mining. In those days the miners were nearly all of British nativity—English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh—and mining was a skilled trade. We dug the coal with our hands, our picks, and our brains. I well recall the pride of craftsmanship among us; how we used to sit in the evening and revel in exploits of coal mining; how the popular hero was the man who had done a prodigious day's work, who could shear the straightest rib, who could undercut the deepest mining, who was the deftest, cleverest with his tools, and who was the mightiest and most enduring in his strength and energy. I recall it was a disgrace to be thought lazy, to be a shirker of work, to be unfit to do a good job and turn out a workmanlike product; and I remember how I responded to that public opinion in my own reactions.

"But now what a change! With the coming of the machine drill and the machine coal cutter, mining as a skilled trade has passed out. To follow the machine needs only brawn, and so the brains betook themselves to other callings.

"With the passing of the pick and the hand tools passed also the British miner, and in his place came the immigrant hordes from eastern and southern Europe. Not only has this happened in mining but in other occupations where machinery has superseded skill."

How His Mind Works

THE speech from which I am quoting now swings about to a phase of the union question—a thing so well said and so well worth saying that I slip it in here because it gives a cross section of this ex-coal-miner's mind, and shows how sensible he is to some of the pitfalls that lie in the path of organized labor at the present time. Continuing the quotation:

"Now the point that concerns us is that these are the men who are to operate the unions of this country. It is to such as these that the power over industry is to be transferred. Is it any wonder that employers gasp? Indeed, trades-union leaders are hardly less disturbed. In the State of Illinois, this year, the miner's union presented a bill in the Legislature requiring that hereafter no one could obtain a miner's certificate unless he could pass an examination in the English language. It was passed as a safety measure, but no one can escape the question that must have been in the minds of the leaders: *How can democracy and self-government as represented in the union be carried on by people who cannot speak our language and who come from countries where both are unknown?*"

"A Policy of Ruin"

AND now, while I am on the subject, let us hear Mr. Williams on that greatest menace to industry which seems to lie in the program of unionism—the tendency to curtail production. He claims the workman learned this from the employer. Hear his indictment:

"The labor organizations of the last century were in the first and crude state of unionism. They gradually accepted as theirs the frank policy of their employers—give as little and get as much as you can. That policy is at the bottom of every endeavor of any union to curtail production—but it is a policy of ruin. That sort of unionism will ultimately destroy the union just as that sort of policy will ultimately destroy a business."

And here is his argument to prove this:

"Every cheapening in quality and every increase in cost of production falls back ultimately upon the worker—because the great mass of workers constitute the great mass of consumers. When for instance, the bread maker increases the cost of food by getting as much money

(*Concluded on page* 30)



Pierrot's Song

By SARA TEASDALE

Illustrated by Duncan Stewart Walker

LADY, light in the east hangs low.
Draw your veils of dream apart;
Under the casement stands Pierrot
Making a song to ease his heart.

(Yet do not break the song too soon—
I love to sing in the paling moon.)

The petals are falling, heavy with dew;
The stars have fainted out of the sky:
Come to me, come, or else I too,
Faint with the weight of love, will die.

(She comes—alas, I hoped to make
Another stanza for her sake!)

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Off-Agin-on-Agin Finnegan

By Will Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

FINNEGAN was not prepossessing, and at first the recruiting sergeant hadn't cared to take him, but he prayed so earnestly for a chance to enter the army that the august bunch of buttons had finally yielded.

"All right, I'll hitch you up if the sawbones lets you by," he conceded. "The Eighteenth Cavalry's ordered to the islands and needs everything it can get, but I warn you, you'll be sayin' your prayers backward this time next month."

Overjoyed, Finnegan had reported to the doctor to be tapped, sounded, tested, and overhauled. He had to stretch himself till his bones cracked to make the required five feet four when he was being measured; but eventually, after much red tape, he was accepted and in due time shipped with the rest of the detachment from the recruiting depot to Fort Hotchkiss to join the third squadron of the Eighteenth Cavalry under orders for a tour of duty in the islands.

"Good Lord!" said Captain Campbell as he watched the newly arrived recruits tramping up from the station. "This is the worst bunch we've had soaked to us since the Spanish War. Old Keefe must have been hard up. Where did he ever light on these sweepin's?" he inquired of Sergeant Whitney, who was with him. "They *all* look like misfortunes, but that one"—singling out Finnegan with a stubby forefinger—"looks like an accident going somewhere to happen."

IMAGINE Captain Campbell's and J Troop's disgust when this same little dreg of a Finnegan was drafted into their midst—the newest, rawest, and rookiest rookie that J ever had. Others came with him, but while they naturally "got theirs," he was singled out to be the butt of every known and unknown hazing trick ever used in the army. The "club," the "keys to the parade," the "buckets of water," the "pan of steam," the "butter checks" were all used with huge success by his tormentors, besides others a bit rougher, and Finnegan found life a hard trail for a while. But Whitney, who had been made first sergeant after Stone had won his commission, after watching Finnegan narrowly for a while, confided to Shorty that it seemed to him now that of all the new men Finnegan appeared to have the best "makin's" in him. For one thing, he never drank.

"And the Lawd knows, Captain, if any hombre ever had an excuse for strong drink, he's the one. The troop's sho'ly badgered the life out of him—particularly McClusky."

"Humph!" said Shorty, grunting reflectively. Then suddenly—"Give 'em the high sign to quit on Finnegan. If I can pull even one real soldado out of this rotten bunch, I'll feel better. Not quit short off, you know," he qualified, "or he'll be no darn good to anyone. He *could* be half killed, you know, and 'twould do him good if it was done the right way. I guess I'll take a hand in this game myself. You just tell 'em to call off their hounds. I'll do what's needed."

THE troop was beginning to suffer from incipient brain fag through thinking up stunts to do to Finnegan.

"If Shorty wants to be the doctor," said Big Bill Sullivan, voicing the sentiments of the troop, "we'll let him all right. Finnegan won't need no other medicine—if I know Shorty."

McClusky was really the only man in the troop who wasn't ready to stay his hand. Finnegan had incurred his bitter enmity for two reasons. First, he would not drink with him (Mac had tried in vain to get the recruit drunk "for a joke" and failed, to his bitter disappointment), and, second, he was a hated "Orangeman," while the McCluskys had been "wearin' of the green" since the day of St. Patrick and Fin McCoul.

However, the date for sailing was so near now that neither Mac nor Shorty had much time to waste on Finnegan. It was packing, packing, checking up, and cleaning out, hammering and sawing boards for crates all day. Every minute that could be snatched by the sentimental ones was spent at the homes of "best girls," and nearly the whole troop became sentimental under the emotion of leave-taking for a far country and blossomed with rings and scarf-pins presented by heartbroken girls-I'm-going-to-leave behind-me, almost setting Shorty Campbell crazy.



"Here goes!" Finnegan muttered, and rushed forward, using his rifle as a club

"Golly!" he exploded, "are they all loco? Thank the Lord, we're leaving day after to-morrow or I'd have a married troop on my hands. Think of that! I do believe that rook Finnegan's about the only man in the troop who isn't girl-tagged one way or another—and that's another point in his favor."

"Don't worry, Captain," said Whitney, "it's just a modern development of Sir Knight goin' out yonder to the Holy Land wearin' the guerdon of his lady love." He grinned as he spoke, but nevertheless was fain to stick hurriedly into his pocket his good right hand, the little finger of which was adorned with a small gold ring which pinched horribly and almost arrested circulation.

"Holy Land!" snorted the Captain. "You've been through the insurrection and you ought to know better! What happens to soldados in the islands is more like the unholy land! Finnegan's the only sane man in the troop—except me. Needn't think I didn't salve your pinky. I've got one consolation anyway, these good-by affairs don't last. After a month or two in the islands none of you'll be answering her letters—sometimes won't even open 'em. I've seen it happen too often—thank God!"

MANY were the fond and sad good-bys said to loved horses, for they were to be left behind for the next garrison.

Many a J Trooper's heart ached at having to leave his dear old Crummy and get a fresh mount in the islands, and even Shorty was seen to give his Mulligrubs many lingering pats the last time J Troop went to stables.

The Eighteenth made a safe and sane passage to the Philippines without particular incident to speak of. They reached their station at last—Muymaras in Leyte—and settled down as the sole garrison of the post, the rest of their squadron being scattered far and wide over the island, and Shorty became, by virtue of his captaincy, post commander, sanitary officer, grand arbiter, and high cockalorum of that portion of the island.

AS SOON as things were fairly settled and started running in their tracks Shorty turned his immediate attention to Finnegan. When Shorty took up Finnegan's education his days were full of trial and labor and his nights all too short—for he slept hard—dog-tired.

McClusky, who had all along made life a burden to him, suddenly switched now, and, pretending to be his best friend, gave him solemn warnings concerning the brutality of the Captain in "breaking rooks."

"Why," romanced McClusky once, "didn't I see him in riding hall once tie a rook to his horse's tail and drag him round the hall nine times at a gallop, all because the rook, not havin' been used to horses none, was scared to do monkey-drill work! You better watch out!" This lie and others of its ilk were faked out of whole cloth.

NOW it was worse than mean of Mac to take this stand, for, left alone, Finnegan's natural common sense would have soon brought him to a realization of the other side of his Captain and the real reason that singled him out to be put through such special heckling, for Shorty never bothered himself personally with anyone he didn't consider worth while. Mac, though, was shameless, and never happy unless up to some devilment. Yet there abode in Mac's heart a surpassing admiration and love for his tough little troop commander. Shorty had licked him with bare fists man to man, Shorty had busted him times without number, Shorty had had him in the mill many times, Shorty had had him court-martialed and soaked six-sixty, following a certain mix-up with Corporal Morgan; but Shorty, besides, had been his friend as much as it was possible to be, and let many peccadillos go unpunished that he would have come down on hammer and tongs if committed by anyone else. Shorty had saved him from a "bobtail" many times, too—and that meant much to Mac, for the army was his life as much as it was Shorty's. He had given all kinds of trouble to his Captain when stationed at the Eastern post, and Shorty, for the sake of old days when they had been noncoms together in the "old regiment," had borne it all and kept him in the service, hoping for a chance of activity in the Philippines when Mac could again show what he was worth and justify all the allowances made for his barrack life.

ONE afternoon, some four months after the arrival of J Troop in Muymaras, Finnegan secured a pass and went to town—or what passed for "town"—a tiny native barrio with a vino shack or two. Trust vino shacks to get within hailing distance of the United States army. Finnegan seldom went to town, not caring for its squalid delights, but to-day there was that within him that compelled him to go and to take his first drink of vino. In the mail that the puffing little steamer had brought that morning was a letter for Finnegan that had made his heart beat high with hope, fear, and excitement that demanded some sort of an outlet, and the mysterious vino drink, hitherto unknown to him, was the only one obtainable. Had Shorty been at the post he would not have got the pass, for Shorty was refusing passes to everyone just then. There had been rumors of trouble, and Shorty considered that at present it was better not to

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let his men go mixing up with vino and the Gu-gus. Shorty, however, was off, it was officially announced, on a visit to headquarters. In reality Shorty's striker had delivered to Lieutenant Burns a black-scrawled note at reveille one morning which read:

DEAR BURNS—*Think the Gu-gu row may be heading this way, so am off to have a lookee see. Don't expect me back till you see me.*

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

So Finnegan, having a good reputation as a man who didn't drink nor make trouble easily, got his pass.

Now it is a known fact that two real good out-and-out vino jags will send a man loco and ready to be shipped to Saint Lizzy's. Finnegan, though, not being a drinking man, never had the smallest chance to get even the smallest sort of a jag, for just one glassful finished him and he became deathly sick.

He woke on a grass mat in a native shack and looked out into the blinding sunlight through the open doorway. His dollar watch said three o'clock. It had been five or thereabout when he had taken his drink and the sun had scarcely begun to sink. "Why, this must be the afternoon of the next day. I sure have slept some," he muttered. He was desperately ashamed of himself and wanted to get back to barracks as soon as possible. Besides, he was much worried at having overstayed the time of his pass; here he was already about nine hours late. He groped about in the half light for his hat, found it, and shamelessly sneaked out and away without troubling to find out who his good Samaritan had been. His mind was now entirely bent on getting back to the post, and he kept thinking continually, with numberless variations, on the theme: "Gee! S'pose Shorty's got back! I see where I dismount to fight on foot. What he don't do for overstayin' passes ain't a thing! It's a month and a bust for me sure! And I need every *cent* of my money!"

BY BAD luck he found McClusky on the barrack porch.

"Hey!" said McClusky, scenting a chance for what he termed "fun," "so ye've decided to come back!"

"I was sick," faltered Finnegan, gripping the rail tightly, for he was still dizzy.

"Sick!" echoed McClusky wickedly. "Ah, tell that to the marines! You'll have to git some better excuse than that. Ye've been marked down 'Deserted.'"

"What!" gasped Finnegan.

"Sure," said Mac, enjoying himself exceedingly. "When a lad's been gone three days without leave, like you've been, he gits marked 'Deserted' and court-martialed if they ketch him. The Captain sure does hate deserters. He won't do a thing to you! And he's back now." Here were three lies. Finnegan had not overstayed his time three days, but only a few hours—Mac took a chance that he was hazy as to time, being learned in "morning-after" appearances; next, they do not immediately mark a man "deserted" for three days' absence without leave from the United States army; and, third, Shorty had not returned. Poor Finnegan, though, took all these positive statements for facts; fear and utter despair gripped him. "What'll I do?"

"Pack your trunk and go," advised Mac. "Git together some of your equipment, steal some chow, and hike it for the jungle."

"But—" began Finnegan.

"But nothin'. Beat it—and quick, too, before the Old Man sees you or it's six-sixty for yours."

THOROUGHLY frightened, Finnegan hiked without stopping for same thought and hastily did as he was bid, not forgetting to put a letter and a certain picture into his pocket. His saddlebags he stuffed full, intending to carry them: rifle and pistol were locked in the racks, and so there was no weapon left him but his saber, which he took from the head of his bunk. Then he sneaked out the back way, not caring to see Mac again. He was a queer little figure slinking into the jungle, a blanket roll slung across him, from which dangled his canteen and cup, and with his saddlebags over the free shoulder, steadied by one hand—the other gripping the heavy saber. As near as he could determine he steered northeast, for he had heard that there was quite a large village—almost a town—about twenty miles northeast of Muymaras and that sometimes a steamer touched there. He had no definite plan. At present his whole purpose was to get away from the wrath of Captain Campbell and the six-sixty—which, be it translated, means six months' imprisonment and sixty dollars fine.

WITH the tropical night it was suddenly very dark in the jungle. It was hard to see the stars to steer by for the interlacing coco palms, and Finnegan decided to quit and camp for the night. "If I can't see to git on, neither can no one see to look for me." So he camped in a small clearing and supped on hard-tack, water, and a small hunk of bacon. The supper revived his body but failed to refresh his spirits. He was deeply melancholy.

"Now I've done it! I'm in a nice mess. Even if I ketch the steamer and git away, what chance of a job has a deserter in these islands? And I got to git a job; I *got* to! Maybe I kin git across to Borneo or down to Karkaralong, or maybe git to Manila and work my passage to Hongkong. O Gawd, what a fool I am! What a sickly, no-'count fool, to have got myself into a mess like this just when I oughter been straightest!" He fell to brooding, every now and then slapping his knee and cursing himself or else clenching his hands in agony of spirit and crying: "O Lord, what'll I do?"



The saber slipped from his grasp. . . . "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" begged Finnegan, sliding down

AFAR off came a faint crackling and crashing of twigs. Finnegan pricked up his ears; he was far off any trail, and at first he thought it must be some animal, but when the sound of a sneeze from the approaching creature reached his ears he started up in wild affright, for it was distinctly a human sneeze. Visions of Igorrote head-hunters, Pulijanes with kris and bolo, dashed through his mind, for the noise was not coming from the direction of the fort and so he didn't think it was anyone following him. He had heard of cases where the savages took men's brains out, stuffed the skull with grass, and buried them up to the neck, making a game of whacking at their heads with bolos. Stories of torture ran through his mind—all bloodcurdling deeds. Like Corporal Jacot Debett in the Bab Ballads, he wanted to die with "his brains reposing in peace in his skull," so the protective instinct sent him on the jump for the nearest tree. He yanked his saber from the scabbard, and, with it dangling from his wrist by the saber guard, started up the tree like a trained gymnast. It is wonderful what supple joints and strong muscles acute fear occasions. Arrived on a large limb with protecting leaves all about him, he lay and drew breath (it sounded to him like the panting of an enormous locomotive), waiting to see what it was that he had run from. The crashing stopped at the entrance to the clearing and the what-is-it came scuttling across, until right under Finnegan's tree it tripped over some of the stuff he had left on the ground—blanket roll or saddlebags probably—and came down with a clattery bang. Instantly rose up a cloud of good old United States cusswords, and the prostrate man fumbled about, lit a match, and disclosed to the astonished gaze of Finnegan the high cheek bones, squinty eyes, and stringy, droopy mustache of none other than Shorty. There was a rough, stubbly growth all over his little countenance—for Shorty hadn't shaved for days—and his face looked like the barrel of a music box. He rose up and promptly lit a small camp fire, by whose light he proceeded to explore. The first thing upon which his eyes lit was the scabbard. "Hell!" he ejaculated thoughtfully, popping out his eyes as was his custom when thinking. Next the saddlebags and blanket roll came in for his attention—he exploring their depths as earnestly and curiously as a fox terrier, grunting all the while. Last, the cup and canteen caught his eye—also the plainly stenciled legend on the canteen side—"J 18" on either side of crossed sabers and below the troop number of the owner—"81."

"Eighty-one!" said Shorty. "Why, that's Finnegan! What's he doin' around here scatterin' equipment?" for he knew each J Trooper's number as well as his name—nobody could fool Shorty on anything connected with his troop.

"Finnegan!" he shouted. "Hi, Finnegan, where are you?"

NO ANSWER—not even the shaking of the leaves overhead. Finnegan up there was very much afraid. There had been relief, of course, when Shorty flashed up instead of an Igorrote, but now the old fear of his Captain came back and he crouched close to the branch and held his breath. What did the T. C. do to deserters? McClusky had intimated fearful possibilities.

Shorty meanwhile was thinking hard. He reasoned that if Finnegan was within hailing distance he would answer or come if possible—therefore something must have happened to him, and it was his bounden duty as Finnegan's Captain and protector to go and find out. It never entered his head that Finnegan was deserting.

"He's got his saber anyhow," he thought, "though he can't hardly do more than Butt's Manual with it—still if any bunch of Gu-gus has got hold of him—good-by Finnegan—and it's up to me to find out."

He took his big six-shooter out, saw that the chambers were filled, and squinted along the barrel. In his chunky little fist the big Colt .45 seemed absurdly large. It just happened that the sight he took pointed directly at Finnegan in the tree. Not knowing what was in Shorty's mind and thinking he was discovered and going to be shot at, Finnegan gave an involuntary start, the saber, whose hilt he was gripping, slipped from his grasp and hung dangling from his wrist, flashing in the firelight. No one could have been more astonished than Shorty at this development, but he always had himself in hand.

"COME down or I shoot," he ordered instantly.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" begged Finnegan, sliding abjectly down.

"Well!" exploded Shorty. "By golly! It's Finnegan himself! What the—"

"You can put up your gun, Captain. I'll go with you all right. I don't want to add nothin' more to a deserter's sentence."

"Deserter! What! Why, you D. F., where were you desertin' to?" Shorty gave a delighted chuckle. This was rich. He knew there was no place to desert to.

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Bealby

Flight — Chapter VI

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS struggled with the difficulties of his cousin's handwriting. Everybody drew together over the fragments of the dessert with an eager curiosity, and helped to weigh Lady Laxton's rather dishevelled phrases. . . .

"WE'LL call the principal witness," said Mrs. Bowles at last, warming to the business. "Dick!"

"Di—ick!"

"*Dick!*"

The Professor got up and strolled round behind the caravan. Then he returned. "No boy there."

"He *heard!*" said Mrs. Bowles in a large whisper and making round wonder eyes.

"She *says*," said Douglas, "that the chances are he's got into the secret passages. . . ."

The Professor strolled out to the road and looked up it and then down upon the roofs of Winthorpe-Sutbury. "No," he said. "He's mizzled."

"He's only gone away for a bit," said Mrs. Geedge. "He does sometimes after lunch. He'll come back to wash up."

"He's probably taking a snooze among the yew bushes before facing the labors of washing up," said Mrs. Bowles. "He can't have mizzled. You see—in there— He can't by any chance have taken his luggage!" She got up and clambered—with a little difficulty because of its piled-up position—into the caravan. "It's all right," she called out of the door. "His little parsivel is still here." Her head disappeared again.

"I don't think he'd go away like this," said Madeleine. "After all, what is there for him to go to—even if he is Lady Laxton's missing boy. . . ."

"I don't believe he heard a word of it," said Mrs. Geedge. . . .

MRS. BOWLES reappeared, with a curious-looking brown-paper parcel in her hand. She descended carefully. She sat down by the fire and held the parcel on her knees. She regarded it and her companions waggishly and lit a fresh cigarette. "Our link with Dick," she said, with the cigarette in her mouth.

She felt the parcel, she poised the parcel, she looked at it more and more waggishly. "I *wonder*," she said.

Her expression became so waggish that her husband knew she was committed to behavior of the utmost ungentlemanliness. He had long ceased to attempt restraint in these moods. She put her head on one side and tore open the corner of the parcel just a little way. "A tin can," she said in a stage whisper. She enlarged the opening. "Blades of grass," she said.

The Professor tried to regard it humorously. "Even if you have ceased to be decent you can still be frank. . . . "I think, now, my dear, you might just straightforwardly undo the parcel."

She did. Twelve unsympathetic eyes surveyed the evidences of Bealby's utter poverty.

"He's coming," cried Madeleine suddenly.

Judy repacked hastily, but it was a false alarm.

"I said he'd mizzled," said the Professor.

"And without washing up!" wailed Madeleine. "I couldn't have thought it of him. . . ."

BUT Bealby had not "mizzled," although he was conspicuously not in evidence about the camp. There was neither sight nor sound of him for all the time they sat about the vestiges of their meal. They talked of him and of topics arising out of him, and whether the Captain should telegraph to Lady Laxton, "Boy practically found."

"I'd rather just find him," said the Captain, "and anyhow until we get hold of him we don't know it's her particular boy."

Then they talked of washing up and how detestable it was. And suddenly the two husbands, seeing their advantage, renewed their proposals that the caravanners should put up at the golf-links hotel, and have baths and the comforts of civilization for a night or so—and anyhow walk thither for tea. And as William had now returned—he was sitting on the turf afar off smoking a nasty looking short clay pipe—they rose up and departed. But Captain Douglas and Miss Phillips for some reason did not go off exactly with the others but strayed apart, straying away more and more into a kind of solitude. . . .

First the four married people and then the two lovers disappeared over the crest of the downs. . . .



The caravan was going down hill. . . . "Ca-arnt be that drink!" said William, aspread and aghast

FOR a time except for its distant sentinel the caravan seemed absolutely deserted, and then a clump of bramble against the wall of the old chalk pit became agitated and a small rueful disillusioned white-smeared little Bealby crept back into the visible universe again. His heart was very heavy.

The time had come to go.

And he did not want to go. He had loved the caravan. He had adored Madeleine.

He would go, but he would go beautifully—touchingly. He would wash up before he went, he would make everything tidy, he would leave behind him a sense of irreparable loss. . . .

With a mournful precision he set about this undertaking. If Mergleson could have seen, Mergleson would have been amazed. . . .

He made everything look wonderfully tidy.

Then in the place where she had sat, lying on her rug he found her favorite book, a small volume of Swinburne's poems very beautifully bound. Captain Douglas had given it to her.

Bealby handled it with a kind of reverence. So luxurious it was, so unlike the books in Bealby's world, so altogether of her quality. . . .

Strange forces prompted him. For a time he hesitated. Then decision came with a rush. He selected a page, drew the stump of a pencil from his pocket, wetted it very wet and, breathing hard, began to write that traditional message, "Farewell. Remember Art Bealby." To this he made an original addition: "I *wunsht* up before I went."

THEN he remembered that so far as this caravan went he was not Art Bealby at all. He renewed the wetness of his pencil and drew black lines athwart the name of "Art Bealby" until it was quite unreadable; then across this again and pressing still deeper so that the subsequent pages reechoed it he wrote these singular words: "Ed rightful Earl Shonts." Then he was ashamed, and largely obliterated this by still more forcible strokes. Finally above it all plainly and nakedly he wrote "Dick Maltravers. . . ."

He put down the book with a sigh and stood up.

Everything was beautifully in order. But could he not do something yet? There came to him the idea of wreathing the entire camping place with boughs of yew. It would look lovely—and significant. He set to work.

At first he toiled zealously, but yew is tough to get and soon his hands were painful. He cast about for some easier way, and saw beneath the hind wheels of the caravan great green boughs—one particularly a splendid long branch. . . . It seemed to him that it would be possible to withdraw this branch from the great heap of sticks and stones that stayed up the hind wheels of the caravan. It seemed to him that that was so. He was mistaken, but that was his idea.

HE SET to work to do it. It was rather more difficult to manage than he had supposed; there were unexpected ramifications, wider resistances. Indeed the thing seemed rooted.

Bealby was a resolute youngster at bottom.

He warmed to his task. . . . He tugged harder and harder. . . .

HOW various is the quality of humanity!

About Bealby there was ever an imaginative touch; he was capable of romance, of gallantries, of devotion.

William was of a grosser clay, slave of his appetites, a materialist. Such men as William drive one to believe in born inferiors, in the existence of a lower sort, in the natural inequality of men.

While Bealby was busy at his little gentle task of reparation—a task foolish perhaps and not too ably conceived, but at any rate morally gracious—William had no thought in the world but the satisfaction of those appetites that the consensus of all mankind has definitely relegated to the lower category, and which Heaven has relegated to the lower regions of our frame. He came now slinking toward the vestiges of the caravanners' picnic, and no one skilled in the interpretation of the human physiognomy could have failed to read the significance of the tongue tip that drifted over his thin oblique lips. He came so softly toward the encampment that Bealby did not note him. Partly William thought of remnants of food, but chiefly he was intent to drain the bottles. Bealby had stuck them all neatly in a row a little way up the hill. There was a cider bottle with some heel taps of cider, William drank that; then there was nearly half a bottle of hock, and William drank that; then there were the drainings of the Burgundy and Apollinaris. It was all drink to William.

And after he had drained each bottle William winked at the watching angels and licked his lips, and patted the lower centers of his being with a shameless base approval. Then fired by alcohol, robbed of his last vestiges of self-control, his thoughts turned to the delicious chocolates that were stored in a daintily beribboned box in the little drawers beneath the sleeping bunk of Miss Phillips. There was a new brightness in his eye, a spot of pink in either cheek. With an expression of the lowest cunning he reconnoitered Bealby.

BEALBY was busy about something at the back end of the caravan, tugging at something. With swift, stealthy movements of an entirely graceless sort William got up into the front of the caravan.

Just for a moment he hesitated before going in. He craned his neck to look round the side at the unconscious Bealby, wrinkled the vast nose into an unpleasant grimace and then—a crouching figure of appetite—he crept inside.

Here they were! He laid his hand in the drawer, halted listening. . . .

What was that? . . .

Suddenly the caravan swayed. He stumbled, and fear crept into his craven soul. The caravan lurched. It was moving. . . . Its hind wheels came to the ground with a crash. . . .

He took a step doorward and was pitched sideways and thrown upon his knees. . . . Then he was hurled against the dresser and hit by a falling plate. A cup fell and smashed, and the caravan seemed to leap and bound. . . .

Through the little window he had a glimpse of yew bushes hurrying upward. The caravan was going down hill. . . .

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"Lummy!" said William, clutching at the bunks to hold himself upright. . . .

"Ca-arnt be that drink!" said William, aspread and aghast. He attempted the door.

"Crikey! Here! Hold in! My shin!" . . . "'Tis that Brasted Vool of a Boy!"

"...." said William. "... ——— .... ▬ ▬ ▬"

"▬"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

THE caravan party soon came to its decision. They would stay the night in the hotel. And so as soon as they had had some tea they decided to go back and make William bring the caravan and all the ladies' things round to the hotel. With characteristic eagerness, Professor Bowles led the way.

And so it was Professor Bowles who first saw the release of the caravan. He barked. One short, sharp bark. "Whup!" he cried, and very quickly, "Whatstheboydoing?"

Then quite a different style of noise, with the mouth open, "Wha—hoop!"

Then he set off running very fast down toward the caravan, waving his arms and shouting as he ran: "Yaaps! You *Idiot*—Yaaps!"

The others were less promptly active.

Down the slope they saw Bealby, a little struggling, active Bealby, tugging away at a yew branch until the caravan swayed with his efforts, and then—then there was a movement as though the thing tossed its head and reared, and a smash as the heap of stuff that stayed up its hind wheels collapsed. . . .

It plunged like a horse with a dog at its heels, it lurched sideways, and then with an air of quiet deliberation started down the grass slope to the road and Winthorpe Sutbury. . . .

PROFESSOR BOWLES sped in pursuit like the wind, and Mrs. Bowles after a gasping moment set off after her lord, her face round and resolute. Mr. Geedge followed at a more dignified pace, making the only really sound suggestion that was offered on the occasion. "Hue! Stop it!" cried Mr Geedge, for all the world like his great prototype at the Balkan Conference. And then like a large languid pair of scissors he began to run. Mrs. Geedge after some indefinite moments decided to see the humor of it all, and followed after her lord, in a fluttering rush, emitting careful little musical giggles as she ran, giggles that she had learnt long ago from a beloved schoolfellow. Captain Douglas and Miss Philips were some way behind the others, and the situation had already developed considerably before they grasped what was happening. Then obeying the instincts of a soldier the Captain came charging to support the others, and Miss Madeleine Philips, after some wasted gestures, realized that nobody was looking at her, and sat down quietly on the turf until this paralyzing state of affairs should cease.

THE caravan remained the center of interest. Without either indecent haste or any complete pause it pursued its way down the road toward the tranquil village below. Except for the rumbling of its wheels and an occasional concussion it made very little sound; once or twice there was a faint sound of breaking crockery from its interior, and once the phantom of an angry yell, but that was all.

There was an effect of discovered personality about the thing. This vehicle, which had hitherto been content to play a background part, a yellow patch amid the scenery, was now revealing an individuality. It was purposeful and touched with a suggestion of playfulness at once kindly and human: it had its thoughtful instants, its phases of quick decision, yet never once did it altogether lose a certain mellow dignity. There was nothing servile about it: never for a moment for example did it betray its blind obedience to gravitation. It was rather as if it and gravitation were going hand in hand. It came out into the road, butted into the bank, swept round, meditated for a full second, and then shafts foremost headed downhill, going quietly faster and faster and swaying from bank to bank. The shafts went before like arms held out. . . .

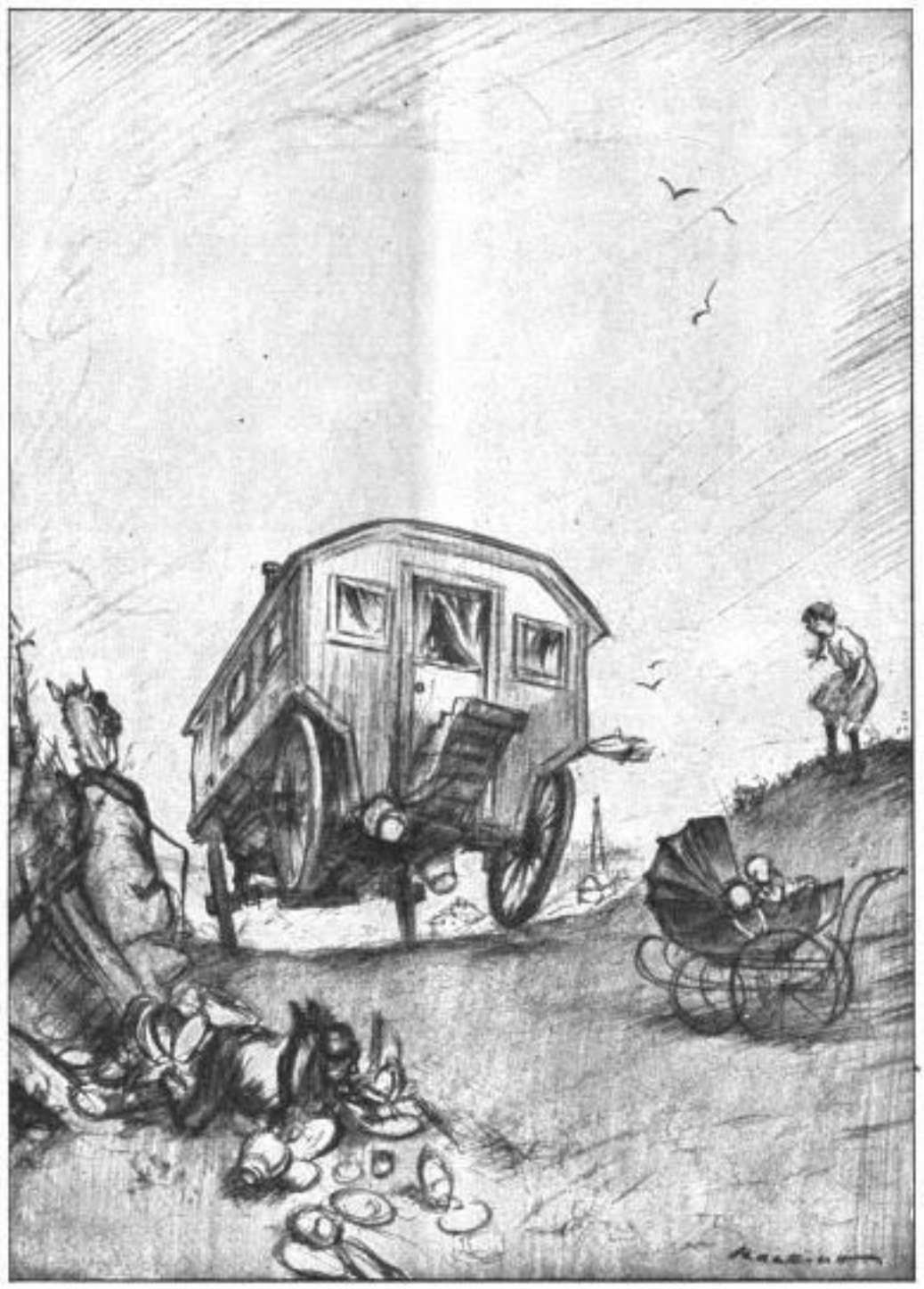
. . .

It had a quality—as if it were a favorite elephant running to a beloved master from whom it had been overlong separated. Or a slightly intoxicated and altogether happy yellow guinea pig making for some coveted food. . . .

At a considerable distance followed Professor Bowles, a miracle of compact energy, running so fast that he seemed only to touch the ground at very rare intervals. . . . And then, dispersedly, in their order and according to their natures the others. . . .

There was fortunately very little on the road.

There was a perambulator containing twins, whose little girl guardian was so fortunate as to be high up the bank gathering blackberries. A ditcher ditching. A hawker lost in thought. His cart, drawn by a poor



This vehicle, which had hitherto been content to play a background part, a yellow patch amid the scenery, was now revealing an individuality

little black screw of a pony, and loaded with the cheap flawed crockery that is so popular among the poor.

A dog asleep in the middle of the village street. . . .

Amid this choice of objects the caravan displayed a whimsical humanity. It reduced the children in the perambulator to tears, but passed. It might have reduced them to a sort of red-currant jelly. It lurched heavily toward the ditcher and spared him, it chased the hawker up the bank, it whipped off a wheel from the cart of crockery (which after an interval of astonishment fell like a vast objurgation), and then it directed its course with a grim intentness toward the dog.

It just missed the dog.

He woke up not a moment too soon. He fled with a yelp of dismay. And then the caravan careered on a dozen yards further, lost energy and—the only really undignified thing in its whole career—stood on its head in a wide, wet ditch. It did this with just the slightest lapse into emphasis. *There!* It was as if it gave a grunt—and perhaps there was the faintest suggestion of William in that grunt—and then it became quite still. . . .

FOR a time the caravan seemed finished and done. Its steps hung from its upper end like the tongue of a tired dog. Except for a few minute noises as though it was scratching itself inside, it was as inanimate as death itself.

But up the hill road the twins were weeping, the hawker and the ditcher were saying raucous things, the hawker's pony had backed into the ditch and was taking ill-advised steps, for which it was afterward to be sorry, amidst its stock-in-trade, and Professor Bowles, Mrs. Bowles, Mr. Geedge, Captain Douglas, and Mrs. Geedge were running—running—one heard the various patter of their feet.

And then came signs of life at the upward door of the caravan, a hand, an arm, an active investigating leg seeking a hold, a large nose, a small intent vicious eye; in fact—William. William maddened.

Professor Bowles had reached the caravan. With a startling agility he clambered up by the wheels and step and confronted the unfortunate driver. It was an occasion for mutual sympathy rather than anger, but the Professor was hasty, efficient and unsympathetic with the lower classes, and William's was an ill-regulated temperament.

"You consummate *ass!*" began Professor Bowles. . . .

WHEN William heard Professor Bowles say this, incontinently he smote him in the face, and when Professor Bowles was smitten in the face he grappled instantly and very bravely and resolutely with William.

For a moment they struggled fearfully, they seemed to be endowed instantaneously with innumerable legs, and then suddenly they fell through the door of the caravan into the interior, their limbs seemed to whirl for a wonderful instant and then they were swallowed up. . . .

The smash was tremendous. You would not have thought there was nearly so much in the caravan still left to get broken. . . .

A healing silence. . . .

At length smothered noises of still inadequate adjustment within. . . .

The village population in a state of scared delight appeared at a score of points and converged upon the catastrophe. Sounds of renewed dissension between William and the Professor inside that rearing yellow hulk promised further interest, and added an element of mystery to the manifest disaster.

AS BEALBY, still grasping his great branch of yew, watched these events, a sense of human futility invaded his youthful mind. For the first time he realized the gulf between intention and result. He had meant so well. . . .

He perceived it would be impossible to explain. . . .

The thought of even attempting to explain things to Professor Bowles was repellent to him. . . .

He looked about him with round, despairful eyes. He selected a direction which seemed to promise the maximum of concealment with the minimum of conversational possibility, and in that direction and without needless delay he set off, eager to turn over an entirely fresh page in his destiny as soon as possible. . . .

To get away—the idea possessed all his being.

From the crest of the downs a sweet voice floated after his retreating form and never overtook him.

"Di—ick!"

Then presently Miss Philips arose to her feet, gathered her skirts in her hand, and with her delicious chin raised and an expression of countenance that was almost businesslike descended toward the gathering audience below. She wore wide-flowing skirts and came down the hill in Artemisian strides.

It was high time that somebody looked at her.

ON THE same Monday evening that witnessed Bealby's first experience of the theatre, Mr. Mergleson, the house steward of Shouts, walked slowly and thoughtfully across the corner of the park between the laundry and the gardens. His face was much recovered from the accidents of his collision with the Lord Chancellor, resort to raw meat in the kitchen had checked the development of his injuries and only a few contusions in the side of his face were more than faintly traceable. And suffering had on the whole rather ennobled than depressed his bearing. He had a black eye, but it was not, he felt, a common black eye. It came from high quarters and through no fault of Mr. Mergleson's own. He carried it well. It was a fruit of duty rather than the outcome of wanton pleasure seeking or misdirected passion.

(*Concluded on page 29*)

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Talking Over To-Day

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

Another Superlative

WE HAVE expressed in these pages the firm opinion that every American village, town, or city has something within its limits which is the greatest thing in the world of its kind. More evidence in proof of this comes from a disgusted Vermont citizen, who writes: "In the list of superlatives will you please make mention of Newport, Vt., which has the greatest percentage of office seekers in the world, being 99 per cent of the total population."

Seasonable Sonnets

THE YOUNG MAN ON THE AVENUE

Slender and sleek, he strolls adown the street
On lissom legs whose covers are as tight
As that which hugs the baseball in its flight—
Mere stems from which depend his generous feet.
His coat caresses shoulders slant and sweet,
Then slinks away to perish in a tail.
His scarf, imported, is a cubist treat;
His cane, like him, immaculate and frail;
And on his head, huge as a milking pail
A straw hat sits, supported by his ears,
But all these wonders to impress us fail
When we survey the challenge of his years—
Nine lovely hairs which dare, with valor rash,
The razor's ruthless sweep—his first mustache.

Giving the Farmer a College Education

A FEATURE of the college commencements of this year is the vast number of college farmers that are being graduated.

A college farmer is a man who plows by means of trigonometry, plants his corn with a multiplication table, and raises cattle with a stethoscope and a book on heredity.

People used to laugh at college farmers, but they had a right to at one time. Years ago college men often bought farms and tried to raise crops by planting Greek and Latin roots. But the present brand of rah-rah agriculturalist is a different sort of chap. He may wear impertinent clothes and a flappy hat with the brim turned down; and he may have three frat pins on his vest and hair which stands up like the nap on a "welcome" mat. But those who desire to laugh at him are advised to do so before the crops are gathered. Afterward the college farmer usually does the laughing himself.

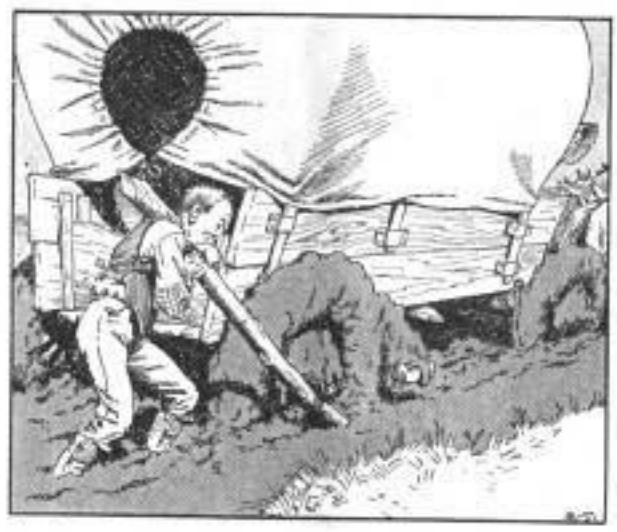
When the farmer boy goes to college now he does not spend much time exhuming dead languages. He may ramble a little way back into history in a casual manner and learn to talk the American brand of armless French. But he spends most of his time in other studies. He learns to detect race suicide in seed corn and to guess how many bushels of oats a field will go to the acre by tasting a sample—not of the oats but of the acre. He may have lost track of his own ancestors, but he learns to trace the parentage of the meek-eyed Jersey cow back into the dark ages and to tell by looking at a pig's tongue when to put him to bed and telegraph for the State Health Department. After he has put in four years at this sort of thing he goes home, rebuilds the old farm, puts the bottom layer of earth on top, runs the creeks the other way, junks the venerable crumple-horned cow and the spavined horse and begins business owing more money than an automobile factory. A few years later he retires from work and goes to Europe, while his neighbor, who laughed at him for a blamed college dude, still plods along planting corn on a field that sighs for clover and maintaining an old ladies' home for eggless and gutta-percha hens.

The college farmer runs his own college at home and educates his land in it. After a farmer has given his land a college education it will raise anything from alfalfa to mortgages with the aid of a few kind words and a carload of phosphate now and then.

The Battle of To-Morrow

IN THE g. o. ds. an invading army was preceded by scouts, skirmishers, and sometimes sappers and miners. Doubtless this is true to-day, but these no longer form the outposts of war. When the American army of invasion landed at Vera Cruz it was met by photographers, war correspondents, moving-picture men, and conductors of tourist parties and traveling salesmen who were looking over the territory which was pretty sure to want American goods before very long.

The revolution in Mexico has been sadly hampered right along by sight-seers and various forms of modern enterprise. It has been hard to get up a fight anywhere near the American border with any degree of success because of the clouds of spectators who have insisted, with a rare lack of consideration, in getting squarely between the opposing forces in order to secure a good view. While the American army has been entrenching Vera Cruz, American war correspondents have been getting themselves arrested in the City of Mexico and photographers have been securing



advance pictures of battle fields and snapshots of the Mexican army as it appears before taking a few doses of American lead. We can fancy the scene in the headquarters of the commanding general when the first big battle is pulled off—if this country should be compelled to indulge in that sort of mediation.

We have all seen these headquarters in paintings—the calm and magnificent general on horseback, with breathless couriers, messengers, and aids staggering up to him from the bloody front in various conditions of demolition. But next week or next month things are going to be somewhat different.

The general, seated in his automobile, will be receiving messages from the wireless operator:

"Second Brigade, Jones commanding: 'Am endeavoring to get around left flank.'"

"Polypicture Company, Smith commanding: 'For Heaven's sake, cut this scrap until afternoon. The light is horrible.'"

"First Brigade, Brown commanding: 'Enemy's fire is very heavy. Need battery to dislodge them.'"

Messenger from Jimmy Hare in rear of enemy: "Depress your battery fire a little. You've winged three of my assistants."

Wireless from Second Brigade: "Advance blocked. Sight-seeing auto stalled in road."

Wireless from Center: "Have ordered charge. 'Tribune' men were over ground this morning and report it free from obstructions."

Message from Pelig Picture Company: "Can't you move battery out of the woods? We aren't getting a thing out of this. Have gunners register ferocity."

Wireless from First Brigade: "Have had to stop firing. John McCutcheon is sketching Mexican battle front from center of field."

Message from Medill McCormick: "If you are going to take this town this afternoon, let me know. Have chance to engage good room in only hotel."

Wireless from Center: "Enemy has given way in confusion. 'Globe' photographers trying to rally them for picture of general staff."

Message from Kinometographiscope Company: "For Pete's sake stop chasing these fellows so hard. We can't catch up with them."

Message from "Post-Dispatch" correspondent: "Am trying to keep tourist automobiles back. They are running over the rearguard of the retreat."

Message from Pelig Picture Company: "Bully boy! Complete victory and splendid pictures. Will show for cut-outs at 6 p. m."





Signs of Hard Times

A CHICAGO country club has had to borrow half a million dollars in order to enlarge its quarters.

Scarcely any gold leaf will be used in the state-rooms of the new ocean liners this year.

Thousands of automobilists are buying self-starters because they are too poor to hire chauffeurs.

A number of New York brokers are compelling their Long Island farms to support themselves this year.

The marble slabs used in United States Government buildings will hereafter be polished only on the outside surface.

The Illinois Debt to Good Old Mud

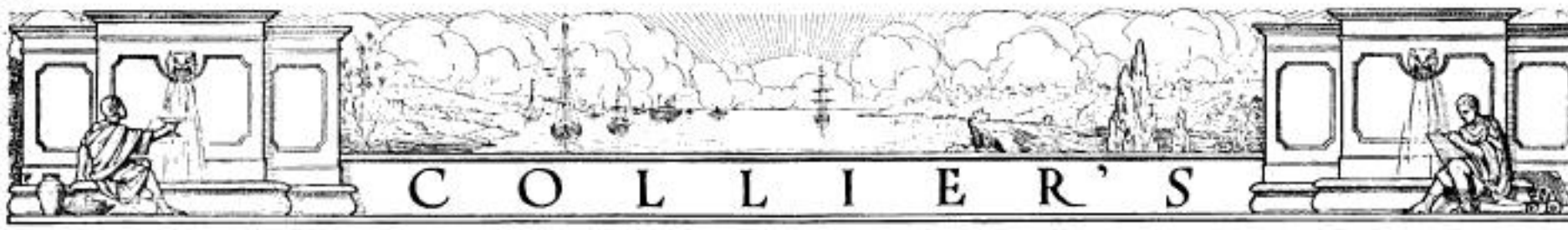
ILLINOIS is making violent effort to improve its roads. After trying every other known method it now proposes to roof them over with concrete, thus allowing traffic to ride over them instead of through them.

This is a peculiarly ungrateful proceeding on the part of Illinois because she owes her early greatness to her famous mucilaginous mud highways. A century ago the tide of emigration set westward from Ohio and points East. It got as far as Illinois and then stopped—because it couldn't get any farther. Thousands of hardy pioneers tugged, dragged, pried, and otherwise coerced their moving wagons into the bosom of Illinois—the soft, yielding, gluey, gurgly bosom—then they gave up in despair and raised a crop. That settled it. When they found how useful the Illinois mud was except for road-making purposes they stayed on and became rich and prosperous.

Lincoln's folks struggled knee-deep through Illinois as far as Decatur and then settled down to wait for good roads. While they were waiting Lincoln grew up and became President. If Illinois roads had been navigable in the twenties of the last century, Lincoln might have been given to the nation by Iowa or Missouri—but the soil held on to him with such desperate energy that he never got west of Springfield.

However, not even history and early service can save the rare old three-dimension Illinois gumbo road. The State desires thoroughfares which will not climb affectionately into the foundered automobile and creep into the watch pocket of the traveler. More Americans are traveling by automobile now than ever journeyed by stagecoach in the brave old days, when a city on a good postroad became a metropolis because of the traffic which passed through it, and the State which meets these travelers at its borders with a chuck hole and a team of horses is not wise.

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The Greatest Court on Earth

ATTENTION HAS BEEN CALLED from time to time this year to the vast importance and far-reaching constructive effect of several decisions rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States. Since last fall this court has given judgment in nearly six hundred cases and has now adjourned for the summer with less than 3 per cent of the argued cases undecided. Using, under the able and inspiring leadership of Chief Justice WHITE, the recently revised methods of procedure, this court has set a notable example of the administration of justice without fear or favor or fanaticism. Such action vindicates the majesty of the law and the worth of our institutions, and should be a cause of patriotic pride to every American citizen.

The Vote-Hunting Business

HARDLY ANYTHING that we have said about the shams and fakes of the Senate is as severe a reflection on that body as the treatment accorded Mr. WARBURG and Mr. JONES. These are men of ability, character, and standing. What they are is absolutely known and could be ascertained by any intelligent reporter in half an hour. Their fitness for the positions on the Federal Reserve Board at the head of the new banking system is altogether unquestionable, and their presence there is altogether desirable. But our politicians are essentially vote-getting animals, as some writer has put it, so these men must go down to Washington and be pawed over by a village-minded Senate committee which proceeded as if inquiring into a country church choir scandal. Mr. JONES endured it, but Mr. WARBURG refused, and the country risks losing his invaluable services so that a few Senators can go on the stump this fall and brag how they showed up that foreign plutocrat. Swinish methods in handling appropriations and asinine methods in handling appointments are two reasons why our country's business is so expensive and so badly done.

Two Leaders

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, the famous English statesman, was a most electric personality, but his national policies were lost causes even before his death. In urging protection and empire, and in refusing home rule to Ireland, he was advocating policies of power rather than of justice. He who had made his fame as Mayor of Birmingham by abolishing slums, by building baths and schools and other public works, came under the spell of the ancient aristocratic doctrine. The fundamental soundness of English politics is proved when we note that LLOYD-GEORGE succeeds where this more brilliant man failed. Our modern world is turning toward power based on the health and happiness of the many, and away from the old dream of dominion founded in force and maintained by diplomatic scheming. This is the progress for which LLOYD-GEORGE stands, and that is why he belongs to the future while CHAMBERLAIN is of the past.

Gompers and Personal Rights

MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS does not like one of our editorials, and he writes to tell us so. This editorial, he declares, finds us lined up with all the forces and organizations for greed and labor exploitation which are resorting to every means to defeat legislation which American workers have declared necessary for the success of their organizations. More specifically, what Mr. GOMPERS does not like is what we had to say on the Bacon-Bartlett Anti-Injunction Bill. This bill seems to be dead, so that as a subject for an editorial it is no longer important. We are sorry, however, to differ with Mr. GOMPERS. We do not propose to line up with anybody in particular in labor-law matters. We are in sympathy with the aims and purposes of labor unions and entertain no prejudice against them. It is quite true, as Mr. GOMPERS intimates, that the manufacturers' organizations are highly organized in their publicity work. They are not only highly organized, but as associations they are not always broad-minded and assume far too complacently that the whole future of American industry depends upon the substantial demolition of labor unions—a proposition to which we most heartily dissent. We try not to belong either to the Montagues of capital or the Capulets of labor. It is impossible to please them both at the same time, and this seems to be one of the occasions when we do not please the Capulet party. Where COLLIER'S and Mr. GOMPERS seem to differ on this Anti-Injunction Bill is mainly in this particular: Mr. GOMPERS considers that the right of the employee to work or not to work is a *personal* right, and the right of an employer to conduct a business is also a *personal* right. From this premise his logic then bounds—and ours does not—to the conclusion that a court of equity should be made powerless to prevent any act, not unlawful in itself, if done by one individual alone, from being done by a combination of workers, by which the right of the employer to do business is crippled, his property rendered idle, and his business destroyed. In other words, Mr. GOMPERS believes that the law should permit the boycott, the secondary boycott, and, incidentally, the lockout. We do not. Mr. GOMPERS differs from us upon the important question of what sort of weapons should be permissible in industrial warfare, considered not only from the standpoint of the contending parties, but from that of the community, which also has rights which some one ought to respect. We do not think that these particular weapons would prove in the long run to be essential to labor or are even advantageous to it. We think the labor organizations can get along very well without the Bacon-Bartlett Bill, and Congress has apparently thought likewise, though it has adopted the much-talked-of amendment to the Clayton Anti-Trust Bill, which accomplishes some of the same ends.

The Changing Tides of Trade

THE CLAFLIN COMPANY'S failure marks the end of an era in the dry-goods business. This suspension was preceded in recent years by that of three other large firms and the discontinuance of a fourth, thus leaving only one big house in New York City to represent the general dry-goods distribution in which the metropolis was once the leader. One reason is that this jobbing trade has been won away by the active, aggressive interests of Chicago, St. Louis, and the great Central West. The tide had turned out, and no amount of technical organizing skill or patient financial labor could turn it back. The end was inevitable as soon as the burden of this unprofitable wholesale business became too great for the retail end to carry. That the blow should have fallen upon a house which had been deservedly respected for nearly a century makes the lesson all the plainer. The fundamental economic factors in any given situation will always be controlling. The tides of trade are changing year by year, and no politics or preferences can very much alter the obdurate set of these currents.

Sham Savings

GOVERNOR WALSH of Massachusetts has sent a message to the Legislature urging that the cost of running the State Public Service Commission be put upon the utilities (railroads, gas, telephone, and electric) which are regulated by the Commission. The proposal has some distinct merits, but it must be clearly understood that this change will not save any money. It will not save a cent. The effect will be that certain payments now met out of taxes will be met out of prices paid for railroad tickets, gas bills, etc. When such rates are regulated, these expenses will be included in the totals which the subscribers must pay to keep these utilities at the work of serving them. We pointed out some weeks ago that our communities are now paying heavy taxes through their public utilities. This is another example. It is concealed taxation, not saving.

Let Your Light So Shine!

THE WASHINGTON "STAR" radiates a timely beam in the remark that:

> In the course of time constituents will cease to admire the statesman who has been content to hide his light under a pork barrel.

We are willing to go further and hazard the observation that the pork in question has already greased the chute to oblivion for several runt-minded Congressmen.

The Omniscient One

WE HAVE ALWAYS FELT SAFE. If by any unhappy chance—Mexican invasion, smallpox, or act of God—we were cut off in our prime, there would be a man to step right in and fill our shoes to overflowing: the proofreader. Now, the careless reader might infer that this is irony; that we are trying to "get even" because the proofreader "queries" our colloquialisms on the galley proof; underlines the words when we write "Can you beat it?" or "low-brow," and, with gentle reproachfulness, writes "slang" in the margin. But it is not irony. The proofreader is an abler man than we. Whether he has read more books, we know not; he seems to remember more of them by name or to remember those names more correctly. Dates and figures are our plague, but the proofreader has them all cold. Once we came within an ace of making out CHARLOTTE BRONTË to be JANE

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AUSTEN's contemporary; it was the proofreader who saved us from that disgraceful error. The proofreader is a superior grammarian; he carries round the rules for "should" and "would" in his head, whereas we must always consult A. S. HILL's "Principles of Rhetoric" in complicated cases. Either the proofreader is cleverer than we are with the "World Almanac" or he has a miraculous memory for Congressmen's middle names and the way to distribute French accents. The proofreader knows the score of yesterday's baseball game, the time the sun got up this morning, and the probable result of to-morrow's vote on the River and Harbor Bill. He knows the more essential facts of Assyriology, bacteriology, and ceramics; he is not ignorant of the xanthoptera, Yiddish, and zanyism. We have a high regard for the proofreader; it is he who saves us from making more breaks than we do. The proofreader is much more critical than any of our other friends; we are sure of one reader at least, and are duly grateful; thanks to him, we mind our postminimi and our quadrates.

For That H. C. of L.

A TAILOR in New York advertises:

LADIES' SUITS MADE,
WITH OR WITHOUT GOODS

No moralists, we, but, really, this is going too far!

Summer Styles for Men

TWO somewhat conflicting bits of information are borne into this editorial office on the summer breeze. From Atlanta, Ga., comes news that sleeveless bathing suits are not to be tolerated at Piedmont Park—even on men; whereas Paris, France, reports that Gallic masculinity is freeing itself from the tyranny of the starched collar. ANATOLE FRANCE, who is a Socialist as well as an author, heads a league which declares for soft collars open at the neck. Poets have ever inclined toward rolling collars that leave free the throat: BYRON and SHELLEY and WALT WHITMAN were all alike in that. But which is the real tendency? The Atlanta policy of cruel repression or the Parisian ideal of increased latitude? We hope it is the latter. Paris for once sets a reasonable style. For a great while men have been moving more and more generally away from stiffness in shirts and hats and collars (to say nothing of manners); men who wear crash suits in summer are more numerous and less conspicuous than once. With erudite PHILIP HALE of the Boston "Herald" we vote for soft madras shirts with collars and cuffs attached—and may the laundress forget that starch exists to try hot-weather tempers. In all things temporal we are on freedom's side. Women's summer fashions are made for greater comfort than are men's—yet men fix women's fashions. Arise, ye Goths! And let us begin by defending the sleeveless bathing suit and donning the Anatolean soft-shirt.

The New Art

FOR CLEAN AND CUTTING CHARACTERIZATION of the so-called "new movement" that has now about screamed itself out in Europe and America, it is hard to surpass these lines from a recent sonnet, "Still Life," by LOUIS UNTERMEYER, in the "Forum":

> High-pitched, malignant, lusty, and perverse;
> Brutal with a triumphant restlessness
> And joy that cannot heal, but laughs and stabs.
>
> I never knew the man that did this thing,
> This bowl of fruit upon a piece of silk,
> And yet I know him better than I know my friends.

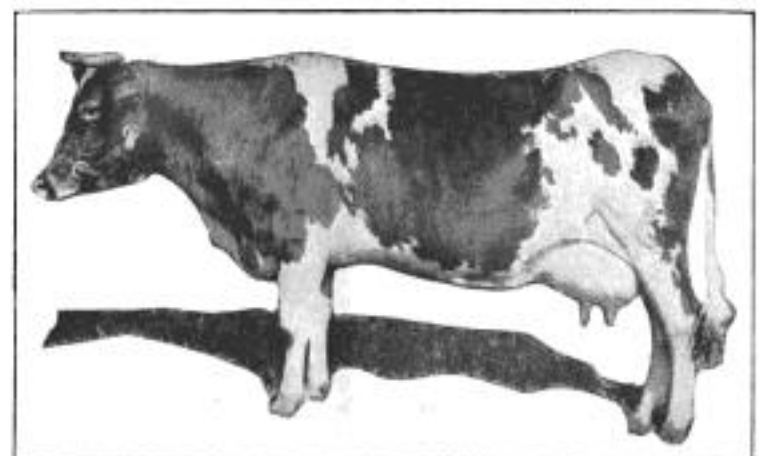
Some confessions are altogether too complete.

The Whisky Manufacturer

IN THE NEW YORK "TIMES" we find a dispatch under the heading "Posse Out to Avenge Girl." It concludes with these words:

> The physician restored the child to consciousness. According to her story a man who had been employed by her father, but had been discharged, approached her when she was picking raspberries. She said he was intoxicated and that . .

Somewhere in Baltimore or Louisville or Peoria, with his family protected by all the safeguards money can buy, lives the smug and respectable pillar of society who made money out of stimulating this crime.



A Cow That Pays Her Way

She is the champion at butter fat; address, Berwyn, Pa.

Think of a $25,000 Cow!

HERE IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE of efficiency and devotion. May Rilma, an American-bred Guernsey belonging to Major EDWARD B. CASSATT of Berwyn, Pa., has completed a year's test in which she has established a record for the production of butter fat—1,059.59 pounds, equivalent to 1,236.18 pounds of butter. The ex-champions are Holsteins—Colantha IV's Johanna, the property of W. J. GILETTE of Rosendale, Wis., and a cow owned by F. F. FIELD of Brockton, Mass. Owners' names are worth repeating, too, for the human factor counts even in cow championships. Nothing that experience or science can offer was neglected by the Pennsylvania cow's ambitious master. May Rilma has enjoyed absolute comfort: a roomy box stall kept clean; wide windows screened with muslin to prevent direct draft; a carefully groomed coat that any race horse might envy; an even temperature, as near 60 degrees as possible (no wasted effort in resisting cold or heat); a scientifically balanced ration of grain, vegetables, ensilage, and alfalfa—the last two always before her, but removed from the racks at the end of the day and replaced by fresh. Nothing has broken in upon her perfect peace. She has the absolute devotion of one attendant, who sleeps in an adjoining box stall fitted up as a cell-like room. Here stands the stove that regulates the evenness of the winter temperature. No cow likes to change milkers. This one is milked (always by the same man) at eight-hour intervals: 4 a. m., 12 m., 8 p. m. And over and above earning for herself this luxurious living and paying for a quarter of one man's wage, she nets her owner $716 annual profit. After all, though, it wasn't only Major CASSATT and Queen May Rilma who won out. Much credit belongs to ALBERT VAN TUINEN, first gentleman in waiting, who did the milking.

Horrible Homologous Holocaust

THE CUB REPORTER describing his first fire is a standard figure in the drama of our journalism, but few of his efforts are as good as this sentence from the Neenah (Wis.) "Times":

> The night itself: the time, the fire starting in homologous portions of the two buildings simultaneously are facts which envelop the conflagration in more or less mystery.

The above headline is suggested in a spirit of cooperation. The "city editor" neglected an opportunity.

Teaching Girls

A BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRL was speaking of the principal's whole theory of training girls: "She's all the time trying to make us feel grown up. She says we're old enough to realize we have responsibilities, and must stop doing what we enjoy." This specific accusation may have been unjust, but we know that way of teaching and have little use for it. How different is "the proper way to educate a young girl" as expressed by ANATOLE FRANCE's "Sylvestre Bonnard":

> It is only by amusing oneself that one can learn [I replied]. The whole art of teaching is only the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterward; and curiosity itself can be vivid and wholesome only in proportion as the mind is contented and happy. Those arguments, crammed by force into the minds of children, simply clog and stifle intelligence. In order that knowledge be properly digested, it must have been swallowed with a good appetite. . . . I should make of her . . . a child full of bright intelligence and full of life, in whom everything beautiful in art or nature would awaken some gentle responsive thrill. I would teach her to live in sympathy with all that is beautiful—comely landscapes, the ideal scenes of poetry and history, the emotional charm of noble music. I would make lovable to her everything I would wish her to love. Even her needlework I would make pleasurable to her by a proper choice of the tissues, the style of embroideries, the designs of lace. I would give her a beautiful dog and a pony to teach her how to manage animals; I would give her birds to take care of, so that she could learn the value of even a drop of water and a crumb of bread. And, in order that she should have a still higher pleasure, I would train her to find delight in exercising charity. . . . That is my idea of the proper way to educate a young girl.

You may not agree with all this sentimentalism, nor approve the absence of any reference to travel. But where can you find a better formula of education for keeping a girl well poised and happy?

. . .

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Pickups

By Grantland Rice



When Summer Days Were Long

"He'd nothing but his violin—I'd nothing but my song—
Yet we were wed when skies were blue—and summer days were long."

IN Love's Lost Garden through the years
Once more the Dreamers seek old ways
That lead through heartache and through tears
To Life's long vanished Yesterdays;
To Yesterdays when dreams came true,
And they, apart from all the throng,
Meet once again where skies are blue—
And summer days are long.

Once more he walks the old-time lanes,
And in the dream that follows there
Puts "blood of roses in her veins"—
Weaves "yellow sunshine for her hair";
Though coming darkness blurs the view,
He hears again an old-time song—
He only knows that skies are blue
And summer days are long.

In Love's dim Garden one by one
We seek again some vanished day
That calls us, when our youth is done,
Across the Fields of Far-Away;
Through drifting years when dreams came true
And hearts were bold and brave and strong—
When Love but knew that skies were blue—
And summer days were long.

Can We Hold This One?

AFTER all the weird and bizarre incidents that have transpired to date in the international embroglio between the United States and Great Britain it will take a hardy soul to offer any set guess as to the next resting place of the Davis Cup. The collapse of the United States entries in golf and polo was something of an upset. But it was nothing to the marrow-jolting shock which beset England when two United States crews took entire possession of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley after rowing England's best off the watery map. Harvard's victory at Henley helped wonderfully to lift our Uncle Samuel out of the sportive rut. And the Eagle's indigestion will be well-nigh over for a while if Messrs. McLoughlin, Williams, Murray, or the ultimate American pick can retain the Davis Cup.

And this "if" is likely to be of considerable dimensions. Wilding and Brookes are at top form, two seasoned campaigners of rare skill and tournament courage. Both so far have beaten McLoughlin at every start, and the California Comet is supposed to be our most Eminent Bet. In any event when the challenge round is staged in early August tennis devotees can figure in advance upon the grandest court battles in the history of international sport. Wilding and Brookes are no longer youngsters, and if they fail this time the cup should be fairly safe for some time to come.

Yes, What?

HARVARD'S first eight was beaten by a Yale crew that was certainly not regarded as any wonderful affair compared to Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Cornell.

Harvard's second eight traveled 2,500 miles and nailed the chief rowing prize of the universe.

Whattayamean—Second eight?

The Controlling Power

WITH the old machine shot to pieces—with the old guard blown to the four winds—even the leader shifted to a forlorn hope in another hamlet—it remained in midseason for the Cubs to rise and give pennant battle to the Giants after the others had wilted and faded away. Kling from back of the bat—Brown, Pfeister, Overall, Lundgren, Reulbach—from the box; Chance, Evers, Tinker, and Steinfeldt from the infield, with Hofman and Sheckard added to the wanderers—only Schulte remained of the old order. Schulte and the tradition of pennant years—old force of habit still refusing to loosen its iron grip.

And one look at the Cubs shows what a controlling power old force of habit is.



"The College Try"

A HIGH foul whirled up and out far over the stands as a young catcher dashed madly to the screen with no chance to get within sixty yards of it.

"There he goes," remarked the manager, "giving it the old college try."

Yet we know of one catcher who stayed in the league two years on nothing else. He never batted over .180 and he couldn't throw, but the spectacle of this earnest athlete crashing daily into the stands pursuing impossible fouls was one of the features of each afternoon.

He often rebounded from the wall or screen bleeding at the nose or limping badly, but it won him the admiration of the fans, who forgot that he couldn't hit and throw in watching his heroic assaults upon wood or wire. For the fans will take a lot of bad playing from an athlete out there hustling and working, perspiring and bleeding, and taking a chance.

Unfortunately, concrete and steel supplanted wood, and his days in the league were numbered. He took one running shot, head on, against the steel and concrete and was revived with difficulty ten days later in a hospital.

After that when a high foul soared up and back, he watched it hungrily and with deep yearning, but one look at the steel and concrete barrier was enough.

He let said foul pursue the fluttering tenor of its way until the can rattled and he drifted back to the Bushes and Fan Palaces of wood, where he soon regained his blood-won popularity and where the "college try" had a softer field for exploitation.



Texas Leaguers

"ONLY *batting ability makes the Athletics a great ball club," states an exchange.*

What a droll coincidence. Only writing ability kept Shakespeare up in the race. And if it wasn't for $500,000,000, Carnegie would be a pauper.

To most fans a three-hit game is punk batting and a fourteen-hit affair is poor pitching.

The ratio is 8 to 1 of those who can show you how a game was lost—but never how it was won.

Pitchers and Throwers

THE word "pitcher" is a much abused expression. Baseball has a number of good pitchers aboard—but a good many more who are merely throwers.

Mere speed and curves never made a successful pitcher and never will. The prime essence is control. But almost equally important is the canny knack of "mixing them up" and thereby outguessing the batter. The true science of pitching consists in handing the batsman what he isn't looking for. This requires nerve, control, and judgment—combinations that a pitcher requires above any other member of the clan.

Most of the "promising youngsters" who come up in the spring with speed and curves and the rest of it are merely throwers—not pitchers in any sense.

At which point we hear a raucous voice from the outside chanting a parody on an old refrain—

"Great speed does not a pitcher
make?
Bah—what tommy rot;
It may not make the pitcher,
But it helps an awful lot."

Three Up on Ananias

A GROUP of golfers sat one day
Around the Nineteenth Hole,
Exchanging lies and alibis
Athwart the flowing bowl;
"Let's give a cup," said one of them,
A sparkle in his eye,
"For him among us who can tell
The most outrageous lie."

"Agreed"—they cried—and one by one
They played 'er under par,
With yarns of putts and brassie shots
That traveled true and far;
With stories of prodigious swipes—
Of holes they made in one—
Of niblick shots from yawning traps
As Vardon might have done.

And then they noticed, sitting by,
Apart from all the rest,
A stranger who had yet to join
The fabricating test;
"Get in the game," they said to him,
"Come on and shoot your bit"—
Whereat the stranger rose and spoke
As follows—or to wit:

"Although I've played some holes in one,
And other holes in two;
Although I've often beaten par,
I kindly beg of you
To let me off—for while I might
Show proof of well-earned fame,
I NEVER SPEAK ABOUT MY SCORES—
OR TALK ABOUT MY GAME."

They handed him the cup at once,
Their beaten banners furled;
Inscribing first below his name—
THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

The Universal Boast

I'VE heard the boast of the cities—
The boast of hamlet and town;
The chant of their civic virtues
Deserving the olive crown;
Some for their manufactures—
Others for this or that,
From New York over to Denver,
From Boston to Medicine Hat.

I've heard the boast of the cities,
But over the ringing call
One alone from the many
Echoes over them all;
Out of the medley chorus
Hark to the central theme—
"THIS IS A WONDERFUL BALL
TOWN—IF
THEY'LL GIVE US A WINNING
TEAM."

Fine Chance, Indeed

"IT WASN'T the forward pass which beat the Army eleven in the Notre Dame game last fall," says Captain Joe Beacham. "At least the forward pass wasn't all of it."

"It was a tale of two cities, as the late Mr. Dickens might have put it," continued Captain Joe. "On the morning of the game several of us who had been identified with West Point football were going to the Army-Notre Dame game. We were back in the smoking car when a stranger lurched in carrying quite a quantity of alcoholic moisture."

"I've got $500 to put on good old Notre Dame," he said. "Any takers?"

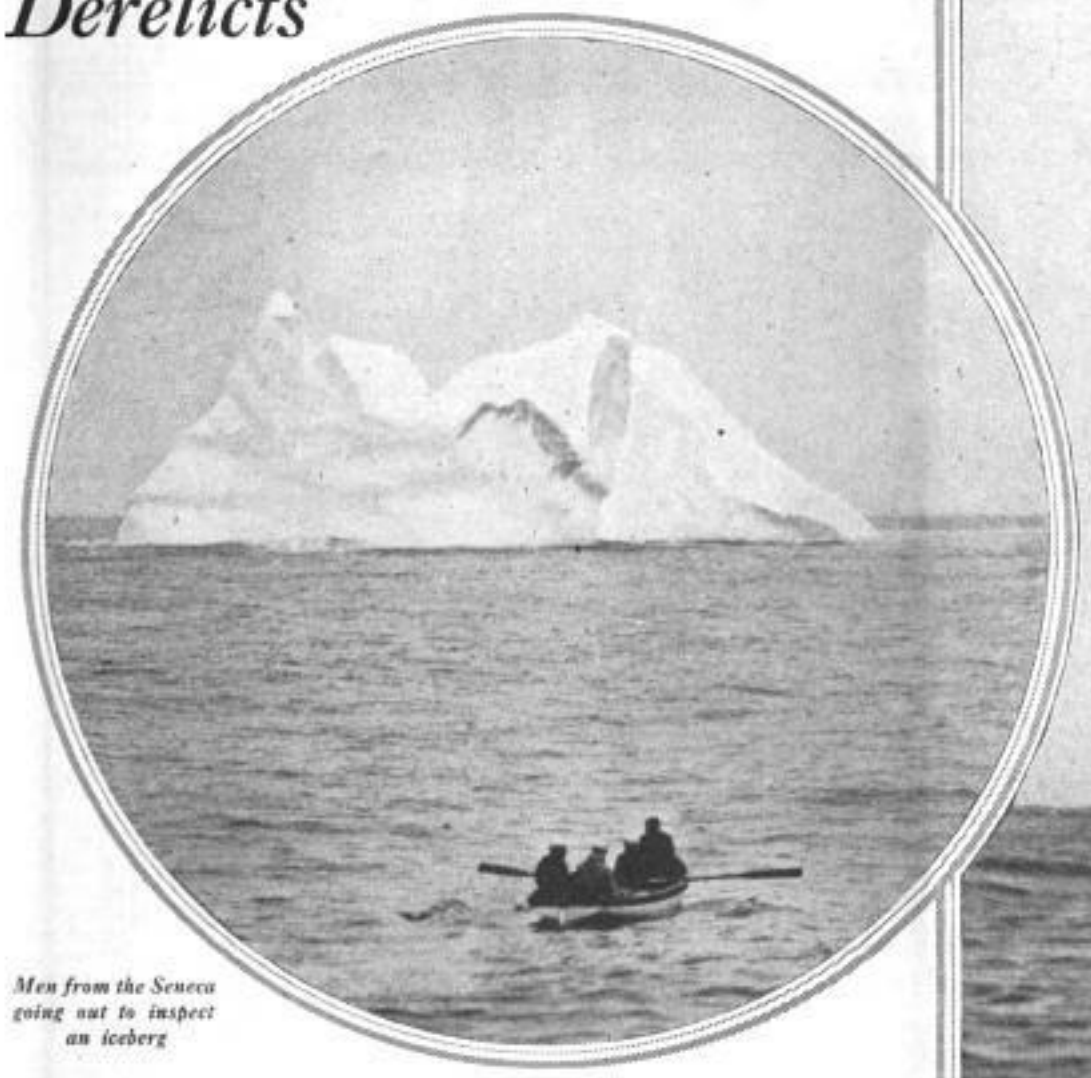
"Put your money away," we advised him. "The Army team will beat that Notre Dame bunch to death."

"Beat that bunch?" he came back with a leer. "They've got a fine chance—East St. Louis and South Chicago—$500 to $2.00 on Notre Dame then."



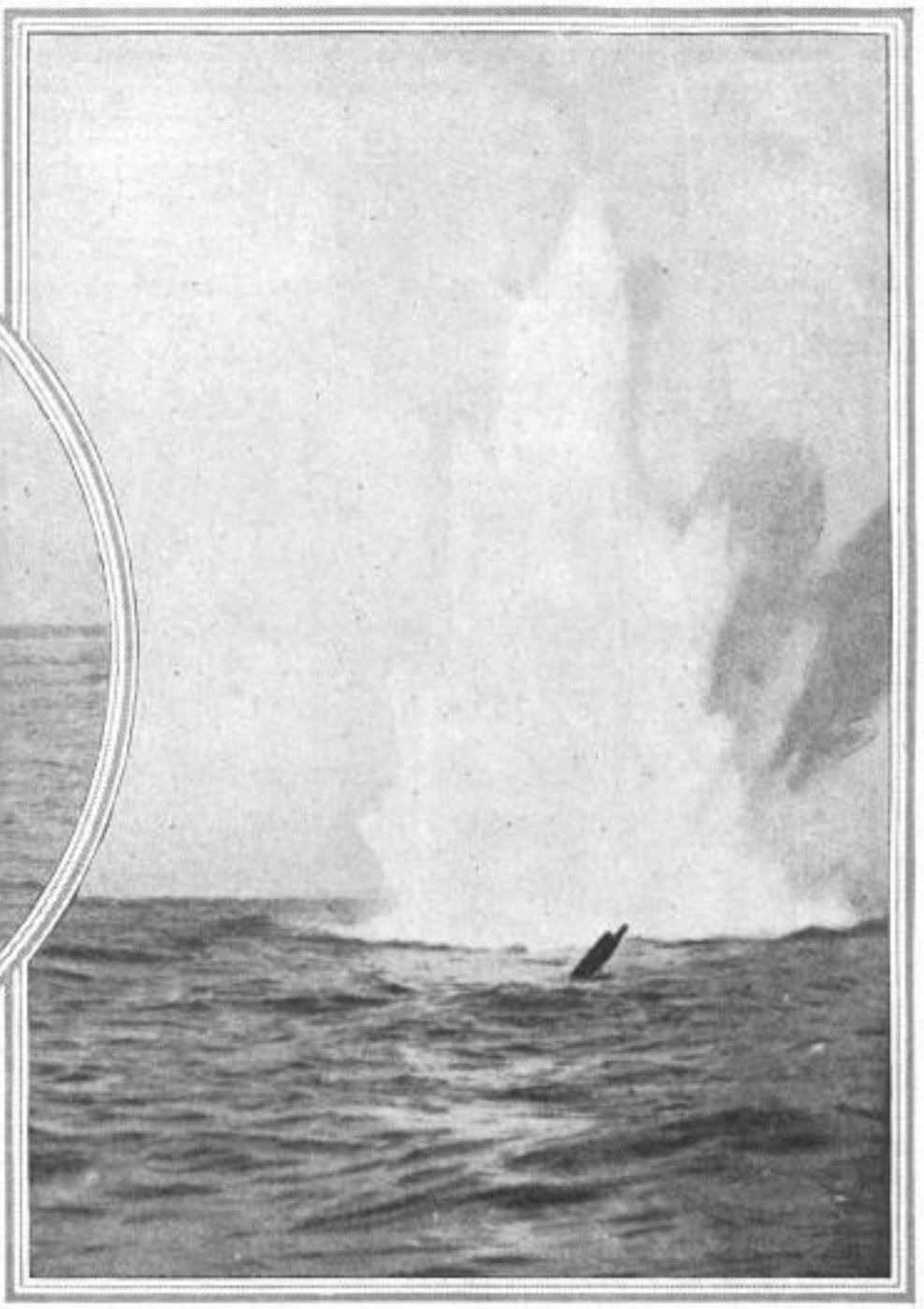
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Scouting for Icebergs and Derelicts

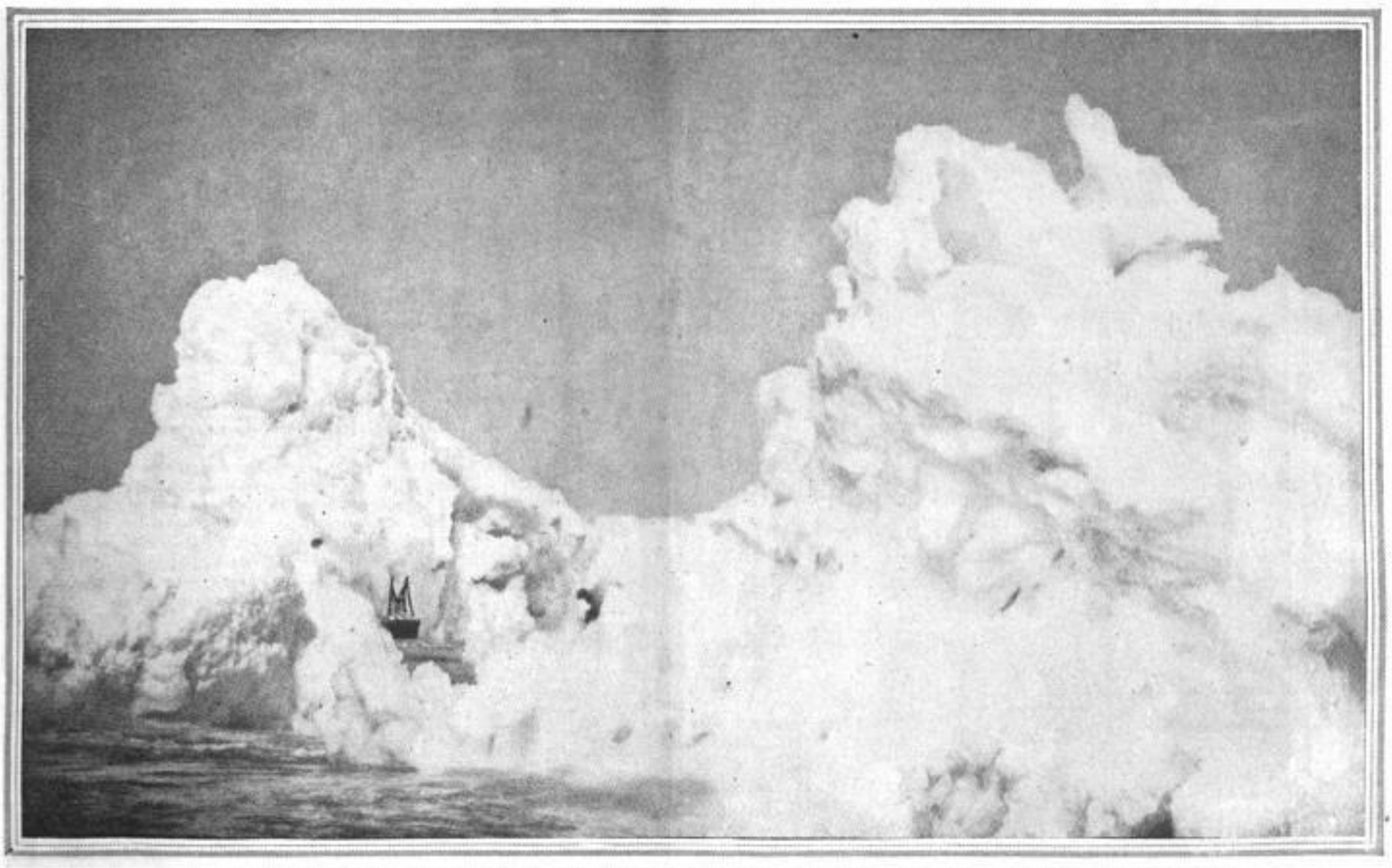


Men from the Seneca going out to inspect an iceberg

THE menace of icebergs in the North Atlantic has been reduced to the minimum by an ice patrol, established this year by international agreement. The American revenue cutters *Seneca* and *Miami* left the Grand Banks of Newfoundland the other day, having completed the work of the season, which lasted three months. They observed hundreds of icebergs. Twice every day they sent wireless dispatches to transatlantic liners and to the Hydrographic Office at New York, telling the whereabouts of dangerous ice. The *Seneca* is now on a month's trip to the far north with a party of scientists, and the *Miami* has come south to destroy derelicts. The *Seneca*, on derelict duty last year, destroyed twenty-six.

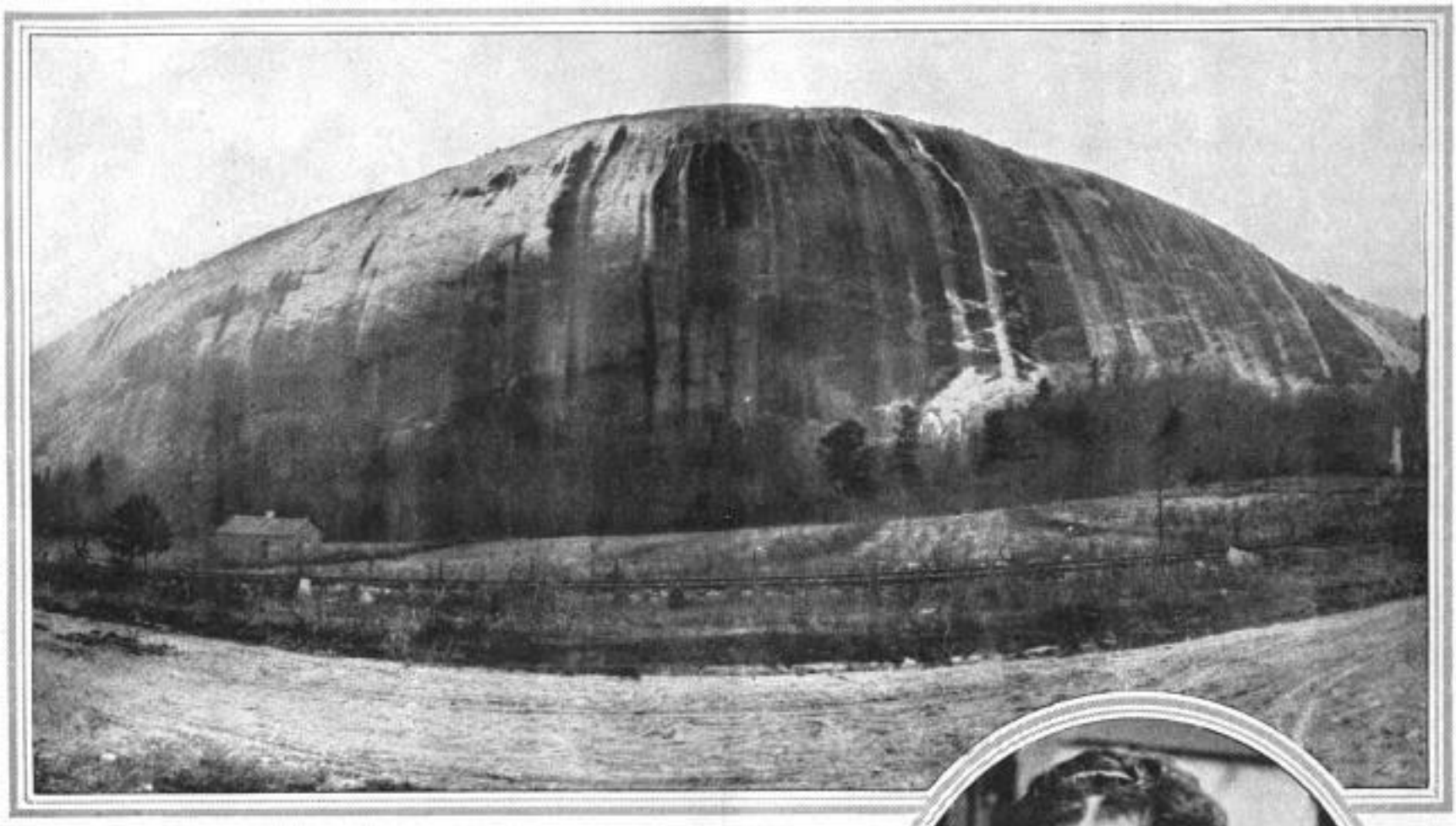


Destroying a derelict wooden schooner. The crew of a patrol ship set off four 100-pound guncotton mines in the hulk. This snapshot shows the last explosion



The Seneca inside an ice-walled inclosure. The cutter steamed in through a hole. This iceberg was one of the largest to enter the Gulf Stream

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A Mountain Block of Granite to Be the Base of a Huge Confederate Monument

IF THE United Daughters of the Confederacy have their way, the lost cause will have the largest and most picturesque monument in America, if not in the entire world. This memorial will be the summit of Stone Mountain, Ga., a solid piece of granite a thousand feet high, upon which will be erected a huge temple. The size of the enormous rock may be appreciated from the photograph above. Stone Mountain itself is one of the highest peaks of the Appalachian system. The idea for such a monument was advanced by W. H. Terrell, an Atlanta lawyer. The plan is to have the State of Georgia buy the mountain and to erect the temple with funds raised by public subscription



A Girl Who Ties Wedding Knots

A YOUNG couple with a marriage license went to the San Carlos Hotel in Pensacola the other day and asked the clerk to call in a minister. No minister could be found, and the clerk suggested that Miss Nellie Mills, the hotel's stenographer and notary (pictured above with her official pencil in its scabbard) be asked to officiate. Though Miss Mills was aware that the State law gave her authority to perform marriage ceremonies, she had never heard of a Florida woman acting in this capacity before. She was not afraid, however, to establish the precedent. She tied the knot in two minutes and received a fee of ten dollars.



Where a Bomb Killed Its Makers

"ANARCHY seems to have got its just deserts." That was Mayor Mitchel's comment on the killing of Arthur Caron, Charles Berg, and Carl Hanson on the top floor of a New York tenement house by the premature explosion of a bomb that they are believed to have been preparing to use on John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The bomb may or may not have been an instrument of accidental justice—but surely was powerful. The photograph (at the left) of the wrecked building is abundant proof that the anarchists meant serious business. Besides ending the lives of the three men, the explosion killed a woman and injured five other persons.

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Lunch-Counter Dining Cars

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Illustrated by Herb Roth

DOWN at the bottom of their hearts the most bloodthirsty of French revolutionists must have cherished a certain sympathy with luxurious customs. Though these ardent republicans pelted cobblestones at the 14-karat gold-plated coaches then fashionable among the nobility, the bombarders must have regretted later that the institution of riding around in gold-plated coaches had to be suppressed. For, had Providence been willing, they themselves might have enjoyed taking a ride or two in just such glory of extravagance and pomp. In much the same light, now that it comes to a test at last, a good many Americans will regard the luxury of dining-car dinners.

After a successful trial on the Pacific Coast, an innovation called the "lunch-counter car" is now in service between New York and Philadelphia.

The Wayfaring Lobster Palace

THE idea has so strong an appeal to slim purses and democratic tastes that the aristocratic dining car may end by being permanently sidetracked. And most of us will be puzzled to know whether to feel glad or sorry. To eat in the "diner" was, to four purses out of five, an almost unpardonable extravagance. Few could escape from this wayfaring lobster palace without spending a dollar or more for even a midday meal.

Yet, costly though it was, the memory of good food enjoyed while a summer landscape went scooting past the plate-glass windows was something 14-karat precious, all the more carefully treasured because such experiences came at rare intervals. Look your last at linen cloths on little tables beside wide car windows! No more quail and champagne on your travels! No more so much as the comfort of a candlestick shade and a cut-glass water bottle! For the probable successor to the dining car is simply a "lunch-counter car"—not a buffet pantry in the corner of a Pullman, nor a half-hearted kitchenette affair in charge of the porter. Self-confessed, it approaches with ominous rumble—nothing but a "ham-and-egg" joint on railway trucks. The official descriptions suggest, even between the lines of the specifications, an atmosphere of fried onions and red, red hamburger steak:

The counter will stretch the length of the car along one side, with an aisle on the opposite, as in compartment sleepers, and stools in front of the counter. Meals will be served at all hours.

Though some of the obvious advantages of the idea may have a strong appeal, isn't it natural to feel a pang or two at seeing the opportunity to eat in luxury slip past the reach of your fingers?

"A counter and stools, meals at all hours"—what is this but a longer, wider, and higher variety of lunch wagon, iron-wheeled, but no whit more romantic than "Jack's Hamburger Car" or the "White House" or the "Owl"? Inevitably, we are led to wonder if this railway day-and-night lunch car will have colored windows like the "Owl's," with red, green, and yellow dominant and battle scenes painted on the dado. Or will a touch of refinement be added by making the windows of stained glass in appropriate designs? Pretty things could be done in art glass with ham-and-bean motifs. For the woodwork it might be well to modify the conventional egg-and-dart decoration into egg-and-butcher-knife.

The fact should not be lost sight of that a beanery on wheels is a progressive reform. We should appreciate saving the extra money and the tips. We should be thankful for the opportunity to eat whenever we are hungry. We should rejoice that the national luncheon of "ham san'wich, apple pie, an' a cup o' coffee" is now available between stations. Also, this system is patently nearer the ideal than the old-fashioned twenty-minute stop-over plan, with its bargain-counter rush—productive of little food and much dyspepsia. The fearful din of a Chinese gong was approved by custom, but surely was the worst possible music for such an occasion. It irritated the nerves rather than soothed them.

Also, in the great confusion of these crowded twenty moments of inglorious life some of the best of men have been known to yield to an irresistible temptation: and, while the waitress was punching the cash register, slip hot chicken pies under their coats and run, to consume them later on the train in peace.

Always, too, that horror of being left behind tortured the brain. Though no one ever did get left, many got back again on the wrong trains.

The new plan will remove these abuses, but its drawbacks are, none the less, rather serious. To instance one of the most important—who, when the lunch-counter car is attached, will have the courage to bring his own luncheon? Then recall some of the delicious grape-basket or shoe-box meals you have eaten on trains—taste again your mother's fried chicken, the lettuce sandwiches that no dog-wagon car could hope to imitate, the apples and oranges, the slice of chocolate cake, the half dozen little squares of fudge.

The lunch-counter car will mean the passing of these railway picnic parties.

Shuddering for the Future

IS this pessimism? Then woe is Babylon, for there is worse to come. Mark this: that the day is not far off when travelers will eat their luncheons in a railway mail car. Now that we have the lunch counter on wheels, it is only a matter of time until we will put trucks under the lunch counter's absurdum, the "Automat." This institution, which is rapidly establishing itself in all our larger cities, is a sort of food post office. Clerks sort out such ready-made sentetibles as sandwiches, pies, and crullers into mail boxes; and the consumer, with a nickel or a dime in lieu of a key, unlocks the box of his choice, draws forth a wedge of food, and, like a cave man, slinks away and devours it over a slab of cold marble.

The "Automat" deals in eatables, nothing more. It proffers no crumb of human sentiment, not even so much solace as a forlorn diner might find in conversation with a supercilious negro waiter.



The old-fashioned stop-over plan, with its bargain-counter rush—productive of little food and much dyspepsia



So Dainty

That You Start to Eat Them

One by One

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are so dainty—so crisp, airy and fragile—that you treat them at first like confections. Instinctively one starts to eat them almost grain by grain.

Yet these are but kernels of staple grains. Nothing whatever is added. The almond taste—like toasted nuts—comes from terrific heat. And steam explosions—millions of them—make each grain like a bubble.

These are simply whole grains made wholly digestible. Beyond all their fascinations lies the fact that they are scientific foods.

The Only Perfect Cooking

Prof. Anderson's process is the only way known to fit every food granule for easy digestion. Other methods break part of the granules, but this method explodes every one of them.

There lies the main reason for Puffed Grains.

Other forms of these grains are delicious. But in no other form are all the atoms and elements fitted in this way for food. And that's the prime requirement.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS 15¢

A Ceaseless Variety

These Puffed Grains with all the ways of serving offer you endless variety.

Each may be served with cream and sugar, each mixed with berries, and each served like crackers in bowls of milk.

Puffed Wheat makes ideal soup wafers.

Puffed Rice is used in candy making.

Either, doused with melted butter, is a delicious between-meal confection. And any of these grains, scattered over ice cream, tastes like porous nut meats.

Serve one in the morning, another at night—for the summer dairy supper. In one of these Puffed Grains each person will find his favorite cereal food.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(600)

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Let Clicquot's Chilly Bubbles Cool Your Summer Thirst

When you swallow Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, thirst vanishes, your overheated body cools off, your tongue and throat feel wet instead of dry, your brain is cleared of hot-weather cobwebs and you are ready for more work, more play, or more ginger ale. It's there, too, if you want it.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klek-O
GINGER ALE

Drinks called ginger ale that are not ale and contain no ginger are not to be compared with Clicquot. Try Clicquot and you will agree.

At Good Grocers and Druggists

Two big glassfuls to the bottle. If one glass is enough for your thirst we will send —for 4c postage—a patent self-clamping stopper (clever device) that will hold the second glass fresh for 48 hours.

Other Clicquot flavors: Birch Beer, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour and Orange Phosphate.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Dept. B, Millis, Mass.
New York Office, The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson St.
Chicago Office, 356 North Michigan Avenue
Western Office, Maritime Building, Seattle, Washington



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PLAIN AND STAGGARD TREAD
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The name Republic on your tires is a guarantee of Service.

It means that your tires will take you "there and back again."

It means that every tire has had the individual attention that is absolutely essential to perfect performance.

Think thousands of miles ahead, figure cost per mile instead of cost per tire, and you will use Republic Quality Tires. They cost more to buy—but they cost less to use than any other tire made.

If you realize the true economy of buying the best, you will have Republics on your car this season.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER CO.
Youngstown, O.
Branches and Agencies in all the Principal Cities

The Republic W M Tread Tire is designed especially for light cars. It, too, yields great mileage at low cost.

Prices:
30x3 $13.50
30x3½ 18.00
32x3½ 19.50

Republic Staggard Tread
Pat. Sept. 15-22 1908

Fundamental Justice

(*Continued from page 9*)

"Suppose I object to the terms," he quietly suggested.

"Then we'll order you to vacate the right of way covered by our franchises, build our own line and let you keep your cars until they rot!" thundered Milburn.

"NOT on your life!" yelled Sam. He was on his feet now, and his red hair was without a kink. It made him thoroughly understood. "That track belongs to me, and I don't have to remove it until two months after the speedway is absolutely finished! Before that time I'll smash your blanket franchise in the courts!"

"You can't do it!" boomed Milburn. "It's air-tight and copper riveted! I saw to it myself!"

"You'd better read your franchise," and Sam strode up to the edge of the desk. He wanted something on which to tap his knuckles. "It bears its own evidence of having been secured in bad faith. It contains the vague clause that you will use all possible expedition in the building of needed new lines, and you thought that gave you forever. I have shown an expedition which you refused to use in the building of a line which you have neknowledged is needed. Moreover, you only secured this franchise when you knew that some one else proposed to give the town the improvement you would not! Moreover again a blanket franchise is the easiest earthly thing to break, especially when granted without adequate consideration, forfeit, or time limit; and I'm going to bust this one!"



Bride: "*George, dear [boo-oo], what shall we do? A family moved in next door this morning with a lamp-shade just like ours!*"

"I believe he will, confound him," confided Bellinger to jovial old Jasper Stanton.

"Gentlemen," and Sam thumped the desk, "I am glad that you see the necessity of organizing a new traction company; but we will organize it in my office, not here!"

"Tut, tut, Sam, don't be unreasonable," interposed Frazier vigorously rubbing his bald spot.

"Unreasonable!" shouted Sam. "That's my car line! I had to fight every man here to give it to Winburg! The city constructed that traction roadbed, and would have thrown it away. I saved that waste with my own money. It's worth one-fourth of the stock in a million-dollar company, and I'm going to have it. I have on my side possession, the people, and fundamental justice!"

THERE was a long silence, broken only by the thrumming of Milburn's heavy fingers on the arm of his chair. Frazier leaned over to Milburn.

"Well, Ben," he suggested, taking off his spectacles and wiping them; "we'll have to modify the terms we were going to offer Sam."

"No!" exploded Milburn, his face flushing suddenly red. "I'll fight this case to the last ditch, if we never get a car line! Moreover, I'll see if the city can't remove your tracks from my right of way!"

"Very well," and Sam took his hat. "Gentlemen, I am sorry to see that we shall have delay. Winburg needs the Maple Avenue and Speedway belt, and I want you all to remember that when I first agitated it I did not ask for any share in the enterprise. I still hope to organize my million-dollar traction company." He started for the door.

"Wait a minute, Sam." It was pink-faced Bellinger, who rose.

"Which way, Ray?" asked Frazier, getting up to join him.

"I'm going to help Arnold organize," replied Bellinger, placing the hand of friendly admiration on Sam's shoulder. "Come on, boys."

Extra! Extra! Extra!

The first extras since the Spanish War were on the streets of Winburg! President Milburn had offered to recapitalize, take over the new Maple Avenue and Speedway line, and run it in conjunction with the Winburg Street Railway Company; but Sam Arnold had refused. He owned that track and he didn't have to remove it until sixty days after the speedway was completed; and he didn't propose to be squeezed out at cost price! He had organized a million-dollar company of his own, and he intended to break Milburn's franchises if it took the rest of his life!

BULLY for Sam! Fundamental Justice began to get in her work. All day long the citizens of Winburg had been indignant with whoever had stopped their new car service, and that person was Ben Milburn. Now Sam Arnold was stopping the car service; but that was different! Fundamental Justice rose in her place, and howled that she was willing to walk so long as Sam Arnold was holding up the car line in self-defense. "Who gave us the car line?" demanded Fundamental Justice, smacking her fist in her palm. "Sam Arnold!" "Who is entitled to the benefit?" Another smack. "Sam Arnold!" "Who's a marble-eyed old scoundrel, a contemptible thief, and a detriment to the city?" A louder smack than ever. "Ben Milburn!" and Fundamental Justice, tearing at her hair and rending her garments, ran shrieking into the night.

She was all over town in less than an hour. On her way she met sly-eyed old Tim Cassidy, but Tim only tipped her a wink and went on about his business. He was going from Jack O'Rourke's place in the second ward to Mike Brannigan's place in the first ward.

"It's a grand evenin', boys, and what'll you have?" said old Tim seating himself at the table near the bar.

THEY were fine, upstanding, broad-shouldered fellows in Brannigan's place, and you could tell they were born politicians by looking at their fists. They crowded round with every indication of pleasure, and drew their steins toward them. Old Tim had put over a winner this last election, and he was spending five million dollars for the city. No man in Winburg was more popular than Tim Cassidy!

"It's a shame about Sam Arnold," said he, running his stubby fingers through the fringe of curly gray hair at the back of his neck. "He's a fine lad with a fist in each hand, and a decent heart in him, and a brain in his head. Remember it's him that's responsible for this speedway money. You've all had a piece of it."

"What's the rights of this street car mix-up, Tim?" asked big Barney Fraley, the one that broke Mark Lefferty's jaw with one blow.

"What's the rights got to do with it?" demanded Tim, ordering the cigars. "He's a fine boy, and the citizens' friend, and Ben Milburn is stoppin' him!" He took his drink, and there was a trace of a grin on his broad, mottled face, as his twinkling blue eyes looked around upon his husky boys of the first ward. They had guarded many a polling booth, and persuaded feeble citizens not to vote. "Milburn had better keep both eyes awake, or he'll lose his ill-gotten franchises, and there'll be nothing in the way of Sammy Arnold's givin' us the best car system in the world. If for only one day Milburn don't run his old horse cars, he'll have no franchises to sue on. Some night," he poured himself another nip out of the long, dark bottle. Every upstanding boy was crowding

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closer with strained attention. "Some night the good husky citizens of this town will have a lark; say at about one-thirty o'clock in the mornin'." He pushed back the bottle. "They'll gather some place on the quiet, say back of the ice plant." He picked up his glass, and twirled its contents round and round. "They'll have picks and crowbars with them, and then before anybody can stop them, they'll pull up the rails of the Main Street line and throw them in the river. Mind, I'm not sayin' that's what ought to be done, or that I myself would be glad if it was done; but I'm only predictin' what might happen to Milburn's old horse car line any Monday night this week. Well, Mike, what do I owe you? Take out for another drink all around, and spend the change. Pleasant weather we're havin'. Good evenin'."

FUNDAMENTAL JUSTICE, out raring and raging, saw sturdy old Tim Cassidy visit quite a number of places that night. She saw him go home at eleven-thirty, and ask the time of Patrolman Casey on the corner. She saw him go into the house and waken everybody in his particular desire to know the time of night.

At six o'clock the next morning the telephone brought Sam Arnold out of bed. "It's a grand mornin', Sammy!" cackled the voice of old Tim Cassidy. "Have you heard the news? Of course you've not! Milburn can't sue you for breach of franchise after to-day, because he'll have no franchise to breach!"

"No?" puzzled Sam, and Ruth, pattering down the stairs in a cloud of pink, caught the perplexity on his face and was immediately frightened.

"It is so!" exulted Tim. "You're most popular, Sammy, my boy. At one-thirty o'clock this mornin' it was, Patrolman Casey just told me, a mob of indignant citizens tore up the Main Street tracks, and threw them in the river! There'll be no horse cars runnin' to-day! You'll be gettin' a franchise and runnin' your own to-morrow!"

"You old reprobate!" gasped Sam.

"I can prove that I was inside my own house at eleven-thirty," chuckled Tim. "I'll talk no more with you," and he hung up.

"What was it?" demanded Ruth as Sam dropped in a chair to laugh. "What was it? What was it? What was it?"

Sam stopped and gathered his breath.

"That, Ginger," he told her, "was the voice of Fundamental Justice!"

Off-Agin-on-Agin Finnegan

(Continued from page 14)

"Well, I guess you knew what I was doin' when you followed me, didn't you?"

"Ass!" said Shorty. "I never followed you. I'm on my way in to the post."

"Way *in?* Did you say *in?*"

"I sure did. I-N In."

"But didn't McClusky put you wise?"

"Wise to what? Come now, Finnegan—out with it! What's up? You know I haven't seen McClusky since I left the post Friday. Five days alone on a jungle hike is enough and plenty for any man, so was beatin' it back when I stumbled over you—and your blanket roll."

"Gosh!" said Finnegan, and collapsed on the ground, holding his head in his hands. Then in the midst of the turmoil of his mind a thought struck him. "Five days you said—and you left Friday! Then this wouldn't be Saturday—it'd be Wednesday night?"

"Are you loco?" asked Shorty. "Sure it's Wednesday. Didn't the mail get in yesterday morning? It was due Tuesday, the 12th. That's another reason I wanted to get back—thought there might be some orders from headquarters."

Poor Finnegan was dumb with amazement. "McClusky—" he began; then a certain kindly spark in his Captain's eye made him blurt out: "Oh, please sit down, Captain, I'll make a clean breast of it."

So Shorty sat and heard him through in silence, immovable save for an occasional twitching of a muscle round the mouth. Finnegan told all, suppressing only his reason for drinking—for Whitney had passed on to him Shorty's remark about his being the only sane man in the troop and he didn't want to be blamed for getting letters from a lady. He finished, and for a long, long moment the silence was ominous, then:

"Golly! That skunk of a McClusky! Tryin' to lose me a good man! I *told* him to let you alone. He'll get a hell-fire callin' down to-morrow, all right. Why, there was nothin' in the world comin' to you! If I haven't more decency than to confine a boy for gettin' sick on his first drunk and not bein' able to come home, I'd not be fit to be a T. C." (This is the way Shorty felt now—other moods, other doctrines.) "Golly! If that was the sort of stuff I handed out, I wonder where Mac would be now? About twenty-seven thousand bobtails for his! Wait till I get at him to-morrow!"

Suddenly the veil dropped from Finnegan's eyes, and he saw his little, hard-riding, hard-cussing, hard-fisted Captain as Whitney and some of the others did. Hard as nails he was—in everything but heart—and that heart given wholly to his only loves, his "babes in barracks," the men of J Troop. And from that moment Shorty might have used Finnegan as his doormat, and he would have gloried in the service of keeping the stumpy little boots clean.

They camped where they were for the night, but were up long before reveille time next morning, and made a quick march for the post. It chanced that McClusky happened to be looking out of his squad-room window just as Shorty gave a little farewell jerk of the head as he turned off to his quarters, while Finnegan's hand came up to salute, and he made joyously for J Barracks with shining morning face.

"It's Friday the 13th for mine," muttered Mac. "Here's another one the Captain's put the comether on!"

IT was shortly after this that Shorty's striker displensed him—by shining his boots too often, so ran the word through the troop—and got fired from his job, and Shorty took on Finnegan to strike for him, which greatly pleased the lad, and his consuming energy would have led to his being fired, too, had not Shorty restrained his zeal.

"Quit on those puttees! Don't you dare to rub the buttons off that coat! Want to make me flash like a hello and have every damn Gugu in the country tryin' to put me out of business? Brush all you like, but—" Shorty condemned all polishes in theological terms.

"Finnegan's a blank sight better now than some of these mutts who've been in twice his time," said Captain Campbell to Top Sergeant Whitney one day. He spends his spare time studyin', too (I've lent him Wagner, Von der Goltz, and De Brack this past month), and he doesn't waste it writin' sentimental-mush letters full of homesick, lovesick rot to some worthless female." That was all the T. C. knew. Finnegan did study hard, it is true, for he wanted to be in line for promotion, but he also ingeniously juggled things about so that Shorty wouldn't be aware of the many and voluminous missives he wrote and sent away by every infrequent mail, for well he knew Shorty's ideas on the woman question.

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"Oh, now," drawled Whitney, "I'd hate to think women are *all* worthless. Don't you reckon there's any exceptions?"

"Mothers maybe," quoth Shorty crisply. "Nothin' out of that class. Finnegan's got good sense."

"He acts to me," said Sergeant Whitney with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "mo' like a married man than a single one. That might account for his indifference so long as you're so sho' he's not co'tin' some one."

"Married!" grunted Shorty disgustedly. "Married, rot! He's marked single on his enlistment card. A fat lot *you* know!"

"Sho'ly," grinned Whitney, "but you know as well as I do how many of 'em say they're single, and first thing you know—up turns a wife and a kid."

"*That's* so," agreed Shorty, "but it doesn't apply to Finnegan. If he said he was single, he *was*. I've kept my eye trained on him close, and I know him. Saddle that tale onto some one else. It cinches too loose on him."

TIME went on and on as it has a habit of doing, and the J Troopers learned what life in the tropics is. They learned something of the jungle and of the utter weariness and monotony of small-post duty in the islands; they learned to shake out their shoes for tarantulas in the mornings; they learned how to take unbelievable quantities of quinine in the rainy season; they learned to the last dregs of depression the bitterness, homesickness, and melancholia bred by inaction in a dampy hot tropical land. Like Jerome K. Jerome's young man reading the medical book, they developed almost every known ailment but housemaid's knee. Shorty tried hard to keep them hustling—he lay awake nights thinking up things for them to do that would put a little ginger into them; but they performed these stunts with no enthusiasm; the starch was all out of them. Several had to be sent up to Manila to be shipped to "Saint Lizzy's." Two "happies," a "melancholic," and three "vino locos." Mike McClusky came near going with the last, but while he had one or two very bad spells, the doctor managed to pull him through and save him for a better fate. Finnegan managed pretty well, for there was that within him that occupied his mind and thought and kept him busy weaving dreams when not otherwise employed by Shorty. Secretly he wrote voluminous letters, and whenever the mail steamer made its infrequent visits became the delighted recipient of many large fat envelopes that he studiously concealed from Shorty's eye. Yes, Finnegan managed to get on very well, though the continued climate will have its effect on anybody but a Shorty, and after about six months more or so Finnegan began to get very restless, a fact that Shorty quickly noted.



Rescuer (*To girl he has rescued three times in one day*): *If it's a husband ye're after, miss, 'twould pay ye to advertise. I've been a married man these five years yet.*

"Durn it again! Here's Finnegan goin' the way of all flesh. That kid was doin' so well, too. Now he's as grumpy and touchy as any of 'em. Oh, *Lord*, for a little action! That would clear the kinks out of 'em! If these natives don't get gay soon so that J can get on the warpath, I'll flop down on my marrowbones and pray—for a fight. We're festerin' and decayin' here like a bunch of green scum on a stagnant pool."

BUT Shorty was saved the unwonted exercise for his marrowbones, for very soon there was trouble enough and to spare. The natives suddenly went on the rampage all over the island, and well-organized bands of Pulijanes whirled into action, thereby causing joy in the hearts of Shorty, McClusky, and others of their ilk. Up started J Troop on the qui vive for orders, all listlessness and imaginary ills forgotten, a smart, snappy, eager bunch, while Shorty bustled about feeling like a hallelujah chorus. There was only one small fly in the ointment for Shorty, and that was that Finnegan, while undoubtedly interested, had not partaken of the general hilarity these last days. He seemed worried, preoccupied, and the news of action seemed to make him more restless than ever. To Shorty, who was as ignorant of Finnegan's inner life as we are of the why of the universe, this looked like only one thing.

"I hope to the Lord Finnegan's not goin' to turn out a coward. If a soldado's that, what else use is he? McClusky, for all my trouble, is worth more. I can depend on him *now*. He was worth keepin' for this. He wouldn't take a drink while this action's goin' for any money. Thank God, Jones" (the First Lieutenant) "is on D. S. He might have made a horrible example. I can trust Burns in any sort of tight place even if he *is* a kid." So soliloquized Shorty when J Troop was hourly expecting orders to hike out into the jungle to chase up Pulijanes.

Finnegan had been worse than usual that day, and had got his own and Shorty's field equipment in such a mess that Shorty had been forced with many blue-smoky oaths to whirl in and straighten things out for the two of them.

The dawning of the morrow saw the little mail steamer chugging up to the landing stage with the expected orders. It brought also the mail bag full of letters from home. Finnegan eagerly clutched his missives and retreated with them to his deserted squad room.

The troop was mounted and already formed into column of twos, ready to start at the nod of Shorty's head to the trumpeter, when the Captain discovered that of all on the roll of the expedition Finnegan alone was missing.

"Where's Finnegan?" he demanded of the troop at large.

THERE was no direct answer, for no one knew, but McClusky muttered: "Deserted again! 'Off-agin-on-agin Finnegan?'" Mack was in fine fettle at the idea of the approaching action, and so was Shorty, or he might have given him a sharp reprimand instead of grinning, but he quickly became anxious again, and asked louder:

"Anybody know anything about Finnegan?" But no one had seen him since breakfast, when he was sitting on his bunk.

"Humph!" grunted Shorty, sorely disappointed. "No need to scout after him. We won't wait." He nodded to the waiting trumpeter. "For'd—trot—*hay-r-r-r!*"

Out rang the trumpet clear and shrill, and out trotted, jingled, and clattered J Troop through the gate in the blazing sunshine and into the "splotchy-blotchy shadows" of the jungle trail.

"I'll give him blank and double blank when I get back," thought Shorty wrathfully of Finnegan. "He makes me sick, the little white-livered 'frabl-cat!'" He fumed and fretted for a while over his mistaken judgment, but soon more important things than Finnegan engaged his attention.

BUT Finnegan sat on the side of his bunk wide-eyed, oblivious to everything, dreaming daydreams, weaving romances, every now and then gripping and crumpling the sheets of one of his

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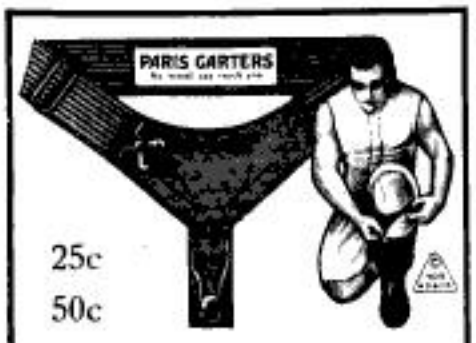
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letters, and smiling delighted and—it must be confessed—rather foolish smiles. For a long time he sat there speechless, until about half past ten a lonely little dog trotted in, laid an appealing head on his knee, and broke the spell.

"*Gosh!*" cried Finnegan, starting up and surveying the empty room. He rushed to the window; the corral was empty save for a few lone steeds, one of which he recognized as his own. He caught up his equipment, rushed down after his saddle—packed by the practiced hand of Shorty—caught up his horse, saddled, mounted in a frenzy of haste, and galloped after one of the guards, yelling madly: "Hi, you! Which way did they go?"

"What!" cried that astonished individual, turning. "Why, it's Finney! Say, you been in a dope dream? Yes, the troop went that way—north. Hike out and I guess you kin ketch it."

Out into the jungle trail crashed Finnegan, his mind one wild paradoxical turmoil of joyous pride, exultation, shame, regret, and determination.

NOW Shorty, though he did not know it—how he would have chortled if he *had!*—was up against one of the most pleasurable fights of his life. Some two hundred and fifty Pulijanes were ahead of him—the flower of the Pulijanes in Leyte. Moreover, they had scouts out, and, being fully advised of the movements of J Troop and its scant eighty-five men, had prepared an ambush for them just short of the place they felt sure that J would camp for the night—the men would be tired then and their own chances better. But Shorty's lucky star was in the ascendant, and he never got that far. Getting word from scouts that there was a large body of Pulijanes ahead, Shorty hiked and bucked J Troop along as fast as possible—particularly after they hit the Pulijane trail, about eleven o'clock. They rested here, had coffee and a bacon sandwich—their last rest and feed in a good long time, so Captain Campbell warned them: "For when we hike out now we don't stop till we get 'em." The next thing they struck was a swamp with a precarious, quaking trail through it, but they won through with only one casualty—Private Doran, the unlucky, fell in and sank waist deep, and it took the combined efforts of three men, under the energetic leadership of Shorty, to haul him out. After that they followed up the trail without halt, Shorty in front like an eager little bow-legged beagle, nose to ground, snuffing the warpath. At three-thirty they met a detachment of Boluntarios, which Shorty added to his column; they just dismounted long enough to rest the horses' backs and stretch their own legs, and were mounting again when there was a wild yell from the rear, and Finnegan rode up hatless and mud-bespattered, his horse blowing and winded. Astonished, Shorty and the troop turned and gaped at him.

"Oh, Captain," he gasped, "I thought I'd never ketch up! I never heard the troop go—and *whew!* I had to hustle!"

"Lose your hearin' temporarily?" demanded Shorty. "A boiler factory runnin' full blast wasn't in it with this troop when they left the post—they scared the game for miles! Where *were* you?"

"Settin' on my bunk."

"Sitting—good Lord, this is too much! Get back in your place. I'll attend to you later. Ten-*shun!* Prepare to mount—*mount!*"

Up swung the men and hiked along at command. Unfortunately for him, Finnegan's appointed place in the file was directly ahead of McClusky, and after Finnegan had been riding for a while in a semidaze he became aware of a constant reiterated utterance behind him. It came with a cadenced swing.

"Cold feet! Cold feet! C-o-l-d f-double e-t! Cold feet! Cold feet!" ran the chant; over and over and over, boring into his brain.

"Cold feet! Cold feet!" Suddenly the refrain touched him to the quick and aroused wild and sudden anger.

"Shut up, you big slob!" he roared, reining back his horse to shake his fist under McClusky's astonished nose. "I'll learn you to call that to me! Don't care if you're Jack Johnson," he added.

"Shut up there!" came Shorty's tense whisper down the file. "Can the chin! Everybody quiet now; I think we're gettin' up on 'em!"

IN silence J Troop crept forward, Shorty having sent a dismounted party ahead to reconnoiter. Rage foamed in the hearts of McClusky and Finnegan, but was forgotten at the sharp command: "Dismount to fight on foot. Number threes hold horses."

"Deploy as skirmishers! Quietly, men, quietly." They crept forward; the constabulary extended the line to the left. Suddenly, without warning, the reconnoitering party came tumbling in, gasping, and hot on their heels came a volley from the right front, knocking down several men.

"Close in on me!" called Shorty, seeing the gap in the line. Promptly they closed up, and none too soon, for like an apparition a column of the enemy began passing in front of the troop's right. They were moving in a narrow cross trail, in column of twos in a smart double-step, arms crossed in front of the breast, a bolo in the right hand and a long stick in the left. The riflemen who had fired were nowhere to be seen; this column was evidently unaware of them, and as they cleared the bush on the right, Shorty gave the command: "Fire!"

Weeks of painstaking work had made



Where We Come In?

By CHARLES L. EDSON

OH DRAT that everlasting hay;
Spear piled on spear.
We fight the stuff from day to day,
From year to year.

No matter if a thousand stacks
This harvest yields;
Next year we'll have to break our backs
In these same fields.

Who eats the hay? Not ma nor pa,
Not me nor you.
I ask again who eats it? Ha!
The horses do.

We raise the hay for horses' grub.
"Well, then," you say.
"Why keep the horses?" There's the rub—
To haul the hay!

The hay needs horses; horses, hay—
It is a sin.
Us farmer ginks will ask some day
Where *we* come in?

J Troop's volley perfect, and as the crash came the Pulijanes could be seen tumbling around in all directions. Some of the wounded veered to the left, where the Boluntarios got them in the flank; most of them fled along the trail, but one or two of the fiercest turned and tried to bolo some of J's wounded that had fallen at the first volley; but they were beaten off. Up jumped Shorty.

"We've got 'em now!" he yelled. "Forward! Follow me!" and started after the Pulijanes at a trot.

"Come back, Captain!" yelled Whitney, who had headed the scouting party. "There's a thousand men out there, and the detachment with rifles are thick down the trail yonder."

"Who's captain here?" demanded Shorty. "You or I? That's just what I'm after—to capture those rifles! They've got no business with 'em. Forward, men!" And forward went J, carrying their wounded and keeping as close as possible to Shorty's heels. Finnegan's heart was wildly thumping, but, as he noted curiously, it was not with fear but with excitement. His morning letter had required some outlet; had, after the first daze, keyed him up to just the right pitch for his first fight—this was better than vino. McClusky, never more himself than in the midst of an action, noted the boy keenly and admitted to himself that he seemed all right. "He's got the right look in his eye," conceded Mac. "Old Campbell ain't often fooled."

SOON they came to the open and halted in a comote patch. Shorty formed them in a circle with the wounded in the center and the constabulary on the right and left flanks, and details were set to work bandaging the wounded. Shorty looked about him. Ahead a comparatively open trail led to a small house perched on a slightly rising ground, and near it was a double line of Pulijanes.

"All with bolos," muttered Shorty, squinting through his field glasses. "Bet my grandmother's hat those riflemen are on the other side of that house." He swept the horizon with his glass. "No sign of them anywhere else," he remarked to Whitney.

"The hemp's pretty tall," answered the Sergeant. "They could be thick all around us and we not see them."

"I'll take a chance," replied Shorty. "I'll take out a few men myself, circle back of that house, and see if those rifles are there. I'm goin' to *get* 'em!"

"Send some one else; do, sir; we can't afford to lose you."

"Afford rot! I'm goin'. Here, McClusky—Terry—come with me!" His eye roamed over the troop. "I'll need one more."

"Take Finnegan, sir," prompted McClusky.

"What! I want some one I can *depend* on."

"Ye can depend on *him*," replied Mac. "He ain't off-agin-on-agin no more; he's on—ter stay! I seen his eye!"

"Wonders will never cease!" said Shorty. "Here, Finnegan!"

CREEPING on their stomachs, as General Grant said armies move, they cautiously advanced about a hundred yards beyond the clearing to a clump of hemp beside the trail. As they reached it two Pulijanes rose up and made for them. Shorty promptly fired at one and McClusky, who was immediately behind him, at the other, and down they came. With the shots the enemy rose up on all sides of them from the hemp as devils or ghosts do in a nightmare. Everywhere they turned there was a row of fierce, grinning heads. It was enough to affright even a Shorty, to say nothing of a Finnegan, only—he surprised himself again at not being terrified. The whole field, everywhere they looked, far and near, was alive with Pulijanes. Every one of the party was cool and collected; Shorty had chosen his men well. They knew the only thing to do to try to save their skins, and they proceeded to do it. They started for their own lines, walking backward and firing as they walked. From behind, on either side of them, came a murderous fire from J Troop, directed by Lieutenant Burns. The Pulijane riflemen that Shorty had rightly guessed to be on the other side of the house came kiting around the corner and joined in. Of a sudden Terry fell, dead in his tracks. Next, to the horror of the troop, a big hairy Pulijane pressed forward, caught hold of little Shorty's leg, downed him, and gave him a bolo thrust in the side, all like lightning. McClusky, running to the Captain's assistance, was downed and stabbed twice in the back by two more. The advance of the Pulijanes closed in on them.

Then occurred the glorification of Finnegan. He started to fire, but found

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his rifle barrel pierced by a bullet. "Here goes!" he muttered, and rushed forward, using it as a club. It bent over a Pulijane's head, and as the man fell Finnegan jerked up Shorty and Mac and got them started to the rear. Very weak and tottery they were, but managed to hold together and win back with Finnegan behind them—as they supposed. As they reached the welcoming line Shorty turned, expecting to see Finnegan, but he was still many yards away, the center of a bunch of howling Pulijanes. And now J was afraid to fire for fear of killing him.

"Let me get back!" gasped Shorty. "Blank blank it, they've got the best man in the troop!"

McClusky was lying on the ground in the center of the formation with eyes closed and face very white against his vivid hair. Shorty hung on Whitney's restraining and supporting arm, struggling feebly, cursing and fuming.

"Let me back! What'd I ever leave him for?" But Whitney held on.

"We're goin' to keep you now we've got you. No one can live out there the way we're surrounded."

Finnegan was struggling to save himself. "I've *got* to," he told himself. Striking right and left with his rifle, he succeeded in backing along for some yards, followed by fifteen or twenty bowling Pulijanes slashing and jabbing at him with spears and bolos at every step. His right arm was suddenly ripped open; he gasped, staggered, and managed to stagger sideways and toward a flank enough to let J Troop have a clear line to advance.

"Fire!" yelled Shorty. Out crashed the volley and down went more than half of the pursuing party. Finnegan ran for his life as they checked, stumbling and swaying at every step.

"Fire!" yelled Shorty again, and the broken remnants turned and ran back to their lines while Finnegan fell and Lieutenant Burns jumped out and pulled him in. Then the Pulijane rifles chimed in again, but J Troop, having broken their center, sent them flying. Next morning two more troops of the Eighteenth from the north of the island appeared on the scene and followed up the enemy, as J Troop's loss was so great it was hardly in pursuing shape. The chase however, was almost needless, as it turned out later that every large band of Pulijanes in Leyte was in the fight and every important leader was killed.

In the largest room of the old house lay Shorty and Finnegan on blankets, and when the private's eyes opened he found himself looking straight into the thoughtful gaze of his Captain.

"Good mornin', sir," said Finnegan.

"Mornin'," responded Shorty.

Finnegan looked down at himself and found that he had been washed clean and his arm bandaged. "How are you, Captain? Did they get you bad?"

"Who? Me? Takes more than one bolo poke in the side to get *me* in bad. After the first wooziness it was no bother. I'll be all right in a day or two—thanks to you."



Messenger—*I'm going on me vacation next week.*

Newsboy—*I'm 'fraid I won't be able ter git away this year. That's the wuist o' bein' in biuness fer yerself.*

"Don't thank me—I had to," said Finnegan. "Where's McClusky?"

Shorty's face became grave. "Dead," he said. "Old Mac's dead. Those two thrusts in the back finished him. He died last night about nine o'clock."

"I did what I could," said Finnegan.

"God knows you did—and so did Mac. The last thing he said was: 'Tell the boy Finnegan I mistook him.' And I want to say right here and now, Finnegan, I was 'mistook' too—yesterday mornin' when you turned that stunt of hangin' behind—and I take back all I was goin' to say to you."

"Well, you never said it. What was it?"

"Oh, cussin' you out for stayin' behind. Whatever made you, you idiot? You might have been court-martialed."

"Why," stammered Finnegan. "Why, the letter—why, it—it come yesterday."

"What letter?" snapped Shorty. "Out with it! What was it?"

"A boy!" beamed Finnegan, radiating with parental glory. "Six weeks ago, and they're both doin' fine!"

"*A kid!*" Shorty fell back for the moment, speechless.

"I hope you ain't mad, Captain," said Finnegan. "I knew you never liked to hear about girls and wives and things, so I never told you. But I was afraid you'd git on to me. I was that restless waitin' to hear about it all."

"But—but—but," spluttered Shorty, "your enlistment card says 'single.'"

"That was right when 'twas made out, but I got married that night—two weeks before I come to Fort Hotchkiss."

For a moment Shorty was prostrated, then through his brain darted several thoughts. "Some women will take anything—he was a beaut then!" was the first, but the last one drew a conclusion that might have surprised some of Shorty's intimates. "Maybe a woman can see further. Maybe this intuition gag has got somethin' on us after all."

Finnegan mistook his silence for disapproval. "You ain't mad, are you?" he reiterated.

"Mad!" roared Shorty suddenly. "*No!* For God's sake! He saves my life and asks if I mind it because he happens to be married! Say did you say that kid was named yet?"

"No, she was waitin' to hear what I wanted."

"Then tell her to call it Alexander Campbell Finnegan," said Shorty. "And I'll send it a gold toothbrush, or whatever it is you send kids—with yesterday's date on it."

That night, while Finnegan lay happily asleep, Shorty lay awake and thought of turbulent, brave, trouble-raising, difficult, hard-drinking, gallant, dead McClusky, who had been a noncom with him in the "old regiment."

"It was the best way—the only way he could have left the service without a bobtail. Now he'll have—

Three rounds blank, and follow me,
And thirteen rank, and follow me;
Oh, hark to the bugle callin',
Follow me, follow me home!"



No. 0 Brownie

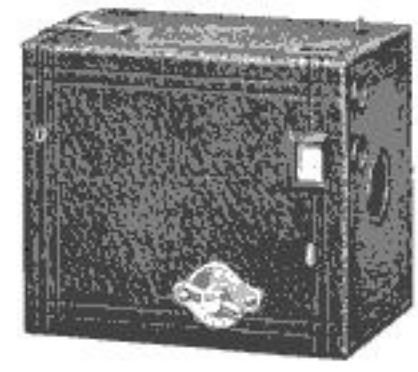
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Bealby

(*Concluded from page 16*)

He found Mr. Darling in profound meditation over some peach trees against the wall. They were not doing so well as they ought to do and Mr. Darling was engaged in wondering why. "Good evening, Mr. Darling," said Mr. Mergleson.

MR. DARLING ceased rather slowly to wonder and turned to his friend. "Good evening, Mr. Mergleson," he said. "I don't quite like the look of these here peaches, *blowed* if I do."

Mr. Mergleson glanced at the peaches and then came to the matter that was nearest his heart. "You 'aven't, I suppose, seen anything of your stepson these last two days, Mr. Darling?"

"Naturally *not*," said Mr. Darling putting his head on one side and regarding his interlocutor. "Naturally not—I've left that to you, Mr. Mergleson."

"Well, that's what's awkward," said Mr. Mergleson and, then, with a forced easiness. "You see, I ain't seen 'Im either."

"No!"

"No. I lost sight of 'im—" Mr. Mergleson appeared to reflect—"late on Sattiday night."

"'Ow's that, Mr. Mergleson?"

MR. MERGLESON considered the difficulties of lucid explanation. "We missed 'im," said Mr. Mergleson, simply regarding the well-weeded garden path with a calculating expression and then lifting his eyes to Mr. Darling's with an air of great candor. "And we continue to miss 'im."

"*Well!*" said Mr. Darling. "That's rum!"

"Yes," said Mr. Mergleson.

"It's decidedly rum," said Mr. Darling. "We thought 'e might be 'iding from 'is work. Or cut off 'ome."

"You didn't send down to ask."

"We was too busy with the week-end people. On the 'ole we thought if 'e 'ad cut 'ome, on the 'ole 'e wasn't a very serious loss. 'E got in the way at times. . . . And there was one or two things 'appened. . . . Now that they're all gone and 'e 'asn't turned up— Well, I came down, Mr. Darling, to arst you. Where's 'e gone?"

"'E ain't come 'ere," said Mr. Darling surveying the garden.

"I 'arf expected 'e might and I 'arf expected 'e mightn't," said Mr. Mergleson with the air of one who had anticipated Mr. Darling's answer but hesitated to admit as much.

THE two gentlemen paused for some seconds and regarded each other searchingly.

"Where's 'e *got* to?" said Mr. Darling.

"Well," said Mr. Mergleson putting his hands where the tails of his short jacket would have been if it hadn't been short, and looking extraordinarily like a parrot in its more thoughtful moods, "to tell you the truth, Mr. Darling, I've 'ad a dream about 'im—and it worries me. I got a sort of ideer of 'im as being in one of them secret passages, 'Iding away. There was a guest, well, I say it with all respec', but *anyone* might 'ave 'id from 'im. . . . S'morning soon as the week-end 'ad cleared up and gone 'ome, me and Thomas went through them passages as well as we could. Not a trace of 'im. But I still got that ideer. 'E was a wriggling, climbing—enterprising sort of boy."

"I've checked 'im for it once or twice," said Mr. Darling, with the red light of fierce memories gleaming for a moment in his eyes.

"'E might *even*," said Mr. Mergleson, "well, very likely 'ave got 'imself jammed in one of them secret passages. . . ."

"Jammed," repeated Mr. Darling.

"Well—got 'imself somewhere where 'e can't get out. I've 'eard tell there's walled-up dungeons."

"They say," said Mr. Darling, "there's underground passages to the Abbey ruins—three good mile away."

"Orkward," said Mr. Mergleson. . . .

"Drat 'is eyes!" said Mr. Darling. "What does 'e mean by it?"

"We can't leave 'im there," said Mr. Mergleson.

"I knowed a young devil once what crawled up a culvert," said Mr. Darling. "'Is father 'ad to dig 'im out like a fox. . . . Lord! 'ow 'e walloped 'im for it."

"Mistake to 'ave a boy in so young," said Mr. Mergleson.

"It's all very awkward," said Mr. Darling surveying every aspect of the case. You see— 'Is mother sets a most estrordinary value on 'im. Most estrordinary."

"I don't know whether she oughtn't to be told," said Mr. Mergleson. "I was thinking of that."

MR. DARLING was not the sort of man to meet trouble halfway. He shook his head at that. "Not yet, Mr. Mergleson. I don't think yet. Not until everything's been tried. I don't think there's any need to give her needless distress—none whatever. If you don't mind I think I'll come up to-night—ninelsh say—and 'ave a talk to you and Thomas about it—a quiet talk. Best to begin with a *quiet* talk. It's a dashed rum go, and me and you we got to think it out a bit."

"That's what *I* think," said Mr. Mergleson with unconcealed relief at Mr. Darling's friendliness. "That's exactly the light, Mr. Darling, in which it appears to me. Because you see—if 'e's all right and in the 'ouse, why doesn't 'e come for 'is vittels?"

To be Continued Next Week

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A Professional Peacemaker

(Concluded from page 12)

for as little work as he can, the burden falls not upon the employer but upon the bread eaters; or when the garment makers by familiar processes increase the cost and depreciate the quality of the coats they make, they are throwing the burden not upon the garment manufacturers, but upon the garment consumers, who are the bakers, the butchers and the candlestick makers, and all the rest of the coat wearers of the community."

This effect, already perceived, Mr. Williams believes, by some far-seeing labor leaders, will by and by place intolerable burdens upon labor's own back. In consequence he looks for the day when out of the ranks of labor itself will develop a finer ethic which will scorn the merchants' "much for little" policy, and seek to get the maximum of production out of both time and effort with adequate compensation based upon results.

By this bit of clear analysis I believe Mr. Williams puts a blaze high on a tree at the exact spot where the forest of difficulties before organized labor begins to be trackless.

Even away back in his mining days Mr. Williams was a handy man on strike committees because he always kept his head above the smoke and could see on both sides of the fighting line. When settlement time came, his mind appeared to have a cat's-eye. He could peer into the dark of the future, and often his farsighted vision caused the operators on the other side of the table to exchange looks of amazement.

When the miners gained the right to have a check weighman at the company scales, it was but natural that their choice should fall upon shrewd John Williams, who thus became the first check weighman in Illinois.

However, Williams did not remain many years in this position. Society needed him, and he moved out into it, working a year as a reporter for a local newspaper, and then passing into a small insurance business and the management of the local opera house.

As an opera-house manager he considered not what attractions would make the most money for him, but what would make the most for character and culture in his townspeople. He also labored assiduously to improve the town taste, so that it would like what it should like.

It is pleasant to be able to write that this painstaking effort did not go without appreciation. When, recently, after twenty-seven years' service, Mr. Williams retired from the opera-house management, his townspeople presented him with a handsome gold watch bearing an inscription which expressed grateful recognition and conferred a new title—that of Minister of Public Amusements.

These twenty-seven years, by the way, were great years for John Williams. Culturing processes were widely at work inside of him. He read philosophy, science, and belles-lettres. He composed music and directed an orchestra. I am not sure but that he painted pictures. He became the local manager of a Chautauqua. He even helped at the organization of a church and was for years its president. He studied, thought, practiced; he made himself an all-around man. Above all, he practiced the art of conversation. John Williams is a good talker. He has a wide command of words that are apt and specific. His sentences are not top-heavy. They move in light marching order. He thinks things and then he talks them. He knows what he means when he speaks, and you know what he means when you hear him. He prints his views in newspaper articles and he makes speeches upon occasion.

And all the while he has been culturing his brain he has kept his sympathies broad. Physically he rose out of the mine. In his heart he has never ceased contact with the mind of the worker. But at the same time—and here is the great quality of the man as a mediator—without letting go of the point of view of the party with the lamp in his hat four hundred feet under ground, John Williams can also sit in the office of the president as he drives the great industrial organization that reaches down to the man in the pit, or he can swing about with him in his chair until, instead of facing his executive desk, he sits at the foot of the long directors' table and makes accounting of his policies to the men who represent the owners of the property and who compose the soul of which he directs the body. It was really this capacity for seeing the employer's side of a labor controversy which brought John Williams to his peculiar mission in life.



"Puppy Love"

Drawn by R. Van Buren

Many times employers go out of a session in which he has done a large share of the talking not only with the impression that he has told them something they very much needed to know, but suspecting that certain of their interests are safer in his hands than in their own.

Mr. Williams has served as an official arbitrator for the miners and mine operators of Illinois and has now mediated successfully in so many labor difficulties that he has worked out a set of principles to guide him. In settling a strike, however, he does not try to solve all the problems of the universe, but merely feels about for the fractured bedrock of self-interest which binds all employers and all employees together, and seeks to fuse the broken edges. It was that way in the garment workers' trouble.

When the firm of Hart Schaffner & Marx in Chicago were deadlocked with their ten thousand or more employees, Mr. Williams stepped into the middle of this situation and made his usual first-hand intimate study of every detail of the controversy. Then he laid down in his own mind two propositions: for the workers—*the union must be preserved*. For the employers—*quality, production, discipline, and labor supply must be maintained*.

Months and months of patient mediation were necessary before these two simple propositions could be worked out into the detailed terms of a written agreement covering all the complexities of garment manufacture and in a manner satisfactory to both parties. When the agreement was finally drawn, a question arose as to the principle of interpretation which should govern in the small differences that would inevitably arise under its practical operation. Over this seemingly trivial matter there was a long halt.

The peace of a great industry hung in the balance. Ten thousand employees of this one firm were directly concerned; while the forty thousand other garment workers of Chicago were likely to be involved in any warfare that resulted.

But one night Mr. Williams got out of bed and wrote down this simple sentence:

Every interpretation of this contract must have in mind two things—the strengthening of the union and the increase of shop efficiency.

This axiom was accepted by both sides. The strike was not declared, the great factories are humming busily, differences arise, but are adjusted under the terms and in the spirit of agreement, and should a disagreement seem irreducible, why, there is John E. Williams, less than one hundred miles away, ready to come at a moment's notice and pour in the oil of disinterested intelligence.

The success of this piece of mediation was the more notable because it had to do with an industry with which Mr. Williams was entirely unfamiliar and because the garment workers themselves were an almost entirely unassimilated mass of immigrants to whom both the language and institutions of the country were strange.

However, these newly engrafted Americans bore themselves in such a way as to win the following encomium from Mr. Williams:

"They proved themselves," he declared, "to be unionists of rare and unusual quality. The leaders were men whom the suspicion of graft had never tainted, men of lofty ethical ideals, men not yet permeated by the sordid commercial spirit of the age, which even the trade-union of to-day, alas! has not escaped."

It seems hard to realize that the man who wrote these sentences, and the others which have been quoted, was but a little while ago lying on his back in a coal mine, his whole firmament the little dome of air above his head in which to swing a pick.

The surprising sequel to the story is that Hart Schaffner & Marx, who, at one time, so dreaded the union and so feared the loss of efficiency and productiveness, have just published the best annual statement in the history of the company. *Their net profits were double that of the preceding year.*

Were such a constructive policy generally pursued, Mr. Williams believes it would result in the unionization of all the industries of the country, for no sensible employer would oppose a union which would bring such advantages.

He is not so Utopian as to believe that such a unionization would solve the labor problem, but he does believe it is a fundamental prerequisite of the economic reorganization of society, whether it be on cooperative or socialistic lines.

The professional peacemaker, who is the subject of this sketch, therefore, does not conceive his work as the sporadic activity of an altruistic individual; but regards it as a cause, an ideal movement, which has for its purpose the direction of an economic process—a fundamental and indispensable next step in the progress of industry and business.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since this article was written, Mr. Williams has been chosen permanent mediator between the organization of garment makers and garment manufacturers of New York City.*

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At Gettysburg Battle

(Continued from page 11)

for my friends among the seminary students used to get buttons from their mothers and sisters—everyone wore buttons, not hooks and eyes and patent fasteners, as they do now. It went twice around my neck and hung below my belt. As I stood by the officer when he made that nice little speech I was looking straight at a button which was on a level with my eyes. It had a tree on it with a top like a feather duster, and I spoke right out: "Please give me a button for my button string."

"I will be glad to," he said, and he took out his knife and cut one off. "Do you know what it is? It is the seal of South Carolina, the Palmetto State." And then he was gone. I have the button yet. When I went South last winter with the children and saw palmettos growing, I thought of that young officer and wondered, as I had a thousand times before, what became of him.

As I stood on the doorstep I looked again toward the bodies in the street. They had been stripped of their clothing and piled in a heap. At that moment a gray soldier was pulling the boots off the one who, I had fancied, moved a little. The handling roused him and I heard him say in a faint voice: "I'm not dead yet, but if you will give me a drink from your canteen you may take the boots."

The other gave an exclamation and let go of the boot he had in his hand: "I'm not such a beggar as that; I will get you a drink from this pump here."

At that I ran in for my blickey, quickly pumped it full, and carried it to the dying man. I heard the two soldiers talking together. The Confederate took the officer's sword instead of his boots and promised to send it to his wife. Then he rose from his knees and said to me: "Give me some of that water; it's heavenly cool," and he drank and filled his canteen. "Now run home, little girl, you can do nothing more for that officer. He is dead."

I FILLED the blickey again and went into the house, looking over my shoulder and wishing I had the buttons from the Union soldiers' coats. I heard Bertha saying to mother: "Why did that officer say he prayed that Walter would not be in Pennsylvania to-day?"

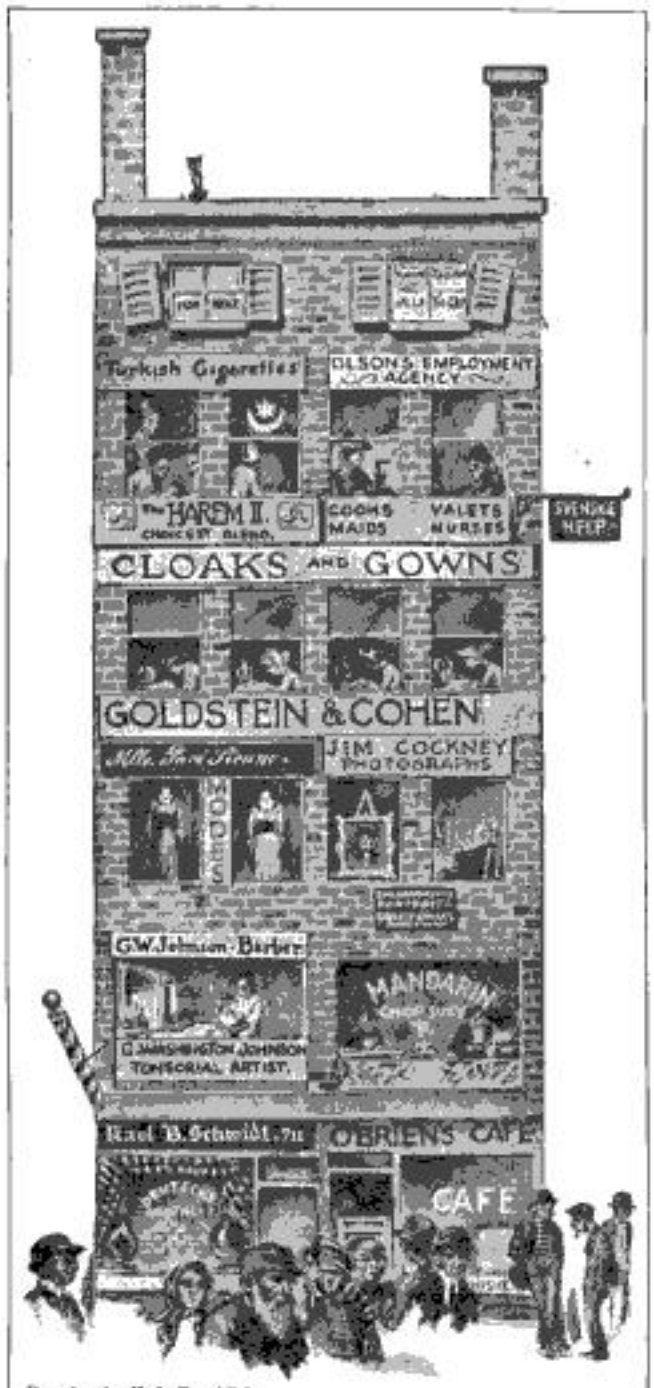
Mother looked at me and I looked at her. There was a curious understanding between us: for the first time I had a revelation of what war was, and we conspired together in that exchange of glances to conceal it from Bertha. There had come over me while the officer was speaking of his young wife a sudden clarity of vision, an insight for the first time into the dignity, the sanctity of expectant motherhood—and it took an invasion of South Carolina troops to open my eyes! I went up to Bertha and put my arms around her.

Mother sent us into the cellar then, and the first thing we saw by the light of our candle was the soldiers. They had buried their coats under the floor and they begged us for civilians' clothing so that they could pass for citizens of Gettysburg. I knew my brothers' clothes were hanging in their rooms, so I ran upstairs and brought down an armful, but when the soldiers were dressed they stayed in the cellar, and I don't wonder, with the rebels in possession of the town and the awful noise of battle going on overhead.

WHEN I went for those clothes I made a dash into Bertha's room to get some sewing. She had a big basket of things. As I did not know what to look for I took the basket and ran into the cellar.

Mother was tumbling things down the cellar stairs: a feather bed and pillows, a piece of carpet, some chairs, a ham, and I don't know what else. The firing was getting worse all the time. She came down herself with her arms full; father came, too, and Gustave with a hen in his arms. They came just in time, for a cannon ball crashed through a window just after and lodged in the wall over the table. That was the way Jennie Wade was killed.

OTHER Confederate soldiers had been in the kitchen and taken what the first had overlooked—all the bread and pies and everything in the cupboards, even the strings of schnitz. They had robbed the garden of the lettuce and onions and half-grown potatoes, and they had taken the horses, pigs, and chickens from the barn. They had paid for the stock with Confederate bills, which mother had contemptuously put away in the cracked teapot.



Drawing by H. L. Druckleb

"Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth"

GUSTAVE had saved the hen—it was a pet—by taking it off the nest. Mother had hidden a sack of flour behind a fireboard, and there were some pans of milk in the cellar, but no other food.

It is natural for some people to make the best of things; if they found themselves in hell they would seek out some consoling advantage. Mother was of that sort. Now it was candles! There was a box of candles in the cellar which she had made a few days before in her new candle mold. I heard her say over and over: "What would we have done without plenty of candles?" The candle mold was a modern invention, very up to date in 1863. I have seen it in a museum of antiques lately. The original candles were *dipped*. We set the candles in bottles around the cellar.

We were safe from shells and cannon balls, but we were afraid of the rebels themselves, for we thought those we had seen were exceptions. What if the Louisiana Tigers should come? There was no way of fastening the cellar door. Gustave had an ax. He said he could defend the steps, but father made him put it away.

There were two rooms in the cellar with a wall between, and in the inner we laid the feather bed for Bertha, who was beginning to be ill. I stayed in the outer room with the others while mother took care of Bertha. Once she came to the door and said: "Can somebody get a doctor?" Her tones were despairing and she was very white. It was like asking a man to go to his death, but one of the soldiers said he would attempt it. She told him where the doctor lived. He went up the stairs and out of the house; he never came back and the doctor did not come. It seemed that hours went by; father began to pace the cellar, hobbling with his cane over the rough floor; mother would come to the door and look in. "The doctor has not come?"

AT last the other soldier could stand it no longer. "I will try it," he said, and he went. It was like Noah sending the birds out of the ark, only there was no olive branch, for he did not come back either and the doctor never came.

I opened Bertha's basket to look for some unfinished work, but there was nothing there: everything was finished, so daintily and neatly. Little shirts of fine linen with delicate lace edging; tiny, short-sleeved dresses with long, sweeping skirts; pretty embroidered flannels; sacks with scalloped edges. In the dim candlelight, amid the coarse surroundings of potato bins and tiers of pork and vinegar barrels, they appeared like fairy garments.

Some time after the second soldier had gone there was a strange, squeaking cry in the inner cellar, and soon after mother came out with a little bundle in her hands which she gave to me, saying: "Hold it very carefully, Elizabeth."

"How is Bertha?" asked father, stopping in his uneasy walk. Then I saw that mother was crying.

"I am afraid she is going," she said.

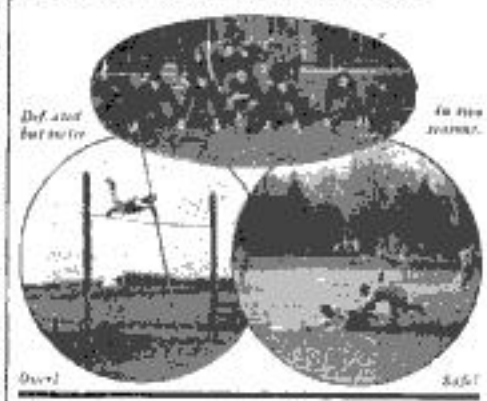
FATHER went in with mother, and I sat there overwhelmed. I had never thought distinctly about the baby; I had never even seen a young baby. It was crying and clenching its little red fists as we saw when Gustave and I peeped under the piece of blanket in which it was wrapped, and *it wore no clothes at all*. I was awfully shocked, although I don't suppose I really had thought that they came ready dressed. It was one of the things I had never thought about at all. All at once I felt tremendously responsible and grown up—the baby was in my care, mother could not even be consulted, it must be washed and dressed. I had plenty of clothes, but no water. I made Gustave hold it a moment while I made a search. There was not a drop of water in the cellar, but there was plenty of milk. Why not? Milk was water with cream and butter and cheese and smearcase in it. I did not see how any of them could hurt the baby. So she had a milk bath and I put her clothes on, while Gustave stood by and handed me things. Small as they had appeared, they were too large, and I turned up the sleeves and folded over the waists to fit her better. I finally wrapped it in one of the soft little blankets, and when all was done it was asleep with a thumb in its mouth. I had a fresh terror now—the fear that the Confederates would hear it cry, for I could hear them walking overhead in the kitchen whenever the firing would cease for a little while, and I held it very still while it slept.

After a while father and mother came out and closed the door. Mother sat down and put her face in her hands. The

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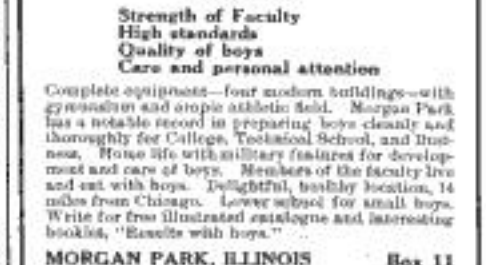
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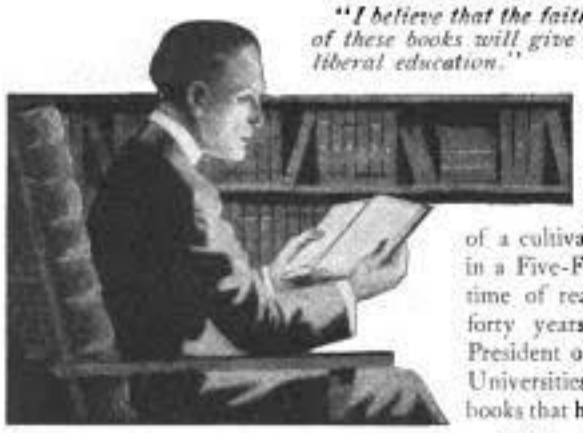
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tears began to run down my face. I knew it was all over. She looked at the baby presently and gave a great sigh.

"Do you think it is alive?" she said in such a weary tone, as if she did not care whether it was or not.

"Come and see," I said, swelling with pride. Some time after that we realized that we had not heard firing for a long time. Mother went up the steps and came down quickly.

"It is night, the battle is over, the rebels say they won it."

On our doorstep was the body of a man dressed in my brother's clothes with his head blown off by a shell. Confederate soldiers were strolling along the street; a group of them had built a fire in our garden and were cooking supper. We built a fire in the kitchen stove and mother made bread with soda and put it into the oven; Gustave brought up the ham and she cut off slices into the frying pan, where they began to sizzle and give off heavenly odors. Oh, we were so hungry! "Take the ham down cellar!" she said to Gustave, but he did not obey quickly enough, for two soldiers came in and saw it.

"By your leave, madam!" said one, and he took the ham and went out. "By your leave," said another, and he speared the hot slices with a fork and walked off with them. Another opened the oven door and took out the pan of bread.

"If you must take it," said mother, "wait till it is baked."

The soldier laughed and broke apart the half baked loaf and began to eat, saying: "If I waited some other fellow would get it."



"I carried the blickey into the kitchen"

I HAD taken the baby into the room which adjoined the kitchen. This was where we kept our best furniture, the tall clock with red roses on its face, which came from the old country, and the German Bible, which had been grandfather's. A ball had splintered the window sash and scattered glass over the floor.

I could hear the soldiers in the kitchen, and a new terror seized me—*the baby was going to cry.* It was clutching the blanket and kicking. I put it on my shoulder and patted it, I carried it cautiously back and forth across the room, I gently jogged it, I tossed it; all was of no use; it began to give out awful screams. I heard one of the soldiers say: "Have you a baby here?"

My feelings at that moment were those of a cave woman, a tigress, of any female creature who fights for her young. I "saw red," as the stories have it nowadays. The day before mother had told a lie to save the Union soldiers. I thought the baby could be saved if she had presence of mind to say "It is a kitten crying," but what she replied was: "Yes." Then, raising her voice: "Elizabeth, bring out the baby."

I MAY have been a cave woman, a tigress, but I had been brought up to obey my mother; I walked into the kitchen as if I had been walking into a den of lions. There were six men there, more ragged than any tramp that had ever begged at our door. One of them took the baby from me and held it up against his rough, hairy face and talked to it; it stopped crying and twisted its face into a queer little grimace which looked like a smile, but which mother said afterward was colic.

"I reckon it is a girl," said one of the others. "André always was the fellow for the girls." They all crowded around and wanted to hold it, till mother said it must be fed. The soldiers sat in the kitchen and told us about their homes.

Our opinion of "rebels" was changing. I have heard that the negroes in the South used to believe that the Yankees had horns. I'm sure we had not believed the Southerners exactly human, but we saw that they were just men, or rather boys, just like our own boys, and homesick boys at that. André said: "Are you afraid of the rebels now?"

Mother answered: "I am not afraid of you, but I would be afraid of the 'Louisiana Tigers.'"

Oh, what a shout and roar of laughter went up in the kitchen as they yelled: "We are the 'Tigers'!"

After a while one of them asked about the baby's mother, and with the answer a hush came over them and they went out quietly, one of them staying behind a moment to kiss mother's hand. "You are so much like my own mother," he said.

EVERYONE who tells the story of Gettysburg divides it in three parts for the three days; I'm afraid mine will not divide that way, for many things are confused in my memory.

We spent the second day in the cellar also. Sometimes when there was a cessation in the firing we ventured upstairs and mother tried to bake something out of the flour, for we had nothing else except the milk, which had soured, and the egg which Gustave's hen laid; but the gray-coats ate most of her baking.

That night we buried Bertha. She had no shroud, no coffin. There was no undertaker, no minister, no sexton, no cemetery. With our own hands we dug a shallow grave in the garden by the arbor; by candlelight we dug it and laid her in, wrapped in a blanket. Some soldiers came by, took the tools from our blistered hands and filled up the grave. The soldiers were not so jubilant that night, for they were tired with two days' fighting, but they were still winning and our hearts were sore.

There was a time on the third morning when we had our heads above ground, for mother went into the street and accosted the colonel of the regiment. She asked him to have the heap of naked bodies on the street corner removed.

"Certainly, madam," he said, and he directed his men to carry them away. They carried them to a barnyard and deposited them upon a pile of stable manure. Of all the incidents of that time this impressed me most with the horror of war. That was the day we killed the hen. We were hungry all the time. Mother said if Gustave would let it be killed she would cook it so that the soldiers would not find it out. He finally gave in.

The fourth morning came. We began to learn that it was not a Confederate victory, even if it was not a Union victory. Little by little it leaked out that it was a Union victory after all. The Confederate troops were moving out of town and *they were moving south.*

All day they marched past our house; all day we stood at the pump and gave them water as they passed. Some of them were so badly wounded that we could not see their mouths as they lifted the cup to their mangled faces. All day there was firing by sharpshooters to cover the retreat.

When we came up out of the cellar we found all Gettysburg had been living in the cellars. We came up to a world of pain and misery and death, for thousands of horses lay unburied under the July sun. The churches were turned into hospitals and outside of them lay great heaps of arms and legs. Every private house was also a hospital where the wounded were cared for by the women of the city. Then followed the Gettysburg fever, which attacked the doctors, the nurses, the wounded alike; hardly a house escaped the scourge.

I do not know anything about military maneuvers; I did not see the conflict in the peach orchard or the wheat field; I did not see Pickett's charge. There are guides who will tell you how it was done. Our Gustave, who hid for three days in the cellar, is one of the best battle field guides; but I know what a battle field looks like when it is all over. When I hear about war, about the field of glory, I remember the seven men who lay in a stark heap at the corner of the street till they were thrown into a reeking barnyard. I remember the dying man who offered his boots for a drink of water. I remember the sharpshooter who fell from the window like a sack of wheat.

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The Wilson Personality

(Continued from page 6)

from him. Allowance is not made for frailties of judgment or inadequacies in performance. He is not leniently judged. A theoretical degree of perfection is expected to be attained in his every thought, word, and deed. Of course he cannot always live up to these expectations, but when he does not he is blamed. A large part of Washington has got the impression of him that his constant endeavor is to execute absolute justice in a vacuum, without sympathy or tolerance. This is not a true conception of Mr. Wilson's ideal; nevertheless it is held, and more often than not he is judged accordingly.

The only ostentatious thing about Mr. Wilson is his modesty. It is as conspicuous as a red necktie with evening clothes. It doesn't detract from the sound and rightfully held good opinion that Mr. Wilson has of himself. He believes in himself and he has plenty of reason to believe in himself. But it makes him self-conscious.

Colonel Harvey's Catalogues

AFTER all, it is really a mad thing to attempt to set down Mr. Wilson's essential characteristics. George Harvey ought to be an awful warning to everybody who attempts the task. It is not so long ago that Colonel Harvey's chief occupation was to tell all about Wilson. He ranged free all over the uncharted confines of Mr. Wilson's character and from time to time came back with maps, diagrams, and topographical surveys of his discoveries. In the "North American Review" of March, 1911, and again in the same periodical in August, 1912, he listed Mr. Wilson's characteristics in this form:

Age in 1913—Fifty-six. Physique—Lithe, sinewy. Environment—South, East. Habitation—New Jersey. Ancestry—Scotch-Irish. Religion—Presbyterian. Recreation—Golf at minimum. Temperament—Daring. Manner—Graceful. Address—Charming. Nature—Just. Grain—Tenacious. Temper—Quick, zealous. Intellect—Keen, imaginative. Knowledge—Profound. Mental attitude—Self-reliant. Disposition—Uncompromising. Expression—Eloquent, persuasive. Diction—Fine. As lawyer—Analytical. Politics—Tilden Democrat. Political purpose—Reform. Political tendency—Intelligently radical. Political character—Luminous. Political convictions—Immovable.

This was one of the final reports of "the man who understood Wilson." All that he set down was true, but he didn't know all. The unknown factors determined the equation. Setting down Wilson in black and white is as gratuitous a form of folly as making political predictions.

All of the little things observed at close range and set down here are details. They are hardly known outside of Washington. Knowledge of them doesn't reach to the country at large. The people in the States see Mr. Wilson as a larger figure. It is not Wilson, the human being, but Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, who bulks large on the screen of their vision. They are more familiar with his assets than with his liabilities. They are firmly persuaded that he is absolutely on the level; that he is not seeking personal advantage or party advantage; that he is working all of the time with a passionate interest and with an eye single to the good of the whole country. This is clearly recognized by the country at large. It is a sound belief, for it is wholly true. Mr. Wilson makes no effort to gain favorable public opinion. He apparently does not realize the meaning or the value or the significance of the uses of publicity in the conduct of his office. The powers of the Presidency are vast, almost without boundaries, but a President can do nothing without the support of sound public opinion. Mr. Roosevelt, when he was in the White House, was keenly alert always to the state of public opinion. He constantly spoke of it and day by day made systematic endeavor to learn what the people at large were thinking and saying. He courted public opinion and sought to shape it. He had great success in shaping it, too. Mr. Wilson does not do this. He is not ignorant of the Roosevelt practice, though, for in an article called "Hide-and-Seek Politics," in the "North American Review" of May, 1910, Mr. Wilson wrote:

"It was very amusing when Mr. Roosevelt was President to notice how seasoned politicians shivered when he spoke in public—shivered at his terrible indiscretions, his frank revelations, whenever he chose, of what was going on inside political circles, his nonchalant failure to keep any confidence whatever that he chose to make public use of. He spoke of any inside matter he pleased, as though it were the people's privilege to know what was going on within their own Government. He may have chosen, and chosen very astutely, which confidences to keep, which to break, but he was strong and popular in proportion as he broke them and gave the people the impression that he was really telling them all he knew about their business, about the men and the motives which were retarding the proper transaction of their business and the proper correction of abuses under which they were suffering at the hands of the men who enjoyed the confidence and protection of the managing politicians."



SENATOR OLLIE JAMES

Of Kentucky is, perhaps, the most notable acquisition among politicians that Wilson has made since he came to Washington

Before Mr. Wilson came to Washington he said that this was to be an "open-door" Administration. "The New Freedom" is full of references to common counsel and the desirability of taking the whole people into the confidence of the officers of Government. Maybe Mr. Wilson honestly thinks that his Administration is an open-door Administration, but, as a matter of fact, he takes fewer people into his confidence and tells them less than any President that anyone in Washington has ever known. He rarely disseminates through the medium of the press to the people of the country at large intelligence of consequence or importance, and he is almost as chary about telling members of Congress details of probable or contemplated action by the Administration or his reasons for taking any given line of conduct. He is almost unbelievably reserved and close-mouthed about affairs of Government. He does not tell any more than he has to tell, and what he has to tell he tells sparingly. His performance in this respect and his promise have been totally

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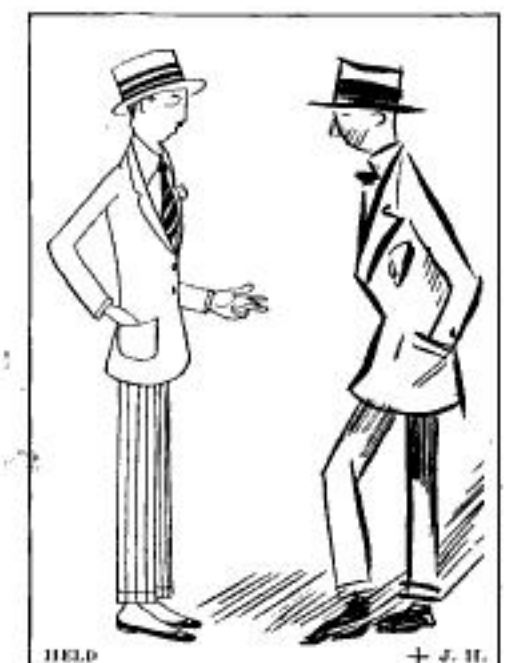
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divergent and yet the performance has been eminently successful. He is convinced in his ways because the first year of his Administration was so successful and so packed with accomplishment.

The legislative achievements at the extra session fairly may be described as extraordinary. Things have gone slower at the beginning of the second year, but Mr. Wilson has yet to be defeated. He has yet to fail in any one of the things he has set out to do. There has been more opposition to him in his own party and out of it since the present session began. His way has been harder, but he has not attempted any task and failed of its accomplishment. As this is written, the settlement of the Mexican problem hangs fire. The natural reaction that sets in at the end of the first year of the Administration of every President is beginning to be discerned and commented upon throughout the country. This reaction is not of such strength and proportions that it cannot be overcome.

Steadfastness is a word that was created to describe one of Mr. Wilson's outstanding qualities. He is perfectly aware of the condition of the public mind. He is resolved to overcome it. The chief causes of the reaction that has set in, so far as it can be analyzed, are Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy and the general business depression. Mr. Wilson is responsible for one, but not for the other. If they work out, he will recover any ground that he has lost in popular estimation. How intensely he is resolved that they shall work out nobody knows better than those who have access to him.



"My word, old chap, but you look different."
"Yes, I was drawn by a different artist."

The Law of the Wolf Pack

THE persons who have the nearest view of Woodrow Wilson do not love him, but they are bound to respect him. He will be followed and obeyed so long as he is successful, but he is not the type to command adherence, support, and unfaltering loyalty in defeat. To survive he must "make good." Once let him be thoroughly beaten or begin to compromise and he will be done for. This applies with peculiar force to his relations with Congress. Perhaps the country at large would be more lenient. To him more than to any other man in public life applies the law of the wolf pack.

Now, what impression have you gained of Mr. Wilson from all this? Not that he is unworthy of his great office, I hope. I have concerned myself with details because Mr. Wilson is a man of details, and a man's intimate personal character is made up of an aggregation of details, of personal habits unconsciously formed, of daily routine acquired through natural tastes. If you view Mr. Wilson as a dry, meticulous, clerkly man, you see only one aspect of him, and that is the Scotch Presbyterian aspect. He would make a great moderator, and if it were not for the bigger qualities in him he would have made an ideal head clerk for the old-fashioned solicitor, the kind that you have read about in English novels.

Take as a single example of his passion for detail and his thoroughness this story, which comes from Wesleyan, where Mr. Wilson was professor from 1888 to 1890, explaining why he dropped Thomas from his name and became simply Woodrow Wilson. The newspapers printed the story the other day when the Class of '89 at Wesleyan held its reunion. According to the story, one evening in the course of a call upon a fellow professor a discussion arose on names and their effect on one's success in life. Mr. Wilson held that the effect of a name was due entirely to its formation in long or short syllables, and he is credited with saying: "For those who wish to achieve any success in public life the best kind of name is one that consists of a dactyl and a spondee; for example, Samuel Adams. The next best kind of name is one consisting of two spondees—Woodrow Wilson, for instance." It was almost impossible, Mr. Wilson thought, to achieve success if tagged with a name that ran all in dactyls. The worst sort of all was a name formed of three spondees, and therefore Thomas was thrown into the discard and Woodrow Wilson survived. This story may or may not be true. It is given currency here because it is the type of story told and believed about Mr. Wilson.

Distinction at a Stroke

MR. WILSON is a practical man. Nobody has called him "academic" since March 4, 1913. If a spondee stands in his way, why, off with its head. And mark the acute intelligence of the man. By dropping Thomas into the wastebasket he acquired distinction at a stroke. In the city directories there are legions of Thomas Wilsons. Placed end to end they would girdle the earth at the Tropic of Cancer, but in the whole round world there is but one Woodrow Wilson.

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Volume 53 July 25, 1914 Number 19

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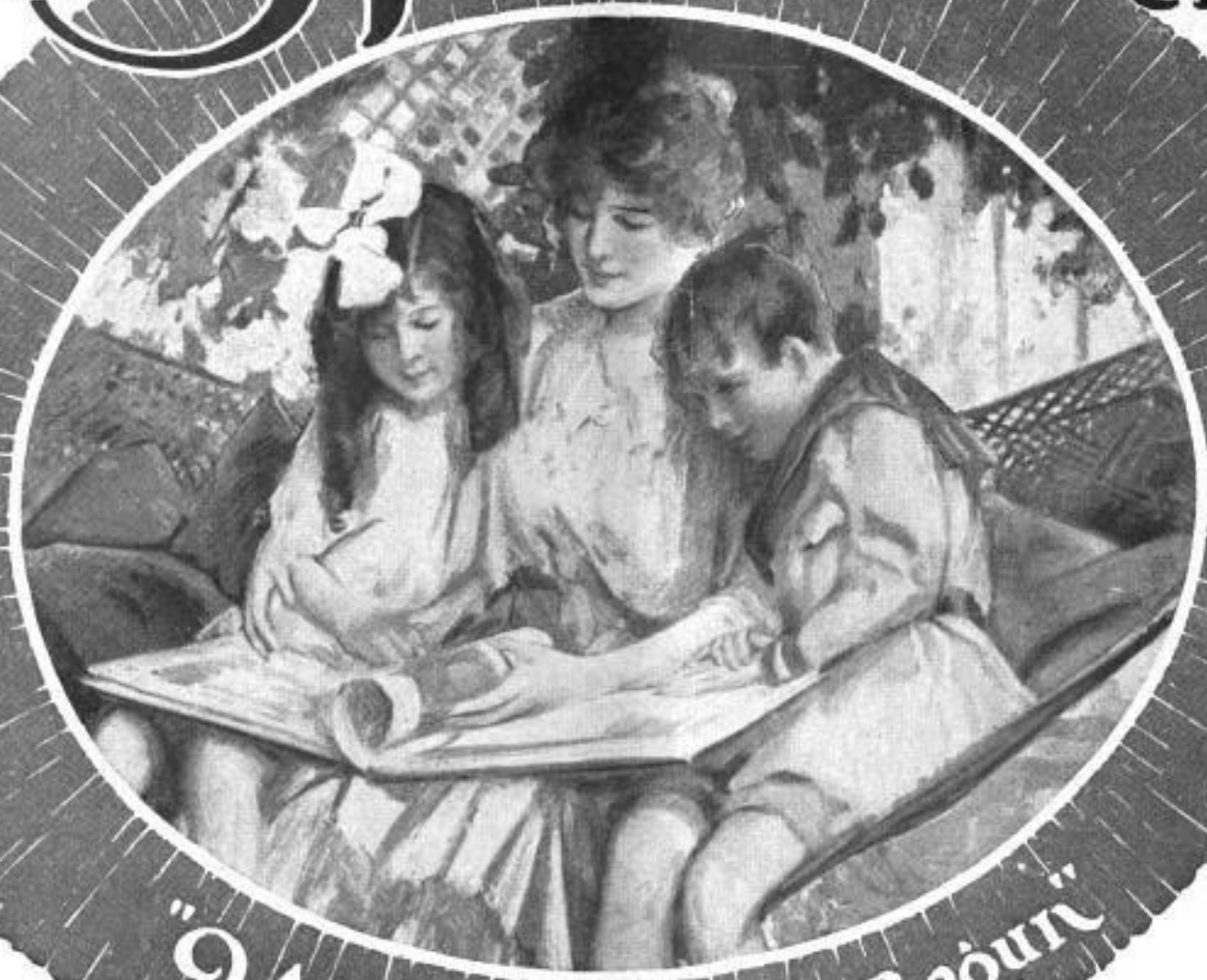
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for August 1, 1914



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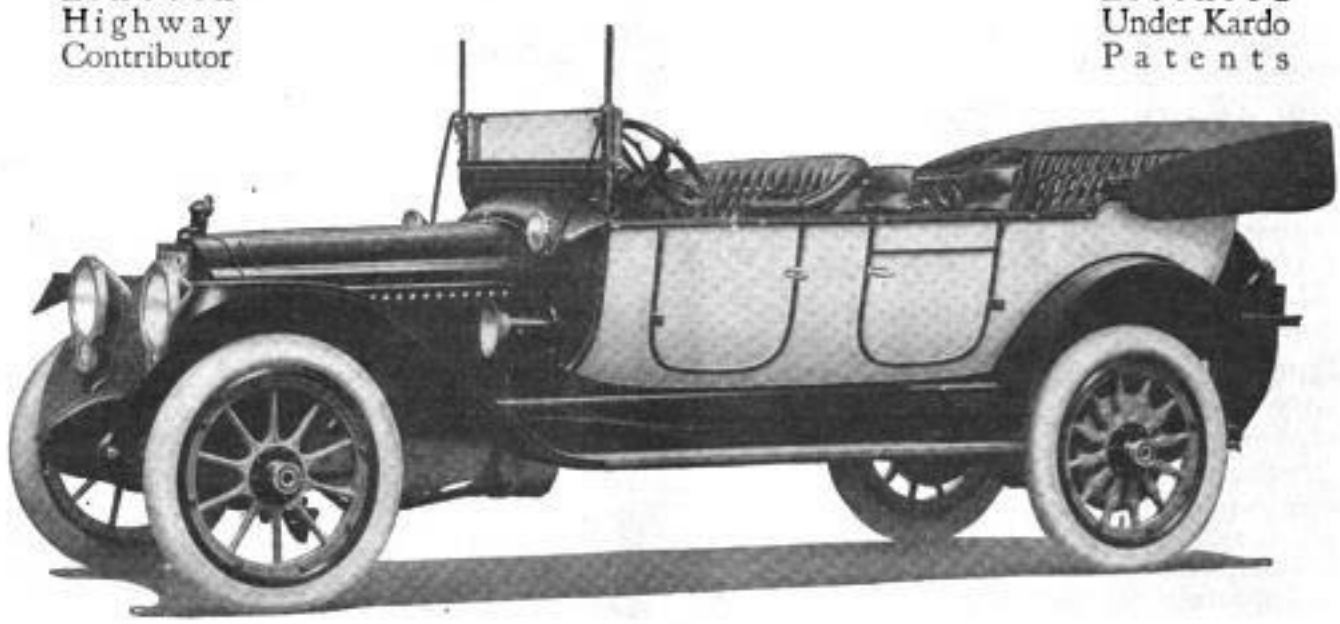
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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 20 AUGUST 1 1914

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Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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The Indian Sign

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"SPECK" ADAMS was through. He knew it; Joe Cotter, the manager, knew it; the bleacherites were beginning to suspect it aloud in accents which rumbled like distant thunder, and the baseball reporters had been writing it between the lines ever since the opening of the season. Speck fought the inevitable as long as he could, for he needed the money, but a chronic Charley horse is not a thing which an outfielder may conceal or ignore. It has a way of thrusting itself into the box scores.

The end came in July. An ambitious recruit from Texas with two sound legs and a forty-one-ounce bat shunted the veteran to the bench, and the next morning Speck's epitaph appeared in all the papers. Most of the scribes were sympathetically merciful for old time's sake, but some extracted humor from the situation, as indicated by the following sample paragraph:

"That venerable ruin, Speck Adams, limped to the scrap heap in the fourth canto after McCue's line smash to center had gone for a home run. Time was when Speck would have caught that ball in his teeth; yesterday he needed a butterfly net, and alas, butterfly nets are not being worn by outfielders this season. One-legged men are also going out of style in the best circles and ball players who cannot outrun a milch cow are becoming passé in the big league. We long ago stopped guessing what Joe Cotter would do in an emergency, but with a close pennant race in prospect we venture to predict a change of air for Speck and a new signature on his pay check. This information will be received with loud, ringing cheers by that eminent moundsman, Thomas Aloysius Kernohan. Cannonball Tom is unquestionably the greatest living pitcher, but he will be the last to deny that Speck Adams is one batter who has always had his number. Speck's bludgeon will be missed whenever Kernohan faces our noble athletes. Heddon, who replaced Adams at center, gave a good account of himself at bat and in the field and will probably be listed among the regulars in future."

Joe Cotter, manager of the Blues, read this paragraph at the breakfast table and growled into his coffee cup. Joe was not a man who might safely be accused of sentimental leanings, but if questioned he would have admitted that he "liked" Speck Adams.

BETWEEN manager and player there existed a bond of friendship which had survived seven years of wear and tear and the compelling intimacy of the big circuit. Cotter and Adams had seen baseball history in the making and been a part of it. In the days when an opposition league invaded the field, tempting players with fabulous salaries, it was the quiet Speck whose advice to the youngsters preserved the Blue line unbroken. They would not have listened to their distracted manager, but they listened to Adams.

"It's just this way, boys," he had said. "I don't know much about this new league—it may be all right and then again it may not—but I do know Joe Cotter. When you're working for a man like Joe, you know exactly what to expect. If he says he'll give you more dough next season, he'll do it—and you can bet on it. Joe never tells you one thing when he means another, and if he makes a promise, he'll keep it. A boss that you can depend on is better than one that you don't know anything about. That's the way it looks to me."



The roaring in the stands died away. . . . Then, suddenly, there came a tremendous clattering of white ash

This argument bore fruit and later Joe Cotter, discussing the situation with Speck, learned something which surprised him. "Speck," said he, "it's a wonder the outlaws didn't try to grab you. They went after everybody else."

"Oh," said Speck, "they tried, all right. Mailed me a contract for a thousand more'n I'm getting. I sent it back."

"You—what?" Cotter's mouth opened in amazement. "Why, all the rest of these fellows worked me for a raise on the strength of the offers they got. You could have done it, too. Why didn't you?"

"Shucks!" said Speck. "You know I never had no notion of quitting this club, Joe. I'm satisfied."

"You're a chump!" said Cotter. "You could have made me come through as easy as rolling off a log."

"But, I tell you, I wouldn't have jumped the team anyhow!" explained Speck.

"You're a good fellow," said the manager, "but you're a rotten business man."

Because he remembered this and many other things, Cotter growled into his coffee cup.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Cotter. "Are they roasting you again, Joe?"

"Not this time, Milly. They're after Speck. Just because I took him out of the game yesterday, they're preaching his funeral sermon. Got him dead and buried already. Gee! I wish these smart newspaper guys would let me run this ball club alone for a year or so! They make me tired."

"But, Joe, didn't you say last night that you thought Speck was all through—too crippled to play any more?"

"What if I did?" The manager of the Blues answered with the aggrieved howl which is the special privilege of a ten-year married man under wifely cross-examination. "What if I did say he was through? I didn't say I was going to tie a can to him, did I? Here it's July already, ain't it? I'll stall along until I see how this pennant thing will come out. We got as good a chance to get into the World Series as anybody else, and if we do cut up that dough, you bet Speck will get his share of it—a full share, too. It's coming to him. He'll never get the worst of it from me, Milly."

"Not from you, Joe," said Mrs. Cotter soothingly. "But you know how Mr. Burgess is. He'll have a conniption fit."

"Let him!" said Cotter. "I'm managing this club, ain't I?"

THIS was a very bold thing to say, because Old Burgess was the owner of the Blues—a hard-faced, tight-fisted, elderly gentleman who had made a fortune out of sentiment without possessing a vestige of it himself and was consequently violently opposed to paying out good dollars without an adequate return. According to Burgess, ball players on the bench were ball players loafing on the job. An idle athlete drawing more than $2,500 a season was always a bone of contention between owner and manager.

"You'll hear from him, Joe," said Mrs. Cotter, who, like many good women, could not forego the pleasure of prophesying unpleasantness.

"It won't be the first time," said her husband grimly.

Indeed, he heard from Burgess that very day. The telephone summoned him to the downtown offices of the club, and there he was informed that Mr. Burgess was in his private sanctum and would see him immediately, if not sooner.

"Good morning, Joe," said the owner. "What are you going to do about Adams?"

"You've been reading the newspapers again!" said Cotter accusingly. "Are the reporters running this ball club, or am I?"

"There you go!" said Burgess. "That's an old argument, Joe. We won't revive it if you please. You know my views. When a man is too badly crippled to earn his salary he is too badly crippled to draw it. He's only fit to trade or sell."

"That's what you said about Jeff Penny when his arm went bad last fall." Cotter spoke bitterly and with some grounds for feeling. "You hounded me until I let him go to the Pink Sox for a measly three thousand dollars, and look what he's done this season! He's won twelve games already. If we had him back, there wouldn't be much to this pennant race. Only fit to trade or sell!"

"Penny was an exception," said Burgess. "He is a young man; Adams is an old one—for a ball player. He won't improve; he can only get worse."

"He might improve if he had a rest."

"He rested all last winter, Joe, and his leg was still bad in the spring. No, that argument won't do."

"Well," said Cotter, "I could use him for a pinch hitter."

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Old Burgess laughed, a thin, crackling chuckle, having in it none of the elements of mirth.

"Adams a pinch hitter? He hit two-sixty-one last season. Guess again, Joe."

"All the same he'd come in pretty handy when Kernohan is working against us," said Cotter. "Kernohan can make monkeys out of most of the batters in this league, but Speck Adams has got the Indian sign on him—always has had it on him. It don't make any difference what Kernohan throws to him, Speck can hit it somewhere. You know that as well as I do, and don't forget that Kernohan is with the club that we must lick to get into the World Series. If this race stays as close as it is now one game may turn the trick for us. I'd keep him just for what he can do against Kernohan. Seems to me it's worth gambling on."

Burgess shook his head. "I never gamble, Joe. Keeping a four-thousand dollar man on the pay roll just for what he might be able to do in a pinch—that's foolishness, nonsense. I wish you'd feel around and see what kind of a trade you can make. If we can't get the sort of a dicker we want and the other clubs waive on Adams, we'll have to sell him. He's fast enough for a minor league anyway."

"But, boss, I tell you—"

"I'm busy this morning, Joe. See what you can do in the way of a trade and let me know."

Burgess turned back to his desk and Joe Cotter went out into the hall, where he relieved himself slightly by calling his employer a bloodless old turnip and other fancy names.

IN THE clubhouse the odor of liniment was heavy in the air, and there Cotter found Speck Adams, prone upon the rubbing table. Dr. Bones, the veteran masseur, was ministering to the recalcitrant muscles of Speck's left leg.

"How's she feel to-day, boy?" asked the manager.

"A lot better, Joe. The Doc here has been giving me a session."

"Yas, indeedy!" said the negro. "You leave it to the ole Doc to fix'm up, Misteh Cotteh. They ain't neveh been no Cholly hoss whut I kain't tame. I got some linimint whut gits right nex' to the bone!"

"Say . . . Joe?" Adams spoke hesitatingly.

"Well, Speck?"

"That kid, Heddon . . . he's all right an' a sweet ball player in lots of ways, but . . . seems to me he didn't look any too good on those ground balls yesterday. He got 'em all, Joe, but he went after 'em bad." Speck was claiming the privilege of the veteran, which is to fight for his job with every weapon at his command, but the situation was new to him and the words came hard. "I ain't knocking the kid, you understand, Joe. I want to be fair to him, but . . . what if he should let a ground ball go through him to-day? It's a tight race and we need every game. Can't I go out there this afternoon?"

"We'll see how you feel," was the evasive answer, and Speck's face lengthened. He too had read the morning papers. "Don't worry about it," Joe continued. "Everything will be all right. You know me, boy."

"You bet, Joe. Whatever you say goes with me."

Cotter plunged into his locker to escape a painful crisis in the conversation and Speck Adams, his fingers twisted behind his head, stared up at the low ceiling. After a time he sighed.

"Laig painin' yo' much, suh?" asked Dr. Bones. "Mebbe I better not rub it so hard."

"No, Doc. It wasn't my leg. You're doing fine."

"Heh!" ejaculated the negro, filling his palm with a pungent liquid. "They ain't no busher kin eveh play that outfiel' like you, Misteh Adams. Nobody, no time, no place—no suh! Wait till this new linimint gits action on 'at Cholly hoss! You'll be out there dancin' an' prancin' like a two-year-ole colt! Leave it to me, thass all yo' got to do!"

But in spite of the new liniment Heddon played center that afternoon and Speck Adams sat on the bench, nursing his worn glove on his knee. The official scorer credited Heddon with two hits, three put-outs and one assist without an error and the wise heads in the grand stand saluted the memory of Speck Adams with kindly flowers of speech.

"Speck'll never get back in the game if that kid keeps up his lick," said they. "Well, he was good while he lasted. He sure could make Tom Kernohan look like a two spot!"

BIG league news flies fast and box scores go by wire, relayed by lightning operators. Thus it happened that the Gamecocks, playing in St. Louis, had word of Speck's retirement as they emerged from the dressing room in their street clothes. Jimmy Heggerty bought an evening paper and thrust it into the hands of Tom Kernohan, the greatest pitcher in the league, a man as well known as any President of recent years and much more popular than some Presidents have been.

"It's up to you to celebrate, Tom," said Heggerty. "Heddon is in there playing regular and Speck is benched. Good news, eh?"

Cannonball Tom grunted.

"I don't wish that guy any bad luck," said he, "but I hope they ship him so far out of this league that it'll cost forty dollars to send him a night letter!"

Tom Kernohan was also a veteran of long service. He had been almost a national figure when Speck Adams brought his other shirt and reversible cuffs into fast company. Kernohan's acquaintance with Speck reached back to a sad day when an unknown recruit outfielder of the Blue forces whanged the Cannonball's fast one out to the fence and turned defeat into victory by a score of 3 to 2.



"Look here!" said McCann savagely. "You ain't pitching to that guy over there by the bench! Forget him!"

"Just nigger luck!" So the popular pitcher had said, salving his humiliation with plausible explanations. "That busher won't get another hit off me all season. I tried to slip the fast one over on him and he shut his eyes and took a Moriarity at it—that's all. Swung and had luck. Adams? Where did *he* ever 'tend bar?"

ON THE other side of the wall the Blues had congratulated the recruit.

"That's hitting 'em, boy!" said Joe Cotter, then a first baseman of renown. "Any time you bust up a game for Tom Kernohan they'll put your picture in the papers. And his fast ball, too!"

"If that big guy is the toughest pitcher in the league," said Speck modestly, "bring on the soft ones."

A few weeks later Kernohan again faced the Blues. He won his game, but the contest went to extra innings because the recruit outfielder tied the score in the seventh with a savage drive down the first base line.

"I told you I could hit that feller," crowed Speck. "He lays 'em right in my groove."

"It's nice that you feel that way about it," said Cotter. "I've been hitting against him for quite some time now and he ain't laid any in my groove yet. The best thing this Kernohan does is to keep 'em out of your groove—eh, boys?"

Before very long the baseball world had a problem to discuss. Why should this Adams person, an ordinary hitter against ordinary pitching, assault Tom Kernohan's delivery with such deadly effect? The theory of the groove was manifestly in error. Kernohan experimented upon Speck with his entire stock in trade—high balls and low balls, fast ones and slow—the result was the same.

"I give it up," said Cannonball Tom, morosely. "The sucker can't hit any right-hander in the league like he hits me. When there's nobody on and a safe wallop won't get him anything but a base knock, he's just liable to pop up or shoot one straight at a fielder, but when the bases are loaded he stings 'em a mile. Now why is that? He's easy for Jimmy Heggerty's fast ball which, not knocking Jimmy at all, ain't such a much, but he hits mine square on the nose. Dan Carter can make him break his back fishing for a curve. I got a better curve than Danny, and Adams couldn't miss it if he was hitting with a billiard cue! I thought at first it was only bull luck. Now I don't know what it is, but I certainly hate to see that freckled lobster coming up in a pinch! Maybe he's got something on me, eh?"

Through the seven years of Speck's service, Kernohan retained the right to call himself the premier pitcher of the big league, but in his seven years of war with the Blues the individual advantage had been with Speck. Time served but to crystallize superstition into the firm belief that the Blue center fielder had the Indian sign on Cannonball Tom Kernohan.

The Indian sign is not new in sporting circles. The prize ring has long recognized its existence, the cinder path has seen it at work, and it is as old as the diamond itself. Ball players believe in the Indian sign. They know that certain lowly tail-end clubs always play like champions against league leaders. They know of mediocre pitchers who display wonderful strength, but only against certain clubs. Ball players do not attempt to explain these things.

"The Indian sign," they say. The answer is as good as any.

LOOKING backward over seven years, Tom Kernohan felt no call to mourn the passing of one who had been such a persistent fly in his pot of ointment. It was a matter of common knowledge that more than once the personal note had crept into the war between pitcher and batter.

"I thought he was about due to skid," said Kernohan to Heggerty. "He was lame all last season and got by with it on his nerve. This year he's as slow as a truck horse. If I know Burgess, and I think I do, Cotter will be asking waivers pretty soon. Well, I don't care where they send him, so long as it's out of this league. He's poled enough long hits off me to reach from here to San Francisco. I wouldn't care if he was a great batter, but he ain't. He never was. Makes a fellow feel like a sucker to have a two-sixty batter hitting five hundred off him. Come on, Jim; I'll buy you a cigar."

"And," said Heggerty afterward, "he actually opened his heart and brought a couple of two-bit smokes. What do you know about that?"

Cannonball Tom's prognostication was wrong in one particular. July gave way to August and still Cotter did not ask waivers on Speck Adams. The veteran continued to nurse his glove on the bench, watching the youthful performances of Heddon with a gloomy eye. The situation led to another interview between owner and manager, during which the plain truth was spoken on both sides with the utmost frankness and considerable heat. Argument ended in a declaration and a threat.

"You can call it sentiment or anything else you like!" said Joe Cotter, goaded into the open by the owner's insistence. "Was it sentiment when I wanted to keep Jeff Penny? When you hired me to run this ball club you said you'd keep your hands off. You haven't done it. It's been nothing but interference at every turn. Haven't I given you a contender three years running?"

"But, Joe," interrupted the human cash register, "you're bringing in outside matters. We were talking about Adams. I know you're a good manager. I know you've made money for the club. I know—"

"Well, then, why 'don't you let me alone?" snapped Cotter, quick to realize that the enemy was weakening under fire. "I've told you why I want to keep Speck Adams until the close of the season. If you don't like the way I run this ball club, step out into the market and get another boy. If you want me to stick, Speck Adams will stick too, and that's all there is about it!"

"He crawfished, Milly," said Joe when describing the interview to his wife. "Crawled right into his hole and pulled it in after him. I'll never take any more lip from that old stiff as long as I'm running this club. I've got him buffaloed."

"Don't quarrel with your bread and butter, dear," said Mrs. Cotter.

"Huh!" snorted Joe. "My bread and butter better not quarrel with me! The old rascal knows that some of these other clubs would be tickled to death to grab me away from him. I've got him right where I want him now."

And so, through August and into September, Speck Adams received a pay check every two weeks, and Major Bones labored valiantly to tame the Charley horse, but without success.

"Don't you think I could get out there to-day?" This was the question which Speck asked from time to time. "It's an awful close race, and Heddon might get nervous and kick a game away. . . Not to-day? Well, all right, Joe, if you say so. You're the doctor."

OCTOBER came in with a flare of excitement and enthusiasm which blazed from one end of the league to the other. The hopes and fears and hard fighting of a six months' campaign were to center

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upon a three-game series between the Blues and the Gamecocks—the East against the West for the championship of the league and the right to enter the World Series. It was the sort of heartbreaking, turnstile-clicking finish which club owners dream about; that the dream comes true so seldom is the best proof that baseball is our one honest professional sport.

At the end of September it seemed that the Blues would surely be beaten. The Gamecocks were leading them by three and a half games and were mowing down second-division clubs with a regularity monotonous to all but their frenzied supporters, who were already planning World Series pilgrimages and pricing special trains. But so long as baseball is baseball and pennant races are honestly run and won, the unexpected will prove a disconcerting factor in the final result. Hope of a slice of the World Series is a powerful stimulant. Cotter rallied his men on the ragged edge of failure and trounced a first-division club three times in two days, and while this was happening the worm turned and the despised cellar champions administered the same dose to the proud Gamecocks.

"And that," said Joe Cotter to his nervous but elated athletes, "makes it different again. They've got to come here to play those three games. They've got half a game on us, but they've never been a strong road team. Two out of three will turn the trick. Right at 'em, boys!"

THE Gamecocks came to town, ruffled and furiously angry, in search of a burnt offering to their wounded pride. To be thrust back from the lip of success, and by a tail-end team, is galling in the extreme. The Gamecocks had hoped that the closing contests with the Blues would be in the nature of light exercise and a workout for the World Series. Instead of this they found themselves under the stern necessity of winning two games out of three from a club which had fought them savagely on even terms since April.

"I suppose they'll shoot Kernohan at us," said Cotter. "Miles will want a flying start if he can get it."

But Billy Miles, manager of the Gamecocks, kept the Cannonball on the bench and put his faith in a tall, slope-shouldered Swede named Larson, who had lemon-colored hair, an annoying change of pace, sweeping curves, and the ability to put them where he wanted them to go. Larson pitched as if for his life, and though the Blues assured one another that the Swede didn't have a thing on the ball but the maker's name, he held them helpless, while the Gamecocks cruelly assaulted one pitcher and then another, winning by a lopsided score.

"Heads up, you guys!" said Joe Cotter in the dressing room. "We ain't licked yet. We ain't even got started. Heaven's sake, a little pep, everybody!"

The second day came and still no Kernohan.

"Billy is so sure of us that he's saving Tom to open the World Series," said Cotter with bitterness. "There goes Jimmy Heggerty to warm up."

When Cotter saw the inflammable Irishman unlimbering his curves he crooked his finger at "Germany" Ulrich, a broad, silent Teuton, devoid of nerves but possessed of a burning desire to make the final payment on sixty acres of Kansas farm land. A World Series check would do it nicely and leave the bank account untouched. An appeal to frugality goes straight to a German's heart.

"Are you there, Germany?" asked the manager.

"Forty ways!" was the economical answer, and Germany Ulrich, pitching for Mrs. Ulrich, the three little Ulrichs, and the sixty broad acres, stolidly spitballed his way to the long end of the score amid riotous demonstrations in the grand stand and on the bleachers.

"WELL, folks," said Joe Cotter as he surveyed a record-breaking crowd on the third day, "this is the one we've got to have. They've saved the toughest man to the last. Your old friend is warming up, Speck."

"Joe," begged Speck Adams, "let me get in there today. You know what I can do to this feller. Now Heildon—he hits pretty good against other pitchers, but Kernohan can make a sucker of him. My leg ain't so bad now, Joe; honest it ain't!"

Cotter shook his head and Speck Adams sighed.

"All right, Joe, if you say so. But it seems to me—"

A little later Cotter reviewed his pitching staff, six seasoned heavers perspiring in front of the home bench. Not one of them would have shirked the task of opposing the redoubtable Kernohan.

"I got something left, Joe," said Germany Ulrich, thinking of the Kansas farm. "I made suckers out of 'em yesterday, you know."

"I beat Kernohan once this year," put in O'Meara, a left-hander.

"The ole soup bone feels good, boss!"

"Get the break on this'n, Joe—a peach, eh?"

"All I want is another chance. I didn't have nothing the other day, but now—"

Thus they volunteered, each afraid to trust the winning of the prize money to another. The one who did not open his mouth was the one who drew the final searching inspection. Old Pete Kennedy stood at the end of the line, lazily uncoiling his aged arm, a joint at a time.

"How's the control, Pete?" asked the manager.

"Never better," grunted Kennedy.

"Think you can hold Kernohan to-day?"

"Hold him!" The veteran swore so earnestly that his profanity sounded like a prayer. "Where do you get that stuff about holding him? I can *lick* him!"

"'S fair enough!" said Joe Cotter. "You're elected, Pete. Go get the big stiff!"

A FREE-HITTING contest with plenty of runs, an alternating advantage, and a ninth-inning finish is thrilling enough in mid season when a game of ball is only a game of ball and nothing more. Won or lost, it is but a dot on the schedule, a skirmish in a long campaign. In October, when two teams are finishing side by side and the greatest financial prize in professional sport looms close, we have the pitchers' battle—the game where every ball counts and the ciphers hang in rows on the score board. To lose a game in July is a joke; to lose one in October is sometimes a tragedy.

"Kernohan and Kennedy!" said the fans. "It'll be a great fight!"

Old Pete, rather alderman'ic as to paunch, but otherwise fit and outwardly calm to the point of unconcern, began hostilities with a perfect strike which swished into the catcher's mitt. As the umpire jerked his right arm into the air a howl rose from the packed stands.

"Nice beginning, ole boo-oy!"

"Keep a-working!"

"Nobody walks! Make 'em hit!"

The aged fat man did not hear this outburst of baseball bromides. His faculties were concentrated upon the task of keeping the ball low and over the outside corner of the plate, and so well did he succeed that Stowe, lead-off man for the Gamecocks, trailed his bat back to the bench, profanely disgusted.

"Not a thing on the ball but the stitches!" said Stowe. "I'll bust one for him next time!"

Old Peter had neither sensational speed nor fast-breaking curves, but he owned something equally as good—perfect control of the ball and intimate knowledge of the batting weakness of every individual who faced him. He knew that George Edmunds prayed for a fast ball on the outside, so Peter threw George a succession of slow lobs which nearly grazed his chest, and Edmunds fouled out. Chapman, the fence breaker, fell a victim to a sensational running catch in deep center, and Heildon lifted his cap as he jogged to the bench.

"Nice catch, kid!" growled Speck Adams.

"Stake me to a run, boys," pleaded Kennedy. "Shove an ace over for me and I'll beat this feller with it! One run! Go out there and make it!"

CANNONBALL TOM also settled to the serious business before him without waste of time. Ordinarily it was his custom to exert himself only when men were on the bases—a prudent practice which had added years to the life of his pitching arm—but this was no ordinary occasion. The defeated team in a World Series salves its wounds with 40 per cent of the gate; the defeated team in a pennant race gets nothing—not even credit. Kernohan had given some earnest thought to these matters, and caring for money no more than he did for his right eye, he pitched as if every man who faced him was pinch-hitting with the bases full. His fast ball fairly whistled as it split the plate, and his curves buzzed as they broke across the corners. In the brief intervals of silence between deliveries a hoarse, bellowing noise was heard. It was Martin McCann, the Gamecock catcher, ridiculing the Blue batters and offering encouragement to his battery mate.

"Y' got everything to-day, Tom, everything! They'll be lucky if they get fouls off you! Keep a-working!"

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Old Pete's pleading had taken on a querulous note. "One run, you rummies! For the love of Mike, have I got to hold 'em all day? Gimme one run!"

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Dayton's Uncle Bountiful

By Fred C. Kelly

IF ONE may accept the decision of the United States Circuit Court, John H. Patterson of Dayton, Ohio, is a heartless type of American business man. Mr. Patterson makes cash registers for a living. No one else ever has done notably well at manufacturing cash registers—which fact may be attributed, largely, to Mr. Patterson. The evidence at his trial seemed to show that he likes so well to make cash registers that he would, as soon as not, make all of the cash registers for which there is any demand.

In consequence of his zeal for taking unto himself the burden of providing the public with all the cash registers needed—the Circuit Court is still furnishing my information, but not my verbiage—Mr. Patterson was sentenced to a year in jail. Within a few weeks, or months, depending upon the busyness of the Court (or the height of the red line in the thermometers), the United States Court of Appeals will review Mr. Patterson's case. If it affirms the decision to have him spend a twelvemonth in jail, the lamentations in Dayton when the officers arrive to take Mr. Patterson away will be worth journeying to hear. The people of Dayton will keenly resent having John H. Patterson placed in a cell. For he is Dayton's Uncle Bountiful; its idol, too. This has been particularly true since last year's flood disaster, when he was the hero of the situation; the master mind to the rescue.

He Acts as Host to Campers

NO MAN ever came nearer taking a whole great city under his wing and adopting it as a foster child than John H. Patterson has done with Dayton. While wicked in the drastic means of obtaining his money—according to the decision of the court—Patterson is beyond reproach when it comes to spending that same money. He is a philanthropist. Most of his philanthropy goes to improving the lot of his fellow townsmen. And being not only a philanthropist but an eccentric genius as well, his deeds take unexpected forms. Every little while he spends money in some good way that nobody else in the world would have thought of.

One of Patterson's contributions toward boosting the joy of life in Dayton is a vast park of several hundred acres. This place, called Hills and Dales, is unlike any other great city park in the country. It is as public as if it belonged to the city, but the title is vested in Patterson. And this is a great advantage to Dayton, for the city could hardly afford to keep up a park the way Patterson does it. Here and there over the rolling acres are little rustic cabins, patterned after the so-called "open camps" that one sees in the Adirondacks. These camps each contain rough cooking utensils, a complete set of dishes, a locker filled with potatoes, plenty of salt and pepper, and water both for drinking and washing the dishes. There are signs indicating just where everything is to be found and complete directions for baking the potatoes in the hot sand and ashes in the fireplace. The cooking outfit even includes wooden forks for toasting marshmallows. These were designed by John H. Patterson himself. In fact, he gave his personal attention to all the details of the camp equipment.

The use of the camps and contents is entirely free. Any citizen of Dayton, no matter how humble, can call up the welfare department of the National Cash Register Company and engage one of Mr. Patterson's cabins if they are not all taken for the date desired.

Another feature of Hills and Dales is an artistically arranged tea room. Tea and cakes, served in—or on—dainty china, is free to all, the only charge being a small tip which is kept by the pretty waitresses who serve the tea. No matter how many persons care for tea at Hills and Dales in the course of a day, Mr. Patterson is willing to buy the tea and sugar and cakes. Anybody can go and have all he wants. You who read this could go there and drink tea on Mr. Patterson and no questions would be asked.

"Please, May I Paint Your House?"

ALL over the place are signs, many of which go into more details than one ordinarily expects of a sign. Patterson has a fondness for signs, and also for appropriate maxims—every Christmas he gives his friends little memorandum books containing a maxim for every day in the year. At the edge of the alfalfa field is a sign which says: "This alfalfa is good to eat. Take some of it home with you and cook it as you would spinach. It is just as good to the taste and is much more nourishing."

Another reads: "The public is welcome to eat the cherries on the trees near the barn." And this one: "The public may crack and eat all the hickory nuts and walnuts they wish, but none are to be taken away."

At one fork in the road there is a big bronze tablet fastened to a big tree. It bears the verse about "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," etc. One sees numerous signs with just the words: "Poison Ivy."

A favorite form of philanthropy with Patterson is to make things more beautiful. The landscaping about his big factory is as carefully and elaborately done as might be expected in a big private estate. One day as he was driving in his automobile from his home to his office he observed that many homes had not been painted often enough to look attractive. The dingy weather boarding comprised a sour note in the general looks of things. Patterson had an agent go to the owners of the homes he had to pass every day and inquire if they would object to having the houses painted free of charge. A week or two later there was not a house in a stretch of more than two miles that needed painting.



John H. Patterson —"Being not only a philanthropist but an eccentric genius as well, his deeds take unexpected forms. Every little while he spends money in some good way that nobody else in the world would have thought of"

He Doesn't Overlook Details

AFTER the more serious aspects of the Dayton flood had been taken care of, a depressing feature of the situation was the number of once beautiful lawns covered with mud. It would take several weeks to restore a growth of grass by natural process. This outlook was too forbidding for Patterson. He employed scores of men to go out and buy wagon loads of sod, and he made brand-new lawns for one whole section of Dayton. While that work was going on he was having hundreds of sad-visaged little homes decorated with window boxes of flowers.

Throughout the grave period following the flood, whenever the authorities were handicapped by a temporary lack of funds, Patterson invariably said: "Charge it to me." One day Patterson complained to the director of public service that a big market house had not been cleaned up promptly. Men had been working at it for a few days, but it was a big job and one could scarcely see what they had done. The director said he hadn't the money to hire more men.

"That's a poor reason," said Patterson, and then in a bored sort of way he ordered the entire janitor force from his factory, a dozen or so carpenters, and a few other artisans, to come down. They were a small army and had the place cleaned up before night.

He is a master of details. When newspaper men began to come to Dayton to write about the flood situation, they were for the most part poorly equipped with suitable clothing. Patterson was the man who gave them woolen shirts, high boots, and even heavier overcoats if they needed them. No one knew where he got such outfits. He simply had them.

One afternoon he chanced to ask one of the local newspaper men where he was sleeping at night.

"I didn't sleep at all last night," the man told him; "couldn't get a boat to take me across downtown."

"Well, well," says Patterson, "we've been so busy taking care of the out-of-town correspondents that we have neglected our own boys. It's too bad." Then to one of the high-up officers of his company, whom he called over, he said:

"Here are some newspaper men who are working under a great strain—doing extremely hard, nerve-racking, mental work, under difficult conditions—and, to make matters worse, they have not had proper means of getting food and sleep. Get them a room somewhere in our plant—a room with cots in it, or, better still, with beds, and with a bath—both tub and shower. Let it be a room where there are facilities for darkening it in daytime, so that these men may go and take an hour's sleep any time they wish to. As I say, they're doing very trying work and must have their rest. See that they have plenty of good drinking water, also some sandwiches and malted milk. Malted milk is better for you than coffee, gentlemen, at a time like this."

A Blackboard for Interviewers

HE STOOD there rattling off these and various other orders about matters he had never thought of before, and not once did he pause to think. He talks quietly and with a slight impediment, but his mind works like lightning. There was none of the "now-let-me-see" hesitation that most people would employ. He thought of everything he wanted as fast as he could speak it, and when he stopped he was through. There was nothing more to think of.

It is the same way with everything he talks about, so I'm told. And he talks a good deal. That is, he holds many interviews with business associates and others. He is fairly accessible, and once a man gets to him, if he has anything at all in the way of interesting suggestions to make, Patterson will hardly let him get away. Patterson has a peculiar method of holding interviews, too. In his consultation room is a large easel, supplied with great sheets of white paper. When the caller comes in, Patterson leans back in his chair and asks him to step to the easel and write down with crayon the principal facts he is going to discuss. Some days he will have a dozen such interviews. Then at eventide, or when he is ready to take up the subject for final decision, the sheets are turned back and Patterson can refresh his memory. He says it has been a highly successful plan for keeping hold of important facts and eliminating those that are unimportant. A caller hardly has the nerve to step up to an easel and jot down a topic that is of small consequence.

Patterson is a good deal of a health crank. He is a follower of the Battle Creek school of thought, and is mostly a vegetarian. In the matter of exercise and sleep, as well as food, he sticks to a strict schedule. Short hours of work, an early morning horseback ride, plenty of outdoor air, and an afternoon nap, are included in Patterson's scheme of life.

Horseback riding is only one means that Patterson employs for keeping his liver in good fettle. When, several years ago, he was touring the Old World he had occasion to journey for a time on the back of a shambling, pious-faced camel. It was not as comfortable as the tonneau of an automobile, but it was exhilarating, and Patterson conceived an idea that if he could take a ride on a camel every day it would do him a lot of good. Not caring to ride about the streets of Dayton with a string of small boys following him, as if he were part of a circus, Patterson called in one of his mechanical geniuses when he got home and ordered an electrical camel. The man well knew that it was up to him, if he cared to keep on working for Mr. Patterson's cash register company, and in due course Patterson was provided with a machine that had all the uncomfortable motion of the average camel in real life. He gets aboard the camel nearly every day, throws it into the desired speed, and is off for an imaginary jolting across the desert.

And a Champion Corn Popper

ONE of Patterson's recreations, when the season permits, is to take a party of friends to his so-called cottage in the country and prepare popcorn for them. He has a special design of popper that he invented himself, and he knows just how to fix the log fire to get the right heat with the least delay. There is just enough of the boy in his make-up to give him the appearance of taking more pride in his corn popper and his knowledge of wood fires than in all his profitable achievements in manufacturing cash registers.

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A Fine Domestic Finish

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

WHO is this—sitting at her desk—counting out the money—dressed like a queen—powdered to the nine—eyes bright as—?

(Joyful cries of "No, no! Never! You don't mean madame, do you?")

But yes, mesdames! Ah, joy, messieurs! For a long time now have I been urging Mme. Dejole to continue those adventures for which she is so admirably equipped. For even if she did fail in her last two affairs, and even if she fails in this one and the next, is she not all the more attractive because of her very human failures? For myself (with diffidence I confess it) I rather like to hear of other persons' fall-downs, perhaps because I make such a horrible lot of slips on my own account. But anyhow—but anyhow—Tempus fidgets, and here is Truth lifting one eyebrow, waiting with impatience to be served

It was (then) half past two on a warm June afternoon. Mme. Dejole sat at her desk, queen (as ever) of the Restaurant Dejole, so agreeably situated on West Twenty-sixth Street in the last tottering stronghold of Manhattan's old French quarter. An hour before, the restaurant had been crowded with the faithful, ecstatically lining themselves with raptures while they cooked up pretty things to spring on madame later when they paid their bills. But when this extraordinary adventure opened, all the tables had been deserted—all but one.

"Eh, bien," thought madame. "We have all been lovers once. Ever' man has said such things, an' ever' woman has bend' her ear to lose not one singular syllable!"



IT WAS indeed a very young couple at the one occupied table.

"As yo'ng," reflected madame, "as ze babes in ze well. At soch an age one does not always recognize ze promenade of time." And, turning away with a vigorous twist of her back, she added: "Zey may be interest', but I have sworn it, 'Nevaire again!' I care not *what* he whisper in her ear!"

But half past two merged into a quarter to three, and still the young man poured his whispers into the pearly receptacle by nature duly provided. He was a nice young man (no other phrase describes it), though possessed perhaps of a few too many manners (if that be a fault), and she was one of those smoky-eyed, reluctant smilers who have brought Mr. Philip Belleau into fame and fortune. Indeed, at the time this story starts, our young lady was smiling at her escort's whispers with such reluctance that the net result was remarkably like a frown.

"Zey are looney-weels, I guess," muttered madame, twisting the words as unconsciously as she twisted back to watch them again, "having zeir firs' tiffy-tiffy. But wait."

The girl's left hand was latticed against her cheek, and madame noticed that her fingers were innocent of rings.

"Not married; no," mused madame. "Perhaps it is a lover's squabble, after all. Ha! Now, where goes he?"

The young man had suddenly rushed out of the restaurant, leaving the girl behind and the check unpaid for. "Peste!" thought madame. "Is it a trick so ancient which he play on my ver-ee nose? Mais non! I will not look in zis affair ontil I have to! 'Nevaire again!'"

AND so she set herself to the task of a'ding up the noon checks and had just started when the door opened like one of the portals of Tempest. In blew the young man and hurried to the girl.

"She is his firs'," thought madame with a tender little sigh, and, watching them (without knowing it) from the corner of her eye, she saw the young man give the girl some small article which she laid upon the table and viewed with evident distate.

"So his present is not to her liking, eh?" reflected madame, interested in spite of herself. "I remember when Emile gave me ze brosh an' comb! But zis—zis is so small. I wonder—wonder—"

From her throne, then, grandly arose Mme. Dejole, grandly curious and grandly disdainful of her "Nevaire again!"

She walked slowly to the pantry door, and as she passed the young couple's table she saw the girl unwillingly draw a ring upon her finger.

"Is it an engagement ring?" thought madame, passing through the pantry door and peeping through the wicket. "Zen why does she cover her face wiv her

"Now," she said, "look at her an' tell me: if you could earn your own living, would you marry your sweetheart?"

hands?" She emerged from the pantry, and giving them another searching look as she passed them by, her eyes fell, fascinated, upon that new and shiny ring. And thinking then of the short time in which he had been absent from the restaurant she suddenly stopped in her tracks and whispered to herself: "Zat's funny. Where did he get it?"

"WHERE did he get it?"

A disturbing question this, and often nowadays barred from the best society. "Where did he get it?" The answer may be a joy, a jeer, a joke, a jug—or a jail.

"An' still he whisper' so pouringly in her ear," thought madame. "But where did he get it? Ze jewelry stores are far away, an' he was on'y gone a minute.

The young man had signaled Louis, and Louis the Learned was writing the bill. Presently they would pass out. They had never come before; they might never come again. Was it any wonder that madame fidgeted on her stool at the prospect of losing a mystery, a mystery with a tale that simply pleaded for salt?

The couple was approaching the desk, the young man in the lead, full of his manners, the young girl following him, more smoky-eyed and reluctant of smiles than ever. "I never see a girl so little convulse' wiv enraptures," reflected madame. "She look to me as if she need her momma—if she has one."

She darted a look at the girl's left hand. In the rear of the restaurant, where they had been sitting, the incandescents had mellowed the light of day so that values were hard to appraise. But at the desk, where the daylight streamed through the windows, it only needed one sharp turn from the auger of madame's eyes to penetrate the cheap, brassy sheen of the ring. "Oh-ho!" thought madame as the young man opened a lean-looking pocketbook and extracted a one-dollar bill, "you are a funny fellow, eh? You wear a t'ree-dollar necktie an' a silk chemise, but you dazzle your bride wiv a ten-cent engagement ring, an' nearly bus' ze poor exchequer to pay for lonch."

WITH superb impassivity of countenance she took the dollar bill and turned to the girl.

"Trouble printed on her visage like figures on a time-table," breathed madame to herself with a growing feeling of tension. "It is maybe somet'ing deeper zan I suspect. Who knows?" Her imagination, long smoldering through the brush, suddenly began leaping up like a fire in a cedar grove. "Ze poor girl!" she thought. "He bring her here where he t'ink no one will recognize her. An' now she make her sortie an' may never be seen by ze world again! Maybe he take her in a row-boat wiv a trap-door under her feet. Halfway over he pull a string. P'resto, ze bottom fall out of ze row-boat, an' ze papers call it a shocking accident. Or maybe he ship a piano to ze middle of China, an' when it reach' its address some time nex' year a musical Chinaman fin' ze form of a beautiful yo'ng girl! Who knows? How many poor girls in ze papers have disappear' like such? But wait! If he t'ink ze girl is all unknown, I'll fool him! At leas' it will do no harm." And raising her voice she suddenly called: "Oh, mademoiselle!"

THE couple, who had reached the door, looked over their shoulders in wonder. Madame was beckoning the girl with her finger, like a smiling feminine Banquo after the feast. In growing wonder the girl returned to the desk.

"I did not recognize you at firs'," cried madame, "you have grown so tall. I hope ever'one is well at home? Zat's good! Remember me to your momma—an'—*good*-by!"

With shy uncertainty the girl answered her and then rejoined her escort. In silence they went down the steps to the street.

"Zat!" muttered madame, peeping through the curtains. "He is at his so devilish whispers again! I have hear' of Tom ze Peeper an' Jack ze Hugger. Zis mus' be Willy ze Whisper! Ha! Good! She fool him! She shake her head 'No!' An' now he say' somet'ing crooel! I see it in her eyes! An' now he take' her arm! An' now—"

Moved by a noble curiosity, madame ran out and stood on the stone steps, watching the young couple walking slowly toward the corner.

Most madames would have hurried back into their respectable restaurants with a worldly sorrowful shrug of the shoulders. But not our madame, thank God! With a patter-patter-patter of her high French heels madame snatched a fancy hairpin from her head and went down those steps of hers with the speedy staccato of a hungry woodpecker.

MME. DEJOIE held out the hairpin to the young girl. "My dear," she whispered, "you drop zis in my restaurant. You will pardon madame for bringing it? An' is zere any way I can help you? Any at all?"

The girl started to frown, but when she looked into madame's eyes two large, wet, glistening, eloquent tears slowly arose in her own.

"Yes, yes, I understan'," breathed madame with the air of one who is fully answered. "Zat is why I pursue' you. An' now you shall come an' sit by my desk a little—is it not so?—an' we will talk about—about your momma. Yes?"

With the gentle strength of protection she placed her arm around the girls' shoulder, and they started back toward the blue-and-white sign of the Restaurant Dejoie. As a second thought madame turned to

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the thunderstruck young man. "An' you, m'sieur," she coldly remarked, "I have somet'ing important to say to you—if you are man enough to hear it. Wiv me!"

Thunderstruck? Ha! He looked as though the lightning had fetched him a swipe as well.

NOW, Tragedy, with the down-turned corners of thy mouth, begone! I'm through with thee! But you, my laughing little handmaids of the tickly chins, come give me aid, so that I may better report the pleasantry which Mme. Dejoie played on the world that summer afternoon. She seated her two new protégés at a table near her desk, seated herself between them, and then turned another flash of lightning upon that dazed young man.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "You are a nice one, eh?"

The nice one tried to frown, but, so far as he was concerned just then, dignity was one of the lost arts. "But look here," he said, protesting, "I don't see where you come in."

"You don't? Tut-tut!" Madame laughed and made a gesture as though calling all West Twenty-sixth Street to lean forward and witness this phenomenon. "I'm his good fairy," she reported, "an' he don' see where I come in. Imagination it!" Suddenly her voice lost its banter and became as incisive as any cross-examiner's. "You buy zis lady a ring?"

"Y-yes."

"You mean to marry her, of course."

"Of course I do," he exclaimed. "What do you think I am?"

"A ver-ee fool-ish yo'ng man who need' a strong arm to guide him. An' such a strong arm—c'est moi!" She paused for a moment, and even as before she had been a smiling feminine Banquo so now she looked like a charming female Sandow. "You love ze lady?"

"Of course I love her," he replied, his indignation more under the soft pedal. "I've loved her all my life. Ask her."

"An' you respect her, of course."

"Respect her? Of course I do!"

"Of course you do. Of course. An' now, m'sieur, I wish you to solve a riddle for Mme. Dejoie, if it pleas' you. Here you are, a strong, intelligent yo'ng man. Ver' well. An' here is your sweetheart, of whom anybody might be proud. You love an' respect her. Ver' well. Zen why, in ze name of common sense, don' you marry ze lady an' be done wiv it?"

The girl flashed a grateful look at madame for that, as though to say "Here, here! That's what I'd like to know!" And the young man fidgeted greatly like a showman who has just discovered that his wild man of Borneo is talking with a lisp.

"We—we can't afford it—yet," said he.

"Can't afford it?" almost squealed madame.

"Zen how can you afford t'ree-dollar jabots an' a chemise de soie?"

"Father makes me an allowance," he somewhat sheepishly answered.

"Oh-ho! He is rich?"

"Yes."

"An' you depend on him instead of working for yourself?"

"Y-yes."

"An' he doesn't want you to marry?"

"Well, not—not yet."

"Mm-mm-mm!" Madame's thoughts brought a twinkle to her eye. "Tell me firs'," she said, "about your poppa—what he is—what he does—his deespo-sition—his business—ever't'ing!"

IT WAS a large order and took some time in the telling, but when the young man was through madame took his hand and placed it around the hand of the girl, who sat across the table from him.

"Now," she said, "look at her an' tell me: if you could earn your own living, would you marry your sweetheart?"

"In a minute!" he cried, lost in the smoky-blue eyes across the table.

"Like a man?"

"Like a man!"

"You swear it?"

That was almost the best thing he did.

"Excellent!" cried madame, springing to her feet. "Louis, run for a taxi! An' you, m'sieur, I engage you at ten dollar' a week till I find you somet'ing else to do. An' to-morrow I give you a furnish' room upstairs. So now, if you excuse me a moment, I get my hat an' gloves an' we all go over togevver!"

"Over where?" asked the young man, marveling.

"Over to Jersey to get you a marriage license!" crowed madame. "You did not expec' us to take you to Californie, eh?"

WHILE he was still digesting that extremely rich food for thought, madame suddenly dropped her hat and ran to the girl. "Oh," she said, "I near' forgot. You like to telephone your momma? Yes?"

"I haven't any," the girl whispered back. "I—I haven't had one for five years now. And when you spoke about her first—when I was going out, you know—it almost seemed as though she were watching—and had asked you to speak to me—"

"Maybe she did, my dear," said madame gently. "Who knows?" She ran back for her hat, and there the young man was waiting to have a few private words in her ear.

"Look here," he said. "Dad'll go off the handle completely—"

"La-la-la!" scoffed madame. "Did he consult wiv you when *he* got married?"



"Now! Again! Ho-ho!
What sort of a game is it zis which it is!"
So they rehearsed . . . she in her derby, he in his white cap

"But when he hears—"

"M'sieur! M'sieur! For ze las' an' on'y time: are you a man or a moose?" (Madame meant a mouse, but in the excitement of the moment no one corrected her.)

"A man," he faltered.

"Zen follow!" cried madame. "To-day we get a license! To-morrow we get marrie'!"

She took the girl's arm. Together they went down the steps to the taxi.

And, being a man—why, first he hesitated—and then—he followed the ladies.

DO YOU know what life is, my children? Then listen to me. *I* know! Life is the Great Movie, and for the next sixty minutes I aspire to be the Great Drummer, sitting under the shadow of the stage and amusing myself with the ingenious tools of that most ingenious trade.

Honk-honk! Honk-honk! This is madame's taxi hurrying to the foot of West Twenty-third Street and containing three human beings in a state of mixed emotions.

Toot-too-oot! Toot-too-oot! The ferryboat leaving her slip for the sovereign State of New Jersey, where weddings are arranged privately, quietly, and without any publicity whatever.

Swish-swish! Swish-swish! On our right the Hudson River. On our left the river Hudson.

Clang-clang! Clang-clang! The trolleys at the Jersey terminal.

R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! (Silence.) This is the taxi stopping in front of the nearest justice of the peace's office.

Rat-a-tat-tat! Tat-tat! Knocking on the justice's door.

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z! Being a delicate and subtle allusion to the J. P.'s military goatee.

And while the pianist softly plays "The Voice That Breathed," the justice (with many a judicial flourish) brings them one day nearer to that happy time when two fond hearts may beat as one and each shall beat like sixty.

It was five o'clock next day when madame led her newly married couple back up the restaurant steps. "Now, m'sieur," she said, "as I tol' you in ze taxi, ever't'ing depends on you!"

The young man made much of his chest, after the well-known fashion of those who have just been wed.

"You say your poppa gets home at six o'clock?"

THE young man nodded, and almost immediately his chest became normal.

"Dad's very proud," he said. "I don't know what he'll say when he sees me waiting."

"Proud!" snapped madame (her eyes snapping too). "Zat is ze twentiet' time you tell me such! You t'ink he is ze one an' on'y pridefulness? On second t'oughts I will not have you masquerade as a waiter. But as an omnibus!"

This time the bridegroom faltered in right good earnest. "An omnibus?" exclaimed he. "What'll I have to do?"

"Carry dirty dishes to ze pantry! C'est tout!"

"Of course you're running this thing," said the young man in a resigned tone. "But if you only knew what a temper dad has!"

"Temper?" cried madame. "All ze better! He will like to see ze sponk in his on'y son! Temper? Ma foi! If he try any of his temper on me, I bet you I put ze moutarde on his nose! Some moutarde, too! Omnibus? No! For zat you shall not be omnibus! You shall be dishwasher! Dishwasher extraordinaire!"

"Dishwasher?" he whistled.

"Extraordinaire! Come now! I will get you an apron an' cap, an' we will start rehearsals right away."

And such is the heaven-given force of feminine enthusiasm that before the young man knew what he was doing he was standing before the sink in the basement of the Restaurant Dejoie, adorned to his toes in a long, white apron and crowned with one of those charming white caps with which Maitre Childs embellishes his pancake artistes.

"Now!" said madame. "You stand here, washing dishes, an' I will take ze part of poppa. "Wait! She ran upstairs, clapped one of M. Dejoie's derbies on her head (to the utter stupefaction of that majestic gentleman) and tripped downstairs to the pantry. "Enter poppa!" she cried, and strode indignantly through the door. "Ho-ho!" she exclaimed, speaking in the lowest tones she could compass. "What sort of a game is it zis which it is!"

"What shall I say?" asked the young man, grinning despite himself.

"Say? Say 'Hello, poppa!' as zo you were busy an' couldn' be much interrupt'. Wait! We will write your part on ze wall where he cannot see it, an' zen if you forget your line ze wall will promp' you. Now! Again! Ho-ho! What sort of a game is it zis which it is!"

"Hello, dad!"

AND so they rehearsed, declaiming and writing it down, she in her derby, he in his white cap—rehearsed to such good purpose that when madame went upstairs at six o'clock she gave the bride such a resounding kiss as the Restaurant Dejoie has never heard before or since. "He is yo'ng, my dear," she laughed, "but we will make a man of him yet!"

"What you've done for me!" tearfully laughed the girl, her arms entwined around her good Samaritan.

"Tut-tut-tut!" twittered madame, dancing the other to the phone. "What I done (*Continued on page 31*)

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Bealby

Trouble — Chapter VII

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN THE pantry that evening the question of telling some one was discussed further. It was discussed over a number of glasses of Mr. Mergleson's beer. For, following a sound tradition, Mr. Mergleson brewed at Shonts, and sometimes he brewed well and sometimes he brewed ill, and sometimes he brewed weak and sometimes he brewed strong, and there was no monotony in the cups at Shonts. This was sturdy stuff and suited Mr. Darling's mood, and ever and again with an author's natural weakness and an affectation of abstraction Mr. Mergleson took the jug out empty and brought it back foaming.

Henry, the second footman, was disposed to a forced hopefulness so as not to spoil the evening, but Thomas was sympathetic and distressed. The red-haired youth made cigarettes with a little machine, licked them and offered them to the others, saying little as became him. Etiquette deprived him of an uninvited beer, and Mr. Mergleson's inattention completed what etiquette began. "I can't bear to think of the poor little beggar, stuck head foremost into some cobwebby cranny, blowed if I can," said Thomas, getting help from the jug.

"He was an interesting kid," said Thomas in a tone frankly obituary. "He didn't like his work, one could see that, but he was lively—and I tried to help him along all I could when I wasn't too busy myself."

"There was something sensitive about him," said Thomas. Mr. Mergleson sat with his arms loosely thrown out over the table.

"What we got to do is to tell some one," he said. "I don't see 'ow I can put off telling 'er ladyship—after to-morrow morning. And then—'eaven 'elp us!"

"Course *I* got to tell *my* missis," said Mr. Darling, and poured in a preoccupied way, some running over.

"We'll go through them passages again now before we go to bed," said Mr. Mergleson, "far as we can. But there's 'oles and chinks on'y a boy could get through."

"*I* got to tell the missis," said Mr. Darling. "That's what's worrying me. . . ."

As the evening wore on there was a tendency on the part of Mr. Darling to make this the refrain of his discourse. He sought advice. "'Ow'd you tell the missis?" he asked Mr. Mergleson, and emptied a glass to control his impatience before Mr. Mergleson replied.

"I shall tell 'er ladyship just simply the fact. I shall say: Your ladyship, here's my boy gone and we don't know where. And as she arsts me questions so shall I give particulars."

MR. DARLING reflected and then shook his head. "'Ow'd *ja* tell the missis?" he asked Thomas.

"Glad I haven't got to," said Thomas. "*Poor* little beggar."

"Yes, but 'ow *would* you tell 'er?" Mr. Darling said varying the accent very carefully.

"I'd go to 'er and I'd pat her back and I'd say 'bear up,' see, and when she asked what for, I'd just tell her what for—gradual like."

"You don't know the missis," said Mr. Darling. "Henry, 'ow'd *ja* tell 'er?"

"Let 'er find out," said Henry. "Wimmin do."

Mr. Darling reflected and decided that too was unworkable. "'Ow'd *you?*" he asked with an air of desperation of the red-haired youth.

The red-haired youth remained for a moment with his tongue extended, licking the gum of a cigarette paper and his eyes on Mr. Darling. Then he finished the cigarette slowly, giving his mind very carefully to the question he had been honored with. I think," he said in a low, serious voice, "I should say, just simply, Mary—or Susan—or whatever her name is."

"Tilda," supplied Mr. Darling.

"'Tilda,' I should say. 'The Lord gave and the Lord 'ath taken away, Tilda!—'e's gone.' Somethin' like that."

THE red-haired boy cleared his throat. He was rather touched by his own simple eloquence. Mr. Darling reflected on this with profound satisfaction for some moments. Then he broke out almost querulously. "Yes, but brast him!—*where's* 'e gone?"

"Anyhow," said Mr. Darling, "I ain't going to tell 'er, not till the morning. I ain't going to lose my night's rest if I *have* lost my stepson. Nohow. Mr. Mergleson, I *must* say, I don't think I ever 'ave tasted better beer. Never. It's—it's famous beer."

He had some more. . . . On his way back through the moonlight to the gardens, Mr. Darling was still unsettled as to the exact way of breaking things to his wife. He had come out from the house a little ruffled because of Mr. Mergleson's opposition to a rather good idea of his that he should go about the house and "holler for 'im a bit. He'd know my voice, you see. Ladyship wouldn't mind. Very likely 'sleep by now." But the moonlight dispelled his irritation.

How was he to tell his wife? He tried various methods to the listening moon.

There was, for example, the offhand newsy way. "You know tha' boy yours?" Then a pause for the reply. Then, "E's toley dis'peared."

Only there are difficulties about the word totally.

Or the distressed impersonal manner. "Dre'fle thing happen'd. Dre'fle thing. Tha' poo' lill' chap, Artie—toley dis'peared." Totally again.

Or the personal intimate note. "Dunno wha' you'll say t' me, Tilda, when you hear whattogottasay. Thur'ly bad news. Seems they los' our Artie up there—clean los' 'im. Can't fine 'im nowhere tall."

Or the authoritative kindly. "Tilda—you go' control yourself. Go' show whadyou made of. Our boy—'e's—hic—*los'*."

Then he addressed the park at large with a sudden despair. "Don' care wha' I say, she'll blame it on to me. I *know* 'er!"

After that the enormous pathos of the situation got hold of him. "Poor lill' chap," he said. "Poor lill' fell'," and shed a few natural tears.

"Loved 'im jessis mione son."

As the circumambient night made no reply he repeated the remark in a louder, almost domineering tone. . . . He spent some time trying to climb the garden wall because the door did not seem to be in the usual place. (Have to inquire about that in the morning. Difficult to see everything is all right when one is so bereaved.)

But finally he came on the door round a corner. He told his wife merely that he intended to have a peaceful night, and took off his boots in a defiant and intermittent manner. The morning would be soon enough.

She looked at him pretty hard, and he looked at her ever and again, but she never made a guess at it. Bed.

SO SOON as the week-enders had dispersed and Sir Peter had gone off to London to attend to various matters affecting the peptonizing of milk and the distribution of baby soothers about the habitable globe, Lady Laxton went back to bed and remained in bed until midday on Tuesday. Nothing short of complete rest and the utmost kindness from her maid would, she felt, save her from a nervous breakdown of the most serious description. The festival had been stormy to the end. Sir Peter's ill-advised attempts to deprive Lord Moggeridge of alcohol had led to a painful struggle at lunch, and this had been followed by a still more unpleasant scene between host and guest in the afternoon. "This is an occasion for tact," Sir Peter had said and had gone off to tackle the Lord Chancellor, leaving his wife to the direst, best founded apprehensions. For Sir Peter's tact was a thing by itself, a mixture of misconception, recrimination and familiarity that was rarely well received. . . .



Lady Laxton herself and the head housemaid went round the paneling with a hammer and a chisel, and called out "Are you there?" and attempted an opening wherever it sounded hollow

SHE had had to explain to the Sunday dinner party that his lordship had been called away suddenly.

"Something connected with the Great Seal," Lady Laxton had whispered in a discreet, mysterious whisper. One or two simple hearers were left with the persuasion that the Great Seal had been taken suddenly unwell—and probably in a slightly indelicate manner. Thomas had to paint Mergleson's eye with grease paint left over from some private theatricals. It had been a patched-up affair altogether, and before she retired to bed that night, Lady Laxton had given way to her accumulated tensions and wept.

There was no reason whatever why, to wind up the day, Sir Peter should have stayed in her room for an hour saying what he thought of Lord Moggeridge. She felt she knew quite well enough what he thought of Lord Moggeridge, and on these occasions he always used a number of words that she did her best to believe, as a delicately brought up woman, were unfamiliar to her ears. . . .

So on Monday, as soon as the guests had gone, she went to bed again and stayed there, trying as a good woman should to prevent herself thinking of what the neighbors could be thinking—and saying—of the whole affair, by studying a new and very circumstantial pamphlet by Bishop Fowle on social evils, turning over the moving illustrations of some recent antivivisection literature and rereading the accounts in the morning papers of a colliery disaster in the north of England.

TO SUCH women as Lady Laxton, brought up in an atmosphere of refinement that is almost colorless, and living a life troubled only by small social conflicts and the minor violence of Sir Peter, blameless to the point of complete uneventfulness, and secure and comfortable to the point of tedium, there is something amounting to fascination in the wickedness and sufferings of more normally situated people, there is a real attraction and solace in the thought of pain and stress, and as her access to any other accounts of vice and suffering was restricted she kept herself closely in touch with the more explicit literature of the various movements for human moralization that distinguish our age, and responded eagerly and gen-

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erously to such painful catastrophes as enliven it. The counterfoils of her check book witnessed to her gratitude for these vicarious sensations. She figured herself to herself in her daydreams as a calm and white and shining intervention checking and reproving amusements of an undesirable nature, and earning the tearful blessings of the mangled by-products of industrial enterprise.

There is a curious craving for entire reality in the feminine composition, and there were times when in spite of these feasts of particulars she wished she could come just a little nearer to the heady dreadfulnesses of life than simply writing a check against it. She would have liked actually to see the votaries of evil blench and repent before her contributions, to have herself unstrapped and revived and pitied, some doomed and chloroformed victim of the so-called "scientist," to have herself participated in the stretcher and the hospital and humanity made marvelous by enlistment under the red-cross badge. But Sir Peter's ideals of womanhood were higher than his language, and he would not let her soil her refinement with any vision of the pain and evil in the world. "Sort of woman they want up there is a Trained Nurse," he used to say when she broached the possibility of *going* to some famine or disaster. "*You* don't want to go prying, old girl. . . ."

SHE suffered, she felt, from repressed heroism. If ever she was to shine in disaster, that disaster, she felt, must come to her, she might not go to meet it, and so you realize how deeply it stirred her, how it brightened her and uplifted her to learn from Mr. Mergleson's halting statements that perhaps, that probably, that almost certainly, a painful and tragical thing was happening even now within the walls of Shonts, that there was urgent necessity for action—if anguish was to be witnessed before it had ended and life was saved.

She clasped her hands; she surveyed her large servitor with agonized green-gray eyes.

"Something must be done at once," she said. "Everything possible must be done. Poor little Mite!"

"Of course, my lady, 'e *may* 'ave run away!"

"Oh, no!" she cried, "he hasn't run away. He hasn't run away. How can you be *so wicked*, Mergleson. Of course he hasn't run away. He's there now. And it's too dreadful."

She became suddenly very firm and masterful. The morning's colliery tragedy inspired her imagination.

"We must get pickaxes," she said. "We must organize search parties. Not a moment is to be lost, Mergleson—not a moment. . . . Get the men in off the roads. Get everyone you can. . . ."

And not a moment was lost. The road men were actually at work in Shonts before their proper dinner hour was over.

THEY did quite a lot of things that afternoon Every passage attainable from the dining-room opening was explored, and where these passages gave off chinks and crannies they were opened up with a vigor which Lady Laxton had greatly stimulated by an encouraging presence and liberal doses of whisky. Through their efforts a fine new opening was made into the library from the wall near the window, a hole big enough for a man to fall through, because one did, and a great piece of stonework was thrown down from the Queen Elizabeth tower exposing the upper portion of the secret passage to the light of day. Lady Laxton herself and the head housemaid went round the paneling with a hammer and a chisel, and called out "Are you there?' and attempted an opening wherever it sounded hollow. The sweep was sent for to go up the old chimneys outside the present flues. Meanwhile Mr. Darling had been set with several of his men to dig for, discover, pick up and lay open the underground passage or disused drain, whichever it was, that was known to run from the corner of the laundry toward the old ice house, and that was supposed to reach to the abbey ruins. After some bold exploratory excavations this channel was located and a report sent at once to Lady Laxton.

IT WAS this and the new and alarming scar on the Queen Elizabeth tower that brought Mr. Beaulieu Plummer posthaste from the estate office up to the house. Mr. Beaulieu Plummer was the Marquis of Cranberry's estate agent, a man of great natural tact, and charged among other duties with the task of seeing that the Laxtons did not make away with Shonts during the period of their tenancy. He was a sound, compact little man, rarely out of extreme riding breeches and gaiters, and he wore glasses, that now glittered with astonishment as he approached Lady Laxton and her band of spade workers.



"I can't bear to think of the poor little beggar, stuck head foremost into some cobwebby cranny, blowed if I can," said Thomas, getting help from the jug

At his approach Mr. Darling attempted to become invisible, but he was unable to do so.

"Lady Laxton," Mr. Beaulieu Plummer appealed, "may I ask—?"

"Oh, Mr. Beaulieu Plummer, I'm so *glad* you've come. A little boy—suffocating! I can hardly *bear* it."

"Suffocating!" cried Mr. Beaulieu Plummer, "*where?*" and was in a confused manner told.

HE ASKED a number of questions that Lady Laxton found very tiresome. But how did she *know* the boy was in the secret passage? Of course she knew; was it likely she would do all this if she didn't know? But mightn't he have run away? How could he when he was in the secret passage? But why not first scour the countryside? By which time he would be smothered and starved and dead! . . .

They parted with a mutual loss of esteem, and Mr. Beaulieu Plummer, looking very serious indeed, ran as fast as he could straight to the village telegraph office. Or, to be more exact, he walked until he thought himself out of sight of Lady Laxton and then he took to his heels and ran. He sat for some time in the parlor post office spoiling telegraph forms, and composing telegrams to Sir Peter Laxton and Lord Cranberry. He got these off at last, and then drawn by an irresistible fascination went back to the park and watched from afar the signs of fresh activities on the part of Lady Laxton.

He saw men coming from the direction of the stables with large rakes. With these they dragged the ornamental waters.

THEN a man with a pickax appeared against the sky-line and crossed the roof in the direction of the clock tower, bound upon some unknown but probably highly destructive mission.

Then he saw Lady Laxton going off to the gardens. She was going to console Mrs. Darling in her trouble. This she did through nearly an hour and a half. And on the whole it seemed well to Mr. Beaulieu Plummer that so she should be occupied. . . .

It was striking five when a telegraph boy on a bicycle came up from the village with a telegram from Sir Peter Laxton.

"Stop all proceedings absolutely," it said, "until I get to you."

Lady Laxton's lips tightened at the message. She was back from much weeping with Mrs. Darling and altogether finely strung. Here she felt was one of those supreme occasions when a woman must assert herself. "A matter of life or death," she wired in reply, and to show herself how completely she overrode such dictation as this she sent Mr. Mergleson down to the village public house with orders to engage anyone he could find there for an evening's work on an extraordinarily liberal overtime scale.

After taking this step the spirit of Lady Laxton quailed. She went and sat in her own room and quivered. She quivered but she clenched her delicate fist.

SHE would go through with it, come what might, she would go on with the excavation all night if necessary, but at the same time she began a little to regret that she had not taken earlier steps to demonstrate the improbability of Bealby having simply run away. She set to work to repair this omission. She wrote to the Superintendent of Police in the neighboring town, to the nearest police magistrate, and then on the off chance to various of her week-end guests, including Captain Douglas. If it was true that he had organized the annoyance of the Lord Chancellor (and though she still rejected that view she did now begin to regard it as a permissible hypothesis), then he might also know something about the mystery of this boy's disappearance.

Each letter she wrote she wrote with greater fatigue and haste than its predecessor and more illegibly.

Sir Peter arrived long after dark. He cut across the corner of the park to save time, and fell into one of the trenches that Mr. Darling had opened. This added greatly to the éclat with which he came into the hall.

Lady Laxton withstood him for five minutes and then returned abruptly to her bedroom and locked herself in, leaving the control of the operations in his hands. . . .

"If he's not in the house," said Sir Peter, "all this is thunderin' foolery, and if he's in the house, he's dead. If he's dead, he'll smell in a bit and then'll be the time to look for him. Somethin' to go upon instead of all this blind hacking the place about. No wonder they're threatenin' proceedings. . . ."

UPON Captain Douglas Lady Laxton's letter was destined to have a very distracting effect. Because as he came to think it over, as he came to put her partly illegible allusions to secret passages and a missing boy side by side with his memories of Lord Moggeridge's accusations and the general mystery of his expulsion from Shonts, it became more and more evident to him that he had here something remarkably like a clue, something that might serve to lift the black suspicion of irreverence and levity from his military reputation. And he had already got to the point of suggesting to Miss Philips that he ought to follow up and secure Bealby forthwith, before ever they came over the hill crest to witness the disaster to the caravan.

Captain Douglas, it must be understood, was a young man at war within himself.

He had been very nicely brought up, firstly in a charming English home, then in a preparatory school for select young gentlemen, then in a good set at Eton, then at Sandhurst, where the internal trouble had begun to manifest itself. Afterward the Bistershires.

There were three main strands in the composition of Captain Douglas. In the first place and what was peculiarly his own quality was the keenest interest in the *arky* of things and the (*Continued on page* 33)

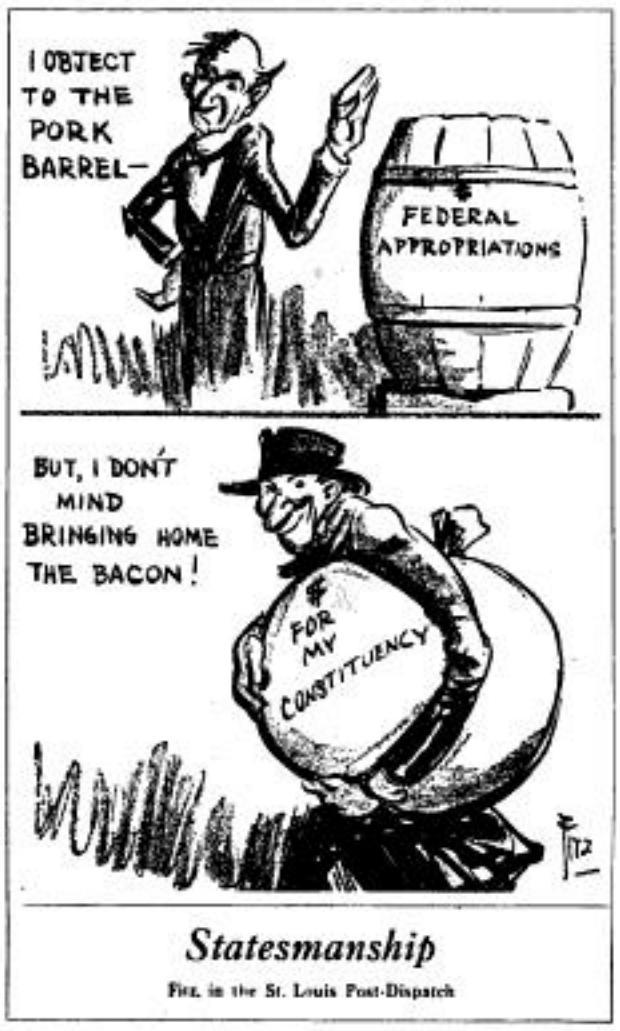
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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

SOME very fundamental questions of public policy are involved in the present status of affairs at Washington. One large class of these questions can be typified by this concrete one: "Ought an attempt be made to put the directors of the New Haven Road in jail?" On this question, stated frequently in broader terms, there is a difference of opinion which makes a more or less complete cleavage both among the leaders of the party in power and in public opinion generally. Stated in other terms, the question is, Is it still desirable to keep up that stern agitation which is necessary to unseat existing wrong? Stated in terms of party strategy, is it time to be less radical and veer toward the conservative? It is, of course, universally admitted now—even by Mr. Brandeis's most ardent enemies—that in the past of the New Haven a good deal was done that was wrong; sometimes legally wrong, sometimes merely morally wrong. It is also admitted that all of that has been uncovered now, that the New Haven has come into hands which are eager to run the road in conformity to the new standards. The evils that were inherent in the old régime have been undone. This being so, is it wise to go out after what may be called revenge? There is always the question how much that was done in the past was really crime committed with malevolent intent, and how much was merely the current morality of the times, commonly practiced by business, and sanctioned, or at least tolerated, through an indifference of public opinion. Mr. Thomas Jones, the appointee to the Federal Reserve Board, when under examination by the Senate Committee on Finance, made the point that standards of business morality have changed vastly during the past twenty years. The change is complete and the new standards have been accepted. This being so, have the benefits of exposure and agitation been completed? The reverse of the Government in respect to these practices is complete. That in itself is a great accomplishment. The reverse in public feeling about them is complete. These things will never again be even attempted by corporation heads and leaders of business. The Republican "old guard," which used to be sympathetic toward these practices, or at least indifferent to them, has gone and will never return. There is an opposition to the Democrats which has a political economy and a theory of the attitude of government toward business different from the Democrats. But the old corrupt fraternity between big business and government will never exist again.

Other Cases

THE question comes up again in this form: there are some other railroads as to which improper practices are charged similar to those on the New Haven. One of these is the Rock Island. Another is the St. Louis & San Francisco. Probably at least one other large system belongs in the same group. Shall there be the same attack and exposure in these cases as in the New Haven? It is not very easy to argue the case for exemption for these, or any other roads or individuals who may be under well-grounded suspicion. It is not easy to argue for the suppression of publicity. Mr. Folk, the counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is well known, believes in going straight ahead and hewing to the root. It is not easy to argue against him.



Statesmanship

FITZ, in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

On the Other Hand

IT MUST be admitted that both among the leaders at Washington and throughout public opinion generally there is some apprehension about the consequences of keeping up the present policy toward the New Haven and other railroads and toward organized business generally. The securities of the railroads now in receivership aggregate more than a billion dollars. Many of these securities are held by savings banks, trust companies, and, most menacing of all, life insurance companies. The consequences of any fundamental impairment of these securities are extremely uncomfortable for sober-minded persons to contemplate. Persons of not very sober responsibility who insist upon going ahead assume that the only persons who would be injured by the worst that can happen would be plutocrats of various degrees. As a matter of fact, the distress through impairment of the assets of life insurance companies and savings banks would be practically universal. The injury to these securities is not at all a necessary result of the about-face in the attitude of the Government or the conduct of railroads. It will be rather a result of the panic and lack of confidence apt to be caused by continued public hostility to some forms of private property. It will be, as President Wilson truly said, "psychological." These are the considerations which move sober-minded people toward hesitancy. Some others who are merely politicians also take the same view that it is time to veer toward conservatism. This latter group, being politicians, have a sense of public moods, and they feel that the public mood just now is a little tired of that very agitation which has been so agreeable to the public mood for a long time past.

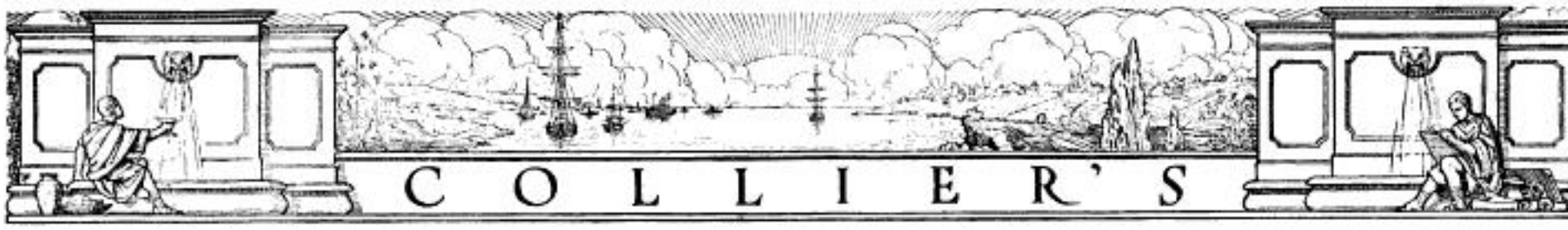
Weather and Efficiency

A GOOD deal of the bickering and agitation in Washington is due merely to fatigue and hot weather. It all seems like important politics, and it gets large headlines in the newspapers, but at bottom it is nothing more than the irritations and explosions which come from tired men in the middle of a very hot spell. A few men in Washington maintain their serenity and the judicial coldness of their judgment. They are big men—intellectually. The great body of Senators, Congressmen, and others who are kept in Washington suffer more or less acute physical irritations. Many of them, in addition to enduring the discomforts of one of the worst hot-weather cities in the world, are fretting to be home looking after reelection.

Nevertheless—

WILSON had both strength and wisdom in insisting that Congress should stay and complete its work. Persons who clamored for Congress to go home before taking up the trust question were very shortsighted. It is inconceivable that business should be benefited by prolonged suspense. If Congress had gone home they would have returned at the beginning of the next session with a sense of leisure, with the election behind them. Probably they would have consumed two more years before finally completing their trust program. It is not conceivable that business should prosper during this suspense. It is very much better that the Democrats should have completed their program. When Congress will have passed the trust bills, Wilson will be in a position to say to business that the Democratic party has now done all it proposes to do in the way of fingering about the roots of business. He can assure business that it can look forward to a period of freedom from agitation. The Democrats will have enacted their idea of the attitude of government toward business. A good many people think that policy is old-fashioned, wrong, and pregnant with disaster. The best way to settle this difference of opinion is to try the Democratic policy out. If it is good, we ought to have a generation of comfort and good business. If it is bad, we shall find it out the sooner.

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The New Haven Railroad Mess

THE REPORT made to the Senate of the United States by the Interstate Commerce Commission recites a vast amount of detail concerning the most infamous financial scandal this country has had in years. The main facts were already so well known that the stock of the railroad in question was selling at one-third of what used to be its normal value. But the full account is appalling. The whole thing may be summed up by saying that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was engaged in every sort of business save that of railroad work. Juggling paper securities, creating public opinion, buying steamships and trolley lines, influencing legislation and greasing certain mysterious politicians were a few of the activities to which this corporation devoted much of its best brains and a great deal of other people's money. The highly paid, highly trained, and well-reputed men at the head of it seem to have crawled through every sewer of crooked political finance in New York and New England. The usual chorus of apology and explanation is now being heard from the interested and sympathetic; the Interstate Commerce Commission is freely accused of suspicion, prejudice, political aims, and so forth, but it is only common sense to insist that honest men do not burn the books, nor deal largely with mysterious forgotten strangers, nor willfully confuse their own transactions, nor pay trust money for mere water. Facts like these cannot be smoothed over. They must be refuted or confessed.

Monopoly and Empire and the Facts

YET THIS SUPPOSED RAILROAD COMPANY was using the money of thousands of hard-headed American citizens; its directors numbered many of the best business men in New England. What were they after? Allowing for waste, arrogant dictation, carelessness, and the false confidence of long success, it remains clear that there was a great plan on foot. It seems to have been intended to build up and consolidate a unified transportation system, a railroad empire which should serve and guard and profit by the industrial greatness of New England. Every chance of competition, every possible shifting of the tides of trade and the channels of transportation, was to be anticipated and held in line. It was a great dream of enduring power; it regarded neither law nor ethics, and went to wreck on facts. Such an enterprise is a carcass for all the vultures of business and politics. It must be kept secret and be put through in haste, therefore it is blackmailed at every turn. Financial power can pay three prices for everything, but it cannot get three earnings. Receipts were falling and expenses rising, yet at the worst the railroad itself earned some twenty millions net. The old dividends could have been paid but for the $204,000,000 "invested" outside the steam-railway field. This water broke their backs and would have done so, investigation or no investigation.

The End of the Chapter

WHAT NEXT? The only certain thing is that the last ounce of political capital will be squeezed out of the incident. What we want is, on the one hand, enforcement of the law and, on the other, constructive work calculated to free and strengthen the vitally essential and truly national service of railroad transportation. The reputation of the Attorney General and the prestige of the Interstate Commerce Commission will depend quite largely on how they handle the issue thus presented to them. Above all, it will furnish a very severe test of the economic wisdom of the Democratic party.

Mr. Wilson's Attorney General

WE WISH the New York "World" were more even-handed in its distribution of praise and censure to the Wilson Administration. Its admirable support of WILSON would be still more effective if it were not so invariable and unquestioning. At the same time the "World's" uninterrupted prodding of Attorney General MCREYNOLDS does serious injustice to one of the most high-minded men in public life. Mr. MCREYNOLDS was taught in an old-fashioned school of law. The Tennessee community where he first made his way maintains rigid standards of propriety for lawyers. Its conventions forbid, for example, that a lawyer should exploit himself or his cases through public discussion outside the court room. Attorney General MCREYNOLDS does not see that these standards, which he acquired in his youth, may have relaxed a little in the course of time, nor does he see that the situation is changed when his client is the public. One may radically disagree with him as to what concessions to publicity a man in his position should make, but no one can help respecting him more than ever for sticking to his convictions. He has everything to gain personally and nothing to lose by casting off restraint; and to stick to what he thinks is the right and dignified course takes courage and character. These qualities he has. He is able and efficient in his office. Probably his efficiency is not impaired by the newspaper criticism which we regard unfair, but undoubtedly his comfort must be, and that is a real pity.

A Joke for the Dog Days

WHEN IT GETS TOO HOT FOR YOU just remember that Tammany has set up a "Bureau of City Inquiry" in New York and is now painfully reporting on waste, inefficiency, and expense in connection with snow removal last winter. The people in charge quote figures and state averages and unit costs with all the ponderous solemnity of a trained seal juggling wooden balls. When MURPHY gets this troupe in good form he ought to go into vaudeville—there's nothing on Broadway to touch it!

The Highroad

OF ALL THE RECIPES FOR SUCCESS boomed last June in the usual profusion, only one sticks in our memory. It is that of JOHN G. JOHNSON of Philadelphia, now said to be the greatest lawyer in the English-speaking world. It is indeed simple:

> He found out that very few lawyers really knew corporation law. And he made up his mind that he would learn it.

At the Northwest Gates

THE "DIAL," Chicago's greatest culture engine, prints some one's complaint that the article on Chicago in the new encyclopedia is years behind the age, and tells nothing of the latest skyscrapers and the highest totals of corn and oats handled by Chicago's elevators. But how can Chicago find anything to be prouder of than the fact that "Everyman's Encyclopedia" cannot keep up with her changes? A poet saw the city thus:

> Gigantic, willful, young,
> Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates
> With restless violent hands and casual tongue,
> Molding her mighty fates.

We have always considered this picture of Chicago by WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY one of the keenest characterizations thinkable.

Chicago Honors a Poet

FOR EUGENE FIELD Chicago plans a worthy tribute. Just what form this will take has not been decided. But the city and the public have at last an opportunity to give in honor of a man who gave. His whole life was an outpouring of gifts: To the persons whose lives he touched, an inexhaustible fund of whimsical waggery which brightened the tedium of routine; to every fellow worker in the "newspaper game," the realization that no profession brings one closer to his fellows; to the professional humorist, knowledge that the daily routine in cap and bells may mean cheering and sweetening the world by mirth; to the lover of literature and books, encouragement in that passion; to every mother, such children's poems as "Little Boy Blue"; to every father, "Jest 'fore Christmas"; to every child, the chance to be better understood by grown-ups. Yes, the world may well do homage to the "good Knight, *sans peur et sans monie*," who nevertheless found his career in giving. His was the spirit that does not jeer at healthy sentiment, the philosophy that finds this world a good place to smile in, the sympathy which made him realize his ambition to be a vital sharer in the "companionship of humanity."

A Conducting Reformer

THE STREET CAR being crowded, we stood on the back platform with the conductor. He was genial and full of words. Naturally we fell into talk, mainly by him, with a "feeder" now and then from us. He advanced his theory as to why women get off a car the wrong way. He gave us the interesting information that the persons who handed him bills to change one day were the very ones who loaded him with pennies the next. He favored us with his reasons for ceasing to be a Republican, and explained why he considered MATHEWSON a greater pitcher than JOHNSON. The talk drifted to the ethics of his passengers. He expressed righteous indignation against anyone who swore in his car. On this point he burned with conviction. "*Yes*,

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

sir," said he solemnly in conclusion, "*if any —— —— idiot swears on my car, —— —— him, off he goes!*" We often think of this conductor as we look at other reformers and compare principle and practice.

Nomination Seconded

A FEW WEEKS AGO we asked you to let us know what writers are most genuinely "American." One reader answers:

I nominate SARAH ORNE JEWETT for one of the two or three writers most truly American in spirit. She is *local*, I grant you, but so was O. HENRY, and yet they both had the human sympathy that is country wide. I imagine you meant *living* writers. Well, SARAH ORNE JEWETT is alive wherever there exists a volume of her stories.

Sounds sincere. And yet Miss JEWETT never wrote any "sex stuff" nor even a "strong" novel.

Applied Pessimism

ON THE EDITORIAL PAGE of the Wichita (Kas.) "Beacon," which declares itself with Kanspicuous modesty, "Official Paper of the People," we find a few paragraphs bemoaning the President's removal of JACK HARRISON, United States Marshal in Kansas—"who had yet a year to serve and who had made an excellent official." This removal, says the "Beacon," "was bad government and bad morals," and "a rank denial on the part of the Democratic party of all the high ideals the President is preaching." And the heading which Editor HENRY J. ALLEN runs over his lugubrious lament is this: NOT TRAVELED SO FAR AS WE THOUGHT.

Cheer Up, Brother!

OUR ADVICE to Brother ALLEN is: Cheer up! The world isn't a bad place. President WILSON hasn't so far scored a glorious success in Mexico, and his removal of JACK HARRISON was a mistake, yet the millennium never did come all of a sudden just because we had elected a new President. Mr. WILSON'S performance hasn't in every respect measured up to his preaching—but, honest, Mr. ALLEN, hasn't he given you the impression that he has been trying to make an advance upon the preceding Administration? You know perfection isn't attained all in a minute even in the newspaper business; in the very issue of the "Beacon" ("Official Paper of the People") which contains this lament of yours over JACK HARRISON and the marshalship there are a dozen or more advertisements of patent medicines, hair dyes, complexion creams, and stomach tonics that you probably don't tolerate in your own household. Yet we doubt if there are as many dope ads as appeared in the "Beacon" in President TAFT'S Administration—when Marshal HARRISON was safe in his job. The moral is: there's always room for improvement. Hence our advice: Cheer up and clear up!

"Aged"—Prematurely

TAKE A NIP at the liquor ads of a certain sort of magazine—each with a century-old date in its catch phrase. How they call up revolutionary memories:

Carstairs Rye—The Nightcap since 1788.
James E. Pepper, 1780—Born with the Republic.
Gordon & Co.'s Gin—Established 1769.
Johnny Walker—Born 1820: Still going strong.
Martell's Brandies—Established 1715.
Nicholl's—Great Britain's Standard for One Hundred Years.
Gibson's—Nearly eighty years the whisky standard.
Old Overholt Rye—Same for 100 years.
Evans Ale—1785.
Felton's Old Rum—1819-1914.

There is a rare vitality in the booze makers. But what about the takers?



On Closer Inspection
"Why, he's only a human being!"
Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

Civilizing the Home

A NEWS ITEM from Wisconsin shows how the world is moving toward justice within the family. We recommend this to those who regard the family as an obsolete device:

A wealthy farmer near West Salem has been farmed out to his wife by La Crosse County and will work for wages, all of which the county will turn over to the wife, under the new Wisconsin law.

She obtained her husband's conviction on an assault charge. Should he default or break faith, he will be subject to a penitentiary term.

What seems to be needed elsewhere and what is being applied in Wisconsin is this: A little common sense in law and a little recognition by the courts of the true responsibilities of the family relation. The home is not a place where a man can indulge his ill temper because he pays the bills. Not in Wisconsin.

Have You Letters from Riis?

JACOB RIIS wrote letters that were vivid and sparkling and rich in knowledge of life. Most of the friends who corresponded with him have kept his letters, and those of COLLIER'S readers who knew him will be doing a kindness to everyone else if they will address their letters from RIIS and any interesting reminiscences to

Mrs. JACOB RIIS, Pine Brook Farm, Barre, Mass.

When a book is made out of these materials, we shall all be gainers.

Words and Sales

NO DOUBT many of our hard-headed business friends feel that we often waste editorial space and time fussing over mere words. Well—a recent number of a well-known technical journal, the "Electrical Review and Western Electrician, with which is consolidated Electrocraft," comes forward with this most practical anecdote:

A wholesale baker told recently that he had quit calling the men on the wagons, who distributed his bread, "drivers," and was now referring to them as "salesmen."

"Business has increased 20 per cent since I made the change," he said, "because every man got a new angle on his work and felt that he was holding down a bigger job than he used to."

An increase of 20 per cent in sales is something to think for. Perhaps SOLOMON meant it literally when he spoke of the right word as bearing a resemblance to apples of gold.

"The Country Boy's Creed"

WE CAME UPON IT FIRST in the Greenwood (Miss.) "Commonwealth." But no source was given. We traced it, however, to its publication in the "Progressive Farmer" of Memphis, Tenn. That is as far as we have got, although a query to that paper brings the information that very likely the "Creed" was first used by a Boys' Corn Club in Virginia and was later adopted by all the Corn Clubs in that State. It would give us real pleasure to learn where and how this expressive statement of an ideal crystallized into words. Perhaps by this time you are curious to read it for yourself:

I believe that the country which GOD made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

"Iron sharpeneth iron." Who knows a more succinct phrasing of the aspiration which this country nests through all its length and breadth?

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Worthless Neighbors

By E. Miniter

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. TOWNSEND

THE Old Woman did not worry much about the Hitchcocks.

She could plainly see their kitchen window at the top of the hillside path, and every afternoon at five, throughout the winter, she said to the cat and the kettle: "Anyhow, they've got kerosene."

And all three rested content.

Things, however, progressed rapidly at the Hitchcocks' since the day of Saint Martin's Summer when Dave fetched Lil home in a borrowed democrat, behind the wall-eyed horse that got cast on New Year's Eve. The Old Woman could not know this was to happen, but she did fear the creature would lie down before her door and refuse to rise. The long stop gave her a chance to observe the couple.

She had never thought much of David Hitchock. The best known about him was that on the day of his birth the doctor came by and said Hannah had begun on her last dozen. He was the thirteenth.

He had lately turned seventeen, and, of all things, started courting. Other young men put in a crop on shares, or went into the great world and sent home a picture of themselves taken at Coney in front of an automobile. He and Lilly Sanford had been exposed to the measles at the same moment. Afterward David made regular visits at the Sanfords', so he and Lil could have the disease nicely and sociably together.

THE measles was a thing of the past, and marriage had followed the courting.

"Seems to think that's all there is to it," observed the Old Woman, as she watched Lil yank the reins and David ply the willow switch. "Garden grown up to keckseyweed and pear-tree blight all over the apple orchard. Lilly Sanford give promise of being a real likely girl, only she does look some as if she relished another world."

The Old Woman thought of her own coming from the parson's. Abner had fetched her to this very house. Of course it was not the place she had made it since he had passed away and she got the insurance. But Abner had planted a beautiful garden—had even put love apples into it.

Lil's middy blouse and sailor were not the costume of a bride by long calculation. The Old Woman reflected smugly on her own white book-muslin gown, her mantelette from Molyneaux & Bell, her bonnet cape with its considerable kick, and the fact that the ivory handle of her parasol was jointed in three places.

A particularly harsh blow tickled the nag and the honeymoon journey continued. Having both arms woven about his girl, David drove with difficulty. Lil was thinking how dreadfully romantic it was to be married at fifteen. She had heard of a girl who got married so young she took her doll rags to her husband's home. Lil had always envied that girl. Being married meant, of course, that your fellow courted you the same as before, only he was there all the time, and you didn't have to give any account of yourself to a nosy parent.

DAVID stopped the rig at the side of the house, and with some dim idea of deference to a bride forced open the south door. It got shut again, and afterward Lil went out through the shed and by the swill barrel like the rest.

Into the darkness of the kitchen David propelled his voice.

"This is my wife Lil," he said. "Guess we'll take the north room for our'n."

One of the two derelicts got up and applied a match, first to the glow in his pipe, then to the charred wick of the lamp.

At the foot of the hill the Old Woman, watching for want of occupation, ejaculated: "Yes, they've got kerosene."

She treated herself to three sorts of preserves for supper—she always had two—before putting out the cat, winding up Seth Thomas, and retiring under a "Love in Eden" quilt.

The light showed the slip of a girl, three men, and Hannah. The men were old, and beyond being affected by any but the most violent shocks to the system, such as 100-proof alcohol, or the sight of money. Hannah, chair-ridden, stirred potatoes in an iron spider. Either the potatoes had gone bad, or she was frying them in rancid grease. Lil decided she would eat none of them.

The north room had been a noble apartment, but



"If you'd stir round, Lil," he was saying, "you'd feel better when you come to sit down"

that was before the Hitchcocks moved in. There were the remains of roses on the walls and the ceiling had divided itself into squares, some of which would fall before others, though all were about to come down. The furniture consisted of a box that had held soap, an ironical gift from the grocer.

Lil plumped herself upon it and began to cry. The Old Woman would have understood. She would not have understood the giggles that followed, when David, having set up a rickety four-post bedstead, and thrown a husk mattress upon it, suggested supper. He was squatting beside the box, and Lil was rubbing her chin on his shoulder like a little cat.

They supped on raw eggs, a form of dainty easily obtainable in the neighborhood. David showed Lil how to eat them from the shell, and they laughed and kissed and twittered with happiness, for it was their wedding night.

It was like a Hitchcock to marry in the offtime of the year. In summer David and Lil might have lived with trimmings of huckleberries. Harvest time was come, but the Hitchcocks had nothing to harvest.

THE Old Woman superintended the cellarage of a great variety of potatoes—Davis Seedlings, Jackson Whites, New York Mercles, Eastport Shenangoes, and Gidney's Seedlings. She supposed half of them would lie till they sprouted and be carted out in the spring. As for the apples—Congress, Baldwin, Seek-No-Further, and Mackintosh—they should not get ahead of her if she had to teach the cat to eat pie.

"If there don't go David Hitchcock," she remarked one December morning. "Been down to Sanfords' and come back loaded up with a little jag o' logs. Won't last long, for all signs point to a cold winter. Corn husks thicker'n usual and sparks on the bottom o' the teakettle every time I h'ist it."

David was husky; he could work. By vigorous prodding the old horse was induced to drag a plow over a fallow field not too grassbound, and he put in some rye. It winter killed. Then he cut his foot while working up wood in the village. He spent part of his pay setting himself up as a cobbler, and guaranteed himself, at the grocer's, to sole and heel with dispatch. The boots entrusted to him came back so boggled as to sole and heel, so generally with their patches pasted on, that Hitchcock as a cobbler became a joke, to be laughed at once, never patronized oftener.

The Old Woman presumed he'd picked up something, and it would help out. She thought the winter had been pretty considerable warm. Now ground-hog day had passed, she rather looked for three white frosts and then a storm. The melt of the pig had been heaviest at the back.

Then she peered up the hillside path and repeated her remark about kerosene.

SHE had not failed to do this since Lil was no longer seen meandering down the road "apiece" in her ridiculous little girl clothes, to bid David good-by as he stumped to the village. Of course what they had, or hadn't, was none of the Old Woman's concern. She only pitied herself because they had settled in her porridge dish, as it were. So she never worried about them, only said to the cat and the kettle: "Anyway, they've got kerosene."

And she and the cat and the kettle rested content.

David was bandaging his foot by the lamplight. The chimney had cracked so low down it didn't draw very well. He did the bandaging himself, most inconveniently, because cuts made Lil sick.

She sat right up into the stove, wrapped in a gray blanket, and still chilly. David could not understand the biting cold that began in the poor girl's bones and worked outward, where it showed itself in a red nose and pinched finger nails.

"If you'd stir round, Lil," he was saying, "you'd feel better when you come to sit down."

She made a petulant lip. "Stir round? And everywhere I go the rats run."

"Done the best I could to drive 'em out," he protested. "Went down cellar'n drummed on a pan like all possessed. Catched one and belled it."

"I wish to gracious you hadn't. I hear that tinkle-tinkle behind the plaster all night."

"Bung up your ears and go to sleep," advised David.

"But I can't—sleeping there, over that cupboard of hell," said Lil, with a scornful glance at the bed, whereunder the hound Venus and her growing offspring, boarded into winter quarters, were become a malodorous and heaving mass.

"It's only till spring," he said, soothingly. "Then I can trade 'em for something. Feller offered me a rifle for the pick."

"RIFLE!" cried Lil fretfully. "Won't the butcher take a couple? Seem's if I'd die if I didn't get my teeth into a beefsteak. I just don't see how we can hold out till spring."

"But we got to," replied David, in the discouraged manner of one repeating an oft-made explanation. "It's always hard sledding, but we pull through somehow."

"That old woman down there," moaned Lil, "I bet she's got everything. The grocer told me she was rich and lived in a kitchen with seven doors."

"Likely! I ain't stepped foot on her land since I run away when I was a little feller. She opened the door and threw out a mess o' b'iling hot dish water. Cricky, didn't I hyper for home!"

"I've heard say," murmured Lil, "that if you carry a rat out to the neighbors, and loose it, all the others'll follow on. It would be good enough for the Old Woman if you did that."

David's jaw slowly stiffened. "She ain't never done nothing to me," he observed.

There things rested; but later there came nights when Lil used to rouse him, (*Continued on page 30*)

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The Thinker

Chicago

Chapter VI—Abroad at Home—*American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures*


Winged Victory

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

IMAGINE a young demigod, product of a union between Rodin's "Thinker" and the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and you will have my symbol for Chicago.

Chicago is stupefying. It knows no rules, and I know none by which to judge it. It stands apart from all the cities in the world, isolated by its own individuality, an Olympian freak, a fable, an allegory, an incomprehensible phenomenon, a prodigious paradox in which youth and maturity, brute strength and soaring spirit, are harmoniously confused.

Call Chicago mighty, monstrous, multifarious, vital, lusty, stupendous, indomitable, intense, unnatural, aspiring, puissant, preposterous, transcendent—call it what you like—throw the dictionary at it! It is all that you can do, except to shoot it with statistics. And even the statistics of Chicago are not deadly, as most statistics are.

First, you must realize that Chicago stands fourth in population among the cities of the world and second among those of the Western Hemisphere. Next you must realize that there are people still alive who were alive when Chicago did not exist even as a fort in a swamp at the mouth of the Chicago River—the river from which, by the way, the city took its name, and which in turn took its own name from an Indian word meaning "skunk."

I do not claim that there are many people still alive who were alive when Chicago wasn't there at all, or that such people are feeling very active, or that they remember much about it, for in 102 years a man forgets a lot of little things. Nevertheless, there *are* living men older than Chicago, though I do not know of one who is as large or as strong and active.

A Capsule of Statistics

JUST one hundred years ago Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the river, was being rebuilt, after a massacre by the Indians. Eighty-five years ago Chicago was a village of one hundred people. Sixty-five years ago this village had grown into a city of approximately the present size of Evanston—a suburb of Chicago, with less than thirty thousand people. Fifty-five years ago Chicago had something over one hundred thousand inhabitants. Forty-five years ago, at the time of the Chicago fire, the city was as large as Washington is now—over three hundred thousand. In the ten years which followed the disaster Chicago was not only entirely rebuilt, and very much improved, but also increased in population to half a million, or about the present size of Detroit. In the next decade it actually doubled in size, so that, twenty-five years ago, it passed the million mark.

Soon after that it pushed Philadelphia from second place among American cities. So it has gone on, until to-day it has a population of two million, plus a city of about the size of San Francisco for full measure.

There are the statistics in a capsule paragraph. I hope you will feel better in the morning. And just to take the taste away, here's another item which you may like because of its curious flavor: Chicago has more Poles than any other city except Warsaw.

Lusty Cheers—and Hisses

ONE knows in advance what a visitor from Europe will say about New York, just as one knows what an American humorist will say about Europe. But one never knows what any visitor will say about Chicago. I have heard people damn Chicago—"up hill and down," I was about to say, but I withdraw that, for the highest hill I remember in Chicago is that ungainly little bump, on the lake front, which is surmounted by Saint Gaudens's statue of General Logan.

As I was saying, I have heard people rave against Chicago and about it. Being itself a city of extremes, it seems to draw extremes of feeling and expression from outsiders. For instance, Canon Hannay, who writes novels and plays under the name of George A. Birmingham, was quoted, at the time of his recent visit to this country, as saying: "In a little while Chicago will be a world center of literature, music, and art. British writers will be more anxious for her verdict than for that of London. The music of the future will be hammered out on the shores of Lake Michigan. The Paris Salon will be a second-rate affair."

A City Alive to Art

REMEMBERING that the Canon is an Irishman and a humorist—which is tautology—we may perhaps discount his statement a little bit for blarney and a little more for fun. His "prophecy" about the Salon seems to stamp the interview with waggery, for certainly it is not hard to prophesy what is already true—and, as everybody ought to know by now, the Salon has for years been second-rate.

The Chicago Art Institute has by all odds the most important art collection I visited upon my travels. The pictures are varied and interesting, and American painters are well represented. The presence in the institute of a good deal of that rather "tight" and "sugary" painting which came to Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, is to be regretted—a fact which is, I have no doubt, quite as well known to those in charge of the museum as to anybody else. But as I remarked in a previous chapter, most museums are hampered, in their early days, by the gifts of their rich friends. It takes a strong museum indeed to risk offending a rich man by kicking out bad paintings which he offers. Even the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has not always been so brave as to do that.

"Who's Who" (which, by the way, is published in Chicago) mentions perhaps a score of Chicago painters and sculptors, among the former Lawton S. Parker and Oliver Dennett Grover, and among the latter Lorado Taft.

There are, however, many others who attempt to paint—enough of them to give a fairly large and very mediocre exhibition which I saw. One thing is, however, certain: the Art Institute has not the deserted look of most other art museums one visits. It is used. And, as you watch the crowds, you realize more than ever that Chicago is alive to everything—even to art.


As I stood there, studying the temperament of pigs, I saw the butcher looking up at me. . . . I have never seen such eyes

Our Traveltalker Falters

YEARS ago Chicago was musical enough to support the late Theodore Thomas and his orchestra—one of the most distinguished organizations of the kind which has ever been assembled in this country. Thomas did great things for Chicago, musically. He started her, and she has kept on. Besides innumerable and varied concerts which occur throughout the season, the city is one of four in the country strong enough to support a first-rate grand opera company of its own.

About twenty-five musicians of one sort and another are credited to Chicago by "Who's Who," the most distinguished among them, perhaps, being Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the concert pianist. But it is the writers of Chicago who come out strongest in the fat red volume among followers of the arts. With sinking heart I counted about seventy of these, and I may be merely revealing my own ignorance when I add that the names of a good two-thirds of them were new to me. But this is dangerous ground. Without further comment let me say that among the seventy I found such names as Robert Herrick, Henry B. Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough, Henry Kitchell Webster, Maud Radford Warren, Opie Read, and Clara Louise Burnham—a hatful of them which you may sort and classify according to your taste.

"This Reminds Me"

CANON HANNAY said he felt at home in Chicago. So did Arnold Bennett. Canon Hannay said Chicago reminded him of Belfast. Arnold Bennett said Chicago reminded him of the "Five Towns," made famous in his novels. Even Baedeker breaks away from his usual nonpartisan attitude long enough to say with what, for Baedeker, is nothing less than an outburst of passion: "Great injustice is done to Chicago by those who represent it as wholly given over to the worship of Mammon, as it compares favorably with a great many American cities in the efforts it has

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made to beautify itself by the creation of parks and boulevards and in its encouragement of education and the liberal arts." Baedeker is quite right about that. He might also have added that the "Windy City" is not so windy as New York, and that old legend, now almost forgotten, to the effect that Chicago girls have big feet is equally untrue. Thanks to the present mode in dress, I was able to assure myself quite definitely upon that point. I not only saw Chicago feet upon the streets; I saw them also at dances—twinkling, slippered feet as small as any in the land; and again, owing to the present mode, I saw not only pretty feet, but also— However, I am digressing. That is enough about feet. I fear I have already let them run away with me.

When Natives Get Together

A FRIEND of mine who visited Chicago for the first time, a year ago, came back appreciative of its wonders, but declaring it provincial.

"Why do you say provincial?" I asked.

"Because you can't pick up a taxi in the street," he said.

And it is true. I was chagrined at his discovery—not so much because of its truth, however, as because it was the discovery of a New Yorker. I always defend Chicago against New Yorkers, for I love the place, partly for itself and partly because I was born and spent my boyhood there.

I know a great many other ex-Chicagoans who now live in New York, as I do, and I have noticed with amusement that the side we take depends upon the society in which we are. If we are with Chicagoans, we defend New York; if with New Yorkers, we defend Chicago. We are like those people in the circus who stand upon the backs of two horses at once. Only among ourselves do we go in for candor.

The other day I met a man and his wife, transplanted Chicagoans, on the street in New York.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Three years," said the husband.

"Why did you come?"

"For business reasons."

"How do you like the change?"

The husband hesitated. "Well, I've done a great deal better here than I ever did in Chicago," he said.

"How do you like it?" I asked the wife.

"New York gives us more advantages," she said, "but I prefer Chicago people."

"Would you like to go back?"

The wife hesitated, but the husband shook his head.

"No," he replied, "there's something about New York that gets into your blood. To go back to Chicago would seem like retrograding."

A Word About Literary Gods

AMONG my notes I find the record of a conversation with a New York girl who married a Chicago man and went out there to live.

"I was very lonely at first," she said. "One day a man came around selling pencils. I happened to see him at the door. He said: 'I'm an actor, and I'm trying to raise money to get back to New York.' As I was feeling then I'd have given him anything in the house just because that was where he wanted to go. I gave him some money. 'Here,' I said, 'you take this and go on back to New York.' 'Why,' he inquired, 'are you from New York, too?' I said I was. Then he asked: 'What are you doing away out here?' 'Oh,' I told him, 'this is my home now. I live here.' He thanked me, and as he put the money in his pocket he shook his head and said: 'Too bad! Too bad!'

"That will show you how I felt at first. But when I came to know Chicago people I liked them. And now I wouldn't go back for anything."

There is testimony from both sides.

With the literary man the situation is, perhaps, a little different. New York is practically his one big market place. I was speaking about that the other day with an author who used to live in Chicago.

"The atmosphere out there is not nearly so stimulating for a writer," he assured me. "Here, in New York, even a pretty big writer is lost in the shuffle. Out there he is a shining mark. The Chicago writers are likely to be a little bit self-conscious and naïve. They have their own local literary gods, and they're rather inclined to sit around and talk solemnly about 'Art with a capital A.'"

Of Society and Shopping

NECESSARILY, when the adherents of two cities start an argument, they are confined to concrete points. They talk about opera and theatres and buildings and hotels and stores, and seldom touch upon such subtle things as city spirit. For spirit is a hard thing to deal with and a harder thing to prove. Yet "greatness knows itself." Chicago unquestionably knows that it is great, and that its greatness is of the spirit. But the Chicagoan, debating in favor of his city, is unable to "get that over," and is therefore obliged to fall back upon two last, invariable defenses: the department store of Marshall Field & Co. and the Blackstone Hotel.

The Blackstone, he will tell you, with an eye lit by fanatical belief, is positively the finest hotel in the whole United States. Mention the Ritz, the Plaza, the St. Regis, the Biltmore, or any other hotel to him, and it makes no difference: the Blackstone is the best. As to Marshall Field's, he is no less positive: It is not merely the largest but also the very finest store in the whole world.

I have never stopped at any of those hotels with which the New Yorker would attempt to defeat the Blackstone. But I have stopped at the Blackstone, and it is undeniably a very good hotel. One of the most agreeable things about it is the air of willing service which one senses in its staff. It is an excellent manager who can instill into his servants that spirit which causes them to seem to be eternally on tiptoe—not for a tip but for a chance to serve. Further, the Blackstone occupies a position, with regard to the fashionable life of Chicago, which is not paralleled by any single hotel in New York. Socially it is preeminently the place.

General dancing in such public restaurants as Rector's—the original Rector's is in Chicago, you know—and, in the dining rooms of some hotels, was started in Chicago, but was soon stopped by municipal regulation. Since that time other schemes have been devised. Dances are held regularly in the ballrooms of most of the hotels, but are managed as clubs or semi-private gatherings. This arrangement has its advantages. It would have its advantages, indeed, if it did nothing more than put the brakes on the dancing craze—as anyone can testify who has seen his friends offering up their business and their brains as a sacrifice to Terpsichore. But that is not what I started to say. The advantage of the system which was in vogue at the Blackstone, when I was there, is that, to get into the ballroom, people must be known; so that ladies who may still have doubts as to the propriety of dancing in a public restaurant need not, and do not, hesitate to go there and dance to their toes' content.

Of course we visited Marshall Field's. The obliging gentleman who showed us about the inconceivably enormous buildings, rushing from floor to floor, poking in and out through mysterious, baffling doors and passageways, now in the public part of the store where goods are sold, now behind the scenes where they are made—this gentleman seemed to have the whole place in his head—almost as great a feat as knowing the whole world by heart.

"How much time can you spare?" he asked as we set out from the top floor, where he had shown us



The bold front of Michigan Avenue wreathed in whirling smoke and that allegor

huge recreation room, gymnasium, and dining room, all for the use of employees.

"How long should it take?"

"It can be done in two hours," he said, "if we keep moving all the time."

"All right," I said—and we did keep moving. Through great rooms full of trunks, of brass beds, through vast galleries of furniture, through restaurants, grilles, afternoon tea rooms, rooms full of curtains and coverings and cushions and corsets and waists and hats and carpets and rugs and linoleum and lamps and toys and stationery and silver, and Heaven only knows what else, over miles and miles of pleasant, soft, green carpet I trotted along beside the amazing man who not only knew the way, but seemed even to know the clerks. Part of the time I tried to look about me at the phantasmagoria of things with which civilization has encumbered the human race; part of the time I listened to our cicerone; part of the time I walked blindly scribbling notes, while my companion guided my steps. Here are some of the notes:

. . . Ten thousand employees in retail store. . . Choral society, two hundred members, made up of sales people. . . . Twelve baseball teams in retail store, twelve in wholesale; play during season, and, finally, for championship cup, on "Marshall Field Day." . .

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Lectures on various topics, fabrics, etc., for employees, also for outsiders—women's clubs, etc. . . Employees lunch: soup, meat, vegetables, etc., sixteen cents. . . . Largest retail custom dressmaking business in the country. . . Largest business in ready-made apparel. . . . Largest retail millinery business. . . . Largest retail shoe business. . . . Largest branch of Chicago public library (for employees). . . Largest subpostal station in Chicago. . . . Largest—largest—largest! . . .

Now and then when something interested me particularly we would pause and catch our breath. Once



g Grant Park . . . . great buildings
nfinity which confronts one as he looks eastward

we stopped for two or three minutes in a fine schoolroom, where some stock boys and stock girls were having a lesson in fractions. . . . "To fit them for better positions." Again we paused in a children's playroom, where mothers left their youngsters while they went to do their shopping, and where certain youngsters, thus deposited, were having a gorgeous time, sliding down things, and running around other things, and crawling over and under still other things. Still again we paused at the telephone switchboard—a switchboard large enough to take care of the entire business of a city of the size of Springfield, the capital of Illinois. And still again we paused at the subpostal station, where fifty to sixty thousand dollars' worth of stamps are sold in a year, and which does as great a postal business in the holiday season, as the whole city of Milwaukee does at the same period.

A Big Store's "World Unseen"

AT ONE time we would be walking through a great shirt factory, set off in one corner of that Gargantuan building, all unknown to the shoppers who never get behind the scenes; then we would pop out again into the dressed-up part of the store, just as one goes from the kitchen and the pantry of a house into the formality of dining room and drawing room. And as we appeared thus, and our guide was recognized as the assistant manager of all that kingdom, with its population of ten thousand, saleswomen would rise suddenly from seats, little gossiping groups would disperse quickly, and floor men, who had been talking with saleswomen, would begin to occupy themselves with other matters. I remember coming upon a "silence room" for saleswomen—a large, dark, quiet chamber, in which was an attendant; also a saleswoman who was restlessly resting by rocking herself in a chair. And as we moved through the store we kept taking off our hats as we went behind the scenes, and putting them on as we emerged into the public parts. Never before had I realized how much of a department store is a world unseen by shoppers. At one point, in that hidden world, a vast number of women were sewing upon dresses. I had hardly time to look upon the scene when, rushing through a little door, in pursuit of my active guide, I found myself in a maze of glass, and long-piled carpets, and mahogany, and electric light, and pretty frocks, disposed about on forms. Also disposed about were many "perfect thirty-sixes," doing the "débutante slouch" in their trim black costumes, so slinky and alluring—especially with piles of taffy-colored hair. Here I had a strong impulse to halt, to pause and examine the carpets and woodwork, and one thing and another. But no! Our guardian had a professional pride in getting us through the store within two hours, according to his promise. I would have gladly allowed him an extra ten minutes if I could have spent it in that place, but on we went—my companion and I dragging behind a little and looking backward at the Lorelei—I remember that, because I ran into a man and knocked my hat off.

At last we came to the information bureau, and as there was a particularly attractive young person behind the desk, it occurred to me that this would be a fine time to get a little information.

"I wonder if I can stump that sinuous sibyl," I said.

"Try it," said our conductor.

So I went over to her and asked: "How large is this store, please?"

"You mean the building?"

"Yes."

"There is fifty acres of floor space under this roof," she said. "There are sixteen floors: thirteen stories rising two hundred and fifty-eight feet above the street, and three basements, extending forty-three and a half feet below. The building takes up one entire block. The new building devoted exclusively to men's goods is just across Washington Street. That building is—"

"Thank you very much," I said. "That's all I want to know about that. Can you tell me the population of Chicago?"

"Two million three hundred and eighty-eight thousand five hundred," she said glibly, showing me her pretty teeth.

Then I racked my brains for something hard to ask her.

"Now," I said, "will you please tell me where Charles Towne was born?"

"Do you mean Charles A. Towne, the lawyer; Charles Wayland Towne, the author; or Charles Hanson Towne, the poet?" she demanded.

I managed to say that I meant the poet Towne.

"He was born in Louisville, Ky.," she informed me sweetly. She even gave me the date of his birth, too, but as the poet is a friend of mine, I will suppress that.

"Is that all?" she inquired presently, seeing that I was merely gazing at her.

"Yes, you adorable creature," . . . The first word of that sentence is all that I really uttered. I only thought the rest.

"Very well," she replied, shutting the book in which she had looked up the Townes.

"Thanks very much," I said.

"Don't mention it," said she—and went about her business in a way that sent me about mine.

Chicago's Happy Saleswomen

ASIDE from its vastness and the variety of its activities, two things about Marshall Field's store interested me particularly. One is the attitude maintained by the company with regard to claims made in advertising "sales." When there is a "sale" at Field's comparisons of values are not made. It may be said that certain articles are cheap at the price at which they are being offered, but it is never put in the form: "Was $5, Now $2.50." Field's does not believe in that.

"We take the position," an official explained to me, "that things are worth what they will bring. For instance, if some manufacturer has made too many overcoats, and we are able to get them at a bargain, or if there is a mild winter and overcoats do not sell well, we may place on sale a lot of coats which were meant to be sold at $40, but which we are willing to sell at $22.50. In such a case we never advertise 'Worth $40.' We just point out that these are exceptionally good coats for the money. And, when we say that, it is invariably true. This advertising is not so sensational as it could be made, of course, but we think that in the long run it teaches people to rely upon us."

Another thing which interested me in Field's was the appearance of the saleswomen. They do not look like New York saleswomen. In the aggregate they look happier, simpler, and more natural. I saw no women behind the counters there who had the haughty, indifferent bearing, the nose-in-the-air, to which the New York shopper is accustomed. Among these women, no less than among the rich, the Chicago spirit seemed to show itself. It is everywhere, that spirit. I admit that, perhaps, it does not go with omnipresent taxicabs. I admit that there are more effete cities than Chicago. The East is full of them. But that any city in the country has more sterling simplicity, greater freedom from sham and affectation among all classes, more vigorous cultivation, or more well-bred wealth, I respectfully beg to doubt. . . .

No, I have *not* forgotten Boston and Philadelphia.

A Cataract of "Mona Lisas"

IN AN earlier chapter I told of a man I met upon a train who, though he lived in Buffalo, had never seen Niagara Falls. In Chicago it occurred to me that, though I had worked on a newspaper, I had never stood as an observer and watched a newspaper "go through." So, one Saturday night after sitting around the city room of the Chicago "Tribune"—which is one of the world's great newspapers—and talking with a group of men as interesting as any men I ever found together, I was placed in charge of James Durkin, the world's most eminent office boy, who forthwith took me to the nether regions of the Tribune Building.

With its floor of big steel plates, its towering presses, vast and incomprehensible, and its grimy men in overalls, the pressroom struck me as resembling nothing so much as the engine room of an ocean liner.

The color presses were already roaring, shedding streams of printed paper like swift waterfalls, down which shot an endless chain of Mona Lisas—for the Mona Lisa took the whole front page of the "Tribune"

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colored supplement that week. At the bottom, where the "folder" put the central creases in them, the paper torrents narrowed to a disappearing point, giving the illusion of a subterranean river, vanishing beneath the floor. But the river didn't vanish. It was caught, and measured, and folded, and cut, and counted by machinery, as swift, as eye-defying, as a moving picture; machinery which miraculously converted a cataract into prim piles of Sunday newspapers, which were, in turn, gathered up and rushed away to the mailing room—whither, presently, we followed.

In the mailing room I made the acquaintance of a machine with which, if it had not been so busy, I should have liked to shake hands, and sit down somewhere for a quiet chat. For it was a machine possessed of the Chicago spirit: modest, businesslike, effective, and highly intelligent. I did not interrupt it, but watched it at its work. And this is what it did: It took Sunday papers, one by one, from a great pile which was handed to it every now and then, folded them neatly, wrapped them in manila paper, sealed them up with mucilage, squeezed them, so that the seal would hold, addressed them to out-of-town subscribers and dropped them into a mail sack. There was a man who hovered about, acting as a sort of valet to this highly capable machine, but all he had to do was to bring it more newspapers from time to time, and to take away the mail bags when they were full, or when the machine had finished with all the subscribers in one town, and began on another. Nor did it fail to serve notice of each such change. Every time it started in on a new town it dipped its thumb in some red ink, and made a dab on the wrapper of the first paper, so that its valet—poor human thing—would know enough to furnish a new mail bag. I noted the name to which one red-dabbed paper was addressed: *E. J. Henry, Bosco, Wis.*, and I wondered if Mr. Henry had ever wondered what made that florid mark.

It was near midnight then. All Bosco was asleep. Was Mr. Henry dreaming? And however wonderful his dream, could it surpass, in wonder, this gigantic organization which, for a tiny sum, tells him, daily, everything that happens everywhere?

A Path of Glory's Termination

THINK of the men and the machines that work for Mr. E. J. Henry, resident of Bosco, in the Badger State! Think of the lumbermen who cut the logs; of the Eastern rivers down which those logs float; of the great pulp mills which convert them into paper. Think of the railroad trains which bring that paper to Chicago. Think of the factories which build presses for the ultimate defacement of that paper; and the other factories which make the ink. Think of the reporters working everywhere! Think of the men who laid the wires with which the world is webbed, that news may fly; and the men who sit at the ends of those wires, in all parts of the globe, ticking out the story of the day to the "Tribune" office in Chicago, where it is received by other men, who give it to the editors, who prepare it for the linotypers, who set it for the stereotypers, who make it into plates for the presses, which print it upon the paper, which is folded, addressed, and dropped into a mail bag, which is rushed off in a motor through the midnight streets, and put aboard a train, which carries it to Bosco, where it is taken by the postman and delivered at the residence of Mr. E. J. Henry, who, after tearing the manila wrapper, opening the paper, and glancing through it, remarks: "Pshaw! There's no news to-day!" and, forthwith, rising from the breakfast table, takes up an old pair of shoes, wraps them in his copy of the Chicago "Tribune," tucks them under his arm and takes them down to the cobbler to be half-soled. *Sic transit gloria!*

Home of the First Free Lunch

IT IS rather widely known, I think, that Chicago built the first steel-frame skyscraper—the Tacoma Building—but I do not believe that the world knows that Kohlsaat's in Chicago was the first quick-lunch place of its kind, or that the first "free lunch" in the country was established, many years since, in a basement saloon at the corner of State and Madison Streets. Considering the skyscrapers and quick lunches and free lunches that there are to-day, it is hard to realize that there ever was a first one anywhere. But the origin of things which have become national, as these things have, seems to me to be worth noting here. And it is perhaps worth adding that the loyal Chicagoan who told of these things seemed to be prouder of the "free lunch" and the quick lunch than of the skyscraper.

Off for the Stockyards

OF TWO things I mentioned to him he was not proud at all. One was the famous pair of First Ward aldermen who have attained a national fame under their nicknames, "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John." The other was the stockyards.

"Why is it," he asked in a bored and irritated tone, "that everyone who comes out here has to go to the stockyards?"

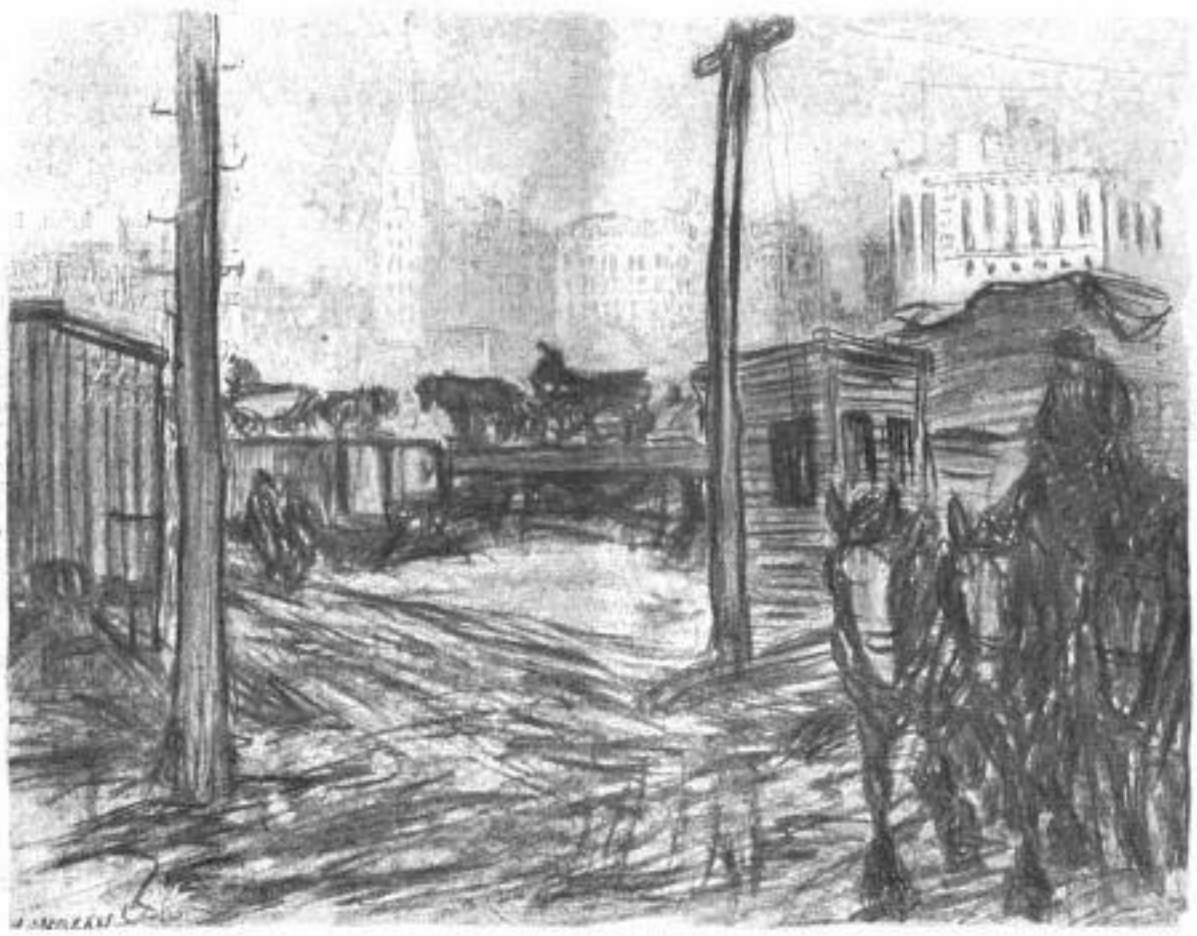
"Are you aware," I returned, "that half the bank clearings of Chicago are traceable to the stockyards?"

His answer was a noncommittal grunt.

His was not the attitude of the Detroit man who wants you to know that Detroit does something more than make automobiles, or of the Grand Rapids man who says: "We make lots of things here besides furniture." He was really ashamed of the stockyards, as a man may, perhaps, be ashamed of the fact that his father made his money in some business with a smell to it. And because he felt so deeply on the subject, I had the half idea of not touching on the stockyards in this chapter.

However the fact that my companion and myself were there to "do" Chicago was printed in the papers, and presently the stockyards began to call us up. It didn't even ask if we were coming. It just asked *when*. And as I hesitated, it settled the whole matter then and there by saying it was coming for us in its motor car, at once.

I may say at the outset that, to quote the phrase of Mr. Freer of Detroit, the stockyards "has no esthetic value." It is a place of mud, and railroad tracks, and cattle cars, and cattle pens, and overhead runways, and great ugly brick buildings, and men on ponies, and raucous grunts, and squeals, and smells—a place which causes the heart to sink with a sickening heaviness.



Chicago's sky line from the docks (looking westward toward Grant Park and Michigan Avenue). . . . A city which rebuilt itself after the fire; in the next decade doubled its size; and now has a population of two million, plus a city of about the size of San Francisco

An Unexpected Bit of Beauty

OUR first call was at the Welfare Building, where we were shown some of the things which are being done to benefit employees of the packing houses. It was noontime. The enormous lunch room was well occupied. A girl was playing ragtime at a piano on a platform. The room was clean and airy. The women wore aprons and white caps. A good lunch cost six cents. There were iron lockers in the locker room—lockers such as one sees in an athletic club. There were marble shower baths for the men and for the women. There were two manicures who did nothing but see to the hands of women working in the plant. There were notices of classes in housekeeping, cooking, washing, house furnishing, the preparation of food for the sick—signs printed in English, Russian, Slovak, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Lithuanian, German, Norwegian, Swedish, Croatian, Italian, and Greek. Obviously, the company was doing things to help these people. Obviously it was proud of what it was doing. Obviously I should have rejoiced, saying to myself: "See how these poor, ignorant foreigners who come over here to our beautiful and somewhat free country are being elevated!" But all I could think of was: "What a horrible place the stockyards is! How I loathe it here!"

On the North Side of Chicago there is an old and exclusive club, dating from before the days of motor cars, which is known as the Saddle and Cycle Club. The lunch club for the various packing-house officials, at the stockyards, has a name bearing perhaps some satirical relation to that of the other club. It is called the Saddle and Sirloin Club, and in that club I ate a piece of sirloin which will always remain sacred in my memory.

After lunching and visiting the offices of a packing company where, we were told, an average daily business of $1,300,000 is done—and the place looks it—we visited the Stockyards Inn, which is really an astonishing establishment. The astonishing quality about it is that it is a thing of beauty which has grown up in a place as far removed from beauty as any that I ever looked upon outside a mining camp. A charming, low, half-timbered building, it is like something at Stratford-on-Avon; and by some strange freak of chance the man who runs it has a taste for the antique in furniture and chinaware. Inside it is almost like a fine old country house—pleasant cretonnes, grate fires, old Chippendale chairs, mahogany tables, grandfather's clocks, pewter, and luster ware. All this for cattlemen who bring their flocks and herds into the yards! The only thing to spoil it is the all-pervasive smell of animals.

From there we went to the place of death.

Through a small door the fated pigs enter the final pen fifteen or twenty at a time. They are nervous, perhaps because of the smell coming from within, perhaps because of the sounds. A man in the pen loops a chain around the hind foot of each successive pig, and then slips the iron ring at the other end of the chain over a hook at the outer margin of a revolving drum, perhaps ten feet in diameter. As the drum revolves the hook rises, slowly drawing the pig backward by the leg, and finally lifting it bodily, head downward. When the hook reaches the top of its orbit it transfers the animal to a trolley, upon which it slides in due course to the waiting butcher, who dispatches it with a knife thrust in the neck, and turns to receive the next pig.

The Conduct of Fated Pigs

THE manners of the pigs on their way to execution held me with a sort of horrid fascination. Pigs look so much alike that we assume them to be minus individuality. That is not so. The French Revolution—of which the stockyards reminded Dr. George Brandes, the literary critic, who recently visited this country—scarcely could have brought out in its victims a wider range of characteristics than these pigs show. I have often noticed, of course, that some people are like pigs, but I had never before suspected that all pigs are so very much like people. Some of them come in yelling with fright. Others are silent. They shift about nervously, and sniff, as though scenting death. . . . "It's the steam they smell," said a man in overalls beside me. Well, perhaps it is. But I could smell death there, and I still think the pigs can smell it, too. Some of the pigs lean against each other for companionship in their distress. Others merely wait with bowed heads, giving a curious effect of porcine resignation. When they feel the tug of the chain, and are dragged backward, some of them set up a new and frightful squealing; others go in silence, and with a sort of dignity, like martyrs dying for a cause.

A Butcher's Impressive Eyes

AS I stood there, studying the temperament of pigs, I saw the butcher looking up at me as he wiped his long, thin blade. He was a raw-boned man with a pale face, high cheek bones, and large brown eyes, holding within their somber depths an expression of thoughtful, dreamy abstraction. I have never seen such eyes. Without prejudice or pity they seemed to look alike on man and pig. Being upon the platform above him, right side up, and free to go when I should please, I felt safe for the moment. But suppose

(Continued on page 24)

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Guess Who—A Famous Preacher Back in Baseball

AT first glance the baseball player in this snapshot seems to be Jim Thorpe, the Olympic hero and member of the New York Giants Baseball Club. It isn't, though! This is none other than Billy Sunday, center fielder for the Chicago White Sox in bygone days and now America's best known evangelist. Sunday got back into baseball at Colorado Springs when a benefit game was played between the lawyers and ministers. He played center for a few innings, pitched a little, made four hits and four runs, stole home, and made a star catch in center. Only two errors were charged to him. Three thousand people saw the game.



A Plain Citizen Wins a Fight with an Octopus

WHILE fishing for groupers off Long Beach, Cal., Captain A. H. Mason hooked a large devilfish. The octopus came up fighting, and before Mason had time to realize what was happening, it lashed him around the neck with one of its tentacles and pinned his right arm with another. Then two more tentacles took hold of the fisherman, while others gripped the bottom of the boat. With his left hand Mason grabbed a gaff hook and plunged it into the monster's head. One blow was not enough—not by any means. The octopus fought on, and once it pulled Mason's head and his shoulders over the edge of the boat. The fisherman corroborated his story by bringing home the catch.



An Inventor Gets a Big Check for a Little Idea

THE check was the largest ever paid to an inventor for a single invention. It was for $300,000. The little idea that won this big sum is one by which any amateur photographer may autograph a picture when he makes it. Above appears a portrait of the inventor adding an autograph to a film (in the insert) and a snapshot—the finished product.

The inventor took the check because he wanted to be able to forget all about cameras and the making of cameras and go back to his laboratory to mull over some other little $300,000 idea. A royalty contract with the Eastman Kodak Company would have mussed up his mind and kept it busy for years to come on kodak business.

A New Era for Inventors

THIS one little idea made H. J. Gaisman a rich man overnight. Bankers fished for his check with promises to pay him $60 a day in interest for its use. Gaisman was glad both to receive it and to advertise its earning power for the reason that he saw in the treatment of himself by George Eastman the dawn of a new era for inventors, an era in which commerce will treat them with something of the spirit in which Henry Ford treats his employees.

"How did you get the money out of Eastman?" I asked the young inventor on the day he received the big check.

"I got it," he said, "by putting my case in Eastman's hands. I saw he wanted to be fair. I saw he was coming at me without a word of haggle or higgle. I saw he was not dickering with me as many inventors have been dickered with. So I told him to make the best terms for me with the Eastman Company that he felt were just. I made him my agent, and he made good!"

The item came to me as a piece of news. I had not been in at the breaking of the news about Henry Ford's plans, but I thought that this was the next biggest piece of news of its kind of the era. I pressed Gaisman to tell me more about how he invented the device which was to fulfill the world's oldest dream of going to sleep quite poor and waking up of a morning a rich man.

Worked on It Four Years

KODAKING was one means of spending the leisure of the summers, and Gaisman was angered because his vacation films were all mussed up and could not be identified at the end of the season.

"Why not an autographing kodak?" he said to himself—one which would let you take your sweetheart's picture and let her sign it for you. And one that would let you take scenery and brand it at the same time, so you would always know what scenery it was.

The idea was a little one—well, engineers of the Eastman Company had been working on it for half a dozen years and hadn't perfected it. Gaisman told me he worked on the idea four years, and that five times in those four years he completely despaired. His final idea was a bit of protective paper over the film so thin that normally it would keep the light out, but when stretched by a pencil point it would let enough light through to take the picture of the writing.

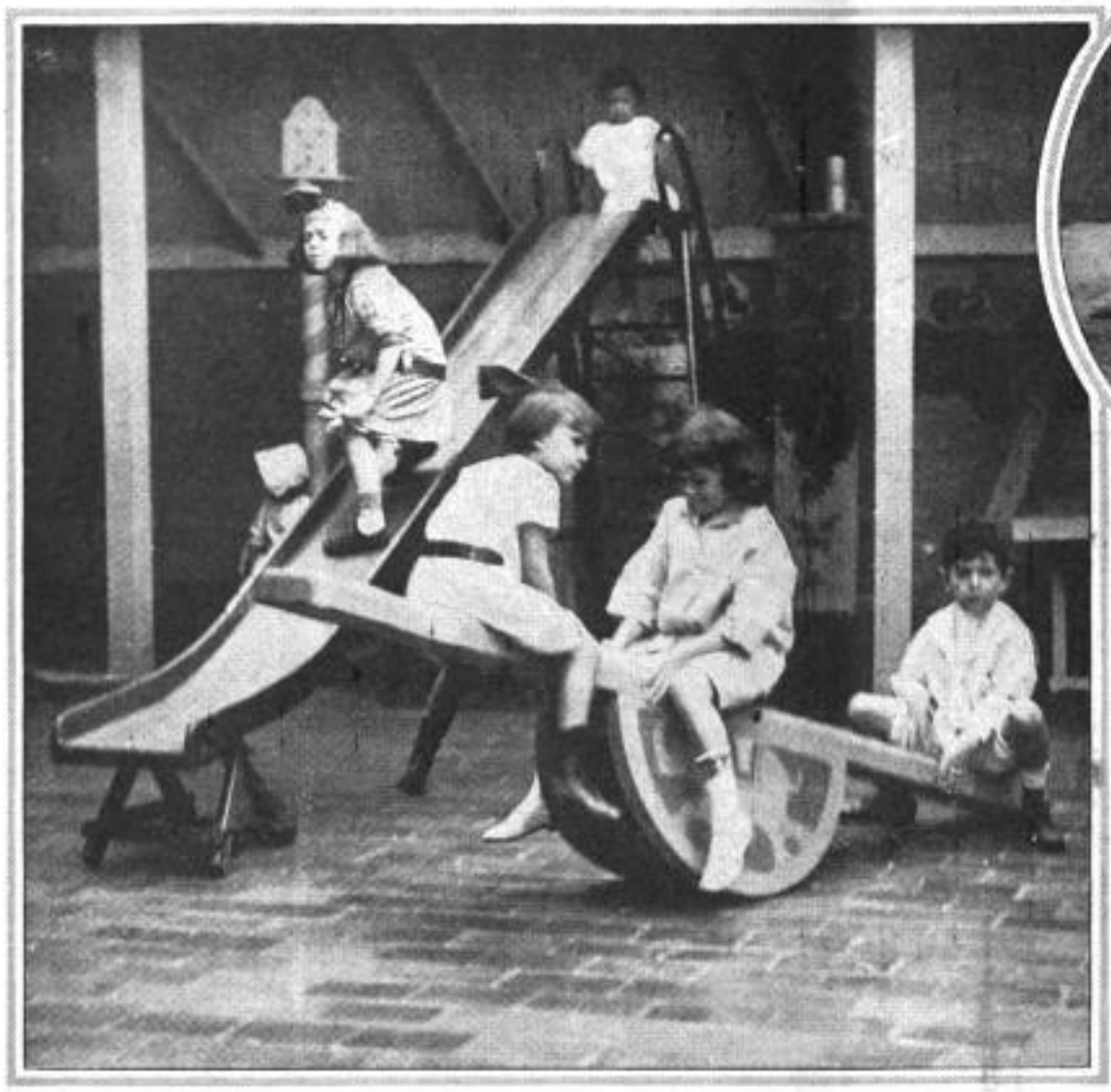
Padlocked His Patent

GAISMAN picked up a little kodak to which he had fastened a yale lock. "I took this thing out with me," he said, "and took pictures and autographed them till I made it a success. One day I took Henry Ford's picture. I always kept the kodak locked in its case until I had my patents granted. You see, an inventor has to have horse sense as well as inventive sense, like all other kinds of folks."

ISAAC RUSSELL.

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Housetops for Children's Playgrounds



Having a good time in the Garden of the White Rabbit atop the Hendrik Hudson Apartments, New York City. The children breathe fresh air, get plenty of exercise, and have desirable playmates



Contentment in the sand box

THE newest thing in romping places for youngsters is the apartment-house-roof playground. An idea of what it is may be gathered from the snapshots at the left and above, taken in the Garden of the White Rabbit, atop the Hendrik Hudson, on Riverside Drive, New York. This playground was planned by Mrs. Helen Speer, a designer of nurseries and playgrounds. The first housetop recreation places for children were fitted up on the roofs of school buildings. Then followed the settlement-house-roof playground, which is now regarded as indispensable in the crowded sections of New York. The one in the photograph below is typical. The housetop playground is expected to become popular in practically all the large cities, not only because it is the only kind that can be had where park or vacant-lot space is unavailable, but also because it insures the maximum of sanitation, safety from accidents, and protection from the evil influences of the streets.



A modern playground on a West Side Settlement House in New York. The children are safe from recklessly driven motor cars and other street perils

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The Indian Sign

(Continued from page 7)

Kernohan kept working, so did Pete Kennedy, and the double file of ciphers lengthened upon the score board. It was a pitchers' battle in every sense of the word, enlivened by brilliant bits of defensive fielding and not without anxious moments on both sides. In the third inning Pete pitched himself into a hole and out again; in the fifth an outfield fumble sent a Blue runner to second base, but the Cannonball poured his speed over the plate and struck out two men in succession. On the benches the players were feeling the strain of scoreless innings. Old Pete's pleading had taken on a querulous note.

"One run, you rummies! For the love of Mike, have I got to hold 'em all day? Gimme one run!"

Kernohan also addressed his support caustically.

"How long are you going to let that old fossil get away with it? Think I can play the whole game, do you? A little life, you wooden Indians, a little life!"

THE seventh inning saw a break in the Blue defense—a tiny one, but big with consequences. Padden, the first Gamecock hitter, sent a jumpy grounder toward third base, and Mike Kershaw, trying for a flying pick-up and throw, juggled the ball. Padden reached first, stole second, went to third on a sacrifice bunt, and scored on a long fly, beating the throw to the plate by ten feet. The whole thing happened in less than three minutes, and when the teams changed sides a figure 1 appeared on the score board, conspicuous among the ciphers. The Blue rooters looked at it and shook their heads, dazed by the misfortune which had come upon them so swiftly. Down on the Blue bench Mike Kershaw humped his broad shoulders under a storm of abuse.

"Why didn't you play it safe, you fool?"

"Wanted to make it look fancy, eh?"

"Just handed 'em a run, that's all!"

ALL poor Mike could say was that the ball had taken a bad bound, this being the most reliable alibi known to infielders.

When the Blues came to bat in their half of the seventh the rooters offered the usual rising vote of confidence, but Tom Kernohan, listening to the uproar from the stands, recognized the high note of hysteria and smiled grimly. Scared, were they? He would give them something to be scared about, so he proceeded to strike out two men and make the third pop up an infield fly.

The eighth inning slipped away and the first half of the ninth. The Blues came up to make their last stand; between them and the prize money a single figure loomed among the ciphers. It looked as big as a mountain. Joe Cotter hitched his trousers and raged up and down the bench while the Gamecocks were trotting to their positions.

"One run never licked us yet!" he cried. "We can trim this big stiff! We're due, I tell you, we're due! Mike, you're first up. Go out there and square yourself!"

MIKE KERSHAW snarled as he walked to the bat pile and began raking noisily among the timber. With that penetrating rattle in his ears, Joe Cotter's glance fell upon Speck Adams, nervously cracking his finger joints in the shade of the water cooler. There was an unspoken appeal in the veteran's eyes. Quick as a flash the manager beckoned and Speck sprang to his feet, fumbling with the buttons of his sweater.

"Who do I hit for, Joe?" he asked.

"Listen and get this!" said Cotter. "I'm going out there to coach. When Mike steps up to the plate I want you to begin knocking those bats around. Make a hell of a noise, see? Whalen is up next—"

"But, Joe, ain't you going to let me hit?" It was almost a wail.

"Maybe. I don't know yet. Stay right with that bat pile until further orders, but don't go so strong with it that the umpire will chase you off the field. Rattle 'em like hell, *see?*"

"Whatever you say, Joe, but—aw, let me in there, won't you?"

A minute later Kershaw stepped up to the plate. The roaring in the stands died away as Kernohan dropped into pitching position, the ball cuddled against his chest. Suddenly there came a tremendous clattering of white ash, and, rising above it, the voice of Joe Cotter addressing Kershaw.

"Get on, Mike, get on! There's somebody comin' up that always could hit this big stiff a mile! Get on!"

"Hey!" bellowed the quick-witted McCann. "Don't pay no attention to that ole Charley-horse wreck! Pitch to this guy, Tom!"

Kernohan recovered himself with an effort and began to pitch, but he was listening for the rattle of the bats and wondering if Joe Cotter would be fool enough to let Adams hit, and since few men can do two things well and none can do three simultaneously, he mislaid the outer corner of the plate, and three balls stood charged against him before he found it again. A strike followed, but by this time several thousand people were yelling "Adams! Speck Adams!" so there was some excuse when the fifth attempt went a bit wide and Mike Kershaw trotted to first.

"Wonder if he'll send him in now," thought Kernohan. But no, little Whalen was standing at the plate, grinning maliciously.

"He'll fill 'em up and then we'll let Speck clean house!" yelled Cotter. A subdued clatter from the white ash rounded out the threat, and with that jarring racket humming in his ears Tom Kernohan delivered his fast ball—delivered it two feet inside the plate, almost fracturing a rib for little Whalen. Whalen dropped like a log, but revived in time to limp to first base—a ball player limps no matter where he is hit—and there he found his breath and lavished it on all the Kernohans, past, present, and future.

FOR weeks afterward the amateur psychologists analyzed Kernohan's sudden loss of control, a psychologist being a person who explains many things which he does not understand. The steadiest pitcher of the period, his game well in hand, had walked one weak batter and hit another, hence the need of analysis. The simple key to the mystery was offered by Kernohan himself when Martin McCann, perspiring anxiously, trotted into the diamond for a consultation.

"Two on, boy, and nobody out. What's the matter?"

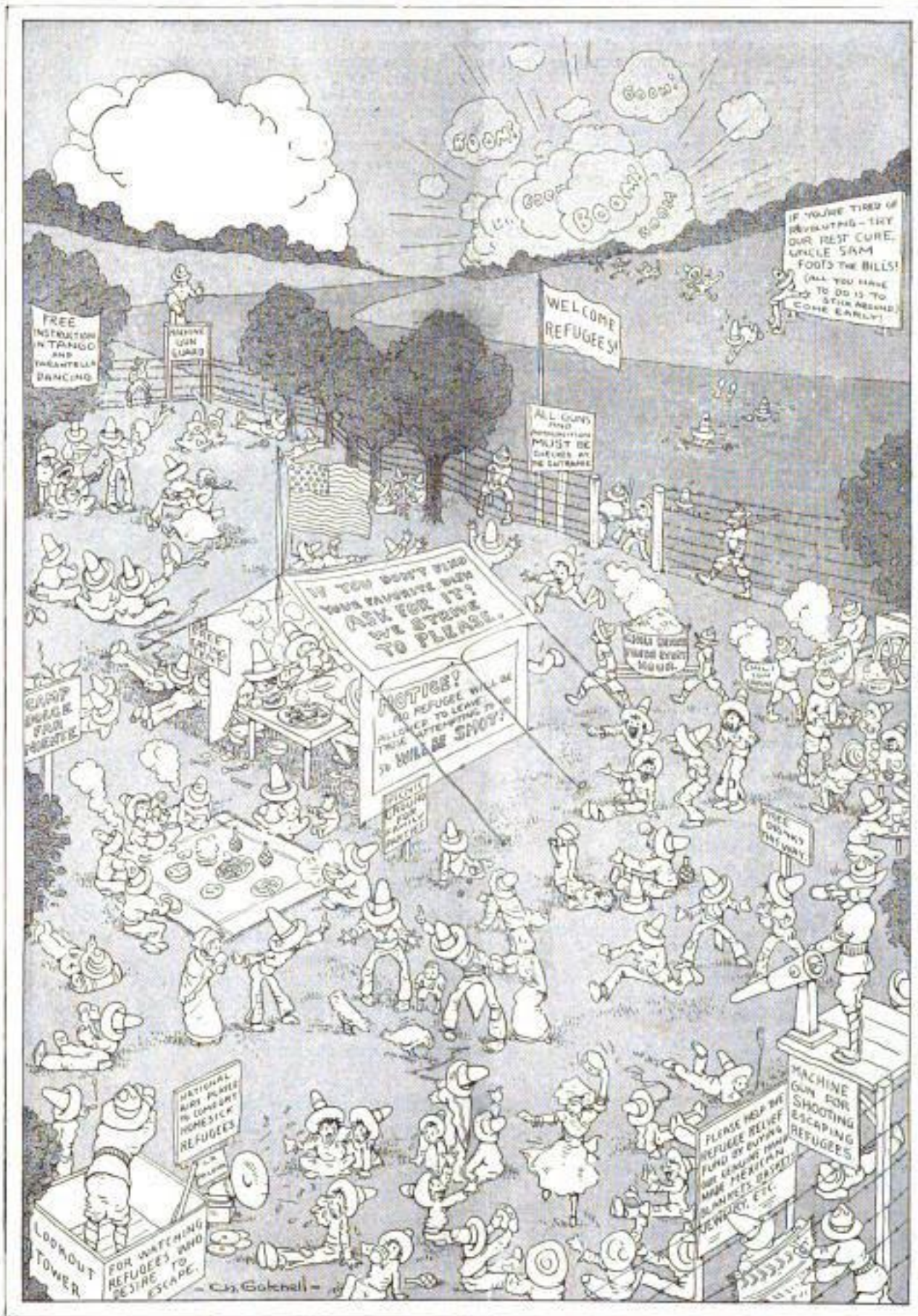
"Damn it!" cried Cannonball Tom. "If they're going to send him in to hit, why don't they *do* it?"

"Look here!" said McCann savagely. "You ain't pitching to that guy over there by the bench! Forget him! You pitch to the next man that comes up—and it's Daly."

And, instead of Speck Adams, it was Daly—Daly, who could bunt if nothing else. He dropped a slow, twisting ball in the direction of first base, and it required great exertion to retire him, but he had sacrificed himself in a good cause, for Mike Kershaw reached third and Whalen went to second.

"Now, then, Speck!" whooped Joe Cotter. "We've got him right where we want him! Get in there and bust one a mile!"

IT was then that Speck Adams, never celebrated as a baseball strategist nor yet as a psychologist, added the touch which deserves the Hall of Fame. He had been bending over the bat pile, enduring the agony of suspense. As he heard his name called he grasped his blunt war club and swept it across the others with the final, irritating, ear-splitting flourish of a xylophone soloist. Then slowly, in order to give the grand stand and the bleachers a chance to take up the refrain, he advanced to the plate.



The Greatest Picnic of Modern Times

This Texas picnic party costs Uncle Sam $2,500 a day. It is a tremendous social success — a seven months' riot of fun. And the funniest thing of all about it is that the host continues to labor under a delusion that his guests would like to depart!

Drawn by Ch. Gatchell

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Beasts of Prey

Is a cruel, lurking, murdering beast any less a beast because it is human? If your business takes you into bad or lonely neighborhoods, there is but one way to guard against the possibility of a crushed skull and a broken body—keep your distance and cow others into keeping theirs. Get a permit today, from proper authorities, to carry when you need it, an

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

At the crisis the Iver Johnson is instantly ready—nothing to adjust or forget—it gets off the first shot.

But, above all, it is *safe*. A blow on the pocket won't discharge it—you can drop it, throw it against a wall, do anything except the one thing necessary to fire it—a long pull on the trigger. You can Hammer the Hammer. It is equipped throughout with permanent tension, unbreakable wire springs.

$6 at Hardware or Sporting Goods Stores

Send for our 82-page Book which tells all about Revolvers, Iver-Johnson Champion Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.



Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York. 717 Market St., San Francisco

"Advertising does nothing more or less with us than to make known to the consumer our products, and, of course, in praising our products we have to be particularly careful that the product itself in quality and appearance comes up to all that we say about it.

I cannot in any way accede to the supposition that advertising increases the price to the consumer of the majority of advertised products.

The cost of advertising is in all cases equalized by a lower cost of production due to increased sales, and if advertising were not done, then in my judgment the cost of production would increase, and as a result the selling prices to the consumer would have to continue the same."

"Speck Adams! Adams! Adams! Oh, you, Speckie!"

Speck said something to the umpire in chief, who whipped off mask and cap and went through the motions of making the announcement as provided by Rule 73.

Nobody heard him or cared to listen to him. Thirty thousand voices were booming the news; the telegraph operators in the press stand were hammering it over the wires: "*Adams batting for Heddon.*"

IN the one slight lull which followed the storm, as pitcher and batter faced each other, Martin McCann managed to make himself heard.

"Oh, Tom! Look what's here, playing hookey from the graveyard! Wonder where he left his crutches!"

"Huh!" snorted Speck, jerking his bat in short, ugly circles and digging his spikes into the dirt. "This club is all the crutch I need! I could hit this big stiff if they had to bring me up in a wheeled chair!"

It may be that the amateur psychologists are right and that Tom Kernohan remembered the Indian sign and the long hits of the Seven Years' War. It may be so—but it is best to take Kernohan's own statement.

"Scared? Hell, no! I thought I could strike him out!"

The first ball that Tom Kernohan pitched came low and true over the outside corner, and lightning fast. In location and speed it was exactly the sort best calculated to annoy a man who had not seen fast ball pitching in months, but Speck Adams, bending slightly forward from the hips, swung as if he realized that he would never swing at another ball in the big league.

What is more important, he hit it quite hard enough to make up for that deprivation.

THERE was a sharp crash, the Gamecock first baseman leaped into the air, the right fielder raced toward the bleachers wall and, stopping, threw up his hands in a gesture of impotent despair. Speck Adams, pounding down to first base on his game leg, would have made the turn toward second, but Joe Cotter leaped upon him and threw his arms around his neck.

"That's enough, old boy!" yelled the manager. "You put her into the bleachers for a home run!"

IN November Old Burgess and Joe Cotter had another discussion.

"What were you thinking of doing with Adams?" asked Burgess. "We might work him in on that trade, you know."

But Joe Cotter shook his head.

"No," he said. "I'm going to give him an unconditional release and sign him for a scout. He may have a kink in one leg, but there's nothing the matter with his judgment."

"Will he make a good scout?" asked Burgess.

"He will—as long as I'm running this ball club," said Cotter.

"Oh, well," said Old Burgess, "fix it up to suit yourself."

Chicago

(Continued from page 20)

I were not so. Suppose I were to come along to him, hanging by one leg from the trolley. . . . What would he do then? Would he stop to ask why they had sent another sort of animal, I wondered? Or would he do his work impartially? . . . I should not wish to take the chance.

The progress of the pig is swift—if the transition from pig to pork may be termed "progress." The carcass travels presently through boiling water, and emerges pink and clean. And as it goes along upon its trolley, it passes one man after another, each with an active knife, until thirty minutes later, when it has undergone the Government inspection, it is headless and in halves—mere meat, which looks as though it never could have been alive.

From the slaughterhouse we passed through the smokehouse, where ham and bacon were smoking over hardwood fires in rows of ovens big as blocks of houses. Then through the pickling room with its enormous hogsheads, giving the appearance of a monkish wine cellar. Then through the curing room with its countless piles of dry salt pork, neatly arranged like giant bricks.

The enthusiastic gentleman who escorted us kept pointing out the beauties of the way this work was done: the cleanliness, the system by which the rooms are washed with steam, the gigantic scale of all the operations. I heard, I noticed, I agreed. But all the time my mind was full of thoughts of dying pigs. Indeed, I had forgotten for the moment that other animals are also killed to feed carnivorous man. However, I was reminded of that, presently, when we came upon another building, consecrated to the conversion of life into veal and beef.

The steers meet death in little pens. It descends upon them unexpectedly from above, dealt out by a man with a sledge, who cracks them between the horns with a sound like that of a woodman's ax upon a tree. The creatures quiver and quickly crumple up.

It is swift. In half a minute the false bottom of the pen turns up and rolls them out upon the floor, inert as bags of meal. Only after death do these cattle find their way to an elevated trolley line, like that used for the pigs. And, as with the pigs, they move along speedily; shortly they are to be seen in the beef cooler, where they hang in tremendous rows, forming strange vistas—a forest of dead meat.

The scene where calves were being killed according to the Jewish law, for kosher meat, presented the most sanguinary spectacle with which my eyes have ever burned. Two rabbis, old bearded men, performed the rites with long, slim, shiny blades. Literally they waded in a lake of gore. Even the walls were covered with it. Looking down upon them from above, we saw them silhouetted on a sheet of pigment utterly beyond comparison—for, without exaggeration, fire would look pale and cold beside the shrieking crimson of that blood—glistening, wet, and warm in the electric light.

I shall not attempt to conceal the fact that I was glad to leave the stockyards.

Has it ever struck you that our mental attitude toward famous men varies in this respect: that while we think of some of them as human beings with whom we might conceivably shake hands and have a chat, we think of others as legendary creatures, strange and remote—beings hardly to be looked upon by human eyes?

Some years since, in the courtyard of a hotel in Paris, I met a friend of mine. He was hurrying in the direction of the bar.

"Come on," he beckoned. "There are some people here you'll want to meet."

I followed him in and to a table at which two men were seated. One proved to be Alfred Sutro; the other Maurice Maeterlinck.

Great Men

TO meet Mr. Sutro was delightful, but it was conceivable. Not so Maeterlinck. To shake hands with him, to sit at the same table, to see that he wore a black coat, a stiff collar, a black string tie, a square-crowned derby hat; to see him sitting in a bar and sipping beer like any man—that was not conceivable.

I sat there speechless, trying to convince myself of what I saw.

"That man over there is actually Maeterlinck!" I kept assuring myself. "I am looking at Maeterlinck! Now he nods the head in which 'The Bluebird' was conceived. Now he lifts his beer glass in the hand which indited 'Monna Vanna!'"

Nor was my amazement due entirely to the surprise of meeting a much-admired man. It was due most of all to a feeling which I must have had—although

In Picnic Time

By STOKELY S. FISHER

OH, come with me! Should the daisy chain
Be woven only by youthful lovers?
Where richly the white and the red bloom covers
The shaded shore and the sunny plain, [hovers,
Where the great hawk sails and the kingbird
Oh, come with me!
We'll take the babies and play with them,
And dally the whole of the day with them;
We'll frolic and sing and be gay with them,
Bohemians on the lea!

Come, smack the delight of the vagabond free
In clothes of comfort, with mind to be merry!
We'll smell the flower and taste the berry
Where floats the butterfly, feasts the bee,
And catch the spirit of wild birds airy,
Their secret of joy!
Oh, ramble once more abroad with me,
To read the poems of God with me
In fields that of old you trod with me,
Where pleasures cannot cloy!

Come, truant from care, to the tenting trees,
No gypsy more joyous, no child heart bolder!
Oh to roam, oh to rest your head on my shoulder,
In pictured reveries wrapped, and at ease—
Forget we are poorer, forget we are older,
From the world apart!
Where love wove its blossomy chain for us,
And builded the castles in Spain for us,
There is gladness and infinite gain for us,
There still is the rest for the heart!

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I was never before conscious of it—a feeling that no such man as Maeterlinck existed in reality; that he was a purely legendary being; a figure in white robes and sandals, harping and singing in some Elysian temple.

I experienced a somewhat similar emotion in Chicago on being introduced to Hinky Dink. In saying that, I do not mean to be irreverent. I only mean that I had always thought of Hinky Dink as a fictitious personage. He and his colleague, Bathhouse John, have figured in my mind as a pair of absurd, imaginary figures, such as might have been invented by some whimsical son of a comic supplement—by a Winsor McCay.

Now, as I soon discovered, the Hinky Dink of the newspapers is, as a matter of fact, to a large extent fictitious. He is a legend, built up out of countless comic stories and newspaper cartoons. The real Hinky Dink—otherwise Alderman Michael Kenna—is a very different person, for whatever may be said against him he is a very real human being.

I clip this brief summary of his life from the Chicago "Record-Herald":

Born on the West Side, August 18, 1858.
Started life as a newsboy.
"Crowned" as Alderman of the First Ward in 1897.
Reelected biennially ever since.
Owner in fief of various privileges in the First Ward.
Lord of the Workingmen's Exchange.
Overlord of floaters, voters, and other liege subjects.

The Workingmen's Exchange, referred to above, is one of two saloons operated by the Alderman on South Clark Street, and it is a show place for those who wish to look upon the darker side of things. It is a very large saloon, having one of the longest bars I ever saw; also one of the busiest. Hardly anything but beer is served there; beer in schooners little smaller than a man's head. These are known locally as "babies," and, by a curious custom of the place, the man who removes his fingers from his glass forfeits it to anyone who takes it up. Nor are takers lacking.

"I'll tell you a funny thing about this place," said my friend the veteran police reporter, who was somewhat apologetically doing the honors. (Police reporters are always apologetic when they show you over a town that has been "cleaned up.")

"What?" I asked.

"No one has ever been killed in here," he said.

I had to admit that it was a funny thing. After looking at the faces lined up at the bar I should not have imagined it possible. Presently we crossed the street to the Alderman's other saloon; a very different sort of place, shining with mirrors, mahogany, and brass, and frequented by a better class of men. Here we met Hinky Dink.

A Portrait of Hinky Dink

HE is a slight man, so short of stature that when he leans a little, resting his elbow on the bar, his arm runs out horizontally from the shoulder. He wore an extremely neat brown suit (there was even a white collarette inside the vest!), a round black felt hat, and a heavy watch chain from which hung a large round charm with a star and crescent set in diamonds. Though it was late at night, he looked as if he had just been washed and brushed.

His face is exceedingly interesting. His lips are thin; his nose is sharp, coming to a rather pronounced point, and his eyes are remarkable for what they see and what they do not tell. They are poker eyes—gray-blue, cold, penetrating, unrevealing. My companion and I felt that while we were "getting" Hinky Dink, he was not failing to "get" us.

Far from being tough or vicious in his manner or conversation, the little Alderman is very quiet. There is, indeed, a kind of gentleness about him. His English is, I should say, quite as good as that of the average man, while his thinking is much above the average as to quickness and clearness. As between himself and Bathhouse John, the other First Ward fixture on the Board of Aldermen, it is generally conceded that Hinky Dink is the brains of the combination. On this point, however, I was unable to draw my own conclusions. The Bathhouse was ill when I was in Chicago.

In the ordinary conversation of the Honorable Hinky Dink there is no trace of brogue, but a faint touch of brogue manifests itself when he speaks with unwonted vehemence—as, for example, when he told us about the injustices which he alleged were perpetrated upon the poor voters who live in lodging houses in his ward.



The New City Boarder

Hinky Dink's Views on Vice

THE little Alderman is famous for his reticence.

"Small wonder!" said my friend the police reporter. "Look at what the papers have handed him! I'll tell you what happens: some city editor sends a kid reporter to get a story about Hinky Dink. The kid comes and sees Kenna, and doesn't get anything out of him but monosyllables. He goes back to the office without any story, but that doesn't make any difference. Hinky Dink is fair game. The kid sits down to his typewriter and fakes a story, making out that the Alderman didn't only talk, but that he talked a kind of tough-guy dialect—'deze-here tings'—'doze dere tings'—all that kind of stuff. Can you blame the little fellow for not talking?"

I could not.

But he talked to us, and freely. The police reporter told him we were "right." That was enough.

As the "red-light district" of Chicago used to be largely in the First Ward before it was broken up, I asked the Alderman for his views on the segregation of vice versus the other thing, whatever it may be. (Is it distribution?)

"I'll tell you what I think about it," he replied, "but you can't print it."

"Why not?" I asked, disappointed.

"Well," he returned, "I believe in a segregated district, but if I'm quoted as saying so, why the women and everybody on the other side will take it up and say I'm for it just because I want vice back in the First Ward again. I don't. It doesn't make any difference to me where you have it. Put it out by the Drainage Canal or anywheres you like. But I believe you can't stamp vice out; not the way people are made to-day. They never have been able to stamp it out in all these thousands of years. And, as long as they can't, it looks to me like it was better to get it together all in one bunch than to scatter it all over town.

"Now I know there's a whole lot of good people that think segregation is a bad thing. Well, it is a bad thing. Vice is a bad thing. But there it is, all the same. A lot of these good people don't understand conditions. They don't understand what lots of other men and women are really like. You got to take people as they are and do what you can.

"One thing that shocks a lot of these high-minded people that live in comfortable homes and never have any trouble except when they have to get a new cook, is the idea of commercialized vice that goes with segregation. Of course it shocks them. But show me some way to stop it. Napoleon believed in segregation and regulation, and a lot of other wise people have, too.

"Here's the way I think they ought to handle it: they ought to have a district regulated by the Police Department and the Health Department. Then there ought to be restrictions. No bright lights for one thing. No music. No booze. Cut out those things and you kill the place for sightseers. Then there ought to be a law that no woman can be an inmate without going and registering with the police, having her record looked up, saying she wants to enter the house. That would prevent any possibility of white slavery. Personally, I think there's a lot of bunk about this white-slave talk. But this plan would fix it so a girl couldn't be kept in a house against her will. Any keeper of a house who let in a girl that wasn't registered would be put out of business for good and all. Men ought not to be allowed to have any interest, directly or indirectly, in the management of these places.

"Now, of course, there's objections to any way at all of handling this question. The minute you say 'cut out the booze' that opens a way to police graft. But is that any worse than the chance for graft when the women are just chased around from place to place by the police? Segregation gives them some rights anyhow.

"Some people say 'segregation doesn't segregate.' Well, that's true, too. But segregation keeps the worst of it from being scattered all over town, doesn't it? When you scatter these women you have them living in buildings alongside of respectable families, or, worse yet, you run them onto the streets. That's persecution, and they're bad enough off without that.

"Say, do you think Chicago is really any more moral this minute because the old red-light district is shut down? A few of the resort keepers left town, and maybe a hundred inmates, but most of them stuck. They're around in the residence districts now, running what they call 'buffet flats.'

"I was talking about this white-slave stuff a while back. There was a good example of the kind of talk that goes on about that right here in Chicago the other day. An attorney named Butler, arguing against segregation at a big luncheon at the La Salle Hotel, told a story about four skeletons being dug up from the cellar of an old dive in the levee district. They were supposed to be the skeletons of poor, unfortunate girls—white slaves that had been murdered.

"And what's the straight of the story? A colored man named Pony Moore used to keep a saloon there, and he gave his customers pork chops with the free lunch—you know Chicago beats the world for free lunch. A nice hot pork chop was a big drawing card, and Pony used to buy more pork chops than any man in town. If he'd had good sense he'd have sold the bones to a glue factory, but instead of that, what does he do but chuck them down cellar by the basketful. And it was nothing in the world but Pony Moore's old pork-chop bones that this man Butler resurrected, to act the part of murder victims. Can you beat that?"

His O.K. on the Interview

LISTENING to the little Alderman I was convinced of two things. First, I felt sure that, without thought of self-interest, he was telling me what he really believed. Second, as he is undeniably a man of broad experience among unfortunates of various kinds, his views are



When I take down my ole fiddle
An' I rosum up the bow,
I find the sweetest music
In the tunes of long ago.
Thar's a kind o' mellow sweetness
In a good thing growin' old;
Each year that rolls around it,
Leaves an added touch o' gold.

We love the ole fren's better
Than we'll ever love the new.
We get the greatest comfort
When we wear the oldest shoe.
An' I find my greatest pleasure
When I'm smokin' fragrant, ripe
Age-mellowed, smooth, old VELVET
In my oldest, sweetest pipe.

Velvet Joe

A GOOD thing growin' old! Who would exchange a well thumbed, well loved old book, that the years have mellowed into a classic, for a dozen modern "best sellers"?

Who would lay by his "old familiar" pipe, nut-sweet and browned by use and smoke, for the finest, sweetest, newest pipe ever made?

You, who like the *good things growin' old*, will like VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco—Kentucky *Burley de Luxe*, with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness, the result of more than 2 years' careful curing.



Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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The Quest of Cold Light

Talks about MAZDA No. 5

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"

SWITCH on the current that causes an electric incandescent lamp to glow. What happens? You get light, but also heat. Since your eye is a special instrument particularly sensitive to light, since you read a book with light and not with heat, the more light that you get from your lamp the more satisfactory should be the result in every way. A light which is brilliant but *cold* would represent the ideal of efficiency.

Whether this ideal is ever reached, the incandescent electric lamp will grow steadily colder, steadily more efficient, thanks to the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

In these laboratories a corps of picked men, each an expert in some phase of illumination, men who are in communication with the foremost European investigators of light, are constantly at work. After many months of patient experimenting the art of drawing tungsten into a delicate wire was developed in these laboratories. Thus it became possible to make the new filament which glows in the MAZDA lamp of today and which has supplanted the old carbon filament because three times as much light can be obtained for a given amount of current.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company represent almost every branch of technical knowledge — chemistry, metallurgy, physiology, psychology, physics, microscopy, engineering, optics.

In these laboratories scientists conduct many researches along advanced theoretical lines. What is the secret of the phosphorescent glow that emanates from certain marine animals and decaying organic matter?

Why can the glow-worm shine in your hand and never burn your skin? What is the exact color of daylight? Is the best artificial light a miniature sun or a body with a brilliancy not so white? Scores of such problems must be attacked in the quest of the ideal light.

But even more important commercially is research that gives promise of immediate results. Suppose that chemists, for example, discover a way of preparing an element so that it is able to yield much light without breaking down readily under the electric current. Their discovery may mean the birth of a new lamp, or it may come to naught. It must be subjected to critical study by other scientists. The physicist steps in with his analytical instruments to discover how much of the glow that comes from the new material is light and how much is heat, in other words, how much more efficient is the new material than anything thus far discovered; he estimates what is the candle power of the new material for a measured amount of current; he devises better physical conditions for the material to perform its function. Next, the microscopist, perhaps, studies it to learn how it withstands the pitting and the scoring action of the current.

Thus the new material is passed through successive laboratories, from scientist to scientist, from engineer to engineer. If the discovery proves to be of commercial importance the General Electric Company transmits it to its own lamp manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison and to other companies entitled to learn of it.

This constant research, this ceaseless effort to improve the incandescent lamp, this transmission of an important discovery from the General Electric Company constitute MAZDA Service. When you see MAZDA on a bulb, think not of the shining lamp itself, but of the *Service* received by its particular authorized manufacturer, of the thousands of experiments that had to be performed, in his interests and your interest, of the hundreds of light producers that were developed and tested before one was finally selected and included in the MAZDA that you screw into its socket.

Because the work of the Research Laboratories is never ended, MAZDA Service is continuous. As new discoveries are made that bring us a little nearer the ideal cold light they will be applied in making new lamps, which like their predecessors will be marked MAZDA. Hence MAZDA will always be found on the latest lamps evolved by MAZDA Service—a lamp in which the best scientific thought of the time is embodied.



You can hold a glow-worm in your hand—the light is cold. It is one object of MAZDA Service to discover the secret of cold light.

MAZDA Service means constant experimenting, constant testing, constant selecting of new developments in producing light. Specialists in every branch of science are engaged in this endless task, all with the aim of making MAZDA always the mark of the furthest advance in the science of illumination. Here a microscopist is shown at work.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

interesting. Nor am I by any means certain that they are not sound.

"I wish you'd let me print what you have said," I urged as we were leaving his saloon.

He shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I persisted. "I'll write it out. Perhaps I can put it in such a way that people will see that you were playing square. Then I'll send it to you, and, if it doesn't misrepresent you, perhaps you'll let me print it after all."

"All right," he agreed as we shook hands.

Buildings Aged While You Wait

THE Chicago Club is the rich, substantial club of the city, an organization which may perhaps be compared with the Union Club of New York, although the inner atmosphere of the Chicago Club seems somehow less formal than that of its New York prototype. However, that is true in general where Chicago clubs and New York clubs are compared.

The University Club of Chicago has a very large and handsome building in the Gothic style, with a dining room said to be the handsomest club dining room in the world; a Gothic hall with fine stained-glass windows. Between this clubhouse and the great Gothic piles of the Chicago University there exists an agreeable, though perhaps quite accidental, architectural harmony.

The Chicago University is the one great university I have seen which seems fully to have anticipated its own vastness, and prepared for it with comprehensive plans for the grouping of its buildings. Architecturally it is already exceedingly harmonious and effective, for its great halls, all of gray Bedford stone, are beginning to be toned by the Chicago smoke into what will some day be Oxonian mellowness. Even now, by virtue of its ancient architecture, its great size and massiveness, it is not without an effect of age—an effect which is, however, violently disputed by the young trees of the campus. Though these trees have grown as fast as they could, they have not been able to keep up with the growth of the great institution of learning, fertilized, as it has been, by Mr. Rockefeller's millions. Instead of shading the university, they are shaded by it.



She — *I consider, my dear, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living.*
Her Husband (absently) — *Yes, my lamb.*

Clubmen Without Ennui

THE South Shore Country Club is an astonishing resort: a huge pavilion, by the lake, on the site of the old World's Fair grounds. It is a pleasant place to motor to for meals, and is much used, especially for dining, in the summer time. The building of this club made me think of Atlantic City; I felt that I was not in a club at all, but in the rotunda of some vast hotel by the sea.

I had no opportunity to visit The Little Room, a small club reported to be Chicago's artistic holy of holies, but I did have luncheon at the Cliff Dwellers, which is the larger and, I believe, more active organization. The Cliff Dwellers is a fine club, made up of writers and artists and their friends and allies. I know of no single club in New York where one may meet at luncheon a group of men more alive, more interesting, or of more varied pursuits, and I may add that I absorbed while there a very definite impression that between men following the arts and business men the line is not so sharply drawn in Chicago as in New York.

At the Cliff Dwellers I met a gentleman, a librarian, who gave me some interesting information about the management of libraries in Chicago.

"Chicago is a business city, dominated by business men," he said. "We have three large public libraries, one the Chicago Public Library, belonging to the city, and two others, the Newberry and the Crerar, established by rich men who left money for the purpose.

"The system of interlocking directorates, elsewhere pronounced pernicious, has worked very beautifully in effecting cooperation instead of competition between these institutions.

"About twenty years ago, at the time of the Crerar foundation, the boards of the three libraries met and formed a gentlemen's agreement, dividing the field of knowledge. It was then arranged that the Chicago Public Library should take care of the majority of the people, and that the Newberry and the Crerar should specialize, the former in what is called the 'Humanities'—philosophy, religion, history, literature, and the fine arts; the latter in science, pure and applied. At that time the Newberry Library turned over to the Crerar, at cost, all books it possessed which properly belonged in the scientific category. And since that time there has been practically no duplication among Chicago libraries. That is what comes of having public-spirited business men on library boards. They run these public institutions as they would run their own commercial enterprises. The Harvester Company, for example, wouldn't duplicate its own plant right in the same territory. That would be waste. But in many cities possessing more than one library, duplication of an exactly parallel kind goes on because the libraries do not cooperate. Boston affords a good example. Between the Boston Public Library, the Athenæum, and the library of Harvard University there is much duplication. Of course a university library is obliged to stand more or less alone, but it is possible even for such a library to cooperate to some extent with others, and, wherever it is possible to do so, the library of the University of Chicago does cooperate with others in Chicago. Even the Art Institute is in the combination."

I do not quote this information because the arrangement between the libraries of Chicago strikes me as a thing particularly startling, but for precisely the opposite reason: it is one of those unstartling examples of uncommon common sense which one might easily overlook in gazing at great buildings wreathed in whirling smoke, or in contemplating that allegory of infinity which confronts one who looks eastward from the bold front of Michigan Avenue along Grant Park.

How Motors Change the Map

THE automobile, which has been such an agency for the promotion of suburban and country life, seems to have the faculty of invading for its own commercial purposes those former residence districts in cities which it has been the means of depopulating. I noticed that in Cleveland. There the automobile offered the residents of Euclid Avenue a swift and agreeable means of transportation to a pleasanter environment. Then, having lured them away, it proceeded to seize upon their former lands for showrooms, garages, and automobile accessory shops. The same thing has happened in Chicago on Michigan Avenue, where an "automobile row" ex-

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tends for blocks beyond the uptown extremity of Grant Park, through a region which but a few years since was one of fashionable residences.

A Lament for the South Side

I DO not like to make the admission because of loyal memories of the old South Side, but—there is no denying it—the South Side has run down. In its struggle with the North Side for leadership it has come off a sorry second. In point of social prestige, as in the matter of beauty, it is unqualifiedly whipped. Cottage Grove Avenue, never a pleasant street, has deteriorated now into something which, at least along certain reaches, has a painful resemblance to a slum.

It hurt me to see that, for I remember when the little dummy line ran out from Thirty-ninth Street to Hyde Park, most of the way between fields and woods and little farms. I had forgotten the dummy line until I saw the place from which it used to start. Then, back through twenty-eight or thirty years, I heard again its shrill whistle and saw the conductor, little "Mister Dodge," as he used to come around for fares when we were going out to Fifty-fifth Street to pick violets. There are no violets now at Fifty-fifth Street. I saw nothing there but rows of sordid-looking buildings, jammed against the street.

Strange sensations, those, which come to a man when he visits, after a long lapse of years, the places he knew best in childhood. The changes. The things which are unchanged. The familiar unfamiliarity. The vivid recollections which loom suddenly, like silent ships, from out the fog of things forgotten. . . . In that house over there lived a boy named Ben Ford, who moved away—to where? . . . And Gertie Hoyt, his cousin, lived next door. She had a great thick braid of golden hair. . . . But where is Guy Hardy's house? Where is the Lonergans'—the Lonergans who used to have the goat and wagon? How can those houses be so completely gone? Were they not built of timber? And what is memory built of, that it should outlast them? . . . Mr. Rand's house—there it is, with its high porch! But where are the cherry trees? Where is the round flower bed? And what on earth have they been doing to the neighborhood? Why have they moved all the houses closer to the street and spoiled the old front yards? . . . Then the heartshaking realization that they *hadn't* moved the houses: that the yards were the same; that they had always been small and cramped: that the only change was in the eye of him who had come back.

No; not the only change, but the great one. . . Almost all the linden trees that formed a line beside my grandfather's house are gone. The four which remain aren't large trees, after all. . . .

The vacant lot next door is blotted out by a row of cheap apartment houses. . . . But there is the Borden house standing stanch, solid, austere as ever, behind its iron fence. How afraid we used to be of Mr. Borden! Could he be living still? And has he mellowed in old age?—for the spite fence is torn down! . . . Next door there is the house in which I went to my first party—in a velveteen suit and wide lace collar. There was a lady at that party; she wore a velvet dress and was the most beautiful lady that I ever saw. She is several times a grandmother now—still beautiful.

The gentleman who owns the house in which I used to live had heard I was in town, and was so thoughtful as to think that it would interest me to see the place again.

I never was more grateful to a man!

The house was not so large as I had thought it. The majestic "parlor" had shrunk from an enormous to a normal room. But there was the wide hardwood banister rail, down which I used to slide, and there was the alcove, off the big front bedroom, where they put me when I had the accident; and there was the place where my crib stood. I had forgotten all about that crib, but suddenly I saw it, with its inclosing sides of walnut slats. . . . But it was not until I mounted to the attic that the strangest memories besieged me. The instant I entered the attic I knew the smell. In all the world there is no smell exactly like the smell which haunts the attic of that house. With it there came to me the picture of old Ellen and the recollection of a rainy day, when she set me to work in the attic, driving tacks into cakes of laundry soap. That was the day I fell downstairs and broke my collar bone.

On a Hunt for William

LEAVING the house I went out to the alley. Ah! those beloved back fences and the barns in which we used to play. Where were the old colored coachmen who were so good to us? Where was little Ed, ex-jockey and ex-slave? Where was Artis? Where was William? William must be getting old.

At the door of his barn I paused and, not without some faint feeling of fear, knocked. The door opened. A young colored man stood within. He wore a chauffeur's cap. So the old surrey was gone! There was a motor now.

"Where's William?" I asked.

"William isn't here any more," he said.

"But where is he?"

"Oh, he's most generally around the alley, some place, or in some of the houses. He does odd jobs."

"Thanks," I said and, turning, walked up the alley, fearing lest I should not be able to find the old colored man who, perhaps more than anyone outside my family, was the true friend of my boyhood.

Then, as I moved along, I saw him far away and recognized him by the familiar, slouching step. And as I walked to meet him, and as we drew near to each other in that long narrow alley, it seemed to me that here was another allegory in which the alley somehow represented life.

How glad we were to meet! William looked older, his close-cropped wool was whiter, he stooped a little more, but he had the same old solemn drawl, the same lustrous dark eye with the twinkle in it, even the same old corncob pipe—or another like it, burned down at the edge.

"Light of Other Days"

WE stood there for a long time, exchanging news. . . . Ed had gone down South with the Bakers when

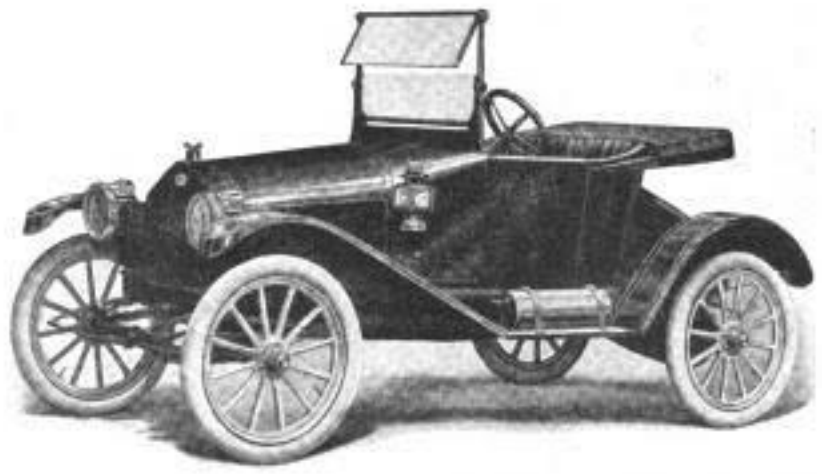


Sport for Sport's Sake

Brown (playing the last hole in the club tournament): ***"I've a notion this confounded branch is rotten. But blamed if I'm going to lose a stroke at this stage of the game"***

METZ "22"

New Fore Door Model



Stream Line Body, Plate Glass Rain-Vision Wind Shield. The Ideal Car for Cross Country Driving or City Use.

$495 Equipped Complete

Big, roomy seats, with thick, tufted upholstery and deep cushions, built for luxurious comfort.

Four-cylinder 22½ H. P. water-cooled motor, Bosch high tension magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, best quality Goodrich clincher tires.

Fore doors of liberal dimensions, 20 inches wide.

Left hand drive, with center control.

Gearless transmission—the kind that won the Glidden Tour.

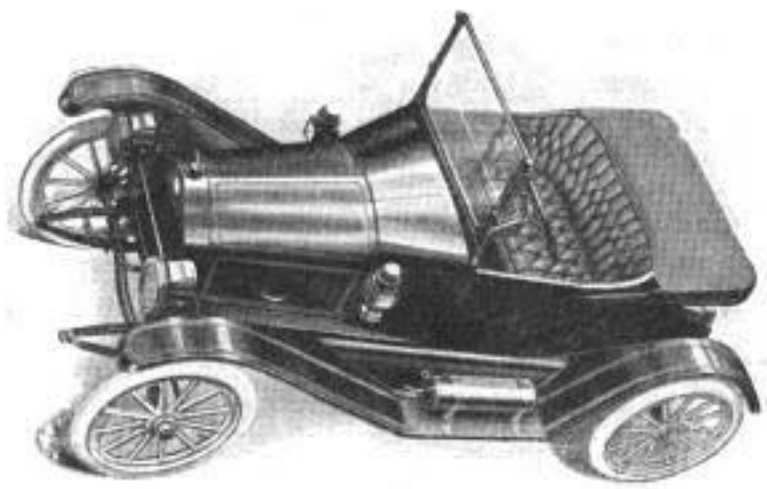
Winner of the Glidden Tour

The METZ "22" in open competition with cars of all makes and prices, won the last Glidden Tour, from Minneapolis, Minn., to Glacier National Park, Mont., the three METZ cars being the ONLY cars that held *perfect scores*, without time extension or additional allowance of any kind, for the entire eight days of the contest. The METZ cars were the only cars in the Tour that were equipped with gearless transmission.

Mr. Chas. H. Metz has been building cars of this type, and developing their perfection, *sixteen years*. As a result, the METZ "22" is today the most *practical* car on the market, regardless of price, horse power or any other qualification.

In the hill climbing contest on the 18th of June at Uniontown, Pa., the METZ "22" won event two against a field of 13 special racing cars. Time, four minutes three-fifths seconds. Kline second, Mercer third, Chandler fourth. Ford, Maxwell, Buick, Overland and Hudson in order named. And the METZ "22" also won second place in the Free-for-All, beating 15 of the big special racing cars, including Simplex, Mercedes, Packard, Mercer, Oldsmobile, Buick, Stutz and Lozier, all the way from 25 seconds to one minute and 22 seconds. These cars finished in the order mentioned.

If any further evidence were needed of the desirability and efficiency of gearless transmission, this latest performance of the gearless METZ "22" surely supplies it in overwhelming measure.

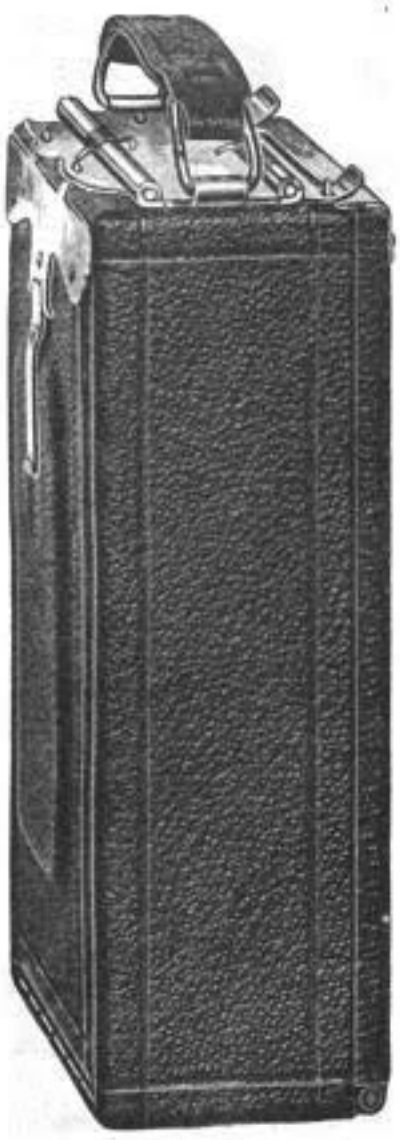


The METZ "22" is extremely economical in operation and upkeep. METZ owners travel 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on 1 pint of lubricating oil, and 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires. It makes 50 miles per hour, and at hill climbing is unsurpassed. Its engine develops more horse power per 100 pounds of car weight than any of the big touring cars, and its gearless transmission does away entirely with gear trouble. It is easy to drive and easy to take care of; and it costs so little to buy it, and so little to run it that it combines in greatest degree absolute *economy* with absolute *luxury*.

Write for New Catalog "C"

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

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In this small compass lies the very maximum of photographic efficiency.

Premoette Junior Special

The illustration shows the actual size of the camera, which makes 2½ x 3½ pictures and is fitted with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3 and Compound shutter attaining the high speed of 1/300 of a second.

With this equipment the camera will make the best of pictures under all conditions where amateur pictures could possibly be made.

It loads in daylight with twelve exposure Premo Film Packs and is richly finished in a manner becoming a camera of its high grade. Price, $36.00. Same type of camera for 2½ x 4¼ pictures—$41.00.

We also furnish the Premoette Junior fitted with best grade of meniscus achromatic lens and Kodak ball bearing shutter as follows: 2½ x 3½, $5.00; 2½ x 4¼, $8.00.

The Premo catalogue describing these cameras and many others in detail can be had at all dealers, or we will gladly mail it to you on request.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

they moved away. Artis was on "the force." . . .

"The neighborhood's changed a good bit since you was here. Lots of the old families have gone. I'm almost a stranger around the alley myself now. I must be a pretty tough old nut, the way I keep hangin' on." He smiled as he said that.

"Of course I'll see you when I come out to Chicago again," I said as we shook hands at parting.

William looked up at the sky, much as a man will look for signs of rain. Then with another smile he let his eyes drift slowly downward from the heavens.

"Well," he said in his nasal drawl, "I guess I'll see you again some time—some place."

I turned and moved away.

Then, of a sudden, a back gate swung open with a violent bang against the fence, and four or five boys in short trousers leaped out and ran, yelling, helter-skelter up the alley.

I had the curious feeling that among them was the boy I used to be.

Mr. Street's adventures in ST. LOUIS, the next in the series, are to be related in the issue of August 15

Suffrage—The Greatest of Press Agents

By HARYOT HOLT DEY

"WOMAN SUFFRAGE is the biggest press agent there is," said the real-estate man from the West.

"My wife is an ardent suffragette, and she put the scheme up to me to get the men of our town to elect a woman for mayor. Well, you know there are always wheels within wheels, and no one knows to this day that a real-estate concern was back of it. No sooner did we start a boom for a woman mayor than the suffrage press bureaus from one end of the country to the other took it up, and from being a little unheard-of, no-account place with hardly sidewalks enough to go around, we all at once found ourselves on the map.

"That's what suffrage does. It puts towns on the map.

"My wife called my attention to it.

"'Look at that dead little town in New York State that calls itself Seneca Falls,' said Wife to me.

"'What about it?' said I.

"'What about it?' repeated Wife after me, in her most matronly, rebukeful tone. 'Why, in the year 1848 a small group of women called a Woman's Rights Convention there, and that town was immortalized. It is known to the remotest corners of the globe. That little body of women was ridiculed by a popular sentiment which rightfully regarded it with conscientious contempt, and—'

"Wife was launching forth into a suffrage speech.

"'Why don't you hire a hall?' I asked.

"It always makes Wife furious to ask her why she doesn't hire a hall.

"'Even Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of Great Britain,' she went on without deigning to notice the interruption, 'is known to the remotest hamlet of this great globe, not because of his statesmanship and his high position, but on account of his attitude toward votes for women. Whoever heard of the town of Alderborough in England until Mrs. Garrett Anderson was made its Mayor? Then her wise administration of this unusual position made that little town famous.'

"'Whenever a woman's convention is held in a town, nowadays, the world learns to know about that town as it never did before. And more than one town in California has reported its population just doubled since the women were enfranchised. How came it? Simply because the suffrage press bureaus all over the country got busy.'

"Wife was beginning to warm up to her subject and I was doing a very quiet thinking part.

"'Real-estate agents and railroads have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars,' Wife went on, now thoroughly aroused, 'to advertise the climatic, scenic, and commercial values of Seattle, but when the women by their votes recalled the Mayor of that city, the name of Seattle rang all the way round the earth, and they gave it more publicity than any amount of paid advertising could have done.'

"'Consider Los Angeles,' exclaimed Wife without stopping for breath.

"'I tell you it beats anything how these suffragists come at you with the facts,' commented the real-estate man in his little monologue.

"'The great fight in the mayoralty election in the first year after the women got the vote in Los Angeles,' she went on, 'advertised that famous resort of health seekers as years of paid advertising had never done. If there is a city which wishes to advertise itself, it can do no better than to elect a woman mayor or alderman; it even gets somewhere with appointing a policewoman.'

"'Some towns are getting on to the scheme, nowadays,' admitted the real-estate man, 'and it's not so rare as it was. But we put it through in our town.'

"'No,' said the man from the West, 'I shouldn't care to tell you the name of the town. We put it over all right, and real estate has gone way up. But if you want to get your unheard-of hamlet on the map—just you negotiate with the suffragists. They'll fix you up all right!'"



With Your Eyes Shut You Can Safely Buy—

TRADE K-W MARK

Road Smoothers

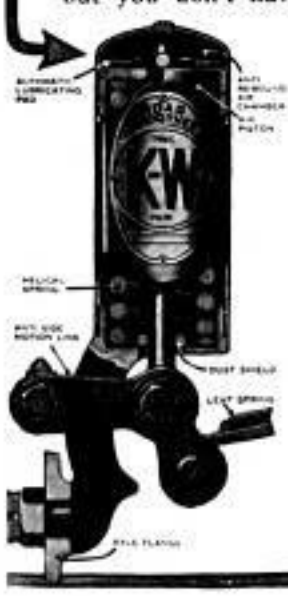
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Quickly applied to your Ford Car

LIKE the Master Vibrator and other K-W Products K-W Road Smoothers are built up to a standard, not down to a price.

Go to your nearest dealer—ask him to show you how the helical spring takes up shock, the air cushion chamber with the carefully made piston checks rebound—how the anti-side-motion links prevent side-motion and the chassis from getting out of alignment—how *this combination* Smooths out the Roughest Roads.

Then tell your dealer to put a set on your car. He will do it promptly, but you don't have to wait and inspect *your* set. We do that at the factory not once, but at every stage of manufacture.



K-W Road Smoothers are all of one quality and built the K-W way. Of course you get phosphor bronze bushings throughout—high grade heat treated drop forgings and electric smelted vanadium steel springs, *but* you get far more. You get that K-W guarantee for satisfactory, "no worry," service—Ask any one of the half a million users of K-W Products—what this service is.

K-W Road Smoothers are sold by dealers who know the difference, everywhere, *at one price*. Beware of imitations. There is only *one* Road Smoother.

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

If your dealer cannot supply you, sent direct on receipt of price. Write for Booklet "Taking out the Bumps."

THE K-W IGNITION CO. 2859 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the 100,000 K-W Master Vibrators.



The Psychological Moment

Suitor to the gouty old gent: Mr. Grouch, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter. Do I get her or not? Quick!

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Electric Cooking Devices: Including Toaster-Stoves, Percolators, Chafing Dishes, Samovars, Frying Pans, Milk Warmers, etc. No. 4197.



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Electric Irons: For all household and many other purposes. No. 4281.



Electric Meters and How to Read Them: Explaining just what the meter measures. No. 4032.

Portable Meters: For every kind of electrical measurement. No. 1104.

Precision Meters: For making electrical measurements of greatest accuracy. No. 4087.

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Westinghouse Electric "Manufacturing Engineers"

THE Westinghouse Electric Trademark comes before the public on all forms of electrical machinery and apparatus. You see it on electric motors and meters—on electric locomotives and electric street car control apparatus—on electric fans in public places and private homes—on electric cooking and heating apparatus. And this trademark appears in a multitude of places where the general public never sees it.

It is important for every person who uses electrical apparatus or expects to use it, to know that the Westinghouse Electric trademark not only stands for goods guaranteed for the kind of workmanship that insures long service—but it stands for engineering design of the highest order. This is something that only the experienced user of Westinghouse Electric apparatus can thoroughly appreciate. But he does appreciate it—and shows it by his preference for the Westinghouse Electric name in new installations.

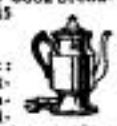
The literature listed here is a liberal education in practical electricity. Send for any in which you are interested by filling out the coupon and writing in the numbers you want.

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Sales Office in 45 American Cities **Representatives all over the World**

Electric Breakfast Sets: Cook breakfast at the table in 15 minutes. No. 4256.



Automobile Equipment: Electric Starting, Lighting, and Ignition apparatus, meters, vulcanizers and battery charging outfits. No. 4223.

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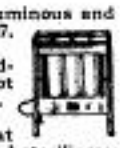
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Westinghouse Mazda Lamps: Twice the light of old style carbon lamps for less than half the cost of current. Light closely resembles sunlight. All sizes from 2½ to 1000 watts for every kind of service. For literature address Westinghouse Lamp Co., 1261 Broadway, New York.



Motor Drive for Various Industries

Publications showing the advantages and economies of motor drive in many industries, data on the proper motors and sizes to use on the various machines, and other useful information, are now ready. In writing for these, please use your business letterhead.

General—How Electric Power Helps Manufacturers.

Motor-Driven Wood Working Machinery.

Westinghouse Electric Motors in Machine Tool Service.

Electrically Operated Clay Working Plants.

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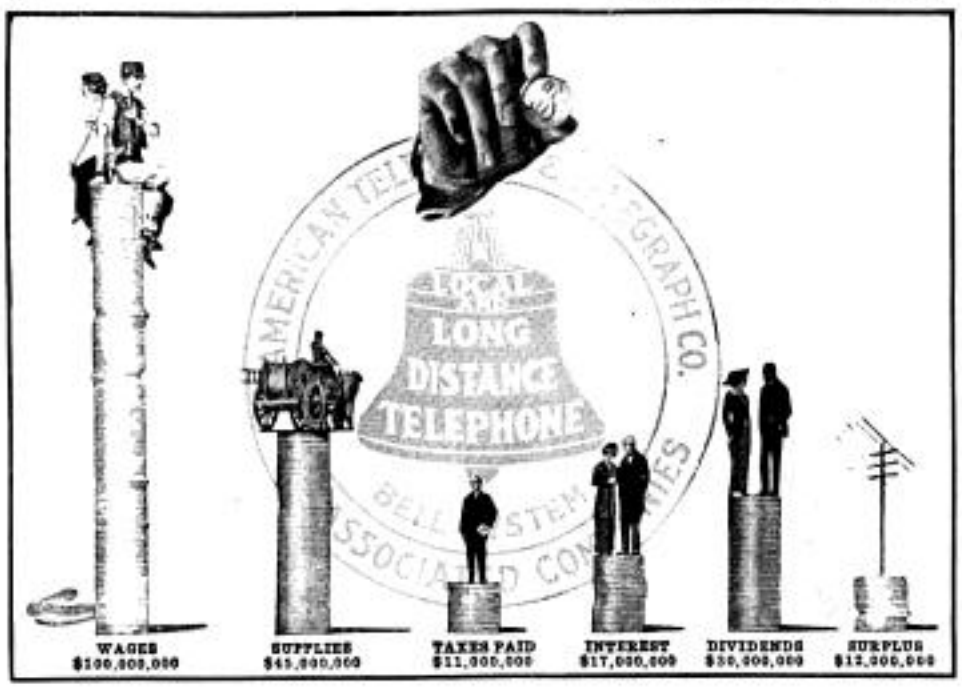
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How the Bell System Spends its Money

Every subscriber's telephone represents an actual investment averaging $153, and the gross average revenue is $41.75. The total revenue is distributed as follows:

Employes—$100,000,000

Nearly half the total—$100,000,000—paid in wages to more than one hundred thousand employes engaged in giving to the public the best and the cheapest telephone service in the world.

For Supplies—$45,000,000

Paid to merchants, supply dealers and others for materials and apparatus, and for rent, light, heat, traveling, etc.

Tax Collector—$11,000,000

Taxes of more than $11,000,000 are paid to the Federal, state and local authorities. The people derive the benefit in better highways, schools and the like.

Bondholders—$17,000,000

Paid in interest to thousands of men and women, savings banks, insurance companies and other institutions owning bonds and notes.

Stockholders—$30,000,000

70,000 stockholders, about half of whom are women, receive $30,000,000.

(These payments to stockholders and bondholders who have put their savings into the telephone business represent 6.05% on the investment.

Surplus—$12,000,000

This is invested in telephone plant and equipment, to furnish and keep telephone service always up to the Bell standard.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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Give your dog a food that will produce a smooth, glossy coat, regular habits—such a food is

Champion Dog Biscuit

It aids digestion by keeping the teeth in good condition and reinvigorates the salivary glands. Made of clean, sweet meat, cereals and flour—no waste products, no preservatives used.



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"JASCO TANK"

the drawn steel, seamless, leakless, tinned and tested gasoline receptacle that positively cannot leak. It will remove for all time the danger of fire or explosion due to leaking fuel. "Jasco Tanks" are made in all styles and sizes. At your dealer's or write to us direct.





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Main Office: Phila.
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Directory of School Advertisers

The schools listed in this Directory are advertised in Collier's in the second and last issues of the summer months.

In these issues the readers of Collier's will find complete information concerning the schools listed here. A request for a catalog sent to any of these schools will receive prompt attention, or communications addressed to the Educational Bureau of Collier's will be answered immediately.

Boys

Raymond Riordan School	Highland, N. Y.
Randolph Macon Academy	Front Royal, Va.
Peddie Institute	Hightstown, N. J.
University School	Chicago, Ill.
Racine College School	Racine, Wis.
St. Paul School	Garden City, L. I.
Kiskiminetas Springs School	Saltsburg, Pa.
University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame, Ind.
Belmont School	Belmont, Cal.
Kenosha Academy	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Morgan Park Academy	Morgan Park, Ill.

Military

Bordentown Military Institute	Bordentown, N. J.
Ohio Military Institute	College Hill, Cin., O.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy	Lake Geneva, Wis.
Wentworth Military Academy	Lexington, Mo.
Culver Military Academy	Culver, Ind.
Tennessee Military Institute	Sweetwater, Tenn.
Western Military Academy	Alton, Ill.
St. John's Military Academy	Delafield, Wis.
New Mexico Military Institute	Roswell, N. M.

Special

Blue Electrical School	Washington, D. C.
Dana's Musical Institute	Warren, O.
Indiana Dental College	Indianapolis, Ind.
Tri-State College	Angola, Ind.
Louisville College of Dentistry	Louisville, Ky.
N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College	New York City
New York State School of Agr.	Morrisville, N. Y.
Illinois College of Photography	Effingham, Ill.
Michigan College of Mines	Houghton, Mich.
Grand River Institute	Austinburg, O.
Winona College of Agriculture	Winona Lake, Ind.
Detroit College of Law	Detroit, Mich.
University of Illinois	Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso University	Valparaiso, Ind.
New England Conservatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
University of Chicago Press	Chicago, Ill.
Dickson Memory School	Chicago, Ill.

Co-Educational

Thomas Normal Training School	Detroit, Mich.
Defiance College	Defiance, O.
Penn School	Philadelphia, Pa.
American Col. of Phys. Education	Chicago, Ill.

Girls

Mary Baldwin Seminary	Staunton, Va.

Worthless Neighbors

(Continued from page 16)

and make him lie awake while she whimpered for good food, and taunted him with "always running round like the button on the barn door."

WHEN it was March, and red morning came, he would escape from her tentacle-like arms that clutched rather than embraced his throat, and going into the yard, would ram his head against the rough-barked cherry tree.

"The devil's horning me all right," he would tell himself.

The Hitchcocks were used to hard winters, but now David suffered not only with his own chilblains and empty stomach, but with every misery of Lil's. She showed him reasons for wretchedness which he had never known. They had been there all the time; now he would never lose them from sight. Lil did not allow memory a moment of content or merriment upon which to fasten. He could not escape from the ideas she gave any more than he could escape from the pitiful sight of her colorless face, her bony arms, and the big square bone bulging up in front of her neck.

Lil even made David think he was afraid of the Old Woman at the foot of the hill. He would say, when taunted thus, that he was not afraid of her, but he was not going to ask her for anything. Never. Not if Lil yelled his ears off.

It got to be April and the worst of the year was over. Next week the Old Woman might banish the air-tight and the sitting room would become parlor-fied again. Still it was chilly enough for her to be rejoicing in a bug-me-tight when she saw David Hitchcock turn halfway down the path and hustle up the hillside. The Old Woman was just letting in the cat.

THE sight of her had sent David flying back. He had started quite bravely when Lil shrieked out between moans that she must have help, that some one must sit beside her until the doctor came. But he returned to the kitchen as to a sanctuary. It was fairly empty, the men having been driven from the house by Lil's screams. Hannah, in her chair, was groaning in a sort of heavy sympathy.

Finally she managed to articulate: "They went f'r the doctor. Said they'd ruther then stay round. You go an' set with her a spell."

David crept to the north chamber apprehensively and watched the writhing Lil. Then he furtively made his way back to the kitchen.

"Can't you do nothing, marm?" he asked, helplessly. Anyone was certainly at the end of his rope who sought aid from Hannah Hitchcock. "You had a mess o' childern."

Hannah shook her head, bewildered. She had had them, to be sure, but all allevintions had been the suggestions of others. "Maybe," she said slowly, "if I had a rennet—"

DAVID, tortured beyond the sufferer by Lil's tortures, dashed from the house and walked blindly about the yard, bruising himself against the stone walls. His feet at length set themselves on the hillside path, and he went so swiftly that he seemed to slide rather than run.

The Old Woman, emerging into her woodshed in search of a handful of likely chips, found a stout young man busily exploring a well-filled cupboard wherein was stored what of ancient ironmongery had escaped the passing of three generations of Abners.

"David Hitchcock," she observed severely, "what isn't worth asking for isn't worth having."

He continued his rummaging and asked for nothing. Curiosity conquered indignation. "What do you want?" she inquired.

"You don't seem to have it," said he in a tone of annoyance. "I've looked this gol rammed contraption through from a to izzard and I'm just about where I started. Got any more hideaway places?"

"Whether I have or not—" she began in sheer amazement at his audacity, then, struck by something sinister in the frowsy countenance, she said, more sharply: "For goodness' sake, what is it you're after?"

"Rennet!" was his succinct reply from the cupboard's depths.

"Rennet! Surely you're not making cheese thus early?"

"God!" he exclaimed with a suddenness that nearly floored the Old Woman. "It ain't cheese. It's my wife. Didn't you know I was a husband?"

THE Old Woman hastened to her buttery, within the kitchen, and returned with what he desired. He snatched it like a hungry dog and departed without a word of thanks.

The Old Woman, at her fire making, pursed her lips knowingly. The cat, as it purred, and the kettle, as it hummed, seemed also to be wise.

It was too bad the Old Woman, if she knew so much, hadn't told David what the rennet was good for. Hannah didn't remember, after all. Lil's voice turned hoarse, so she was less troublesome, but David could only bear to look at her for small moments. Beads of sweat lay on her pale forehead and her blue eyes seemed popping from her head.

The doctor came. He knew what any room in the Hitchcock house looked like, for he had seen Hitchcocks die in most of them. At first he thought it would be a slow affair, and go on like this for days, because Lil was so young, and had enfeebled her system by keeping indoors all winter. It turned out differently.

THE hours wore on to noon. The Old Woman, having finished knitting a round since the sun had reached the mark of twelve on the stoop, thrust the needles into the sock, and rose to prepare dinner. At the moment she became aware of a thundering knock.

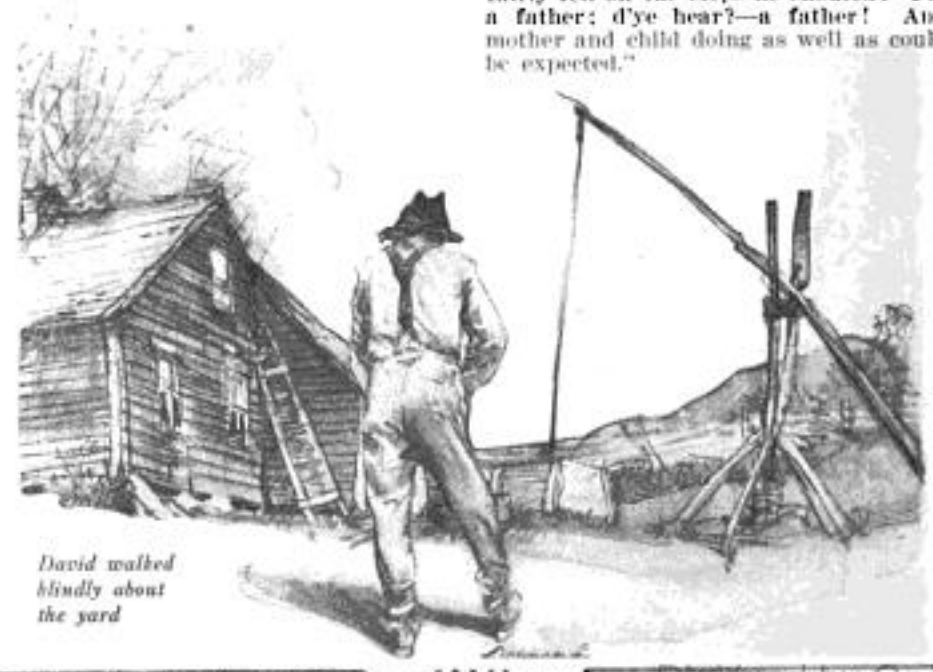
"It's me," shouted a voice she knew to be David Hitchcock's. "Where's your onions?"

He spoke as one commanding a right, not entreating a favor.

"My onions?" The Old Woman was bewildered by the sudden application.

"Yes, onions! Two quarts and quick as Billy-be-damned."

The Old Woman actually dashed into her own cellar and returned with the vegetables. She never went below for herself, leaving that for a hired man who feared neither ghosts nor rats, but David Hitchcock spoke as one not brooking delay. As he grabbed the measure and fairly fell off the steps he shouted: "I'm a father; d'ye hear?—a father! And mother and child doing as well as could be expected."



David walked blindly about the yard

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The Old Woman brightened the fire and meditatively fried a few flapjacks. Before sitting down to them, with maple molasses, she observed: "If as well as could be expected, why onions?"

The cat being asleep and the kettle cold, she heard no response.

EVENING is slow coming early in April. There was a brassy glare at the west for half an hour after the sun went down, and the Old Woman enjoyed Blind Man's Holiday without any other light. For want of better company she sat and patted the cat until that arching creature's fur spit electricity. Unprefaced, the door was flung open, and the bulk of David Hitchcock appeared against the sky.

"Put out your fire," he ordered, beginning operations regardless of bare hands. "I've got to have stovepipe."

In a moment both cat and kettle would have been forlorn.

"There's plenty of old stovepipe in that cupboard you was mousing over this morning," said the Old Woman. "Haven't you any memory at all?"

He looked up with that in his bleared eyes which she was never to forget.

"This morning," said he, "I was a husband. And this noon a father. Now I'm a widower. Has the pipe you speak of got an elbow?"

The Old Woman was shocked, but she rallied with spirit. "If a widower," said she, "it's the work of Providence, and you must demean yourself as such."

"Providence?" he asked vaguely. "Oh, yes; the feller that does all things well. That's true enough for Lil. She's out of it now. No more being cold nights and hankering after meat. I begin to think Lil always was a cute one, she was."



She watched him up the hill until he seemed to sink into the house

THE Old Woman stood in a maze while he got what he wanted from the cupboard. She watched him up the hill until he seemed to sink into the house.

"Hankering after meat," she thought, and thought also of the beef creature and the hog that had palled upon the appetite of even the cat as February drew to an end. How that boy had looked when he told the tragedy. Would Abner have looked thus had she passed on during their first year together? Did she look so when Abner himself died, after years of companionship? Perhaps the tie was closer between those who suffered in company than when the link was all diddered up with ease, plenty, and real San Domingo mahogany.

Darkness arrived with finality, but from the Hitchcocks' kitchen came no answering gleam.

"Land!" she cried to the cat and the kettle. "I don't believe they've got even kerosene."

A Fine Domestic Finish

(Continued from page 10)

for you isn't one-two-trois to what we're goin' to do to poppa!"

And now behold a beautiful sight, messieurs, namely, Mme. Dejoie the Innocent seated once again in her restaurant—counting out the money—dressed like a queen—powdered to the nine—eyes bright as baby's. The evening rush had well set in, but madame still wore an expression of charming expectation and kept it turned toward the door.

"So pr-r-r-roud an' short temper', is he?" madame was thinking. "Poo-oor poppa! I t'ink he's had his way too moch! A slight reverse will give tone to his system an'—yes, yes, I t'ink he comes!"

A limousine had stopped in front of the restaurant with a loud, indignant rumble; the door of the car slammed open and shut, and a moment later the Restaurant Dejoie was graced with an irascible, gray-haired bundle of masculine nerves whose familiar features looked like a composite picture of Peter the Headsman and Beau Brummell—a composite picture that had been started in a hurry and finished in a rage. He glanced around and made for the desk as though he would take it by storm.

"I'm Mr. Noyes," he announced. "You phoned me?"

"Meester Noyes?" asked madame, raising her eyebrows thoughtfully. "Oh, yes, of course. Ze poppa of—oh, yes, I know! I telephone' you so you would not worry about your son. But I hardly expect' you to call."

She made change for a group of the faithful, bent her ear to receive her usual meed of compliments, and then turned to the fuming figure by the side of her desk. "So hot," said madame. "It feel' to me like t'under, in ze air!"

"You say he's working here?" demanded the other.

"Working, yes. Of course he hasn' much experience. But wiv practice comes technique. M'sieur has probably found it so himself."

"Where is he? I want to see him!"

"Downstairs—washing dishes."

Mr. Noyes made a choking sound, like an empty bottle suddenly immersed in water, which madame politely pretended not to notice. "I will take you down," she said. The dishwasher extraordinaire probably heard them coming, for when they opened the door he was swishing a plate in the water and whistling "Some Smoke."

"What — what — what — what — what — what — what?" began Mr. Noyes, Sr., his indignation popping like a volley of corks.

"Hello, dad," said the young man.

"What — what

Pictures No Artist Can Paint

By C. L. EDSON

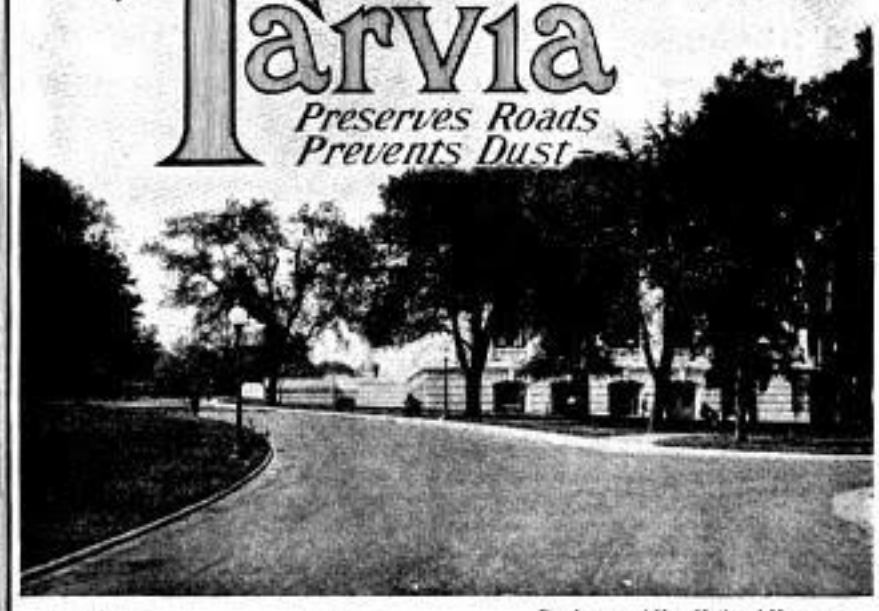
SIX YEARS AGO Gid Cracken out in Belleville, Kas., had drunk so much drug-store chemical whisky that the doctors told him he'd have to give up the stuff if he wished to avoid going blind. "Well," said Gid, who was a short-grass Omar, "I get more pleasure out of being drunk than out of looking at this landscape. I've seen about everything, anyway."

The next year a motion-picture show opened in Belleville and old Gid saw a man eating spaghetti in the movies. "What in thunder kind o' grub is that?" asked old corn-fed Gid. He decided there were things after all that he hadn't seen. And he quit drug-store whisky so he could save his eyesight for the moving-picture films.

Because people in humdrum places can find the relaxation in the movies that they used to find in bottles is why there have suddenly sprung up enough "picture houses" to reach from New York to Hartford if placed side by side. They were not placed side by side, however, because that would have been a poor business location. They are scattered like the population from Broadway, N. Y., to "The Narrows" on Clinton Mountain, Ark.

Every three days as many Americans see the movies as the total population of Mexico. And some humorist has estimated that every two years as many Mexicans are lynched by cowboys in the movies as there were actual Mexicans killed at the battle of Torreon.

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"Married!" mocked Mr. Noyes. "Stuff 'n' nonsense! How could you get married?"

—what—what's all this I've heard?" cried the other. "Dammy-dammy-dammy, what's the meaning of it all?"

"About me getting married?" asked the son.

"Married!" mocked Mr. Noyes. "Stuff 'n' nonsense! How could you get married? What you got to get married on?"

The young man turned his face to the wall. "Well," he began, "I've got a wife who loves me and a place where I can earn a living till I find something better. I'm going to prove myself worthy of my wife's love and my father's respect—" (Madame's coiffure kept bobbing up and down like that of a teacher well pleased with her pupil.) "Nothing the matter with that, is there, dad?" asked the young man, turning around.

MR. NOYES looked at his son with the same goggle-eyed astonishment that a bird fancier might display upon hearing a very young canary recite the Declaration of Independence.

"I'm not particularly stuck on dish-washing," continued the young man, turning his face back to the wall, "but I'll probably hear of something else pretty soon. Madame's going to send a couple of fellows down to see me to-night—h-hem!—newspaper men—they hear of lots of things every day, you know."

"Billy!" gasped the father, recalling. "Do you—do you want to kill your mother? Reporters! Why, they'll publish columns about it—pictures and interviews—everything! Think of it! 'Financier's Son Washing Dishes for a Living!' 'Society Matron's Son Turns Dishwasher for Love!' Dammy-dammy-dammy, we'd never hear the end of it!"

"Oh, that's all right, dad. It's an honest occupation, you know, and I've got to do something. Didn't you make your first half dollar hoeing potatoes? Well, I'm scraping 'em off the plates. Not much difference, is there?"

"But, Billy—Billy! What do you suppose I've been making the money for? Or brought you up like a gentleman? And then you run off like this and get married! Well, all I can say is this: I didn't know you had it in you; that's all! My God, you're a better man than I thought you were! It's the Spencer girl, I suppose? Good! Consider yourself forgiven, my boy. And take off that confounded apron—and that cursed cap—quick—before anybody comes! And—and—oh, yes—where's the wife? Good! Let's go get her, then, and we'll all go home in the car!"

TEN minutes later, when Mr. Noyes, Sr., had kissed the bride and started the young couple down the steps to the waiting limousine, he turned to madame, his face shining with pride.

"Good-by," said he. "Good-by! I tell you now, he's a fine young fellow; what?"

"An vrai, m'sieur!"

"Yes, yes! Proud of him! Grit in him! Brought him up myself, gave him a good start, and that's everything. Good-by, again!"

"Good-by, m'sieur!" cried madame with her innocent look, like baby's. And watching the bridegroom hand his bride into the waiting car below, she thought: "Eh, bien, yes! You may have give' him ze good start, m'sieur, but it was me—mon Dieu!—it was me who give him ze fine domestic finish!"

Nary a Cuss Word

By LABERT ST. CLAIR

BESIDES being one of the best prose poets at large, Walt Mason is one of the few telegraph editors in America who can handle a wire all day and be funny in the evening. All of his poems and magazine stories are written after the Emporia "Gazette," on which he holds down a desk, has gone to press.

Mason delights in practical jokes, and his friends, especially William Allen White, editor of the "Gazette," keep on their guard constantly lest he trick them.

Years ago, when Mason was working in Atchison, Kas., he became acquainted with one of the loudest-praying and most vehement "cussing" elders in the world. But he never swore in the presence of Mason. The budding poet felt slighted, and he vowed to trap the elder into swearing before him.

While the elder was in Kansas City one day, his barn was destroyed by fire and twenty-six horses burned to death. When Mason heard of the catastrophe he rushed to the elder's family and obtained permission to break the sad news to the head of the household.

Scarcely had the elder alighted from the train than Mason was at his side and fairly shouting:

"Your barn burned down to-day and twenty-six horses were killed!"

Reverently the elder raised his right hand and said in a voice filled with praise:

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord. We shall build a new barn even larger than the old one was, brother Mason, and fill it with horses of a nobler strain of blood than I ever had before."

Crushed and defeated, Mason retreated to his office and wrote a heavy editorial on slavery in the Congo



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A New Use for the Rubber Stamp

By LEONARD HATCH

THE midsummer sprint through Europe is on again, when lots of people attempt to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a half-dozen countries and a couple of dozen cities in a few fleeting days. What is more, they have to come across with some evidence to prove to their stay-at-home friends the accruing store of pleasure and profit. Letters home? Not on your life, with a picture gallery, four churches, a park, a famous battlefield, and two cafés to visit before the train leaves. But picture post cards—yes, by all means thinks the itinerary-ridden traveler.

Yet even the writing of many post cards takes precious time. Therefore, why not have appropriate rubber stamps for sale with the post cards? These would provide the one telling phrase or indispensable adjective. Just to start the movement, here are a few tentative and fragmentary hints which may later be crystallized into rubber:

LONDON: Foggy—Full of Historical Associations—Can't compare with little old New York.
RURAL ENGLAND: Peaceful—Finished.
PARIS: Gay—Tinsel—Joie de vivre—Ghostly immorality.
BERLIN: Interesting—Uninteresting—Better run than an American city—Not so well run as an American city.
SWITZERLAND: Inspiring Scenery—Not equal to Canadian Rockies.
VIENNA: A second edition of Paris.
ROME: See London (omitting foggy).
HOLLAND: So quaint!

One might go on indefinitely, but this will give you the idea. *Thump—thump, thump—thump,* and lo—the tourist has turned off a score of post cards for home consumption in less time than it used to take to pen two or three.

Bealby

(*Continued from page 12*)

hone of things and the general mechanism of things. He was fond of clocks, curious about engines, eager for science; he had a quick brain and nimble hands. He read Jules Verne and liked to think about going to the stars and making flying machines and submarines—in those days when everybody knew quite certainly that such things were impossible. His brain teemed with larval ideas that only needed air and light to become active, full-fledged ideas. There he excelled most of us. In the next place—but this second strand was just a strand that most young men have—he had a natural keen interest in the other half of humanity, he thought them lovely, interesting, wonderful, and they filled him with warm curiosities and set his imagination cutting the prettiest capers. And in the third place, and there again he was ordinarily human, he wanted to be liked, admired, approved, well thought of. . . . And so constituted he had passed through the educational influence of that English home, that preparatory school, the good set at Eton, the Sandhurst discipline, the Bistershire mess, . . .

Now the educational influence of the English home, the preparatory school, the good set at Eton and Sandhurst in those days—though Sandhurst has altered a little since—was all to develop that third chief strand of his being to the complete suppression of the others, to make him look well and unobtrusive, dress well and unobtrusively, behave well and unobtrusively, carry himself well, play games reasonably well, do nothing else well, and in the best possible form. And the two brothers Douglas, who were both really very much alike, did honestly do their best to be such plain and simple gentlemen as our country demands, taking pretentious established things seriously, and not being odd or intelligent—in spite of those insurgent strands. But the strands were in them. Below the surface the disturbing impulses worked and at last forced their way out. . . .

IN one Captain Douglas, as Mrs. Rampound Pilby told the Lord Chancellor, the suppressed ingenuity broke out in disconcerting mystifications and practical jokes that led to a severance from Portsmouth, in the other pent-up passions came out before the other ingredients in an uncontrollable devotion to the obvious and challenging femininity of Miss Madeleine Philips. . . . His training had made him proof against ordinary women, deaf as it were to their charms, but she—she had penetrated.

Are You a "Business Anarchist"?

Do you prefer to shop in a store where cut prices on standardized articles are the rule and not the exception? If you do you are "penny wise" but "pound foolish" and are aiding a business anarchist in pulling the wool over your own eyes. That is emphasized in the following Editorial on Price Maintenance by Dr. Frank Crane, from "The Globe," New York.

Many requests have been received for reprints of an article on the same subject by Richard Washburn Child which appeared in the July 4th issue of Collier's, entitled "The Price Knife and the Law." A small quantity of these booklets remain. Would you like one?

H. C. Hamerstrom.

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

*BUSINESS ANARCHISTS

By DR. FRANK CRANE

(Copyrighted, 1914, by Frank Crane)

There are certain persons who are doing their best to assassinate society itself. They oppose all government, all policemen, all laws, all morals. They are commonly known as anarchists.

The anarchist in business is the price-cutter.

There are two ways of selling goods—the oriental or primitive way, which is by haggling; and the modern way, which is by one price.

The old way was suited to provincial life, to bazaars and small pushcarts. It never in the world could have produced big business, because it was incapable of organization.

By adopting the one-price system business was enabled to get upon a basis of COMPETITION IN VALUES, and not competition in trickery.

It is absolutely essential to sound business that price should be standardized. No great concern will continue to manufacture the best possible typewriter, cash-register, talking-machine, or soap unless the retail price to the public can be maintained.

If A. B. C. soap, for instance, is sold at the same price everywhere it is in a fair competition with all other soaps, which is good business and encourages the A. B. C. people to go on making the best soap they can. But if it is sold at cut rates it is in competition with itself, which is suicide.

The maker of a standard trademark article ought to have the right to say how much the retailer shall ask the public for it.

The Supreme Court, by an amazing decision, has said that he has not that right.

A bill (H. R. 13,305) is now before congress to legalize price-fixing. It ought to pass.

The government compels railways to maintain one price for all. Why prevent the manufacturer from doing the same thing?

It is not one price; it is cutting the price that is the serious charge against the great trusts. By cut prices they slaughter small dealers.

The public has an erroneous idea that price agreement is a conspiracy against the consumer. Exactly the contrary is true. Price chaos eventually injures the consumer, and meanwhile it puts the honest manufacturer out of business and encourages the cheat.

The business of the United States ought to be on a sound basis. There is none other such than one price to all.

The bill spoken of above, known as the Stevens bill, ought to receive the enthusiastic support of all commercial clubs, boards of trade, publicists and intelligent citizens.

It is a sensible move toward settling conditions so that prosperity may continue.

The gist of the matter was thus stated by the Supreme Court of Washington:

"It seems to us an economic fallacy to assume that the competition that benefits the public is competition between rival dealers. THE TRUE COMPETITION IS BETWEEN RIVAL ARTICLES, A COMPETITION IN EXCELLENCE."

And a principle of eternal law which should be kept in mind is thus stated by an English judge, Sir George Jessel:

"If there is one thing more than any other public policy requires it is that men shall have the UTMOST LIBERTY OF CONTRACTING, and that their contracts shall be held sacred and shall be enforced by courts of justice."

* The Globe, New York, May 14, 1914.

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THE SHOP WINDOW

Typewriters, Office Supplies

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes, Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices. $15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Just Habit To Insist Upon Paying $100.00 For A typewriter. Don't waste your money. We have them from $5.00 up. Profit by our years of experience. Listen! Write Standard Typewriter Exchange, 238 Park Row, N.Y. City.

Real Estate

Profitable Little Farms At Richland Heights In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, selected location, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250.00 and up, easy terms—good fruit, vegetable, poultry and live-stock country. Large list of other farms. Send for literature now. P. B. La Bonte, Agt's Agt., N. & W. Ry., 205 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Money Making Farms, 21 States, $10 To $50 an acre. Live stock, tools and crops often included, to sell quickly. Big Special Bargain List, free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

Patents

Wanted An Idea! Who Can Think Of Some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. Write for Bulletin of Patent Buyers and Needed Inventions. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 151, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune To The Inventor Who Reads And heeds it. Is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c. postage. Write us at once. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. C, Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

Stamps, Coins, Post Cards

$1.00 To $1,000.00 Paid For Thousands Of Rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in circulation. Get Posted. Send only 4c and get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

From Producer to Consumer

Ow! Wow! That's The Stuff! Bayle's Horse-radish Mustard. The finest condiment in the world; by a jar at your grocer's or direct from Geo. A. Bayle, St. Louis, Mo.

Duplicating Devices

You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Modern" Duplicator. $3.50 complete. Booklet Free. W. E. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business Opportunities

Intelligent Representatives Wanted: Young Or middle aged men and women who can give satisfactory references as to character can make considerable money weekly introducing our Music Courses. Our successes have brought us to the point where we are now employing representatives in every section of the country. Write today for full particulars. Siegel Myers Correspondence School of Music, Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

Representatives. For A Wonderful, Inexpensive, money-back-guaranteed, puncture-proof compound. A necessity for every pneumatic tire. We want capable men in every city and town who can invest $100 to $2,500 and manage the retail and wholesale ends. Winston Chemical Co., 5994 Center Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Build A Business Of Your Own, And Escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless field; little competition. Few opportunities as profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Lake, 22 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like It."

Aquatic Devices

Daily Drownings Warn Bathers And Sea Trav-elers to carry the Auto-Pneumatic Swimming Belt. Not a toy. Self-instructor in swimming. Pocket Life Preserver. Self-inflating. Weighs one pound. Dealers or by mail. Price $1 (chest measure). Catalog: 309 B'way, N. Y.

Motion Picture Plays

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 306 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Window Trimming

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Kreuter School, 527 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Dull Razor Blades

Dull Blades Are Worthless, Therefore You Risk nothing by sending them to us without money. We'll re-edge them—you pay if pleased, after trial. Or, ask for prices and Free Mailing Case. Parker-Warren Co., 1443-R B'way, N.Y.

JOBS

Agents Wanted

Will You Take Orders? Agents Are Earning big money every week demonstrating our New Steel Automatic Hand-Tool. A Combination Jack, Fence Stretcher, Splicer and Mender, Post and Stump Puller, Tire Tightener, Cable Maker, Press, Vise, Hoist, Wrench, etc. Saves cost of twenty important tools. Lifts 4 tons. Sold on trial. Life Guarantee. Be first to control this new business in your county. Spare time or permanent work. Sample loaned. Credit given. Write for factory agency offer. Chas. E. Bonnell Co., C4 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents!! Will You Take A Steady Job Paying regular Weekly income to start if we give you a chance to work up to Big Yearly Profits? No experience required! Great Crew Manager's proposition! We are big Manufacturers. Middlemen's profits saved! Write quick for Exclusive Territory. Need 150 men at once. E. M. Davis, Pres., B 65 Davis Block, Chicago, Illinois.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 32 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

Ambitious Agents Can Never Duplicate This! Handy Atlas sells for 50 cents! Complete Atlas of the World, $1.50! Make big money on small capital. Money back if you can't sell. Full information on request. Send today. L. L. Peates Publishing Co., 22 North William Street, New York City, N. Y.

Agents To Handle Exclusively Or As Side Line our Accident and Health Policies, for $5 yearly, which pay $2750 Death and $15 weekly for Injury or Sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. Double amount for $10 Yearly. No Dues or Assessments. Liberal Commissions. Address Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Agents! Just Out! Agents! 5 In 1; Smallest pocket scissors, key ring, cigar cutter, button hook, bottle opener. All 5 in 1. Size of article about size of half dollar. Everybody needs it. Just show to make sale. First time advertised. Agents will coin money. Send 10c for sample, price and territory. F.U. Hesjah Mfg. Co., 21 Park Row, N.Y.

The Fuller Dustless Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 32 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

Make Quick Money Selling Shinal. (Shines Al-most everything around the home.) Repeat orders come quickly. Sample to men or women with new plan "How to Sell Easy" for only six two cent stamps for postage. Money back if dissatisfied. Thomas & Co., 24 Stone St., New York.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 568, Chicago.

Agents:—Become Christyized. Get Into A Per-manent business selling guaranteed household necessities to consumer four-fifths. Enormous Profits. Big Special Introductory Offer. Investigate immediately. Arthur S. Christy & Co., Dept. O, Newark, New York State.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell "Eureka Steel Ranges" from wagons on sides or for rent. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 35 W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposi-tion in U. S. If you are making less than $250 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed Watch. We help make, and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract for hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Waterbury Mfg. Co., Beacon Bldg., Boston.

High-Grade Salesmen

Salesmen Wanted. Exceptional Opportunity for side line Specialty Salesmen, calling on wholesale and Retail Drug Department, Automobile or Hardware Trade. Patented, nationally advertised, guaranteed specialty. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. Give full particulars, present line, territory, experience and references in first letter. Sanitas Co., 2555 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $6.00 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Be Your Own Boss—Good Salary Made Selling income insurance to men or women. Costs $50 annually pays $5000 death by accident. $25 a week for injury. Policy paying $2000 for accidental death. $15 a week injury or sickness cost $5 a year. Write now. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Sideline Salesman Attention. This Year's Prop-osition the best yet. Get in touch with us at once for our live premium proposition. We guarantee our goods to sell or take back all unsold goods. Write today for full particulars. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: Calendar Salesman By One Of The leading manufacturers. Large exclusive copyrighted line. Very liberal commission paid on receipt of orders. Experience desirable but not essential. Best references required. Robert Chapman Company, 1003 Grand St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Wanted—Specialty Men—High Grade—To Sell line of high class, fast-selling specialties in some open territory. "State experience and give three references." Midland Supply Co., 501 East Fourth St., Davenport, Iowa.

Traveling Salesmen Wanted: Best Side Line yet; pays all expenses; pocket sales outfit; easy seller; prompt commissions. Southern Novelty Company, 210 Van Buren, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty, widely advertised. Easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. H. Phelps, 2921 Stevens Avenue, South Minneapolis, Minn.

Agents Wanted

Sign Men Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Be independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. Universal Sign & Letter Co., Inc., 751 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele-phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Phondate Co., 701 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

If You Possess Demonstrated Selling Ability And seek a permanent connection with a line presenting exceptional opportunities, give complete facts concerning yourself to The Simple Account Sales Book Co., Fremont, O.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. R. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—and one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 500 Warren St., New York.

At Last—A Compressed Air Washing Machine; cleans suit of clothes in 2 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. Price to agents 50c in quantities. Wendell Washer Co., 335 Elm St., Leipsic, O.

Agents In Every City To Handle Our Triplex Folding Handbag; big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big sellers. S. S. Diamond & Bro., 15 West 23d Street, New York City.

Manager Wanted In Every City And County to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no canvassing or book canvassing. Address Phenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pays results. Address Merritt & Brock, 33 to 40 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

And impulsive forces that have been pent up—go with a bang when they go. . . .

The first strand in the composition of Captain Douglas has still to be accounted for, the sinister strain of intelligence and inventiveness and lively curiosity. On that he had kept a warier hold. So far that had not been noted against him. He had his motor bicycle, it is true, at a time when motor bicycles were on the verge of the caddish; to that extent a watchful eye might have found him suspicious; that was all that showed. I wish I could add it was all that there was, but other things—other things were going on. Nobody knew about them. But they were going on more and more. He read books.



"Why, Kitty, what are you doing with my powder puff?"

"It's all right, mother, I've been eatin' candy an' I'm only just simply covering up some stickiness."

Not decent fiction, not official biographies about other fellows' fathers and all the old anecdotes brought up to date and so on, but books with ideas—you know, philosophy, social philosophy, scientific stuff, all that rot. *The sort of stuff they read in mechanics' institutes.*

He thought. He could have controlled it. But he did not attempt to control it. He *tried* to think. He knew perfectly well that it wasn't good form, but a vicious attraction drew him on.

He used to sit in his bedroom—study at Sandhurst, with the door locked, and write down on a bit of paper what he really believed and why. He would cut all sorts of things to do this. He would questions—things no properly trained English gentleman ever questions.

And—he experimented.

This you know was long before the French and American aviators. It was long before the coming of that emphatic lead from abroad without which no well-bred English mind permits itself to stir. In the darkest secrecy he used to make little models of cane and paper and elastic in the hope that somehow he would find out something about flying. Flying—that dream! He used to go off by himself to lonely places and climb up as high as he could and send these things fluttering earthward. He used to moon over them and muse about them. If anyone came upon him suddenly while he was doing these things, he would sit on his model, or pretend it didn't belong to him or clap it into his pocket, whichever was most convenient, and assume the vacuous expression of a well-bred gentleman at leisure—and so far nobody had caught him. But it was a dangerous practice. And finally, and this now is the worst and last thing to tell of his eccentricities, he was keenly interested in the science of his profession and intensely ambitious.

He thought—though it wasn't his business to think, the business of a junior officer is to obey and look a credit to his regiment—that the military science of the British army was not nearly so bright as it ought to be, and that if big trouble came there might be considerable scope for an inventive man who had done what he could to keep abreast with foreign work, and a considerable weeding out of generals whose promotion had been determined entirely by their seniority, amiability and unruffled connubial felicity. He thought that the field artillery would be found out—there was no good in making a fuss about it beforehand—that no end of neglected dodges would have to be picked up from the enemy, that the transport was feeble, and a health service—other than surgery and ambulance—an unknown idea; but he saw no remedy but experience. So he worked hard in secret; he worked almost as hard as some confounded foreigner might have done; in the belief that after the first horrid smash up there might be a chance to do things.

OUTWARDLY of course he was sedulously all right. But he could not quite hide the stir in his mind. It broke out upon his surface in a chattering activity of incompleted sentences which he tried to keep as decently silly as he could. He had done his utmost hitherto to escape the observation of the powers that were. His infatuation for Madeleine Philips had at any rate distracted censorious attention from these deeper infamies. . . .

And now here was a crisis in his life. Through some idiotic entanglement manifestly connected with this missing boy, he had got tarred by his brother's brush and was under grave suspicion for liveliness and disrespect.

The thing might be his professional ruin. And he loved the suppressed possibilities of his work beyond measure.

It was a thing to make him absent-minded even in the company of Madeleine.

To be Continued Next Week

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SAXON $395



Price of $395 includes windshield, top, storm curtains, lamps, tools, jack and tire repair kit f. o. b. Detroit.

Actually just as stylish and up-to-date as it looks in the picture.

Judge the SAXON by What it is Doing

The picture above represents the Saxon in a new dress, with a new color scheme—elegant dark blue body, and black running gear, with running boards, headlights in front, gasoline filler cap extending through cowl, hinged bonnet and 38 other detail refinements.

ON July 4 the Saxon car finally demonstrated its independence of all road conditions. For on that famous day a Saxon reached San Francisco, having traveled 3389 miles overland from New York in 30 days across the Lincoln Highway—the first automobile to make a continuous trip from New York to San Francisco over the Highway and the first car of its size and price to make the journey from coast to coast.

Over the Alleghanies, over the Rockies, over the Sierras went the Saxon without faltering. Through mud, through sand, over the great plains, across the Great American Desert, the Saxon held to its schedule, and averaged 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline all the way.

It went from New York to Canton, Ohio, across the long grades of the Alleghanies through the hottest weather of the year, without needing a drop of fresh water in the radiator. Folks used to say "Cool as a cucumber," now they say "Cool as a Saxon."

8,000 Miles in 60 Days

The same car from April 8 to May 8, ran 135 miles a day for 30 consecutive days—4050 miles—averaging 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline and 150 miles per quart of oil, covering the entire distance on the original set of tires. In 60 days this transcontinental car has covered almost 8,000 miles—as far as the average owner drives in two years.

On May 16, 100 regular stock Saxon cars in as many towns all over the country, made non-stop runs of 200 miles each, averaging 34.53 miles per gallon of gasoline—less than half a cent a mile for fuel, less than ¼ cent a mile per passenger.

On May 28 and 29 two Saxon cars were driven from Detroit to the Indianapolis Speedway races in a cross country tour of the Wolverine Automobile Club with cars of all sizes and prices. The Saxons kept up with the other cars, arriving on time, averaging 25 miles an hour for the entire distance, making 31.3 miles to the gallon of gasoline and taking no car's dust.

C. L. Simmons, Richmond, Ky., has just made a trip of 1,000 miles in eight days over the sand roads and through the swamps of Florida, averaging nearly twenty-five miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Walter W. Wood, Marietta, Ohio, reports a 500 mile trip. He says, "Gas consumption was one gallon to each 35 miles. Motor never gave us a minute's trouble."

W. A. Coleman and wife, of Warsaw, Ind., drove to the Indianapolis Speedway races, making the round trip of 290 miles at a cost of $1.10, averaging 35 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

More Saxon Records

The remarkable feats described above are only a few of the records being made every day in all parts of the country by the thousands of Saxon cars now in use.

The Saxon Company, itself, has made some striking records to date. Note these:

Nearly 6000 Saxon cars shipped since March 1.

Present shipments averaging 75 per day, with a high mark of 102 on June 22.

Orders received for immediate shipment of cars average over 100 every day.

One day in June we received 290 orders.

Orders—What They Mean

The remarkable rate at which orders continue to flow in is significant. When orders are numerous in response to the announcement of a new model, they may be accounted for on the ground of public curiosity over a novelty, or a quick response to a sensational price, or a stampede of buyers as the result of big advertising.

But when nearly 6,000 cars of any model have been shipped and the orders continue to come in stronger from week to week, it can mean only one thing: That the car itself is making good.

Secret of Wonderful Records

It is plain to understand why these performances, and hundreds of others in owners' hands, are possible, when you consider the high quality of material used in Saxon cars, the care employed in building them, the thorough testing in the factory and in road tests, the logical, scientific design, and the sturdy construction.

From the start we set out to build a ***good, low priced car***—to secure quality in the Saxon. Performances every day, everywhere, prove that the Saxon is just what it is represented to be—a sturdy, reliable, comfortable, economical, good-looking car of standard design and standard features.

High Priced Car Features

For example, it has a 4-cylinder motor of special Saxon design—all anyone can ask, we believe, in motor excellence—a long stroke motor that gives almost the power and flexibility of a "six."

The Saxon is handsome, with French lines—the only car below $950 with genuine French line body. An indication of style in the Saxon.

You get comfort in the Saxon as in no other small car—as much leg room as in high priced "sixes." Comfort comes also from the cantilever type of spring suspension, so successfully used on many high-priced English and French cars. Saxon upholstery is of the best design.

A honeycomb radiator, the finest type known, with large cooling surface, keeps the motor cool.

Wire wheels on most other cars cost from $25 to $100 extra. On the Saxon they are standard equipment—no extra charge.

Further evidence of high priced car construction in the Saxon is found in the sliding gear transmission, which engineering experience has proved to be the best type.

In addition, the Saxon employs a dry plate clutch—just such as $2000 cars use—another indication of quality.

Order Your Saxon Now

With all this evidence before you there is no reason for hesitating to buy your Saxon now. You who have been waiting to know whether the car would make good can now purchase with absolute assurance.

Why not get the benefit of the motoring season, now at its height—in a Saxon? The demand for these sturdy cars is great, so we urge you to act quickly. Call on the nearest Saxon dealer and place your order today, for the earliest possible delivery.

Catalog and dealer's name on request.

America's Wealthiest Men Among Saxon Owners

Leaders in Financial World and Substantial Citizens Everywhere buy Saxon Cars. Here is a partial list of representative Saxon purchasers.

Vincent Astor, New York.
Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., New York.
Hon. William G. McAdoo, Washington, D. C.
Gustave Erbe, Yawman & Erbe, Rochester, N. Y.
G. Trowbridge Hollister, Banker, New York.
Enos McMillan, Detroit.
Edwin H. Clark, Chicago.
Dr. J. B. Black, New York.
H. E. Avery, Detroit.
Albert Bond Lambert, St. Louis.
E. DeAngelis, Mgr. Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., New York.
Thos. J. Hamlin, 418 Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis.
Albert Schenk, Packer, Wheeling, W. Va.
Roy Barcal, Director Chicago Yacht Club, Chicago.
Miss Grace Leslie Johnson, New York.
Dr. F. H. Booth, Elmhurst, L. I.
A. H. Lamborn, Banker and Broker, New York.
Geo. Weimer, Packer, Wheeling, W. Va.
Howard V. O'Brien, O'Brien Art Galleries, Chicago.
Nathan Levy, Vice-Pres. Standard Tallow Co., New York.
Miss R. J. Bonem, Chicago.
George von Utassy, Gen. Mgr. Cosmopolitan Mag., New York.
Jos. Speidel, Sr., Wheeling, W. Va.
F. C. Letts, Pres. Western Wholesale Grocers' Assn., Chicago.
Wesson Seyburn, Detroit.
Rev. John Pokzynski, Chicago.
R. T. Conklin, Oculist, New York.
D. M. Hutchinson, St. Louis.
Curtis Quincy Smith, Broker, Chicago.
M. A. Barnett, Great Barrington, Mass.
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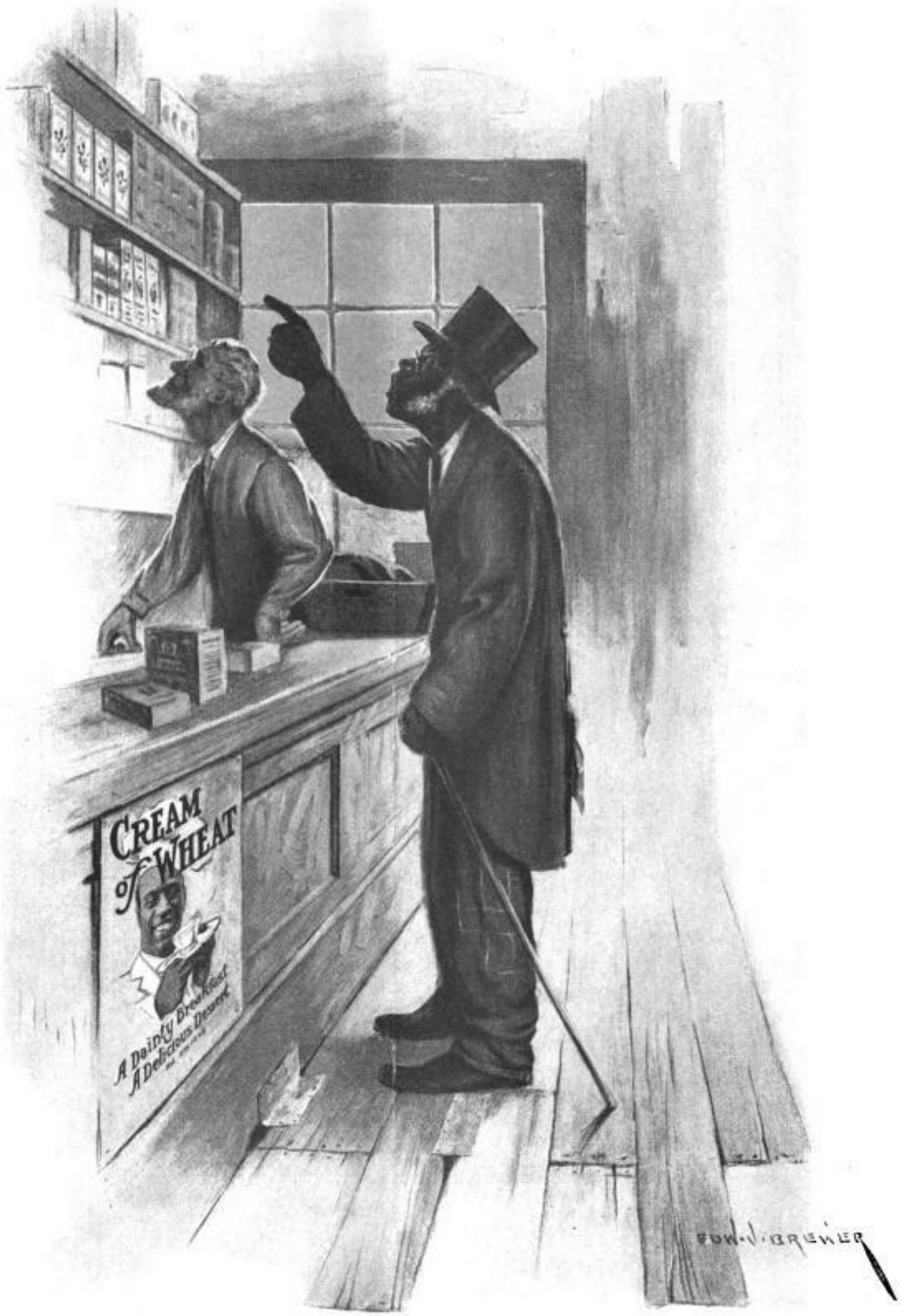
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"NO, SAH! AH DON'T WANT NO 'STUBSTUTE', AH WANT CREAM O' WHEAT."

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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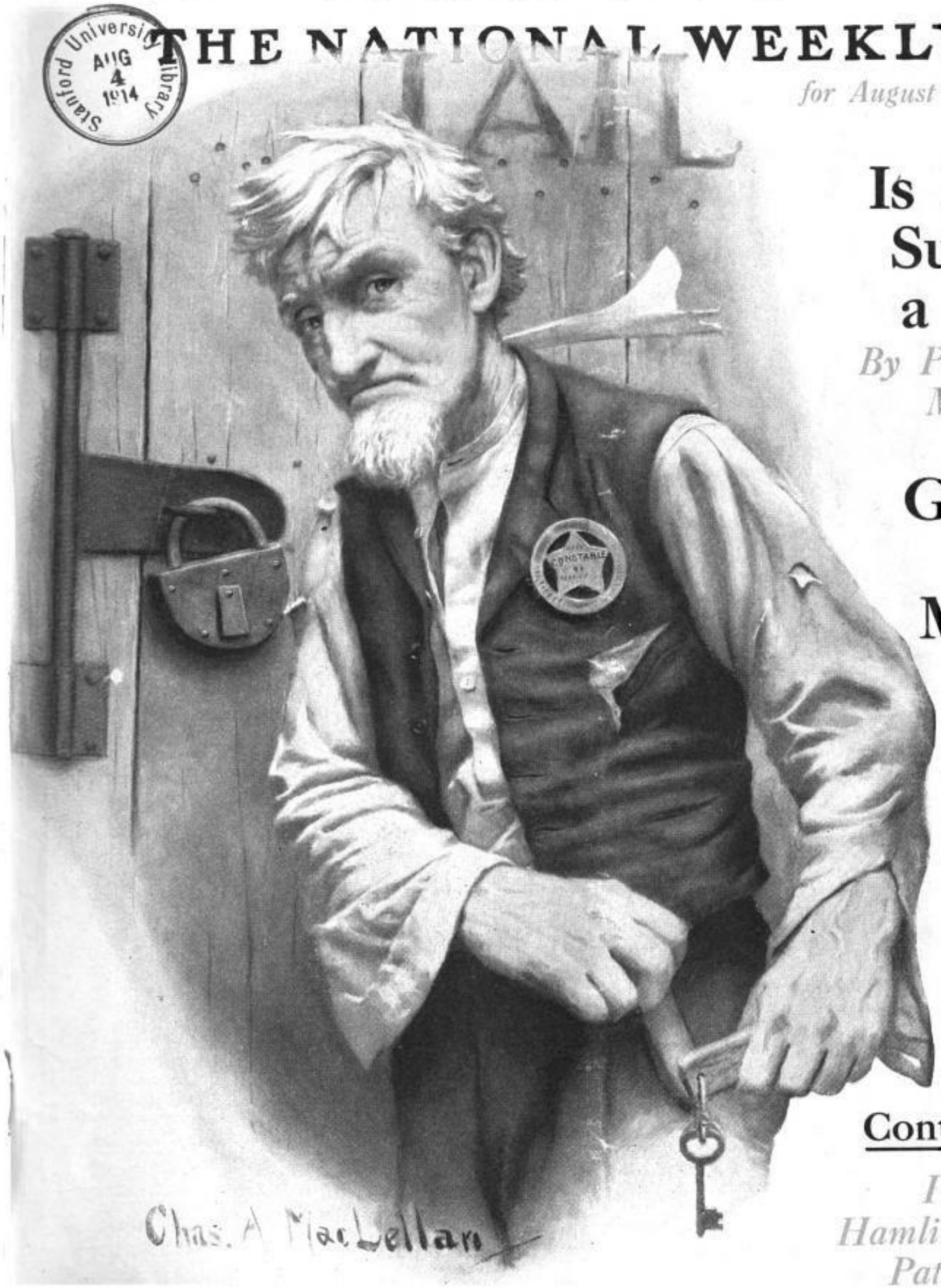
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for August 8, 1914



Is Roger Sullivan a Boss?

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

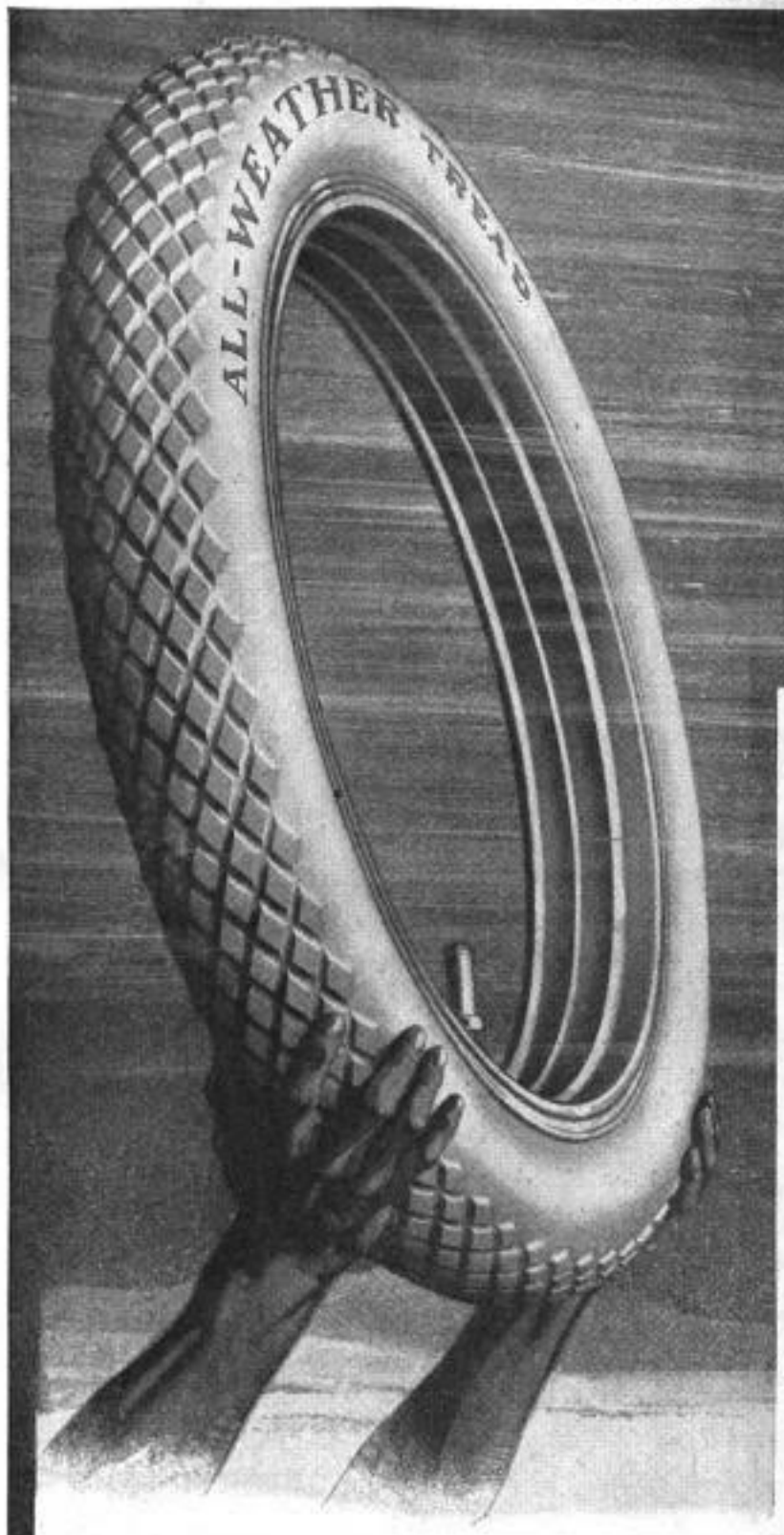
Getting Your Money

By William Maxwell

Other Contributors:

H. G. Wells
Hamlin Garland
Patrick Gass

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Pitiless Publicity

Placed Goodyear Tires on Top

A million and a half of men are passing judgment all the time on automobile tires.

Every trouble affects them. Every cost is counted. And most of them keep mileage records on odometers.

Each tells his results to others—his praises or complaints. Any tire which shows shortcomings meets a hail of furies.

There are no illusions about motor tires.

Four million Goodyears have been subjected to these pitiless comparisons. For 15 years these tires have stood the glare. Today they outsell any other tire in the world. And they are this year gaining new users faster than ever before in our history.

Don't you regard that as irrefutable evidence that No-Rim-Cut tires excel?

Then Why Pay More?

Tires are utilities, and they should be judged as such. Class and exclusiveness don't apply to tires. Their only appeal is lessened trouble or lowered cost per mile.

No-Rim-Cut tires have won on these points—in a decisive way. They won top place when they cost more than other tires. They hold it today, and their low price is one result. It is due to our mammoth output.

No-Rim-Cuts embody the best that men know about tire building. We have long spent $100,000 yearly in laboratory tests, seeking ways to improve them. They mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile.

In four ways—cited at the right—they excel any other tire. And one of those exclusive features alone costs us $450,000 per year.

Yet Goodyear tires now sell for less than 16 other makes. Four Goodyears cost you no more than three of some makes cost. And numerous other prices buy a half-inch wider Goodyear.

Consider these facts. Can you believe that other tires are worth that extra price?

Why Goodyears Won

These are four features which none can obtain save in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires:

The No-Rim-Cut feature—the faultless way to end rim-cutting. It has completely wiped out the chief cause of tire ruin for every No-Rim-Cut user.

The "On-Air" cure—an exclusive cure on fabric tubes under actual road conditions. It saves for our users all the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

Our rubber rivets—We form hundreds in each tire, during vulcanization, to combat tread separation. This patent method—used by us alone—reduces this danger by 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads—the tough, double-thick anti-skids. Flat, smooth treads which run like a plain tread, but which grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

In those ways we combat your four greatest tire troubles as no other maker does. They are costly features to us, but they save tire users millions. You get them all—at Goodyear prices—when you buy No-Rim-Cut tires. And any dealer, if you ask him, will supply you with these tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
London, England — Dealers Everywhere
Mexico City, Mexico — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

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Sixty-One per cent Increase in the Sale of Franklin Cars—Explained

During the past year the sales of Franklin cars have *increased sixty-one per cent.*

Today, that a car in its thirteenth year should show such a growth can mean but one thing. A few years ago it would not have been extraordinary. But conditions in the automobile industry have changed. Competition is keen. The demand no longer exceeds the supply. There are many good cars. The customer no longer has to wait indefinitely for deliveries. He has a wide choice and has learned to exercise it.

An increase of 61%, therefore, particularly in a car of a distinctive type of construction, can mean only the *deliberate preference* of buyers, expressed after comparing many cars and studying efficiency, comfort and economy.

A Tendency—Not Chance

A *few* purchasers might for slight reasons happen to select the Franklin rather than some other car. But 61% increase represents not mere chance, but a *tendency.*

This tendency toward the Franklin we ascribe to these facts:

We have been manufacturing on the same basic idea for thirteen years.

In all essentials we have been producing the same model continuously for the past four years.

As fast as improvements are developed they are added to the working model and incorporated in all subsequent production, without waiting for the expiration of some arbitrary period. The refining process goes on continuously.

Scientific Light Weight

At the beginning we adopted as the fundamental of Franklin construction *light weight, scientifically obtained.* Toward that end we have directed the experience of thirteen years. During that time came the vogue of big, heavy cars. We continued striving more and more for light weight. Today light weight has finally become the chief demand of discriminating automobile buyers. They have, therefore, been turning to the Franklin as the dominant light car—the car which as the result of the uninterrupted production of light cars for thirteen years is scientifically light—which means greater comfort, less depreciation, greater endurance and greater mileage from gasoline, lubricating oils and tires.

The other influential features of Franklin construction include flexibility, direct cooling, large tires.

Flexibility

Flexibility is obtained by constructing the frame of laminated, shock-absorbing wood instead of rigid steel, by four full elliptical springs and by the absence of strut rods or torque bars. It results not only in increased comfort and reduced strain on the driver, but also in greater durability of the car.

Direct Cooling

Franklin direct cooling has proved a success because it is the simple method. The Franklin can be driven on low gear all day without trouble. Its service on mountains is phenomenal. There is no freezing and no overheating under the most extreme conditions of weather or driving.

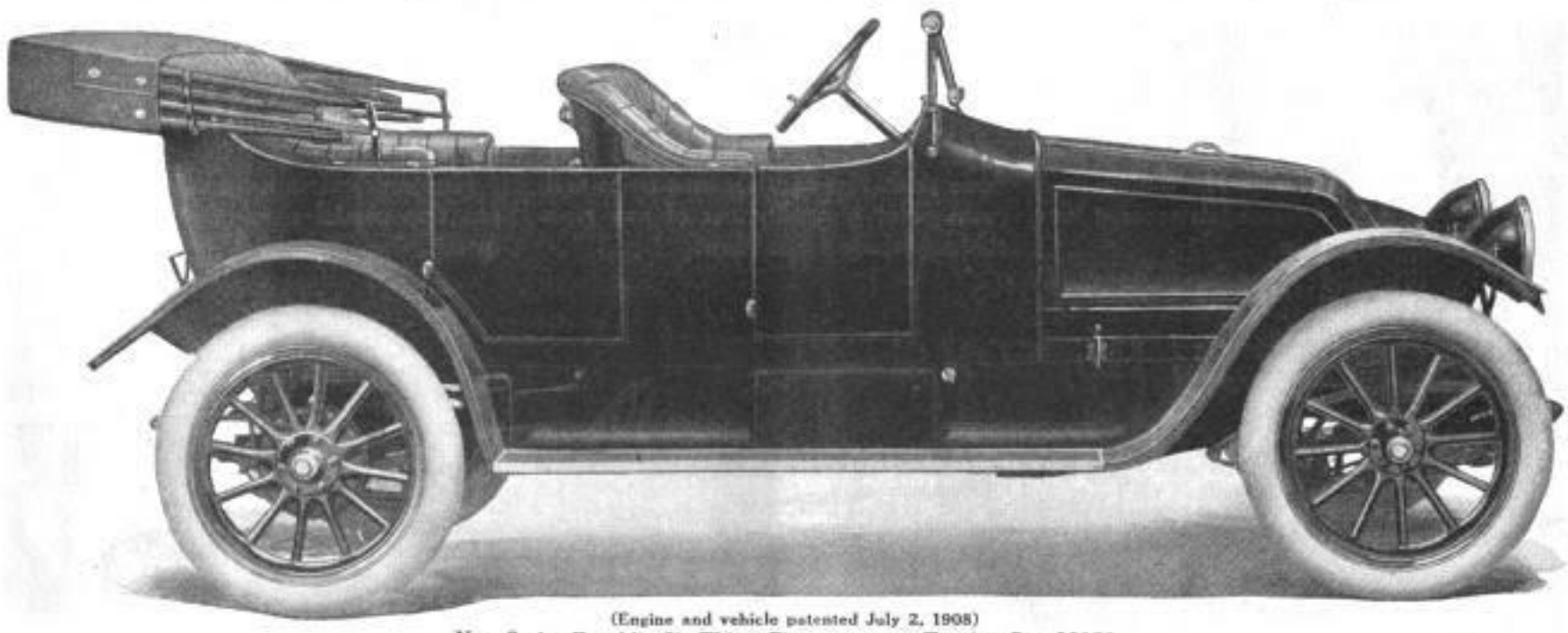
Large Tires

Tire size, in proportion to the weight of the car, is given as much thought in Franklin design as the axle, transmission or any other part. The Franklin car is not only light but it has for many years been equipped with large tires, which has had much to do with the exceptional service obtained from tires by Franklin owners.

The Latest Franklin

We are now beginning to sell the "Series Six" Franklin. This series will demonstrate once more the refining influence of continuous production of the same model. Among the numerous improvements, it contains none that is radical. No startling departures such as were necessarily made when we brought out the first four-cylinder in the days of one and two cylinders, or when we brought out the first six-cylinder. Consistent, however, with the Franklin policy of constantly increasing efficiency, we have made one important advance in the matter of tires. The Franklin is now regularly equipped with Goodrich Silvertown Cord tires or Goodyear Power Saver tires. As is well known these tires are higher priced and increase the efficiency of the car itself about 25%. Your dealer will point out a number of other refinements, all making for increased style, convenience or efficiency.

Send for new catalogue of the Series Six Franklin, to Franklin Automobile Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



(Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908)

New Series Franklin Six-Thirty Five-passenger Touring Car, $2150

Specification:

Wheel base 120", tread 56".
40" full-elliptic springs, 4½" opening in front, 6" opening in rear.
30 H. P.; valves in head; seven bearing crank shaft.
Aluminum body and hood.
Eisemann magneto with automatic spark control.
Needle valve, oil, hot and cold air controls on instrument board, all operated without stopping car or engine.
Re-circulating individual pressure feed oiling system.
Semi-floating type rear axle with bevel differential and spiral bevel gears.

Weights and Prices

Touring Car,	2750	Pounds	$2150
Roadster	2630	"	2150
Coupe	2788	"	2600
Sedan	2924	"	3000
Berlin	3121	"	3200

Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.

Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

Equipment:

Dyneto direct connected, single unit, 12-volt starting and lighting system. Silent starting is secured and the motor cannot stall. Two bulbs in each headlight, no side-lights. Special trouble light. Willard storage battery.

Golde one-man top. Collins ever-ready curtains, operated from the inside. Warner 60-mile flush type speedometer.

A—B electric motor horn. Goodrich Silvertown Cord or Goodyear Power Saver high efficiency tires.

Two-piece rain vision ventilating wind-shield.

Hartford single cylinder power tire pump.

FRANKLIN SIX, 2750 POUNDS; 4½ IN. TIRES; $2150

Aug. 8

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HUDSON Six-40—This Year $1,550

New-Day Refinements

Which Now Mark the Quality Car

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 is a very fine example of the latter-day car. You should see it at once—all you men who watch advances in car building.

It marks the fruition of countless hopes, shared by owners and designers. And last year's model proved this type to be the coming car. Its popularity compels us this year to build three times as many.

No More Over-Tax

Men have come to rebel at excesses in cars. Not in price alone, but in upkeep, in operative cost, in weight. This new HUDSON Six-40, in all ways, offers ideal relief.

First, in modest size. The wheelbase is 123 inches, yet no one is crowded. Not even when the car is carrying seven with the two extra tonneau seats. What need is there for a larger car, unless it better meets your idea of impressiveness?

Next, in modest power. This motor shows 47 horsepower. That's ample, unless a car has excess weight or size.

Next, in lightness. This new HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. That's 1,000 pounds less than former averages for cars of this capacity. Yet last year proved this light-weight Six one of the sturdiest cars on the road. Skillful designing and better materials account for this record lightness.

Next, in operative cost. This new-type motor—a small-bore Six en bloc—reduces fuel cost immensely. The lightness saves on tire cost. In these two items we save you fully 30 per cent.

New-Day Comforts

Here are also attractions which make old-time cars seem crude and inartistic. The body is a perfect streamline. The finish is superb. The seats are high-backed, wide, luxurious.

Here is new weight distribution. No extra tires, no gasoline tank to overload rear wheels. Here are many new ideas in equipment.

During all last year the 48 HUDSON engineers worked on nothing but refinements. Every part and detail now shows their final touch. You will revel in the beauties of this car.

The New-Day Price

This exquisite car—the finest model that we ever built—sells for $1,550 this year, f. o. b. Detroit. Last season's price was $1,750, and that was the year's sensation. We are saving $200 now by building three times as many.

In your old ideas, $1,550 meant a low-grade car. Not a six on the market three years ago cost less than twice that price. Not a quality car of any type sold anywhere near so low.

Now that price buys the finest HUDSON model. It buys the latest production of Howard E. Coffin and his famous corps of engineers.

It buys a car whose very lightness denotes the costliest materials and the ablest designing.

The car shows its quality. Every detail proves it. You will see no chance to better any feature in it. The price simply shows how HUDSON efficiency has brought down high-grade costs.

Our Lucky Car

We are frank to say that this car's excellence is partly due to luck. The perfect balance, for instance—the hardest thing to attain. Mr. Coffin's great skill has been helped by good fortune.

But the result is a car which we regard as the top-notch car of the times, and you'll agree with us, we think.

We don't argue Sixes these days. They have proved themselves, and won. Continuous power is a matter of course in practically every quality car.

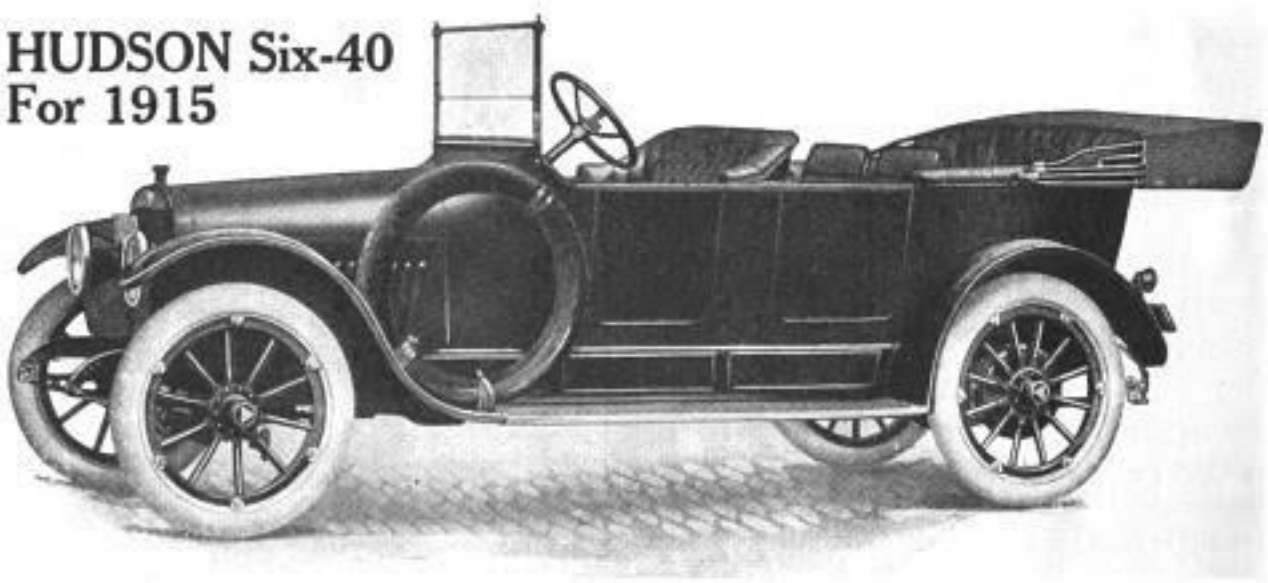
But note what a revolution we have wrought with a HUDSON Six, with seats for seven passengers. You never expected that price, even in a high-grade Four.

Hudson dealers are everywhere. So see this model car. Catalog on request.

Some Features

- A perfect streamline body.
- Disappearing tonneau seats.
- Invisible hinges.
- Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
- Gasoline tank in dash.
- Tires carried ahead of front door.
- "One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
- Dimming searchlights.
- Simplified starting, lighting and ignition system.
- Wires in metal conduits.
- Locked ignition and lights.
- Speedometer drive on transmission.
- Automatic spark advance.
- New-method carburetion.
- Horn button in wheel.
- Trunk rack on back.

HUDSON Six-40
For 1915



Phaeton, seating up to 7 Passengers, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit
Standard Roadster, same price

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8083 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 21 AUGUST 8 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Is Roger Sullivan a Boss?

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

SOME people would like to know. Some have already made up their minds. Colonel Roosevelt has said that he is. Colonel Bryan has voiced the same opinion loudly and widely, and held to it stubbornly. You can read that he is a boss in the papers of his home town, Chicago. You can hear it from the lips of his fellow citizens, both friend and foe.

But as for Roger—he argues the question. Once the appellation would have made him proud; to-day it gives him pain. He offers a quit-claim deed to the title. Whosoever will lift that doubtful laurel from his brow may have the Sullivan gratitude—and the Sullivan gratitude in the political purlieus of Illinois is recognized as no mere emotion, but a bond with coupons that may be clipped and cashed, for Roger is a man with rock in him. He stands like Gibraltar by any man who stands by him. They allege many things against Roger in Illinois—but they do not allege ingratitude. Leaders of the uplift will tell you that if Roger had but served his commonwealth with half the zeal with which he has served his political associates that commonwealth would be more certain to support him in the hour of his aspiration to be a Senator of the United States.

However, right at the starting point, I am going to admit that, in the loose sense in which we use that bit of slang, Roger Sullivan is a boss.

But what kind of a boss? The word carries various connotations. There, for instance, is Mr. Croker, living in Ireland on the profits of his boss-ship. There is also Mr. Ruef, occupying a cell in San Quentin as the consequence of his. And there is yonder Mr. Murphy, whose place and quality in the category of bosses has been rather definitely fixed in the public mind since Mr. Roosevelt pointed a derisive finger at his wealth and demanded raucously: "Where did he get it?"

But Roger Sullivan is a boss who is neither in retreat nor retirement. He lives to-day, a millionaire, within a half mile of the spot where he worked with his hands thirty-five years ago for a dollar and a quarter a day. He has never been so respectable as now. At the moment of writing he is actively campaigning for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator, and in this campaign is standing stoutly upon his record. That makes his record a thing of vital interest in this inquiry. The starting point for such an inquiry is undoubtedly the fortune of which to-day the man stands seized.

Where His Money Comes From

ROGER CHARLES SULLIVAN owns a cracker factory over on the West Side wherewith he has bucked the Biscuit Trust for ten years, and which flourishes strong and healthy in its very shadow—is indeed the largest independent concern of the kind in the country. He owns a piece of stock in the Great Lakes Dredge & Dock Company, which is a healthy-looking $5,000,000 corporation, with branches all the way from Duluth to Boston. Of course he has other bits of property stuck around, some of which, invisible to the naked eye, may yet be larger than either of these. The total of his wealth is variously estimated at from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000. The first figure is probably a bit too small, the second much too large.



Seeking for the source of this fortune, we find the "Ogden Gas deal" is at once the chief admission of Roger and the chief allegation of the people of Chicago. About this much-discussed and long-drawn-out transaction generalizations bristle like a picket fence in the moonlight, but specifications are not so obvious. A search for them takes us back along the trail of Sullivan to a time in the year '79 when a ruddy-faced Irish-American lad of nineteen, whose home was on the prairie, a hundred miles to the west, rode into town in a hay wagon and got a job as "maid of all work" in the machine shop of the West Side car barns. His wages were $32.50 per month. He paid $20 a month for his board to Barney McDevitt, the superintendent of the shop; sent home $10 to his mother in Boone County, where there were other mouths to feed, and the remaining $2.50 he reserved for his personal expenses. Roger was an energetic, likable young chap, who lived soberly but got a lot of fun out of life and made heaps of friends in the social circles that clustered around the car barn.

Sullivan as he is to-day



Sullivan at the age of twenty



Sullivan is of only medium height, but heavy — weighing 210 pounds, and yet without being paunchy. The expression of his mouth is good-humored, but there is, too, a nasty curl to the upper lip of Sullivan when he is in anger, and his white, regular teeth clamp like the bite of steel shears. He looks almost the same now as he looked at twenty. In forty years he has not changed

In 1882 came a mayoralty campaign. The Republican primaries were on. Barney McDevitt marshaled the car-barn vote for the espoused candidate of the street-car company, whoever that was, and asked Roger to assist him. Although a Democrat by inheritance, the young man obeyed his employer and proved an efficient worker, demonstrating that he had the natural instinct of his race for the kind of thing then and since called ward politics.

When the Democratic primary approached, Matt Clancy, noticing Roger's aptitude and knowing his Democratic leanings, said: "Roger I'm making a little fight for one or two fellows at the primaries. I want you to come in and help me."

"All right, Matt," promised Roger, delighted with the opportunity.

But to Sullivan's astonishment, when Democratic primary day came, Barney McDevitt said: "Roger, I want you to come down and help me at the primaries again."

"But you are a Republican," protested Roger. "This is a Democratic primary."

"All the same, that is my business, too," declared McDevitt firmly, thereby giving the young man one of his first lessons in corporation politics, a game whereat young Roger was greatly to better the instruction of his tutor.

"Well, I'm sorry," replied Roger, "but I promised Clancy to help him and I have to stick to my word."

Politics and Bread and Butter

STICKING by his word was an early principle of Roger. He holds to it now. Men admit that Roger fools them, that he tells them 97 per cent of the truth and leaves them to be misled about the other 3 per cent, and might if cornered prevaricate sufficiently for his purpose, but they declare that once his pledged word is passed it becomes a bond that will not lightly break.

"Oh, all right," said McDevitt, and they went off to the primary where Roger worked busily in the cause of his friend, and McDevitt just as busily in the cause of his bread and butter. The next day Roger, all unsuspecting, was discharged, flat and cold.

"Just for that?" pleaded Roger, sick to the heart.

"Just for that!" affirmed McDevitt doggedly.

That night Roger Sullivan, twenty-two years old, and not much afraid of anything but the loss of the $10 a month to send home, shut himself up in the little room that had been his and cried because his job was lost.

Yet in the midst of his tears he knew that he had learned another lesson in the game which was to be his profession for life. It was this:

"Never do politics against your bread and butter."



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If Roger ever forgot that lesson till he had his own bread and butter permanently secured, the spot in the record where the lapse occurred does not loom large.

However, Roger's political service to Clancy was presently made to earn him a bread-and-butter reward. He found a job as custodian of properties at the County Hospital, salary $40 per month. Roger's education had been limited. He spent the two years this job lasted taking a rudimentary course in political science; yet he read no books. The pages he scanned were those of the human documents around him, the people of his precinct and his ward.

These taught him lessons in citizenship: that the government was dim, far-off, and abstract; that the political organizations of the day were near and plain and concrete. The fruits of government were admittedly justice, freedom, and equality—fine things all right, but rather intangible and sometimes mildly impotent. The fruits of the organization were friends, favors, and jobs! In the exercise of his supposed freedom Sullivan's job had been taken from him by McDevitt; surely there was small justice and no equality in that. On the other hand, for his service to the organization Clancy had got him a job. That was something real and substantial. That way progress lay. Therefore, the duty of the citizen, in order to make sure of his freedom, to maintain equality and secure justice, was to chase no phantom ideals but to serve the organization. The material of the organization was human beings, not as they ought to be, but as they are. Roger was to be an organization man, and he must study the disposition of these human wheels in the big machine.

As a Human Being

THE people of the wards had troubles, sorrows, embarrassments, poverties. Roger Sullivan was naturally sympathetic and quick to render service within his power. He got a job for this man, he lifted the pressure on that one, he was the first practical sociologist of his time. He was a sort of crude Hull House on legs. He learned that gratitude was not so rare a virtue as the cynics say; that just a handshake or a slap on the back will make some men remember you and vote for you on primary or election day; that a stick of candy to a child, or a bit of thoughtfulness to the old or helpless, watching one night by the bed of the sick, or appearing solemn-faced and sympathetic at a funeral, would make political assets of a whole family, whose ramifications of aunts and cousins and friends might appear in the most unexpected places, enlisting powerful influences so delightfully and effectively as often to turn the tide of victory in the face of overwhelming odds.

The voters liked amiability, therefore Roger was amiable; they liked loyalty, therefore Roger was loyal; they liked notice, appreciation, flattery, representation, places on committees, organization honors; therefore Roger noticed, flattered, appreciated, honored, and rewarded.

Casting His Bread Upon the Waters

YOUNG Sullivan did all these things with an open hand, seldom exacting a promise in return. He conceived that this old life is a tree full of plums that grade in size all the way from very small to very large, and that if he shook the tree for John, Tom, Jerry, and Mike, thus helping them to get theirs, that three out of the four of them, if the affair were properly managed, could be counted on to help shake off a larger plum for himself.

Deliberately Roger began a system of putting the world under obligation to himself. He watched for opportunities to do favors. Each new favor got him power to do more. He has practiced this not only in the precinct ward, and city, but when opportunity offered he practiced it in the State and nation. He not only practiced it upon politicians, whose aim was no different from his own, but he practiced it upon his political enemies—as when ten years ago he directed his Springfield convention to instruct for Hearst. And the bread usually comes back! For instance, to-day, when Roger's Senatorial boom is getting under way, the Hearst papers, usually so denunciatory, are strangely silent.



Roger Sullivan has also been careful to bestow his favors upon high causes and upon the leaders of high causes, one and another of whom, as I have interviewed them, have confessed to me that their judgment of the man is unavoidably softened because of such favors, as, for instance, when a dozen years ago the good-government forces were urging a resolution at Springfield to permit Chicago to vote upon a charter convention. Its defeat seemed certain until Sullivan, by a nod of his head, delivered forty votes and saved the measure.



He loves his home and spends much time in it. Mrs. Sullivan is a woman of very impressive appearance. There is a son, Bartus, who has just been graduated from Yale, and three daughters

The bright particular example, of course, and one that comes near to gaining Roger deathless fame, was at the Baltimore Convention, when he put Woodrow Wilson, his party, and the nation under obligation to him by his part in the nomination of that gentleman.

That act is just now the greatest political asset of Roger Sullivan. It is the Shasta daisy of his ward-born policy. But there are other features of the ward-born policy which we might consider now.

Sullivan as a party leader knew how to make cunning capital from the political ambitions of others. A man who aspired to office might confide his ambitions to Sullivan; if Sullivan liked the man, or thought he might become politically useful he would encourage him; or he might send him out to see what he could do in the precinct, the ward, or the district. If he brought back evidence that he could make a winning fight, Sullivan might encourage him—might give him $100, $500, or $1,000 for his campaign fund, and might at the same time do some service for his opponent. Thus whoever won was under bonds, as he sat in Council or Legislature or Congress, to come to Sullivan's aid when Sullivan needed aid.

Sullivan the Politician Appears

SULLIVAN, too, built his machine upon a broad complaisance. He seldom hogged things. Who was it that said: "Politics is the science of getting 51 per cent of the voters with you?" Sullivan quotes that to-day. He always kept his eye upon the larger thing. Men might have the small things of the precinct if they would give him the larger control of the ward, and they might have the honors of the ward if they would obey his nod in the Council or the Legislature. They might fish in what ponds, cut bait with what interests they would; they might stand to gratify all their private likes and dislikes, until the hour came up when a Sullivan interest was represented; then they were expected to forget all else and stand with him.

This, of course, was no patent of Roger Sullivan's. It is the way of the boss everywhere. It is the source of much bad government, and it is the source of one of the gravest charges against Sullivan.

His influence upon city politics has been bad because he permitted bad men to have their way in the small things that he might have his way in the large things. Some of the notorious Sullivan men were and are notoriously bad men—the gray wolves and the black sheep of Council or Legislature.

As an individual, the man possesses an enormous self-confidence and lays a large stress upon the ego. He is immensely proud of his achievements, and "I, Roger Sullivan," is a phrase which breaks frequently into his conversation. Yet, as a leader, Sullivan was neither domineering nor vindictive. Many times he commanded when men did not know they were commanded. He did not always appear to plume himself on leadership. A party conference might talk and wrangle, split hairs, and shake shillalahs by the hour, with Sullivan merely an observant spectator until he judged the proper moment had come, when, with the mild declaration, "Well, boys, I think this [or that] is what we'd better do," Roger would take the helm.

When opposition arose he could fight with animosity that seemed implacable. He could punish with severity; but he could also forgive and condone.

"Oh, that young fellow made a mistake this time. He'll be all right. Try him again," he has been known to urge when a deserter came up for discipline.

Climbing the Rungs

BUT we must go back now in our narrative and start with Roger in his first political job as custodian of property at the County Hospital with its monthly warrant of $40.

Two years passed and Cleveland had been elected President. In the distribution of patronage young Sullivan developed just pull enough to land himself a job as Government storekeeper at $4 per day. In four years he advanced—on his merits, Roger thinks—to be a gauger, and then deputy collector. He saved his money, too, and by the time the election of Harrison turned him out of office he had a little teaming business going that was bringing in $700 or $800 per month, and was fairly on his way to that opulence at which he has now arrived.

From then on, too, his political progress was amazingly rapid. In 1890 he was elected Probate Clerk of Cook County. The salary was $6,000 a year. Roger has a notion now that he saved it nearly all. Anyway, at the end of his term he found himself with an amassed capital of something like $25,000, the result of his savings and his teaming business. Moreover, the political going was still good, for he had the Democratic nomination for County Clerk. But up sprouted a labor ticket that cut the Democratic vote to ribbons and left Roger deep in the ruck of defeat.

The Mark Against Him

THE closest and most important political friend Sullivan had made was the John P. Hopkins already mentioned, a man of wealth and a power in Democratic politics. At the time of Roger's defeat Hopkins was Mayor of the city. Roger, although hopelessly out of office, still had his $25,000.

"Better get into some kind of paying business, Roger," said John; "politics is uncertain."

This remark of the Mayor to his political lieutenant brings us plump against the Ogden Gas deal, without the discussion of which no justice can be done the feeling of Chicago regarding this one of its eminent citizens.

Stated so briefly as to do justice to neither side, yet at sufficient length for the general reader who cares nothing in particular for Chicago's internal woes, but would merely understand something of the ethics of a man who may soon find a seat in the United States Senate, this much may be said:

In the nineties, the putting through of "strike" franchises, gas or electric, and the organization of companies that never intended to manufacture but merely to "hold up" operating companies already in the field by selling out to them at an exorbitant price, was a profitable and familiar game in the City Council.



The Ogden Gas Com-

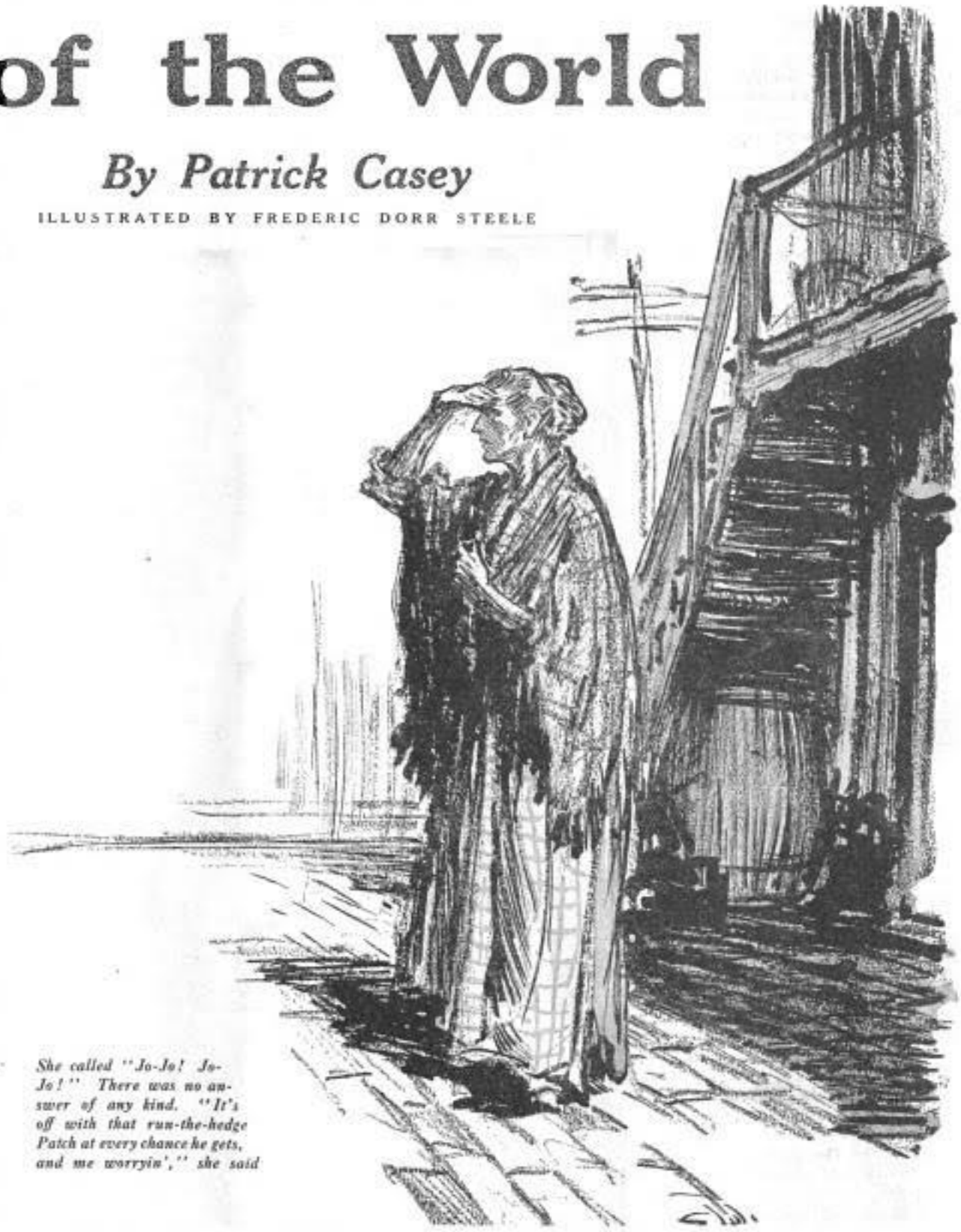
(Continued on page 29)

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Thief of the World

By Patrick Casey

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



She called "Jo-Jo! Jo-Jo!" There was no answer of any kind. "It's off with that run-the-hedge Patch at every chance he gets, and me worryin'," she said

THE woman came out of the doorway under the stairs. A green plaid shawl was about her slight shoulders; a blue apron hung from her waist. She crossed the little brick-paved court. She looked up and down the back street. She called: "Jo-Jo! Jo-Jo!" There was no answer of any kind from the sleeping back street.

"It's off with Patch Clancy he is," she said in a low tone. "There's no mindin' of me, but it's off with that run-the-hedge Patch at every chance he gets, and me worryin'."

SHE pulled the shawl about her slight shoulders. She returned across the court to the house. The house was a small, two-story box of brick. There was an outside staircase climbing up one side of it from brick-paved court to upper story. She opened the screen door beneath the staircase and locked the inner paneled door.

The staircase over her head shook in every rickety step. A woman had come out on the landing of the flat above. She rested flour-whitened arms, bare to the elbows, on the balustrade.

"Mrs. Fannan," she called, "be you locking up to let yourself chase after that little open-mouthed Jo-Jo?"

The pale, shawled woman stepped out of the damp of the stairs.

"Have you been after seein' him?" she asked, a great appeal in her blue-shadowed eyes.

The woman on the landing nodded.

"Not an hour since by the clock," she said. "'Twas himself and some other little run-the-hedges and my scamp boy, Patchin; him leadin', after all his work of the night. But don't be after destroyin' of yourself with worry, Mrs. Fannan—"

"It's myself cannot help it, God pity me! with my own man no use over there in the barn. It's wanderin' the wharves they be, and the coal bunkers overhead, Mrs. Clancy, and the water all round. I must be goin' down after him, as always."

SHE gave another tightening tug to the green plaid shawl. Her eyes were wide and dry. She stepped out of the little court to the sidewalk. She ran up the quiet back street.

Mrs. Clancy looked long at the large red stable across the narrow street. Slowly she shook her head above the empty court.

"Ah it's the sick heart she has, sure, with the husband of her lyin' drunk in the barn. And a sore puzzle of a child is that little whity Jo-Jo with the blue eyes of him and the open mouth. Always he do be followin' my Patch, and my Patch gallivantin' the wharves. And it's more of a man Patch should be, with him soon in long pants and a-workin' these nights at the runnin' job."

But that night Patch Clancy did not work at the "runnin' job."

Patch Clancy worked in the editorial rooms of a morning newspaper. The newspaper had been burned out of its quarters uptown. It had located temporarily in two long low sheds on the very water front of San Francisco. There were few conveniences.

There were no pneumatic tubes for the handling of copy between the editorial rooms and the mechanical departments. It was Patch's work to act in place of such tubes. From six o'clock in the evening to two o'clock the following morning he ran with fistfuls of copy through the engraving room to the composing room in the adjoining shed and back, with proofs still damp and sticky from the hand press. That was the running job.

It was lacking five minutes to six o'clock, the next evening, when the chief copy reader stopped Patch midway across the newsroom. "Report to O'Gorman," he said. "That was a big story yesterday, Patch. The follow's bigger. Gorry's writing it."

O'GORMAN was news editor. He was an editor that could write. Double-leaded stuff on the first page as a rule was signed:

"J. CLARENCE O'GORMAN."

He was sleek and well fed—but that came of his fat salary. He could do things. He could make men do things. In his squat, strong frame was the husky drive of personality.

O'Gorman worked shirt-sleeved at a roll-top desk. A row of cigarettes was laid out at his elbow along the edge of the desk. There was reason for their readiness to hand. One was always in his mouth. A few long inhalations sucked it to a butt. The butt lighted the next.

The while he smoked, he hurried through the evening papers. He consumed the papers much as he consumed the cigarettes. With each butt thrown away was thrown away an evening paper. A litter of papers rose about his desk.

Ankle deep in that litter of papers the boy waited. The editor threw the last paper upon the litter.

"You were in that fire yesterday, boy? What do you know about it?"

THE boy's hand nervously fingered the curved top of the desk. He wet his lips. "I don't know, sir—but we left Silver Street in the mornin', after I got up—and Jo-Jo comes taggin' along. I'm the leader of the gang and I didn't want Jo-Jo—"

"Who left, boy? What's their names? Say, what's your name, boy? And how old are you? The real age now. I'm wise."

"Patrick Clancy, sir. And I'm thirteen, and none of the others is old as me. And they was me and Beauty Mulcreavy and Dutchie Schroeder"—he counted off on dirty, cloth-wrapped fingers—"and Fat McDevitt and Butch Flynn and Cocky Hughes and—and—"

"And this Joseph Fannan. Say, why didn't you want him along?"

"I'm the leader of my gang—and you see Jo-Jo was only seven, and his mother allus came after him. She'd chase along the wharves, sir, and it allus skeered us—the look in her eyes."

"Where's the father?"

The child's pale face showed some surprise and a great dismay.

It was as though the editor had discerned some dreadful secret. He hesitated.

"Well, you see, sir—Jo-Jo's father—" Slowly his hand began to climb up the curve of the desk. "You see, sir, Jo-Jo's father is a hack driver. He's a drinkin' man, sir. He has a stall fixed up with blankets, and there himself sleeps when he's got a drop taken. He allus has that, sir—it's cold drivin' a hack, my ma says. He never comes home."

O'GORMAN was a "drinkin' man." He nodded slowly.

"I know," he said quietly. "So he sleeps with the beasts!"

The peaked face of the boy brightened at being so sympathetically understood. He went on with his story:

"I was tired from runnin' copy all night. I takes my gang down near the coal bunkers for a swim, so I'd freshen up. I swims underneath the coal dust on the water till I comes out to the clear stuff at the end of the pier. I was gettin' into my clo'es—and an engineer of the collier, what was lyin' alongside the pier, ast me did I want a job—"

"And you took the job, boy, and you working here nights!" There was a note of reproach in the editor's voice.

"He offered us a dollar apiece, sir—what 'ud have made me earned seven this week—and, 'course, my ma 'ud give me more'n a dime of that for movin' pictures and—" The boy stopped abruptly. On his face was a sudden scared look. The hand fell from the curve of the desk. It dove deep into his right trousers pocket. There was a moment of anxiety. Then the peaked face glowed; the hand came out; the unspent dime was still in the pocket.

"JO-JO was too small to help on them big boilers, so we left him outside on the wharf. We was to divvy with him—and we leaves him sittin' on a pile of screenin's underneath the bunkers—and he was to give us hickey if the hookey cops come.

"I's, we was give heavy hammers, and led down the iron steps, and round the landin's—what was only rails of iron you could see through—and down to a dark, stuffy place. We was tole to hammer the rust from the outside of them boilers. Afterward they was goin' to paint 'em.

"A couple of old bums was down there, and they was already hammerin' them cold boilers—what had no fires goin'. Them bums allus was along the wharves, and allus sore at my gang for moochin' in on their jobs. They grumbles at us, but we starts to work with them hammers. We was makin' an awful lot of noise.

"Them bums ast me to go outside for a dime's worth of beer in a pail. It was so clost down there I'd 'a' liked to go, but I was skeered I'd lose my job. They offered me a nickel to go, and I wouldn't. Then they offers me a whole dime. After a while I goes up to

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the Widder Olsen's and brings back the pail of beer. I brings back 'most a whole cigar, besides—what I picked up near the pile of screenin's where Jo-Jo was sittin', waitin'—and Jo-Jo hadn't seen it. I gives this to the grumbliest bum to smoke, and he gives me the dime for goin' for the beer.

"The bums hid that pail sum'eres in the dark behind them boilers—and I keeps watchin' them go round and come back, wipin' their mouths. It was clost down there—and we was gettin' thirstier and thirstier all the time, watchin' them bums—and no water we could find to drink.

"The bum what had the cigar keeps chewin' and chewin' and walkin' round to that pail more'n the others—and I sneaked round once when no bums was lookin'. But they wasn't a drop left in it. Then along comes that old bum and him a-chewin' on the cigar. I hides behind the boiler. He holds up the pail and there's no beer and he swore and said the others drunk it all. He strikes a match and lights that cigar and goes away, smokin' fierce.

"I FOLLOWS, and all the way I sniffs that old cigar—what was smellin' awful—and they was a smell of sum'thin' burnin', too. I couldn't hammer no more when I got back—it was gettin' awful clost—and I lays down on the iron plates behind my boiler. Then my head didn't ache no more—and I must 'a' went to sleep.

"And then it all happened, sir. I heard an awful roar and some one yells 'Fire!'—and the place all black and full of smoke. All us kids was coughin' and cryin' and runnin' along. A bum came runnin' past and screamin'—and he pulled one of us kids, what was right ahead of me, off the ladder we was all tryin' to climb. And there come a red flash—and he was stompin' on that kid and tryin' to climb the ladder. Then I couldn't see no more, but I hears that kid moanin'—and I didn't know what one of us kids it were.

"And then we was on that landin'—what was rails of iron—and another bum runs past. We runs up and up, and along the deck, and by the big hole in the deck where the coal was, and over the front of the ship, and down the ropes—and we cuts our fingers on them rat tins.

"I sits on the planks. Dutchie Schroeder was already there, and his face was all dirty. And then Butch Flynn drops down and Cocky Hughes—and his eyes goin' all round—and Fat McDevitt, and then Beauty Mulcreavy. I was awful glad at seein' Beauty, 'cause I thought maybe he was the kid what was stomped on. And then I thinks: Who was it? Then I hears some one cryin' to hisself, and I looked. It was Dutchie, and that starts the whole gang—and they jest cried and cried.

"THE whole sky was black—hidin' the sun—and we was in shadder. Me, I jest sits and looks along the wharves at Rincon Hill. It was in the sun, far off. And then, runnin' along the wharf, I sees Jo-Jo's ma. She was in that green shawl and blue apron and her black hair flyin'. She was wavin' her arm at me, I thinks. And then she comes under the shadder and I could only see her comin' on. She was the funniest woman—Jo-Jo's ma. When she'd find Jo-Jo, she'd allus snuggle him up close in that apron and then swing him out, and cryin' all the time.

"'Where's Jo-Jo?' I thinks. I hollers: 'Here's his ma!'"

[A reporter, hat in hand, rushed through the newsroom toward the roll-top desk. He heard the last words of the boy. He moved back into the dark. He sat down on a silent telegraph table and watched the boy.]

"And then I was runnin' round the wharf to the coal bunkers where Jo-Jo had sat. But he wasn't there. I see'd the pile of screenin's where he had sat—but he wasn't there.

"I'm the leader of my gang—and I tole Jo-Jo to give us hickey, and he allus did what I tole him. Anybody could see that smoke—and I thinks, right then, he's runnin' round wild to give us hickey.

"I runs under them bunkers to the end of the wharf—and I didn't find Jo-Jo!

"There was a great black openin' in the side of the collier—and I had see'd men wheelin' boxes in there on trucks, before I got the job, and packin' in meat acrost the boards. And I see'd it now—and the smoke is comin' out black. And then I sees on them boards Jo-Jo's sailor cap!

"I was awful skeered. I picks it up, thinkin' how pretty it is. And all the time I knew Jo-Jo had gone through that black hole!

"And 'twas me tole him; he was mindin' me.

"When I gets inside I can't get no breath in that smoke. I runs along. I'm tryin' to yell: 'Jo-Jo!'—but I couldn't, 'cause my mouth is all full of choky smoke. My eyes hurt and I can't see—and there was water sloppin' up 'bout my feet.

"I comes out on the landin'—what was only rails of iron. I never knew that black hole leads to the ingine room, or I'd 'a' come out that way, 'stead of runnin' up all them iron steps—and them bums screamin' past. Sum'eres down there I hears the fire scrunchin' in the coal—and the smoke was comin' up fearful through the rails. I goes down the ladder. In my head they was terrible sounds like the sounds my ma says the giants in Ireland make tossin' stones among the reeks. I was awful dizzy; but I goes down.



"I knew better'n to fall now, 'cause we'd both go into the water. Then I see'd Jo-Jo's ma. She was holdin' her arms out to me—and they was terrible white"

"THERE comes a red flash—and, lyin' at the foot of the ladder, I sees Jo-Jo!

"Comin' up I was horrible sick and sleepy. I 'most dropped Jo-Jo lots of times. Lots of times I comes near fallin' myself—but I jest wouldn't. And I wouldn't let Jo-Jo fall.

"I was awful sorry. The bum had stomped on him—and I lookin'—and him only tryin' to give us hickey. I'm awful sorry.

"Comin' out that black hole, I sorter slid down them boards. But I knew better'n to fall now, 'cause we'd both go into the water—and Jo-Jo was awful cold already. Then I see'd Jo-Jo's ma. She was holdin' her arms out to me—and they was terrible white. I laid Jo-Jo in them."

THE reporter came out of the background. He stood at the other elbow of the silent editor. He bent down. In a weary, apologetic undertone he spoke to the editor.

Patch could not hear what the reporter said. But what the reporter said exasperated O'Gorman. It shocked him into sudden life. Out of his chair O'Gorman jumped. Through the litter of papers, back and forth, he stamped. He came back to the reporter. When he spoke, exasperation clogged his voice: "Couldn't get it? Why, man, we gotta get that kid's picture! You heard the story, didn't you? This kid Jo-Jo's a hero! He ran back into that burning ship! It was to warn the others! Only seven—dead—and he's a hero! I tell you, Ike, we gotta get that kid's picture!"

"SHE just shakes her head and cries. There's nothing doing, Gorry. I tell you that! There's nothing doing. She's got a picture all right. But you can't get it!"

"Oh, I know she's got a picture. Didn't I try yesterday myself? She told me it was in the parlor. I tried to get into the parlor. I'd have copped it!"

"She saw through me, too," said the reporter. "Couldn't get a peek at it!"

O'Gorman went silent. Suddenly reflective, he fingered his close-shaven chin. He turned slowly toward the waiting boy.

"Say, boy," he asked calculatingly, "did you ever see this picture she's so blamed crazy about? What does it look like?"

"It don't look a bit like Jo-Jo, sir. He's awful skeered—he's only three—and the bonnet's fallen way down on his eyes. It's only a baby picture, sir." O'Gorman nodded his head. He turned to the reporter.

"Do you get that, Ike? It's only a baby picture. That's a cinch. We can fake it! These days we've got hundreds of baby pictures in the office. Little white face, all eyes, lot of white clothes—they all look like that. Every three-year-old in the contest looks like that. That blamed falling bonnet's the only distinction.—No, it isn't! Why, there was a picture run last week on the 'Golden Rain' page—and you couldn't see the kid's eyes for the bonnet! The leading baby in the contest last week; don't know whether it was boy or girl—Phyllis Bevans, Georgie Bevans, or something. We'll hunt that picture up and run it for this Jo-Jo!"

THE newspaper was conducting a contest to boost its circulation. It was a subscription-getting contest. Each subscription gained for the paper meant a certain number of votes gained for the contestant. The contestant that worked hardest for subscriptions, and therefore, at the stipulated closing date of the contest, had the most votes, would receive the capital prize—a building lot in the suburbs. The four next highest would receive lesser prizes—a seven-passenger automobile, a five-passenger automobile, a set of furniture, and a diamond ring.

Basically, it was the same as that of all newspaper circulation-boosting contests. There was one difference—the "Golden Rain" contest was limited to babies. Anyone could work for the subscriptions. But the votes gained from those subscriptions must be entered in some baby's name. Only babies' pictures were run on the contest page. But each day the page was crowded with smiling and scared baby faces.

Now, J. Clarence O'Gorman saw, in his necessity, a new use for the baby contest. He purposed using the picture of one of those infant contestants, and foisting it upon the public as the likeness of the mascot of Patch's gang, Jo-Jo, who had lost his life, the day before, in the fire on the collier.

There was something about the whole scheme that hurt Patch deeply. He *(Continued on page 26)*

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The Kickin'est Mule

By Sloane Gordon

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. ENNIS

"HEY!" yelled the mine boss—his name was McGraw—"keep away from there! For th' love of Heaven, man," he added as he came running up the narrow passageway, "be careful of that mule."

I was perfectly willing to be "careful of that mule" or any other mule, for the matter of that, only I hadn't seen any mule and hadn't felt the necessity for caution.

"Now I'll show you what you just barely missed," McGraw continued as he picked up a piece of a board and hung his hat on the end of it: "I'll show you the kickin'est mule in north Michigan."

Following which assertion the versatile Mr. McGraw made a few clucking noises with his lips after the manner of drivers who are urging their steeds to greater effort, and pushed the hat-decorated stick through the door, which led into the next chamber. A miserable little incandescent globe cast a stingy yellow light on the straw that littered up the floor and dimly outlined a number of board partitions that appeared to stretch into the vast beyond.

THERE was immediate response to the advances of Mr. McGraw. A lively snort preceded the upstage appearance of a pair of iron-shod heels and only the quickness of McGraw's hand saved the hat.

Then there was a commotion in the place from which the heels had so suddenly emerged and sounds indicative of unrest and disappointment.

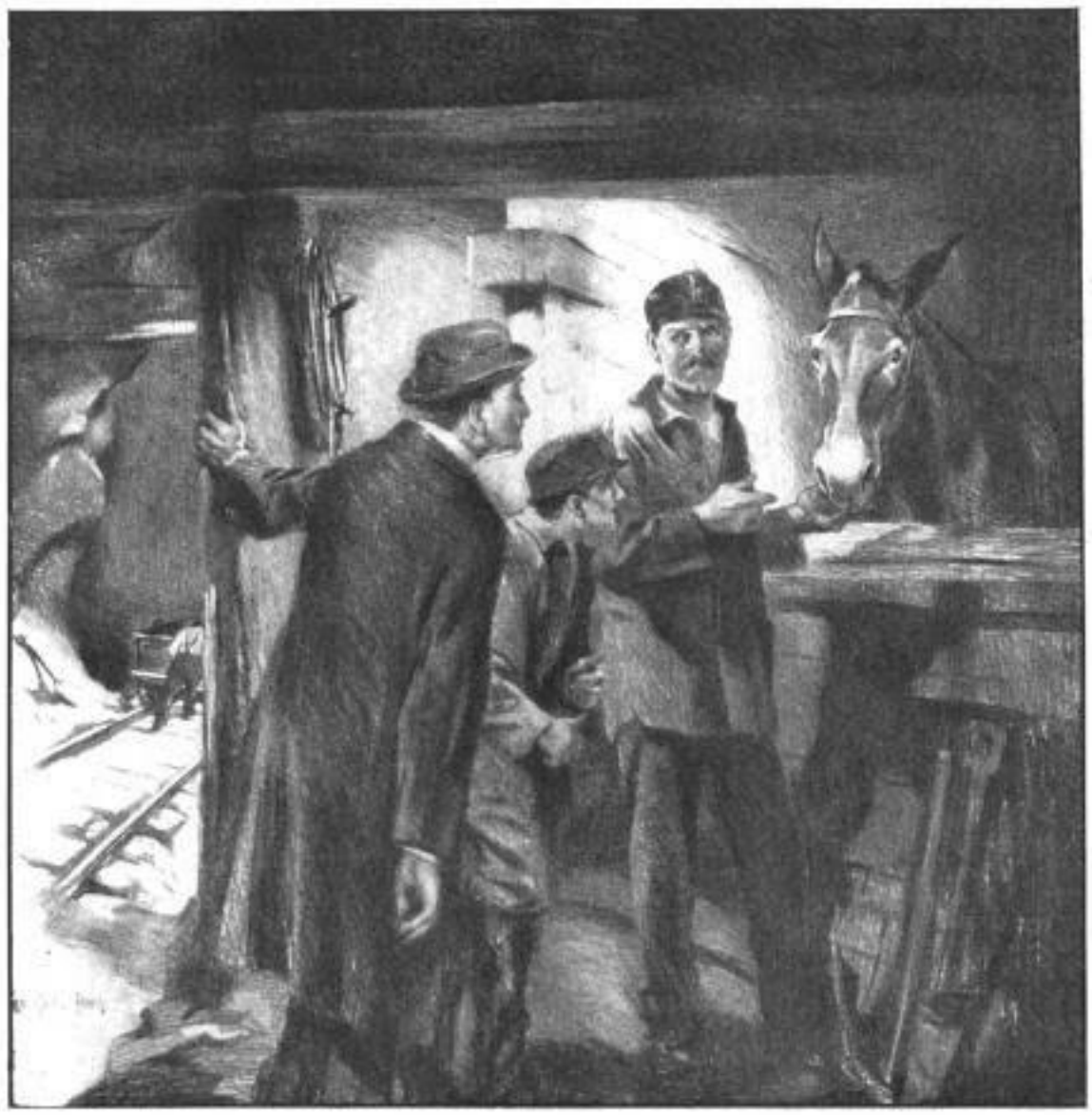
"He'd 'a' hit *you* if you'd stepped inside," commented Mr. McGraw in a rather prideful way as he replaced the hat on his head.

This was, of course, reassuring and good to think about. But, better than that, it offered something of unusual speculative interest. Outside of the mysterious dark and the rusty drip and the awesomeness of the damp underworld, there isn't a great deal to interest one in the bowels of an iron mine. You scramble across rough places and squeeze yourself against a slimy wall to let a tramcar pass; you climb wet, muddy ladders and swing down into fearsome depths in big buckets that bump against projecting rocks; you watch the flickering lights on the caps of the men who trudge noisily hither and thither through the echoing corridors, and you hear, now and then, the roar that tells of a successful blast—the roar of the charge and the roar and roll of the loosened tons of ore that tumble and grumble and crash and scream and appear to be entering vociferous protest against the awakening that has come after the slumber of eons.

Not a great deal to interest one, did I say? Well, a great deal to awe one, at least. But the incident of the mule and the kicking qualities of him were divertingly different. We all sensed it. McGraw reveled in it. That was plain. He took more pride in the cussedness of that mule than he did in the fact that his mine was one of the biggest producers in the Gogebic Range or that one of his Swede workmen had just captured the heavyweight championship of the North Peninsula. The Swede's achievement was, it is true, a matter of satisfaction to McGraw, but I still think that the possession of the "kickin'est mule" was his one best boast.

THE place where we encountered the mule was "the stable." It was so far underground that you wouldn't have been more surprised had you found a fairy palace down there. A plank floor and a lot of straw and half a dozen or more stalls, and harness on wall pegs and grain bins, and even a "hay-mow" just like the stable out on the farm. Only there wasn't any sunshine—just the flickering, stingy little incandescent. Not a hen to cackle her egg triumph; not a rooster to crow; not a pigeon. They said there were some big rats, but they weren't in evidence. Even a scampering rat would have helped some.

"That's Dick," commented McGraw as he led us around to another and safer entrance to the stable,



The mule was long of ear and unspeakably sad of eye. McGraw patted his head affectionately. "This end of 'im's perfectly safe," he reassured us

"and I'll back him against any mule that ever dragged a tram. He'd sooner kick than eat."

We looked Dick over in the dim light from a safe distance and wondered about him. He wasn't a pretty mule. He was gray and shaggy and rawboned and nervous. You could tell that he was nervous by the way he twitched and switched his sparsely settled tail.

"Five years and a half," remarked McGraw, "since he came down here. And he ain't been above this level since."

HERE was food for thought. Five years and a half underground! Not a ray of sunshine! Never the sight of a blade of green grass! Only the drip, drip, drip of rusty water and the endless, hopeless slavery of tramcars! No night, no day, just a feeding time and a rest time that might as well start at midnight as at noon for all the difference it could make to Dick.

"Aren't you ever going to take him up?" I asked.

"When he's dead," answered McGraw, incidentally.

"Kicka lika da hell," interjected Tony, a Napoli tram boy who was acting as assistant guide.

"He sure does," assented McGraw, the observation volunteered by Tony appearing to awaken memories.

"That mule's a devil," he added; "he'd kick his grandmother. But he's the best workin' mule on the range. He never loafs on the job. He hasn't had the sick day nor the lame one since he came down. But I have, bad luck to him."

Mr. McGraw grew eloquent then. He recounted Dick's numerous exploits—how he had kicked the "straw boss" and broken the arm of "Roundhead Olsen."

"But 'twas their own fault," he apologized, "and when they wanted me to get rid o' Dick I told 'em to always come at him from in front and they'd save their bones and hides. He never bothers anybody who knows how to handle him. And say, if you was to be shut up here for five years wouldn't you like to kick a Swede?"

One has to admit that under those conditions it might give one great pleasure to kick a Swede or a Norwegian or one of any nationality. Only, it appears, not all of the mules in that particular mine had Dick's spirit nor his love of diversion. Dick was, unquestionably, "the kickin'est mule."

By threading a labyrinthine passage we got around to the bridle end of the mule and viewed him over the manger. He was long of ear and unspeakably sad of eye. McGraw patted him affectionately and fed him some oats, and the rest of us placed cautious hands on the shaggy head of old Dick, who seemed to appreciate the gingerly attentions.

"This end of 'im's perfectly safe," McGraw reassured us.

And then we went away and left the rusty water that drip-drip-dripped.

The great pumps down on the twelfth level pulsed and groaned as they lifted the iron slime up to the light. The sun was shining brightly when we got out of the "cage." It seemed as though it had been months since we saw that sun and the green of the trees and the flutter of the leaves.

IT HAD been unique—that trip through the mine. But I couldn't think of much except Dick, the mule, and the lonesomeness of him. Three times during the next few weeks I hunted up McGraw at the company's office and talked to him.

Once I ventured to suggest that old Dick be given an outing—that he be brought up on top of the ground and allowed to glimpse the day. This philanthropic suggestion caused McGraw to blink in wonder. Take that mule up in the cage! Run the risk of wrecking the mine!

McGraw grew facetious about it. He speculated on the troubles that Dick would inaugurate. His conclusion was that it would be next to suicidal to even attempt such folly.

"When he's dead," was the verdict.

IT WAS about the middle of June, and the day was bright with that startling brightness of the summer northland. The grass was green with the freshness of early spring and there was just enough tang in the air to remind one that he was not in a land of perpetual summer. McGraw sat on the doorstep of the main office, only a stone's throw from the entrance to the "big shaft." Over in the engine room there was the hum of wheels and the swish of belts and the rumble of cogs. Two dust-begrimed Finnish laborers stopped to ask the way to Hurley. A score of noisy, quarrelsome sparrows chattered in the bushes across the road.

McGraw opened the blade of his long knife and whittled at a piece of pine lath.

Suddenly, like the crack of a gun, came a yell from the engine house, accompanied by the clanging of bells and the rattle of chains.

"Ding-ding-ding—ding-ding," snapped the bells.

That's the danger signal. "Three and two" the miners call it. McGraw's knife clattered against the door as he flung it behind him in his leap toward the engine house. He slipped on the platform and fell headlong, but was up and running in a flash. Already the engineer had swung the levers that govern the "drums."

"Skips" and "cages"—the cars of the mine elevator system—were making express speed up and down.

MCGRAW listened at the mouth of the shaft, his face drawn and blanched, his hands clenched.

"My God!" he said with tense earnestness, "she's flooded."

It wasn't long, but it seemed a year before the first cage reached the surface. The pallor that threatened death brings was ill concealed by the reddish grime on the faces of those who tumbled from the crowded car. The "skip" brought another load and yet another.

Bruised, scared men gathered about the shaft and waited. Sobbing women (for the news that the mine

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was flooded had spread to the nearby hovels) came running from everywhere. Children cried and screamed. McGraw waved them back. Hoarsely he gave orders to the engineer. Profanely he directed a clerk to "check 'em up"—referring to the survivors. Brutally he yelled at the men to "get out o' th' way."

ANOTHER load of men came up in the "cage." Most of them were dripping wet. A dozen tried to talk at once and in many languages. Two Italians embraced and kissed fervently as they gained the earth's surface. A stoop-shouldered, battered Cornishman, a typical "Cousin Jack," staggered over in the direction of the office and fell prone upon the ground at my feet. His left arm doubled beneath him as he fell. It had been broken in the mad scramble for safety that took place down in the rusty dark when "three-and-two" sounded its awful warning. He had received other hurts. He died that night.

"There's eight more of 'em." It was the voice of the clerk who had been "checking 'em up."

"Put 'er down again!" shouted McGraw, and the cage went spinning toward the center of gravity to the accompaniment of clanking chains and groaning machinery. It all seemed to be straining toward the accomplishment of the impossible. Drums and cables and cogs and chains appeared to have taken on life. One could almost fancy the steel muscles of the links stretching and knobbing under the tense demand. One could imagine the ribbed projections on the big windlass to be blood-gorged veins.

For rigid ages no man spoke. The very sobbing of the women was stilled and the children stood back beyond the road and focused their wondering eyes on "Boss" McGraw.

I'll never forget one little dark-eyed, shriveled Neapolitan woman who knelt in the dust of the road and held a crucifix to her lips. Her "man" was among the eight. And yet she made no sound.

A little girl, flaxen-haired, wide-eyed, terrified, came running down the road. As she approached the mouth of the shaft she screamed. It was the scream of a wild thing wounded. She ran to McGraw and clutched his arm. His eyes, apparently, never rested on her. His arm shot out and she went sprawling in the wet dirt. Whimpering and dazed, she slunk back to the inner rim of the dumb and trembling circle.

THERE came a signal from below—the ting-a-ling of a bell and the big drum turned—oh! so slowly—and grumbled. The cables strained and slipped and then, faster and faster, coiled about the cylinder. The car came to the surface. There was another moment of even deeper silence and then a shout that must have reached the birch and tamarack forests that skirted the distant lake.

There were eight in the cage! Every man had been brought to the surface! To be sure, they were battered; most of them were exhausted; some were babbling after the manner of those bereft of reason. Hysterical rejoicing took the place of speechless sorrow. Men and women—brothers, wives, husbands, sisters, friends, and strangers—embraced and mingled tears and hosannas. It takes a pin-point escape from annihilation to bring forth all the latent sentiment in man to furnish the world with a glimpse of the universality of brotherhood.

And then the story came out. It was an old one—a blood-chilling repetition. The blast gang on one of the levels, halfway up the honeycombed interior of the earth, had struck a stream of water that rushed in and "drowned the pumps," filling up the lower levels and threatening to sweep out the staging above and cause a collapse that would ruin everything. We heard the disjointed accounts of it from excited groups of miners. Each man had his word to say.

Of course the financial loss would be great. It would take weeks to repair the damage. Vast workings were ruined. New pumping arrangements must be made and the water invasion repelled, if possible. Tramcars were, no doubt, smashed, rails torn up, and tons of valuable explosives rendered worthless. And the live stock! God, had no one thought of the mules? Who thinks of mules when men are dying?

THAT thought seemed to come to all of us at once. There was a lull in the clamor and I think a wave of pity swept over the assembled crowd. And then, over and above the roar of that subterranean flood, there came a sound that was unlike any sound I had ever heard before. Weird sounds have been described as resembling the wailings of lost souls. Maybe it was like (*Concluded on page 23*)

The Streak of Gold

By E. E. Moise

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

NEWS of the clash in "The Planters' Rest"—Red Dancy's place—spread swiftly as news of a crevasse in the levees at high water. It stirred up gossip and argument and here and there a quarrel, and the calm contentment of many a speckled hound dog was disturbed by "hot talk." If "Fighting Frank," lately the "star dep" on the sheriff's staff, was "Yaller Frank," it was sensational news—"astonishin', sir, astonishin'." Denied, reiterated, again denied and then affirmed, the news was finally admitted to be "gospel truth," and that in Natchez, too, across the river, before another sun had set. Men on horseback and in buggies carried it over the Parish of Concordia in Louisiana, and the County of Adams in Mississippi; and the steamboats picked it up and delivered it wherever they moored.

John Merritt got a highly colored version of the story from Liver-Lip Sam, Colonel Richard Caswell's "favorite nigger" and body servant, at the foot of the big spiral staircase in the St. Louis Hotel, later known as the Royal Hotel. Ignoring "that new-fangled contraption," the elevator, he ran up two flights and dashed into the Colonel's room. Merritt left the Colonel half an hour later, walking slowly, thinking deeply, and well flushed with cognac imported from the valley of the Charente in France. He had a suffocating constriction about his throat, cold sweat under the brim of his black sombrero, and a sickening sensation in his heart as it went down, down, down in his bosom. Not that he cared so much for Frank Mayo "personally," he told himself, but that "such an old friend of the family" should turn craven before "the Arkansaw blackguard." "None of my funeral," Merritt told himself for consolation—"none of my funeral."

MARDI GRAS, that multicolored day of maskers, pageants, and unbridled liberty, was never after any more than a mixed and hazy memory of cocktails, absinthe drips, and sloe gin rickeys to the meditative and embittered visitor from "Concordia Parish, sir." Rex and his glittering entourage of brilliant "floats" and the gleaming cavalcade of "Dukes of the Realm" were not within his notice. It took Merritt all forenoon and afternoon to work off the novelty of unaccustomed drinks and decide to go back home and lead an uprising against all immigrants from Arkansas. Captain McCawley of the *Belle of the Bends* found him in the early evening, a leather valise in each hand, arguing with an imaginary cab driver in front of the customhouse while the great Comus parade, with flaring lights and syncopating brass bands, wound its flashing way from St. Charles into Canal Street like an enormous glowworm. The Captain "hated to miss Comus," but he laboriously steered the unwieldy babbler to the Poydras Street landing and, having removed his boots, deposited him in the lower berth of a stateroom.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were hard days for John Merritt. The *Belle of the Bends*, fast as the best river craft, he elaborately cursed for slowness and rechristened the *Queen of the Scours*. The few passengers bored him. Captain McCawley's assurance, "There's nary a drop of yaller in thet boy," was no comfort—"Colonel Caswell was dead sure of his info'mation, sir." Argumentative analyses from the pilots could not efface the mental picture of Frank Mayo brooking insults and fleeing before Custer Larkin, "that Arkansaw blackguard," nor could coffee and brandy drown it out. Yet, he remembered, Deputy Sheriff Mayo had often made good his almost daily boast that he could "pull so slick and shoot so nice he didn't have to kill no man to stop him." Some half dozen or so of "bad ones" brought to the parish jail with broken arms and one dead river gambler, "too far off, boys, to take a chance on him," had been certain proof of the quick hand, sure eye, and dauntless nerve of "Fighting Frank."



"Pomp, what do you hear of Mr. Frank Mayo and Custer Larkin?" asked the young master when coffee was brought to his bedside early Sunday morning

"What's this stuff I hear of Frank Mayo and Custer Larkin?" Merritt asked Billy Quigg, Red Dancy's chief assistant, less than ten minutes after he came over the gangplank of the *Belle of the Bends*. "Colonel Dick Caswell's toting a line of talk that paints him yaller as a Dago's lemons."

BILLY QUIGG was the chief purveyor of news in a countryside that read little more than the cotton column in the Natchez "Democrat." Billy Quigg catered to a quick-tempered and sensitive clientele, and he had an acceptable way with him. Therefore Billy had never been "mixed into any ructions" and was "everybody's friend."

"Well, sir," said Billy, after Merritt had set down his liquor glass and sipped some seltzer water, "I ain't got no theories to account for it and nothin' to say 'cept how it happened. Both of 'em has been pretty square white men so far's they've ever had any dealin's with me.

"Holdin' to the strict facts, eggs-ackly as they have got to my knowledge, Frank Mayo comes in here the same night as you boarded the Cairo packet in the mornin' for New Orleens. He was expectin' to ketch the ferry and stay with the Widow Scott in Natchez, plannin' to ride her back to the Black River country next mornin', and—"

"Slough out the details," Merritt interrupted with a gesture toward the bottles.

"Yes, sirree," responded Billy. "Ten-year liquor, ev'ry drop.

"Well, sir, the ferry had done tied up for the night, and the weather bein' a bit nippy the skiffers wasn't out. Frank Mayo puts up his hoss and buggy at the liv'ry stable and saunters into here. Tiger Hopkins and him swaps yarns for a while and then Tiger goes on up to the jail. Then Custer Larkin comes in and asks Frank Mayo to join him. Frank Mayo turns down Custer Larkin's hospitality, sayin' he ain't done no drinkin' nigh a year. That's facts, Mr. Jack, he's quit, as ev'rybody knows. He—"

"Those Scott ladies is very dominatin' people," Merritt snapped, a vaguely reminiscent gleam smoldering in his reddened eyes. "Miss Lucy's got Frank under hack."

"AS TO that, I don't say," returned the judicious bartender in a tone that dismissed the subject of the Scott ladies. "I don't know nothin' about his fam'ly affairs.

"Frank Mayo sits by the winder over there for quite a spell. He was just goin' to look up a bed somewheres when Ross Buckley comes in. Him and Ross Buckley talks crops and levees and bear huntin' and old times, and pretty soon Frank Mayo forgets he's married and joins Ross Buckley.

"Well, sir, just as them glasses hit together, Custer Larkin comes to the door and tells the nigger to trot

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out some La Flor de Creole segars. Seems Ross Buckley's overseer hired Custer Larkin's three best cotton pickers last crop and he was kinder grouched. Custer Larkin tarried there in the door, lookin' at 'em, and I could see by his face he wasn't tickled at Frank Mayo's refusin' his hospital'ty and then joinin' Ross Buckley.

"After a spell, Frank Mayo and Ross Buckley goes back and sits in with Custer Larkin and two mule sellers from M'souri. I ain't a goin' to stretch m'self disputin' that Custer Larkin was tol'rable drunk. I seen the way he kep' Nigger Jim totin' the stuff back to—

"Yes, sirree. Ten-year liquor, ev'ry drop. Glad you like it.

"Accordin' to that pox-marked mule man—name o' Fitz somethin'—I ain't met him offen—'long erbout four hands after he started, Frank Mayo lays a card face down, goin' to show he'd broke the pair he opened the pot with. The Fitz feller had it after the ruction was over that Frank Mayo breaks a pair of jacks, holdin' the jack, deuce, tray, and queen of hearts. He gets the ace of spades, a bluff goes, seein' he drawed only one card, and there's nigh to a hundred up when Custer Larkin calls.

"ROSS BUCKLEY and the mule fellers had dropped out and the pox-marked mule man, bein' next dealer, brushed all the cards together. Bein' moderate drunk, maybe he's excus'ble, but he didn't have no right snatchin' a card so close to Frank Mayo. Anyhow, Frank Mayo's hand don't show no open'rs and the hand begins to play.

"Accordin' to the mule feller, Custer Larkin jumps up, slips a hand to his gun and slaps his cards in Frank Mayo's face. The first I hear myself was Custer Larkin yellin' and cursin' like a insane Sioux. The pox-marked mule feller said Frank Mayo acted kinder queer. First he—"

"Queer?" ejaculated Merritt. "Kind of queer! That's a soft way to speak it. Gi' me a Flor de Creole."

"'Queer' was e g s - a c k l y what he said," retorted the precise historian, "and describin' it as he done, Frank Mayo gives Custer Larkin a squintin' look fierce as wildcats and jerk'd his hand t'ards his chest and then, all-uv-er sudden—quicker'n you could bat an eye—he turns whiter'n milk and shoots both arms up. The crowd had done slipped outer winders and run in the kitchen, not carin' to witness in case there was litigatin' comin'. The mule fellers got under the table just as Ross Buckley started at Larkin.

"THEN the ruction got where I seen it myself. Ross Buckley comes backin' into here, Frank Mayo holdin' his arms and forcin' him through the door. He's got a power in the grip like the jam of a cotton press. Custer Larkin was still hollerin' and I heard him scrapin' the silver off the table. I've heard some pretty strong names called in my day, Mr. Jack—thirty years tendin' bar from St. Louee to New Orleens—but them Arkansaw cursin' names of Custer Larkin's beats 'em all out easy.

"Ross Buckley was pleadin' for Frank Mayo not to be no coward, and Frank Mayo kep' a answerin' he couldn't afford to make no fight. Just then the sheriff comes gallopin' in, and hearin' Custer Larkin cursin' and comin' this way, he dances 'cross the floor, smooth and quiet footed as a cat, and squats down 'longside the door. I never seen a man in my life quicker'n Tiger Hopkins at gettin' the heft of a scrimmage Custer Larkin comes wobblin' out and the sheriff goes up like a strikin' snake, grabs his gun and cracks that big, bony fist of his'n on the jaw. The gun cuts loose, borin' a hole in the ceilin', and Custer Larkin goes to sleep. When that gun fired, Mr. Jack—I seen it myself—Frank Mayo turns and runs—yes, sirree, runs—like a swipe of lightnin'—and Ross Buckley stands kinder dazed and then walks out—"

"Was Frank Mayo heeled? Are you sure he was heeled?"

"As to that, I don't say," replied the cautious Quigg, "but the mule man said he seen a pearl-handled forty-four under his left arm when his coat spread from shovin' his arms high in the air. And next mornin' he goes by with the Widow Scott and I seen a Winchester sittin' up between 'em. He was drivin' a two-thirty gait passin' here, and, calculatin' from the distance, I'd say the Widow Scott was givin' some hot talk."

"D'ye think he's turned yaller?" Merritt asked in a subdued tone of complete disappointment, but with a vague hope that Billy Quigg would answer in the negative. "Gi' me a drink."

QUIGG held his reply until Merritt swallowed the drink, for the bartender loved to watch him do it; intently eying the full glass of scalding liquor until it reached his lips, he jerked back his head, opened his mouth, and took it into his stomach with one caressing undulation of a large and weather-beaten Adam's apple. This was followed by a few delicate and sparing sips of seltzer water. Seltzer water, he frequently declared, contained minute particles of the carbonating marble dust used to "put the zip in it," and these particles were dangerous enemies to the human system.

"As to that, I don't say," Quigg went on at last, "havin' no opinion or thought at all. But I remember, once upon a time, how Tiger Hopkins's brother Sam let a carpetbagger Yankee pass insults in the billiard parlor at the St. Charles Hotel. A year after—up to Vicksburg—he stuck a Spanish knife clean to the gizzards of the fool. I seen it done. And I remember, once upon a time, how—"

"Ah, shucks, Billy, I know all about them historic postponements. Where's Ross Buckley?"

"Down to Pointe Coupée Parish on the levee contracts. He allows he's comin' up the river in four weeks or so."

BILLY QUIGG glanced toward the street and smiled. "Please, suh, Mr. Jack, please, suh," sounded a quavering, scared voice from the sidewalk—"please, suh, have mercy on a po' ole nigger, but Miss Josie say it sho' is powerful late, suh, Mr. Jack."

Old Mrs. Josephine Merritt, "Miss Josie," was the only person whom the sole surviving heir to the whilom glorious Merritt Hall Plantation ever felt constrained to obey. Had he always felt so constrained, he would not have been called "a first-class drinking man."

"Where's all the gay dogs to-night?" Merritt asked, ignoring the voice.

"Leg show at the Natchez op'ra house, dog fight over to Bud Hopkins's, and coon huntin'," detailed Quigg. The plaintive wail outside was repeated.

"Come in!" yelled Merritt, waving an arm eccentrically to express extreme irritation. "Come in, nigger!"

A black Goliath, older looking than the mummy of Rameses the Great, stepped trembling through the door, one quivering hand holding a rather new felt hat furtively against his shiny frock coat, the other timidly defending his gray wool. This was Uncle Pompey.

Uncle Pompey smiled and ceased trembling. Mr. Jack was just a little too drunk to make trouble, too drunk to recognize the hat.

"I done got yo' verlises at de landin' house," said Uncle Pompey as he tenderly assisted the young master into the buggy.

"Pomp, how'd mother know I'm back?" Merritt asked as he settled in the seat.

"De Cap'n uv de *Belle uv de Bends* giv' a nigger a quarter an' he brung word."

MERRITT HALL was kept quiet Saturday during the young master's indisposition. He almost persuaded himself that it resulted from "too much greasy Creole cooking in New Orleans."

"Pomp, what do you hear of Mr. Frank Mayo and Custer Larkin?" he asked when black coffee was brought to his bedside early Sunday morning.

"Lawd, Mr. Jack," responded Uncle Pompey with a chuckle, "dat harum-scarum tale is jes a passel o' lies outer de whole cloth. I ain't heard no white folks mention on it, but one uv dem dirty niggers off de Larkin place tol' me a whopper 'bout Mr. Custer Larkin callin' Mr. Frank a card sharper and gettin' off wid a whole skin. I jes bash de black skunk on de haid and sen' him hollerin'. Lawd, Mr. Jack, please, suh, Mr. Frank—"

"Mother's calling you," Merritt interrupted, and Uncle Pompey shuffled out, his shoulders heaving in pleasurable memory of the black skunk's sufferings.

"Have you heard of the—er—er—incident concerning Frank?" he asked his mother, at breakfast, in a tone suggesting a desire to discuss the subject rather than an inquiry.

"Certainly," she replied with a touch of acidity, "and I give him my entire approval for everything but gambling with such as Custer Larkin. The boy has more sense than most of you. Why should he risk his life, and perhaps Lucy's—"

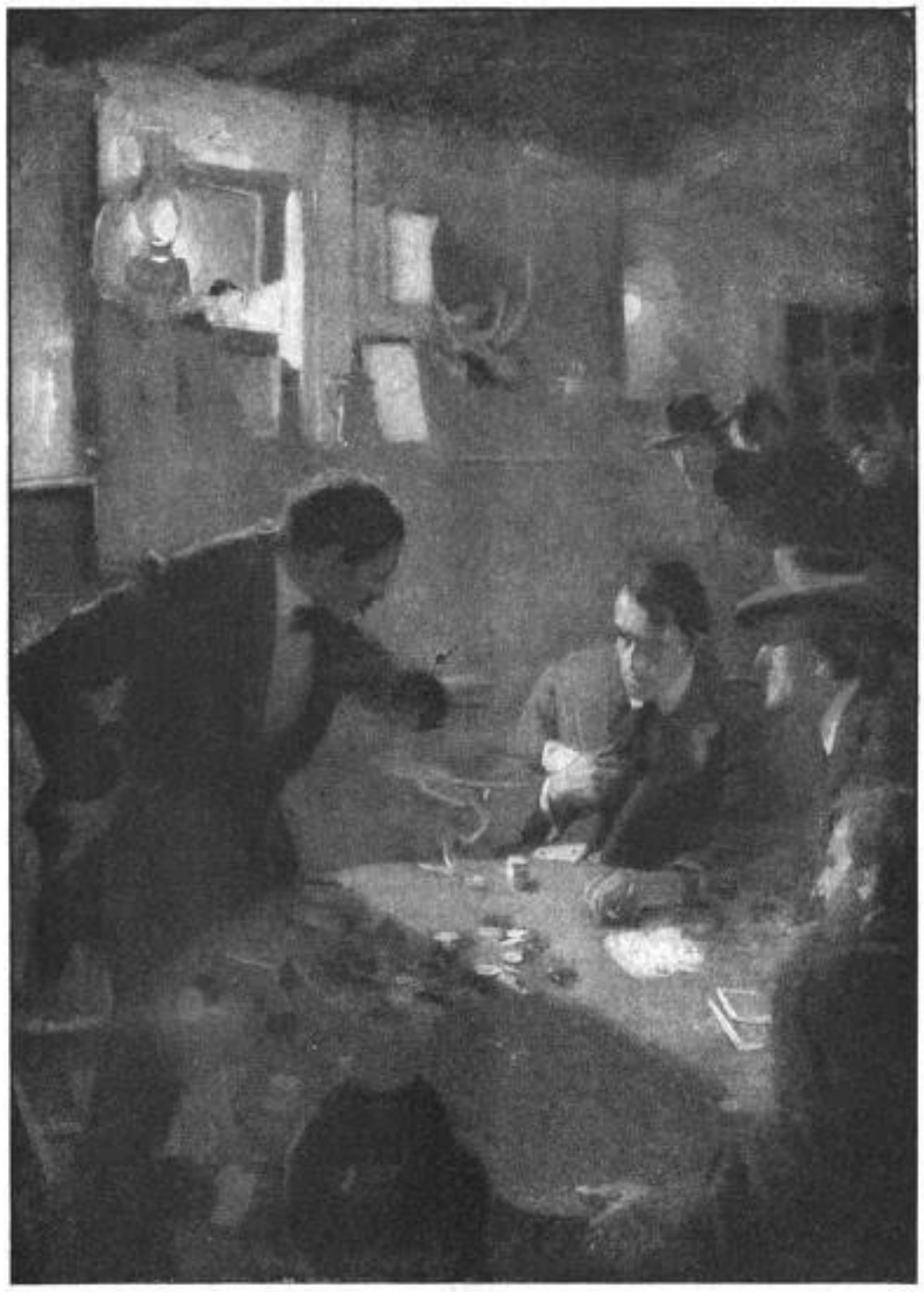
"He got his sense too sudden to suit me!" Merritt blurted out, too soon to catch his mother's last words. "Pass the flapjacks, Pomp! Come on, Pomp, pass the sirup!"

MRS. MERRITT spoke no more of the "incident." She reflected that if her son knew what she knew, he might construe it as she did; and then he might take up a quarrel with Custer Larkin himself—she shuddered; he had left Arkansas after killing two men in open fight with all the odds against him. Later, when her son had left the dining room, the little parentheses of a faint smile played about the corners of her expressive lips.

John Merritt spent the following month working from dawn to dark, directing his plowmen with appropriate oaths, cursing the sloth of the singing negroes who cleared the ditches, overseeing repairs to the gin, and otherwise devoting his strength to the thousand and one details of the factory system applied to agriculture for the production of cotton with black labor. His one most frequent thought was: "None of my funeral."

It did not occur to him to write to Frank Mayo; he was "not much of a literary feller" and his mother penned all business correspondence for his signature. The few friends who came on Sundays to shoot partridges, rabbits, and squirrels felt constrained to maintain a courteous reticence on the subject until Merritt spoke of it, and Merritt said nothing. Then the time came when he went to Natchez "to arrange for a couple of thousands" with Colonel Richard Caswell.

Jefferson Davis, "the finest saddle horse in these parts," had hardly borne his erect rider around the turn where the rim of the rising sun topped the levee when Mrs. Merritt unfeelingly ordered the protesting Uncle Pompey to hitch Old Judy to the buggy and deliver a basket, securely tied against curious fingers, to Mrs. Scott at Mr. (*Continued on page 33*)



"Custer Larkin was still hollerin' and I heard him scrapin' the silver off the table. Them Arkansaw cursin' names of his beats 'em all"

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Bealby

Chapter VIII
Love Demoralizes the Captain

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NOT only were the first and second strands in the composition of Captain Douglas in conflict with all his appearances and pretensions, but they were also in conflict with one another. He was full of that concealed resolve to do and serve and accomplish great things in the world. That was surely purpose enough to hide behind an easy-going, unpretending gentlemanliness. But he was also tremendously attracted by Madeleine Phillips, more particularly when she was not there.

A beautiful woman may be the inspiration of a great career. This, however, he was beginning to find was not the case with himself. He had believed it at first and written as much and said as much, and said it very variously and gracefully. But becoming more and more distinctly clear to his intelligence was the fact that the very reverse was the case. Miss Madeleine Phillips was making it very manifest to Captain Douglas that she herself was a career; that a lover with any other career in view need not—as the advertisements say—apply.

And the time she took up!

The distress of being with her!

And the distress of *not* being with her!

SHE was such a proud and lovely and entrancing and distressing being to remember, and such a vain and difficult thing to be with.

She knew clearly that she was made for love, for she had made herself for love, and she went through life like its empress with all mankind and numerous women at her feet. And she had an ideal of the lover who should win her which was like an oleographic copy of a Lazlos portrait of Douglas greatly magnified. He was to rise rapidly to great things, he was to be a conqueror and administrator, while attending exclusively to her. And incidentally she would gather desperate homage from all other men of mark, and these attentions would be an added glory to her love for him. At first Captain Douglas had been quite prepared to satisfy all these requirements. He had met her at Shorncliffe, for her people were quite good military people, and he had worshiped his way straight to her feet. He had made the most delightfully simple and delicate love to her. He had given up his secret vice of thinking for the writing of quite surprisingly clever love letters, and the little white paper models had ceased for a time to flutter in lonely places. And then the thought of his career returned to him from a new aspect, as something he might lay at her feet. And once it had returned to him it remained with him.

"Some day," he said, "and it may not be so very long, some of those scientific chaps will invent flying. Then the army will have to take it up, you know."

"I should *love*," she said, "to soar through the air."

HE TALKED one day of going on active service. How would it affect them if he had to do so? It was a necessary part of a soldier's lot.

"But I should come, too!" she said. "I should come with you."

"It might not be altogether convenient," he said, for already he had learned that Madeleine Phillips usually traveled with quite a large number of trunks and considerable impressiveness.

"Of course," she said, "it would be splendid! How could I let you go alone? You would be the great general and I should be with you always."

"Not always very comfortable," he suggested.

"Silly boy!—I shouldn't mind *that!* How little you know me! Any hardship!"

"A woman—if she isn't a nurse—"

"I should come dressed as a man. I would be your groom. . . ."

He tried to think of her dressed as a man, but nothing on earth could get his imagination any further than a vision of her dressed as a Principal Boy. She was so delightfully and valiantly not virile; her hair would have flowed, her body would have moved, a richly fluent femininity—visible through any disguise.

THAT was in the opening stage of the controversy between their careers. In those days they were both acutely in love with each other. Their friends thought the spectacle quite beautiful; they went together so well. Admirers, fluttered with the pride of participation, asked them for week-ends together; those theatrical week-ends that begin on Sunday morning and end on Monday afternoon. She confided widely.

And when at last there was something like a rupture it became the concern of a large circle of friends.

The particulars of the breach were differently stated. It would seem that looking ahead he had announced his intention of seeing the French army maneuvers just when it seemed probable that she would be out of an engagement.

"But I ought to see what they are doing," he said. "They're going to try those new dirigibles."

Then should she come?

He wanted to whisk about. It wouldn't be any fun for her. They might get landed at nightfall in any old hole. And besides people would talk—especially as it was in France. One could do unconventional things in England that one couldn't in France. Atmosphere was different.

For a time after that halting explanation she maintained a silence. Then she spoke in a voice of deep feeling. She perceived, she said, that he wanted his freedom. She would be the last person to hold a reluctant lover to her side. He might go—to *any* maneuvers. He might go, if he wished, round the world. He might go away from her forever. She would not detain him, cripple him, hamper a career she had once been assured she inspired. . . .

THE unfortunate man, torn between his love and his profession, protested that he hadn't meant *that*.

Then what *had* he meant?

He realized he had meant something remarkably like it and he found great difficulty in expressing these fine distinctions. . . .

She banished him from her presence for a month, said he might go to his maneuvers—with her blessing. As for herself, that was her own affair. Some day perhaps he might know more of the heart of a woman. . . . She choked back tears—very beautifully, and military science suddenly became a trivial matter. But she was firm. He wanted to go. He must go. For a month anyhow. He went sadly. . . .

Into this opening breach rushed friends. It was the inestimable triumph of Judy Bowles to get there first. To begin with, Madeleine confided in her and then, availing herself of the privilege of a distant cousinship she commanded Douglas to tea in her Knightsbridge flat and had a good straight talk with him. She liked good straight talks with honest young men about their love affairs; it was almost the only form of flirtation that the Professor, who was a fierce, tough, undiscriminating man upon the essentials of matrimony, permitted her. And there was something peculiarly gratifying about Douglas's complexion. Under her guidance he was induced to declare that he could not live without Madeleine, that her love was the heart of his life, without it he was nothing and with it he could conquer the world. . . . Judy permitted herself great protestations on behalf of Madeleine, and Douglas was worked up to the pitch of kissing her intervening hand. He had little silvery hairs, she saw, all over his temples. And he was such a simple, perplexed dear. It was a rich, deep, beautiful afternoon for Judy.

AND then, in a very obvious way, Judy, who was already deeply in love with the idea of a caravan tour and the "wind on the heath" and the "gypsy life" and the "open road" and all the rest of it, worked this charming little love difficulty into her scheme, utilized her reluctant husband to arrange for the coming of Douglas, confided in Mrs. Geedge. . . .

And Douglas went off with his perplexities. He gave up all thought of France, week-ended at Shonts instead, to his own grave injury, returned to London unexpectedly by a Sunday train, packed for France and started. He reached Rheims on Monday afternoon. And then the image of Madeleine, which always became more beautiful and mysterious and commanding with every mile he put between them, would not let him go on. He made unconvincing excuses to the "Daily Excess" military expert with whom he was to have seen things—"There's a woman in it, my boy, and you're a fool to go," said the "Daily Excess" man, "but of course you'll go, and I for one don't blame you." He hurried back to London and was at Judy's trysting place even as Judy had anticipated.

And when he saw Madeleine standing in the sunlight, pleased and proud and glorious with a smile in her eyes and trembling on her lips, with a strand or so of her beautiful hair and a streamer or so of delightful blue fluttering in the wind about her gracious form, it seemed to him for the moment that leaving the maneuvers and coming back to England was quite a right and almost a magnificent thing to do. . . .

This meeting was no exception to their other meetings.

The coming to her was a crescendo of poetical desire, the sight of her a climax and then—an accumulation of irritations.

He had thought being with her would be pure delight, and as they went over the down straying after the Bowles and the Geeiges toward the Redlake Hotel, he already found himself rather urgently asking her to marry him and being annoyed by what he regarded as her evasiveness.

HE WALKED along with the restrained movement of a decent Englishman, he seemed as it were to gesticulate only through his clenched teeth, and she floated beside him, in a wonderful blue dress that with a wonderful foresight she had planned for breezy uplands on the basis of Botticelli's "Primavera." He was urging her to marry him soon; he needed her, he could not live in peace without her. It was not at all what he had come to say; he could not recollect that he had come to say anything, but now that he was with her it was the only thing he could find to say to her. "But, my dearest boy," she said, "how are we to marry? What is to become of *your* career and *my* career?"

"I've *left* my career!" cried Captain Douglas with the first clear note of irritation in his voice.

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"Oh! don't let us quarrel," she cried. "Don't let us talk of all those *distant* things. Let us be happy. Let us enjoy just this lovely day and the sunshine and the freshness and the beauty. . . . Because you know we are snatching these days. We have so few days together. Each—each must be a gem. . . . Look, dear, how the breeze sweeps through these tall, dry stems that stick up everywhere—low, broad ripples."

SHE was a perfect work of art, abolishing time and obligations.

For a time they walked in silence. Then Captain Douglas said: "All very well—beauty and all that—but a fellow likes to know where he is."

She did not answer immediately, and then she said: "I believe you are angry because you have come away from France."

"Not a bit of it," said the Captain stoutly. "I'd come away from anywhere to be with you."

"I wonder—" she said.

"Well—haven't I?"

"I wonder if you ever are with me. . . . Oh!—I know you *want* me. I know you desire me. But the real thing, the happiness—love. What is anything to love—anything at all?"

In this strain they continued until their footsteps led them through the shelter of a group of beeches. And there the gallant Captain sought expression in deeds. He kissed her hands, he sought her lips. She resisted softly. "No," she said, "only if you love me with all your heart." Then suddenly, wonderfully, conqueringly, she yielded him her lips.

"Oh!" she sighed presently, "if only you understood." And leaving speech at that enigma she kissed again. . . .

But you see now how difficult it was under these mystically loving conditions to introduce the idea of a prompt examination and dispatch of Bealby. Already these days were consecrated. . . . And then you see Bealby vanished—going seaward. . . .

EVEN the crash of the caravan disaster did little to change the atmosphere. In spite of a certain energetic quality in the Professor's direction of the situation—he was a little embittered because his thumb was sprained and his knee bruised rather badly and he had a slight abrasion over one ear and William had bitten his calf—the general disposition was to treat the affair hilariously. Nobody seemed really hurt except William—the Professor was not so much hurt as annoyed—and William's injuries though striking were all superficial, a sprained jaw and grazes and bruises and little things like that; everybody was heartened up to the idea of damages to be paid for; and neither the internal injuries to the caravan nor the hawker's estimate of his stock in trade proved to be as great as one might reasonably have expected. Before sunset the caravan was safely housed in the Winthorpe-Sutbury public house, William had found a congenial corner in the bar parlor where his account of an inside view of the catastrophe and his views upon Professor Bowles were much appreciated, the hawker had made a bit extra by carting all the luggage to the Redlake Royal Hotel and the caravanners and their menfolk had loitered harmoniously back to this refuge. Madeleine had walked along the road beside Captain Douglas and his motor bicycle, which he had picked up at the now desolate encampment.

"It only remains," she said, "for that thing to get broken."

"But I may want it," he said.

"No," she said. "Heaven has poured us together and now He has smashed the vessels. At least He has smashed one of the vessels. And look!—like a great shield there is the moon. The Harvest Moon, isn't it?"

"No," said the Captain with his poetry running away with him. "It's the Lovers' Moon."

"It's like a benediction rising over our meeting."

And it was certainly far too much like a benediction for the Captain to talk about Bealby.

That night was a perfect night for lovers, a night flooded with a kindly radiance, so that the warm mystery of the center of life seemed to lurk in every shadow and hearts throbbed instead of beating and eyes were stars. After dinner everyone found wraps and slipped out into the moonlight; the Geedges vanished like moths; the Professor made no secret that Judy was transfigured for him. Night works these miracles. The only other visitors there, a brace of couples, resorted to the boats upon the little lake.

Two enormous waiters removing the coffee cups from the small tables upon the veranda heard Madeleine's beautiful voice for a little while and then it was stilled. . . .

THE morning found Captain Douglas in a state of reaction. He was anxious to explain quite clearly to Madeleine just how necessary it was that he should go in search of Bealby forthwith. He was beginning to realize now just what a chance in the form of Bealby had slipped through his fingers. He had dropped Bealby and now the thing to do was to pick up Bealby again before he was altogether lost. Her professional life unfortunately had given Miss Philips the habit of never rising before midday, and the Captain had to pass the time as well as he could until the opportunity for his explanation came.

A fellow couldn't go off without an explanation. . . .

He passed the time with Professor Bowles upon the golf links.

The Professor was a first-rate player and an unselfish one; he wanted all other players to be as good as himself. He would spare no pains to make them so. If he saw them committing any of the many errors into which golfers fall he would tell them of it and tell them why it was an error and insist upon showing them just how to avoid it in future. He would point out any want of judgment, and not confine himself as so many professional golf teachers do merely to the stroke.

After a time he found it necessary to hint to the Captain that nowadays a military man must accustom himself to self-control. The Captain kept Pishing and Tushing and presently it was only too evident swearing softly; his play got jerky, his strokes were forcible without any real strength, once he missed the globe altogether, and several times he sliced badly. The eyes under his light eyelashes were wicked little things.

He remembered that he had always detested golf.

And the Professor. He had always detested the Professor. And his caddie; at least he would have always detested his caddie if he had known him long enough. His caddie was one of those maddening boys with no expression at all. It didn't matter what he did or failed to do, there was the silly idiot with his stuffed face unmoved. Really, of course, overjoyed—but apparently unmoved. . . .

"Why did I play it that way?" the Captain repeated. "Oh! because I like to play it that way."

"*Well*," said the Professor. "It isn't a recognized way anyhow. . . ."

Then came a moment of evil pleasures.

HE'D sliced. Old Bowles had sliced. For once in a while he'd muffed something. Always teaching others and he was slicing! Why, sometimes the Captain didn't slice!" . . .

He'd get out of that neatly enough. Luck! He'd get the hole yet. What a bore it all was! . . .

Why couldn't Madeleine get up at a decent hour to see a fellow? Why must she lie in bed when she wasn't acting? If she had got up, all this wouldn't have happened. The shame of it! Here he was, an able-bodied capable man in the prime of life and the morning of a day playing this blockhead's game—!

Yes—blockhead's game!

"You play the like," said the Professor.

"*Rather*," said the Captain and addressed himself to his stroke.

"That's not your ball," said the Professor.

"Similar position," said the Captain.

"You know you might *win* this hole," said the Professor.

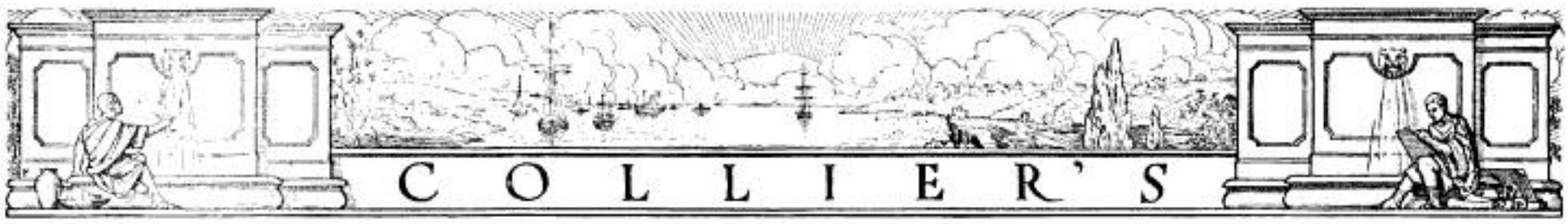
"Who cares?" said the Captain under his breath and putted extravagantly.

"That saves me," said the Professor, and went down from a distance of twelve yards. (*Concluded on page 32*)



The Professor made sounds of friendly encouragement. But the Captain was going—going. He was on all fours, he scrabbled handfuls of prickly gorse, of wet sand. His feet, his ankles, his calves slid into the pond

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Democracy and the Bogy Man

FARMERS HAVE VOTES and use farming implements. It follows that politicians can bid for the votes by attacking any large corporation which makes the implements. Therefore it is that for years past many Democratic candidates have been assailing the Harvester Trust and promising to smash it. This procedure is much more useful down South than attacking peonage or child labor, and it fits in very nicely with the underlying Democratic campaign doctrine that a big business enterprise located in some other State is quite necessarily crooked and oppressive. This buncombe is so thoroughly engrained in the Democratic consciousness that even President WILSON exhibited a streak of it in that curious letter wherein he spoke of Mr. JONES as joining the Harvester Company "to reform it"—a mistake which the nominee himself speedily corrected. The plain truth is that nearly all of the present Congressional leaders of the Democratic party have for years been participating in and profiting by a sham agitation of the trust problem, an agitation based on what President WILSON very justly described as "discriminations against particular classes of men." This was all very well so long as these statesmen were merely a critical minority, but the test came when they attained power and had to work constructively. The Jones incident seems to show that they have not the moral courage to follow the President, but feel compelled to keep up their old reliable campaign cries. This does not endanger very much the Wilson ascendancy over Congress, and the President has probably strengthened himself by sharply calling attention to the pernicious smallness of the opposition; but it does endanger the usefulness of the Democratic party to this country. Above all, it threatens to delay for partisan political advantage the establishment of social justice in the United States. The peanut jugglers may or may not reap the consequences of their folly at the polls, but the worst of it is that we must, for some years at least, rely for fundamental statesmanship upon a party insincerely holding a sham creed.

The Localization of Virtue

OUR FRIENDS in various parts of the United States are hereby asked, apropos of the New Haven, Rock Island, Frisco, and other business troubles, to remember that honesty and success are personal, not geographical. The chances are that more money has been sunk in fraudulent mining stock of the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain regions than in any two railroad embarrassments. The old Union Pacific-Credit Mobilier and star-route mail frauds of the seventies were worse than any financial scandals of to-day because the Government was directly involved. The greatest suffering and loss of all were probably caused by the untimely boom settlement of the dry lands of the western Kansas region in the later eighties and early nineties. Wall Street does not blow all the bubbles.

The Pension Scandal

ON PAGE 4 of Form 1040, "Return of Annual Net Income of Individuals," issued by the United States Internal Revenue Bureau, Instruction No. 16 specifies that: "United States pensions shall be included as income." Please remember that this form will not be used by anyone having less than $250 per month, about three times the earnings of the average American family. Form 1040 is defective in that any pensions grafted by these people will be buried among other items. Yet, apparently, the Bureau of Internal Revenue believes, officially, that we are paying pensions to those to whom a pension should be a shame and a disgrace. The Pension Bureau at Washington should consider Instruction No. 16 rather carefully.

Women and the State Constitution

AN EFFORT is now making to have women seated as delegates to the New York Constitutional Convention, which will assemble in 1915 to revise the Constitution of that State. The argument so far proceeds by showing in detail that "there is no legal objection to the nomination and election of women either as delegates at large or as delegates representing a Senate district." This is probably very true, but it is not very important. The broad facts are that the State Constitution is the fundamental law for the great body of our rights and procedures—as is proved by the merest glance at such matters as the family, property and taxation, police, poor relief, health, education, and others. Women are vitally and personally interested in these matters as individuals, and all are taking a very active part in many of these lines of administration. A State constitutional convention which did not enlist the experience and knowledge of the women now employed in education, poor relief, correction, immigration and labor regulation, and so on, would be a foolishly lopsided body. The legal fact of eligibility is a preliminary question only. As BRYCE has truly said:

> Law was meant to be the servant of politics, and must not be suffered to become the master.

The important thing is to make the proposed Constitutional Convention truly representative of the forces of the State. More progressive communities will watch New York with some interest to see if that State knows what is really going on within its borders. If it does, women will help in the work of revising the Constitution.

An American Abroad

WE BELIEVE that even those persons who are hostile to Mr. ROOSEVELT's political activities can sink their political prejudices long enough to take pride in the fact that an American citizen who has recently visited England was talked about in these words, which are from the London "Daily Mail":

> To those who have seen him in the last few days he has seemed, if anything, a shade more Rooseveltian, and therefore a shade more enthralling, than ever. His Brazilian experiences have thinned him somewhat, but he looks all the better for it. . . . To-day finds him as fit and muscular as ever, the very incarnation of physical force and intensity. And in other ways, too, he is just the same, and perhaps a little more so. The old confidence and dogmatism and masterfulness still stamp every word and gesture. He seems as time goes on to accumulate vitality instead of losing it. There is the same challenging rush into the theme of the moment, the same urgent impulsive self-expression. His talk, flexible, animated, profuse, and unhesitating, has to-day, as it has always had, something of the volume and vehemence, something also of the prismatic play, of Niagara itself. He still snatches from every hour of life sixty brimming minutes of emotion, work, and play. Everything about him bespeaks a man armed, gleeful, voluble, and dominant, full of the joy of life and conflict, and allowing everyone around him to see that he is having, in his own historic phrase, "a perfectly corking time." . . .

And these, from the "Pall Mall Gazette":

> Mr. ROOSEVELT's visits are so refreshing that the shortness of his present stay is truly regrettable. The interests of life touch him at so many points as to make his political connections seem a mere detail. Compared with him, GLADSTONE, who was once regarded as encyclopedic, appears limited and professional. Few statesmen give such a convincing impression that they really care for the big things in human development and the world's destiny.

More About Tainted News

THE POCAHONTAS (W.VA.) "TIMES" reprints in full a COLLIER'S editorial, entitled "A Real Case of Tainted News." This editorial referred to plate matter distributed by the Western Newspaper Union, that has received about $42,000 a year from the Canadian Government to print in American country papers glowing tales of how American farmers can make the Canadian prairie blossom as the rose. "It would be interesting to know something about the other persons, corporations, associations, or firms," ran our editorial, "who exploit themselves through the Western Newspaper Union." The West Virginia newspaper enlightens us upon this general subject.

> Some days before the above editorial appeared in COLLIER'S [says the "Times" editor] there was sent to the publishers of country newspapers a package containing a column of closely set "boiler-plate" matter, entitled "Home Rule Parade." It purported to be an account of a big mass meeting in Cincinnati, protesting against the temperance movement. BARTHOLDT was the speaker. He is the Congressman who clings to his liquor with all the tenacity that a man who is lowering himself into a dark pit clings to a rope. . . . With the plate and the proof was a statement by the news company sending it out that the plate was sent free of charge upon the request of the American Liquor Dealers' Association.

We thank our friends in West Virginia for this information. It was to be expected that the whisky boosters would take full advantage of surreptitious ways of influencing public opinion. Who knows of other interests that exploit themselves through amenable newspaper syndicates?

A New Drink

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S seventy-fifth birthday was not remarkable for anything in particular save the New York "Sun's" discovery that the guests at luncheon were refreshed with "ice cold milk fresh from the cow." We refer to the matter at this late date because it seems to have been overlooked by the Department of Agriculture in spite of the arid need for such animals in our great (and hot) Southwest.

Immigration Tests

ILLITERACY and its rapid increase through immigration is costing the United States $500,000,000 a year, according to P. P. CLAXTON, United States Commissioner of Education. How this figure is arrived

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

at we certainly do not know. But it revives the question of literacy as a test for immigrants who reach our gates. In literacy one finds proof of some sort of intelligence, although the question, *How does he use his ability to read?* is more important perhaps than the question, *Can he read?* "Will he learn to read?" is perhaps more important than either. *Have we the agencies for teaching him to read?* is greater still. It is of small consequence that an immigrant cannot read if he has the ability to learn and we possess the effective agencies for teaching him. Perhaps he would be a better American citizen if he came unlettered and we kindly took him in and taught him, but we do not ordinarily do this. The muslin-goods plant of D. E. Sicher & Co., New York, seems to have the right idea. They have established a school for the immigrant women in their employ, and one day last June forty Polish, Italian, and Russian girls, most of whom could not speak a word of English a few months ago, were given as diplomas the New York Board of Education's certificate of literacy. Since October these girls had been attending classes in the factory, receiving the same pay meanwhile as if they had been at work in the shop. "The purposes of this movement," the employers say, "are to eliminate the 10 per cent of illiteracy among our foreign workers, . . . reducing the friction caused by failure to comprehend directions, and to decrease the waste and loss of wage incidental to the illiterate worker. *We find that the workers who have been trained in this school have gained from 20 to 70 per cent in efficiency.*" After all, there are two kinds of immigration tests: the test of the newcomer and the test of ourselves, and the uses we make of this new human material.

Be Reasonable!

"WHAT SHALL WE DO with the Drunkard?" is the title of an editorial in one Boston newspaper. The real question is: What shall we do to prevent drunkard making? A full-fledged victim of the whisky habit may, of course, be rescued and restored to health; but prevention is always more important than cure. There are too many saloons and too much whisky is drunk in them. The public must be educated into the full realization of what the drink tax on health, efficiency, savings, worldly success, and happiness really comes to. It is a case for common sense—not passion.



——and the prime factor of efficiency is temperance!

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

The Great Divide

THE PRONOUNCEMENTS on "newspaper English" made by a great English novelist—rumored to be a future Nobel prize winner—and the professor of journalism in Iowa State College:

> The newspaper style, which is becoming more and more essential in the equipment of every successful writer, is the clearest, most concise, and most interesting style in which things can be written. . . . It is the news sense which enables the writer to see through a mass of nonessentials to the essential, through dead rubbish to living facts, through husks and shells to the kernel of truth.—Professor F. W. BECKMAN.

> He [THOMAS HARDY] blames the newspapers for "their phrases of no language whatever, often incomprehensible at a casual glance. . . ." HARDY is justly censorious of the newspapers for their bad English.—JOHN MACY, in the Boston "Herald."

We fancy H. G. WELLS would take Professor BECKMAN's side. Do you?

The Critics

CRITICS will show you how such and such a writer repeated the thoughts of KANT or HEGEL, or used the phrasings of DANTE or MILTON, or stole the plots of BOCCACCIO or GUY DE MAUPASSANT. They often prove their wide reading, they sometimes demonstrate their sagacity, but they do not justify their existence as critics unless they go further than this, for the genius of authorship declares itself less unmistakably in gifts shared with forerunners or contemporaries than in gifts peculiar to itself. WALT WHITMAN or WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is neither understood nor elucidated when his possible pilferings have been listed; at best the ground has only been cleared for the critic's real work of insight and interpretation.

A Squirrel-Cage Business

AN AMERICAN HOTEL MANAGER has spent seven weeks touring the European hotels—which is all that some seekers after pleasure can accomplish without being paid for it. Says the hotel man:

> I made my first acquaintance with plovers' eggs, which I was told cost something like a dollar apiece, and a few other dishes not common to bills of fare over here, but in general I found that the eating in hotels was pretty much on the same lines as here, and that the standard of what constituted a first-class hotel in Europe and in the United States was pretty much the same.

This is one of the things that makes conventional travel without any definite object so deathly dull for intelligent people. People dress very much alike at hotels in the temperate zone, and their conversation is about equally insipid, and they eat very much the same indigestible food. Usually it is bad food (called by French names) and priced rather high.

A Civil Question

"BUT I LEARNED that there were new inventions in the world," writes C. L. EDSON in the New York "Evening Mail"; "and now I have seen the motion picture and slept in a Pullman." You have the advantage of us there, Mr. EDSON. What is your recipe?

The Elements

WE HAVE CHOSEN, or Fate has chosen for us, a dwelling place where grass grows only by pushing its way up stubbornly and deviously between bricks, in the crevices of unmended pavements, and in patches of park or tenement-framed court. The sun shines on us and the rain falls; but factory smoke dims the sunshine, and the rain, when it reaches us, is stained and dust-laden. Our feet pound hard pavements; our horizon is limited by lofts and marred by gas tanks and department stores. We are herded with other men and women in our comings and goings as sheep bound for the shambles, and in the squirrel-cage apartment houses and offices where we spend days and nights. We jostle people on the street whose look repels us, whose bodily contacts we resent, and other folk with whom we could enter into real sympathy did opportunity but offer. We see both too much and too little of human nature and human beings; we are at once too subtle and too stupid to live richly among sordid surroundings. But a day offers a release from all this, and we make the day an adventure. We turn our steps out of the city gates and renew our friendship with the elements. We lie at full length in green grass; we grub in the soil or let sand trickle through half-spread fingers. We revel in the shock of a plunge into waters that cool us and sustain; we brace our legs to the bucking of the boat deck; we squat beside the fire we have built of driftwood on rocks lapped by tireless tides, and light our pipe from the long stick that, ten minutes before, toasted our savory bacon. The good these expeditions do us is not physical alone; it mends the spirit. We return in harmony with life—and life includes all things material and immaterial; objects animate and "inanimate"; agencies human and agencies divinely mysterious. The hum of bees on pilgrimage, the fiddling of a cricket choir, the wind-blown odor of an unseen honeysuckle, attune us to the World Force and reconcile us to living in the human hive we call a city. We hear in the whir of dynamos and the throbbing of motors the very music of power that thrilled us when we heard those other tidings out of God's natural kingdom. Refreshed and reassured, we return to doing a modest share of the great world's work.

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The Get-Away in the National Balloon Race

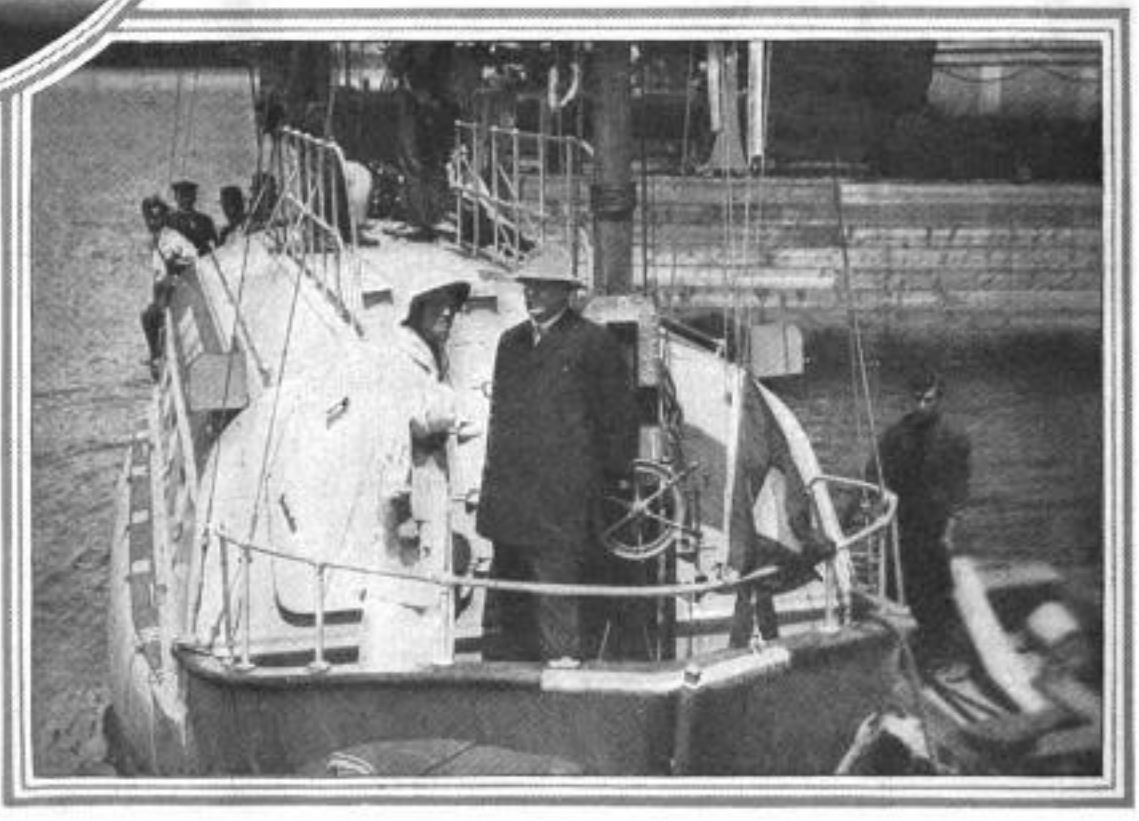
THE balloon *Uncle Sam* was the third of eight to start from the Motordrome in St. Louis the other day in the national elimination race, and W. H. Trefts, her pilot's aid, snapped the unusual photograph above as the *Aero Club of St. Louis*, the *Miss Sophia*, the *Pennsylvania*, the *Kansas City III*, and the *Goodyear* were leaving the ground. The *America III* and the *San Francisco 1915* rose ahead of the *Uncle Sam*. The *Goodyear*, with R. A. D. Preston as pilot, won the race, remaining in the air 24 hours and 45 minutes and covering 300 miles. The flights were for the purpose of picking three balloons for the international race at Kansas City on October 6. As we go to press the other two that qualified have not been officially announced.

A Blind Judge Who Sees Through a Girl's Eyes

JUDGE SAMUEL BELL of the Criminal Division of the Cincinnati Municipal Court is blind, but he is handicapped very little while on the bench. He arraigns an average of about fifty persons a day, and does all his character reading through the eyes of a young woman. Miss Emily Dupinal, Judge Bell's secretary, sits beside him in court, as in the photograph in the circle, and sizes up for him every accused person whose case requires a careful weighing of conflicting testimony and a close study of the alleged offender's personal appearance. Judge Bell is one of Cincinnati's most popular officials. He likes baseball and knows the game thoroughly

A Transatlantic Honeymoon Trip in a Motor Lifeboat

BARRING the unexpected, Mr. and Mrs. Einer Sivard of Long Island City, N. Y., will have got a good start on a wedding trip across the Atlantic in a motor lifeboat by the time you read this paragraph and take a look at them on their craft in the photograph at the right. The voyage is primarily for pleasure, but it has a much greater significance. Mr. Sivard designed the boat to take the place of the open lifeboats now in use on ocean liners, and he expects to prove its worth by going all the way to Queenstown in it. The boat is 36 feet long, has a 32-horsepower engine, and carries a wireless telegraph instrument. It is capable of carrying 100 persons in an emergency. The portholes close automatically when the boat is struck by heavy seas. Mr Sivard says the craft will turn over and readjust itself without the slightest injury. He has a crew of six experienced seamen. The little boat carries supplies enough for a three months' voyage.



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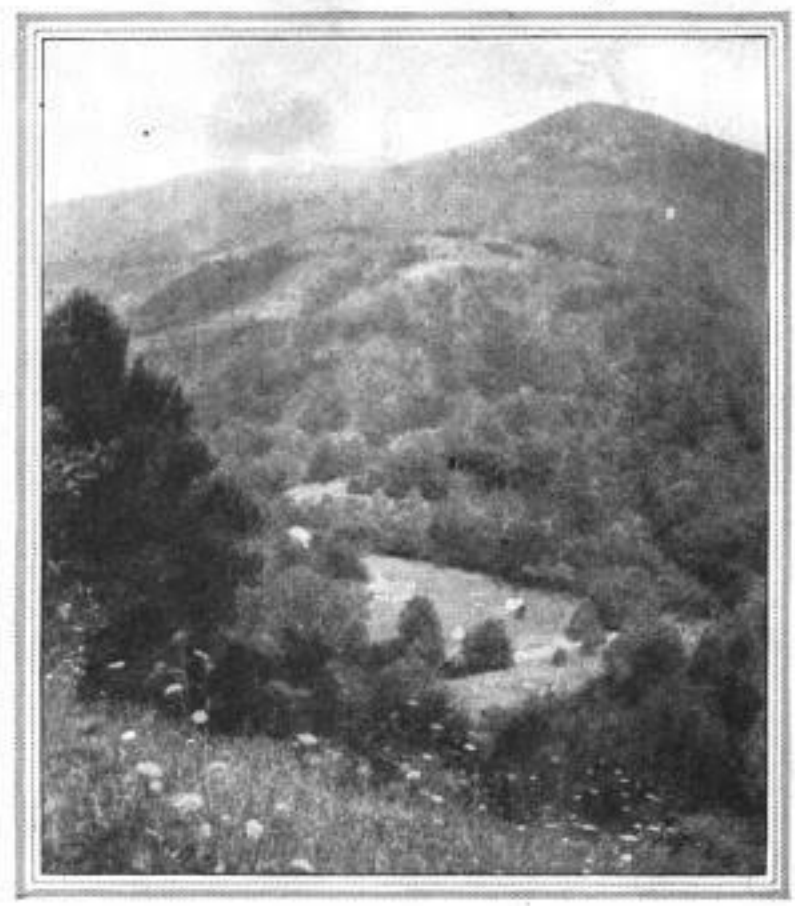
Lifting the Veil of Ignorance in Irish Creek Hollow



Thirteen lived in this cabin



Educators and district school trustees in the Virginia mountains. State Superintendent R. C. Stearnes is on the velocipede hand car



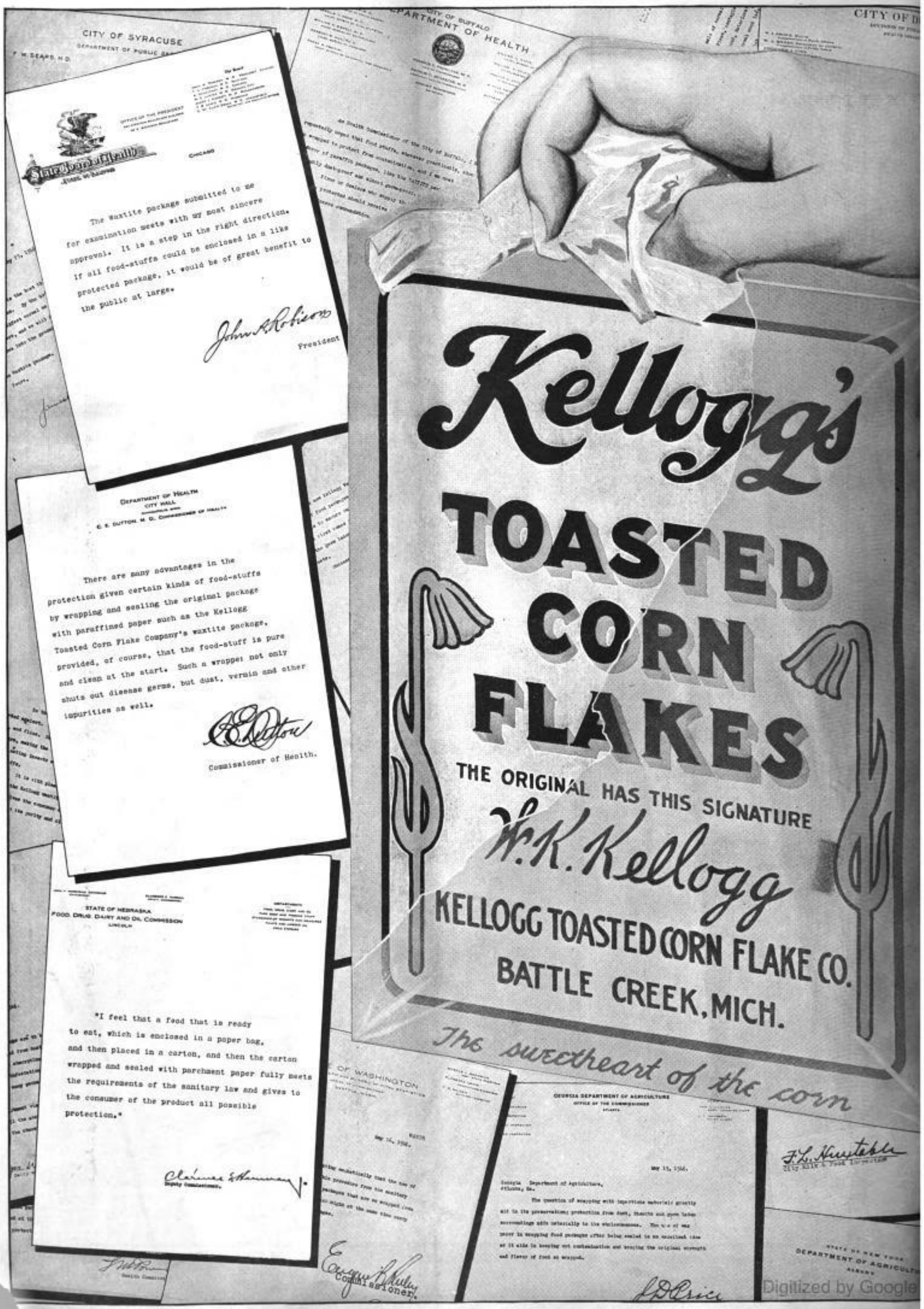
The heart of the once benighted district. The largest white spot in the meadow indicates a new schoolhouse, built by the mountaineers

TWENTY-ONE school-teachers declined a position in Irish Creek Hollow. They regarded the community as hopeless so far as education was concerned. The district, fifty square miles in area, tucked away in the remote Appalachian highlands of Virginia, was not only stagnant; it was actually slipping down the scale of civilization. The people seldom ventured out of their own neighborhood, practically all were unlettered, and many were degenerating physically as a result of intermarriage. Some families were without even the most ordinary conveniences. That was three years ago. To-day there is no illiteracy in Irish Creek Hollow and the people are enjoying modern advantages. The change began when Misses Sallie B. Dickinson and Jennie Patterson, with a twelve-year-old boy assistant, went into the district and opened a summer school in a tent. The two women organized morning classes of children and afternoon and evening classes of adults, and their teaching was successful from the start. They have received aid from State Superintendent R. C. Stearnes and other prominent school authorities. This summer nearly all the isolated mountain districts have schools like this one.



Miss Sallie B. Dickinson teaching a class of twelve grown-ups to read. All these were wholly illiterate when the school was started. The old woman in black, wearing the string of beads, has a granddaughter who studied the primer at the same time and each tried to surpass the other

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Endorse *Kellogg's* WAXTITE Package

THIS Nation-wide endorsement from State and City Officials charged with the Public Health is an impressive testimonial for which we are sincerely grateful.

KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES needs no such endorsement. It has long enjoyed that most valuable of all testimonials: ***the largest sale of any ready-to-eat cereal food.***

But this ***official assurance*** that the WAXTITE package keeps its contents as crisp, fresh and pure as when they left our ovens, is a new and important reason for saying "KELLOGG'S-WAXTITE" to the grocer and looking for this signature:

W. K. Kellogg



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Lincoln Enters Hostile Territory

Chapter V of "A Son of the Middle Border"

A Personal History—By Hamlin Garland

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IN THE autumn of 1875 Duncan Stewart startled and thrilled his sons by announcing that he had rented the farm and was about to go into business in town—a momentous decision which came about through his relationship to a widespread social awakening in the county.

During 1871-73 an organization of farmers, officially known as the Patrons of Husbandry, had been growing up all over the Middle West. Its assembly halls were officially known as "granges," and, of course, the members were at once nicknamed "grangers."

"It was a social and educational organization at first, and its monthly meetings soon became important dates on our calendar," says Lincoln. "In winter its oyster suppers with their debates, songs, cold chicken, and cake drew us all once a fortnight to the Burr Oak schoolhouse, and each spring, on the twelfth of June, its annual picnic, also an official meeting, came to be almost as well attended as the county fair or the midsummer circus.

"The place of meeting was usually one of the groves along the Cedar River, and early on the appointed day we were up and dressed as for church, and mother, at seven o'clock, was almost tired enough to go to bed. The granges of our township came together at Burr Oak and moved in procession, each headed by a great chariot with uplifted banner on which was blazoned its name and motto. Several of them with hired hands approached, preceded by the beat of drums and flare of bugles, their marshals galloping to and fro in military order.

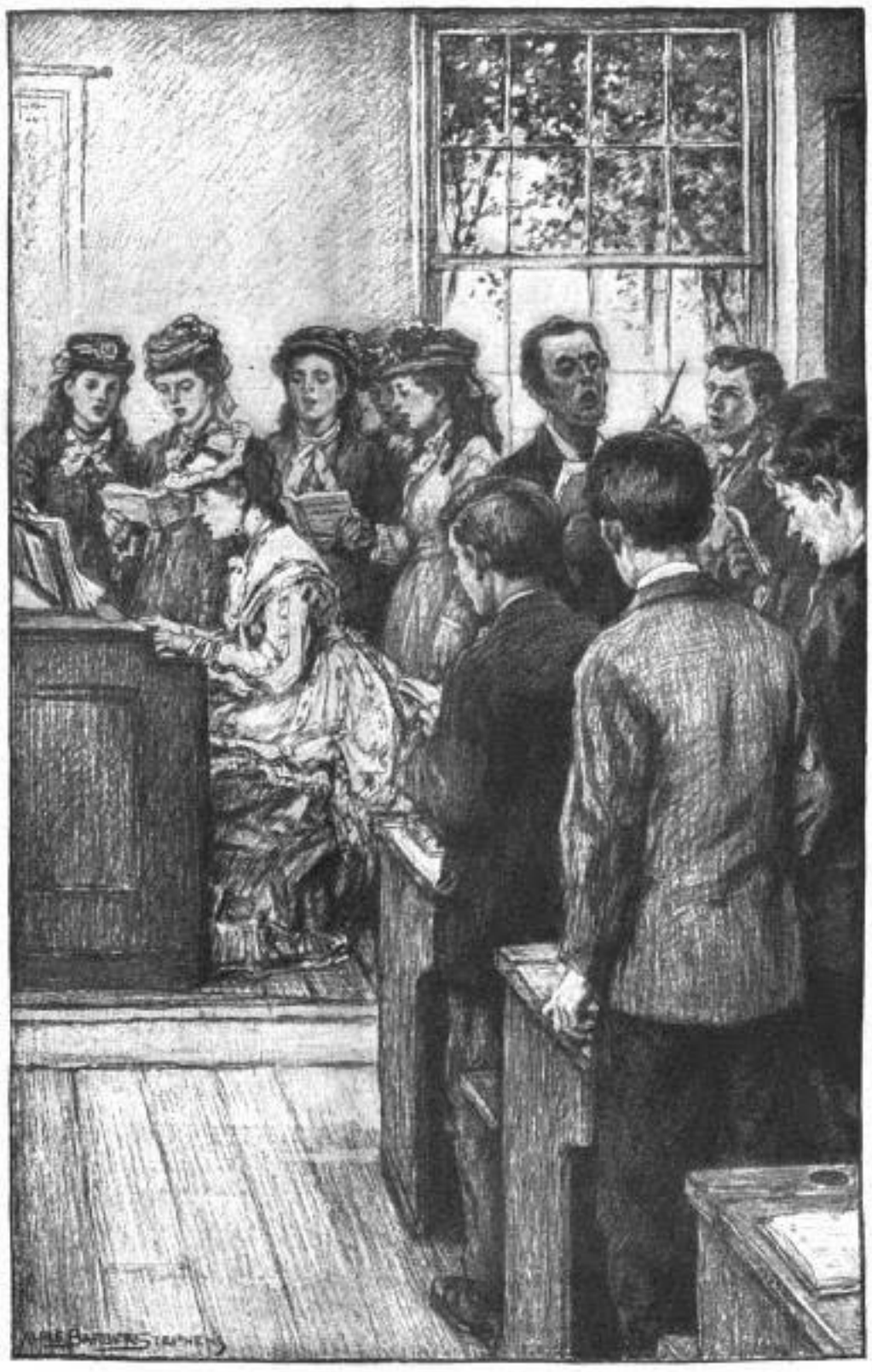
"IT WAS grand—it was inspiring," continues Lincoln, "to watch these processions winding down the barbed-wire lanes, joining one to another at the crossroads till all the lodges from Riceville, Stacyville, Burr Oak, and Liberty were fused into one mighty column streaming westward toward the picnic ground on the Cedar River.

"Nothing more picturesque, more human, more delightful, more necessary has ever risen out of American rural life than this order. Each of its meetings, with its poetic use of Ceres and Pomona, was a blessed relief from the sordid prose of the farm. It had its practical side, too, for it taught better methods of tillage and inspired a love for fruits and flowers."

It soon established a system of cooperative stores or agencies, with intent to defeat the middleman, and it was in distrust of the wheat merchants of Osage that the grangers of Mitchell County chose Duncan Stewart as their official grain buyer and put him in charge of a huge new elevator which had just been built at the north end of the switch on the edge of the village.

Lincoln writes: "My father's acceptance of this position shook us like an earthquake. It was as if the sun had shifted its place in the sky. What was north now suddenly became south. First of all, it arrested our pursuit of the sunset. For the first time since leaving Boston my father began to dream of making a living at something besides agriculture. It was to him, as to us, a fateful parting of the ways, and no doubt he came to the decision after much debate and trembled with doubt of the outcome."

DURING that summer and autumn, while Duncan drove to his new duties at the elevator, four miles away, Lincoln (though less than fifteen years of age) acted as head farmer. "I was put in charge of the workmen and tools, and gave orders to the hired men and supervised their action. But always with an eye to my father's nightly return," he adds, "for he possessed the glance of an eagle and was so exact in all his methods that he could detect instantly the slightest indiscretion or wrongdoing.



"We all loved to see the girls and hear them sing. . . . The Burr Oak Grove schoolhouse, the social center for the township, had an organ"

Often, as he came whirling into the yard at sunset, his ponies flecked with foam, his big round gray eyes (flashing from side to side) instantly detected something out of place or broken, and his voice rang out sharply in reproof; but it was all good discipline."

LINCOLN now fairly took his father's place on the farm. He drove the seeder rather than the harrow, and this seemed to him a worthy promotion. True, it was harder work than harrowing, and to make the wheel "track" required close application to the team; but the added responsibility was a satisfaction.

In corn-planting time he rode the marker and drew the seed rows (a very precise job), and when Cyrus Benson came with his new-fangled seed dropper Lincoln sat upon the driver's seat and took keen pleasure in the task. In harvest he ran the reaper, and in stacking time built all the wheat ricks—and these responsibilities caused even the hired man to treat him with respect.

Most of these hands were rough, hardy, obscene nomads from the South, who annually followed the line of ripening wheat from Missouri to Minnesota. They arrived suddenly from the South like a flight of unclean birds, and vanished into the North as mysteriously as they had come. Some of them had been soldiers, but for the larger part they were the wastrel sons of poor farmers and rough mechanics in States farther to the south and east. Some of them gave assumed names, as, "Harry Lee" and "Sidney Hall"; others were known only as "Big Ed" or "Shorty," and their boastful accounts of visits to St. Louis and Chicago reeked of saloons and carousals.

They had the most appalling yet darkly romantic conception of women. A "girl" was the most desired thing in the world, but she was only a thing, a creature without soul. The woman who yielded to temptation deserved no pity, no consideration, no regret. Her agony was amusing, her future of no account. From them the boys acquired a secret fund of evil information concerning South Clark Street in Chicago and the river front in St. Louis. I will not say these tales had no ill effect upon Lincoln, for they shocked and horrified him, but such cruelty, such debasing habits, were so squarely in opposition to the teaching he had derived from his father that his respect for virtue could not be uprooted. They seemed of a different race from his Uncles David and William—satyrs with enormous appetites to whom Saturday night meant debauchery and war.

"SATURDAY night on the farm!" exclaims Lincoln. "How it all comes back! I see a whisky-mad Wapsipinicon farmer walking barefoot up the middle of the street defying the world. From the shelter of an awning pillar I watch with shivering interest while a lithe, pock-marked stranger menaces a cowering young fellow in a soil linen coat. A burst of shouting, a trampling, is heard, and forth from the door of a saloon bulges a crowd of drunken, steaming, reeling, cursing ruffians, followed by Marshal McCarthy with an offender in each hand.

"We are riding homeward through the moonless night. Only part of our harvesters are with us. The others are roaring from one drinking place to another, having a 'good time.' Some of them will never return to work. The keen air is soothingly clean and sweet after the tumult and the reek of the town. Appalled, yet fascinated, I listen to the oft-repeated tales of what happened when heroic Jim McCarthy sprang into the dive and cleaned out the brawling bullies. I feel very young, very defenseless, as I listen, and I long for the strength of David, my giant uncle."

It would appear that the Burr Oak Grove schoolhouse was the social center for the township, and Lincoln makes much of it in all that he has written. It stood, as he describes it, in the midst of a noble grove of oaks at the intersection of three roads and possessed peculiar charm to those who dwelt on the windy, sun-smit prairie.

"All the town meetings and caucuses were held there, and two preachers 'officiated,' preaching alternately in order that Baptists and Methodists might be equally provided for. It had an organ also (the cause of constant discord), and was the place of assembly for the grangers.

"BACK of it and near by ran a small stream, and plums and haws and other fruits and nuts were abundant along its banks. A cluster of houses and a post office made it almost a village; indeed, it had been a village before the railway came. To us of Dry Run Prairie the building seemed sheltered, and of far higher appeal than our own district center. But had it been a bleak, windy hill it would have been alluring to Burton and to me, for it was the home of Hattie, Bettie, and Agnes, the acknowledged belles of the region. I was only a shock-headed, big-

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handed, bashful youth to these radiant creatures, but I worshiped at their shrine as devoutly as did John or Edwin or any other of the more self-confident cavaliers.

"The question of dress was beginning to trouble me acutely. My best suit was of wool and winter weight, and for the reason that during the week I wore nothing but shoes, a hickory shirt, and a pair of brown denim trousers, I suffered tortures on Sundays when fully incased in a heavy coat, a starched shirt, and a paper collar I set out for church. No one, so far as I knew at that time, possessed an entire extra lightweight suit for summer wear, although a sort of long yellow linen coat, called a 'duster,' was coming into fashion. John Gardner, who was somewhat of a dandy in matters of toilet, was among the first of the boys to purchase one of these robes, and Burton followed his lead. Then my own struggles began. I, too, desired a 'duster.'

"Father did not see me as I saw myself. To him I was still a boy and subject to his will, even in matters of dress. My timid request for a linen coat was denied, and when during a visit to the store a certain black hat of antique pattern was recommended by the clerk as 'of excellent material and very serviceable,' my father bought it for me, although my vision led to a brown hat with a high peaked crown—such as the other boys were wearing.

"OUR differences at the moment appeared irreconcilable, but, supported by my mother, I heatedly argued that, as I was not only doing a man's work on a boy's pay, but actually serving as superintendent, I was entitled to certain rights in the matter of raiment. In the end I got a coat and a hat like the other fellows, but my victory over the old soldier gave me a shock. Having forced him to admit my growing individuality as well as my increasing usefulness, I receded. The fact that he, the inexorable commander, had given way to my demands made me very careful not to go too fast or too far in my assumption of the privileges of manhood.

"As I look at a tintype (taken at about this time) of myself and Owen, I can hardly detect the physical relationship between these mop-headed, clumsy, long-lipped lads and the gray-haired men of to-day. But the coats, the ties, the little stick pins on the lapels of our coats, bring back to me with almost painful stir the curious debates, the childish delights, the dawning desires which led us to these material expressions of adolescence. There is a kind of pathos, too, in the memory of the pleasure I took in the prize candy box which yielded to me that brass butterfly. And yet my joy was keener and my satisfaction more complete than any which the richest jewel of the earth could give to me to-day. Sometimes I agree with the Lacedæmonians: 'Hunger is the only sauce.'"

LINCOLN, like many another, passed a tall milestone on his course when one summer day he visited a barber shop for the first time. "From childhood my mother had trimmed my thatch, and notwithstanding my desire for a real hair cut, I was nearly fifteen as I timidly entered the 'tonsorial parlor' of the Western House with a quarter tightly gripped in my hand and took my first turn in a barber's chair. My pleasure, however, was mixed with ignoble terror, for not only did the man terrify me by his determination to force a shampoo (which was ten cents extra), but I was kept in great uneasiness lest I should someway lose my one small coin and be helpless in his hands.

"I came away from that barbering older and graver. I walked with a manlier stride. I confronted my classmates at the Grove schoolhouse with enormous accession of self-confidence. If only my pantaloons had not continued their distressing habit of climbing my bootlegs I should have felt almost at ease. But alas! every time I rose from my seat, it was still necessary to make each ankle smooth the other calf, and even then my trousers kept their dishonoring wrinkles. 'Some day,' I said to myself, 'I shall have pants that will fall smoothly over my instep.'

"Burton was quite as confused and wordless in the presence of girls as I, but John Gardner was discouragingly self-confident and facile. His father, being director of the Sunday school, procured for him almost too much distinction. We all bitterly resented his smiling assurance, as well as the fit of his trousers. His collars and ties were like those of the heroes in the 'Ledger.'

"We all loved to see the girls and hear them sing—and yet at times even these delights failed to hold us to the hot, close room. We sometimes slipped away into the glorious forest and down along the creek, to gather berries or nuts, or to loaf idly in the odorous shade, which seemed more sweetly sanctifying (after a week of sun-smit toil on the open plain) than any church. There was something indefinably poetic in the song of the little brook, in the flecking of light and shade on the woodland path, and in the ripples of the little ice-cold spring beneath the maple on the Frazer cattle lot. To drink of it was almost as delight-giving as the plate of ice cream which we sometimes permitted ourselves on Saturday night in town.



One of the memories of the winter that was the dividing line between Lincoln's boyhood and his youth. — "I am 'spelled down' at the Sheehan School"

"It was always hard to go back to the farm after one of these delicious Sunday outings. To return to our greasy clothes and milk-bespattered boots, to be forced into the society of fly-bedeviled cows and steaming, stinking horses, to tackle the currycomb and the swill bucket was hard. But we did it! And while we secretly hoped some time to escape it, we were all unprepared for father's amazing announcement that he had rented the farm. We were fairly stunned by the glory of the vista. A new life was opened up. Our secret desires seemed about to be realized."

Though his own joyous excitement was very great, Lincoln declares that he has no recollection of a single word of comment, either of delight or of grief, from his mother. "Undoubtedly she was quite as deeply pleased as we at the thought of escaping the drudgery of the farm, but nothing in proof of it remains in my mind, and yet so far as we knew this abandonment of the farm was final. Our pursuit of the sunset was at an end."

THE family did not move till the following March, hence the boys went to school as usual in the bleak little box at the corner of the farm, and Lincoln rejoices in many splendid memories of wintry roads, when trotting away to spelling schools (with Owen by his side) he raised his eyes to the low-hung, starry sky, or watched the great white owls flapping silently away before him. He says: "I am riding in a bobsleigh across the plain through the brilliant January sunshine. The box is crowded with a dozen boys and girls. We are 'visiting schools,' as we called it. I am witnessing a performance of 'Lord Dundreary' at the 'Barker schoolhouse.' I am a tousle-headed onlooker at the Christmas tree at the Grove. I am 'spelled down' at the Sheehan School, and I thrill once more to the haughty, composed dignity of Agnes Deane as she stops the fight at the sociable at Dudley's—and through all these scenes runs a belief that I am leaving them forever, a conviction which lends to every experience a peculiar poignancy of appeal."

This winter may be taken as the dividing line between Lincoln's boyhood and his youth, for he was rapidly taking on the airs of manhood. True, he did not use liquor or tobacco, and was not greatly given to profanity; but he boasted an ability to shoulder a two-bushel sack of wheat, and was able apparently to hold his own among his fellows.

I regret to chronicle, however, that there is no evidence of any special literary quality in his reading. On the contrary, his taste in fiction continued rather low.

"I read during this year," he confesses, "nearly fifty of Beadle's Dime Novels (little paper-bound volumes filled with stories of Indians and wild horsemen and dukes and duchesses and men in iron masks, and sewing girls who turned out to be daughters of nobility, and detectives who possessed charmed lives and had marvelous powers of disguising themselves), and I would have read many more had my means permitted.

"Of all these tales those of the border naturally had most allurement. There was Wild Bill, for instance, who rode disdainfully alone (like Lochinvar), rescuing maidens from treacherous Apaches and cutting death notches in the stock of his carbine, and 'the Quaker Trapper' who openly advocated nonresistance and secretly slew redskins by the score.

"One of these narratives I specially recall contained a phantom troop of skeleton riders, a grisly squadron, which came sweeping like an icy wind out of the darkness, striking terror to the hearts of the renegades and savages and then vanished with dry clatter of bones and diminishing roar of beating hoofs, leaving the hero and heroine safely on their way to the fort."

IT IS a question whether the reading of all this exciting stuff retarded Lincoln's development or not. He says: "Apparently this fiction had very little effect of any sort except that it made the borderland a great deal more exciting than the farm and interfered with the milking now and then. I had no great desire to go west and fight Indians, and I devoured 'Jack Harkaway' and 'Out of the Depths' with almost equal delight."

It would not be fair to say that Lincoln read nothing else but these easy-going tales. As a matter of fact, he labored at a copy of "Paradise Lost," which his mother presented to him for Christmas, but it was hard sledding. However, he derived some entertainment from the cursing passages and the battle scenes, and went about spouting the formal and formidable harangues of Satan with such vigor that the horses often stopped in the furrow to listen.

APPARENTLY he read the book of nature studiously, for in speaking of the impending removal he says: "In the five years of our life on this farm swift changes had come to the open lands of the county. The prairie was everywhere being fenced and plowed. Settlers now covered all the meadows to the north and west, and around many of the homesteads trees and shrubs were beginning to make life a little less barren and ugly. The houses were growing larger, carriages were increasing in number; and yet, with all these growing comforts, I was aware that something sweet and splendid was dying out of my world. The whistling pigeons, the wailing plover, the migrating ducks, the geese, the soaring cranes, the shadowy wolves, the wary foxes, the prairie chickens—all the untamed things—had passed or were passing with the native grasses and the dainty flowers.

"A grove of larch and cottonwood protected our house from the winter winds, and the maple trees which we had planted in the little lawn were beginning to spread a friendly shade in summer. It was all very humble and very restricted, but, after all, it was home, and when we drove away from it one windy March day I experienced a distinct pang of regret. I was entering upon a most exciting life in town, but at the moment I remembered only the good times I had enjoyed with Ben and John and Burton, and was sorry that life on the prairie and in the saddle could not in some way be combined with the joys of life in the village."

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Pickups of Sport



By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by F. G. COOPER

Romance of a Ball Player

"YOU'VE *made a hit with me," he said—*
"You've got the curves—you've got the speed;
Come, jump to me and be my Fed,
And sign me up to be your feed."

He stuck a fast one round her neck,
The other, waist-high, sailed across,
And then, a startled, blighted wreck,
He heard her edge in with this toss:

"Nix on the squeeze—that's not my stuff—
Play off—don't hug the base so tight;
I'm wise to this Three Hundred bluff
From guys that bat around all night."

"Here comes the hit and run," she cried;
Her old man blew in off the street;
The player sprinted with a slide,
But he was thrown out twenty feet.

Trials of the Modern Batting Eye

THOSE who attempt to compare old-time batsmen with present-day Sons of Swat are working from widely varying angles. The wonder in the present day and time is not that more .300 hitters don't exist, but that any man can attain this average after facing the test of modern pitching.

The Batting Eye of to-day is up against the hardest test ever known to the game. It is no longer a question of meeting speed and two or three varieties of curves. To-day they get all the speed they are looking for from such people as Johnson, Marquard, Wood, etc. Against such pitchers as Nap Rucker and Eddie Cicotte they get a knuckle ball that breaks at weird angles and is widely different from the old-fashioned curve. Against Russ Ford they get a ball that sails and ducks with a sudden break—so sudden, in fact, that Chief Meyers once told us it was all he could do to catch Ford with a big mitt when he first handled his repertoire.

Then comes Mathewson with the fadeaway, and Tesreau and others with the spitter, both wet and dry, that take peculiar evolutions and break with puzzling dips and drops and turns. There are to-day fifteen or twenty varieties of curves. Many of these are hard to control, the knuckle ball in particular, as the ball when thrown is pressed against the knuckles where the grip is not nearly so firm. The art of pitching has advanced to a wonderful degree through varying methods of holding and throwing the ball where there is no room for any batting advance beyond a true swing and a steady eye.

When Enough Is Too Much

THERE are certain occasions when enough is entirely too much, if not even more superfluous. The victory of the Oxford relay team was held to be probable. It was generally expected that England would outpoint us at golf. Our polo defeat was a bit startling, but it was generally conceded that in sport many things might happen.

But since the heroic days of John L. Sullivan and Kid Lavigne America's supremacy in the prize ring had been unquestioned. From the featherweight on through the mastodon class America had ruled by greater power and greater skill—barring the brief reign of Robert the Red of Cornwall, otherwise known as Fitzsimmons. And he had shifted his home to American soil.

So with the slump of our other champions it was expected that the successors to Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries—to Lavigne, McGovern, Britt, Nelson, and Wolgast—would in a less high-browish realm of sportdom achieve revenge. Vain hope—fantastic dream. The landslide moves apace. Our lightweight champion is outpointed in England, and for the first time in eighteen years a Briton wears the lightweight olive athwart his clammy brow. And as this blow falls our best white heavyweight, Mr. Gunboat Smith, is retired by a Frenchman. Nor does the fact that Smith lost for fouling help lighten the sogginess of things.

It may be that we, through too easy a trail, are slipping a little. It may be that others, nurtured and strengthened in defeat, are coming forward. Or it may be that this is just one of those years when Fate, with a chuckle, turns the expected upside down. Our opinion is that America has taught the world the lesson of victory—the lesson of careful training—of concentration—the lesson of dash and speed and aggressiveness—and having absorbed this lesson the rest of the world will no longer be any field of easy conquest. Which should mean a new stir in competition and a far greater interest in international sport than the past has ever known.

Another Reason

"WHAT," queries a reader, "do you see in golf that is so attractive?" We might mention fifteen or two hundred things, but here is one: In a recent match we thought an opponent was on the green in three shots. "No," he said, "I've had five shots. I dubbed one over in the woods and later on my ball moved as I addressed it."

When an umpire calls a base runner out, can you imagine said base runner walking away, saying: "You are wrong, umpire; he touched me before I slid in?"

Or a right tackle saying to the referee: "That last thirty-yard run of ours should be called back. I held the opposing tackle and illegally put him out of the play."

Or do you lack a world's championship imagination?

Fable

ONCE *on a time we attended a ball game where an Indian came to bat and no one greeted him with a war whoop.*

A foul ball driven into the stand was caught by a spectator and no voice roared: "Sign him."

The pitcher allowed four hits and no paper next day mentioned "mid-season form," "pitched masterly ball," "a hop to his fast one," or "couldn't hit him when hits meant runs."

MORAL

It was a beautiful dream but we woke up early.

For the Davis Cup

IT HAS been some years since America had the opportunity of making a home stand in defense of the Davis Cup—now known as the emblem of tennis superiority or the tennis World Series championship.

After a far journey to the other side of this fairly well-known globe, the cup came to England in 1912, and last summer it was lifted and brought back. And unless the landslide reverses itself America will have some trouble in retaining the trophy, for 1914 has been the toughest year the bewildered Eagle has ever known.

We know the strength of the team representing the British Empire—whether it be from England or from Australasia. But with McLoughlin, Williams, and their running mate on guard our Uncle Samuel sees no reason to be depressed. They have jolted him in several vulnerable spots, but they have yet to throw him into



rout. America is offering youth and dash against greater experience and greater steadiness. And we believe that America has a better chance of winning at tennis than she has of winning the yacht race. But at her best against Brookes and Wilding, if it should so develop, the odds are certainly not her way.

Easy Stages

MUCH *in sport that is charged to brain and skill is merely knack that has come without reason and no great amount of intelligent practice. Control, they say, is better than speed, but the crest is only gained by the combination.*

Any dub can star once in a while; but it's the star who only dubs once in a while.

Some men look before they leap and draw back from a chasm they might have cleared into the kingdom of fame with the impetus of a blind running start.

Most things even up. "Cowards," says Shakespeare, "die many times before their death." But they also know the thrill of coming to life again.

The Golfer Speaks

IF I SHOULD *die to-night,*
And as with folded arms in death I lay
Some beaten rival whom I'd put to flight
Should bend above my resting corpse and say:
"Old boy, you won by greater skill and pluck,
You had me trimmed from putting green to tee,
You had the stuff but I had all the luck—
I should have been six down instead of three."

If he said that,
Although my soul was even then a spook,
I'd rise at once in my large, white cravat
To get one look at him—one final look;
I'd make him say it over word for word
Till I was sure that I had rightly heard;
Yes, I'd rise up within my shroud, and then—
I'd drop back dead again.

(With Apologies to Ben King)

Baseball and Hypnotism

WAS a ball game ever won by hypnotism—by a pitcher hypnotizing a batsman or a batsman tossing the hypnotic curb into a pitcher?

Catcher Ivy Wingo of the St. Louis Cardinals claims that on four occasions this season Slim Sallee, the great left-hander, at a critical point of the game, with runners on bases, has walked up to within a few feet of the batsman, looked steadily into his face for ten or fifteen seconds, and then has returned to the mound and struck his man out, the batsman offering but feeble opposition on each occasion.

Mr. Wingo may have been spoofing his audience to pass off an idle hour, but the scheme isn't beyond the realm of possibility.

Baseball Prophecy

IT MIGHT also be written that a prophet is not without honor save when he aims at baseball as a target.

For fifteen years Pittsburgh had been a pennant winner or a pennant contender. But in the last few seasons the Wagnerian city drops back to second or third place through a late start and through the supposed need of a star first baseman.

This season the supposedly star first baseman arrives in the person of Konetchy, the poling Pole. A majority of the experts immediately agree that Pittsburgh at last is under way to Flagtown. On top of this, in place of the usual late and blighting start, Pittsburgh starts with a mad rush and gathers in fourteen of her first sixteen games. The landscape is flooded with the chorus of "I-told-you-so's."

Then what happens? Nothing much except that for the first time in fifteen years Pittsburgh drops into a wild battle for last place and mid season finds her firmly enmeshed in the second division. Outside of this everything developed just as everyone thought it would. The answer? There isn't any except that baseball is still baseball and the only wise prophets of the game are those who wait for the box scores.

The Value of Control

RUBE MARQUARD of the Giants and Babe Adams of Pittsburgh recently fought out a twenty-one-inning battle, breaking all National League records for duration of play.

For twenty of the twenty-one innings both men were invincible, yet apparently neither was using speed or curves beyond a normal status.

After the game we asked both slabmen what they considered the main factor in their record achievement. Both gave the same reply: "Well, I never had better control in my life; I felt as if I could throw in a cup."

It was neither speed nor curves in the essential, but the ability to shoot the ball almost exactly to the spot both were aiming it. It isn't what you've got but what you can do with it that compiles the answer.

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Thanks, Mr. Inventor

By HOMER CROY

A MAN in Canada recently invented a luminous fly paper that can be seen at night by its phosphorescent glow. To our way of thinking, this man has done a great service to his country.

When this patent paper glows at night it attracts insects. We, for one, would not be inclined, were we to see an insect attracted by the strange glow, to turn it aside. No, we would let it go on to its ruthless fate.

We have no use, as a general rule, for fly paper at night. It has a way of waiting until the first breeze comes along and fluttering off on the floor that has lost it many friends. It always alights flies up. After due deliberation and after long and painful thought we say, without fear of successful contradiction, that no person can step on a sheet of fly paper without feeling that a different path to the water bucket would have been a happier one.

One day our wife came home from a forced sale of fly paper with a happy, exalted look on her face and her arms full of tanglefoot. That night, in rushing to a window before the storm, we stepped on something with our bare feet that brought hot, sudden words to our finely chiseled lips. Removing the paper and some of the glue, we started around the table in the other direction. Again we stepped into the forced sale. We thought of a number of words that we had overlooked on the other side of the table. Bending over to take the paper off, we rested our hand on the table. Hardly had our hand touched the table than we felt that we were crushing the life out of dozens of flies that had settled on the paper in a moment of idle curiosity. Pulling the paper off, with a few forceful words we turned our attention to the sheet on our feet.

Bending over to remove the paper we sat down in a chair that our wife had thought was frequented by flies. In a moment we saw that we should have chosen some other chair. Words became inadequate to express ourself. We needed furniture. By the time our wife reached us the dining-room table was a mass of wreckage and some of the furniture as far out as the spare bedroom looked worse for the wear.

If the product of the forced sale had been phosphorescent, the repair bill would have been cut in half. A luminous fly paper would keep lots of rough, uncultured words from being flung out in the quiet hours of the night.

The Kickin'est Mule

(*Continued from page 10*)

that. It was more than weird, though. It was uncanny, pleading, pathetic, hopeful—all in one. It was a sound that thrilled and chilled. I've heard a panther scream and break the silence of a Southern swamp. But the chill that that sound causes is one of fear. This was one of infinite sadness.

McGRAW, the man of action, was at the shaft in two leaps. He listened intently for a fraction of a breath.

"Come on, some of you flat feet!" he yelled. Not a man budged.

"Come with me or I'll break your head!" he shouted at a big Swede miner who stood near him. The Swede came forward, dully, uncomprehendingly, it appeared. Two other brawny miners hesitated toward the shaft.

"Get in there!" bawled McGraw as he pushed the three of them into the big cage. "Let 'er down!" he commanded.

Another circle formed about the shaft house. And again it was a silent crowd. The engineer obeyed orders like one in a trance. "The boss said to," he murmured to himself.

If there was tenseness when that last cage with its cargo of eight came up, there was tenseness intensified when it went down into the rumbling unknown of that mine with its three miners and McGraw. Slowly, very slowly, the descent was made. The engineer stood by with his hand on the lever that stops and starts the cage, his face set, every vein standing out, every muscle taut. We who watched scarcely breathed. One woman whose husband had accompanied McGraw stood wide-eyed beside the shaft and looked into the yawning hole like one distraught.

FIVE, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by. That's a frightfully long time to wait. Then came the signal to haul away and the puff, puff of the engine told us that the cage was coming back to the top of the world. We began to breathe again and the color came to our cheeks. What would it bring? Well, the fact that there had been life left to signal was the reassuring thing.

There were five in the cage this time—McGraw, three miners, and you know, of course—old Dick! He—that is, Dick, the mule—wasn't tied. There was a halter on him and the end of the strap was in McGraw's hand. He was trembling, old Dick was, and he was very wet. There was mud—red, sticky mud—on his legs and in his mane and on his back. When McGraw tried to lead him from the cage old Dick held back. Then he felt the landing platform with his right forefoot, for all the world like a blind man who taps the sidewalk with his guiding cane. That was it—he was tapping the unseen! His eyes blinked strangely as McGraw's rough hand patted his quivering nose. His great ears wagged questioningly as he took a forward step.

Then he stumbled awkwardly out of the shaft house and into the bright sunlight—the first sunlight that had warmed him in five years and a half! Stock-still he stood while McGraw caressed him. Gropingly he turned his head this way and that while McGraw urged him gently forward. Old Dick's eyes could see in the artificial light of a mine, but they were useless in the day. Over across the road the grasses were waving. The odors of the meadows filled his nostrils.

WE led him patiently—McGraw and I—to the field. The waters down in the mine were still roaring. Men were rushing about. The engineer was at his post, awaiting orders. The rescued miners had scattered. The women and children were homeward bound, tearful but happy.

Old Dick, the mule, sniffed the grass and took a fearsome taste. He ran into a bush and scrambled awkwardly aside. Slowly he turned around and around, his head lowered. Then the poor old limbs sank beneath him and Dick literally knelt at the altar of his new-found world. Into the fragrant verdure he buried his pathetic head and, with what must have been a blissful sigh, he rolled and rolled and rolled. I looked rather shamefacedly at McGraw, I guess. But I needn't have felt that way. The tears were streaming down his cheeks, too.



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Getting Your Money

By William Maxwell

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

MOST of the adventure was squeezed out of the collection business in 1898. I am pretty sure of the date, for my youthful zeal as a collector brought me several croppers before I got accustomed to the Federal Bankruptcy Law. It was in 1898—I am fairly certain of that.

Naturally a definite due date is an important factor in collection work. One of the most dangerous things a credit man or merchant can do when he extends credit is to say—or intimate—that the time of payment will be permitted to coincide with the customer's convenience or any other event that is the least uncertain in point of time. In extending credit to a mechanic, I should much rather have his agreement to pay me a dollar per week for fifty-two weeks than his promise to pay as quickly as he can—even though a literal performance of the latter undertaking would probably result in an earlier settlement of the debt. In opening an account with a Mississippi merchant I should much rather have his definite promise to pay on December 1 than an agreement to pay as soon as "cotton commences to move," although cotton usually commences to move before December 1. Next to an absolute refusal to pay at any time, an insolvent debtor's promise to pay when he is "able" and the collector's impotent acceptance of that promise mark about the most hopeless form a collection can assume.

When a note or account becomes past due and has entered the precarious state, a creditor should make up his mind very promptly whether he wants to bring suit or whether he doesn't. If he doesn't, he should keep the obligation as crisp and fresh as possible. If he takes a note, the creditor of course wants security, but a future due note without security is better than a past due obligation on which the creditor is unwilling to sue.

A Remarkable Story

I DO not have in mind alone the acknowledgment of a debt that ordinarily results from the giving of a note. Greater than that are the benefits to a creditor that frequently follow the execution of a promissory note or other negotiable instrument by a delinquent debtor. Although scarcely a typical illustration of what I have in mind, I am moved to relate the very remarkable result that was once produced by a St. Paul tailor's determination to change the status of a certain delinquent account. The debtor in question was a sort of promoter who had become indebted for a suit of clothing. The repeated presentation of the account by the tailor had brought no payments of any sort. Finally he decided, as distracted creditors frequently do, that "something must be done." He so informed the promoter and concluded this emphatic declaration with the heartfelt question: "Can't you do anything?" The promoter was not impressed. In fact, he was rather amused, and, to show both his amusement and unconcern, replied: "I might give you a sight draft on the Czar of Russia." The tailor, through a politic desire to show his appreciation of his debtor's humor or else because he was too much discouraged and exasperated to care what he said, replied that he would accept a draft on the Czar rather than let the account remain in its present condition. The promoter, although he had no claims upon nor credit nor acquaintance with the Czar, proceeded to prepare a draft upon the "Little Father." The tailor, feeling perhaps that the debtor's fantastic act constituted at least an acknowledgment of the debt, took the draft and went on his way. A series of circumstances not necessary to relate here resulted in the draft being deposited in the tailor's bank, whence in due course it arrived in Russia. The promoter had entirely forgotten the incident, when a couple of months later he received a communication from a bureau head at St. Petersburg, containing the information that while his draft had in that instance been paid, he must in the future refrain from making drafts upon the Czar personally, and must instead make requisition on the writer of the letter, such requisition to be accompanied by a full explanation of the services covered. This story is vouched for by a prominent and, I believe, truthful member of the Minnesota bar, who had an intimate acquaintance with the drawer of the draft.



"Can't you do anything?" asked the collector. The debtor was rather amused. "I might give you a sight draft on the Czar of Russia," he said smiling

Perhaps it doesn't much matter whether the story is true. If it is true, it doesn't prove anything, unless we want to accept the theory that Providence is on the side of the creditor who refuses to let his accounts grow stale.

A creditor always knows what he most desires a debtor to do. He wants the debtor to pay in full. If he can't have his first wish, he should know definitely what his second wish is and work definitely toward its accomplishment. A substantial part payment is usually the creditor's second choice. Then comes security for the entire debt. And finally, if nothing better can be obtained, and the creditor does not care to invoke the aid of the courts, an unsecured note is probably the creditor's best remaining alternative—and last, but not entirely to be despised, just a plain, ordinary, honest-to-goodness promise to pay on a certain date.

Theories of the Dun

A PLAIN appeal for a plain but definite promise occasionally has gratifying results. I remember that one December, about ten years ago, I decided to send a New Year's greeting to a lot of debtors whose indebtedness we intended to wipe off the books as uncollectible at the then fast approaching close of our fiscal year. The letter which we sent was pronounced by my superior officer: "About the silliest thing I ever saw." It started out with a more or less poetic reference to the dawn of the new year. We proceeded on the assumption that delinquent debtors are particularly conscious of their indebtedness on January 1, although I do not believe they are, nor that the emphasis laid on this point had anything to do with the success of our letter, except as it afforded a slightly different and decidedly less peremptory introduction than is found in most dunning letters. The important money-getting paragraph in this letter proved to be the following:

"From what we believe to be true of you as a man, the fact that you have not paid us can mean but one thing, viz., that circumstances over which you have had no control have prevented you from paying. It would be an impertinence for us to inquire into those circumstances. They are a part of your own private affairs. All that we ask of you now is that you tell us when you will pay. If you name a date when you will pay, we know you will do it. Your statement of the exact date upon which we may expect payment will be helpful to us because we have the same problems of raising money that you have. We are a large concern, to be sure, but for the same reason that a farmer keeps no more horses in his stable than he needs to plow his corn, we keep no more money in our business than we actually need."

You can't blame the man who called this a silly letter, yet it brought several hundred dollars in cash, and promises that ultimately netted several thousand dollars. One of the latter was from a gentleman who had been discharged in bankruptcy. He said: "I guess you don't know I'm an adjudicated bankrupt and don't owe you a cent under the law. If you did, you wouldn't write me that way. I don't have to pay you, but I will on May 1." He did. Another gentleman from the "Blue Grass," who had impoverished himself through his fondness for race horses, wrote: "I've never welshed yet. I'll send you the money by July 1." He sent part of it then and the rest later. Yes, sir, I'm a great believer in a promise that names a definite date of payment, if it serves to rehabilitate the promiser's self-esteem.

If I could announce a method that would unfailingly extract cash or security from debtors—good, bad, or indifferent—this would be a very valuable article. In fact, if I had any such method, I doubt if I should be generous enough to disclose it here. But I can give you some of my theories about the technique of collection making. You must take them for what they seem to you to be worth. The most that I can say in support of them is that I have practiced these theories with some success.

Selling Self-Respect

WHEN a collector tackles a delinquent debtor—either by correspondence or in person—I believe he should proceed on the theory that he has something to sell to the debtor. If you have chanced to follow this series in COLLIER'S, you already know that I regard *buying* as the *selling* of dollars. I am equally convinced that *collecting*, when truly defined, is simply another form of *salesmanship*.

What is it a collector can sell to a delinquent debtor? Perhaps the answer depends to some extent on the kind of debtor. I don't mean by this the debtor's character or temperament. I have encountered a good many different debtors and I haven't the faintest conception of the characters of any of them—not even the worst deadbeat among them. When I say the answer depends on the kind of debtor, I mean that it depends on some such thing, for example, as this: Whether the debtor is execution and garnishment proof; or is a solvent farmer who has stood off the grocers and implement dealers through so many crop failures that he has become habitually slow in paying his debts; or is a person who imagines himself so rich and powerful that a tradesman's unpaid bill has no significance except that the debtor hasn't time to check the bill and sign a check. Those are a few of the several types with which a collector may have to deal.

Let us consider the execution and garnishment proof man. Bullet-proof and bombproof are phrases that are frequently applied to him. What can the collector sell to such a debtor? There are several things, but all of them are specialties, and the collector has to work up their sale as carefully as the specialty salesman develops a purchaser's interest in his goods. Some of the

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things that can be sold to a bullet-proof debtor in exchange for his reluctant dollars are self-respect and vanity. I have encountered a good many debtors who were not commonly regarded as possessing much self-respect, but in most cases it proved that some semblance of self-respect could be aroused within them.

Personally, I am a great believer in giving a debtor a hearty handshake when I introduce myself to him. If a male and not one whose age or station would make such a familiarity in bad taste, I like to use the old-time exhorter's method and put my left hand on the debtor's right forearm when I shake hands with him. I have had that sort of thing done to me, and I positively loathe it, but with the average debtor it seems to be one of the most conciliatory and confidence-inspiring things a collector can do.

It is a mistake for a collector to hem and haw about his mission. When he is shaking hands is the time to declare it. If he doesn't, the handshaking isn't much good. When I was actively engaged in collection work, my favorite—and most successful—opening speech was this: "I'm Maxwell of the So and So Company. I've got that little account of yours with me. Guess you overlooked it—or something. Anyway, I guess you don't generally let an account get in the past-due file this way."

Diplomacy

THAT doesn't sound like much, but it represents some experience and a good deal of study on my part. First of all, it is man-to-man talk without any frills—and, by the way, *reckon* should replace *guess* when one gets south of the Ohio River. In the second place, this greeting contains no implication of reproach or lack of confidence, but does imply that you have a good opinion of the debtor which you confidently expect he will fully justify. In the third place, this kind of approach puts it up to the debtor to explain everything to you.

In my judgment it is important that a collector should encourage a debtor to talk and that the debtor should divulge his entire list of excuses—or grievances—before the collector commences to do his talking. A good collector is always genuinely sympathetic when a hard-luck story is told. He can be that without being any less resolute in his determination to get an immediate cash settlement. Likewise, if the debtor disclaims indebtedness, the collector should be capable of listening patiently and attentively to the debtor's attempted justification.

I remember that a good many years ago I was in a little town in southern Illinois, collecting for a harvester company. For several days I had been driving out among the farmers. Finally I cleaned up the county except for one dilapidated old note which had reposed for several years in the collection files of the local attorney. One rainy Saturday afternoon I asked for the note. The lawyer laughed at me. "Nobody can collect that note. I've tried it and three or four collectors before you have tried. As a matter of fact, the fellow doesn't owe it. You people took the binder away from him over in Indiana without due process of law, sold it for $12, and now you're trying to collect the balance. This fellow is a jackleg carpenter around town here. He just makes enough to live on, and he couldn't pay if he wanted to—which you can rest assured he don't want to do. Furthermore his wife is a virago and is liable to throw boiling water on you if you go down there."

While this was not an alluring collection, it was in the line of duty. I found the man in his hen house, where he was repairing the roosts. He was not anxious to talk about his indebtedness, but appeared quite ready to quit work. The silencing of his hammer strokes soon brought his wife upon the scene. She proved to be all the lawyer had said about her. She called my company and me all the names that a good woman could well include within the limits of her vocabulary. I am not certain that she did not exceed such limitations. With hat in hand I listened fearfully but, fortunately, with a most respectful manner. At the conclusion of her tirade, withdrawing a threatening and formidable fist from the near proximity of my nose, she remarked with a sigh of relief: "You are the only one who would listen to me until I got through. Now you know what I think of you. We've got $80 in the house. If you want that you can have it, just because you're the first one that's ever come around here and treated us like we was white folks." Thus, practically without saying a word, I made a comparatively good-sized collection on a tolerably worthless claim—so worthless, in fact, that the local lawyer disbelieved my assertion that I had collected $80 on it, and neglected to claim his commission.

About Lawsuits

SUPPOSE a debtor claims he doesn't owe the debt. After the collector has heard the debtor's statement, it is up to him to say in effect: "I know exactly how you feel about this. You want to be fair and square, and so do we. The trouble with both of us is that neither of us can look at this proposition the way a third party would, and the trouble with third parties is that when you get twelve of them in the jury box and another up on the judge's bench, it costs both sides a lot of money to find out what disinterested third parties are going to think after all of the facts and law are brought out by a gang of high-priced lawyers. Then, if the fellow who loses the suit is dissatisfied and wants the higher courts to pass on the case, there is a lot more expense, not counting the time and worry and bother. You can get plenty of good lawyers who will advise you that you can beat us in a suit. We can probably get just as many who will advise us that we can beat you. They will all be honest about it, too, but in the wind-up you and my house will have some good big bills to pay, no matter which way the case goes. If there wasn't anything involved but dollars and cents, my house would a good deal rather compromise with you than bring a suit. They know there's no money in lawsuits. So do you and so do I; but here's the



She called my company and me all the names that a good woman could

point: My house can't afford to lie down on a proposition like this. If they did, it would be talked about all over the country in no time, and, as you can readily appreciate, it is better for them to carry a case to the Supreme Court—even if they finally lose it—than for them to lie down. You know what I mean.

"Now, what do you say to this: Before either of us starts in to buy law, suppose you and I try to forget that we are interested in this case, and see if we can't look at it just as if we were a couple of jurymen. We won't argue with each other, but we'll take up each point and discuss it from both sides, and try to make up our minds how a jury or the Supreme Court would look at the case. What do you say?"

What to Do with Excuses

WHAT is it that the collector sells to the debtor in this parley? Partly self-respect, partly vanity, and partly something else. Self-respect, because no self-respecting debtor can preserve his dignity and decline a courteous and tactful challenge to put his cards on the table. Vanity, because you give him credit for being a fair-minded man and ascribe to him all of the knowledge of the courts and litigation that you yourself possess. To justify your opinion of him he is virtually obliged to join you in your proposed judicial consideration of the disputed debt. As to the other things you try to sell him, one is the conviction that he is in for a lawsuit if an amicable settlement cannot be effected.

Now let us come back to the man who alleges no defense, but has a great many excuses—the hard-luck man. You tell him you know he wants to pay and intends to pay. You didn't understand why he hadn't paid until he told you why. Now you know; his excuses are perfectly good; no apologies are necessary; you will explain it to the house so they will understand it as well as you do. Everything is all right up to date, but now a time has come when the house is asking for money and is depending on you to get it for them. What excuse can you offer for not collecting this account? None whatever. If you can't collect this account, you've got to admit that you're a mighty poor collector. "Listen, Mr. Debtor, you know there is no excuse I can give them for not collecting from you."

Making Debtors Feel Good

IT is probably unnecessary to continue this hypothetical conversation. It is enough if I have made clear what is meant when I express the opinion that a collector should try to sell self-respect and vanity to a debtor.

Farmers frequently present a great collection problem. Not because farmers don't pay their debts, but because they don't always pay as promptly as manufacturers and jobbers expect a country merchant to pay for the goods he has sold to the farmers. If I were a country merchant, had a lot of good but slow farmers on my books, and needed money to pay the jobbers and manufacturers with whom I dealt, I should state the case to my farmer customers very frankly. As a starter I think I should tell them or write them something like this: "The manufacturers and jobbers from whom I buy goods like to have me pay them promptly, and I generally manage to do so. You know that I handle first-class goods and that I try to keep my selling prices as low as possible. The values and the service that the merchants in this town can give to their customers depend to some extent on their standing with their jobbers and factories. Prompt pay is the best standing a merchant can have, and that is the standing I try to maintain.

"You are my customer. I value your patronage. I want to keep it, and I know that I can keep it as long as I give you the right goods and the right service at the right prices. I have written this letter because I am sending you a statement of your account. I want you to understand, however, that this is not a dunning letter. On the other hand, if you feel like helping me out, I can assure you that the money will come in handy."

I know a good many farmers and I know a good deal about them. They are pretty good fellows, and while they frequently seem a trifle indifferent in regard to their notes and accounts payable, I have never known them to refuse to help a neighbor when he needed help, nor have I ever known them to refuse to help a good merchant when he needed help—provided he asked for it in the right way.

If I had a lot of fashionable millionaire delinquents, as many city merchants do, I should handle the collection of their accounts a good deal as if they were farmers.

In both cases I should try to sell the sense of gratification that anyone, whether farmer or millionaire, is likely to feel in bestowing a favor and at the same time discharging a debt that in any case would have to be paid some time.

This is the fourth of Mr. Maxwell's series of articles. Others will follow



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Thief of the World

(Continued from page 8)

looked down at his cloth-wrapped fingers to hide a sudden warmth of moisture in his eyes. "I'm awfully sorry, sir," he said in a low tone; "but my gang won't like seein' a girl's picture for Jo-Jo. And what'll his ma say?"

HIS eyes slowly lifted to the face of O'Gorman. But the objection had caused no anger in O'Gorman. There was only, on his face, a certain appraising look. He eyed the boy. Suddenly he shrugged himself out of the thoughtful mood.

"I say, boy," he said. "Run across the street and get me a package of cigarettes. You know—my kind."

Patch looked down at the row of cigarettes, then up at the editor.

"What are you waiting for?"

"The dime, sir."

"Oh, go on over. I'll pay you later. I'm busy. Jump!"

O'Gorman sat down in the swivel chair. His eyes went up to the questioning eyes of the reporter. He winked.

At the cigar stand opposite the long, low sheds of the newspaper office Patch paid ten cents for the package of brown-paper-rolled cigarettes. It was the dime he had got from the bums. He came back between the long, bare counters of the deserted business office into the news-room, with its low-hanging lights, and laid the package beside the row of cigarettes on the edge of the desk. Again he waited at the editor's elbow.

O'Gorman looked round sharply. He saw the boy and his face brightened. "Gee, that was quick!" he said. And he smiled.

He swiveled round in the chair. He placed one hand on the boy's frail shoulder. The boy's frail shoulder quivered with nervousness. O'Gorman patted the shoulder. There was reassurance in his light touch.

"I say, Patrick," he said quite pleasantly. "You know this Jo-Jo's mother well—what? How about that picture of Jo-Jo? We want to run it awful bad!" He smiled steadily into the boy's eyes. "You know how it is. We'll have to run a girl's picture for Jo-Jo. Now we don't like to do that. Nor do you want to see a girl for Jo-Jo. But I'll tell you what you can do, Patrick. You get that baby picture of Jo-Jo for us!"

"I don't know, sir—it's the only one she's got."

"Oh, she'll trust you with it, Patrick! You played with Jo-Jo. You're the leader of the gang!" Into the boy's troubled face he looked admiringly.

THE boy blinked in a sudden shyness of pride. Never so slightly he drew up meager shoulders. Never so slightly O'Gorman's hand patted his shoulder.

"We won't keep it on her, Patrick. You know that. We'll use it to-night and return it to-morrow. We won't steal it. We'll give it back. You tell her that. We'll give it back to her. What do you say?" His hand tightened on the frail shoulder. The boy gulped: "If you gives it back—if you gives it back, Mr. O'Gorman—maybe I kin get it."

Quite quickly O'Gorman got afoot. He had achieved his purpose. The hand on Patch's shoulder gave the boy a sudden shove that started him toward the library. "Put on your cap, boy!" said O'Gorman. "Go out after it. Return here before eleven with that kid's picture!"

The boy went on toward the library. Over his shoulder he cast one look of misery. He whispered:

"I hates to go in all her sorrer."

Silver Street, as Patch walked up the hill of it, was dark and quiet. Behind the curtain, Patch knew, was Jo-Jo all in white. Patch entered the little brick-paved court at the side of the house. There was no one there.

Patch tiptoed across the creaking floor. Cap in hand, he entered the little parlor reverently. There were many candles in the little parlor. There were flowers and the heavy odor of flowers. There was one mourner. In the wavering light of the candles she was bending over the glass of the tiny white coffin.

Patch stole like a thief into the room. He sank to his knees beside the coffin.

The ceiling overhead creaked as he prayed, and the paper sagged and shook in the candlelight; and Patch knew that that was his mother moving weightily about in his bedroom above.

The sounds disturbed the woman in her sorrow. She pulled the shawl about her shoulders as with a sudden feeling of cold. Beneath the shawl her slight shoulders shook with slow, deep sobs. But she was worn with grieving, and after a little the sobs choked away.

"Oh, Jo-Jo, my heart is sick!" she sighed wearily. "My heart is sick, and me all alone now, and himself over there in the barn! Oh, Jo-een, with the silk hair of you and the mouth open, and you so small and innocent of all harm!"

SLOWLY Patch got to his feet. He dared not lift his eyes to the despairing eyes of the mother.

She did not look at him. But she made way for him. He bent above the glass. He saw a round, white face, a small mouth slightly open over two white specks of teeth, and closed, wide-spaced eyes with the lashes and the yellow bangs on the forehead dusted with powder. At last he looked up at the mother. She nodded her head quite bravely and wiped with her apron the dampness off her cheeks.



Minister — *. . . or else forever hereafter hold his peace.*
Bridegroom — *Er — I will.*

"If anyone is after askin' you, Patchin, tell them he was laid out all white and nice, and him dead but a day gone," she said. "It's little enough I could do, so lone I be and himself no help at all over there in the barn. But you won't be sayin' as how himself was no help, and the dumb beasts knowin' as much about Jo-Jo dead as him? You'll say, if anyone be after askin' you, that 'twas himself sat in this room by the coffin, and it comin' on dawn. And the drop taken he had—for they all will be knowin' of that—was only so few sups of whisky as would keep a man with his heart up, and he not keenin' like a woman over his son so tiny and white. You'll be after sayin' all that, Patchin, for the heart of you that is sobbin' with pity."

There was a great appeal in her blue-shadowed eyes. Patch could not meet those eyes. He looked down at the cap in his hands. He gulped:

"I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Fannan—and I'll do what you says—and I'm awful sorry." Then he looked swiftly up at the mother. A terrible desperation held in his eyes. "It's not me, Mrs. Fannan—I wouldn't come in all this sorrer—but he sent me—Gorry sent me—and he owes me a dime—and he says to get his picture—and I don't wanter, but I'll lose my job—and kin I have his picture, Mrs. Fannan?"

SHE nodded slowly, as though she understood. But that she did not understand, Patch knew from the far-away look in her eyes.

"'Tis there on the mantel, Patchin, and it's all that is left me. My heart is sick and no one is left me—no one but himself in the barn, God pity him! and the horses stampin'. I'm alone, Patchin, and spent with the grief of me—and all that is left me is the picture of Jo-een so proud in his whity bonnet, and the hair underneath like the soft hay the horses over there with himself do be eatin'. That is all that is left me. But I'll be after lettin' you look upon it, Patchin man, until the tears do comes upon you."

Behind two dried pine cones and a large sea shell on the mantel was the picture of a baby in frilly white, shrunk in a photographer's deep chair. Almost

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down on the wide-set frightened eyes was a white bonnet. And the mouth was open in a tiny o, as though he was aghast at the still figure in the coffin.

The mother moved over to the mantel. She lifted up the picture. But she did not look at it. She looked back over her shawl at Patch.

"It's in the warmth of the kitchen I'll be showin' it to you, Patchin, and the fire keepin' comp'ny. But in here it's so shaky with them candles that I do be feared to look at it lest the picture of him move and himself so still in the coffin."

SHE closed the door behind them and moved across the creaking floor of the kitchen to a chair before the open-lidded stove. Patch, the picture in his hands, went to the other side of the stove. He sat himself patiently down in the wood box. He did not look at the picture. He looked askance at the mother. She was smiling faintly into the fire.

"'Twas not a cry he made that day," she said, "but stare and look for the bird-een in the photygraph machine. 'It's a wonder of the world he is, Mrs. Fannan,' says the photy man. 'Not a cry like other babies, and such a sight of child I've never seen a prettier.' And I looked at the stoop of the man and thought what a power of bold, strappin' man Jo-Jo would be and him grown like his father!"

She peered into the gloom of the wood box. "But it's not the picture you do be lookin' at there in the dark, Patch Clancy, and it's believin' I am some bad thoughts is botherin' you!"

Patch shrunk into the box. "I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Fannan—and I'm prayin' the time you is talkin'—but Gorry says so—and he owes me for the cigarettes. I tole him the story—and the runnin' job was easylike to-night—and he says, 'Get his picture!'—and I'm awful sorry—but kin I have the picture for the paper? Kin I, Mrs. Fannan—kin I?"

"For the paper, boy, is it?"

SHE quivered to her feet. She snatched the picture from him. Her thin, white hands pressed it to her shrunken bosom. Above the open stove her mother eyes blazed at the boy shrinking there in the dark. "Nothin' is left me! Nothin' is left me but the poor picture of him—and Joe Fannan himself dead drunk in the barn, bad cess to the likes of him! It's robbin' me of all I have you'll be—and you so small there looks not a bad bone in the body of you! Ah, Patchin! Patchin! it's evil you would do me, and me all alone this night with the mourners gone!" The picture rose and fell on her bosom. She swayed slightly. "All I have is in that room—all I have! And with Jo-een gone and the turf is thumpin' on the box, what will a lone woman have to look at, and remember—and you takin' his picture from me?" There could come no answer from the wood box.

Her eyes died. She slumped back into the chair. Only rose and fell on her bosom that tightly held picture. She sighed deeply, as with utter helplessness.

"Ah, it's a power they have, the newspapers!" she said plaintively. "It's alone in my grief I would be, but they do be sendin' men here and beggin' it of me—and me only able to cry. One do be forcin' himself in and the body not here for him to speed with prayin', so I knew 'tis robbin' he'd be after. And now you, Patchin, that played with him when the days were long!"

After a little a woeful voice fluttered from the dark of the wood box:

"I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Fannan—and I'm thinkin' that would be Gorry himself forcin' himself in—and he what owes me money with bossy ways that drives me to hate him. And I didn't wanter come, no more as I wanted Jo-Jo to come yesterday—but I'll lose the runnin' job—and Gorry says: 'I'll use it to-night and return it to-morrer'—and Gorry says: 'You tell her that.' And if I get it back agin, maybe I kin have it? If I get it back agin, maybe I kin have it, huh, Mrs. Fannan?"

THE light of the dying embers shook up on the papered ceiling and moved great shadows about the room. The room was very still.

"If I get it back from Gorry for you, I kin have it—huh, Mrs. Fannan?"

The mother looked down at the picture. She shook her head wearily.

"Ah, Patchin, it's a puzzle of the world you be with the promises on your lips," she said at last. "But it's myself am in sorrow enough to save sorrow from you and you losin' your job by me. You be a run-the-hedge and a puzzle sure, but no promises the men made me any time—so I do be thinkin' it's the truth you say. No wish of mine would be after causin' you the loss of the runnin' job, and your mother scrimpin' and scrapin' above to make ends meet. So I'll give the picture to you, Patchin man—and the promise given."

"I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Fannan—and I promise, honest."

He came hesitantly out of the dark. And she looked up at him, a terrible pathos in her eyes. "All I have—and the bonnet fallen! All I have to look at in the lonely nights and the fire playin' strange smiles on his face! You would not be after keepin' that from me long, Patchin?"

AGAIN Patch waited at the editor's elbow. He shuffled nervously with his feet the litter of papers. There held in his eyes a grave question.

"Remember the promise I tole you of, Mr. O'Gorman, when I gives you that picture last night?"

O'Gorman turned round sharply.

"Promise, boy? What promise? What picture? What are you talking about?"

"I came in, sir, and I put the picture in your hands, and I says: 'She give it to me, sir—and Jo-Jo in the other room—and she cried and tole me to bring it back to her—and I promised—and you says: "Good! Fine!"' So it was all a promise—and I thought you'd remember about the promise if you didn't 'bout other things. And has you the picture of Jo-Jo, sir, if you don't mind—and maybe you is done with it and not needin' it no more?"

"I don't know anything about it!" O'Gorman said. "See the librarian, boy."

"But he says as how you got it—"

O'Gorman got afoot in the litter of papers. "I tell you I don't know anything about it!" he shouted.

He banged his fist on the desk. A lighted cigarette protruded from that fist. At the shock of fist meeting desk the lighted end was jarred off. It fell, smoking and unnoticed, into the litter of papers at his feet.

"Don't know anything about it! I'm busy. Get me my proofs. Get the last galley on the baby contest. I'll give you something to think about beside promises. Jump!"

PATCH "jumped." He ran out to the composing room in the adjoining shed. In his mind was a growing fear.

"He remembers the promise given," he said to himself. "He says baby contest—and Jo-Jo was a baby—so he remembers the promise. I wonder has they lost it!" Patch came back to the news editor's desk. About it were a number of men. Some of the men were coughing and wiping their eyes. All were flushed and excited. A dry smoke as from burnt paper was in the air. There was no longer about the desk a litter of papers. What had been the litter of papers had burst into a sudden fire. There remained only a blackened mass, pulpy and foul smelling. O'Gorman stood in the center of the group. He was explaining in a nervous, shaken way. "Must have dropped a cigarette. First thing I knew it was warm about my feet. I looked down and the whole shooting match was blazing. Shows how easily fires can start in these rat traps. I got riled at that blamed questioning boy, I remember, and must have thrown my cigarette, all lighted, into those papers."

Patch came hesitantly through the cluster of editors and readers and idle reporters. He laid the single proof on the news editor's desk. O'Gorman caught his fear-filled eye. "Here, boy," he whipped out maliciously, "get down on your knees and clear away that mess you started. See there's nothing else burning."

As Patch obeyed, he stood over the little fellow. Patch picked up from the blackened heap a charred piece of cardboard thicker than the mass of news and copy paper. "What's that, boy?"

"It looks sum'what like a picture, sir."

An anxious frown knuckled O'Gorman's forehead. "Picture? It isn't the picture of one of those baby contestants, is it? We can't afford to lose one of those. We'll be announcing the winners to-morrow night, and we don't know who'll win. And we gotta run the winners' pictures. Let me see that!"

IT was but the fragment of a picture. It was the slanting, ragged, lower half of a photograph. There was visible beneath the smut the white clothes of an infant. The face had been consumed

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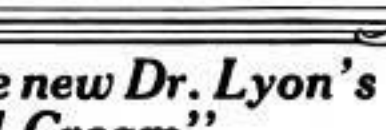
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completely. The frown deepened on O'Gorman's forehead. Quickly he turned the picture over. There was a strip of paper affixed to the base of the back. The name of the baby in the photograph was typewritten on the strip. O'Gorman read the typewritten name on the strip. He laughed. In his laugh was immense relief. He addressed the diminished cluster:

"No chance of me leaving them baby advertisers round so loose! I got all stewed up over nothing. This? Why, this is only the picture of the kid that got killed in that collier fire!" He dropped to the blackened litter the poor fragment of picture from which Jo-Jo once had stared. Patch reached convulsively for it. The fragment in his hands, he looked up from his back-stooping toil. Warm in his eyes were angry tears.

His promise had been broken. There was only for him that had broken and outraged that promise one name of scorn. "You thief of the world!" Patch sobbed. "You owes me a dime—and now you's burned it—and she's all alone! Oh, you thief of the world!"

But O'Gorman did not hear him. He was wiping off his fingers the smut from Jo-Jo's picture.

IT was late that night. Patch entered the little brick-paved court. The charred fragment of the picture was in his hand.

Through the transom of the door under the stairs played a dim light. Within, in the shadowy kitchen, Mrs. Fannan was bending over the fire, he knew, and listening against his return. He had promised to bring back to her that night Jo-Jo's picture. He tiptoed toward the staircase—a furtive shadow. He looked down at the sad fragment of the picture.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe she'd know I meant to keep my promise if I gives her this!" He opened the inner door the faintest space and peeped in.



"You were in that fire yesterday, boy? What do you know about it?" The boy's hand nervously fingered the top of the desk. He wet his lips

She was sitting by the stove. The lid was removed and the red ember light played vaguely on her face. Her eyes were upon the fire. He closed the door softly. Her eyes frightened him.

He lingered, his hand on the knob. He wanted to tell her; he dared not tell her. Piteously penitent, he put his face to the door between them. In so low a voice she never could have heard, he whispered: "Gorry's burned it—and I promised—but I can't give you this. I'm awful sorry." Through all the next afternoon he sat in his sunny bedroom. He did not go down to his gang. He was too fearful of Mrs. Fannan's eyes. Under his vest, hot against his side, was the fragment of the picture. In the hush of twilight, after five o'clock, he slunk down the rickety staircase to return to the running job. He heard the screen door below squeaking open. So she had been watching for him all that day.

She stepped out into the court, the green shawl about her slight shoulders, a clean blue apron over her skirt.

"I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Fannan," he trembled from the staircase, "but—but I thinks they's lost it!"

THE white arm of the woman clutched the shawl at her throat.

"Lost it? Lost it, you tell me? Is it lost it on me—Jo-Jo's picture!"

"I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Fannan—"

She turned on him. Her eyes were like glass. "Awful sorry you be! You with the fine promises the time I was sick with sorrow! Awful sorry! Oh, you thief of the world! You thief of the world that 'ud rob a lone woman! Yet you be gettin' down out of here the way you come, you thief of the world!" Patch huddled down out of sight behind the baluster trade. The woman moved slowly away.

"And now I'll be havin' to go after it myself, that has no fine words to beg for me and no man to fight," she said wearily to herself. "Ah, 'tis a thief of the world that 'ud rob a lone woman—and it in some dark host corner smilin'!"

Under the boy's vest, against his side, the fragment of the picture burned like a hot coal.

It was a busy night. Not that any big story had "broken." It was the night that marked the close of the "Golden Rain" baby contest. On that night were to be published the names and pictures of the baby winners of the lot, the two automobiles, the furniture, and the diamond ring.

IT was a hard night for Patch. He ran back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. "Here, boy!" shouted O'Gorman. "Get the picture for the first page! The topnoteher that won the lot! Jump!" Patch came out of the doorway of the library. The picture of the baby that had won the capital prize was in his hand. Coming down the newsroom—as he once had seen her coming along the wharf—was Jo-Jo's mother!

Patch crouched back into the dark of the doorway. His heart jumped against his ribs. Like terrible hammer strokes, it seemed to thump the fragment of picture against his ribs.

She stopped at O'Gorman's desk—a frail figure pitifully shrunken in awe into herself. O'Gorman looked up, an inquiring light in his eyes. The woman spoke hurriedly.

"Don't know anything about it, ma'm," Patch heard O'Gorman say.

The woman trembled on. Reddening, O'Gorman rose to his feet.

"I tell you we don't know anything about it!" he said in louder tones. "If he promised that, he'll bring it back himself. I can't be bothered. If you had given it to me when I asked for it, I might. Not now. I'm busy, madam!"

He grabbed up a cigarette and turned his back on the woman. He started away, puffing viciously.

The woman followed after him, a mere tremble of shawl and apron.

O'Gorman turned on her, shouting brutally: "You get out of here! We don't know a thing about your blamed picture! We don't want you in here! If you want the picture, sue for it!"

The woman shrunk from him. A lean whitish arm clutched convulsively the shawl at her throat. She turned from the low-hanging lights of the newsroom.

There, in the dark of the doorway, Patch struggled in his soul. He looked down through hot tears at the picture bent in his clenched, bandaged hands. He crouched back farther into the doorway. He looked hard at that picture.

He drew out from under his vest the fragment of picture that had been Jo-Jo's. That he dropped into the dark of the doorway. His eyes never left the picture of the prize winner in his hands. His hands felt across the back of the prize-winner's picture. He tore off the strip of paper. His eyes read the strip: "Phyllis Bevans."

He shoved the picture up under his vest. Ahead he saw Jo-Jo's mother moving silently into the long shadows of the deserted business office. He sidled out of the doorway and followed after her.

Slowly Patch came back into the newsroom. O'Gorman was waiting for Patch to come with the picture of the baby prize winner, Phyllis Bevans. Something caused him to turn round. He saw Patch.

"You!" he said. "What you doing out here? The Bevans baby's picture—where is it, boy? What'd you do with it?"

He looked at the empty hands of the boy. From the empty hands he looked to the boy's eyes. In those eyes, at once so bright and so pleading, he read the guilt of the boy! "You little thief! You gave it to that woman! They looked just alike—you gave it to her! Don't lie! You gave it to her!"

The boy was abject in his guilt. He

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sniffled nervously like a cowardly little dog. "I couldn't help it, Mr. O'Gorman. The bonnet was over the eyes jest like Jo-Jo's—and I says as how you fixed up Jo-Jo in them whity laces so he'd look pretty in the paper—and she looked at it under the gas lamp on the wharf. 'It's Jo-een!' she says—"

O'Gorman reached out. He got the boy by the shoulder. By the shoulder, roughly, he shoved him toward the business office. "Go after it! Get that picture back! Get that picture back, you thief—or you're fired!"

But the boy held back, pleading:

"Will the dime pay for it? Will the dime pay for it, Mr. O'Gorman? Will the dime what you owes me for cigarettes pay for it?"

O'Gorman's hand dropped from the shoulder. Like a cowardly little dog, Patch crouched away in fear. But no outburst followed from O'Gorman.

SUDDENLY reflective, O'Gorman fingered his close-shaven chin. He looked at the sniffling, nervous boy. Into his eyes, as he looked, crept that certain light of appraisal.

Then he shrugged himself out of the thoughtful mood. He felt in a vest pocket. Very slowly he fished out a dime.

"I never meant to keep that on you, Patrick." He pressed the dime into the boy's bandaged hand. And his voice was very pleasant:

"I was going to fire you, Patrick. But I won't fire you. I see now why you did it. You just had to—eh, Patrick?"

Tears showed in the eyes of the boy. He had despaired of that dime. Never had he expected from O'Gorman such sympathy. He melted. He cried miserably.

O'Gorman put a hand on the boy's quivering shoulder. He patted that shoulder. "Don't cry about it, Patrick," he said with studied friendliness. "You've put us in a deuce of a hole. If you had only waited till to-morrow, now—but don't cry about it."

He smiled into the boy's face. Into the boy's face he smiled until at last Patch smiled back—a moist, little smile.

At that smile of the boy's, O'Gorman said: "Couldn't you get it back from her, Patrick, just for to-night? We'll return it to her sure this time. Just like I gave you back that dime." Wiping his eyes, but still sniffling, the boy went slowly and submissively into the night.

ONCE more Patch waited at the editor's elbow. O'Gorman looked round.

"Gee, that was quick, Patrick!" he said. The boy laid the dime on the edge of the desk.

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. O'Gorman—but she was still lookin' at it on the wharf under the gas lamp. 'It's Jo-een laughin' up at me in the light,' she says. 'God bless you, Patch!' And sir—she smiled. And I ain't no thief of the world, Mr. O'Gorman. I couldn't take that back from her—her smile."

O'Gorman slumped back in the chair. He looked down at the dime for a long time. "I've been thinking, Patrick—"

His face was very gray. He reached out. Very slowly he pocketed the dime.

"Well, we're even now," he began again. "I'll keep the dime. You keep the running job. Let the woman keep the picture. It's not Jo-Jo's. It's a baby girl's. But she'll never know that. And she can look at it in the nights when she's all alone." He lifted his gray face.

"Patrick," he said quietly, "couldn't you jerk up that man in the stable?"

Is Roger Sullivan a Boss?

(Continued from page 6)

pany appeared to the general view as just such a deal. Croakings of scandal were heard from the moment of the introduction of the bill, and they still echo, although it is twenty years since. Sullivan was early known as one of the parties at interest, and as the company's affairs worried along through the municipality for a dozen or fifteen years, appeared as its executive head.

That Ogden Gas Deal

IF the company was projected as a hold-up scheme, it did not work out that way in the beginning, for the old company did not buy it and it went to manufacturing gas upon its own account. If, on the other hand, it was a legitimate competitive enterprise, the competitive feature failed of its purpose, for it finally did pass into the hands of the older company, and that purchase price is a part of the burden upon the backs of Chicago citizens to-day. The sum realized ultimately by its promoters is admitted to be three millions, and alleged to be as high as nine. In either event, and whether three or nine millions, the moral issue, however, remains the same.

Sullivan, however, denies that there was a moral issue. He stoutly contends that the enterprise was legitimately competitive, and points to the fact that it entered upon the manufacture of gas, that a price war resulted and the cost of such fuel to the consumer was greatly reduced; and that, so far as selling out is concerned, his own holdings have just recently passed over, and that long after the city had gained the right to regulate the price of gas, and hence could have no further interest in maintaining competition.

Nor does Roger admit that either the transaction as a whole, around which have clustered the more important activities of his business and political life, nor his personal part in it, was in any way reprehensible.

A Corporation Man, But—

WITH him it was just a piece of bread-and-butter politics. Once the thing was launched he had to stay in politics, day and night for twenty years, to protect it from assault, and pave the way for its successful development and conclusion. To this end he had to have friends in the State Legislature and he had to have friends in the City Council, and he had them. He had to have a city organization, and a down-State organization, and he had them. He had to make trades and deals and alliances, and he made them. He aimed always to keep his political agreements. When he had to have help he never questioned the source from which it came. When obligations had to be repaid he found a way to discharge them. Both the Council and the State Legislature at times in these twenty years have been corrupt. I am not saying that Sullivan was corrupt. It may not have been necessary. I do not know whether or not he would have yielded if it had been necessary. He might have preferred loss to corruption, but it is not on record that he ever did lose voluntarily, or that he ever marched his forces off the field because some of his allies might be suspected of a taint.

During the long battle of the citizens of Chicago for control of their public utility corporations the Sullivan clan has usually been found going into action on the corporation side.

At the same time Walter L. Fisher, Charles E. Merriam, and other representatives of advancing civic standards say they sometimes found Sullivan far in advance of other corporation representatives in his appreciation of changing public sentiment.

Although he voted his cohorts against the bill to give Chicago the right to regulate the price of gas, he confessed to the proponents of the bill, and declared to his fellow opponents, that regulation was bound to come.

One Ear to the Ground

WHEN the bill became a law Sullivan stood with the People's Gas Company in its fight for the most favorable terms of regulation, yet when a deadlock developed he appeared as an intermediary between the representatives of the city and the People's Gas Company.

This is cited both to do the man justice and to show the extent of his political prescience.

Sullivan as a political leader has been practical—a man without ideals—who played the game as he found it. He is a sort of political barometer. As the popular standard has risen his standards have risen.

Here are a few of the barometer readings in Roger's case: At certain times in his career in Illinois he has cast the weight of his influence for the civil service, direct primaries, and the commission form of government, merely because he had sensed the advance in the popular mind. This is the most hopeful thing you can say about Sullivan to-day, apart from his brains and likableness—he is politically wise. He reads the drift—and follows it. Like Murphy, "If uplift's the word, he's for it." And yet Sullivan's record is long

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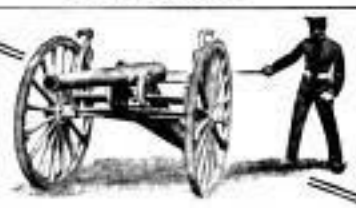
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enough in this behalf that we may give him credit for some real sincerity. In fact, there is not much of seeming about Roger. His vices have been about as public as his virtues—possibly a trifle more so.

Sullivan's espousal of the cause of Woodrow Wilson is cited as another case in point. Of course, it may be pointed out that there was no necessary virtue in this—that when his political enemies, Harrison and Hearst, espoused the cause of Clark, there was nothing for Roger to do but espouse the cause of Wilson.

On the other hand, it was well known that when Sullivan returned from the meeting of the National Democratic Committee at Washington in December, 1911, after having heard the Bryans and the Clarks and the Underwoods talk, he made the statement to some of his friends that "this fellow Wilson put it all over 'em."

Still he did not come out for Wilson. He merely told Wilson one day when he was in Chicago: "When it is all over, I am satisfied that you will be satisfied."

I see no deep reason, therefore, for doubting that his support of Wilson was not as sincere as it was effective.

His Beginnings, and Now

THESE things are all pointed to by the friends of Sullivan to-day as an evidence of the progressive tendency of his life. They admit that he was schooled in low politics; that he bargained, traded, log-rolled, and blinked his eyes exactly as any man must do who would be a leader among the only kind of people Sullivan could lead; but they say that his horizon has widened; that his ethical standards have risen. They claim his career should be scanned with a sympathetic and an appreciative eye. Such offenses as are justly chargeable to Sullivan, they declare, lie far in the past, and that it is unjust, for instance, to measure the Ogden Gas deal of twenty years ago by the standards everywhere accepted to-day, nor to charge the ignorant and unethical operations of an obscure ward politician of the nineties against the aspirations of the intelligent and widely observant Roger Sullivan of the present.

"But," asks some one, "if Roger is the friend of President Wilson, why is he the foe of Secretary Bryan?"

Ah! By that keen question is pegged an interesting tale that tells almost as much about our versatile Secretary of State as about the resourceful lion of Chicago's Democratic jungles.

The beginning of the trouble was back, far back, for Mr. Bryan, it appears, has never been able to think well of Mr. Sullivan since he bolted free silver in 1896 and campaigned behind Palmer and Buckner.

The fires of Bryan's animosity having smoldered long, broke out in 1904 in a determination to erase Roger from the national Democratic map, something to which Roger was totally disinclined. The first skirmish was at the notorious "train-robber" convention at Springfield in that year. A Democratic State convention in Illinois is a complicated affair. There are county conventions, legislative conventions, and Congressional conventions, and with each convention a caucus or caucuses; there are committees—county, district, and State committees—wheels within wheels, caucuses within caucuses, conventions within conventions, side shows and open-air acts, all fusing in the great hippodrome of the main convocation with its fifteen hundred delegates.

Outplaying Mr. Bryan

THREE particular elements had desires of this convention. First might be mentioned Mr. Hearst. This was one of the times when Mr. Hearst aspired to be the Presidential nominee of the Democratic party. To secure the support of the Illinois delegation which this convention would name, Mr. Hearst's representative had expended much red ink and a sum reported at $350,000. Second, there was Mr. Carter Harrison of Chicago—desiring—well, I do not know exactly what—but desiring. Besides, he had a feud with Mr. Sullivan. Third, there was John P. Hopkins, of whom we shall hear later—with Sullivan as his major general in active command. Hopkins and Sullivan were generally at feud with Harrison, they were usually in a war to the knife with Hearst, and always seeking political power.

In the upshot Sullivan controlled this Springfield convention absolutely. How he controlled it has ever since been an issue between himself and Mr. Bryan, but there can be no doubt the convention itself rested in the hollow of the hand of Roger. It did what he permitted it to do. No one got consideration except by his favor. Contests were decided, nominations were made, delegates were chosen, resolutions were passed—all at the nod of Sullivan.

More Political Magic

SULLIVAN was elected to the Illinois place upon the National Democratic Committee, and a Sullivan delegation was elected to the St. Louis National Convention—a delegation which Roger, in the magnanimous mood that often comes to him in victory, permitted to be instructed for his enemy—Hearst.

But Mr. Bryan did not welcome this Illinois delegation to St. Louis with beaming smiles. Instead he fought it in the subcommittee on credentials, in the main committee, and upon the floor of the convention, where, to the full limit of two hours and the whole length of his vocabulary, Mr. Bryan denounced the Illinois convention as controlled by train robbers, of whom he indexed Roger Sullivan as the bandit chief. But denunciation failed to shake Roger loose. He clung to his place as National Committeeman, and to his delegates, which he voted with characteristic Sullivan stubbornness from the first ballot to the one upon which Parker was nominated.

But Mr. Bryan is a man somewhat set in his ideas. He had conceived of



Roger Sullivan and his daughter, Mrs. Leo Cummings, on her wedding day

Roger as a blot upon the fair escutcheon of Democracy and one which must be wiped out. The next chance to expunge Roger would be at the Illinois Democratic Convention of 1906, which was held at Peoria and sometimes known in history as the "doormat" convention—"doormat" because a correspondent of the "Record-Herald" wired his paper that the Peorians, after looking the delegates over, took their doormats in at nights.

But Roger was again in absolute control. He plumed his ascendancy by a bit of play in which sardonic humor and good politics were deftly mingled through the passage of a beautiful indorsement of Mr. Bryan as the man who "towers above all Americans as fittest to lead in the fight to rescue our Government from the hands of special interests and restore it to the people."

"Practical" Oratory

THE next order of business was on the motion to expunge Roger. Each side sent three gladiators to the oratorical fray, but the delegation demanded to hear Sullivan himself. The day was warm. Roger was in his shirt sleeves, and public speech was not his forte, but he climbed upon the platform and burst out in a piece of oratory that made the rafters tingle. It was like himself—rough and practical—straight from the shoulder.

Sullivan is of only medium height, but heavy—weighing 210 pounds, and yet without being paunchy. He is merely stocky; very stocky. There is a kind of primal courage about the man, which is made more engaging by an appearance of candor. When aroused he has abundant magnetism, he radiates energy, his cunning gray eyes dart light, and there is something leonine in his passion. The expression of his mouth is good-humored, but there is, too, a nasty curl to the upper lip of Sullivan when he is in anger, and his white, regular teeth clamp like the bite of steel shears. The total impression which the man gives off is that of resolute strength, combined with shrewd intelligence.

What the Speech Did

ROGER'S speech itself was cunningly phrased. He made the issue appear a personal one between himself and Mr. Bryan—and some of Mr. Bryan's lieutenants. There he left the matter. Sullivan had spoken ten minutes. His speech made a sharp impression. It cemented the victory his political skill had already guaranteed. By a vote of 1,038 to 570 the convention refused to expunge Roger. Two days before he had said that on roll call he would receive 1,035 votes—which in itself indicates that Sullivan as a politician deceives himself but slightly as to how the votes will hatch. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Bryan are still at war.

But this, like other events described, is well in the past of Sullivan.

Casting about for some test of the up-to-the-minute political standards of Roger Sullivan, I came upon the situation in the Sanitary District of Chicago, which has to do with the maintenance and operation of the drainage canal. This district is managed by a board of nine trustees, who are elected by the people—a board which is just now in possession of the Sullivan Democrats. It has upward of five hundred names on its pay rolls, and its operations involve an expenditure of as high as two million dollars a year. There is no space here to go into the methods of the board, but a mere casual glance revealed things that lent no encouragement to the theory that Mr. Sullivan's standards have greatly advanced so far as goes the character of his political associates or the things which such associates may do.

No sketch of Sullivan would be complete that did not include a reference to his family life. He loves his home and spends much time in it. Mrs. Sullivan is a woman of very impressive appearance, tall, with strong, regular features, and large dark eyes, contrasting with a high forehead and masses of nearly white hair. She takes considerable interest in her husband's political career, and is herself a director in both the Democratic Woman's League and the Civil Service Reform Club.

There is a son, Bertius, a fine, sober-minded boy who has just been graduated from Yale and entered the practice of law in Chicago. There are three daughters, all married. These, with their husbands, who are fine-appearing men, and the grandchildren, when gathered about the Sullivan dining table, which is of baronial size, make a most attractive family party.

But now we draw toward the end.

In some points the human appeal of the man may have influenced me to do him more than justice; in some others abhorrence of low political practice may have caused me to do him less.

As He Sees Himself

SULLIVAN looks back over his career and is satisfied with it. He is sensitive over being called a boss, and he is a bit surprised at the hail of criticism that continues to descend upon him in the midst of what he deems a well-earned success. He believes that at all times he has correctly interpreted the will, the state of mind, and the ethical standards of the majority of his party in Illinois.

Indeed, it is more to demonstrate that he is a chosen leader and not a self-constituted boss than to gratify any ambition to be a Senator that Roger Sullivan has announced his candidacy at a time when, under the primary system, first, the voters of his party and, finally, of the State, may place the stamp of their approval or disapproval upon his past record and his present aspirations.

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Lincoln Enters Hostile Territory

(Continued from page 21)

"The change from the farm to the village life was not so great as I had anticipated." Lincoln says. "Father not only carried with him several cows and a span of horses, but the house which he rented on the outskirts of the village possessed (unfortunately) a large garden, and not only were we forced to continue our milking and currying, we were set to work at once planting potatoes and other vegetables, and as the soil had been neglected for several years, the weeds sprang up like dragon's teeth. Work, it seemed, was not to be escaped even in the town."

THOUGH resenting this flavor of the farm and somewhat disappointed in the rented home, Lincoln admits that he was vastly pleased with his new surroundings. "The fact that we were within a few minutes' walk of Main Street, and could go to the store at any moment, was an ever-recurring delight.

Osage, only a village then, was situated on the prairie, just at the margin of a belt of hardwood timber through which the Cedar River ran, and though quite commonplace to passing strangers, was deeply significant to these farmer boys. "It was, in truth, the lair of an alien tribe, hostile and pitiless. Up to this time," Lincoln explains, "we had hated and feared as well as envied all town boys (they were our natural enemies), and now, suddenly, we were thrown among them and put entirely upon our own defenses. Of all this tribe we knew but one, a certain Mitchell Morgan, son of an old Scotch carpenter, and even he insisted on trying us out.

"Owen escaped with only a few bruises, but I was obliged to resort to craft in mastering Loring Hitchcock, who was strong as a moose and truculent as a weasel. In friendly tests of strength I succeeded in convincing him that I might be dangerous in battle. Moreover Mitchell was disposed to side with me in desperate crises, and so at last I won a sort of armed and watchful peace."

During April and May Lincoln worked in the little garden, but as the wheat harvest came on Duncan called him to help in the warehouse, and this turned out to be a most informing and pleasant experience.

The street, as it was called, was merely a wagon road which passed in front of a row of rude elevators of various shapes and sizes whose backs chuted grain into cars upon the switch. On this road the buyers met the farmers as they came to market, alighting upon the loads like hawks and bidding against one another for the grain.

"Several of these merchants were of a type I had never before known, humorous, shrewd, remorseless in warfare, yet good friends beneath it all. At certain hours of the day they had very little to do but banter or debate, and, as they were ready disputants, I learned much from their sessions. Among these men my father mingled as an intellectual equal, notwithstanding the fact that he was a granger."

LINCOLN'S work in the elevator consisted in receiving the grain and keeping the elevator going. He weighed the farmers' sacks, made out checks for the payment, and kept the books—in all ways taking a man's place. It was necessary also to watch the fanning mill in the high cupola in order that the sieves should not clog, and the three flights of stairs leading to the fanning mill had to be mounted many times each day. "I always ran up these steps when the mill required attention, but ignored them in coming down. One day as I swung from beam to beam and dropped from footway to footway like a monkey from a tall tree my mother, who happened to see me, exclaimed in terror and begged me not to do that again. I assured her that there was not the slightest danger—and this was true, for I was both sure-footed and sure-handed in those days.

"I enjoyed this work; indeed, it was a golden summer for us all. Mother found village life leisurely and father seemed to enjoy his companionship with the merchants and bankers of the town, while Owen, as first assistant in a candy store, was as busy as a bee in a sugar bowl. A part of every holiday was spent in fishing or swimming or in roaming the woods with Mitchell and George, but on Sundays we all dressed in our best and went to church as to a solemn function, fully alive to the social grandeur of Banker B and Congressman D—but still more alive to the wonderful toilets and stately beauty of their daughters.

"Theoretically there were no social distinctions in Osage, but in fact we stood in awe of every veranda and family carriage. Our visitors were never from the pretentious homes in the midst of leafy lawns but from the farm—but mother was apparently content with her callers from Dry Run and Burr Oak. I never knew her to utter an envious or bitter word."



Uncle Zeke: "Guess now with the help of these yer balloons, they'll perk up good and proper when the drouth comes"

SMALL as Osage was it had much to stir a plowboy's ambitions. The well-dressed people, the lovely girls, the music, and the subdued lights of the churches appealed to Lincoln with such power that he usually went both morning and evening—not from any real devotion—but to watch the Congressman's daughters go up the aisle. Outwardly a stocky, ungraceful youth, Lincoln was, inwardly, a squire of romance, a young knight longing for a steed, a shield, and a ladylove to fight for. "No one could be more essentially romantic than I was at this time—but I was careful to conceal it—even from Burton—I may say especially from Burton."

Contact with several young men who had been students at the little seminary which stood in the midst of the village developed new ambitions in our farmer boy. He resolved to enter for the autumn term, and to that end finally gained from his father a leave of absence and hired himself out to bind grain on the Marsh harvester. Although not yet sixteen years of age, he kept his place beside his partner day after day, taking care of his half of eight and ten acres of grain each day. With fingers raw and bleeding with the briers, with joints swollen and aching, he persisted, lured by the promise of better things in September.

IN this way, and as stacker, he earned enough money to buy himself a new suit, a resplendent pair of calfskin boots, and several necessary books, all in preparation for the schooling which was soon to begin. "Up to this time," he explains, "I had never owned an overcoat, and my shirts were still made at home, but I now purchased two boxes of paper collars and a 'store necktie,' and my satisfaction in these garments made my mother smile with pleasure and understanding humor.

"And yet," he continues, "in spite of my diagonal suit and purple tie, I felt very ignorant and very awkward as I left our house on that first day and started for the chapel. To me the tall brick building, standing bleakly in the center of the campus, was as imposing as I imagine the Harper Memorial Library must be to the present-day youngster entering the University of Chicago. To mount the steps to the door meant running the gauntlet of a dozen young men ready of speech, citified of dress—urban aristocrats fairly entitled to laugh at a hired hand like myself.

"I would have balked completely, had not David Pointer, a neighbor's son, volunteered to lead the way. "Gratefully I accepted his offer, and so passed for the first time into the lofty room which came to mean so much to me in after years. It was swarming with a hundred merry young people and the high ceiling, the Corinthian columns on the side walls, the big pipe organ, the stately professors on the platform, the self-confident choir—all these sights and sounds and faces reduced me to a condition of abject humility. What right had I to all this splendor? Sliding hurriedly into a seat, I cowered behind Walter Blake, glad of the obscurity which my short stature guaranteed to me."

The Cedar Valley Seminary at this time was very primitive, hardly more than a high school, and yet it served its purpose. It gave Lincoln and his like the opportunity of meeting those who were older, finer, and more learned than they, and every day was like turning a fresh and delightful page in a book of verse, not only because it brought new friends, new experiences, but because it symbolized the world, the field of conquest for these sons of the border.

"It permitted us to work on the farm seven months of the year and to wrestle with algebra, Latin, and calculus the other five. It filled a need which far-away colleges could not supply.

"The major part of the students were sons and daughters of our neighbors round about the country, but others came from the village, and a few were from distant parts of the State. The town-bred girls were especially awesome to me, so graceful, so well dressed, and so composed were they. One or two of the boys wore tailor-made suits, and the easy flow of their trousers and the fit of their collars became at once my envy and my despair.

"'Some day,' I said to myself, 'I'll have a suit that will not gape at the neck or crawl at the ankle. See if I don't.'" Thus did Lincoln's ambitions take their rise.

"Shoes were just coming into fashion," he goes on to say," and one of the students from Dubuque wore pointed box toes which filled us all with wonder. He also owned collars of linen (which cost a quarter and had to be laundered), and displayed three violently contrasting neckties. His broad cuffs were fastened with gold buttons, and on Friday afternoons, when he rose to speak from the platform, he seemed to wave these splendors before our eyes with malicious satisfaction." Of such complexion are the tragedies and triumphs of boyhood!

"How I envied that youth his calm and haughty bearing. Most of us from the farm entered chapel like rabbits sneaking into a turnip patch, but Loring and Jack and Walter came in with the easy and assured manner of Senators or Generals—so much depends upon leather and prunella.

"Gradually I lost my terror of the crowd, but took care to keep behind some friendly bulk like young Blakestee, who stood six feet four in his gaiters."

Notwithstanding all these torments, Lincoln loved the school and could hardly be wrested away from it even for a half day. He sprang at his books with eagerness. He joined a debating society and took a hand at all the games. "The days went by on golden, noiseless, ball-bearing axles—and almost before I realized it, winter was upon the land."

Young Stewart's first year at the Seminary appears to have been vastly in-



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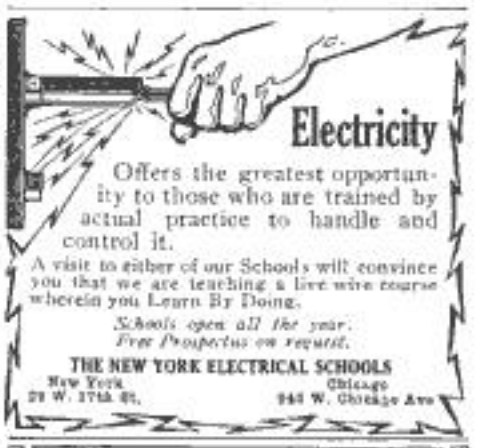
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proving. He records some of the changes. "My hands softened and lightened. My walk became each day less of a "galumphing plod," and no doubt the companionship of bright and interesting young people and the sight of well-dressed men and women in attendance upon lectures and socials did have a refining effect upon the graceless cub.

Some time during the winter Wendell Phillips lectured on "The Lost Arts" and Duncan took his whole family to see and hear this hero of his Abolition days in Boston. Lincoln admits a feeling of disappointment. "All I saw was a tall, handsome old gentleman with clean-cut features standing behind a pulpit in the Congregational church and reading a manuscript. He spoke quietly like a person addressing a group of friends, with scarcely a gesture and without once raising his voice in oratorical fashion. Toward the last he did, indeed, thrill us for a moment, but only for a moment.

"Father, too, was disappointed and shook his head sadly. 'He's not the orator he was in the good old anti-slavery days,' he said, and passed again into familiar account of that famous speech in Faneuil Hall.

"Much as I enjoyed this winter, greatly as it instructed me, I cannot recover from its darkness more than here and there an incident, a phrase, a song. It was all delightful, but so filled, so crowded with joyous hours that I retain but a general impression of satisfaction and regret—satisfaction with the life, regret at its inevitable ending in the spring—for my father, irritated by his renter, decided to put us all back upon the farm."

Judging from the entries in an old diary of 1877, our son of the Middle Border was given neither to introspection nor precocious poetic passion. On March 27 I find these words: "To-day we move back upon the farm." No more, no less. Not a word of comment to indicate whether he regretted the decision or welcomed it, and from other subsequent, equally bald, notes I derive the general information that Duncan retained his position as grain buyer and that he drove back and forth every day over the five miles which lay between the farm and the elevator. There is no mention of the mother, no hint as to how she felt, although the return to the loneliness and drudgery of the farm must have been at the moment rather grievous. In his later comment however Lincoln says: "My muscles were soft and my head filled with new ambitions, but there was no alternative. It was back to the plow, or out into the cold, cold world, so forth I went upon the soil in the old familiar way, there to plod endlessly behind the seeder and the harrow. It was harder than ever to follow a team for ten hours over the soft ground, and early rising was more difficult than ever before, but I discovered some compensations which helped me bear the discomforts.

"I saw more of the beauty of the landscape than before, and I now had a definite ambition to occupy my thoughts.

"The memories of the Seminary, the echo of the songs we had sung, gave the morning chorus of the prairie chickens a richer meaning than before. The west wind laden with the delicious smell of uncovered earth, the tender blue of the sky, the cheerful chirping of the ground sparrows, the jocund whistling of the gophers, the winding flight of the prairie pigeons—all these sights and sounds of spring swept back upon me, bringing something sweeter and more significant than ever before. I had gained in perception and the power of assimilation."

Without doubt this year in town can be regarded as a very significant event in the lives of these boys. It tended to warp them from their father's designs. "It placed the rigorous, filthy drudgery of the farmyard in sharp contrast with the care-free companionable existence led by our friends in the village, and made us long to be of like condition. We had gained our first set of comparative ideas and with them an unrest which was to carry us very far."

The Next Installment
GOLDEN DAYS AT THE SEMINARY
will appear in an early issue

Bealby

(Concluded from page 13)

The Captain, full of an irrational resentment, did his best to halve the hole and failed. "You ought to put in a week at nothing but putting," said the Professor. "It would save you at least a stroke a hole. I've noticed that on almost every green, if I haven't beaten you before, I pull up in the putting."

THE Captain pretended not to hear and said a lot of rococo things inside himself. It was Madeleine who had got him in for this game. A beautiful healthy girl ought to get up in the mornings. Mornings and beautiful healthy girls are all the same thing really. She ought to be *dewy*—positively dewy. . . . There she must be lying, warm and beautiful in bed—like Catherine the Great or somebody of that sort. No. It wasn't right. All very luxurious and so on, but not *right*. She ought to have understood that he was bound to fall a prey to the Professor if she didn't get up. Golf! Here he was, neglecting his career; hanging about on these *beastly* links, all the sound men away there in France—it didn't do to think of it!—and he was playing this retired tradesman's consolation! (Beastly the Professor's legs looked from behind. The uglier a man's legs are the better he plays golf. It's almost a law.)

That's what it was, a retired tradesman's consolation. A decent British soldier has no more business to be playing golf than he has to be dressing dolls. It's a game at once worthless and exasperating. If a man isn't perfectly fit, he cannot play golf, and when he is perfectly fit he ought to be doing a man's work in the world. If ever anything deserved the name of vice, if ever anything was pure, unforgivable dissipation, surely golf was that thing. . . .

And meanwhile that boy was getting more and more start. Anyone with a ha'p'orth of sense would have been up at five and after that brat—might have had him bagged and saf- and back to lunch. Ass one was at times!

"You're here, sir," said the caddie.

The Captain perceived he was in a nasty place, open green ahead but with some tumbled country near at hand, and to the left, a rusty old gravel pit, furze at the sides, water at the bottom. Nasty attractive hole of a place. Sort of thing one gets into. He must pull himself together for this. After all, having undertaken to play a game, one must play the game. If he hit the infernal thing, that is to say the ball, if he hit the ball so that if it didn't go straight, it would go to the right rather—clear of the hedge—it would be so bad to the right. Difficult to manage. Best thing was to think hard of the green ahead, a long way ahead—with just the slightest deflection to the right. Now then—heels well down, club up, a good swing, keep your eye on the ball, keep your eye on the ball, keep your eye on the ball just where you mean to hit it—far below there and a little to the right—and *don't* worry. . . . Rap.

"In the pond I *think*, sir."

"The water would have splashed if it had gone in the pond," said the Professor. "It must be over there in the wet sand. You hit it pretty hard, I thought."

Search. The caddie looked as though he didn't care whether he found it or not. *He* ought to be interested. It was his profession, not just his game. But nowadays everybody had this horrid disposition toward slacking. A Tired generation we are. The world is too much with us. Too much to think about, too much to do, Madeleines, army manœuvres, angry lawyers, lost boys—let alone such exhausting foolery at this game. . . .

"*Got* it, sir!" said the caddie.

"Where?"

"Here, sir! Up in the bush, sir!"

It was resting in the branches of a bush two yards above the slippery bank.

"I doubt if you can play it," said the Professor, "but it will be interesting to try." The Captain scrutinized the position. "I can play it," he said.

"You'll slip, I'm afraid," said the Professor.

THEY were both right. Captain Douglas drove his feet into the steep slope of rusty sand below the bush, held his iron a little short and wiped the ball up and over and as he found afterward out of the rough. All eyes followed the ball except his. The Professor made sounds of friendly encouragement. But the Captain was going—going. He was on all fours, he scrabbled handfuls of prickly gorse, of wet sand. His feet, his ankles, his calves slid into the pond. How much more? No. He'd reached the bottom. He proceeded to get out again as well as he could. Not so easy. The bottom of this pond sucked at him. . . .

(To be continued next week)

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The Streak of Gold

(Continued from page 11)

Frank Mayo's place in the Black River country near Jonesville.

Colonel Richard Caswell did not return from the cockfights at Vicksburg until the next day and Merritt spent the interim examining cotton seed and playing "bottle pool, a new Yankee game." Early in the forenoon the "couple of thousands was arranged for," the transaction being liberally lubricated with cordials from cut-glass decanters on the sideboard in the Colonel's private office.

"I see you're in haste to return, Jack; but I must delay you for a moment," said the Colonel when his aged cashier had left with the signed documents. "Old Judge Hunt, you know, makes it his business either to assist the prosecution or lead the defense of every criminal case in Concordia. The Judge was at the cocking main and returned on the *Ouachita Queen*. He had imbibed a little more than usual and was garrulous as General Early. Well, Jack, you know the significance of it when I say that Frank has paid Judge Hunt three hundred dollars retainer fee in case he—"

COLONEL RICHARD CASWELL stood up and stared at the retreating figure of John Merritt. Merritt, without a word, had dashed out of the private office, startling the superannuated clerks as he rushed through the quiet banking room and bowling over Liver-Lip Sam at the front door. There was a crunch and squeak of saddle leather, then the hoofs of the big stallion beating the street. The Colonel, never in a hurry himself, was "just a wee bit offended." Such impetuous departure was in very bad taste, unless one were being chased by Federals.

Jefferson Davis tossed his aristocratic head and stamped the deck impatiently while the ancient ferry pounded, wheezed, shook and snorted its curved path through the muddy water to Vidalia. The guardrail drawn back, he single-footed across the little landing wharf and bounded across the levee like a gigantic rabbit. Salvatore, the great track horse of the day, could not have carried Merritt's weight with such graceful swing and lack of all apparent effort. Vidalia, expert in horseflesh and game chickens, sent up many a cheer and "O-oh, you Jeff!"

"Somethin' doin', sure," commented Red Dancy as he observed the long cavalry pistol under the flying coat tails. "O-oh, you Jeff horse!"

UNCLE POMPEY, luxuriously puffing a large cigar, lounged back in the buggy, permitting Old Judy to choose her gait. When out of range of the Merritts' eye and voice, Uncle Pompey was a colored gentleman of infinite leisure. He had dined elegantly on fried chicken by Frank Mayo's largess, and had decided to reach Merritt Hall in time for a hot supper, but too late to serve at the white folks' table. Suddenly Old Judy pricked up her flea-bitten ears and neighed and Uncle Pompey sat up and looked ahead. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Jack were coming like the Texas & Pacific Express.

"F'Gawd sake, Mr. Jack," Uncle Pompey cried when Jefferson Davis stopped on his haunches, "whad am de matter—"

"Where you been, you durned nigger?" demanded Merritt.

"Lawd, Lawd, Mr. Jack, don't tell dis nigger yo' don't kno'," returned Uncle Pompey, immeasurably pleased with a rare sense of having facts to justify himself. "I'se done been out to Mr. Frank Mayo's wid de pretty fixin's fo' de new baby dat come—"

"Pomp, by jimminy, tell me about it!" exclaimed the horseman, swinging out of the saddle. "When did it happen?"

"Night befo' las',' Mr. Jack. Old Doc Leeson—"

"How's Miss Lucy?"

"Missy Scott say Miss Lucy's fine and they a-goin' to—"

"How'd Mr. Frank take it?"

"Who? Him? Lawd 'a' mercy, Mr. Jack, he done went wild. He gimme ten doll'rs and shot de halds offen two pallets fo' my supper. Lawd, Mr. Jack—"

"Pomp, you tell my mother I'm riding out to see Mr. Frank and—"

"T'ain't no use in goin' back," Uncle Pompey advised. "Mr. Frank and old Doc Leeson put on little Doc Young outer Jonesville and druv' out toward Vidalia befo' dis nigger got started. Mr. Jack, they goin' to name—"

"Was there no message for me?"

"Yassir, Mr. Jack, Mr. Frank say all you-alls gen'lemen come fo' to meet at Mr. Dancy's place to-night on very perticuler bus'ness, and Missy Scott say it's goin' to be name—"

"Wait a minute, Pomp!"

Merritt led Jefferson Davis to the rear of the buggy, tethered him to the axle with the hitching rope, and then jumped in and clucked to Old Judy, who hit up a smart trot. "Yassir, Mr. Jack, Missy Scott say the new baby's goin' to be Mr. John Merritt Mayo and—"

"You don't say so, Pomp, you good old rascal. Did Mr. Frank tell you that?"

"Him? No, sir. He didn't tol' me nothin' wid sense to it. He done lose 'is mine. Missy Scott run 'im outer de house. Mr. Frank done gone plum' looney. He gimme ten doll'rs."

Uncle Pompey continued his narrative, elaborately describing his varying degrees of astonishment and surprise, including his emotions concerning the basket of small garments "like you-alls had when you was born." Listening delightedly while he drove Old Judy to her best, John Merritt felt an undercurrent of regret, a sort of subconscious sense of guilt. He stopped the buggy at Dr. Leeson's, ran to the house, and burst into the old man's room.

"How's Miss Lucy?" he asked.

"Huskiest female in the parish," answered the doctor. "Get out of here."

"Where's Frank?"

"Young feller!" bellowed the tired doctor, rising to a sitting position on the horsehair sofa, "Mayo was drinking on the back gallery when you galloped by a while ago. He's in Vidalia. Get to him fast as you was goin' then."

Merritt sprinted down the fifty yards of garden path, untethered Jefferson Davis and mounted.

"Pomp, get home fast as you can and say I've gone over to see Mr. Frank and the new baby," he directed. "Don't say Mr. Frank's not home, you fool nigger, or I'll crack your head."

JEFFERSON DAVIS cavorted, pranced, tossed his mane, and then plunged to the middle of the road and stretched his neck in the long running stride of his Arabian ancestors. He lost the even, machinelike bound of it but once, and that because a two-horse buggy, driven hard and lurching from side to side, forced him to one side as he came upon it at the curve where the road turns into Vidalia. That was Sheriff Tiger Hopkins's buggy and Merritt knew its destination. Fifty feet from Dancy's he stood in the stirrups. Dancy's was empty. Jefferson Davis raced on to the parish jail.

The outer circle of excited negroes opened a path and Merritt forced his way to the sheriff's office. Colonel Rich-



Hero worship

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This building is now covered with a Barrett Specification Roof and it will probably last twenty years or more with *no maintenance cost*. Many such roofs have lasted thirty years.

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"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare.

The manufacturers of "Ivory Soap," "Kodaks," "Ostermoor," and all other "Branded Goods" would reply: Business insurance, good will, standardization of quality and prices, and many other blessings to manufacturer, retailer and consumer.

And what has made those names stand for what they do? Advertising! The opinion of the famous Dr. Max Nordau on this 20th Century business force, reprinted from the English "Review of Reviews," London, Eng., will prove to be interesting and enlightening.

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

"It's amazing how few people seem to be able to draw logical conclusions from patent facts.

"Everybody agrees that the evolution of civilization tends toward democracy. Everywhere the number rules. Everywhere the masses outweigh the classes. How is it that it does not strike everybody as a truism that advertising is the unavoidable outcome of democracy, its obligatory corollary?

"In an autocratic and even an aristocratic society you only need to impose yourself to the attention of one man or a few men whose authority enforces its rules on the whole community. 'The eye of Louis XIV engenders masterworks,' as the French flatterer said. There advertising would be of no use. It is necessary and sufficient to please the King. His patronage carries with it that of the nation. But in a democracy a single, however exalted, person, or a small circle's favor, would do very little for you. You must impress direct the mind of the million. And to effect this there is only one means, Advertising.

"Of course those who indulge in the mad theory of the superman may condemn advertising as vulgar. But, then, let them be consistent. Then they must condemn also the chiming of church bells, which is the advertisement of divine service. They must condemn the Paris salons and all art exhibitions, for they are the advertisement of artists and their works. It would be much more aristocratic not to ring bells, but to wait nobly that the faithful arrive on their own impulse; not to exhibit creations of genius to the crowd, but to reveal them in the artist's studio to some individual connoisseur. But who dares to recommend that haughty method nowadays?

"Advertising can be done in a rough, low, and vulgar way, and in decent, tasteful, and refined style. It can appeal to the base instincts and to perversions, and it can do so to the reason, the common sense, and the better feelings. It is all the difference between unscrupulous demagogy and the electoral campaign of a statesman of high principles and a delicate sense of responsibility.

"In order to advertise in the proper way, you must be an expert in individual and collective psychology; you must be a moral, honest, decent, and truthful man, and you must be, in a certain measure, an artist. All this!

"In short, he who accepts democracy must accept advertising and only wish that it should be done in the proper way. DR. MAX NORDAU."

ard Caswell, who owned lands in the parish, was putting the third superfluous signature to a bond, which the District Judge had fixed with courteous celerity. There was a mighty handshake between Merritt and Mayo. Custer Larkin, gripping the wrist of a bleeding hand, cursed in all the oaths and blasphemies of the language while a clumsy deputy sheriff tried to bandage it. Ross Buckley was the only well-dressed citizen who spoke to Custer Larkin. Conversation was low-voiced and subdued; the social code did not permit rejoicing in the presence of the vanquished, and Custer Larkin "had got his" at last.

BUCKLEY told Merritt what had happened while the hilarious friends of Mayo marched to Dancy's with a rear-guard of negro boys leading their horses.

"Larkin was hanging round the courthouse as usual," he related. "Frank had just come into town to put the new baby on the clerk's books. He fixed that part while waiting for the Judge to come down. Well, some niggers say Frank was down at the corner talking to Bill Peters, from up the river, concerning cutworms in the cotton and watching the courthouse—"

Merritt looked into Buckley's face. Buckley winked his left eye and both laughed.

"Larkin's got my respect, Jack, if he was to blame for this. It takes a lot of nerve to draw right in Frank Mayo's face.

"After a spell Frank goes over and stands with his back to the tree, his arms folded on his chest. There wasn't any whites near by and the niggers were too far away to hear what passed between 'em, but Larkin whips out his gun and Frank shot it out of his hand, having been—"

"Never missed yet!" exclaimed Merritt.

"Nope. But Larkin's got nerve, Jack, to— Hello, here comes old Doc Leeson."

THE two-horse buggy that had forced Jefferson Davis out of his stride lurched and rattled toward the parish jail with Dr. Leeson driving.

There was high wassail at Dancy's that evening. The long unused leaves of the mahogany dining table, over which Larkin had leaned with his hand on his gun, were brought and the wooden circle became oblong. Colonel Caswell argued down Merritt's claim to be host. Little John Merritt Mayo was toasted in enough liquor to float his cradle; his family was liberally toasted; promiscuous toasts that ranged as far from home as President Cleveland, then serving his first term, were proposed, acclaimed, and pledged while the negro in the kitchen cooked the best in the house. Dancy had never seen so large a gathering "soaking itself before sundown" except on Christmas and New Year Eves.

Billy Quigg, lighting the lamps as the day died, saw something that startled him. An exclamation of warning brought the merrymakers to their feet. There stood Custer Larkin, already inside the room, softly laughing at their surprise. It was not a forced laugh, though the broken hand pained him severely, but a low, rippling exuberance of the risibilities that indicated perfect self-possession and guaranteed peace. The sincerity of it made the crowd laugh in contagious sympathy, and Custer Larkin's bold eyes twinkled a little when the right hands of the company came out from under their coats. Then he grew serious and silence answered his frown.

"FELLERS—gentlemen, I mean," Larkin began in such a stillness and quiet that the ear of an owl, the most sensitive of all sound-detecting organs, could have caught nothing but deep breathing. "Gentlemen, I've a word or so for Frank Mayo, and seein' that I got plumb the worst of the deal, maybe you all might think it's his place to listen a bit?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," spoke up Colonel Caswell. "No Southern gentleman would do otherwise!"

"Sure, Larkin, spit it out," added Mayo, his alert eyes expressing preparedness for any hostile move; and the others murmured assent.

"Well, I just want to say I was goin' to make it up with you," Larkin proceeded, intently watching Mayo, "but you didn't let me have no fair show. I was awful soused that night, else I wouldn't have picked out no square white man to call a card cheat and a liar. I was goin' to offer my excuses when I came up to you under the courthouse tree—"

A ROAR of applause was cut short by a motion of the wounded hand.

"—But when you started cursin' me and remarkin' on my fam'ly, I just took a chance, even if you was touchin' close to your gun under—"

Again Larkin raised the bandaged hand, scowling a little, and the half-uttered cheer died away. Frank Mayo sat down, miserably unhappy. Merritt found something very interesting in Larkin's boots and stared at them. Colonel Richard Caswell was very grave.

"Now, young feller," Larkin resumed, advancing a step toward Mayo, "I'm honest in sayin' how sorry I was for insultin' you. Even break and no favors betwixt us and it's nip and tuck who goes under the daisies. But I ain't intendin' to make trouble for you if you don't make no trouble for me. Doc Leeson told me you got a new-born baby, and, accordin' to my understandin', 'twas on account o' your wife you didn't look me up sooner. Now, young feller, my dad got killed when I was one day old, and I know how hard it is on a poor kid—"

Larkin got no further. Mayo was on him, gripping the unhurt hand in both his own and begging forgiveness. Colonel Richard Caswell actually put a patrician arm across Custer Larkin's shoulders. Merritt pressed forward with a glass of liquor for the gentleman risen from the chrysalis of "the Arkansaw blackguard." There were hats raised in the shout that went up: "'Rah for Larkin!"

The revelry renewed itself in toasts to Custer Larkin, to all his kith and kin, to "Arkansaw, our sister State, lately the home of our distinguished friend, the Hon. Custer Larkin." The feast was brought to the clothless board; and while picking the bones of a squirrel, the Colonel conceived an idea.

IT was an inspiration. The Colonel felt the oratorical value of it as a lover feels a sudden burst of tender emotion. And the Colonel had never permitted anything of oratorical value to escape its proper employment.

Colonel Richard Montague Bolton Caswell doffed his semimilitary corded felt hat, rose and struck an attitude; his left hand on the pleated shirt under the well-fitted Prince Albert coat, his right falling formally at his side. He shook his still heavy but whitened hair back from the fine, high forehead and gazed defiantly into space. You could hear distant bands playing "Dixie" when the Colonel stood like that. You could hear the far-away Confederate yell, the faint boom of long, cold cannon; and you could dimly see the Stars and Bars waving in the shadows behind him.

The Colonel spoke of honor and of self-control, of physical and moral courage, and the elevating effects of possessing both; and he quoted from Tennyson's "Œnone":

"And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

But it was not that which has made the speech famous and familiar to this day in the east-central parishes of Louisiana and the southwestern counties of Mississippi. It was the brief and abruptly reached peroration, the inspired words addressed directly to Frank Mayo and Custer Larkin.

"I see the yellow streak in both of you," said the Colonel. "I have seen that same yellow streak in John Morgan and Joe Wheeler. I have seen it in Robert E. Lee. And, by the Lord Harry, gentlemen, it is the streak of gold."

Volume 53 Number 21

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

August 8, 1914

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LEWIS "VI"

Monarch of the Sixes.

Future Construction—Our Present Delivery

While other manufacturers are still seeking ideas from Europe's 1915 automobiles we have already anticipated them. We offer for immediate delivery a replica of Europe's most elegant type of automobile. It is equipped with a wonderful motor; the same type of motor which won the first four prizes in the Indianapolis races this year. Rene Petard, the famous European engineer, whose name recalls his former association with the Italia, Fiat, Unic, and Daracq cars, has designed a small bore, long stroke, high speed motor, the

Lewis Year-In-Advance Six

and Wm. Mitchell Lewis, that pillar of American automobile industry, is building this wonderful car in his own new shops at Racine. Into the motor Monsieur Petard has incorporated all the genius of his great engineering skill; into its appearance he has displayed all the beauty, all the identifying grace of the highest price European 1915 cars—and above all he has produced a car that sells for $1,600.

Compare it with every car made; place it beside Europe's and America's finest cars—even those costing twice as much—and you will still be proud to own a Lewis Six.

Don't wait several months for delivery on a next year's "Six". Investigate the one that is ready for delivery now; the year-in-advance car—The Lewis Six.

A car having the appearance of a $3,000 one for $1,600.

L. P. C. Motor Co. Builders of the Lewis Six 39 Lewis Street Racine, Wis.

COMPLETE CATALOG GRATIS UPON REQUEST. MAY WE SEND IT TO YOU?

Doors 22 inches wide. Deep, luxurious upholstering—hand-buffed leather. Six comfortable seats.

Weight 3250 pounds—carried low. This with even distribution of weight insures the greatest tire economy and easiest riding qualities.

Silk mohair top built streamline to harmonize with body. Nickel trimmings prepared against rust and tarnishing.

Tank in rear absolutely accessible avoiding danger of spilling gasoline in front of car. Underslung rear springs 56 inches long. Full floating rear axle.

Left hand drive, rain vision windshield. Electric starter, electric lights, electric horn. Spark and throttle on steering wheel. Foot accelerator.

Long stroke six-cylinder monobloc motor (3½x6), assuring continuous, perfect alignment of crank shaft and therefore long life of the motor.

Vacuum gasoline feed with auxiliary supply which can be used only by turning safety valve. True streamline body (French). 16 to 18 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

Wheel base 135 inches. Short turning radius. Speed without shift 2 to 60 miles per hour. Demountable rims (one extra). Road clearance 11 inches.



$1600

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A Man's Drink
A Woman's Drink
Everybody's Drink



Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



Vigorously good—and keenly delicious. Thirst-quenching and refreshing.

The national beverage—and *yours.*

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

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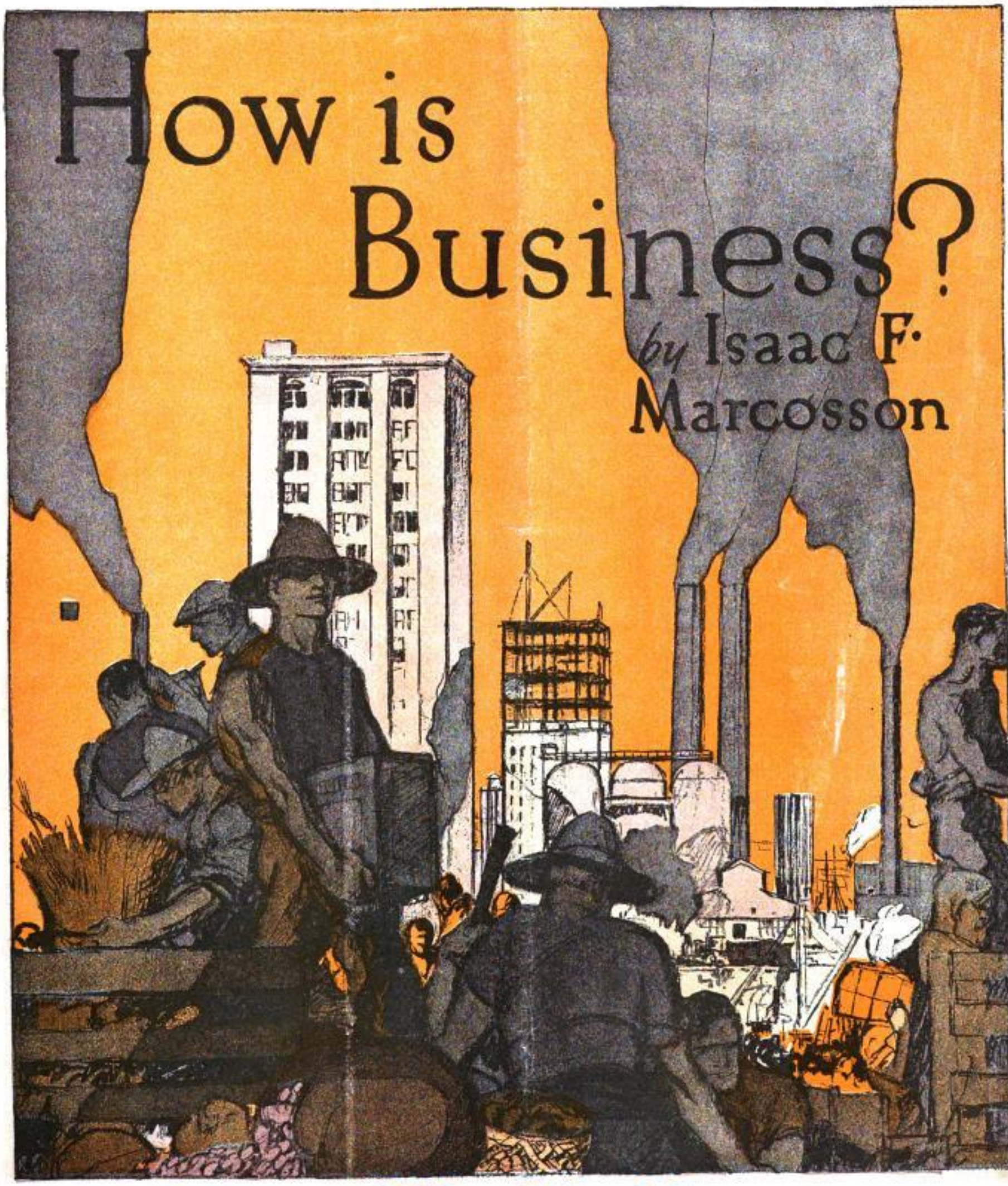
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

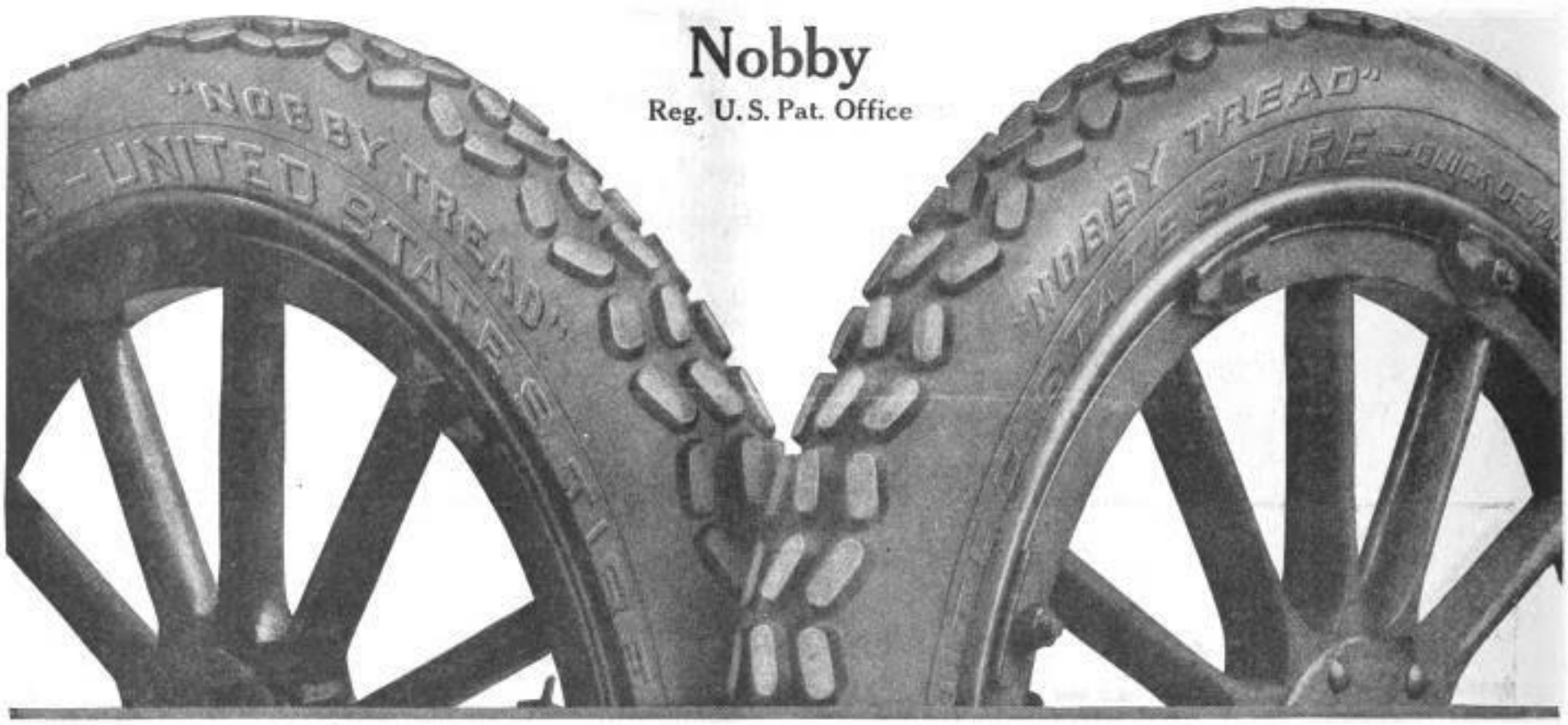
for August 15, 1914



The German War Machine

By Dr. A. K. Graves

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Nobby
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

"Stand Up" and "Deliver"

An automobile tire must "stand up" and "deliver" mileage enough to justify its first cost, or its first cost at any price is a joke.

"First cost" saving is an "ostrich way" of figuring tire economy—the only true way is to figure on the ultimate cost of your tire service.

Automobile owners learn this in time—the quicker they learn it, the quicker will they learn to buy

Business Basis Tires

That a tremendous majority of automobile owners have learned how to buy automobile tires is proved by the fact that today "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling anti-skid tires in the world.

"Nobby Tread" Tires do two things—they give more mileage and they prevent skidding.

***And remember this*—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.**

Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

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Electric Starter
Electric Lights
Electric Horn

35 Horsepower
Tires 34x4

Reo the Fifth

A Super-Car

$1,175 Equipped *F. O. B. Lansing*

Five-Passenger Touring Car and Two-Passenger Roadster

Streamline Body
Dimming Searchlights
One-Rod Control

15 Roller Bearings
190 Drop Forgings

It Took Courage to Build It
But Mark How It Won

Three years ago—when low-cost cars seemed to have the call—R. E. Olds brought out Reo the Fifth. Into every detail he put the best he knew. He adopted many costly extremes. And each car cost him $200 more than if built by lesser standards.

That took courage. Other cars in the class undersold him. But let us note the 3-year result, and see how it applies to you.

Men Turned to Honest Cars

Just at that time there came a reaction. Men rebelled against poorly-built cars. And they started then to buy cars to keep, instead of changing every year or two.

Reo the Fifth appealed to those men. There were times the first season when five orders waited for each car we turned out.

We've increased our output 50 per cent since then. Now we are increasing it 50 per cent again. But we never catch up with orders. Now—in midsummer—we are one full month behind.

In the past few months more than 10,000 men have come to this better-built car.

$220 Saved

As production increased the cost came down. In two years all the cost of special machinery had been charged against our output. We wiped out that charge, and reduced the price—with full equipment—$220.

This costly car then undersold some others in its class—as it does today. And it gave to our buyers more for their money than any car in its class ever gave, we believe.

It gave you the only car equipped with our one-rod control. A slight move of the wrist shifts the gears.

When you analyze this car you will be amazed that a car built like this—the best we can give you—can be sold for $1,175

New Beauties

Three years have brought out a great many improvements. We have added power. We have attained unique simplicity. We have perfected a remarkable clutch which prohibits gear clashing. We have added many comforts and beauties.

The car now has the latest streamline body. It has all modern equipment. It has every touch of elegance. It looks today—in every line and detail—the superlative car that it is.

The Lesson

We ask you now to learn the lesson which this car has taught. A car can't be built too well. All our extremes are essential if you want to save trouble and upkeep—if you want your car to stay new.

At the start, the chief distinction in Reo the Fifth will seem to be its perfect balance. Its smoothness first marks it the super-car.

Then you will learn that it keeps its newness. It maintains its perfections. Year after year, with proper care, it will render ideal service.

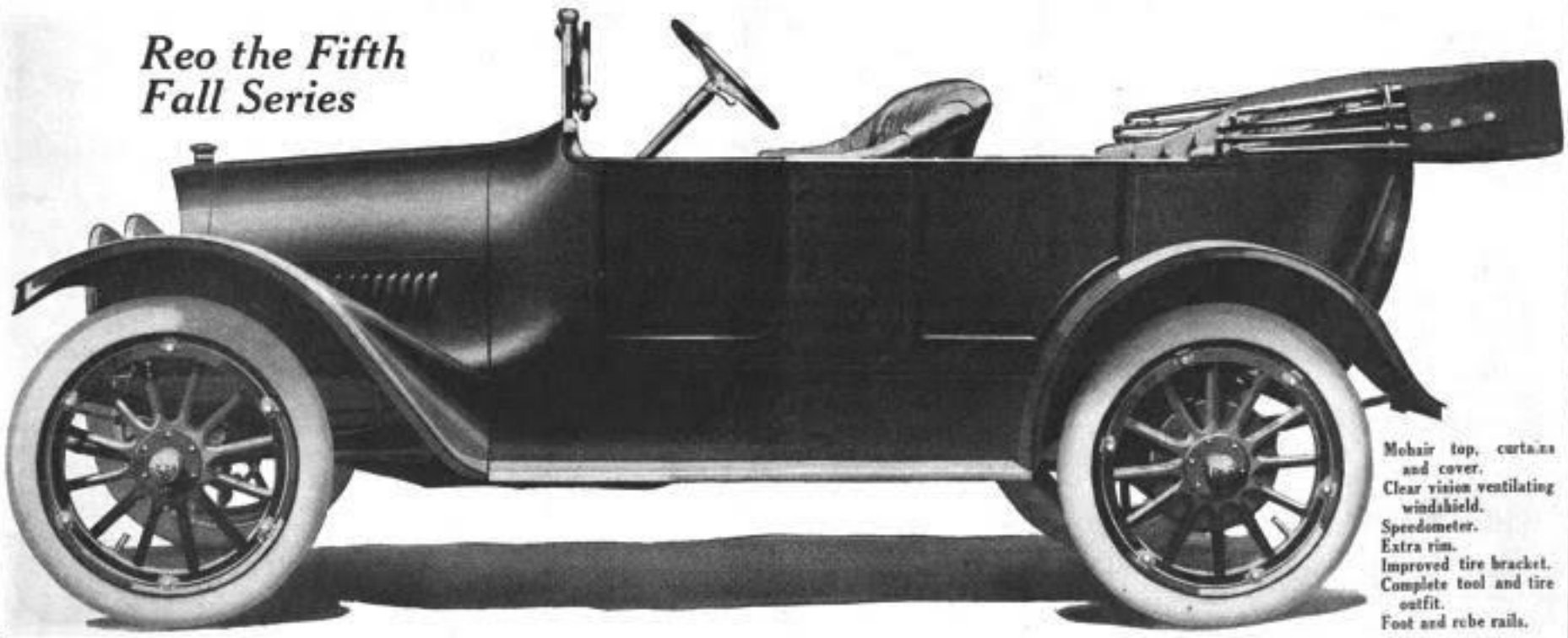
You will know this when you learn the details of the car. Or any owner can tell you. If you are buying this year a car to keep, this is the car you want.

We have dealers in 1,155 towns. Write for Reo Magazine which tells and pictures how this car is built in this model factory.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont. Canadian Price, $1,575

Reo the Fifth
Fall Series



Mohair top, curtains and cover.
Clear vision ventilating windshield.
Speedometer.
Extra rim.
Improved tire bracket.
Complete tool and tire outfit.
Foot and robe rails.

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A Greater Paige For 1915 At The Unprecedented Price of $1195

One year ago the automobile fraternity said—"No manufacturer can produce a car like the Paige '36' for less than $1500."

But we *did* produce this car—for $1275—and, as a consequence, an entirely new standard of value in the moderate price field was established.

Right now automobile men are saying the same things about the Paige cars for 1915. They inspect the new "36" in frank amazement and wonder "how it can be done."

For their benefit—and yours—we can, perhaps, offer a convincing explanation.

Paige cars are "unusual" automobile values because the Paige Company is an "unusual" organization. In the entire industry there is no company that operates under such extraordinary advantages.

In the first place this is a *business* organization. The destinies of the Paige Company are guided by ten men who have won national reputation as Manufacturers, Bankers, Lawyers and Directors of Giant Industries.

These men—known as "The Ten Associates"—were the organizers of the Paige Company and they have directed every phase of Paige activity from the very beginning.

Their combined experience and judgment have been exercised to correct the thousand and one leaks, weaknesses, and general "mistakes" which characterize a youthful industry.

As a consequence the Paige Company has suffered from no serious blunders or costly errors in Administration, Manufacturing or Merchandising.

These men have insisted upon economical, efficient management.

They have kept the company clear of all bonded indebtedness—they have authorized only conservative capitalization—and they have guarded the quality of every cotter pin which goes into the construction of the Paige car.

With practically unlimited resources behind them, the "Ten Associates" have built well and strong.

They have made no compromises with their own convictions—they have deliberately started out to build the best car for the money in the world—and they have unfalteringly held to this ideal.

In the light of these facts is it strange that the Paige *should* have enjoyed an increase in production 300% greater than that of any other motor car manufacturer for the same period.

Is it strange that this company *can* achieve each year new standards of excellence which are impossible for the less experienced—less perfectly equipped—manufacturing organization.

Think it over carefully and let the local Paige dealer show you the new "36".

You will be surprised—just as others have been surprised—to see how much automobile value can be purchased for $1195.

Write for the "Story Of The Ten Associates"—one of the most interesting fact books of the year.

Glenwood Model "36"
With electric starting and lighting system and complete equipment

$1195

Model "25" $925
Montrose Coupe $1600

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 22 AUGUST 15 1914

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

"How Is Business?"

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

TWO men met by chance in the club car of a train going from St. Louis to Chicago and, after the fashion of the road, fell into conversation.

"How have you found business?" asked one.

"Pretty dull," was the reply.—"Do you think that the depression is psychological?" queried the first. His companion smiled and said: "When you have to spend more money and work harder to get trade than ever before, it strikes me that the condition is more material than mental."—"What of the future?" continued the initial speaker. "If Congress would adjourn for a year or two," he rejoined, "we would have the greatest wave of prosperity in our history, because conditions are ripe for good times. But they cannot mature with every legislative body—state and national—nagging at business and filling the public mind with apprehension. Because some corporations have abused their power, all are set down as undesirable. We make laws too fast and give too little time to digest and adapt them. In a word, we are paying a high price for misguided commercial uplift."

This dialogue is typical of what you hear all over the country. Everywhere the traditional question about the state of business—which vies with the weather as the unfailing first aid and inducer of conversation—has become invested with a more or less serious and, in some instances, a well-nigh ominous note. A year ago it would have drawn a swift and buoyant retort; now it is met with uncertainty, tempered by hope. Yet it is a tribute to the courage and resiliency of the American business man that, amid the encircling gloom of real or fancied depression, he faces the future unafraid. As these lines go to press his courage is being stimulated by cheering words from President Wilson after a conference in which he has heard the absolute truth concerning business conditions.

But coincident with this eleventh-hour reassurance comes the staggering possibility of European war, the actual closing of Continental Bourses, the London and New York Stock Exchanges and most other market places throughout the world. What effect this may have on the general American business situation no man can foresee at this time. It may mean a temporary flurry on this side or an even more profound depression than is recorded here. Most of the interviews for this article were obtained before the flaring up of the Austro-Servian hostility into conflict.

In the face of the added uncertainty that these events create, and despite the failures that immediately followed in New York City, the underlying feeling among business men is that, so far as the United States is concerned, we may not only be able to weather the new storm handily, but in the end gain economically. This belief is based on the promise of Government financial support, as well as on the intrinsic resources of the country.

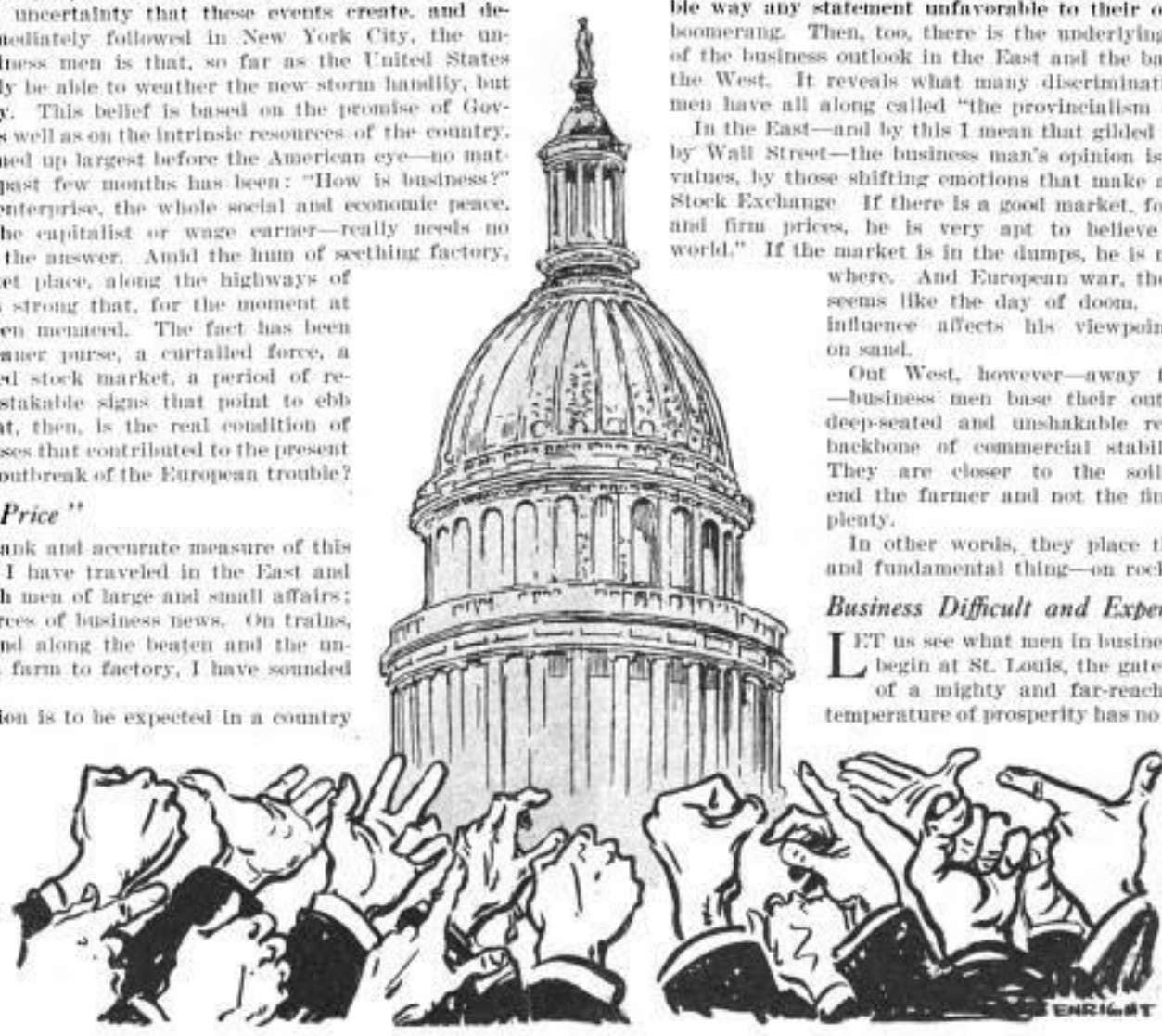
The question that has loomed up largest before the American eye—no matter where projected—these past few months has been: "How is business?" On it hang large hope, big enterprise, the whole social and economic peace.

The average person—be he capitalist or wage earner—really needs no magazine article to tell him the answer. Amid the hum of seething factory, in the turmoil of the market place, along the highways of varied labor, the instinct is strong that, for the moment at least, our prosperity has been menaced. The fact has been registered in terms of a leaner purse, a curtailed force, a slackened output, a sterilized stock market, a period of retrenchment—all those unmistakable signs that point to ebb in the tides of trade. What, then, is the real condition of business? What are the causes that contributed to the present commercial feeling up to the outbreak of the European trouble?

"Give Us Rest at Any Price"

I HAVE tried to make a frank and accurate measure of this situation, and to do so I have traveled in the East and in the West; talked with men of large and small affairs; got in touch with many sources of business news. On trains, in trolleys, within stores, and along the beaten and the unbeaten paths of travel, from farm to factory, I have sounded men and women.

A striking conflict of opinion is to be expected in a country as big as the United States, with its astonishing intermixture of race and political conviction and vibrant with free and unrestrained speech. It is only when you dispassionately group a great mass of opinions of this sort and consider source and environment that you can get some definite appraisal.



You will find as you journey through this maze of expression that the lull in business up to now was the result of many things, local, national, and world-wide, in which a drought in Oklahoma touches the bloody upheaval of the Balkan war and claims kinship with the crumbling of the British aristocratic order. President Wilson is alternately praised and blamed, but mostly blamed. Whatever the difference of opinion on the larger and external causes, you discover unanimity of sentiment in regard to Congress. More than 80 per cent of the men I have interviewed attribute the unrest, decline in confidence, and general unsatisfactory business conditions to the fact that the statesmen at Washington have been working overtime. "Give us rest at any price and let us know where we stand," is the burden of their cry.

The Bedrock Basis of Prosperity

IN THE face of undoubted recession in many important instances, notably steel and lumber; notwithstanding, the fact that many wholesalers throughout the land have held to their normal volume of trade only at the price of unremitting effort and, in some cases, very drastic economy of operation; with many railroads—those unfailing barometers of commerce—either in the throes of receivership or trembling on the very edge of serious financial embarrassment, there has been an astonishing hopefulness. That we can stand up commercially erect—if not altogether serene—under such confidence-shattering blows as the H. B. Claflin Co. failure, the New York, New Haven & Hartford report, the delay in the railway-rate decision, to say nothing of the incessant onslaughts of the professional agitator, is just one more evidence of the basic soundness of our whole business structure.

But before we go into the reproduction of the various opinions that this investigation produced, it is first necessary to point out some of the difficulties that lie in the way of such a symposium.

To begin with, many business men are not altogether frank in discussing their affairs. By a curious psychological kink, they seem perfectly willing to admit that everybody's business is bad but their own. They feel that in some inscrutable way any statement unfavorable to their own business will react like a boomerang. Then, too, there is the underlying difference between the basis of the business outlook in the East and the basis of the business outlook in the West. It reveals what many discriminating and independent business men have all along called "the provincialism of New York."

In the East—and by this I mean that gilded area tributary to and affected by Wall Street—the business man's opinion is strongly affected by security values, by those shifting emotions that make and unmake conditions on the Stock Exchange. If there is a good market, for example, with strong action and firm prices, he is very apt to believe that "all is well with the world." If the market is in the dumps, he is not likely to see sunshine anywhere. And European war, though it may bring him profit, seems like the day of doom. Thus an intangible, unstable influence affects his viewpoint. It is, in reality, built on sand.

Out West, however—away from the lure of the ticker—business men base their outlook on the crops, on those deep-seated and unshakable resources which are the very backbone of commercial stability and national prosperity. They are closer to the soil; they know that in the end the farmer and not the financier is the begetter of our plenty.

In other words, they place their viewpoint on a concrete and fundamental thing—on rock, as it were.

Business Difficult and Expensive

LET us see what men in business think of business. We will begin at St. Louis, the gateway to the Southwest, capital of a mighty and far-reaching trade empire. Here the temperature of prosperity has no false accelerators or reducers.

The opinion of the head of one of the greatest department stores there may be regarded as typical of the attitude of most of his intelligent fellows throughout the Middle West. He said: "We are having a period of retrenchment rather than of economy. Rich women, who used to buy expensive model hats,

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now wait for a 'sale'; instead of buying costly silk stockings they will shop around for bargains.

"Our business for the last thirty days shows a gross increase of $20,000, but the net profit is much smaller than the same amount would show for any time during the past five years. Why? Simply because it is more expensive and more difficult to get business. People buy in smaller quantities, and this adds to the cost of doing business.

"Out here we believe in the soil, and the soil now sends forth a cheering message of big crops, and if the uncertainty about business legislation is removed within a reasonable time, I am convinced that we will enter upon a winter of more than normal soundness.

"I believe that most business men will agree with me that President Wilson's attitude toward business up to this time has not been accurate. He has sight without vision; he sees what does not exist. He repeats the error that he made in handling the Mexican situation because he accepts his own ideals as conditions; he regards theories as facts.

"The slackness in trade is entirely due to excessive and persistent legislation. Nobody doubts the efficacy of regulation, but nobody wants the continual agitation and unrest that professional lawmaking imposes. I can best illustrate with a figure of speech. We live in a concrete age. Now concrete must settle before fresh concrete is poured on it. Otherwise it crumbles. So with business. We are piling law upon law before any one of them has a chance to work out; in other words, to find itself. First we had the tariff, then the currency law, and now the great mass of anti-trust bills. Heaped on all this has been the fret over the railway-rate decision. It is too much for the business stomach to digest in one meal. We must have a chance to masticate our laws, and then, and only then, will we have our old-time prosperity."

Certain Experiences the President Lacks

NOW let us turn to the opinion of the head of one of the greatest wholesale hardware houses in the country—a man of vision, whose characterization of President Wilson was echoed in many quarters.

"Our business," he declared, "for the past six months is exactly 85 per cent of what it was for the corresponding period last year. We made this record by the hardest kind of shedding and at a larger outlay than we have ever had to make to get trade. Our salesmen have found everywhere a feeling of caution among buyers. They seem to be afraid of something, and when you pin them down we find that they regard pending and promised legislation as dangerous to business expansion.

"I believe that President Wilson's determination to stick to his so-called 'business program' in the face of generally disquieting conditions is largely responsible for the decline or lack of advance in business. The trouble with the President (and I speak, I hope, as a hard-headed, practical business man) is that he knows nothing about actual business. He has always worked for a salary; the money that he administered as college president was begged or bestowed as a gift; his trustees relieved him of financial responsibility. In short, he has never known the travail of having to dig up the money in hard times to meet the pay roll on Saturday. In order to make measure of money values, you must first lose some money of your own. The President, with the best intentions, has tried to believe that he could argue business into an optimistic state of mind. But he can't. Business will hold its own in spite of him. The discontent is not psychological, but it strikes me has been induced by something very pedagogical."

The Inspiration of the Wheat Crop

ONE of his hardware colleagues, founder of an establishment of world-wide scope and importance, had this to say:

"The inspiration of the winter wheat crop, which will require half a million cars to move after making allowance for what is consumed on the farms, has put courage and life into the people all over the country. If nothing very drastic occurs in the way of adverse and threatening legislation to shake this spirit of hope and confidence, I feel absolutely certain that we will immediately have good business everywhere and that each succeeding month will show a vast improvement over the preceding one."

"If Congress Will Only Leave Us Alone!"

TURN to the wholesale dry-goods trade in St. Louis and you find a cheerful state of mind. In one of the largest houses I saw the following inscription at the head of the large bulletin board, labeled "Store News," which stands near the main entrance:

"Business is good. Our sales from December 1, 1913, to July 1, 1914, were the largest in our history."



Much money went into hiding to await developments. Whatever apprehension was felt, however, has been set at rest by bumper crops

I asked the general manager of this establishment how he felt about conditions, and he replied: "We have no complaints to make, as you will see from our bulletin board. I must say, however, that it is harder and more expensive to get business, because our customers are buying in smaller quantities. They replenish as they sell. We have more orders and, consequently, more work."

Another great wholesale dry-goods merchant said: "Our gross business is only 1 per cent less than last year, and if the President and Congress will only leave us alone I believe the worst is over and we can face the future with courage and confidence."

Take the wholesale shoe business, which is one of the dominant St. Louis activities. The head of the biggest footwear distributing house in the United States, which does a gross annual business of $30,000,000, told me that where heretofore his business had increased from 7 per cent to 9 per cent a year, it had suffered a loss of 4.6 per cent for the first six months of 1914. His explanation was not only illuminating, but typical of what I found all over the country.

"Our business has declined," he said, "in every section where the railroads are a factor. The railroads, as you well know, are the greatest buyers in this country, purchasing 40 per cent of the steel output and 42 per cent of the lumber output. The railroads are hard up; they buy only what they actually need, and they have been laying off men right and left. People must have food from day to day, but they can very easily put off buying shoes."

What Hangs Upon Railroad Prosperity

WHEREVER I went I found the railroads inseparably linked up with practically every estimate of business. "As the railroads go, so goes the rest of the country," seemed to sum up the attitude. A few years ago the average man's feeling toward the great steam common carriers was one of unfriendliness, even hostility. Nor was it confined to the investor whose bond interest had been defaulted or whose stock had depreciated. Now the ordinary citizen is not only friendly toward the railroads, but he wants them to be let alone, to have a fair chance for existence, and he feels that when the great systems undergo the pinch of poverty he, too, must suffer.

To return for a moment to the wholesale shoe business of St. Louis, I found that one great establishment sustained a 5 per cent loss on the preceding six months' business, while another, on the other hand, claimed an increase of 10 per cent. The head of the latter, however, said that it was entirely due to an abnormal speeding up among the salesmen, induced by special prize offers, holiday trips, and various other inspirers.

A leading St. Louis banker voiced the sentiment of the constructive banking interest of the whole Southwest when he said:

"I am a Democrat and I voted for Wilson, but I believe that he has made a vital and costly mistake in pushing his business program too hard. His procedure has caused a considerable lack of confidence in the whole Administration. When you stop to consider that we have revised our whole fiscal system with the tariff law, and changed our banking program with the new currency measure, the entire economic structure is undergoing a drastic change. Hence the folly of piling up more laws that will tend to unsettle conditions. It means that all business must proceed under great restraint, lack of initiative, and the utmost conservation."

Legislation and Prosperity

IN SUCH an investigation as this one you find that, as you journey eastward from the heart of our great agricultural domain, the optimism is likely to wane a bit. In Chicago, for example, I talked with the head of a wholesale business which leads the world in its line—a man of wide vision and frank outlook. His conviction is, likewise, the viewpoint of a score of equally representative business men with whom I talked in that city. This man said:

"We have only been able to hold our own—that is, not suffer any serious loss of business—by doing things that we don't like to do. By this I mean that we have been compelled to lay off people, forego salary increases, and practice most rigid and drastic economies all along the line.

"The pity of it is that business has missed a great opportunity. With such magnificent crop prospects, business any other year would face an enormous spurt. But the psychological moment for capitalizing this rosy prospect is gone. Business is very much like an athlete. Up to the time of the passage of the tariff and currency laws it was trained to the minute and ready to start on a winning race. The track seemed clear of obstructions. But what happened? Up cropped a whole nest of legislation aimed at business; the athlete has remained at the starting point all this time; and now to crown all comes the European war. The big crops, instead of giving what would have been an overwhelming boost, will only serve to stem the tide and enable us to escape serious trouble."

One Man Who Is Not Downhearted

JUST as it takes all kinds of people to make a world, so do you get various sentiments in sounding the business population. In sharp contrast with what has just gone before is the opinion of one of the greatest of American clothing manufacturers, who employs more than eight thousand people and whose name is known wherever the ready-made garment is worn.

"For the first six months of this year our shipments are ahead of last year," he declared, "and last year was one of the largest and best years in the history of our business. Therefore we have not been able to work up any hysterics around here over what we are not doing. In the same period our collections have been larger by practically the same percentage as the excess in shipments. These percentages of gain are not as large as we have been used to making, but the important thing is that we have gained during a time when black and indigo blue seemed to be the fashionable shades in business conversations. Our credit losses are not quite so large for the first six months of 1914 as they were in the same period of 1913, which is another way of saying that they do not amount to much of anything at all.

"A great New York banker in a recent address said that we no longer take old standards, such as crop statistics, money rates, and credit conditions, to gauge future business by, but look to politics. I believe that politics are only temporarily (Continued on page 26)



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Initiations at Lockport

By Charles N. Sims—Part I

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER D. GOLDBECK

SQUIRE BUCK, from the eminence of his own showy front porch, kept his sharp blue eyes in speculative approval on the jam of farmers' vehicles around the curb in front of Abraham Day's general store. One by one he watched the buggies and road wagons receive their burden of white paper bundles and rattle off up the village street.

"Abe's a slick business feller," he soliloquized in a loud voice, "and he 'pears to be gitting the lion's share of the threshing trade."

The Squire's eighteen-year-old daughter, a very pretty country girl, was working moodily in the warm July soil of a flower bed beside the porch. Her slender young body stiffened visibly at the mention of Abe and she gave the hapless roots of an innocent rosebush a vicious poke with her trowel, but she said nothing.

"Abe is a coming man," her parent went on; "he's public-spirited and knows where to ketch a holt. Look at the way he's worked and figured round and stirred up this here new lodge we're going to organize to-night, besides handling the threshing rush trade without a clerk—Abe's saving, too. A certain stiff-necked young person what don't 'pear to keer a snap about her pappy's political aspirations had ought to treat his trusty leftenant a leetle better," he complained.

RUTH looked up astonished. "Are you going to run for office, pappy?" she questioned in consternation.

"Abe asked me last night," he said proudly: "Township trustee."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said pleadingly.

"Oh, I'll be 'lected—never fear," the old man laughed confidently. "Can't help it twixt Abe and the Knights of Sahara. And, Ruth," he added generously, "if any of the neighbors wants to borrow anything, tell 'em it's broke, because I've got to be nice to folks till after the 'lection."

"Knights of Sahara," puzzled Ruth; "what are they?"

"A kind of a lodge Abe's hired some fellers down at the county seat to git up for us," explained her father. "We're going to git all the members we can; and, of course"—he winked cunningly—"all the Knights'll vote for a lodge brother without payin' much 'tention to party when the time comes."

After a silence the father returned to the matter he wished settled.

"Abe'll make some lucky girl a fine husband," he again began tactfully.

"Lots of folks getting their horses shod this morning." Ruth tried to say it dryly, keeping the triumph out of her voice, and not altogether succeeding. Her father shot a lightning glance at the blacksmith shop across the street and frowned like a thundercloud. A barearmed young giant of twenty-five came whistling out of the shop and took his time untying a barefooted farm horse hitched to the rack in front. His black, gay eyes strayed searching over the way toward the finest house in town.

The cheery song died on his widening lips and his sooty face lighted with pleasure as he unerringly picked out a coquettish sunbonnet bobbing about among the flowers.

FORTUNATELY the young smith caught sight of the hard-faced old man in time to stifle an affectionate greeting to Ruth, but he led the horse into the shop with a backward glance.

The Squire's tanned visage grew darker with rising suspicion. "Ruth," he asked severely, "have you been talking to Harry Baum since I told him to keep away from here?"

"No, pa," she replied sadly, "I haven't."

"I don't aim for you to," her father declared with aggravated vehemence.

"But there's no telling how soon I will," the high-spirited girl defiantly declared. The old man pretended not to hear. "Don't drive folks what's in debt too hard at first," was one of the Squire's own money-lending epigrams and he judged the present domestic crisis needed its application in a modified form.

"Harry's business ain't all his father's was when the old Erie Canal was agoing full blast," he said conciliatingly. "He'll never be, now, what I call a out-and-out rich man, will Baum—too much of a free giver. Now, there's that begging tramp boy that Abe give Nelty Driggs a see-gar to kick out of the store; what did Harry do but take him right home and keep him there till he could walk! Why only the other day, Ruthie," he continued in a shocked whisper, "Abe was telling me Harry went down to the county seat and bought his mother a silk dress fit fer a queen. I'd be half skeered to say what it cost him."



"When I'm done with Jim O'Bear—" he leaned over the fence and told her the whole plot in low, hilarious tones

Ruth bent lower over her trowel to hide the quick tears of happiness and approval shining in her eyes like the dewdrops on the grass at her feet.

"Look at that there diamond ring he gave you," the Squire indited triumphantly. "It must have stood him close to fifty cash."

Ruth thrust her left hand guiltily out of sight. Her father saw the stealthy movement and misunderstood.

"Good Lord, Ruthie! you didn't give that there ring back to Harry?" he gasped.

"Not yet, pappy," she replied in gentle tones of determination that should have settled the question forever. The old man heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

"That's right, daughter," he approved, "and don't you do it neither—at least not till I see Judge Calhoun O'Dell an' find out whether you hast to or not. The Judge is great on them kind of cases, though I reckon he don't know nothing much about law. This wasteful extravagance of Harry's 'll go a powerful sight toward paying for a good cow. Abe's got one already picked out—any woman can milk her."

RUTH gave a little hurt cry. "Oh, don't, don't, pappy," she begged.

"Harry means all right, I s'pose," the Squire reflected generously, "but he can't hold a taller candle to Abe Day. Abe's seen a slice o' the world 'fore he come to Indiany," he went on with good-natured envy—"born way out there in Salt Lake City, Utah, and had a lot of exciting experiences migrating round. Now, you never heard of Abe buying silk dresses and diamond rings for other people," he concluded victoriously.

Complacently the Squire picked up his stick and passed out of the gate, up the street. He found Abe in the rear of his store, his long foxlike face was buried, oblivious to all else, in some figures he had compiled in an idle moment. The calculation was convincing if not actually interesting.

Squire Buck's son-in-law will git a mighty perty girl and 1,000 acres of land worth $150 per.....		$150,000.00
Notes, bonds, and mortgages, numerous but unknown:		
Cattle, horses, hogs, and such like....		30,000.00
Not less than..		$180,000.00
Marriage license....	$2.00	
Ring.....	2.80	
Entertainment.....	3.00	7.80
Net.....		$179,992.20

THE Squire bore down on Abe in a playful mood, and before the disconcerted man could whisk the damaging evidence of his own high hopes out of sight, the other's spectacles were astride his nose.

"I wouldn't mind making a investment at this here rate myself," joked the Squire. Then: "Who do you reckon done this here figuring about my property, Abe?" he asked suspiciously.

"I haven't the slightest idea," Abe answered listlessly. "I found it down by the blacksmith shop on my way home from your house last night."

"You did?" the Squire interrogated sharply.

"In front of the door," said Abe. "I thought it might hide a conspiracy."

"It does," the other agreed with dark finality.

"I was going to take it down to your house the first thing this morning," Abe explained wearily, "but I've been feeling too much cut up to think of other folks' troubles."

"You ain't looking particular pert this morning," the Squire acknowledged.

"I don't expect I do," Abe agreed moodily. "I couldn't if I wanted to," he added bitterly. "It's a great disappointment to me, Squire," he confided sadly, "a vast disappointment," he concluded solemnly.

The Squire's arms dropped impotently at his sides. "The lodge ain't fallen through with?" he guessed in alarm.

Abe threw his one hundred and twenty-five pounds into an awe-inspiring six-foot figure of injured pride. "The doings I organize and push never fail, Mr. Buck," he said coldly.

"No harm meant," said the Squire. "I might have knowed we couldn't fail."

"Howsomever," Abe continued, following his purpose to make himself absolutely necessary to the old man's ambitions, "I must confess them Knights ain't going to be the howling success I've been expecting."

THE Squire's jaw fell like a plummet. "Then unless the Knights ain't a howling success, there ain't much chance of my gitting the nomination fer trustee next fall like you tole me last night?"

"I won't say that, Squire," Abe pondered deeply, "but it'll take a powerful lot of brain work."

"Money will do most anything," the Squire mused rather loudly.

"Good Lord, Squire," Abe broke out jadedly, "how I have worked for this here lodge so you could be nominated. It's come high, too," he smiled whimsically.

"How much?" asked the other.

"A dollar in the last two days," Abe answered impressively, "and it'll cost sixty cents more by the time the hall's lit up to-night."

"That's only the beginning, Abe," the Squire said lightly. "'Money makes the mare go,'" he quoted jocularly.

"I give a see-gar away just before you come in."

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"Why don't you buy thirty, or say forty dollars worth of beer checks and let me pass them around to the boys?" the Squire suggested generously. "You can't expect to git me 'lected fer nothing, Abe."

"I don't believe in liquor," Abe said emphatically.

"Oh, that's all right," the old man said reassuringly, "nobody'll ever know you paid for it."

"If you don't git nominated," Abe dashed on with desperate irrelevance, "you'll have the meanness of certain folks to blame."

"I thought you said I was popular," the Squire reminded Abe sorrowfully.

"I did," Abe admitted truthfully, "but I'll take it all back now."

"Money—" the other began hopefully when Abe cut him off short.

"I never could have thought it of a feller like Harry Baum," he said mournfully, shaking his head in perplexity, like a thoroughly good man who fails utterly to comprehend wanton malice in another. "Never thought he had it in him to say those ghastly things he did," said Abe.

It was a full half minute before the scandalized old man could assimilate the appalling enormity of the charge. "Harry Baum talking about me?" he choked out in a perfect agony of rage.

ABE nodded gravely. "Awful."

"What did he say?" the other demanded hoarsely.

"I don't like to repeat it," Abe countered virtuously; "it ain't right."

"What did he say?" thundered the infuriated old man.

"He said," Abe began with a proper show of reluctance, "that you was so cussed tricky you hid your own watch every night before you went to bed for fear you'd steal it in your sleep. And he's been talking against the new lodge and his talk has kept twelve of the young fellers from putting down their names, and now they're talking, too."

The Squire pranced wildly up and down the store, brandishing his walking stick like a weapon of offense, all the while giving tongue to such ruthless threats that Abe found himself looking on the result of his own handiwork with mixed feelings of pride and alarm.

"I'll fix Harry Baum," raved the Squire. "I'll go right down to his shop this minute and beat him till we're both worn out."

"Violence has its uses," Abe said oracularly. "It will be a valuable lesson to Harry, coming from you that way, Squire," he agreed encouragingly. "Look at me," he continued excitedly, "people take me for a peaceable party—well, I ain't by nature and if folks only knew how I had to hold myself in sometimes when I hear Harry Baum telling around how much you and Ruth think of him, there'd be a detective here in two days looking in the cellar for dead bodies."

The Squire's purple face writhed into a terrible smile of senile ferocity. "Git your hat, Abe, and come on," he said murderously calm, "us two will show him what's what."

LITTLE beads of arctic perspiration stood out on Abe's ashen brow. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that Harry would fight at the first word, but as far as he was concerned, he would rather talk on his fingers the rest of his natural life than be the one to utter it.

"I'm too high-tempered to go down there till I cool off," he objected hastily, "besides I've got to sweep out the hall for to-night."

"My temper's worse than yours," the Squire challenged quickly.

"Oh, no," said Abe, "you got diplomacy, more head than I have. Why don't you go down to the shop, Squire," he finally suggested, "and try to talk Harry and his crowd into the lodge? We've only got twenty-two names now counting ourselves."

The old man was too nonplused by Abe's change of front and proposal to make reply. "Even if you don't seem crazy for his company," Abe continued, "you'll need his vote next November. It would be slick politics, Squire, and I'd hate to see either of us up for murder."

The Squire stroked his chin whiskers meditatively. "I half believe you're right, Abe," he yielded slowly after a long moment of breathless silence on Abe's part. "I've just wound up counting ten," he explained sagaciously, "an' find I ain't half so mad as I thought I was—come to think of it."

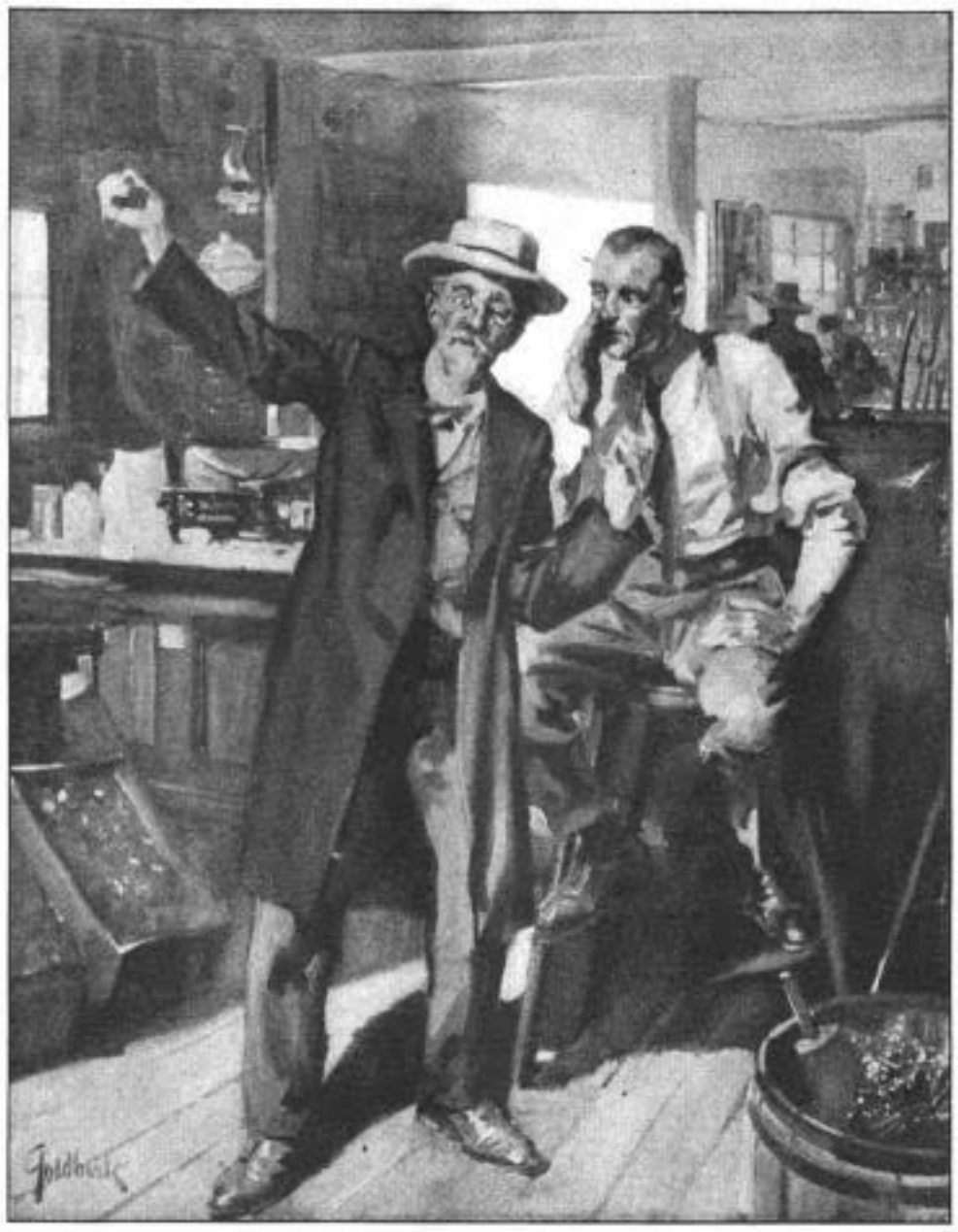
"Squire," Abe chided gently, "you're too hoss-tile."

"A regular Indian fer revenge," the old man acknowledged modestly, "and if I'd gone down there all het up, no telling what I'd done. It would have been a monstrous unfriendly act in you to let me went," he finished with a touch of reproach.

"How could you expect me to keep you from going when I had such an awful struggle to hold myself back?" Abe said resentfully.

"But what do you think of my plan for gitting Harry into the lodge?" asked Abe. Abe shrewdly calculated that one more meeting between his rival and the Squire must end in a permanent rupture.

"It 'pears to hang about right," the Squire said approvingly. "As soon as you hand me them forty dollars for them beer checks for our campaign, I guess I'll just step around and talk Harry into our way of thinking. I'll claim to be on his side and tell him how people's been talking 'bout him—it won't be a bit hard fer me."



"I'll fix Harry Baum," raved the Squire. "I'll go right down now to his shop and beat him till we're both worn out"

"Be careful, Squire," the other warned nervously, "don't tell him everything you've heard—some of it might not be true."

"I won't," said the Squire, "only what's been tole me by reliable parties."

"I think I can trust your wonderful judgment," Abe said, still uneasy.

Abe had strong reasons, amatory and otherwise, for keeping in with the Squire, so reluctantly he fished out four crisp ten-dollar bills and passed them over to the old man with a sigh of resignation.

"It's a lot of money for a prohibition church member to spend at one time for drink," he said dolefully. "I didn't ever think I'd do it."

"Neither did I," said the Squire, who viewed the transaction from an entirely different angle. "But the means justifies the ends."

Squire Buck was a man of action. He pledged Abe that the belligerent blacksmith's name would be among the first of the B's on the lodge's charter roster and hurried out of the store to make good his word.

WHILE the two conspirators were plotting in the store, the object of their intrigues was more pleasantly engaged. As soon as the Squire was gone, Ruth concluded the rosebush near the gate required instant attention. Harry proved his ability to keep pace with events, for before the Squire was fairly out of sight he came out of his shop carrying a huge bundle under his arm and boldly crossed the street with the air of a man who has a special message, and the nerve to deliver it.

"Hello, Ruth," he cried joyously.

"Oh, Harry!" she groaned, on the verge of tears.

"Poor kid, you've been crying," he charged tenderly. Ruth dabbed her eyes guiltily with one corner of a snowy apron. "What's wrong, honey?"

"I guess it won't do any good for us to talk about my troubles any more," she began with exasperating resignation. Harry put down his bundle and extended a brawny arm that adroitly encircled her slim waist and swept the pathetic little figure as close to him as the fence between would permit.

"Folks will see us," she pleaded, wisely abandoning a struggle that was deliciously hopeless against such tremendous odds.

"Let them," Harry said recklessly. "I've got a right to hear your troubles. I'm going to kiss you, too," he warned her. "Now tell me what's wrong, honey," Harry petted, releasing her.

"Pappy's been at me again about you and Abe," she admitted sadly. "And I don't believe I can stand it much longer unless I promise to marry him," she said with a sly peep at Harry.

HARRY'S black eyes twinkled mirthfully, but he almost succeeded in smothering a deep-chested laugh. Ruth regarded her lover suspiciously and her rose-red lips settled into a tiny line of determination that promised punishment.

"Pappy's getting old," she said sentimentally, "and his heart's set on me having Abe. Abe's so well off and traveled," she went on innocently. "I wish I knew whether I'd ought to do it?" she puzzled conscientiously.

"If you wasn't so sweet and good, Ruth," Harry reasoned tactfully, "I'd advise you to marry me even against your better judgment, but the way things is, you ought to take Abe to please your pappy. Abe's got a way with him that women like." And Harry nodded his fine head like a man who will meet his fate with a smile, cost what it may.

"Harry Baum!" she cried, aghast. "What do you mean by wanting me to marry that long-nosed living skeleton?" she demanded with flashing eyes.

"I don't," he said sententiously.

"Yes, you do," Ruth held with stamping foot.

"I was only thinking of your happiness," Harry said generously. "I want to see the prettiest girl in Carroll County happy first and last."

"Pappy will never let us marry." She turned her head away and tried to speak drearily.

"Oh, yes, he will, honey, and that fast enough after *to-night*." Harry spoke out suddenly with a fine air of finality.

"*After to-night!*" Ruth repeated unbelievingly.

"After to-night," he echoed with marked emphasis, "your pappy will never lift a finger against us two hitching."

"How in the world?" Ruth marveled.

"It's a secret among twelve of us boys, and the initiation delegation from the county seat," he confessed. "That bundle," he continued mysteriously, pointing out the innocent-looking object on the grass at her feet, "is part of it."

RUTH regarded the package with lively interest.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not. But you remember Abe and me was down at the county seat on the same day about three weeks ago"—Harry began his confidence seriously, then added with a laugh, "but we didn't go together."

Ruth remembered well, for it was on this trip he had bought the silk dress for his mother and that very night she had cried about it because he was so generous.

"Well, I learned things about this here new lodge they're going to start in town to-night," he went on. "Them organizers is just a wild bunch of young college fellers. That shyster lawyer, Jim O'Bear, is at the head of it. They don't mean any real harm," he extenuated; "they're only out for fun and a little spending money, and while I'm helping them to get both, they're going to help me get you without knowing it. Abe's slick in a way," he conceded; "he's hired O'Bear and his friends to git up a fake lodge—Knights of Sahara, so he can get all the Democrats and Progressives to join and make them vote the way he wants them to. When I found out about the Knights, I had a long talk with O'Bear myself. Jim's as crooked as a dog's hind leg, so it didn't take much coaxing to make him promise to double-cross Abe."

"But how, Harry?" Ruth asked, impatient to be a full sharer in the secret.

"You won't tell a living soul?" he cautioned.

"I just hope to die if I do," she promised solemnly. After a hasty glance up and down the street, Harry opened the mysterious package that seemed to contain yards and yards of unbleached linen and held an odd-looking garment up at arm's length for Ruth's inspection. "Why, it looks

(*Concluded on page 24*)

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The Art of Singin' Kid

By L. B. Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY W. OBERHARDT

THE Singin' Kid's spark had been "lifted." The glaring red necktie he wore was despoiled by the ruthless hand of a vandal. It was a three-carat stone at that. This, too, on the very first day that the Kid had landed in San Francisco. "O tempora! O mores!"

All these things happened on the crowded end of a street car. The Kid had felt a swift but scientific twitch as his chiefest adornment had left its abiding place. He only needed to glance sideways into the glass window at the rear of the car to assure himself that his diagnosis was correct, and, as he confessed afterward, he almost "hung his head for very shame."

Just think of it—he, the Singin' Kid, who yielded to no man when it came to spoiling the Egyptians on his own account, should be ticketed and labeled as a small town simp before he got two blocks away from the ferry! What booted it if the mate to that same diamond was now reposing in Morey Solomon's safe in Denver? Because it was from that city that the Kid for reasons which need not be made public had made a swift running jump halfway across the continent. Just think of it! Why, there wasn't a "gun" in the Middle West who did not pay glowing tribute to the Kid's prowess as an all-round buccaneer!

BUT the soft brown hat which the Kid wore concealed a brain working like a dynamo. His shifty eyes wandered quickly over the men about him, and, process of elimination aiding unerring experience, he singled out the culprit. The object of his suspicion was an undersized, pasty-faced youth who stood with his back against the railing, but never by the flicker of an eyelash did the Singin' Kid evidence that he had become cognizant of his loss.

"Well, well," he soliloquized to himself, "wouldn't that wake th' baby. What does anyone know about a hop-headed pirate like him tryin' to gimme th' hooks. Why, he's as full of coke now as th' bay is full of water, an' here I am just landed, willin' to declare myself in as a square guy. It's a crime, that's what it is."

At the second stop the pasty-faced young man stepped from the car. The Kid waited until he had turned his back to walk away, and as the car commenced to move again jumped lightly off and followed him. Unaware that he was being trailed, the thief proceeded nonchalantly down Sansome Street, pausing for a moment half a block away to look into a show window; but all at once he felt a grip of steel upon his shoulder—a grip that whirled him around with untoward velocity, then he found himself looking into the cold gray eyes of the Singin' Kid.

"Come through with it, come clean," hissed his victim. "I need it in my business. It's me front. I have an uncle in Sing Sing that sends me one out every Christmas, an' I prize 'em fur sentimental reasons. Come on, hand it over, or I'll trim yer like a drunken sailor."

"Hand over what?" quavered the sallow one. "I ain't got nothing of yours. Ain't you mistook in your party?"

"Mistook nothin'—I'm talkin' about me spark, you pink-eyed microbe. Gimme that rock, an' give it to me quick, or I'll tear yer hide off from the ears down."

"I didn't figure you was no 'gun' yourself," protested his prisoner. "I took you for a Mike."

"Never mind what I am," retorted the Kid. "Never mind what I am, or where I came from, or why I left that place. But just to give yer a touch of high life I'll save yer th' trouble of searchin' yerself for it." Suiting action to word he slipped a deft finger under the rolling collar of the young man's coat and drew forth the missing diamond.

"Now git," said the Kid, "an' let me tell yer somethin', if you native sons can't do no better than that, this tank is liable to have another earthquake. I want to say your work is as coarse as a nutmeg grater. That brand of hop you're smokin' ain't no good. Better throw it in th' discard an' buy a two-bit deck of th' old cracker dust: there's four good sniffs in it. I ain't strong for th' needle thing: it makes your lunch hooks wobble. Why, I 'made' you th' minute you started th' lift. You took me front as though you was haulin' up a deep-sea anchor. You oughta be ashamed of yerself, that's what. Now make yer gitaway before th' ice melts."



"I need it in my business. It's me front. I have an uncle in Sing Sing that sends me one out every Christmas, an' I prize 'em fur sentimental reasons"

THE Singin' Kid wheeled back toward Market Street, his whole being surcharged with indignation. It seemed to be in a way a bar sinister on his professional heraldry that a brother artist should have failed to accord him the recognition due his standing. For good and sufficient reasons the Kid had decided not to "work" in San Francisco, but now he felt that his reputation had been assailed, and it was up to him to rehabilitate himself.

Up the main thoroughfare he walked slowly, eyes well to the front, but slanting occasionally, however, so that he might take in everything to the right and to the left of him. Custom had taught the Kid to view the scene of his advent carefully in order that overofficious sleuths might not impede the dignity of his progress. He studied the big circus posters as he moved along, and endeavored by his bearing to create an impression among those who might be disposed to inquisitiveness that he was a tourist simply enjoying the sights of a great city.

BUT somewhere between Third and Fourth Streets the freebooter's attention became centralized upon an individual who, like himself, was moving aimlessly in the opposite direction. He was obviously of the West, Western. The Kid could have run his original habitat to earth in three guesses—Utah, Wyoming, or Colorado. He looked like "ready money." So, when the man of the mountains passed through the swinging doors of the café, the Singin' Kid followed after allowing a discreet interval to elapse.

The man from the Middle West was leaning against the bar toying with his second glass of red liquor. Men come to San Francisco every day and say the same thing to the bartender.

"Nothin' stirring, eh?" interrogated the stranger petulantly. "Town's on th' toboggan. Mightily changed since I was here in th' spring of '96. Say, brother, she sure then was marked with all the indications of speed. We used to light her up every night like a birthday cake—endless motion, that's what she was, nothin' else."



"Take it from me, I'm th' first guy that ever thought out th' plan of havin' bettin' in connection with th' hippodrome races"

THE Singin' Kid moved closer. "Gimme a short beer," he said gruffly to the bartender. Then to the stranger in tones of exceeding protest, "there ain't nothin' th' matter with Frisco," said he; "she's still on th' rails, an', take it from me, she ain't moved one inch. You ain't fixed yer dates right yet, that's what's th' matter with you. Turn yerself aroun' an' git a runnin' start at th' barrier. Looks to me as if you was headed th' wrong way of th' track."

"Don't take me fur no simp," interpolated the stranger hotly. "I was sittin' on th' fence watchin' 'em go by when a yard of cloth would 'a' made you a suit of clothes. Don't tell me. She's as placid as a bowl of milk. Hell, you can drive this town nowadays with th' reins tied round th' dashboard. Ain't yer race track closed up? Will yer be kind enough to inform me where they're dealin' th' bank? Why, there ain't nothin' left but a lot of cheap tin-horn short-card men, that's all. I want to bet mine on the ponies. I'm the custodian of a yen that would make a regiment of Jew bookmakers fall off the block. Been out on the desert for six years now. Ain't seen nothin' nor nobody. I come on down here for a little pastime, an' th' most exciting thing over at Emeryville is a funeral."

"Folks'll never stop bettin' on races so long as there's horses to run and jockeys to ride 'em," responded the Kid cheerfully. "There's more ways of killin' a dog than chokin' him to death. I kin put you wise to a game thet hez wandered so far from its parentage it ain't got no reg'lar name at all."

"Lemme git aboard an' pull in th' gangplank," responded the stranger affably. "I jedge by yer talk yer all right. Take th' bridle off an' go as far as yer like."

"Come on over here an' let's sit down," suggested the Singin' Kid. "Come on over, pardner, an' let's fan a while; I like yer an' yer style. I guess yer belong. Barkeep, ast th' gentleman what he wants." The Kid was in his element now.

"When an angel flies into th' coop, bo," said he after they had been seated comfortably, "when an angel flies into th' coop, it's a wise gink what knows enough to shut the door. Am I right, and do yer git me?"

THE man from Wyoming nodded solemnly. "Go on," said he, "I'm next."

"There's a circus comin' here this week," continued the Singin' Kid. "I'm inter-ested. Take it from me, I'm th' first guy that ever thought out th' plan of havin' bettin' in connection with th' hippodrome races. Th' agent as was runnin' th' privilege fur me las' year ain't showed up, an' I'm lookin' fur a feller just like you. We're goin' to play a five-day engagement here; we give two performances every day an' run sixteen races. There'll be ten thousan' people under the big top. Don't yer suppose some of 'em want to bet their money?"

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"But where do I git off?" protested the stranger.

"Where do you land? Why, that's what I'm tryin' to tell yer," vouchsafed the Kid. "Ain't I here to sell yer the bookmaking privilege? All yer need is a pencil an' a pad of paper. I can't run it myself, bein' as I'm connected with th' show; but look what you could do to 'em! A sagacious anaraballs like you could run away an' hide from a game like this. Think of it! sixteen races a day fur five days, an' I'll sell yer th' bettin' privilege an' all that goes with it fur five hundred bones—a hundred down an' th' balance Wensday mornin', when th' show is on th' lot."

THE stranger hesitated a moment. "Kin I git by with it?" he queried.

"Kin a hen lay an egg?" retorted his companion. "Gimme th' kale."

The Kid's hypnotic eye did the rest. The man from the Middle West drew forth a plethoric pocketbook, and a brand-new yellow-back bill crackled as it journeyed from hand to hand across the table. Then the Singin' Kid rose and stretched himself wearily. "So long, ol' pal," said he; "so long, I'll see yer Wensday mornin'. I have to go down now an' meet th' agent of th' Pullman Company to order a few new sleepers fur th' show, but don't let yer foot slip; you meet me at nine o'clock, Wensday mornin', on th' lot corner of Twelfth an' Market. Take care of yerself, bo; don't take no bad money till yer see me agin."

"Putting One Over"

By W. D. Brenner

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

YOU'D wonder how they all got there, wouldn't you, mister? Eh? Why, the ones with their names in the electric light signs! You go along Broadway and you look them over. Some of them's stars that shine and some of them's shines that star; but they're all pullin' down a percentage of the gate receipts, and you wonder how they do it. Well, mister, there's lots of ways of doin' it and lots of missin' it; but this here call boy's job puts me in a place to see things—and you take it from me, it's often luck both ways. Yep! Just plain luck. There was Cynthia.

It wasn't more'n a year and a half ago that she blew into this very theatre lookin' for a job.

One of them scorchin' days around the end of August, it was—just before the rehearsal started. The mob of actors and actor ladies was out in the greenroom waitin' for the stage to get cleared up, and the boss was out there tryin' to get a bunch of sceneshifters to do it—and usin' persuasive language on them—when Cynthia breezed in.

I GUESS it was her looks that took her past the door man. Believe me, she was some queen! One of them willowy dames, with eyes that the poet guys calls soulful. Wasn't nothin' fancy about her duds—but somehow you got the hunch that, if she had the happy frills, they'd be carried right.

Me? Oh, hully gee, mister! I fell in love with Cynthia then and there. But don't run away! This ain't no story of a call boy's hopeless love. This here is the plain, unvarnished tale of Cynthia's tryout.

'Course, mister, there wasn't nothin' for me to do around there that early in rehearsals; but then I'm a sort of fixture with the firm, and, besides, I'm aimin' to be a playwritin' guy myself one of these days. You can cop more straight dope on playwritin' at one of them late summer rehearsals than all the books on what the high-brows calls "dramatic technique" can ever learn you.

But I was tellin' you about Cynthia. You jack me up when I start to drift. She just stood there, glancin' around casual, while the boss was cuttin' loose on the fancy talk at them sceneshifters. Gee! He was some hot! Then he saw her.

"Well?" says he, snappy.

"I presume," says Cynthia, quietlike—"I presume, from your authoritative manner, that you are the manager?"

"I'resumin'," replies the boss—"presumin'—just for the moment—that I am that unfortunate individual, what then?"

"Then," says Cynthia, awful prompt, "I want a job!"

"A what?"

"A job," she repeats. "A part in the play you're rehearsin'."

The boss glares at her. "Any experience?" he snaps.

"Well, not professionally," she admits. "But I've often taken part in amateur performances."

"Indeed?" says the boss. And then he explodes. "Say!" he hollers, "how the blinkity blazes did you get in here?"

CYNTHIA seemed surprised. "Why, I believe I walked in," says she, real innocent.

"Past the door man?"

Cynthia nods.

"Billy," the boss yells, turnin' to me, "go out and tell Old Mike he's fired."

Mike was the door man. 'Course, mister, I didn't move, 'cause that's a stock joke—about Old Mike getting fired. It happens three times a day, regular. Besides, I wouldn't have missed Cynthia for anything!

The boss, by this time, is takin' in that there willowy figure I told you about.

"I didn't know," he remarks finally, "but what you glided in! You give one the idea of a glider." And that wasn't no idle dream either, mister. "I expect," he continues, sarcastic, "that you wish to utilize your talents by givin' imitations of Nazimova, the Russian Serpent, or of the Divine Sarah. And I regret that, as this show requires the services of ordinary human bein's, and not acrobats, there is nothin' doin'."



The assistant stage manager came tearin' in with a face the color of a boiled lobster. "Boss!" he yells, "Fanny De Voe's quit!" . . . Mister, I could have yelled for joy!

SAY, mister, you'd thought that would 'a' got her, wouldn't you? But it didn't. Nope.

"I expected," says she, soft and humblelike, "to take a very small part."

"Modest, ain't you?" asks the boss.

"I might add," she continues, "that I have real talent, which I inherited from papa."

The boss snorts. "Papa, hey? Where's he playin'?"

There's a little catch in Cynthia's voice. "He ain't playin'," says she. "He's an invalid."

"Oh, heavings!" he groans. "Same old story. Charmin' young girl with dramatic talent, inherited from papa—who is probably an acrobat in a circus. Papa down and out—charmin' young girl forced by cruel fate to the life of a play actress!"

'Course, mister, you got to remember that it was a hot day—and that a lot of things had happened to peeve the old man. And mebbe you think it was josh, mister, but, honest, it was an old, old story. Why, there's dozens of them spring the invalid father gag. Sometimes papa's been a famous clown—and if that's the case, he's pinin' away with a broken heart. Acrobats gets rheumatism, plain actors loses their voices, and so it goes. One buxom dame told the boss her dad was a stage manager. And what do you think had happened to him? He'd gone clean dippy! Somehow that one rung true, and the boss believed her.

You could see, though, that this little lady wasn't wise to the game, and them harsh words almost loosened her weep valves.

"My father," says she, real dignified, "was no acrobat. He was a tragedian!"

"Gee, no wonder he ain't playin'!" remarks the boss.

Cynthia glares at him.

"Until his health failed he was one of the best in England!"

"England, hey? Oh, to be sure! That's where they breed them. But you see, young woman, this here is a frivolous age, and tragedians ain't much in demand even when they're husky ones!"

Cynthia's eyes kinda drooped.

"Well," says she, "I got to do something. You see, the doctor said he'd have to go to some place like Colorado. But when we got to New York, our money gave out, and—"

I DUNNO, mister. Mebbe it was them two big tears that was tremblin' in her eyes. Brown eyes, I told you they was, didn't I? Yep. And with them tears hangin' to the lashes—well, you'd have to see them lamps to appreciate the situation, mister. Anyway, you know, the boss is a real gent, even if he does cuss them out every now and then.

It's funny how things happen, ain't it?

You see, she'd turned to go, and in another minute might have been out. Accordin' to all the rules of the game, it ought to have ended there. But it was just in that minute that it happened. Eh? Why, Derrickson, the assistant stage manager, came tearin' in with a face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Boss!" he yells, "Fanny De Voe's quit!"

Mister, I could have yelled for joy! Fanny De Voe was the French maid, and mebbe you don't know it, but these here society plays can't get along without one. They simply got to have a French maid. I dunno why—but they've got to!

Nope! I wasn't surprised when the boss beat it out after Cynthia.

"Say!" he hollers, abrupt, "can you do a French maid?"

Cynthia turns. "Yes, sir," says she. "I used to dote on French maid parts in the amateurs."

"Good!" says the boss. "You're hired. Twenty per."

Gee, wimmin's funny, mister! You'd thought she'd been glad, wouldn't you? But if she was glad, then why did she turn on the weeps? Hey?

"There, there!" says the old man, soothin'. "For the love of Pete," says he, "can the weeps! Here, Derrickson, take her in and let her meet the bunch. And, by the way," he adds, turnin' to Cynthia, "here's a week in advance. It might come in handy."

But that's the old man, mister. It ain't always the smooth ones that's the real gents.

HE TURNS to the sceneshifters. "Hey!" he hollers, "d'ye think this is a rest cure? Run along now," says he, turnin' to Cynthia, "this ain't no place for you, miss—"

Then she told him her name, mister—Cynthia ain't the main part of it, but I'll tell you more about that later on.

Now, mister, I ain't goin' to bother you tellin' about them rehearsals. Anyone that's got a good imagination and has ever meditated on future punishment

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can guess what them late summer rehearsals is like. But mixed in with it was some mighty pleasant things, and the pleasantest was Cynthia. Yep! Her and me got real chummy. I dunno what it is, but they tell me I got a takin' way with the wimmin. Anyway, we got to be real pals, and that was the start of the mortal feud between Bruce MacRea and me. Bruce played the genteel heavy parts. Did you ever have a real genteel heavy glare at you, mister? Hully gee! the look he give me the night Cynthia and me went home under the same umbrella nigh scared me out of a month's growth!

It was rainin' pitchforks that night. One of them summer surprises, it was, and I was the only one that had a umbrella. I guess you can see me doin' the gallant act, mister? And, of course, after I'd piloted her up on the elevated to the little two-by-four apartment where her and her dad lived, she had to have me in, didn't she? Yep! That's how I came to meet her dad.

Mister, he was a real highbrow! One of them Shakespeare bugs—like you read about. But talk about wrecks! Honest, mister, I ain't much on the gloomy stuff; but just thinkin' about Cynthia's dad used to give me that weepy feelin'.

I wonder if you get the picture? Can you see that poor old ham, sittin' up there in a stuffy little room, coughin' and chokin' all day long for the want of a little air like they make out in the Rockies? 'Course, it wouldn't took much to send him out there; but with Cynthia doin' the French maid act at twenty per, and the price of things in New York, it didn't look like an even chance.

Yes, sir, I used to think about it an awful lot. The idea kinda stuck in my bean; and sometimes, when I'd see them Wall Street guys and the flossy broilers from the choruses scatterin' the stuff regardless in the cabaret joints—well, it kinda seemed like them Socialist guys wasn't nutty after all!

BUT Cynthia never whimpered. No, sir! Just stuck to her business, cheerful and smilin'; and mebbe she wasn't some French maid! I never was strong for the frog eaters; but after I saw Cynthia doin' the polly-voo act I got to havin' pipe dreams about a trip to gay Paree. Hully gee! If the real French maids is like the one Cynthia done, it ain't no wonder the French chefs follow them over to New York!

Eh? Oh, yep! I will get to driftin'. Well, everything comes to an end some time—though it don't seem possible with rehearsals. But they did. The last Monday in September it was when we woke up and realized that the big night had come.

'Course, mister, if I was a literary guy like you I'd stop right here to work up interest in the scene. You got it! Atmosphere! I'd tell about the mob of first-night come-ons that was out in front of the curtain, and how the S. R. O. sign was up in front of the theatre. Then I'd spend a little time dwellin' on how the orchestra was tunin' up; and finally, mister—if you hadn't beat it—I'd come down to that there breathless hush business that always comes just before the auditorium lights go out.

But, hully gee, mister! I ain't no novelist. I'm just tellin' you about Cynthia. Besides, you know whata rep the old man has. You've been to some of his first nights. So I guess you get the picture—even to the breathless hush! I always did think they overdo that part of it. 'Course, it's kinda excitin' to be out in front there, waitin' to see what's goin' to happen in the show. But, believe me, it ain't nothin' to bein' on the other side of the curtain—waitin' to see what's goin' to happen *to* the show!

AND right here I want to remark that it was plenty—what happened to that particular show. Honest, if Cynthia hadn't been there when the leadin' lady took sick so sudden— What! You didn't know that Cynthia was goin' to step in and take the leadin' lady's part? Oh, hully gee, mister! And you writin' stories for a livin'!

Why, there ain't none of this stuff that's new. Them playwritin' guys and novelists all uses the same old dope. It's all in the way it's served up. Changin' the scene, bringin' old ideas up to date, and introducin' what the critics calls "the element of surprise" is what does the trick. 'Course, this here is a true story; but then all the old ideas first come from real life, mister, so the rules of the game holds good.

In this here case of Cynthia, it was that element of surprise I told you about that made it different.

Nope, the leadin' lady gettin' sick wasn't surprisin'. Leadin' ladies is awful funny that way. Sometimes you'd almost think they was human! 'Course, she might have had a understudy. Some does. But this one didn't believe in understudies. Said she simply wouldn't stand for it. And when a leadin' lady says she simply won't stand for a thing—then that's all there is to it, mister.

Neither was it surprisin' that Cynthia, without anyone knowin' it, had memorized that part and was ready to step in. All that stuff had been pulled off before by charmin' young ingênues—if you want to take the press agent's word for it. But the surprise—the thing that made the big noise—come afterward.

'Course, the beginnin' of it was kinda excitin' for a while. The fiddles was just beginnin' to tune up when the cruel blow fell. When they brought the news to the boss—but I'm goin' to skip that part of it. He's awful excitable, mister. And it was right in the midst of them scathin' remarks that Cynthia did the grand-stand act.

"I can play the part," says she.

THAT was all, mister. No wild pleadin'. No "Oh, gimme a chance, kind sir!" gush—just them simple words: "I can play the part."

'Course, the boss didn't believe her; but then there'd been fifty thousand dollars put in the show before they were ready to raise the curtain, and there was three thousand people out in the audience. Besides, the boss had a reputation for never turnin' a crowd away. So what could he do? Gee! it all happened so sudden, I don't believe he knew what was coming off!

Somehow or other they got the beauteous ball gown pulled off the disabled leadin' lady, and Cynthia done a lightnin'-change act. Then, with the whole company turnin' in to help, they got the Mistress of the Wardrobe laced into a French maid outfit that was three sizes too small for her, and give her orders to fake the lines.

The orchestra had stopped playin' and the boss walked over to where Cynthia was standin'. I thought he was goin' to say somethin'—but he didn't. He just looked at her; but, mister, that there look was more'n if he'd made a speech! Then—well, I guess there was a breathless hush outside, 'cause a second later the curtain went up.

LOOKIN' back on it now, I dunno how I lived through them first three acts. 'Course, Cynthia knew the lines and all that. I found out afterward that she'd been studyin' them ever since the first week of rehearsals. More'n that, she'd rehearsed the business in front of a glass at home, with her dad helpin' out and coachin'. But, hully gee! I didn't know then? I just kept thinkin': "Can she pull it off? Can she get it across?"

I was thinkin' of her dad—that poor old Shakespeare bug, sittin' up there in the little cubby-hole where they lived; sittin' there livin' on hope and Cynthia's nerve. Gee! I've got to be a pretty hard nut; but I managed to frame up some kind of a prayer back there in the wings.

Mebbe the boss was prayin', too; but if he was it was the silent kind—'cause he just sat there chewin' the end of a unlit cigar. Just that, mister—just sat and chewed and stared, like he was dreamin'. And, honest, it was enough to make him think he was dreamin'—to see Cynthia standin' out there, reelin' off the leadin' lady's lines like she was born to the part. There wasn't much noise out front; but that was the fault of the show. They'd all seen stuff like it before; and it takes either a mighty good drammer or a awful rotten musical show to get a Broadway crowd goin'. This here was only a middlin' good drammer. So you couldn't blame Cynthia if there was only scatterin' applause after each of the first three acts.

AT THAT the first three acts didn't matter, 'cause it was in the fourth that it happened. Yep! In the last—right before the curtain. And here I got to stop to give you the frame-up for that scene.

'Course, you know what these here society plays is like. This one wasn't much different from the rest of them. It was called "The Second Mr. Tankerplay," and the name exactly described the play. The second Mr. Tankerplay was just what his name said; 'cause he spent his time either tankin' or playin' the ponies—and mostly both at once. See? And, of course, mister, when Mrs. Tankerplay wakes up to what kind of a prize she's drew in the second raffle there's a awful time.

First hubby, as is always the case after they're dead, seems to have been a kind of a saint, mister, and, natcherly, his lamented virtues is flung in the teeth of number two. Gee! You've seen it all before. You know that them first three acts finds them driftin' toward Reno, and you know that, along about the middle of the second, there's a fine, smooth-talkin' genteel heavy falls in love with the abused wife. And, of course, there's a French maid and a English butler—and a open fireplace!

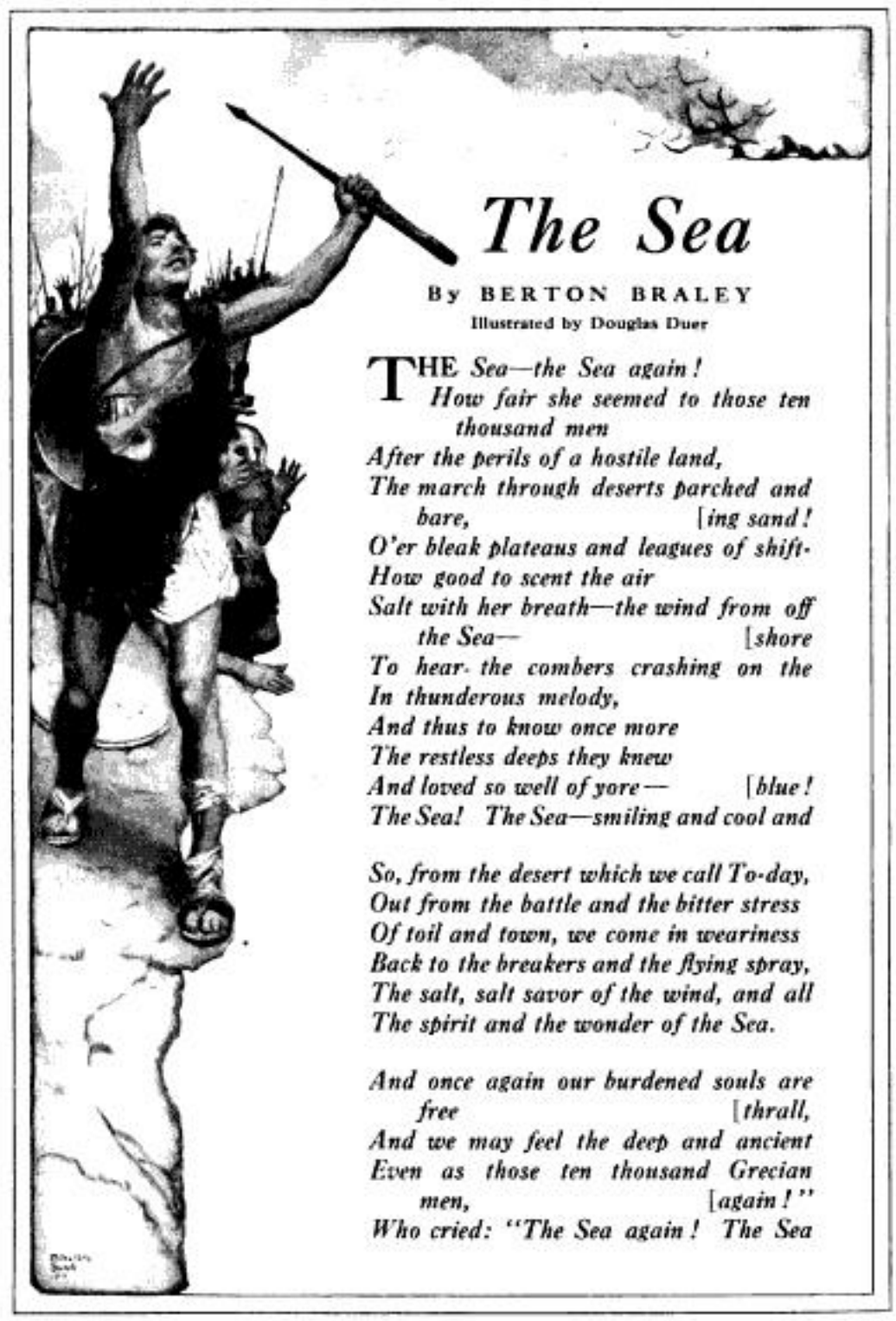
Now, mister, I told you that Bruce MacRae was that smooth-talkin' love pirate; and when he heard that Cynthia was goin' to play the part of the abused wife he sure was glad. Why? 'Cause right at the end—in this here scene I'm goin' to tell you about—he has to take her in his arms; and, with Cynthia doin' the part, that sure was a treat for Bruce MacRea, cusses on him!

He's declared his love; but, bein' one of them smooth guys, he turns to her and says, in a holler, broken voice that "He'll go away and try to forget her." You know how they do that—kinda swallerin' the words to make them sound holler? But does he go? Nope, he don't. 'Cause right at that moment his turrible passion overwhelms him, mister, and he grabs her in his arms. Yep! Right in his strong, young ar-rrrms! And then, while they're doin' the clinch act, the center doors is opened very dramatic, mister, and the second Mr. Tankerplay "stands framed in the doorway." Them's the exact words of the stage directions.

OH, no, there ain't no fight. Get them rude ideas out of your head, mister. A fight ain't dramatic at all. That's mellerdramer. He just turns to the villain and points to the door.

"Go!" says he, in a awful voice. Exit genteel heavy. The other boy turns to wife. "Woman, this is the end. After to-night I

(*Continued on page 25*)



The Sea

By BERTON BRALEY

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

THE Sea—the Sea again!
How fair she seemed to those ten thousand men
After the perils of a hostile land,
The march through deserts parched and bare, [ing sand!
O'er bleak plateaus and leagues of shift-
How good to scent the air
Salt with her breath—the wind from off the Sea— [shore
To hear the combers crashing on the
In thunderous melody,
And thus to know once more
The restless deeps they knew
And loved so well of yore— [blue!
The Sea! The Sea—smiling and cool and

So, from the desert which we call To-day,
Out from the battle and the bitter stress
Of toil and town, we come in weariness
Back to the breakers and the flying spray,
The salt, salt savor of the wind, and all
The spirit and the wonder of the Sea.

And once again our burdened souls are free [thrall,
And we may feel the deep and ancient
Even as those ten thousand Grecian men, [again!"
Who cried: "The Sea again! The Sea

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The German War Machine

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS FANCHER

THE numerical strength, disposition, and efficiency of the German army are more or less well known. The brain and all-prevailing power controlling a fighting force of 4,500,000 men—or, taking the Triple Alliance into consideration, the forces of which would in the event of war be controlled from Berlin: a force in round numbers of 9,000,000 men—is, however, *not* known. Here for the first time is published an account of the inside workings of the German War Machine so far as it is possible for any one man to give them. Through my intimate connections with the German and other Secret Service systems, through constant contact with prominent army and navy officers, I have enjoyed special facilities, of which I have availed myself to the full, to gain the inside knowledge which I here commit to paper.

The Fighting Force

THE most efficient and elaborate system ever devised by the ingenuity of man, used not only for war and destruction, but as an intelligence clearing house for the whole of the Empire, is the German War Machine. Conceived by General Stein in the days of the Napoleonic wars, added to and elaborated by successive administrations, solely under the control of the ruling house, its efficiency and perfect and smooth working are due to the total absence of political machinations or preferences. Brains, ability, and thorough scientific knowledge are the only passports for entrance in the Grosser General Stab, the General Staff of the German Empire. You will find blooded young officers and gray-haired generals past active efficiency, experts ranking from an ordinary mechanic to the highest engineering expert, all working harmoniously together with one end in view, the acme of efficiency. Controlled and directed by the War Lord in person through the Chef des Grossen General Stabs—at present General Field Marshal von Heeringen—this immense machine, the pulsing brain of a fighting force of 4,500,000 men, is composed of from 180 to 200 officials.

At the Peace of Tilsit, after the crushing defeat of the Prussian armies at Prussian Eylau and Friedland, Bonaparte had Prussia and the whole of central Europe at his mercy. Contrary to the advice of his generals, especially the succinct advice of his often unheeded mentor Talleyrand, completely to disintegrate Prussia, Napoleon through his fondness for pretty women let himself be tricked by Louise of Prussia. The interesting historical story of this incident may be apropos here, showing how the world's history can be changed by a kiss. At the Peace Conference in Tilsit, Napoleon on the verge of disintegrating Prussia met the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia. Through her pleadings and the imprint of his kiss on her classic arm Bonaparte granted Prussia the right to maintain a standing army of 12,000 men. That in itself did not mean much, but it gave able and shrewd Prussian patriots the opportunity to circumvent and hoodwink Bonaparte's policy.

The Beginnings of the German Army

PRUSSIA has always been fortunate in producing able men at the most needed moments. A man arose with a gift for military organization. He had every province, district, town, and village in Prussia carefully scheduled and the able-bodied men thereof put on record. He selected the 12,000 men permitted Prussia under the Napoleonic decree and drilled them. No sooner were those men drilled than they were dismissed and another 12,000 called in. From this point dates modern conscription—the father of which was General Stein—and this also inaugurated the birth of the War Machine. In three years Prussia had 180,000 well-drilled men and 120,000 reserves, quite a different proposition from the 12,000 men Napoleon thought he had to face on his retreat from Moscow, and which played a decisive factor in the overthrow of the dictator of Europe.

Through the wars of 1864 and 1866 to 1870, the Franco-Prussian War, the War Machine of Prussia was merged into that of the German Empire and is a record of increasing efforts, entailing unbelievable hard work, and a compilation of the minutest details. The modern system of organization—especially the mobilization schedules—is the work of Helmuth von Moltke, the "Grosse Schweiger," the Great Silent One, the strategist of the campaign of 1871.

Its Present Head

IT IS curious that there is a great similarity between the late Moltke and Heeringen. They have the same aquiline features, tall, thin, dried-up body, the same taciturn disposition, even to their hobbies—Moltke being an incessant chess player, Heeringen using every one of his spare moments to play with lead soldiers. He is reputed to have an army of 30,000 lead soldiers with which he plays the moment he opens his eyes—much in the same manner as Moltke, who used to request his chessboard the first thing in the morning. In military circles Heeringen is looked upon with the same respect and accredited with quite as much strategical knowledge as Moltke was. It is a significant fact that, whenever there is any tension in Europe, especially between Germany and France, General von Heeringen or his comrade in arms, General von Hülsen-Haeseler—also a great strategist and an iron disciplinarian—immediately takes command of Metz, the most important base and military post in the Emperor's domain.



There is no man alive who knows one-half as much about the strategical position of Metz and the surrounding country as General von Heeringen. Often on stormy, bitter cold winter nights, sentries on outposts stationed at and guarding the approaches of Metz are startled to find a gaunt, limping figure, covered by a gray army greatcoat with no distinguishing marks, stalking along. Accompanied by orderlies carrying camp stools and table, night glasses and electric torches, halting repeatedly, his men taking down in writing the short, croaking sentences escaping between the thin compressed lips, the "*Geist* of Metz" prowls round measuring every foot of ground fifty miles east, west, north, and south of his beloved Metz. The steel-tipped arrow ever pointing at the heart of France is safe in the hands of such guardians.

The visible head of this vast organization is called Der Grosse General Stab with headquarters in Berlin. Each army corps has a "Kleine General Stab" which sends its most able officers to Berlin. These officers, in conjunction with the most able scientists, engineers, and architects the Empire can produce, compose the Great General Staff. The virtual head is the German Emperor. The actual executive is called "Chef des Grossen General Stabs."

The Maker of War

THERE is a small, dingy, unpretentious room in the General Stabs Gebäude where, at moments of stress and tension or international complications, assemble five men: His Majesty, at the head of the table; to the right the Chef des Grossen General Stabs; to the left his Minister of War; then the Minister of Railways, and the Chief of the Naval Staff. You will notice the total absence of the Ministers of Finance and Diplomacy. When these five men meet, the influence of diplomatic and financial affairs has ceased. They are there to *act*. The scratching of the Emperor's pen in that room means war, the setting in motion of a fighting force of 4,500,000 men.

Here is another instance:

When the feeling and stress over the Moroccan question was at its height, General von Heeringen on leaving his quarters for his usual drive in the Thiergarten was eagerly questioned by a score of officers awaiting his exit.

"Excellency! Geht's los?" ("Do we begin?")

Grimly smiling, returning their salutes and without pause, limping to his waiting carriage, he gave his answer:

"Sieben Buchstaben, meine Herren!" ("Seven letters, gentlemen!")

In German military parlance this means the Emperor's signature, Wilhelm II, to the mobilization orders.

In order to give the reader a fairly correct view of this mighty organization, I have to explain each group separately. The whole system rests on the question of mobilization, meaning the ability to arm, transport, clothe, and feed a fighting force of 4,500,000 men in the shortest possible time at any given point in either eastern or western Europe. For let it be clearly understood that the main point of the training of the German armies is the readiness to launch the entire fighting force like a thunderbolt to any given point of the compass. Germany knows through past experience the advisability and necessity of conducting war in an enemy's country. The German army is built for aggression. There are four main groups:

1. Organization.
2. Transportation.
3. Victualization.
4. Intelligence.

Each of these groups is, of course, subdivided into numerous branches which we shall go into under each individual head.

The Far-Reaching Organization

FIRST comes organization. The German army is composed of three distinct parts: the standing army, the reserves, and Landwehr, or militia.

The standing army comprises 790,000 officers and men. This body of men is ready at an instant. It is the reserves who need an elaborate system of mobilization. The reserves are divided into two classes, first and second reserves. So is the Landwehr, having two levies—the first and second Aufgebot. Every able-bodied man on reaching the age of twenty-one may be called upon to serve the colors. One in five only is taken, as there is more material than the country needs—the fifth being selected for one of five

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branches: infantry, cavalry, artillery, Genie corps, or the navy. The time of service in the infantry is two years; in the cavalry three, in the artillery three, in the Genie corps two, and in the navy three. Well-conducted men get from two to four months of their time. This is by no means a charity on the part of the authorities, but a well-thrashed and deep-laid scheme to circumvent the Reichstag, for it gives the Emperor another 75,000 men. A certain class of men passing an examination called Einjähriges Zeugniss or possessing a diploma called Abiturienten-Examen (the equivalent of a B. A.) serve only one year in each branch. This class provides most of the reserve officers. The active officers, usually the scions of aristocratic houses or the sons of the old military or feudal families of Germany, are mostly educated in one of the state Kadetten-Anstalten, military academies, of which Gross-Lichterfelde-bei-Berlin is the most famous. The real backbone and stiffening of the German army and navy are the noncommissioned officers recruited from the rank and file. In fact, this body of men is the mainstay of the thrones in the German Empire, especially of Prussia. These men, after about twelve years of service in an army where discipline, obedience, and efficiency are the first and last word, are then drafted into all the minor administrative offices of the state, such as minor railway, post, excise, municipal, and police. The reader will see the significance of this when it is pointed out that not only the Empire but the War Machine has these well-trained men at its beck and call. The same thing applies to the drafting of officers to most of the higher and highest administrative positions in the state.

Lightning Change of Citizen to Soldier

THERE are twenty-five army corps, all placed in strategical positions. The strongest is in Alsace-Lorraine and along the Rhine, the second in importance garrisoning the Prussian-Russian border. The whole country is subdivided into Bezirks commandos (district posts) whose business it is to have on record not only every able-bodied man—reservists—but every motor, horse, and vehicle available; also food and coal supply—in fact, everything likely to be wanted or useful to the army. Every German reservist, or otherwise, knows the reporting place of his district and has to report there when notified within twenty-four hours. The penalties for noncompliance are high even in peace times. In the event of war or martial law they are absolutely stringent. The commandos are so placed that they could forward their drafts of men and material to their provincial concentration points at the quickest possible notice. These provincial concentration points being railway centers are so located that the masses of men and materials pouring in from all sides can be handled and sent in the selected and needed direction without any congestion. How this is done I shall explain when I come to transportation. In each of those district commandos are depots, Montirungs-Kammern (arsenals) where a full equipment for each individual on the roll is kept. The marvelous quickness with which a civilian is transferred into a fully equipped military unit must be seen to be believed, and is only made possible through systematic training and constant maneuvers. These maneuvers are costly, but have long been recognized in German military circles as essential in training the units and familiarizing the commanders with the handling of enormous masses of men. In the last Kaiser maneuvers over half a million men were concentrated and massed; in fact, shuttlecocked from one end of the Empire to the other without a hitch.

The control of the army in peace or in war lies with the Emperor. He is the sole arbiter and head. No political or social body of men has any control in army matters. No political jealousies would be permitted. Obedience and efficiency are demanded. Mutual jealousies and political tricks such as we have seen in the Russian campaign in the East and lately in France are impossible in the German system, for the Emperor would break instantly—in fact, has done so—any general guilty of even the faintest indication of such an offense. And there is no appeal to a Congress, a Chamber of Deputies, or political organ against the Emperor's decision.

The War Chest

LAST but not least under the heading of Organization comes the financial aspect. Out of the five milliards of francs, the war indemnity paid by France to Germany in 1871, 200,000,000 marks in gold coins, mostly French, were put away as the nucleus of a ready war chest. In a little medieval-looking watch tower, the Julius Thurm near Spandau, lies this ever-increasing driving force of the mightiest war engine the world has ever seen. It is ever increasing, for quietly and unobtrusively 6,000,000 marks in newly minted gold coins are taken year by year and added to the store. On the first of October each year since 1871 three ammunition wagons full of bright and glittering twenty-mark pieces clatter over the drawbridge and these pieces are stored away in the steel-plate subterranean chambers of the Julius Thurm, ready at an instant's notice to furnish the sinews to the man wielding this force. This is a tremendous power in itself, for there are now close to 500,000,000 marks ($120,000,000) in minted gold coinage in storage there. This provides the necessary funds for the German army for ten calendar months. The authorities have no necessity to ask the country, warring politicians—in this instance the Reichstag—for money to start a campaign. They have got it ready to hand. Once war is declared and started they will get the rest if they need it.

This money is under the sole control of the military authorities. It has often been declared a myth. I know it to be a fact. Notwithstanding the financial straits Germany has gone through at times, or may go through, this money will never be touched. It is there for one purpose only and that purpose is war. Needless to say, it is amply guarded. Triple posts in this garrison town, devices to flood instantly the whole under fifteen feet of water from the river Havel, are but items in the system of protection. Twice a year the Emperor, or his heir apparent, personally inspects this war chest. Mechanically balanced devices are employed to check the correct weight. It is a marvelously simple mechanism by means of which in less than two hours the whole of this vast hoard of gold can be accurately checked and the absence of a single gold piece detected.

Almost Perfect Transportation Facilities

ONE of the most important parts of the organization is the question of transportation. Hannibal's campaigns against Cæsar and Napoleon's central European wars owed their success in a great measure, if not wholly, to their quickness of motion. This applies about tenfold in modern warfare. In actual armament the leading powers of Europe are practically on a par. The personnel, as regards personal courage, stamina, élan, or whatever you wish to call it, is fairly equal also. There is little difference in the individual prowess of French, Russian, English, and German soldiers. This is well known to military experts. The difference is mainly a question of discipline, technique, and preparedness, the main factor being, as indicated, the ability to throw the greater number of troops in the shortest possible time against the enemy at any given point, without exhausting man and beast unnecessarily and enervating the country to be traversed. It is therefore necessary to have numerous arteries of traffic at disposal. This will lead us later to the question of victualization. Germany following closely one of Moltke's axioms: "March separately, but fight [illegible]"

Only in a country where all railroads, highways, and waterways, and where post and telegraph are owned and controlled by the state is it possible to evolve and perfect a system of transportation such as is at the disposal of the German General Staff. Every mile of German railroads, especially the ones built within the last twenty years, has been constructed mainly for strategical reasons. Taking Berlin as the center, you will find on looking at a German, more especially a Prussian, railroad map close similarity to a spider's web. From Berlin you will see trunk lines extending in an almost direct route to her French and Russian frontiers. Not single or double, but triple and quadruple lines of steel converging with other strategic lines at certain points such as Magdeburg, Hanover, Nordhausen, Kassel, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Cologne, or Strassburg—to name but a few. Places such as these enumerated are invariably provincial commandos, having garrisons, arsenals, and depots on a large scale.

The capacity of the railroad yards for handling large bodies of men and vast amounts of goods swiftly is judiciously studied. At any given time, especially at tense political moments, at every large strategical railway center in Germany there are a certain number of trucks and engines kept for military purposes only—sometimes, as in the Rhine division during the acute period of the Morocco question—with steam up.

As previously related 90 per cent of all the railway officials are ex-soldiers. Five minutes after the signing of the mobilization orders by the Emperor, the whole of the railway system would be under direct military control. Specially trained transportation and railway experts on the General Staff would take over the direction of affairs. Besides this, there exists in the German standing army a number of Eisenbahn Regimenter (railway corps)—all trained railroad builders and mechanics. Elaborate time-tables and transportation cards are in readiness to be put into operation on the instant of mobilization, superseding the civil time-tables of peace. Theoretically and practically the schedules are tested twice a year during the big maneuvers.

Can Operate the Railways from One Room

THE same applies to the waterways and highroads of the Empire. A keen observer will often wonder at the broadness, solidness, and excellent state of repair of the chaussées and country roads, out of all proportion to the little traffic passing along. They are simply strategical arteries kept up by the state for military purposes. The heads of the transportation and railway corps in Berlin sit before huge glass-covered tables where the whole of the German railway system to its minutest detail is shown in relief, and by pressing various single buttons they can conduct an endless chain of trains to any given point of the Empire.

To show the accurate workings of this system I shall relate an incident. During the Kaiser maneuvers in West Prussia, a few years ago, I happened to be at headquarters in Berlin delivering some plans and records of the English Midland Railway system, when a General Staff officer entered the signal hall and made inquiries as to the whereabouts of a certain train having [illegible] on board destined to a certain part of the [illegible]. One of the operators through the [illegible] and [illegible] some (Continued on page 20)

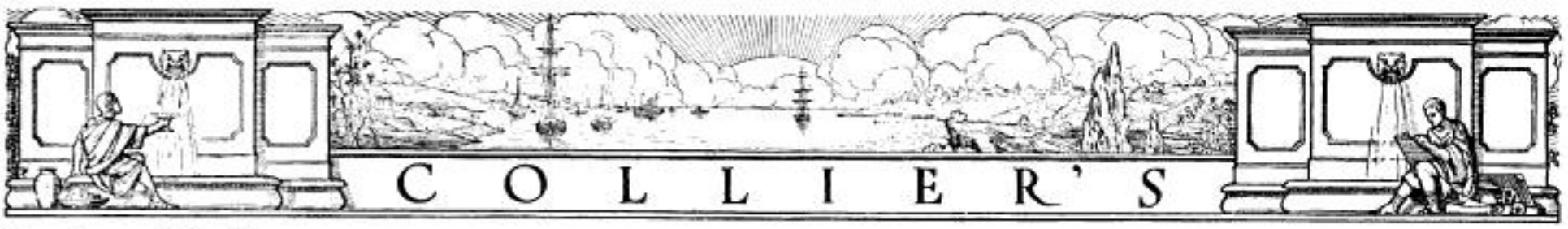


Often on stormy, bitter cold winter nights, sentries on outposts are startled to find a gaunt, limping figure, covered by a gray army greatcoat, with no distinguishing marks, stalking along



This money is under the sole control of the military authorities. Twice a year the Emperor, or his heir apparent, personally inspects this war chest

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America and the War

ASIDE FROM SUCH REFLECTIONS as may be uttered upon our happy immunity from Europe's war, we know nothing to say upon the crisis more important than the following words. They were written by Sir GEORGE PAISH, editor of the London "Statist" and probably the most distinguished English economist, several weeks before the European war was in sight:

> A great war in Europe will enable the United States to sell its crops in places which will give a much greater income than if there was no war. Almost every industry will derive more or less advantage. . . . Should the American people take advantage of the golden opportunity afforded them by the outbreak of the war, it will mean not diminished but increased prosperity for the United States.

Wilson's Good Appointment

OCCASIONALLY both parties to a disagreement are right. WARBURG was well within his rights in declining to be heckled by the Senate Finance Committee. He had not sought the job. He was making very large personal sacrifices to accept it. It is not too much to say that he was conferring a favor upon the public and the Government. On the other hand, those Senators were well within their rights who insisted that WARBURG appear before them. One could make out a very good brief for Senator HITCHCOCK. One could imagine him saying to President WILSON something like this: "You say Mr. WARBURG is a good man, and I believe you, but I want to be in a position to say so of my own knowledge. I am coming up for reelection this fall, and my constituents will question me about this appointment. It is right that they should. For years you, Mr. President, and other Democratic leaders, including myself, have been telling the people of Nebraska that the big New York bankers are a menace to the public good. Now you say that Mr. WARBURG is an exception. I think you are right, but I want to satisfy myself. I want to be in a position to say to my constituents that I have examined this man myself before passing on his appointment and have found him satisfactory."

Rights and Wrongs

OF COURSE the reasons for WARBURG's hesitation to appear and be questioned by the Senate committee do not all appear on the surface. Mr. WARBURG's firm—Kuhn, Loeb & Co.—took part in some financial transactions ten or fifteen years ago which would not measure up to the standard of ethics in such matters which has since arisen and been accepted. Mr. WARBURG undoubtedly would not now approve of these transactions. As a matter of fact, he was in Europe when they took place. To cross-examine him about these transactions would embarrass him. He could not and would not approve them. At the same time, he naturally did not wish to go on the stand and express public disapproval of the acts of his associates and relatives. That he did finally submit to examination, through the pressure of a crisis, is in the highest degree creditable to his public spirit. The right way to look at these old transactions of Mr. WARBURG's firm, of course, is to recognize that they belong to an epoch that is past. They were just as good as the accepted business morality of the times. Times have changed, and Mr. WARBURG's firm has changed with them. A moral statute of limitations, so to speak, should be recognized in such cases. In the same year when Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were financing the Alton most of the editors and politicians who are now yawping about Mr. WARBURG were using railroad passes. If they were to use them now they would be indicted as criminals.

Hitchcock

IT IS USELESS for the thick-and-thin supporters of the Administration to attempt to cast discredit on Senator HITCHCOCK. He is a good man. His ability and his integrity have been under observation in Washington for sixteen years, and there is nothing against them. In so far as his differences with the Administration may be inspired by considerations of Nebraska politics, his belligerency is readily excused on grounds that are creditable to his manliness. Senator HITCHCOCK is entitled to the Nebraska patronage by rigid custom if not by constitutional prerogative. This patronage has been given, not to Senator HITCHCOCK, but to Secretary BRYAN, presumably as a part of the price WILSON is constantly paying for BRYAN's good will. If Senator HITCHCOCK did not resent this he would be more than human.

Democratic Finance

WE HAVE REFERRED BEFORE to the practical difficulties encountered in working the income-tax law. It appears now that neither is it a success as a money raiser. Representative CORDELL HULL of Tennessee, author of the act, prophesied a yield of $82,000,000 for this fiscal year (ten months). The Treasury experts cut this hopeful estimate to $54,000,000, and now Secretary of the Treasury MCADOO says $30,750,000, so Mr. HULL and the experts were only three-eighths and five-eighths correct respectively! The talk now is of drastic collection measures which will be certain to run the expense of collection far above the original estimate of $1,200,000. As we have said before, the income tax is a good measure which should be upheld and extended, but the Democratic leaders have shown no striking business sense or administrative ability in dealing with it. They must do better than this.

Try This Prescription!

AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE at Harvard University, Dr. RICHARD C. CABOT, in his book, "What Men Live By" (published by Houghton Mifflin Company), cites the science and philosophy of our age to prove—what we all know. The essential things have not changed, despite the glitter and sham of all the Broadways on earth. The real values for the human soul are what they have always been: work and play, love and worship. To the first three of these enduring realities parents and other betterers are now turning with confidence, "while over their shoulders they glance wistfully toward worship." For sense and thoughtfulness, held to the line and free from fads, this book is worth your while in summer or any other time.

A Medical-Political Prediction

SENATOR SORGHUM of the Washington "Star" has discovered that the prevalent acute political indigestion is due, in the cases of many statesmen, to overindulgence at the pie counter and the pork barrel. We predict severe cramps for these Congressional sufferers some time early in November, followed by much-restricted diet and a long course of patient Fletcherizing. It may restore health and is sure to cut the waste line.

This Is Worth While

LAST SEPTEMBER we devoted a whole page of photographs and description to the annual Field Day at Amenia, N. Y. You may recall that this is the town which is making an earnest effort for "cooperative recreation." The organizers of the Field Day are awake to the fact that the way to check the exodus from country to city is to add to the social attractiveness of country life. The booklet issued by the association in charge of Amenia's Field Day enunciates these principles:

> 1. You have got to make the country as attractive socially as the city if you want to keep the young folks on the farms.
>
> 2. There's a good deal of work in the country, but most of our boys and girls have forgotten how to play.
>
> 3. Baseball is a splendid game, but it isn't the only one. Every healthy boy should be interested in at least half a dozen others. Don't merely watch others play games; play them yourself!
>
> 4. You can't drink strong drink and be an athlete. Get your boys interested in honest and healthy sports, and save them from drink and dissipation.
>
> 5. Contests and competitions are not the main thing. "The strong compete and grow stronger; the weak look on and grow weaker." The main thing is *play*. Learn the great lesson that play is just as necessary for your sons as work.
>
> 6. The community should help to run its own recreations. Its festivals should be, not only *for* the people, but *of* and *by* the people.

Amenia's Field Day this year takes place on August 15. We wish it luck. Still more, we wish that the movement for such "cooperative recreation" may become country wide.

Another Literary Referendum

THE NEW YORK "TIMES" has put to a number of distinguished authors the question: What is the best short poem in English? Judging by the answers (some of them really intelligent), the adjective "short" is used, not to limit the choice to quatrains and limericks—Mr. CHESTERTON names "There Was a Young Lady of Niger" for first choice, BLAKE's "Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright" as number two—but to frighten off those whose predilections run to MILTON's "Paradise Lost" and BAILEY's "Festus." As it is, KEATS scores heavily in the "Times's" symposium, and SHELLEY's "Skylark" wins four ballots out of twenty-five (some of them blank); and WORDSWORTH, of course, is in the running. It serves as a pretext for filling two newspaper pages in midsummer—and for reprinting some beautiful uncopyrighted verse. But as THOMAS HARDY remarks, there is no "best" poem in English, long or short. It would be more to the point to ask persons of judgment what is their *favorite* poem. And this question might be expected to draw forth a larger number of answers, titles chosen from a

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

wider range of verse. Reading in EDWARD DOWDEN's letters the other day (two volumes of them have just been issued, and they are well worth reading), we happened on this thought upon this very subject—a thought registered in 1865 at Cork:

> MR. ROBERT BROWNING has a new poem forthcoming. Still, with quite enough of admiration for ROBERT BROWNING, I find out every year more how the greatest men are the ones to live by—SHAKESPEARE, GOETHE, and (from the little I have read in CAREY) DANTE, and by all means CERVANTES—then WORDSWORTH, SPENSER, CHAUCER, MILTON, BURNS, KEATS, TENNYSON, BROWNING, SHELLEY—and then every honest poet, who need not be great but must be sincere, as CLOUGH, CRABBE, and twenty more. . . . One always begins with the second class where one can have favorites, which is impossible with the four or five tiptop human beings—anyone can't make a favorite of the ocean or the sky, although they are infinitely more to us than forest trees or flowers. "Deep-browed HOMER" should have been put among my first men.

DOWDEN was writing informally to his brother, and this was before he made WALT WHITMAN's acquaintance, or the American's name would surely have made its appearance in his list—as it doesn't in the New York "Times's." But these lists are midsummer madness at best.

More Talk About Books

SPEAKING of these selections of the "best" books, what do you think of Professor LEONARD, who is, some one tells us, a Harvard lecturer? Professor LEONARD announces that the United States has produced in twenty-five years only three novels entitled to rank as classics. The three he names are: "The Conqueror," by GERTRUDE ATHERTON; "The Octopus," by FRANK NORRIS, and "The Call of the Wild," by JACK LONDON. We should hate to have to defend Professor LEONARD's thesis before a well-read audience.

Nothing in It

ANDREW CARNEGIE, a successful business man of Pittsburgh, recently gave out four rather ordinary precepts under the heading: "My Rules for Manufacturers." The final clause of the second rule deserves attention: "Avoid resort to law; compromise." Remember that this comes from the long experience of a man of wealth and power who was able to enlist for himself litigation's every possible advantage. *There is nothing in it.* As applied to business, the whole apparatus of law, lawyers, and courts is slow, expensive, inefficient. We would like to hear some lawyers explain Mr. CARNEGIE's precept in terms reflecting credit on the dignity and social service of the legal profession. Can it be done?

Getting Old Youthfully

WE HAVE ALL HEARD a great deal about the tireless rush and change of modern mechanical engineering, how the young grow old and the old grow obsolete. One of the greatest of these marvels of this breathless age is, of course, the Ford automobile factory at Detroit. It is interesting to note, then, that when the editor of "The Engineering Magazine" (New York) wanted some one to write a series of articles on "Ford Methods and the Ford Shops," he called on Mr. HORACE L. ARNOLD, listed in the publisher's announcement as "born near Rochester, N. Y., June 27, 1837." Here is one old man who seems to have kept up with the swiftest of the procession.

There's Money Out of It!

THE PITTSBURGH "POST" calls attention to the fact that some of our first authors have quit drinking and seem to be making big money telling how they did it.

This seems to refer, among others, to SAMUEL G. BLYTHE, WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT, and JACK LONDON, all of whom have renounced John Barleycorn in print and at some length during the past year. But any plain citizen can profit by doing so. There's no money in booze unless you sell it, and that's getting more uncertain every day. Quit and get ahead (not a head) some other way!



Sh-h-h! Peace at last!

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

"The Standard Forms"

WHENEVER YOU USE a lengthy railway ticket or a mileage book it is likely to be one of the inventions of JOHN SEBASTIAN, who died last spring after forty-four years of railroad service that began with a small clerkship and ended with a vice presidency. SEBASTIAN solved problems ranging from the colonization of wild lands to the dense suburban traffic in and out of Chicago, and they said of him: "In his entire range of duty he has acquitted himself with vigor and honor." Could a man have a better epitaph?

Dreamers and Sleepers

ON A SUBURBAN trolley car we met a pleasant-faced butcher who ascribed his success in life to the fact that he sleeps soundly all the time he is abed, except sometimes for the first three minutes. Successful men in this world might be divided into two sorts—the dreamers and the sleepers. The success of a nation depends indeed upon the right proportion being maintained between these two classes in the community; if the sleepers achieve too complete a dominance, that nation becomes Boeotian in its stolidity and conservatism—prosperous, perhaps, in the things men buy and sell, but without leadership or initiative or beauty. If, on the other hand, your nation runs to dreamers—and even your plodding clerks and butchers dream o' nights instead of sleeping all but the first three minutes—then, as the old-fashioned almanacs used to say, look out for storms, revolutions, upheavals in art and letters, the invention of new forms of depravity, excess in everything except the durable satisfactions of life. It is a curious business, this matter of dreaming. If we dreamers succeed we owe it to "superior imagination." If we ignobly fail we are visionaries and unpractical idealists and well-meaning theorists. The child is a dreamer; as we grow older and approach more closely the beasts of the fields or the king in his counting-room, counting out his money, the farther we get from childhood and from dreams. And yet it is only the imbecile or the hardened criminal that does not dream at all—and this is not an editorial theory either, but science out of a book.

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A Young Woman's Daring Ride on an Aquaplane

MISS RUTH FRAWLEY of Astoria, Long Island, proved herself to be America's foremost woman aquaplane rider the other day by making a successful trip through the perilous tides of Hell Gate, where it is extremely difficult even to navigate a motor boat. Miss Frawley, who is seen in the snapshot above, undertook the daring exploit after she had been trained for a month by Commodore Rudolph Moucha of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps. The aquaplane is a board five feet long and two and a half feet wide, and is drawn by a fast motor boat. The sport is comparatively new in this country. Commodore Moucha, who is stationed at Hell Gate, is one of its leading exponents. Moucha teaches his friends to ride.



A Girl Finds a New Vocation

MISS RUTH TIMME of Chicago is an expert with automobiles, and recently she advertised for a position as "automobile maid," to take out for drives the children of car owners too busy to go out themselves. She found plenty of work.

Photograph by George J. Hare



Trying Sunshine as a Cure for the White Plague

THE thirteen little girls in the photograph above are receiving the Rollier sun treatment for tuberculosis. Their nurse has them out for a walk for exercise, which is a part of their daily routine. They are required to spend as much time as possible in the sun, and when the weather is fair they go out on the country roads or to the woods and fields. They enjoy the outdoor life immensely. The children are patients at the J. N. Adam Memorial Hospital at Perrysburg, N. Y., an institution built and maintained by the city of Buffalo.

The Rollier treatment is mostly confined to children with tuberculosis in the incipient stage. It had its first trial in the Alps in Switzerland. That was several years ago. Now thousands of patients are receiving the treatment at hospitals and camps in the Swiss Alps, where it is applied all the year round. Leading physicians on both sides of the Atlantic say the sun treatment has been successful in hundreds of cases in the Alps.

The Buffalo test is the first to be made on a large scale in this country, and if any cures are effected, the remedy will become widely popular. If it proves to be successful at a comparatively low altitude, such as that at Perrysburg, it probably will work wonders in the high mountains and in the dry climate of the Southwest.



A Famous Indian Aged 128

THE seamed and wrinkled face in the circle is that of Wa-be-ne-gew-wes, chief of the Chippewa Indians for more than a century. He is called John Smith by the whites. While on a visit to Minneapolis the other day he said he was 128 years old. His existence as a boy 116 years ago is vouched for by Government records. His eyesight and hearing are good and his mind is as acute as that of a man of seventy.



Digging Trenches to Stop an Army That Crawls

THE men in our snapshot above are preparing for war against the army worm. They are digging a trench around a field of young corn. About every ten feet along the bottom of the trench they dig a hole and pour kerosene into it. The worms, every one of which eats 150 times its own weight in a day, come in hordes and fall into the trench. Unable to get out, they crawl along the bottom and tumble into the holes. Then the farmers set the oil on fire. In the last few weeks the pests have eaten up thousands of acres of crops in Ontario, where the photograph was taken, and in the North Atlantic States. The worms can advance and totally consume crops at the rate of one-eighth of a mile an hour.

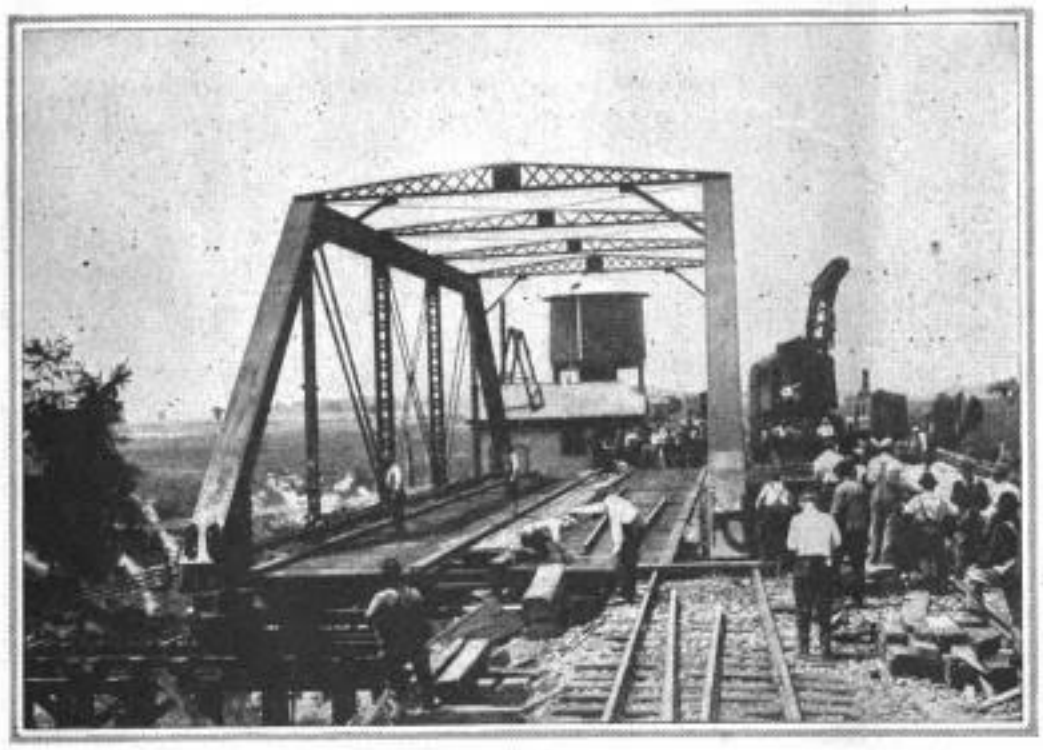
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Opening the $10,000,000 Cape Cod Ship Canal

A DREAM two centuries old was realized the other day when the $10,000,000 Cape Cod Ship Canal was formally opened to traffic. August Belmont, chief owner of the canal, conducted the ceremonies, and a score of other distinguished men participated. The *Rose Standish* led the procession of steamers. The photograph above was snapped as she was starting on the trip. A torpedo boat destroyer, three revenue cutters and many private yachts followed in line. The canal connects Buzzards Bay with Cape Cod Bay and shortens the sailing distance between New York and Boston by seventy-four miles. The channel is thirteen miles long and varies in width from 100 to 250 feet. It will float craft drawing twenty feet of water. Thousands of vessels are expected to pass through it annually, thereby avoiding perils of the cape.



Some High Speed in Railroad Bridge Moving

IF the snapshot above were a motion-picture film, it would take only four minutes and fifty seconds to throw the story on a screen, for the incident lasted just that long. An old high steel bridge (center) on the Lehigh Valley Railroad near Buffalo, N. Y., was moved off the right of way in two minutes, and was replaced by a new 650-ton steel and concrete girder span in two minutes and fifty seconds. The new bridge, a single-span structure 100 feet long, was already fitted with ballasted tracks.



Pinchot Tries Something New on the Pennsylvanians

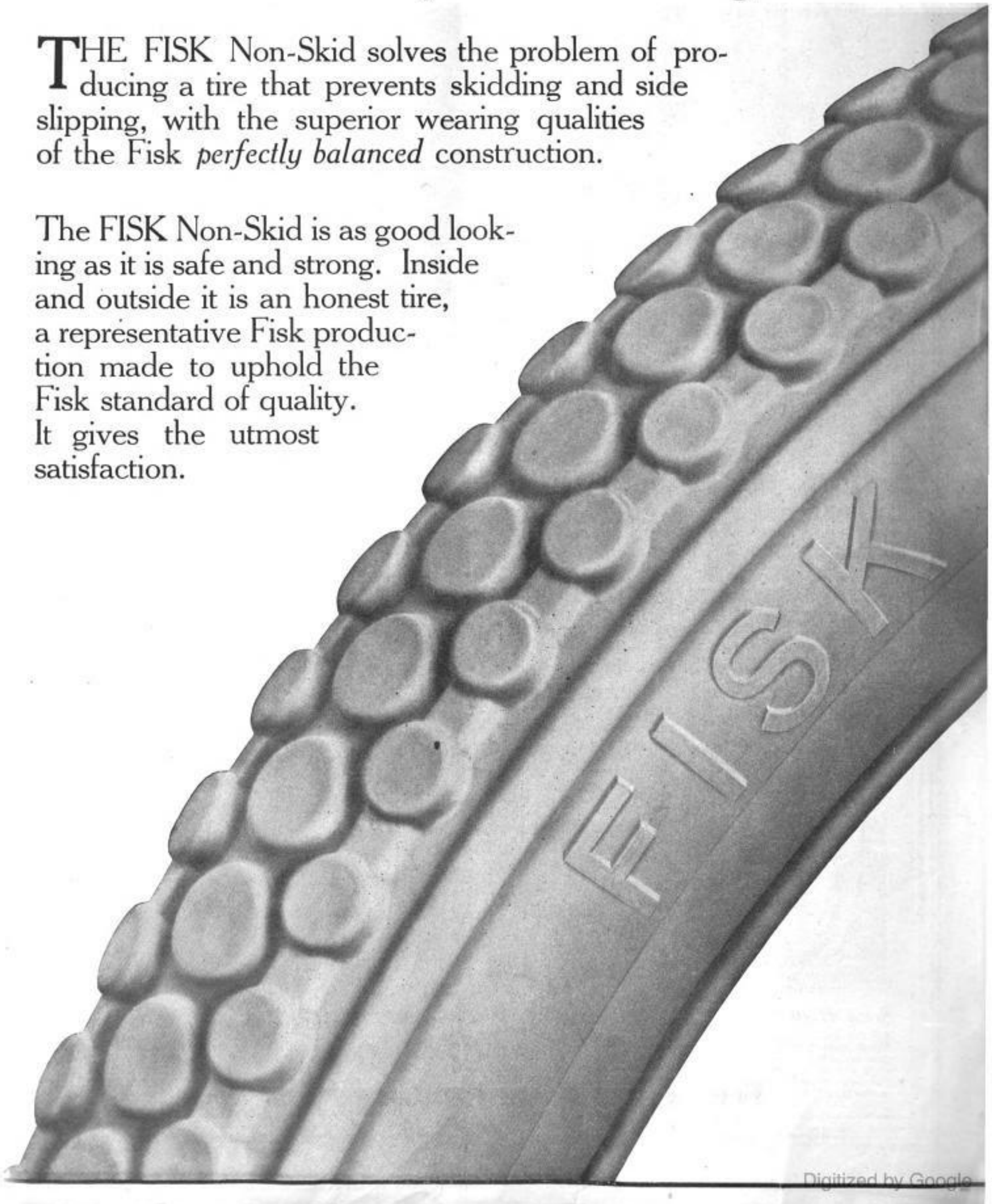
KEYSTONERS are becoming personally familiar with a brand of politics that is new in Pennsylvania State-wide campaigns. Gifford Pinchot, ex-Chief Forester of the United States and famous as a conservationist, is doing all in his power to overthrow the old boss system and make the number of bosses equal the number of voters. He is making a personal canvass in every county and conversing with about a thousand persons a day in an effort to get enough Progressive votes to defeat A. Mitchell Palmer, Democrat, and Boies Penrose, Republican, for United States Senator. In the photograph above Mr. Pinchot is seen chatting with coal miners in Mayfield.

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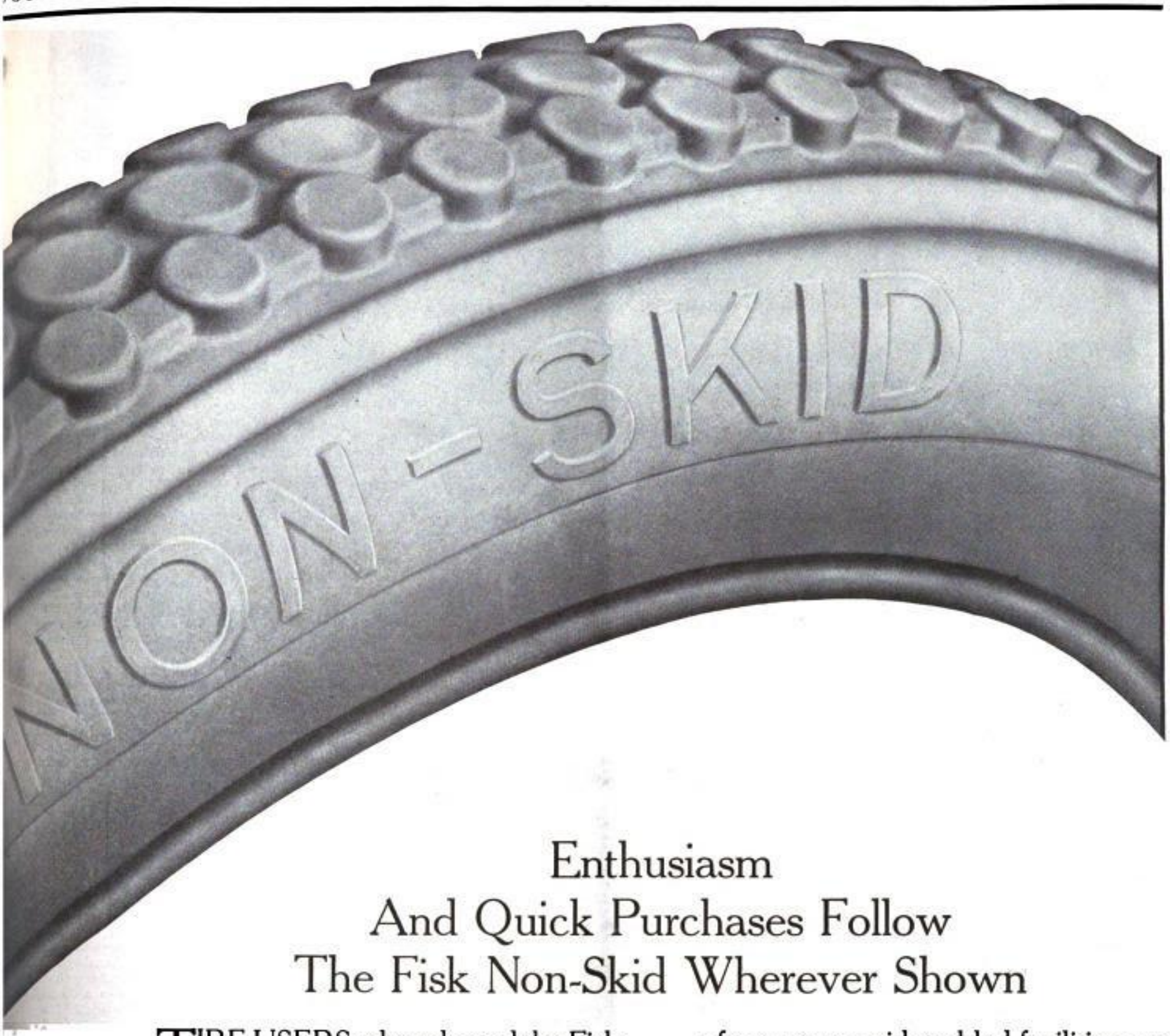
This New Fisk Non-Skid Tire Is Built for Safety and Mileage

THE FISK Non-Skid solves the problem of producing a tire that prevents skidding and side slipping, with the superior wearing qualities of the Fisk *perfectly balanced* construction.

The FISK Non-Skid is as good looking as it is safe and strong. Inside and outside it is an honest tire, a representative Fisk production made to uphold the Fisk standard of quality. It gives the utmost satisfaction.



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Enthusiasm And Quick Purchases Follow The Fisk Non-Skid Wherever Shown

TIRE USERS who adopted the Fisk Non-Skid when it was first introduced became enthusiastic over it. Car owners everywhere wanted this famous new tire that really prevented skidding and gave such remarkable mileage. As a result, the demand soon outgrew the supply.

We stopped advertising and began enlarging our plant. Now, at the end of two years, with trebled facilities, we are prepared to furnish real non-skid equipment to tire users everywhere. If you want a non-skid tread that is positive in action and an effective guard against loss of traction and side slipping, adopt the Fisk Non-Skid Tire now and use it *all the year 'round.* It's the handsomest tire that ever went on a car wheel.

REMEMBER, when you purchase Fisk Tires you not only get actual and heaping tire value, but you get the benefit of a Service which caters to your satisfaction, your comfort and your sense of fair play.



THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office Chicopee Falls, Mass.

18,000 Dealers Everywhere and Fisk Branches in Principal Cities

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Idle Thoughts in Busy Times



By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Sonnets on Most Anything

NIGHT'S EYES

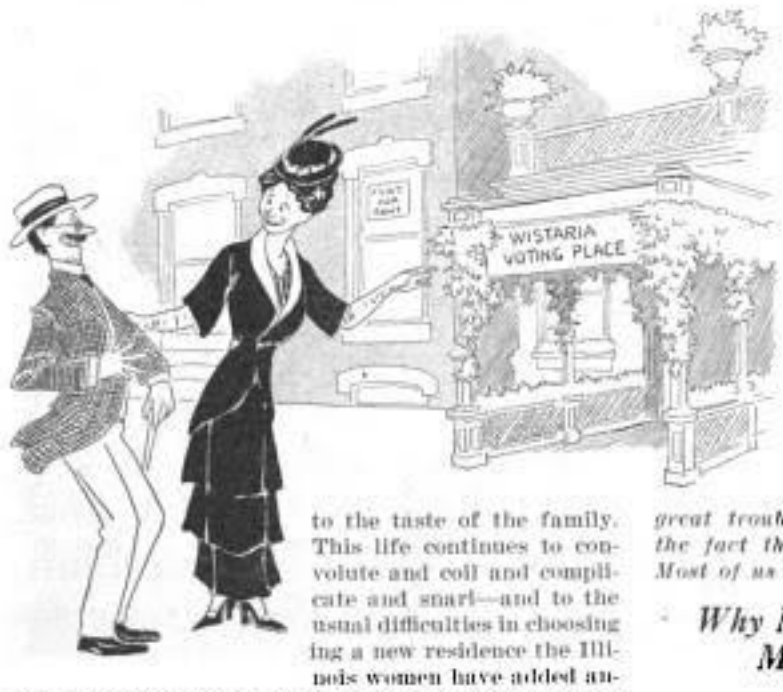
Now comes soft summer when the stilly night
Hath lately gained ten thousand extra eyes.
Blinkless and restless, and of hideous size,
They roam the streets, a most appalling sight.
Pair after pair they bore, with shafts of light,
Deep tunnels through the tender, velvet dark
At whose far end rise sounds of rage and fright
From many a beach, half hidden in the park,
From many a porch where Cupid's rosy mark
Is far too brightly blazoned in the gleam.
Thus dazzling splendor drowns the timorous spark
And puts an awful crimp in love's young dream.
Ah, these sad times when night, mischievous elf,
No longer keeps her eyes unto herself!

Another Complication in Illinois Life

IN ILLINOIS husbands and wives now march to the polls arm in arm on election day. This has not only produced results that are perplexing and sometimes terrifying to the leaders of the various parties, but it has introduced some interesting complications in the great American pastime of house hunting.

Many of the Illinois women have been compelled thus far to vote in polling places which are dirty and disagreeably infested with unlaundered politics. They have had to push their way through drunken and fighting men, and have looked with envy upon their more fortunate sisters who live in precincts where polling places resemble a neighborhood party on election day.

As a result of this condition many Illinois women have already announced to their husbands that before the next election day they are going to move into some neighborhood whose polling place measures up to the taste of the family. This life continues to convolute and coil and complicate and snarl—and to the usual difficulties in choosing a new residence the Illinois women have added another. We may expect in the future to see the following very often on the want ad pages of the newspapers:



FOR RENT

Modern house, hot water, bath, hardwood floors, fine neighborhood, precinct polling place clean and respectable.

Hints for Our Worst Golfers

The Only Existing Department Conducted in Their Interest

TO AVOID lifting the off foot from the ground while driving, pound a croquet wire deep into the earth and stick the toe under it.

When playing out of woods, aim directly at the tree in front of you and bet your opponent that you can hit it.

It is best, when putting, to assume a position like a rheumatic camel and to go through the ceremony of aiming along the length of the club. This will not help your putting any, but it will scare your opponent half to death.

Answers to Correspondents

ADAMS, New York—*You have a perfect right to yell "Fore" at the party which is 250 yards ahead of you. It was guaranteed you by the Declaration of Independence.*

A. L. P., Detroit—*The difference between a good player and a bad player can be most easily reckoned by divots. A good player propels his ball 200 yards and his divot 10 yards, while a bad player drives his divot 100 yards and the ball 6 inches.*

DISCOURAGED, Los Angeles—*You stand too stiffly while driving. This is what causes your suspenders to break so often.*

C. R., Springfield, Ill.—*Your complaint that whenever you are pushing your expert friend on a hole he tells you to keep your eye fixed on the spot where your ball was when you hit it is a common grievance. He does that in order that you will lose your ball and also the hole. Keep your eye fixed on the most likely place to lose a ball and decline to take advice from him.*



What's the Use?

Since leaving the President's chair, Mr. Taft has lost sixty pounds. The great trouble with most of these fine new cures is the fact that they are out of reach of the masses. Most of us cannot even get into the President's chair.

Why Not Share This Old Master with Its Purchasers?

THE man who handed Philadelphia the traction system which for many years compelled its patrons to pay three cents extra whenever they changed cars has recently paid seven hundred thousand dollars for a single product of another old master.

This old master, however, produced paintings instead of public-service corporations.

The great painting, which represents the price of fourteen million street-car tickets, probably will be brought to Philadelphia, and we suggest that, in order that the people who paid for it may enjoy their purchase, reproductions of the masterpiece be printed on the backs of all street-car transfers used in the City of Brotherly Love.

Why Not Use Modern Conditions in Our Novels?

WE DO not believe that modern novel writers are taking full advantage of the opportunities of the times. If there is a fault of modern romance literature, it is the fact that it is too conventional, sticking closely to the well-worn grooves and doddering peacefully along past the present equipped with blinders.

To be sure, adventures in love have been brought up to date and a trifle ahead, but even these adventures are cast in hopelessly archaic scenes. If a writer so much as gets a heroine into an aeroplane for a few short minutes, he sinks back exhausted and afraid—trembling for fear he will be condemned as sensational.

What we need is a modern novel—one which will portray the life of a citizen of to-day with a keen eye toward its possibilities. We would enjoy writing some such review as the following:

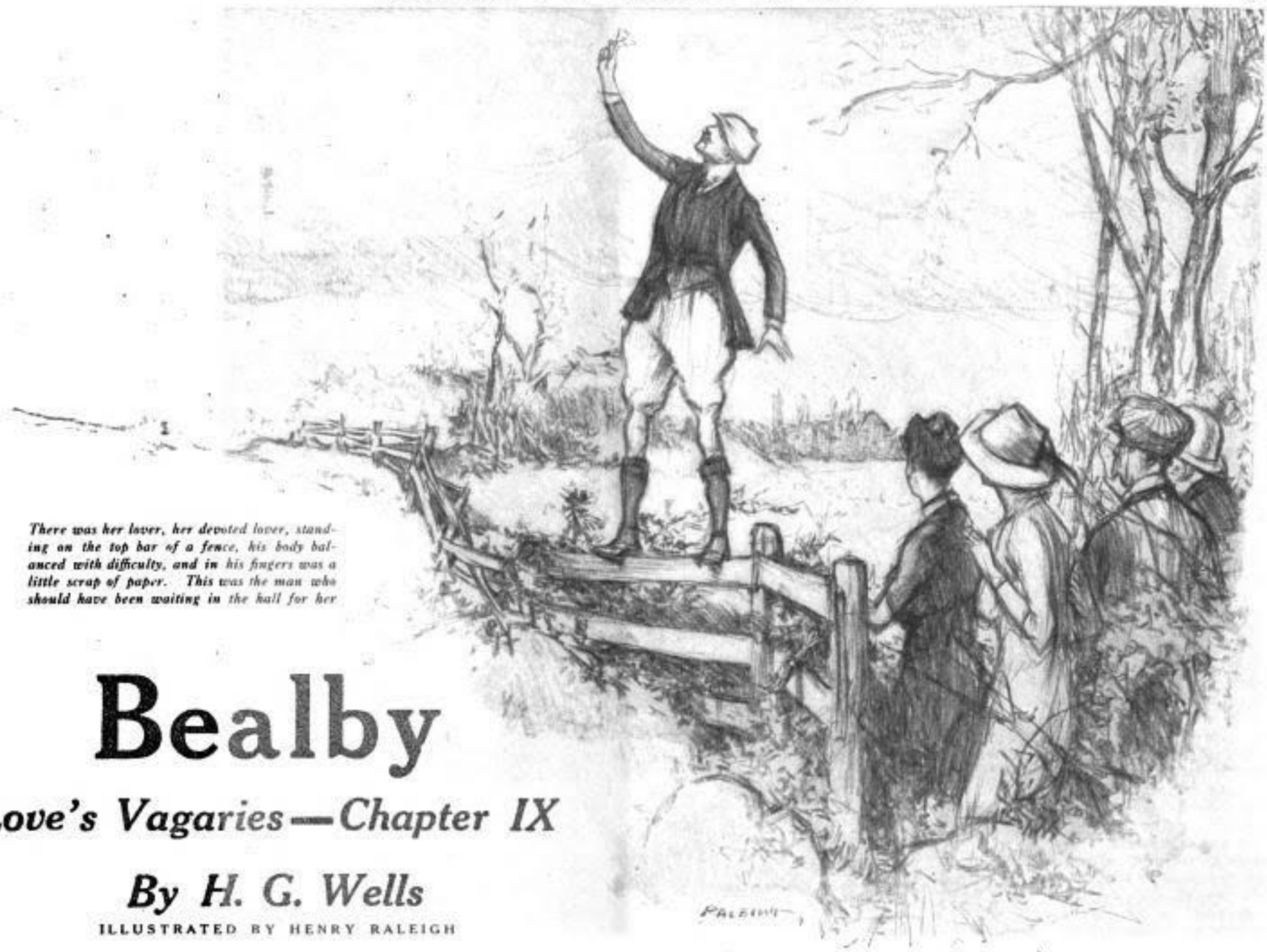
"'Up, Down, and Elsewhere from the Depths,' by O. N. Looker.—This novel, which not only grips the reader but refuses to release him except under heavy bail, tells in a quiet but convincing manner the life of Henry Haggard, who was born in New York with a full equipment of gold-plated tableware in his mouth. He had a beautiful mother and four fathers in quick succession, with the third of whom he became quite well acquainted. It was this father who brought Henry an aeroplane, four automobiles, and an English valet and sent him to a celebrated Eastern college where he served three months in jail for stealing a steam roller, and had just been elected president of the junior class when his mother died, thus cutting off Henry's supply of fathers and reducing him to $7,500 below abject poverty.

"Our hero, being thus compelled to start on life's race several yards back of the line, wasted no time. In another month we find him playing professional ball with the Giants. He toiled in this humble occupation until October, when, thanks to the fact that his team played in the World Series, he was able to write his views on each game for a syndicate for $1,000 a view. By Christmas he had accumulated enough to pay all of his debts and during the next year he purchased an orange ranch in California.

"At this period a great misfortune befell Henry. An uncle died and left him a railroad which had formerly been owned by a great financier. This swallowed up his little orange farm, and three years later, when the receivers had done their duty, he emerged with $3,000,000 of debts and a sack of peanuts which had been overlooked by the court. On the advice of an advertising man to whom he gave one of the peanuts, he borrowed $100,000 and began selling pure Alaska Goobers in airtight cartons, one-half of a sackful for 10 cents. In three years he was a multimillionaire and had served a term as Governor of Massachusetts. With this auspicious start. (*Concluded on page 31*)



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There was her lover, her devoted lover, standing on the top bar of a fence, his body balanced with difficulty, and in his fingers was a little scrap of paper. This was the man who should have been waiting in the hall for her

Bealby

Love's Vagaries—Chapter IX

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN at last he (Captain Douglas) rejoined the other three his hands were sandy red, his knees were sandy red, his feet were of clay, but his face was like the face of a little child—like the face of a little, fair child after it has been boiled red in its bath and then dusted over with white powder. His ears were the color of roses, Lancaster roses. And his eyes, too, had something of the angry wonder of a little child distressed. . . .

"I was afraid you'd slip into the pond," said the Professor.

"I didn't," said the Captain.

"?"

"I just got in to see how deep it was and cool my feet—I hate warm feet."

HE LOST that hole, but he felt a better golfer now; his anger, he thought, was warming him up so that he would presently begin to make strokes by instinct and do remarkable things unawares. After all there is something in the phrase "getting one's blood up." If only the Professor wouldn't dally so with his ball and let one's blood get down again. Tap!—the Professor's ball went soaring. Now for it. The Captain addressed himself to his task, altered his plans rather hastily, smote and topped the ball. The least one could expect was a sympathetic silence. But the Professor thought fit to improve the occasion.

"You'll never drive," said the Professor—"you'll never drive with that *irritable* jerk in the middle of the stroke. You might just as well smack the ball without raising your club. If you think—"

The Captain lost his self-control altogether.

"Look here," he said, "if *you* think that *I* care a single rap about how I hit the ball—if you think that I really want to win and do well at this beastly, silly, elderly, childish game—"

He paused on the verge of ungentlemanly language.

"If a thing's worth doing at all," said the Professor, after a pause for reflection, "it's worth doing well."

"Then it isn't worth doing at all. As this hole gives you the game—if you don't mind—"

The Captain's hot moods were so rapid that already he was acutely ashamed of himself.

"Oh, *certainly*, if you wish it," said the Professor.

WITH a gesture the Professor indicated the altered situation to the respectful caddies, and the two gentlemen turned their faces toward the hotel.

For a time they walked side by side in silence, the caddies following with hushed expressions.

"Splendid weather for the French maneuvers," said the Captain presently in an offhand tone—"that is to say, if they are getting this weather."

"At present there are a series of high-pressure systems over the whole of Europe north of the Alps," said the Professor. "It is as near set fair as Europe can be."

"Fine weather for tramps and wanderers," said the Captain after a further interval.

"There's a drawback to everything," said the Professor. "But it's very lovely weather."

THEY got back to the hotel about half past eleven and the Captain went and had an unpleasant time with one of the tires of his motor bicycle which had got down in the night. In replacing the tire he pinched the top of one of his fingers rather badly. Then he got the ordnance map of the district and sat at a green table in the open air in front of the hotel windows and speculated on the probable flight of Bealby. He had been last seen going south by east. That way lay the sea and all boy fugitives go naturally for the sea. He tried to throw himself into the fugitive's mind and work out just exactly the course Bealby *must* take to the sea. For a time he found this quite an absorbing occupation.

Bealby probably had no money or very little money. Therefore he would have to beg or steal. He wouldn't go to the workhouse because he wouldn't know about the workhouse, respectable poor people never know anything about the workhouse, and the chances were he would be both too honest and too timid to steal. He'd beg. He'd beg at front doors because of dogs and things and he'd probably go along a highroad. He'd be more likely to beg from houses than from passers-by because a door is at first glance less formidable than a pedestrian and more accustomed to being addressed. And he'd try isolated cottages rather than the village street doors; an isolated wayside cottage is so much more confidential. He'd ask for food—not money. All that seemed pretty sound.

NOW this road on the map—into it he was bound to fall and along it he would go begging. No other? . . . No.

In the fine weather he'd sleep out. And he'd go—ten, twelve, fourteen—thirteen, thirteen miles a day.

So now he ought to be about here. And to-night—here. To-morrow at the same pace—here.

But suppose he got a lift? . . .

He'd only get a slow lift if he got one at all. It wouldn't make much difference in the calculation. . . .

So if to-morrow one started and went on to these crossroads marked *Inn*, just about twenty-six miles it must be by the scale, and beat round it, one ought to get something in the way of tidings of Mr. Bealby. Was there any reason why Bealby shouldn't go on south by east and seaward? . . . None.

And now there remained nothing to do but to explain all this clearly to Madeleine. And why didn't she come down? Why didn't she come down?

But when one got Bealby, what would one do with him? Wring the truth out of him—half by threats and half by persuasion. Suppose after all he hadn't any connection with the upsetting of Lord Moggeridge? He had. Suppose he hadn't? He had. He had. He had.

And when one had the truth?

Whisk the boy right up to London and confront the Lord Chancellor with the facts. But suppose he wouldn't be confronted with the facts? He was a touchy old sinner. . . .

FOR a time Captain Douglas balked at this difficulty. Then suddenly there came into his head the tall figure, the long mustaches, of that kindly, popular figure, his adopted uncle, Lord Chickney. Suppose he took the boy straight to Uncle Chickney and told him the whole story. Even the Lord Chancellor would scarcely refuse ten minutes to General Lord Chickney.

The clearer the plans of Captain Douglas grew the more anxious he became to put them before Madeleine—clearly and convincingly. . . .

Because first he had to catch his boy. . . .

Presently, as Captain Douglas fretted at the continued eclipse of Madeleine, his thumb went into his waistcoat pocket and found a piece of paper. He drew it out and looked at it. It was a little piece of stiff note paper cut into the shape of a curved V, rather after the fashion of a soaring bird. It must have been there for months. He looked at it. His care-wrinkled brow relaxed. He glanced over his shoulder at the house and then held this little scrap high over his head and let go. It descended with a slanting flight, curving round to the left, and then came about and swept down to the ground to the right. . . . Now why did it go like that? As if it changed its mind. He tried it again. Same result. . . . Suppose the curvature of the wings was a little greater? Would it make a more acute or a less acute angle? He did not know. . . . Try it.

HE FELT in his pocket for a piece of paper, found Lady Laxton's letter, produced a stout pair of nail scissors in a sheath from a waistcoat pocket, selected a good clear sheet, and set himself to cut out his improved V. . . .

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As he did so his eyes were on V number one on the ground. It would be interesting to see if this thing turned about to the left again. If, in fact, it would go on zigzagging. It ought, he felt, to do so. But to test that one ought to release it from some higher point so as to give it a longer flight. Stand on the chair? . . .

Not in front of the whole rotten hotel. And there was a beastly looking man in a green apron coming out of the house—the sort of man who looks at you. He might come up and watch; these fellows are equal to anything of that sort. Captain Douglas replaced his scissors and scraps in his pockets, leaned back with an affectation of boredom, got up, lit a cigarette—sort of thing the man in the green apron would think all right—and strolled off toward a clump of beech trees, beyond which were bushes and a depression. There, perhaps, one might be free from observation. Just try these things for a bit. That point about the angle was a curious one; it made one feel one's ignorance not to know that. . . .

THE ideal king has a careworn look, he rules, he has to do things, but the ideal queen is radiant happiness, tall and sweetly dignified, simply she has to be things. And when at last toward midday Queen Madeleine dispelled the clouds of the morning and came shining back into the world that waited outside her door, she was full of thankfulness for herself and for the empire that was given her. She knew she was a delicious and wonderful thing, she knew she was well done: her hands, the soft folds of her dress as she held it up, the sweep of her hair from her forehead pleased her; she lifted her chin, but not too high, for the almost unenvious homage in the eyes of the housemaid on the staircase. Her descent was well timed for the lunch gathering of the hotel guests; there was "*Ah!*—here she comes at last!" and there was her own particular court out upon the veranda before the entrance, Geedge and the Professor and Mrs. Bowles—and Mrs. Geedge coming across the lawn—and the lover?

She came on down and out into the sunshine. She betrayed no surprise. The others met her with flattering greetings that she returned smilingly. But the lover—

HE WAS not there! It was as if the curtain had gone up on almost empty stalls.

He ought to have been worked up and waiting tremendously. He ought to have spent the morning in writing a poem to her or in writing a delightful poetical love letter she could carry away and read, or in wandering alone and thinking about her. He ought to be feeling now like the end of a vigil. He ought to be standing now a little in the background and with that pleasant flush of his upon his face and that shy, subdued, reluctant look that was so infinitely more flattering than any boldness of admiration. And then she would go toward him, for she was a giving type, and hold out both hands to him, and he, as though he couldn't help it, in spite of all his British reserve, would take one and hesitate—which made it all the more marked—and kiss it. . . .

Instead of which he was just not there. . . .

No visible disappointment dashed her bravery. She knew that at the slightest flicker Judy and Mrs. Geedge would guess, and that anyhow the men would guess nothing. "I've rested," she said—"I've rested delightfully. What have you all been doing?"

JUDY told of great conversations: Mr. Geedge had been looking for trout in the stream; Mrs. Geedge, with a thin little smile, said she had been making a few notes and—she added the word with deliberation—"observations," and Professor Bowles said he had had a round of golf with the Captain. "And he lost?" asked Madeleine.

"He's careless in his drive and impatient at the greens," said the Professor modestly.

"And then?"

"He vanished," said the Professor, recognizing the true orientation of her interest.

There was a little pause and Mrs. Geedge said: "You know—" and stopped short.

Interrogative looks focused upon her.

"It's so odd," she said. Curiosity increased.

"I suppose one ought not to say," said Mrs. Geedge, "and yet—why shouldn't one?"

"Exactly," said Professor Bowles, and everyone drew a little nearer to Mrs. Geedge.

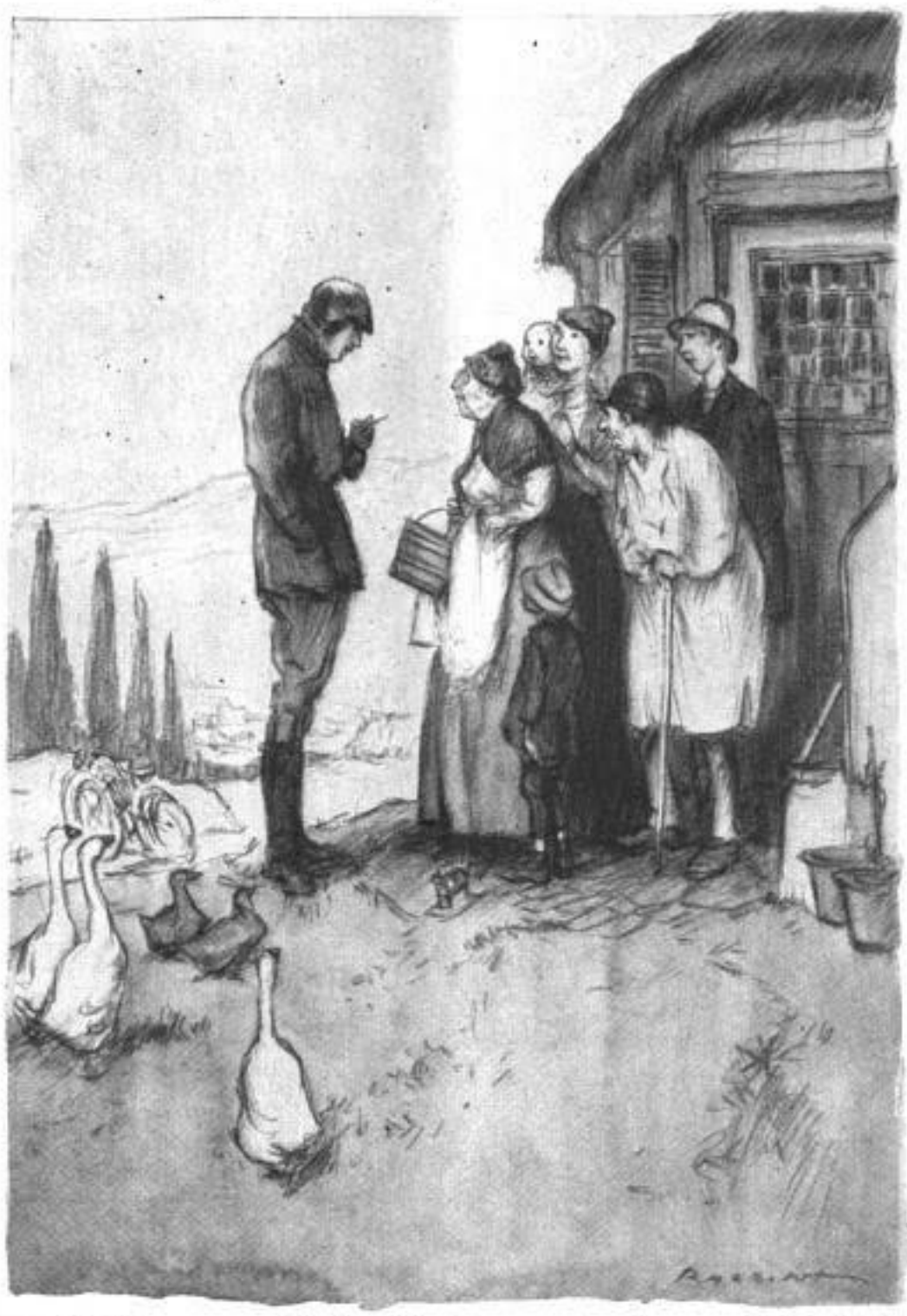
"One can't help being amused," she said. "It was so—extraordinary."

"Is it about the Captain?" asked Madeleine.

"Yes. You see—he didn't see me."

"Is he—is he writing poetry?" Madeleine was much entertained and relieved at the thought. That would account for everything. The poor dear! He hadn't been able to find some rime!

BUT one gathered from the mysterious airs of Mrs. Geedge that he was not writing poetry. "You see," she said, "I was lying out there among the bushes, just jotting down a few little things—and he came by. And he went down into the hollow out of sight. . . . And what do you think he is doing? You'd never guess? He's been at it for twenty minutes." They didn't guess. "He's playing with little bits of paper—oh! like a kitten plays with dead leaves. He throws them up—and they flutter to the ground—and then he pounces on them."



"You haven't, I suppose, seen or heard anything during the last two days of a small boy—little chap of about thirteen—wandering about?"

"But—" said Madeleine. And then very brightly—"let's go and see!"

She was amazed. She couldn't understand. She hid it under a light playfulness that threatened to become distraught. Even when presently, after a very careful stalking of the dell under the guidance of Mrs. Geedge, with the others in support, she came in sight of him, she still found him incredible. There was her lover, her devoted lover, standing on the top bar of a fence, his legs wide apart and his body balanced with difficulty, and in his fingers, poised high, was a little scrap of paper. This was the man who should have been waiting in the hall with feverish anxiety. His fingers released the little model and down it went drifting. . . .

HE SEEMED to be thinking of nothing else in the world. She might never have been born! . . .

Some noise, some rustle, caught his ear. He turned his head (quickly, guiltily) and saw her and her companions. And then he crowned her astonishment. No love light leaped to his eyes; he uttered no cry of joy. Instead he clutched wildly at the air, shouted, "Oh, *damn!*" and came down with a complicated inelegance on all fours upon the ground.

He was angry with her—angry; she could see that he was extremely angry.

SO IT was that the incompatibilities of man and woman arose again in the just recovering love dream of Madeleine Philips. But now the discord was far more evident than it had been at the first breach.

Suddenly her dear lover, her flatterer, her worshiper had become a strange, averted man. He scrabbled up two of his paper scraps before he came toward her, still with no love light in his eyes. He kissed her hand as if it was a matter of course, and said, almost immediately: "I've been hoping for you all the endless morning. I've had to amuse myself as best I can."

His tone was resentful. He spoke as if he had a claim upon her—upon her attentions. As if it wasn't entirely upon his side that obligations lay.

She resolved that shouldn't deter her from being charming.

And all through the lunch she was as charming as she could be, and under such treatment that rebellious, ruffled quality vanished from his manner—vanished so completely that she could wonder if it had really been evident at any time. The alert servitor returned.

She was only too pleased to forget the disappointment of her descent and forgive him, and it was with a puzzled incredulity that she presently saw his "difficult" expression returning. It was an odd little knitting of the brows, a faint absent-mindedness, a filming of the brightness of his worship. He was just perceptibly indifferent to the charmed and charming things he was saying.

IT SEEMED best to her to open the question herself. "Is there something on your mind, Dot?" "Dot" was his old school nickname. "Well, no—not exactly on my mind. But— It's a bother, of course. There's that confounded boy . . ."

"Were you trying some sort of divination about him? With those pieces of paper?"

"No. That was different. That was—just something else. But you see that boy— Probably clear up the whole of the Moggeridge bother—and you know it *is* a bother. Might turn out beastly awkward . . ."

It was extraordinarily difficult to express. He wanted so much to stay with her and he wanted so much to go.

But all reason, all that was expressible, all that found vent in words and definite suggestions was on the side of an immediate pursuit of Bealby. So that it seemed to her he wanted and intended to go much more definitely than he actually did.

That divergence of purpose flawed a beautiful afternoon, cast chill shadows of silences over their talk, arrested endearments. She was irritated. About six o'clock she urged him to go; she did not mind, anyhow she had things to see to, letters to write, and she left him with an effect of leaving him forever. He went and overhauled his motor bicycle thoroughly, and then an aching dread of separation from her arrested him.

DINNER, the late June sunset, and the moon seemed to bring them together again. Almost harmoniously he was able to suggest that he should get up very early the next morning, pursue and capture Bealby and return for lunch.

"You'd get up at dawn!" she cried. "But how perfectly Splendid the midsummer dawn must be."

Then she had an inspiration. "Dot!" she cried, "I will get up at dawn also and come with you. . . . Yes, but as you say he cannot be more than thirteen miles away, we'd catch him warm in his little bed somewhere. And the freshness! The dewy freshness!"

And she laughed her beautiful laugh and said it would be "Such *Fun!*" entering, as she supposed, into his secret desires and making the most perfect of reconciliations. They were to have tea first, which she would prepare

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Romance and Radishes

By C. J. Manning

OUT Sioux City way—there is only one Sioux City in the world and it is in Iowa—they have a story entitled "Romance in Radishes," which is being told to every likely looking young chap who comes to commercial organizations for advice as to business openings.

"Romance in Radishes" has onion, lettuce, cucumber, and cauliflower chapters, and a moral that takes one back to Mother Earth, rather than to the end of a rainbow, in the search for the pot of gold.

Now you can't have a romance without a hero; you can't have a romance without a heroine. In the case of the radish romance, one Peter Reard, an upstanding, double-fisted gardener, is the hero. Mother Earth is the heroine. How Peter Reard wooed and won Mother Earth with her dowry of $250,000 is the pith of the romance in radishes.

When an editor in COLLIER'S WEEKLY recently gave printed sanction to the thought that a penniless man could drop off a freight train at most any station in the Middle West and within five years could own a farm, he must have created mentally just such a man as Peter Reard. While it may have occurred to many to dispute the claim of the editorial in real life, Peter Reard sustains the burden of the writer's theory—in fact, actualizes the theory.



"I've got to stay with my radishes and onions"

Mr. Reard came to Sioux City from Denver a penniless young man. That was twenty-nine years ago. Within five years he owned an 80-acre farm, three town houses, and had a neat bank balance. To-day Mr. Reard is known as the "Millionaire Gardener." He has farm land covering an area of 480 acres and owns fifty-seven houses and two store buildings. His fortune grew in a garden in radish, onion, and cucumber form because Mr. Reard's wooing of the earth was ardent.

When Mr. Reard came to Sioux City from Denver he was given employment in a small grocery at the modest wage of $5 a week. He was then comparatively unacquainted with American or American customs, having been in this country but a few months. Of German extraction, he took a natural interest in the garden wares that were being handed over the counter. One day, when a small bunch of radishes brought what looked to the young German like an outrageous price, he ejaculated to his employer: "Es gibt Geld!"

"Come again, Pete," or something equally elegant was the response elicited from the grocer.

Capital—$25

YOUNG Reard, in broken English, explained that the radishes had inspired him to do garden work, because there was money in the business. So Reard worked on for a few weeks and accumulated $25, with which he bought what approximated a horse. His employer, a kindly man, donated a broken-down wagon. Reard drove out into the country, sighted a likely looking strip of land, found the owner, and rented 7 acres at a cost of $117. The owner agreed to wait for the rent until the end of the garden season.

A small shack was built of lumber collected in trips about town in the dilapidated wagon. Grocery boxes were patched together into house form. Reard began his garden career. All about him were evidences of waste of land and natural resources. The thrifty young German, born to intensified farming, was shocked at the waste. He had 7 precious acres out of 180 acres that ran to weeds. What would he do with his holdings? He early resolved that even path edges would be made to bear their share of profit. So radish, onion, beet, cucumber, and lettuce seed began to fly. Not an inch of space was left for weeds, not a minute's time in a working day of twenty hours was lost. There were countless mouths to be fed in the city, and fortune lay with the man who held the spoon.

Just at this period Sioux City was feeling the effects of a boom, that grew and grew in size until enthusiastic boosters set up a claim that the Missouri River metropolis would soon rank with Chicago in population and commercial importance. The forty bankers of Boston were beginning to unload golden treasure in the town. An elevated railway system, the third to get under way in the world, was under construction. Vast factory and residence districts were being laid out. Foundations for the largest stove and starch works in the world had been laid. Eastern men of wealth were frequent visitors and banquets were numerous. Money was coming rapidly and was being spent with abandon. Peter Reard set out to capture the boom banquet trade.

Toil and Its Fruits

THE game was worth the candle. While the frenzied-finance coteries were eating $125 worth of Reard vegetables each day, and were spending fortunes that were just over the hill, the young German gardener was "salting" his earnings and waiting for an opening. Stores in this period kept open from four o'clock in the morning until one o'clock the next morning. Peter Reard opened and closed the stores. He was waiting with a wagonload of produce at each end of the store day, and he got his sleep riding to and from market. Between sales he was busy fighting weeds.

Town boomers laughed at the plodding gardener. Everyone was buying and selling real estate and making fortunes in a night. But Reard continued to nurture the radish and the onion on rented ground, and then, after a period of three hard years, with no amusement intervals, no pauses to complain of his adopted course of action, he took a little flyer in real estate, purchasing 80 acres of ground.

The Plodder's Triumph

EVERYONE was going into debt. Reard did the same thing. He mortgaged his holdings to the extent of $7,000, used the $6,000 he had made in the first three years of gardening for greenhouses, hotbeds, and farm machinery, and then began to hire men to help him. The first year he made enough to pay off the debt on his farm, but he did not call in the mortgage because the lure of the boom had attracted him. He purchased two houses in the suburb of Greenville. The second year he added to his field forces, doubled his earnings, and bought more houses. The third year he removed the farm mortgage, bought other houses, and added to his acreage. In six years he had gained property worth nearly $60,000! The writer who penned the article in COLLIER'S was not wrong!

When the Sioux City bubble suffered a financial pin prick in 1893, and fortunes came tumbling down, Reard was in a position to buy land and houses, and he bought. His acres grew in fertility under a watchful eye. He continued his program of twenty to twenty-two hours' work. People had to eat whether they had lost a million overnight or not. So they paid Reard and ceased laughing at the plodder.

"Health and Wealth in the Land"

IN the heart of his family Mr. Reard is as much the sovereign as is William of the fatherland. Mr. Reard has eight children, ranging in age from four years to twenty-six years, and all know that his word is law. From their father they have learned the lesson of toil and the reward of service. Four of the group are girls. They give service in the household, in the field, and on the produce-laden wagons that ply back and forth between the main farm and the city. Two of the boys are foremen and help in management. During all the years Mrs. Reard has helped in the business of producing crops. It has been Mr. Reard's theory that a family united in its effort to wrest wealth from radishes and restaurants can more quickly attain the golden goal—there are no middlemen to abscond with the consumer's cash because the family is a close corporation.

A short time ago a boom-time millionaire, now in straitened circumstances, met Reard on the street and chided him for not retiring. "They call you the millionaire gardener; now why not sell out and live on the interest of your money? Why not take things easy, Mr. Reard?"

"You had your pot of gold, but didn't retire. The garden game holds me, and it's a healthier mania than selling additions in boom time," Reard answered.

"I wouldn't retire for all the money in the world. I've worked hard all my life. Retirement would kill me in two weeks. I've got to stay with my radishes and onions, or I'd lose my mind. I've never been to an all-day picnic in my life. Once I took a half day off and went to Riverside Park. Was I amused? No. I was anxious about the garden and my 40 men. I've slept on the wagon during boom and panic times. I've worked too hard to relish banking hours. I'm fifty-three years old, as hard as a nail, and there's eighteen hours' work in my system for every day I live. I'm up at four-thirty in the morning. I work until eight, nine, or ten o'clock at night. I sleep well. I eat three big meals a day. I'm happy.

Others Can Do It if They Will

"THE boys that made millions in the boom and lost them in the panic are dyspeptic, broken men. They spend their time wastefully. There's health and wealth in the land, and I'm going to stay with it. I can pitch as much hay as any of my men. I can paint houses faster and as well as any man that ever held a union card. If I tire of farm work I spend my time collecting rent and repairing my 57 houses. Some people say I am crazy to keep pounding away at my gardens. I may be, but I know where my interest lies and where I am best suited to be. What I have accomplished in the way of amassing a fortune others can do if they work hard, pass up liquor and tobacco, and tie to the garden or the farm."



A TIP TO THE "KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP"

What is it makes us cheerful in the midst of ups an' downs,
An' helps to pass the hours on slow trains an' in slow towns,
Adds savor to a story, an' charms away the frowns?
It's a cool, contentful, mellow VELVET smoke.

Thar's a fren'ly sorter somethin' in ev'ry VELVET tin,
Thet kinder melts away the ice, an' of'en helps you win
A record breakin' order an' a "Drop aroun' agin,
An' we'll have another fren'ly VELVET smoke."

Velvet Joe

YOU have customers that you can't impress with a big cigar. But ask them to smoke VELVET with you—well, that's different.

It's the same difference between taking a man to dinner at a hotel, and taking him home to supper with your family. There's nothing like potluck or pipe smoking to make a man feel downright friendly towards you—glad to do you a good turn or give you an order.

Next time you size up a prospect as a pipe smoker, try this:

"You don't mind if I light up my pipe, do you? And won't *you* dip into my VELVET, yourself?"

He will like VELVET for its fragrance, and its full flavor. He will enjoy the mellow friendliness of VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, with the aged-in-the-wood smoothness.



1/2 Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
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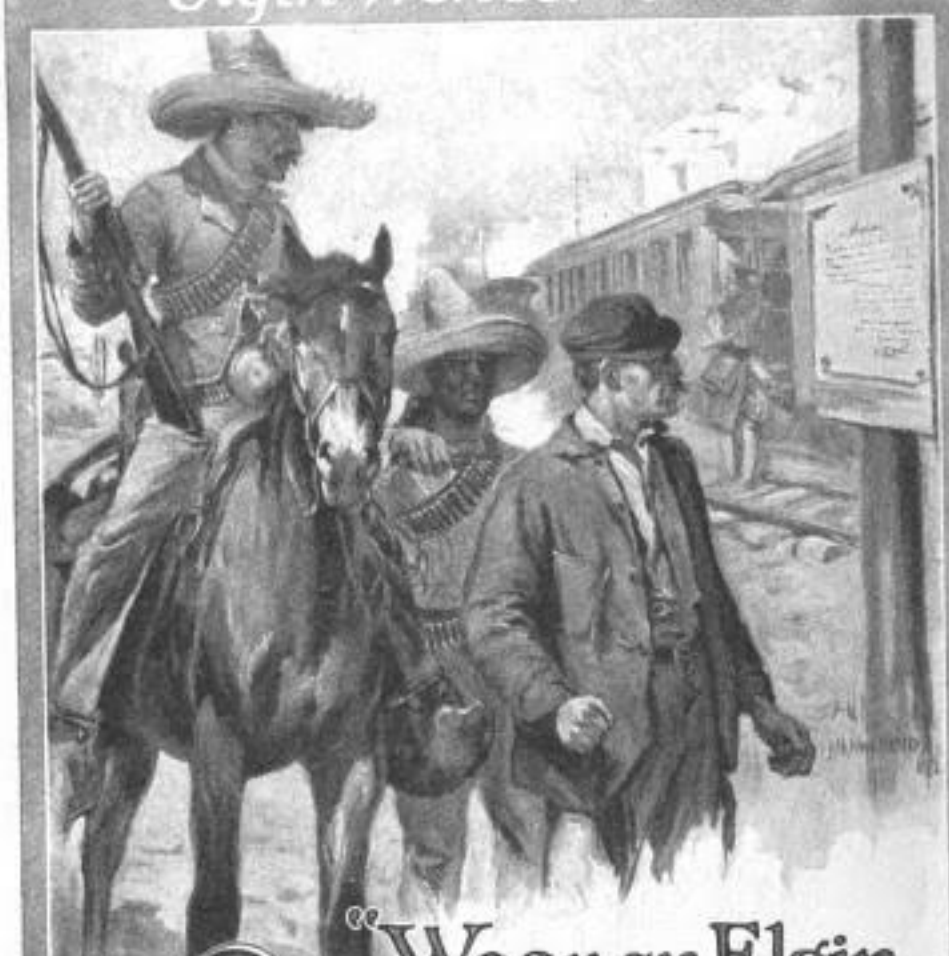
Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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Elgin Wonder Tales



"Wear an Elgin —or be shot!"



LORD ELGIN

NOTICE

"Every conductor or engineer found without an Elgin watch, from 17 to 23 jewels, such as the railroad inspection demands, will be shot for the penalty of hiding valuables."

Liberty and Equality, Plan of Ayala, issued in Salazar, State of Mexico, on the 25th day of October, 1913.

(Signed) EMILIANO ZAPATA

(By the colonel of the Front Regiment)

JOSE LIMON

SOME time ago the Zapatistas of Mexico took Salazar, the junction on the Pacific division of the National Railroad where the Toluca branch joins. All railroad men were robbed, and the station and cars were burned. Several of the railroad men were carrying "cheap" watches, as such hold-ups had been frequent. Upon leaving, the Zapatistas posted the above notice.

A severe ultimatum—conclusive evidence that the leaders of insurrection-torn Mexico know the watch which serves best in war and in peace. And it is evidence of the world-wide renown and use of

ELGIN *Watches*

LORD ELGIN—The Masterwatch. *$135* to *$85*.

LADY ELGIN—A Dainty Timekeeper—pendant and bracelet. A wide range of prices.

B. W. RAYMOND—The Railroad Man's Watch. *$80* to *$32.50*.

G. M. WHEELER—The Foremost Medium Priced Watch. *$50* to *$25*.

Ask Your Elgineer—your local jeweler. He can prove to you the sturdiness, precision and handsomeness of Elgin Watches for both men and women. Write us for booklet.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

Elgin, Illinois

Initiations at Lockport

(*Concluded from page 8*)

exactly like a girl's nightgown with a queer kind of a hood," she giggled.

"It's a pattern," chuckled Harry, "I swiped it from O'Bear's office last night while he was showing me the lodge organizers' paraphernalia, and I want you to make eleven more like it. Can you?"

RUTH nodded comprehendingly. "But Harry," she asked, growing grave all at once, "is it just right to help those stuck-up county-seat folks to make fun of Lockport?"

"Don't worry about that," Harry reassured her, "for when I'm done with Jim O'Bear—" he leaned over the fence and told her the whole plot in low, hilarious tones. At the conclusion Ruth caught up the package and ran laughing to the house.

"Remember—eleven of them," he called after her and turned back across the street chuckling to himself.

Squire Buck made his advance on Baum's shop with commendable circumspection. Harry was hard at work over the anvil when the Squire showed himself timidly in the doorway.

"Good morning, Squire," Harry greeted his visitor cordially. "A fine day, but hot," he advanced with friendly communicativeness meant to bridge a coolness that had lasted months.

"Good morning, Harry," the Squire returned in a voice he strove to make convey boundless good feeling. "Yes, a fine day," he concurred quickly, pausing to give his perspiring countenance a vigorous grooming with his bandanna, "but hot."

"Come in out of the sun and have a seat," Harry said hospitably, jerking his thumb toward a stool in the rear of the shop. "I'm all right," the Squire assured him apprehensively. "I'm cooler than I look. How's business?" he added courageously.

"Good," the younger man replied with enthusiasm. "I've got all I can break off, and I've got an extra man coming Monday week. There's going to be a big jump in the business this fall, too, with the new Interurban going through the south end of the county," he concluded confidentially.

"I'm glad you're doing well. You've got a sight of business 'bout you, Harry—you have," he flattered.

"It makes me feel good all over to hear you say so," Harry answered gratefully. "If anybody else but you would come around here talking like that, I'd think they wanted a favor."

"Us Knights of Sahary has got to stick up for one another if we expects to nominate a trustee next fall," the Squire said loyally.

"The Knights nominate anybody, let alone elect a man!" Harry smiled incredulously. "I wish I could tell a joke like you can, Squire," he said downright enviously. The old man flushed a bright, brick red, but he had the presence of mind to bridle his rising ire. "You don't 'pear to think much of the new lodge?" he began a trifle stiffly.

"I don't that," Harry said quietly. The Squire shook his head hopelessly. "Youthful ignorance," he smiled sadly.

"The Knights," Harry went on frankly, "are a humbug from the ground up. I've been looking high and low for a chance to tell you so, and now I got it, let me warn you. Joining them Knights is bound to cost you good money, no end of trouble and make folks laugh at you into the bargain. If I ain't mistook, the whole blamed thing was fixed up between two certain parties just to make a goose out of you."

"You're knocking a noble institution," the other said warmly.

"I don't think so," Harry said fairly, "for my conscience wouldn't let me sleep nights till I got a holt of Abe's list of names and talked to every man on the list. Five dollars a piece is too much money for poor men to throw away on a rotten fake," he concluded earnestly—"this town's always run to lodges too much."

"Much obliged for the warning, Harry, same as if I was risking something," the Squire said sarcastically, "but I ain't," he crowed.

"Ain't you joining?" Harry asked quickly, voicing a keen disappointment that should have aroused the self-centered old man's active suspicion.

"Of course," the Squire yawned languidly, "but as a leadin' citizen it ain't going to tax me a cent. A certain business man, who is head and tail of all big doings in Lockport pays my 'nitiation fees." Harry thrust a bit of piecework into the forge and grasped the bellows handle. "Well, I guess there ain't much use in warning a man against a thing when he's going into it feeling like you do," he said with philosophical resignation. "It's like shoeing a mule," he observed abstractedly, "the better you treat him the worse he kicks."

"What do you mean," snarled the Squire, backing through the door to safety, "by—by calling me a mule?"

"I didn't aim to," Harry objected in surprise.

"You did, too—just now," insisted the other.

"It wasn't intentional," Harry said regretfully.

"You hinted I was like one," fumed the Squire.

"It's your own fault," Harry said meekly. "It was you that thought it first."

"There!" charged the elated old man, "you said I was like one."

"What if I did," the other admitted innocently, "while you ain't got four legs, long ears, nor a tail, nobody would miss them."

The Squire opened his mouth to a stinging retort, but closed it again rather blankly, when he suddenly remembered Harry would have a vote, whether he belonged to the Knights or not. "You've got a tongue like a hoof rasp," he complained facetiously. "I see the joke. Ha! ha!" laughed the Squire, "you're a good one," he finished jocosely and turned away. "Squire Buck!" Harry called after him. The Squire faced about. "Can I marry Ruth?" Harry asked respectfully. It was the old man's moment of grace, but he did not know it. Shaking with wrath he felt blindly for the building at his side. "*No!*" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "She's going to marry Abe Day the day after 'lection in the township trustee's office."

THE corners of Harry's mouth twitched as he joined twelve brother conspirators at the rear of the shop: they had been waiting impatiently for his visitor to depart.

"Look here, fellows," Harry began seriously, "this is ticklish work, queering the Knights and fixing O'Bear's crowd so they can't go away laughing at Lockport for a nut town. Well, that's what we've got to do. Understand?" The young fellows grinned and nodded. "Then let's get down to business," Harry advised. With much talk and a great deal of laughter the last detail of the big plot was arranged satisfactorily.

"I took the goods over to Ruth's a while ago," Harry said as his visitors arose to go. "She's promised to have them done by five this evening. Be sure to meet me in front of Abe's store by seven-thirty," he concluded.

To be Concluded Next Week

Danger!

By

Sir A. Conan Doyle

The most thrilling war story ever written by this author, bearing with startling interest and vividness upon the present European war

Will begin in

Collier's Next Week

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Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S, which has now become the "IRRATIONAL WEEKLY."—San Francisco (Cal.) *Star.*

✚

KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Abroad at Home" is the best travel series ever done on America.

R. B. CAMPBELL.

✚

TEAGUE, TEX.

Remember, we nearly all read COLLIER'S in Texas. J. J. MOODY,
Editor, Teague *Herald.*

✚

There is no denying that COLLIER'S WEEKLY played a most important part in the 1912 campaign. Its main attack was directed at the Republican party, but the benefits accrued to the Democratic party. Now COLLIER'S WEEKLY, like many others, is deploring the effect of its own acts. COLLIER'S arraigns the Democratic Administration and says the sentiment of the country is anti-Democratic.—Evanston (Wyo.) *Press.*

✚

The New York "World" and COLLIER'S WEEKLY have been clamorous agencies for reform, but they seem to have joined the forces of big business in attempting to tie President Wilson's hands and prevent him from carrying out his antitrust policies.—Memphis (Tenn.) *Scimitar.*

✚

There are few fairer and more impartial publications than COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and, while of a different political faith from President Wilson, it has been just to his Administration. Probably no more accurate characterization of Villa than that given by Mark Sullivan has been drawn.—San Diego (Cal.) *Examiner.*

✚

Julian Street, in COLLIER'S, denounces Buffalo's Union Station. Kansas City trembles to think what he may say about the one that has done service here since the Lewis and Clark expedition.—Kansas City (Mo.) *Star.*

✚

MONTROSE, COLO.

Your recent issue was the fairest that any of the magazines or papers of the East have printed regarding the unfortunate conditions in Colorado. . . .

T. W. MONELL,
Montrose County Clerk.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says that Franklin Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is the most useful member of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. As Mr. Lane is the only colleague of the President's who happens to have been born in Canada, this information will not cause much surprise.—Edmonton (Alberta) *Journal.*

✚

Hon. Jack of London, as the Japanese School Boy would call him, is writing some bully good stuff on Mexico for COLLIER'S.—Frankfort (Ky.) *Journal.*

"The soldiers' legs move more mechanically," writes Jack London in COLLIER'S, "with a very tiny minimum of waste." What a very tiny thing can show when a man writes at so much a word!—New York (N. Y.) *Tribune.*

✚

COLLIER'S calls itself The National Weekly. A better name would be the Weekly Scold.—Hutchinson (Kas.) *Gazette.*

✚

NEW YORK CITY.

When I start reading COLLIER'S editorials each week I always wish they would not come to an end so soon. "The Olympian" is positively delicious. Why couldn't you give us four pages of editorials instead of two?

M. F. GORDON.

✚

SEYMOUR, IOWA.

I want to commend especially your selection of current literature. Hamlin Garland is an author who has not been as generally appreciated as he deserves.

J. S. STAMPS.

✚

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

Jack London's articles are interesting, but your editorials are dry, commonplace, and timeserving. COLLIER'S editorials belong to the journalism of fifty years ago.

D. C. GIBSON.

✚

LOUISVILLE, GA.

I regard COLLIER'S as the greatest moving force in American journalism.

(REV.) WILLIAM M. HARRIS,
First Baptist Church.

✚

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

Most persons who express any opinion admire the improved fiction of COLLIER'S. Even the men who are antagonistic politically pay their nickels for the reading they get.

R. S. BOYESEN.

✚

Mark Sullivan, editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, is the greatest political wiseacre of the time. He has the remarkable gift of seeing things that aren't there and predicting events that never occur.—New Orleans (La.) *States.*

✚

COLLIER'S is sliding down hill, losing its self-respect.—Santa Barbara (Cal.) *News.*

✚

Sometimes editorials in COLLIER'S WEEKLY are interesting, sometimes they are amusing, and sometimes they are foolish. In the current issue the foolish editor has written at least one.—New York (N. Y.) *Call.*

✚

COLLIER'S, The National Weekly, has approximately 2,500,000 readers. It is a vehicle for contemporaneous thought on political and social subjects, and it addresses the most intelligent large audience in the world. There is no other publication with an influence comparable to that of COLLIER'S, an influence gained by sincerity and singleness of purpose.—Bakersfield (Cal.) *News.*

"Putting One Over"

(Continued from page 11)

do not care to live!" Exit him. Wife turns to fireplace. Business of lookin' thoughtfully into the flames. A dramatic pause, mister, and then a muffled pistol shot off stage. Enter the English butler.

"Great 'eavens, madam!" he yells. Then the leadin' lady is supposed to let out a awful screech and then yell and talk hysterical for about five minutes, after which the curtain is mercifully pulled down over her sufferin's. You see, the guy that wrote this wasn't no ordinary playwriter. He was a drammertist, mister, and he wanted to make the audience think. See the cunnin' idea back of it all? They go home tryin' to dope out whether the guy reely shot hisself, or some careless sceneshifter out in the wings dropped a brick! It's what they call a emotional climax, with a suggested endin'.

Anyway, that was the frame-up. The fatal words had been spoke, the villain and the second Mr. Tankerplay had beat it off the stage, and Cynthia, alone on the stage, was doin' the fire-gazin' act.

The shot rung out. The butler come tearin' in. "Great 'eavens, madam!" he yells. And then, mister, it happened.

Cynthia turned—kinda startled like—and a awful look come over her face. For a couple of seconds she stood there swayin', and then—flopped! Yep! Keeled over. Fainted dead away!

MISTER, the look on that there English butler's face wasn't actin'. Neither was the yell he give. 'Course, they rung down the curtain—and I just sat back and waited. I know I ought to run to Cynthia; but, mister, I couldn't move! Just one look I got of the boss—he was still chewin' the end of the cigar. And grinnin'! But, holy gee! it was a awful kind of a grin—like his face was froze in it. There was turrible silence everywhere. I'll bet you could heard a pin drop out in front. How long it reely lasted I dunno know; but it seemed like a age. And then it broke!

Mister, did you ever hear what the

The Extra Guarantee

Extra Experience
Extra Value
Extra Security
Extra Organization



INTO the crucible go the ideas of many men—of many firms—many great manufacturing centers—many countries. They melt and blend, and from their fusion comes a motor free of the dross of inexperience, of guesswork, of freakishness,—comes a fusion, clean, refined—a Continental Motor.

Continental Motors

Over one-hundred firms—American and European—use the Continental Motor in some of its several models. Weigh the importance, the significance, of their combined OKay! Judge the soundness of design that passes more than a hundred censorships; of the sureness of construction that five-score companies link their reputations with!

All the ideas of these skilled manufacturers are gathered. All that the leading engineers of two continents devise. Into the melting pot they go—ideas American, English, French, Italian, German—ideas of firms large and small, Continental ideas—all!

And from it comes a Continental Motor.

No motor ever designed has had so broad a foundation in experience. Has had so many years of success behind it. Has drawn so to itself the finest flower of the automobile industry since its very beginning.

This is the *extra* guarantee of experience that is back of every Continental Motor. Demand it in the car or truck you buy.

Continental Motor Mfg. Co.
DETROIT, MICH.
Largest exclusive motor builders in the world
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GAS companies were among the first public servants to adopt as their guide the idea of *Service.*

¶ They recognize that the same principles apply to the sale of Gas as apply to the sale of any other commodity; that it is to their own advantage to supply Gas of the best quality and at the lowest possible price.

¶ They early realized that their best asset is a satisfied customer, because satisfaction to the public means more Gas used, and more Gas used means greater satisfaction to the public.

¶ Upon these principles the National Commercial Gas Association was formed. The objects of the Association are to perfect Gas service; to bring your Gas company into closer touch with *You;* to tell you of the many valuable and attractive qualities of Gas, of its efficiency and economy; to see to it that Gas appliances placed on sale for you to buy are the best and most satisfactory in every way.

¶ Each year the use of Gas increases. Each year the quality of *Service* improves. Each year the public better understands that its Gas company is composed of business men—merchants—whose success depends upon honest, modern business methods, who desire to serve and who ask, in all good faith, the hearty coöperation of the public in their endeavors.

¶ A thriving Gas Company is evidence of a thriving community—both prosper through coöperation and an intelligent use of Gas.

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¶ *For Manufacturers,* "A Thousand Uses for Gas." It lists the efficient and economical uses for Gas in over 60 industries.

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¶ These booklets will be sent *Free* upon request. Write at once.



It's Waiting for You "The Story of Nancy Gay" Free. Send for it

Nancy says: "Do you remember how charmingly our house was lighted at my wedding and how cool and well ventilated it was? Well, that was due to a happy thought of mine, and the wonderful service we get from the Gas Company. Just the day before, I realized that we were only equipped with old fashioned burners, except for our reading lamps, so I telephoned the Gas Company and they promptly sent a man out and he changed them all to those wonderful new inverted incandescent lamps in almost no time and without interfering in any way with all the other preparations that were going on. You may be sure we will never live where we can't get Gas Company service. We know how good it is."

National Commercial Gas Association

29 West 39th Street, New York City

papers call salvos of applause? Well, salvos wasn't in it with the noise that broke loose in that there audience! I run to the curtain peephole and there, out in the parquet of a two-dollar house, them books was on their feet—cheerin' like it was the end of the lucky seventh up at the Polo Grounds! Eh? Sure, mister, you got the idea! Thought the realistic plot was part of the show! Can you beat that for luck?

WHILE they were still hollerin', Cynthia come out of her faint, just as the boss come out of his grinnin' trance. Yep! It was him that dragged her out in front of the curtain. And after that—well, the papers, next day, said that "pandemonium reigned." I dunno what that means, mister; but if it's noise, it sure did reign. And while it reigned, there was only one sore guy in the house. He was a little runt that was sittin' in one of the lower right-hand boxes; but he was also that certain big playwritin' guy I told you about—the drammertist, mister, that had wrote the show. And he loved that last, spoiled speech like it was a only chee—ild!

Oh, hully gee! I dunno what reely done it. First, I thought mebbe Bruce MacRea had busted some of her ribs in the clinch act. Afterward they told me it was the turrible strain on her nerves. But if it was the turrible strain on nerves, why didn't I faint too? And why didn't the boss go dippy? I guess the answer is, that Cynthia was a woman; and with wimmin you never can tell what'll happen. But the wise ones never knew. You should read the papers next day! It was killin'. They told all about the awful look that come over her face, and how she turned white under the paint, and said it was the most realistic thing they'd seen pulled off in ten years.

SO it wasn't queer, mister, that when Broadway lit up next night there was a new electric light sign—and Cynthia was star. They cut out the hysteric speech and, in its place, Cynthia had to do the flop regular—every night and at two matinées during the year's run.

The leadin' lady? Oh, hully gee! she got canned. You don't suppose they'd stood for her after what the critics said about Cynthia, do you? Yep, it cost the boss a lawsuit to do it; but they canned her. Tough? Well, sure it was tough; but then this whole theatrical game is a tough proposition, and the stage ain't no place for cripples.

Cynthia's dad? Did he go West? What—with Cynthia pullin' down a percentage of the gate receipts? Yep, he went! And did he get better? Oh, hully gee! mister, you're provokin'! You're goin' to write this up, ain't you? Well, you take a tip from me, mister; take it from me, the happy endin's the stunt.

THEY figured it out that "Cynthia" wasn't the right one of her names for art and ads, but the rest of them is the ones you know so well on them three-foot electrics over the door this minute; and her dad's figurin' on playin' Hamlet in his own production—no harm in figurin'; so don't be a drammertist; give them the happy endin' belongin' to the fact that Cynthia sure put one over.



Yachtsman—*And, by Jove! we hadn't been out ten minutes before a squall struck us and over we went.*
Landlubber—*Can't you talk about something pleasant? Are you fond of gardening?*

How Is Business?

(Continued from page 6)

a greater factor than the vital statistics upon which we have been accustomed to rely. Gradually the public mind will turn away from Washington and legislation to the immense crops which are now being harvested. They can only mean a wide prosperity.

"An ill wind often blows good, and the business recession through which we have been passing is no exception. In prosperous times merchants are tempted to dabble in many lines of merchandise, and this inevitably results in overstocking. Now their buying is much more concentrated and effective."

Not all Chicago men, however, share in this opinion about the crops. A very eminent lawyer whose business interests run into the many millions made this very epigrammatic observation on the subject: "The effect of the big crops on business will be like a cocktail on an empty stomach. They will exhilarate for a moment and then will come a profound reaction."

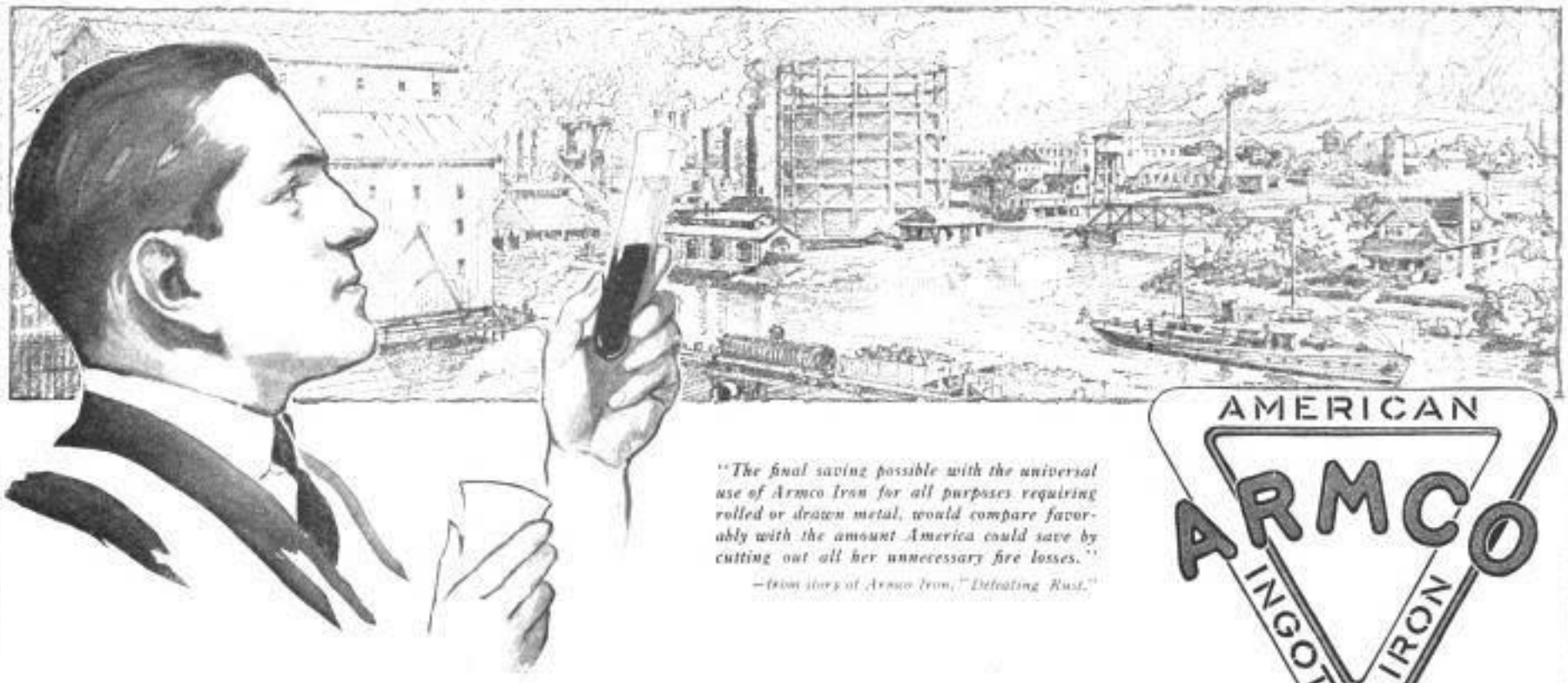
But for one pessimistic comment about the crops there are a hundred rosy ones. A leading Chicago wholesale hardware merchant said: "The depression of the summer has been due to lack of confidence on the part of capital. Much money went into hiding to await developments. Whatever apprehension was felt, however, has been set at rest by the bumper crops. The next move is the distribution of products and money, so that prosperity will be brought to every individual.

"The very moving of the crops will help to swing the tide of business. Such movement means action to the railroads and an increase of earnings for them, and this in turn has a distinct effect on the general situation."

There is a great variety of opinion among Chicago bankers. You discover the president of one of its greatest trust companies saying: "Our trouble has been economic, not political. The United States has been taking a breathing spell: we are cleaning house in credits and when we emerge all finance will be more stable than it has been in years."

Yet his colleague just around the corner, head of one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, told me that the source of all our business ills lay in the fact that political econo-

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"The final saving possible with the universal use of Armco Iron for all purposes requiring rolled or drawn metal, would compare favorably with the amount America could save by cutting out all her unnecessary fire losses."

—from story of Armco Iron, "Defeating Rust."

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

The trademark **ARMCO** carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Co. with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and, hence, can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it. It has behind it the guarantee of that company concerning the purity of the iron and the accuracy and thoroughness with which each step in its manufacture has been conducted.

ARMCO Iron Resists Rust

Our chemists save millions for the public

OVER one hundred million dollars' worth of sheet metal is made each year in this country. Most of it disappears shortly on account of rust. This is due to the fact that most sheet metal of the present day contains impurities such as carbon, manganese, silicon, copper, sulphur; therefore it cannot help rusting when exposed to air, moisture or corrosive gases.

Our chemists are saving millions of dollars for the public as a result of the discovery of two things: first, government experts proved that the rapid corrosion of steel was caused by the presence of impurities, especially manganese; second, we found the way to make pure iron. Either of these discoveries ranks as one of the greatest achievements in metallurgy.

Pure Rust-Resisting Iron Will Save Millions

Let us illustrate this saving of millions, literally. In a decade, most of the impure sheet metal made in 1914 and used in exposed situations will have been destroyed by rust. The sheet steel made in 1904 has mostly rusted away. There you have a complete, annual loss of nearly one hundred million dollars.

As soon as the public realizes and accepts the great truth that pure iron is a resistant to rust, there will of course be little sheet metal used except pure iron. When that time comes, this terrific waste of millions of dollars will be wiped out.

These are big figures, big claims—but they are true. Perhaps little figures will mean more to you. Let us say it will cost you $100 to roof a building with metal shingles or sheet metal. Ten years is about as long as you can count on modern impure metal roofing lasting. That is a cost of $10 a year. Pure iron roofing should last many times ten years. Even the old-fashioned charcoal iron roofs lasted forty to seventy years, and that iron was not as pure and not as rust-resisting as the pure iron which we are making. So instead of $10 a year, the cost of your roof will be nearer $2 a year.

Apply the same method of figuring savings to other sheet metal products; to metal window frames, metal lath, ventilators, gutters, pipes; especially to stoves, boilers, ranges and furnaces, which are peculiarly subject to rust, owing to condensation of moisture and to corrosive gases; to refrigerators; to road culverts, metal cars, boats, flumes, smoke stacks, tanks, woven wire fences and the thousand and one other things made from rolled or drawn metal.

ARMCO Iron Is Pure

Armco Iron is not only pure, rust-resisting—it is an exceedingly fine quality of metal for other reasons. Every process of manufacture is handled with extreme care and is under the supervision of very highly trained metallurgists. For instance, each sheet, after rolling, undergoes a slow annealing process which takes a week, although ordinary sheet metal is often annealed in a day. Slow annealing restores all of the original strength and evenness of texture and removes molecular strains caused by rolling. For this reason, Armco Iron is very ductile.

Armco Iron, when galvanized, shows practically no dissolution when the zinc is applied; therefore the zinc is not impregnated with iron particles and lasts much longer than the coating on an impure base.

Terne Plate Roofing

Armco Old Style Terne plate, with its Armco Iron base, is made by the Morewood hand dipped, old style, pure palm oil process. No acids are used. The coating is pure lead and tin—two almost indestructible metals.

There are seven operations. No higher grade metal roofing is made in the whole world. Each sheet is stamped Armco.

How To Get ARMCO Iron

Armco—American Ingot Iron—is sold through distributors of sheet metal. It is specified by architects and engineers and is used for making sheet metal products by many manufacturers. You can buy finished products of Armco Iron from hardware dealers, tinners and sheet metal workers. If you have any difficulty getting Armco Iron write us for names of dealers and manufacturers who use Armco. For example, the Page Woven Wire Fence Company uses Armco Iron.

Write for Free Book "Defeating Rust"

This book, "Defeating Rust," contains more real information about sheet metal than ever before has been put between two covers. It tells the complete story of pure iron—Armco Iron. It gives processes by which Armco Iron is produced. It shows how Armco Iron compares with other sheet metals in analysis, in tests, in actual use. This book gives the experiences of manufacturers in regard to welding, stamping, forming, enameling and polishing Armco Iron. It tells why stoves and refrigerators made of Armco Iron last longer.

Our Service Department will advise you regarding the use of Armco Iron. Our staff of metallurgists, chemists and practical field men is at your service.



48-page book fully illustrated

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☐ Galvanized Pails	☐ Woven Wire Fencing
☐ Terne Plate	☐ Flumes
☐ Window Frames	☐ Metal Lath

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Address.....

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NEW YORK: 551 Hudson Terminal Building
CINCINNATI: 2101 Union Central Bldg.
PITTSBURGH: 1832 Oliver Building
ST. LOUIS: 814 New Bank of Commerce Building
DETROIT: 901 Ford Building
CLEVELAND: 952 Rockefeller Building

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No metal can touch you

WITH knee-length Summer underwear, low shoes, silk hose, the double-grip feature adds snugness, security, perfect fitting. "Tailored to fit the leg."

Get all the comfort you can for your 25 or 50 cents.

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Get Acquainted With Your Magneto!

A weak magneto may be the cause of engine troubles which you now lay to other causes. A

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shows conspicuously just what your magneto is doing; warns you when it is getting too weak, and indicates its condition so that you may keep it right in shape to give that smart, snappy spark necessary for a lively motor. The saving in gasoline, due to perfect combustion with your magneto working efficiently will soon pay for the magnetometer, which **costs only $6.00.**

Our free booklet K will be mailed to any Ford owner interested. If you cannot buy a Hoyt at your garage or hardware dealer's, write to us.

Hoyt Elec. Instrument Works
Penacook, N.H.



The Edge Stays Sharp

Here is a pocket knife that *does* stay sharp under the hardest tests. Blades are fine English crucible steel and the springs are always tight.

KEEN KUTTER

pocket knives are guaranteed to make good and are sold with the understanding that the dealer will refund the price if they don't. This is true of every tool bearing the Keen Kutter trade mark. *If not at your dealer's, write us.*

Pocket Knife No. K3471 3 Blades Price $1.00.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
St. Louis U. S. A.

mists were trying to run the business of the country and that unless there was a let-up in business baiting, no man could tell what would happen.

I will supplement these Chicago expressions with a statement made by the president of a bank that vies with some of the greatest of Wall Street institutions in prestige and power. "You can't legislate a country *into* prosperity," he said, "but you can legislate a country *out* of prosperity. If it were not for some of our overzealous statesmen we would be in an almost impregnable position, because, when all is said and done, a great many of our business ills are imaginary. It is easy to howl calamity. Some men in the present situation remind me of a sign that I once saw in a Pittsburgh club. It showed the portrait of a grouchy-looking old man, and under this portrait were the words: 'I'm an old man and I've had many troubles, but many of them never happened.'"

One more view will round out this Chicago group. It is the comment of a very remarkable man whose immense wealth and business career are familiar to most newspaper and magazine readers. He put his finger on the American sore spot, because, when I asked him to size up the business situation, he said: "There is a great deal of talk about legislative, psychological, and various other reasons for hard times in the United States. Some of these may be true, but it strikes me that the chief trouble of the American people is extravagance. They spend more than they make. There will never be any permanent prosperity in this country until the great mass of the population has learned the lesson of thrift."

Optimism Unquenched

AS you go from city to city searching the business map, it is inevitable that comment, like history, should repeat itself. This is due to the fact, as I discovered, that the causes of our business setback are few in number, and the effects are approximately the same in nearly every locality.

You have only to go to Cleveland to find this out. Here I talked with more than a score of representative men—manufacturers, jobbers, retailers, bankers, and citizens generally. While they strenuously denounced the evil of excessive and continuous legislation, nearly all of them had at least held their own in business and some showed increases.

I found a characteristic example of American optimism in a huge foundry in Cleveland. When I visited this establishment it was shut down; the great furnaces were black and cold; the mighty hammers were idle; silence brooded. But, curiously enough, it was not the silence that portends disaster. I found this out when I saw the president in his office, a big, amiable, open-faced man, whose very presence and manner proclaimed the spacious outlook.

"Yes," he said, "I am closed down, but not for long. I wanted to make some changes in the plant, and business has been a little slack. But I am going to start up in a week, and I am going to put in the biggest stock that I have carried in years, because I believe that the great crops about to be harvested—and our business is closely allied with agriculture—means that we are going to have a wonderful prosperity."

Cramping the Living Body

HERE, as elsewhere, I found bitter protest against excessive and insistent legislation. The situation with regard to the antitrust bills is cleverly summed up in the report made to the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce on the antitrust bills, which said among other things:

"It would be the height of folly to put the entire body in a plaster cast because some fingers were out of joint."

Certainly there are no signs of distress in Cleveland. When you look, for instance, for those two unfailing measures of progress in any community—the bank clearings and the building permits—you find here, as I found in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, and various other places, a steady increase over last year.

Pass on to Detroit, where you find less of the spirit of pessimism than in almost any other American city. One reason, of course, is that the automobile business, which forms its dominant activity, has passed through a period of weeding out and standardization, and has taken its place as a militant and stable industry.

The Thing Called Business Fear

AN automobile maker—a man of keen insight and resources—sums up the causes of the business reaction in a striking way. He said:

"One reason why business men have been in trouble this year is their lack of vision. The case of some motor manufacturers will illustrate. When their business began to boom they were overwhelmed by what the moment seemed to hold out. On the strength of orders for a day they rushed in to build for a year. The net result was overexpansion. Many men in many industries found this out to their sorrow this year.

"Then, too, there is the thing which I would call Fear in business. President Wilson probably meant this when he spoke of the depression being psychological. The truth of the matter is that most business men are the biggest cowards in the world. Like Wall Street, they accept rumors without investigation, and it is this kind of emotion that starts runs on banks, puts money away in stockings and tin boxes where it is of no use to anybody and helps to bring about calamity talk. Personally I think that fully a third of the prevailing depression has been due to this."

The Springs of Wealth

OUT of Detroit came a statement on the situation that seems to set a new mark for patriotism in business. It was made by a man young in years and brilliant in achievement, who is one of the foremost figures in the automobile world.

"There is no question that we have had a decided lull in business," he said, "but I am optimistic about the outlook. All our wealth really springs from a few sources—the ground, the lakes, the rivers, and the sea. Therefore the basis of prosperity is certain. If business is bad the only way to overcome it, as I learned many years ago when I was a salesman, is by hard work.

"I think, as many other business men think, that there is too much politics in business. We are trying to run our commercial affairs from the political end, for political effect. While I am not in accord with all the things that President Wilson and Congress advocate, after all is said and done we are Americans at bottom, and I am more concerned in the ultimate success and prosperity of the country than in the rehabilitation or downfall of any party. What we want is prosperity, and if we can get it from the Wilson Administration, I am for it, and so are all fair-minded men.

"I have been a Republican all my life and I am loyal to my political convictions, but I am an American first. We must get the 'hard-times bug' out of our system. When we do this and capitalize the tremendous crop prospects before us nothing can stop the country. I believe Congress should remain in session and finish the work in hand, no matter if it takes sixty or ninety days. Whatever it may do has already been discounted. Let us know where we stand and we can go ahead under full steam, if we relieve the uncertainties, to a triumphant prosperity."

When you come to analyze business in New York City, you attack a problem which does not exist in any other American community. Here is a domain all its own, at once financially self-sufficient and yet commercially dependent upon the rest of the country.

You need no search warrant to discover that Wall Street is in its darkest depression since 1861. Fortunately Wall Street no longer represents or expresses the financial mind of the country. Each year the rest of the United States asserts an increasing economic independence of that one-time throne room of the monarchs of money.



Lady—*Have you been working ever since I gave you the pie last summer?*
Tramp—*No, ma'am. I just got out of the hospital.*

Wilson and Wall Street

WHAT might be considered the Wall Street attitude toward business, and this inevitably means the Wall Street attitude toward President Wilson (so closely have business and politics become entwined), may be summed up as follows:

"Four months ago President Wilson stood at the high tide of his popularity with business. He had achieved for the moment what few American Presidents have achieved—the admiration, respect, and much of the support of the financial district. Even a great majority of the members of the Stock Exchange were behind him. He had written two constructive pieces of legislation, the tariff and the currency laws, on the books of the nation. Big and little business stood ready to back him up. But instead of giving the country a chance to fulfill its natural expansive destiny, he instigated hostile legislation, creating discontent and lack of confidence in all large financial enterprise. He has stifled initiative and taken the courage out of Big Business. All that Wall Street can do is to indulge in some watchful and costly waiting, hoping that the 'fit' on which it exists will not give out."

"Corn-fed" Statesmen

THE plain, unvarnished truth is that Wall Street does not expect a rebound for a considerable time. No matter how quickly the country "comes back," it cannot be restored to anything like its normal activities until the railroads get on their financial feet, and this state of affairs has come to be regarded as full twin to the millennium.

Quite naturally that part of business dependent upon or related to Wall Street is in similar somber mood. The extreme view is expressed by the president of a great bank within a stone's throw of the Stock Exchange, who said: "We are absolutely standing still and we will be lucky if we don't go back with a bump. With the interest on half a billion dollars of bonds defaulted since the first of this year, and with the stock of only fourteen railroads selling above par, we are in a dangerous situation. It is all due to the pernicious activities of a lot of 'corn-fed' statesmen, who are writing their grievances, resentments, personal and political prejudices in laws that control, disconcert and disaffect business. We never know what the next day will bring forth. Until the status of business is defined we are helpless."

A More Judicial View

ANOTHER great Wall Street banker, more judicial than the one I have just quoted, expressed himself as follows:

"The trouble with Washington is that it does not estimate the *effect* of legislation. It does not realize that the drastic cure for business may also kill. Still, I have more faith in the resources of the country than in the intent of its lawmakers. Sooner or later the people, who cannot be fooled all the time, will rise up and make a change."

Leaving the Wall Street influence and founding actual New York commerce we find a less depressing outlook. As a

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matter of fact—so far as the general mercantile situation is concerned—it is no different from the conservative view in New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, or Cincinnati. The huge jobbing houses have barely held their own by the hardest kind of effort and a larger cost than ever before. The president of the largest wholesale grocery establishment in New York echoed this sentiment, and also crystallized what is seething in the average big business mind, by saying:

"If we must have new laws governing business, let them at least be written so clearly that the average intelligence can comprehend them. Why should Congress impose the added burden of making us hire a corporation lawyer to interpret the statutes?"

When you sum up the mercantile situation, based on the nation-wide reports received by such agencies as Dun's and Bradstreet's, you find this to be the case:

Conditions were no worse at the end of July than during the four weeks preceding. Needed rains have fallen in many districts; the general crop situation has improved; clearance sales and hot weather have enlarged the turnover of summer goods; reports from iron, steel, and allied lines, such as agricultural implements, car building and repairing, show betterment; bank clearings, especially in New York, continue to improve, and the settlement of various labor troubles add to the gradual elimination of unrest. More encouraging than all this is the normal number of failures and the fact that in cities like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia savings deposits are increasing.

The Case of New England

THE business face of New England has the look of the granite rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers stepped, as may be expected in a region hard hit by the tariff, and with its financial peace shaken by the New Haven collapse. The struggle to keep business up to its normal has wiped out party lines altogether. Here is a Boston view, which finds a responsive echo in every manufacturing center:

"Business is bad and it will be a miracle if it does not become worse. President Wilson's whole attitude toward business has been wrong. When he emerged for a moment from his self-satisfied shell and began to send for business men to talk over the situation, at the outset he summoned only those persons who he knew would tell him what he wanted to hear. He simply repeated what he did with the Mexican situation: he refused to have an open mind; he does not want all sides of a question. The result of the misinformation poured into his ear is that he has adhered to a policy that disrupts confidence and plays havoc with trade."

The shoe industry, one of the mainstays of Massachusetts business, will serve to illustrate. I asked an officer of one of the great shoe machinery concerns to sum up the situation. He said:

"With the exception of one large shoe manufacturer, who makes a low-priced shoe, I don't know of a single manufacturer, large or small, who does not say that his business to-day is at a lower ebb than at any time for many years.

"What is true of the shoe industry is true of every other industry which has come to my attention. Merchants report that those who have been carrying charge accounts are buying hardly anything, while those who hitherto have been in the habit of paying cash are asking for credit. There is no fundamental reason why this should be so. Ordinarily, with the prospects of such crops as are reported to be in sight, all industry would be picking up, but that is not the case to-day.

"The uncertainty with regard to the working of the new currency law, controlled as it will be by political appointees like McAdoo and Williams, is an element to be considered; but, worst of all, is the dread of undigested legislation which the Administration is trying to wring from Congress. Without regard to the ultimate merits of this legislation, one thing is certain: it opens up a new period of litigation where business men had thought they might be able to adjust themselves to the Sherman Law as interpreted by the courts. The enactment of any of the bills now before Congress means years of uncertainty.

"Specifically, the enactment of the Trade Commission Bill would establish a system of government spies over every business, large or small, which honest business men believe would be intolerable. It would place every business man under suspicion and would discourage enterprise. The President's assurance that after this legislation has once been passed, business need fear no further legislation while he is in the White House, is of no significance whatever, for there is no legislation conceivable which would leave a feeling of greater uncertainty in all lines of business than that which Congress is now considering."

Throughout New England, there is much pessimism. From New Haven comes this word: "In industries where textiles are more or less used, business is somewhat better than in the metal lines, but in spite of every effort to get more business at cost or little better, there is no encouragement."

The head of a large business in Springfield says: "Our business for the last six months shows a 5 per cent increase over the corresponding months of last year. The bulk of buying is in small orders, and indicates 'a hand to mouth' policy."

I can best sum up the whole New England situation by quoting a very conservative Boston banker who said:

"We have had about all the liquidation in securities that we can stand. Let us now have a liquidation of legislation."

A Swing Around the Country

SO limited is the remaining space that it is only possible to take a swift swing around the rest of the country. Take first the Pacific Coast, that bulwark of an indomitable optimism. Here, the opening of the Panama Canal vies with the crop prospect as a favorable factor for the future.

Spokane, which also speaks for eastern Washington, northern Idaho, and western Montana, reports slow, but steady revival, the biggest small grain crop in its history, a system of cooperative marketing that will double the fruit and berry output. So, too, with Portland and Seattle, where, in addition to the natural uplift caused by the crop situation, the deepening of waterways and the construction of the Government railroad in Alaska stimulate the business pulse. Sacramento reports "fundamental conditions sound," but a conspicuous absence of a speculative desire.

Several distinctive reasons—but particularly the approaching Panama-Pacific Exposition—give San Francisco a stimulation that fills the community with high hope. Preparations for the fair have caused much activity in building and in real estate and the result is that bank clearings, building operations, and imports show a considerable increase over last year.

Los Angeles suffers: a slump in her principal winter commodity, which happens to be tourists. But the feeling in the capital of southern California, despite a vast army of the unemployed, is one of courage and faith, which is typical of the attitude of that whole section of the nation.

The South Prospering

THE situation in the Southwest, of which Texas is the largest single unit, is one of the most satisfactory in the whole country, for the reason that here the general prosperity is almost altogether dependent upon the crops, led by King Cotton.

Continuing through the South you find slow improvement, always attributable to the soil. In States like Alabama, North Carolina, Georgia, and Arkansas much of this uplift is due to the movement for better farming among the "poor whites." Savannah, Charleston, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Little Rock, have increased bank clearings and a slight boom in manufacturing and jobbing. New Orleans provides a refreshing relief from the legislation-produced depression of the rest of the country by reporting a distinct impetus to trade due to a bill just enacted by the State which exempts money in hand and on deposit from taxation. Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole Southern situation is that the number of unemployed is less than in any other section.

In the Middle West where throbs the heart of the steel industry—the problem of idle labor strains even the highest faith. Every community from Cincinnati to Grand Rapids, considers itself fortunate to hold its own.

In the Near and Far West, there is more activity: cities like Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, Des Moines, reporting gradual increases and somewhat buoyant prospects. But the burden of every letter is: "We are being legislated todeath. Why doesn't Washington let up?"

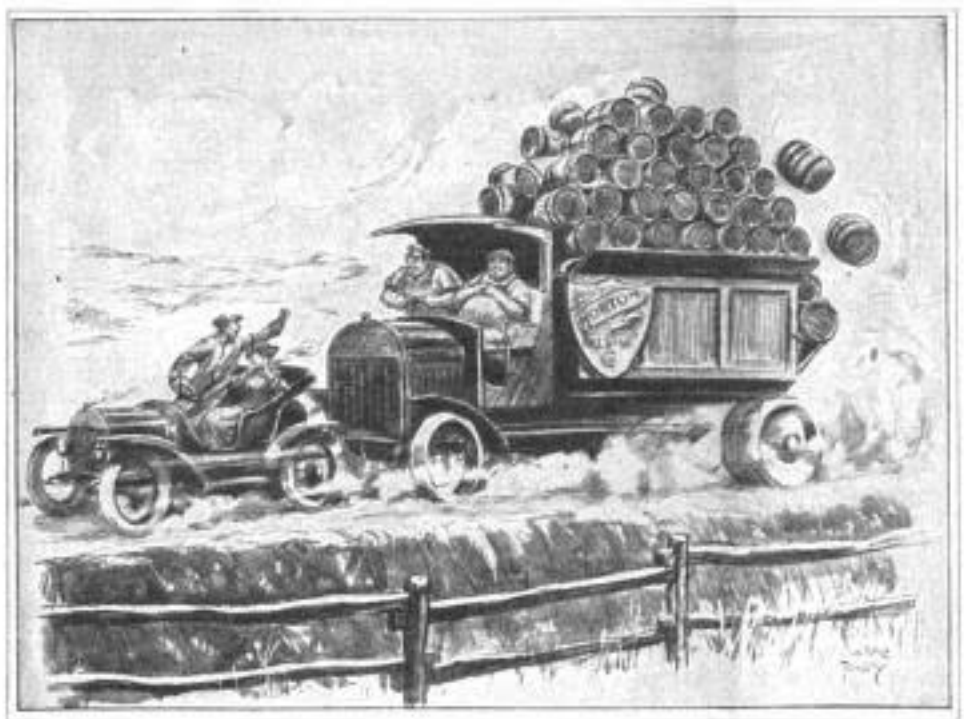
The Big Significance

YOU have now seen something of the business situation. How does it sum up—what is the real significance; what does it hold out for the future?

Perhaps in no other similar crisis in our country has responsibility been so unanimously fixed. The majority verdict irrespective of party puts it squarely and fairly up to the President's determination to force a corrective and constantly changing program of legislation upon a commerce already law weary and anxious to be let alone. So much for the cause.

The net result has been a far-flung depression that more than once verged perilously near panic. Only the courage and resource that lie at the very roots of American business have enabled the country to resist surrender until nature—more consistent than man—came to the rescue with bounteous crops. These crops, therefore, are the hope of the business to-morrow. Without them the outlook would indeed be dark.

But with the many-sided plenty that they bring; with pending legislation partially discounted; with some kind of settlement of the railway rate case, the conviction grows in most quarters that perhaps the worst is over and that *despite* Washington, a European war and all that war means, the country will march on to its natural destiny of ever-widening prosperity.



Motorist: *"Hey! You big bully, why don't you pick on something your own size?"*



The Dealer Holds This Up Because it Upholds Him

He Safely Recommends it because of This Trade Mark

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Road Smoothers

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The German War Machine

[Continued from page 13]

ivory keys in the short space of two and a half minutes (as I was keenly interested, I timed it) could show the exact spot of the train between two stations, the train being over 500 kilometers distant from Berlin.

As every class A1 vessel in the merchant marine of Germany, especially the passenger boats of the big steamship lines, can be pressed into government service, so can all motor vehicles, taxis, and trucks owned either privately or by corporations be called upon if considered necessary.

Through this vast and far-reaching system of transportation, Germany is enabled to throw a million fully equipped men on to either of her frontiers within forty-eight hours. She can double this host in sixty hours more.

Victualization

NAPOLEON'S dictum that an army marches on its stomach is as true to-day as it was then, adequate provisions for man and beast being the most important factor in military science. The economic feeding of three-quarters of a million men in peace time is work enough. It becomes a serious problem in the event of war, especially to a country like Germany, which is somewhat dependent on outside sources for the feeding of her millions. The authorities, quite aware of a possible blockading and consequent stoppage of imports, have made preparations with their usual thorough German completeness. At any given time there is sufficient foodstuff for man and beast stored in state storehouses and the large private concerns to feed the entire German army for twelve months. This might seem inadequate, but it is not, the authorities being well aware that war in Europe at the present time could not and would not last longer than such a period.

Once a year these storehouses are overhauled and perishable or deteriorating provisions replaced. Tens of thousands of tons of foodstuffs, especially fodder, are sold far below their usual market prices to the poorer classes, notably farmers. Likewise the material used by the army is as far as possible supplied by the farmer direct.

The total absence of bloated, pudgy-fingered army contractors in Germany is pleasant to the eyes of those who know the conditions in some other countries I could mention.

Besides, the whole of the German fighting machine is so organized that in all probability decisive battles would be fought in the enemy's country, in which case the onus of feeding the troops would fall on the enemy, by the military devices "requisitioning" and "commandeering."

In this German, and especially Prussian, quartermasters are in no way behind their English confrères, of whose activity in the Boer War I know from personal experience.

Special Foods

TO give but another instance of the scientific thoroughness in detail, take a single food preparation—the Erbsenwurst (pea-meal sausage)—a preparation of peas, meal, bacon, salt, and seasoning, compressed in a dry state into air and water tight tubes in the form of a sausage, each weighing a quarter of a pound.

Highly nutritious, light in weight, practically indestructible, wholesome, this is easily prepared into a palatable meal with the simple addition of hot water. Of this preparation huge quantities are always kept in stock for the army.

Intelligence

WITHOUT doubt the most important division of the General Staff and upon whose information and efforts the whole machine hinges is the Intelligence Department, really covering many different fields—for instance, general science, especially strategy, topography, ballistics, but mainly the procuring of information, data, plans, maps, etc., kept more or less secret by other powers. In this division the brightest young officers and general officials are found. The training and knowledge required of the men in this service are exacting to a degree. It requires in most cases the undivided attention—often a life study—to a single subject.

It has been the unswerving policy of the Prussian military authorities to know as much of the rest of the European countries as they know of their own. In the war of 1870-71, German commanders down to the lieutenant leading a small detachment had accurate information, charts and data of every province in France, giving them more accurate knowledge of a foreign country than that country had of itself. It is a notorious fact that, after the defeat of the French armies at Weissenburg and Wörth and later at Metz, the French commanders and officers lost valuable time and strategical positions through sheer ignorance of their own country. This is impossible under the Prussian system. To-day there is not a country in Europe of which there are not the most elaborate charts and maps, topographically exact to the minutest detail, docketed in the archives of the General Staff. This applies as a rule to the General Staff of most nations, but not to such painstaking details.

Exhaustive Knowledge of Enemies

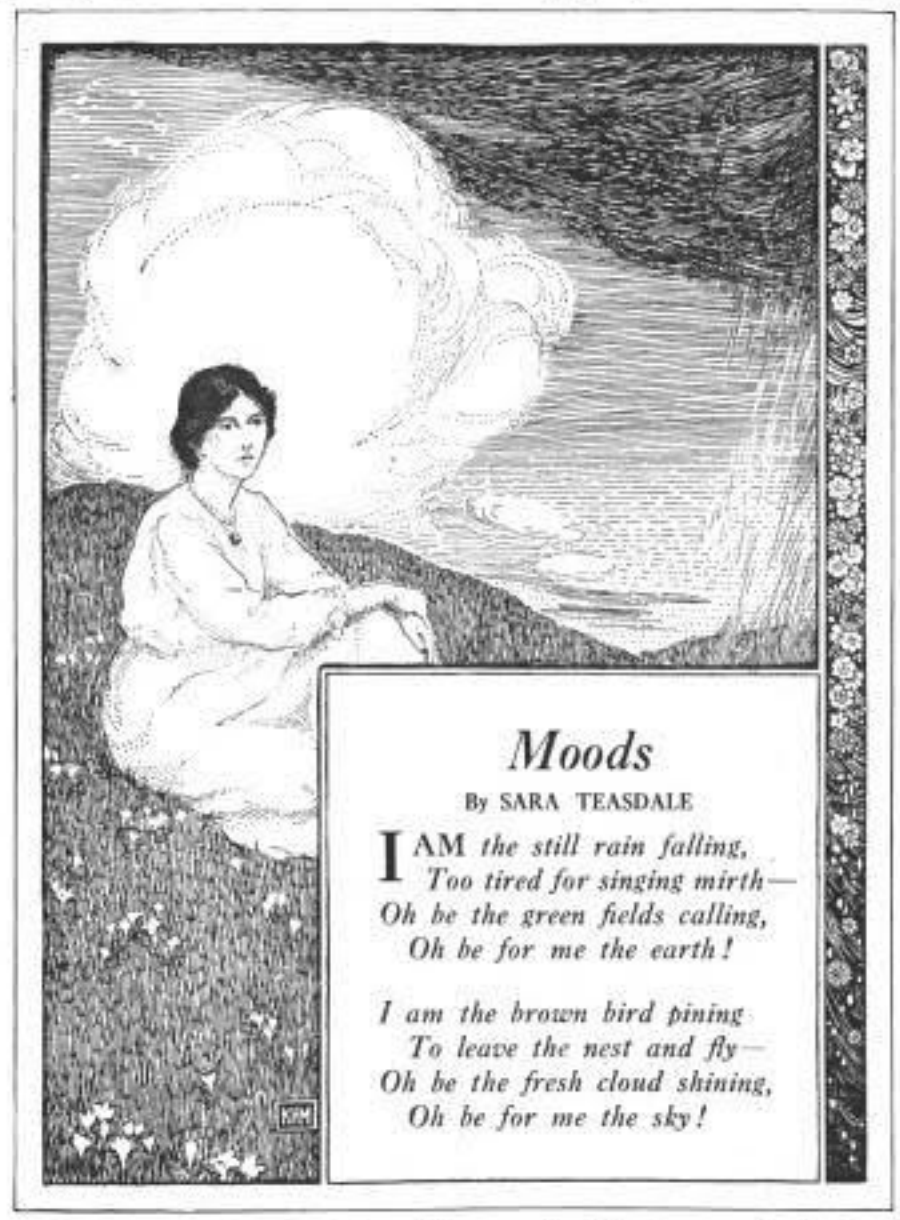
WHILE undergoing instructions in the Admiral Stab in the Königgrätzer Strasse 70 previous to my being sent on an English mission, a controversy arose between my instructor and myself as to the distance between two towns on the Lincolnshire coast. He pushed a button and requested the answering orderly to bring map 64 and the officer in charge. With the usual promptness both map and officer appeared. The officer, who could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, discussed with me in fluent colloquial English the whole of this section of Lincolnshire. Not a hummock, road, road house, even to farmer's residences and blacksmith's shop, of which he did not have exact knowledge. I expressed astonishment at this most unusual acquaintance with the locality, and suggested that he must have spent considerable time in residence there. Conceive my astonishment when informed that he had never been out of Germany and the only voyage ever undertaken by him led him as far as Helgoland. Subsequently through careful inquiries and research—my work bringing me into constant contact with the various divisions—I found that the whole of England, France, and Russia was carefully cut into sections, each of those sections being in charge of two officers and a secretary whose sole duty it was to acquaint and make themselves perfectly familiar with everything in that particular locality. Through the far-reaching system of espionage, the latest and most up-to-date information is always forthcoming, and time and again I myself, often returning from a mission like one of those to the naval base in Scotland, have sat by the hour verbally amplifying my previous reports.

A part of the intelligence system is the personality squad, whose duty it is to acquaint themselves with the personality of every army and navy officer of the leading powers. I have seen reports as to the environments, habits, hobbies, and general proclivities of men such as Admiral Fisher, commanding the Channel Squadron of the British Navy, down to Colonel Ribault, in charge of a battery in Toulouse. To military or naval officers and men of affairs the reason and benefit of such a system are obvious. The general reader, however, may not quite see the point. The position of a commander in the field is analogous to the executive head of a big selling concern. A semipersonal knowledge of the foibles and characteristics of his customers without doubt gives him an advantage over a rival concern, neglecting the personal equation being really more important than is generally understood. This has long been recognized and fully taken advantage of by the German Army authorities.

Aerial Weapons

WITHIN the last few years an entirely new, and, according to German ideas, most important factor has entered and seriously disturbed the relative military power of European nations. This is the aerial weapon.

Since the days of Otto Lilienthal and his glider, it has been the policy of Germany to keep track of all inventions likely to be embodied and made use of in the War Machine. It is a far cry from Lilienthal's glider to the last word in aerial construction such as the mysterious Zeppelin-Parseval sky monster that, carrying a complement of twenty-five men and twelve tons of explosives, sailed across the North Sea, circled over London, and returned to Germany. Lilienthal's glider kept aloft four minutes, but this new dreadnought of Germany's flying navy was aloft ninety-six hours, maintaining a speed of



Moods

By SARA TEASDALE

I AM *the still rain falling,*
Too tired for singing mirth—
Oh be the green fields calling,
Oh be for me the earth!

I am the brown bird pining
To leave the nest and fly—
Oh be the fresh cloud shining,
Oh be for me the sky!

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thirty-eight miles an hour, this even in the face of a storm pressure of almost eighty meters. Such feats as this are significant. They are at the same time the outcome and the cause of the development of this part of the War Machine.

It is my purpose here to tell you how far Germany has advanced and progressed in this struggle for mastery of the sky. I shall disclose facts about her system that have never appeared in print—that have never been heard in conversation. They are known only to the General Staff at Berlin, not even in the cabinets of Europe.

Secret Aerial Strength

GERMANY without doubt has the most up-to-date aerial fleet in the world. The budget of the Reichstag of 1908-1909 allowed and provided for the building and maintenance of twelve dirigibles of the Zeppelin type. So far as the knowledge of the rest of the world is concerned this is all the sky navy that Germany possesses. It is a fact, though, that she has three times the number that she officially acknowledges.

The dirigible-balloon centers in Germany are five and they are situated at vitally strategic points. There are two on the French border, one on the Russian border, one on the Atlantic Coast, and a central station near Berlin. The exact places are Strassburg, Frankfort on the Main, Posen, Wilhelmshafen, and Berlin. This does not include the marvelous station at Helgoland in the North Sea, this being a strategic point in relation to Great Britain. Nothing is known about this Helgoland station. None but those on official business are permitted within a thousand yards of it. I shall tell things concerning it.



Little Mothers

Besides these purely military posts there are a number of commercial stations necessary as depots of the regular transportation aerial lines that operate for the convenience of the public. Like Germany's commercial steamers, however, they are controlled and subsidized by the Government. At a few hours' notice they can be converted and made use of for Government purposes. Taking these transportation lines into consideration, it is safe to state that by now Germany could send fifty huge airships to war.

Revolutionizing Discoveries

IT may be a puzzle to Americans why, in the face of disasters and accidents to these Zeppelins, Germany is spending about $4,000,000 on her aerial fleet. Now we come to a very significant point. I know, and certain members of the German General Staff know as well as trusted men in the aerial corps, that there are two conditions under which airships are operated in Germany. One is the ordinary more or less well-known system which characterizes the operation of all the passenger lines now in service in the Empire. It is the system under which all the disasters that appear in the newspapers occur. Airships that are used in the general army flights and maneuvers are also run under the same system as the passenger dirigibles—for a reason.

The other system is an absolute secret of the German General Staff. It is not used in the general maneuvers, only in specific cases, and these always secretly. It has been proved to be effective in eliminating 75 per cent of the accidents which have characterized all of Germany's adventures in dirigibles and heavier-than-air machines. These statistics are known only among the German General Staff officers.

Let us go into this further. Critics of the German dirigible who foolishly rate the French aeroplane superior point out that the Zeppelins have three serious defects—bulk and heaviness of structure, inflammability of the lifting power—the gas that floats them—and insufficiency of fuel carriage. In other words, they cannot ship enough gas to stay in the air a desirable length of time without coming down. The secret devices of the German war office have eliminated all these objectionable features. They have overcome the condition of bulk and heaviness of structure by their Government chemists devising the formula of a material that is lighter than aluminum, yet which possesses all of that metal's density and which has also the flexibility of steel. Airships not among the twelve that Germany officially admits are made of this material. Its formula is a Government secret and England or France would give thousands of dollars to possess it.

The objection of inflammability of the lifting power has also been overcome. The power of the ordinary hydrogen gas in all its various forms has been multiplied threefold by a new gas discovered at the Spandau Government chemical laboratory. This gas has also the enormous advantage of being absolutely uninflammable. I have seen experiments made with it. It cannot be used for illuminating purposes. Dirigibles that are equipped with it are not liable to the awful explosions that have characterized flights under the ordinary system. The new gas has also the enormous advantage of having a liquid form. To produce the gas it is only necessary to let the ordinary atmosphere come in contact with the liquid. Carried in cylinders two feet long and with a diameter of six inches it is obvious that enough of this liquid can be carried aboard the big war dirigibles to permit their refilling in mid-air. So, you see, all the objections to the commonly known system of operation have been overcome by the War Office.

The last dirigible tried by the War Office in 1912, the mysterious *Zeppelin X*, made a continuous trip from Stettin over the Baltic to Upsala in Sweden, thence across the Baltic again to Riga in the Gulf of Finland, where it doubled and sailed back to Stettin. This was a journey of 976 miles. The airship had a complement of twenty-five men and twelve tons of dead weight. It traveled under severe weather conditions, the month being March, and snowstorms, hail, and rain occurred throughout the voyage. The significance of this flight can be easily understood if you consider that the distance from Strassburg or Düsseldorf to Paris or other strategical points in France is approximately 480 kilometers. A ship like the *Zeppelin X* could sail over the French border, dynamite the fortifications around Paris and return, the journey being roughly about 1,000 kilometers or some hundreds of kilometers less than the actual trip made by the *Zeppelin X*. Moreover the German military trials have shown the possibility of an aerial fleet leaving its home ports and cruising to foreign lands and returning without the necessity of landing to replenish its gas tanks or fuel.

The Aerial Corps

LET me show you how the German aerial corps is made up. It is called the Luftschiffer Abteilung and is composed of ten battalions, each consisting of 350 men. They are all absolutely trained for this branch of the service. Only the smartest mechanics and artificers are selected. In the higher positions the most intelligent and bravest officers hold command. Comparing the usual pay in continental armies, the wages of the men in the German aerial corps are exceptionally high. In fact they are the highest paid in the German army. They are not ordinary enlisted men, meaning that they serve only their two years' time. Most of them have agreed to serve a lengthy term. Married men are not encouraged to enroll in this branch of the service. It is obvious from the nature of the work that the hazards are often great. The wonderful system of the German War Machine has been installed with rare detail in the aerial corps. The

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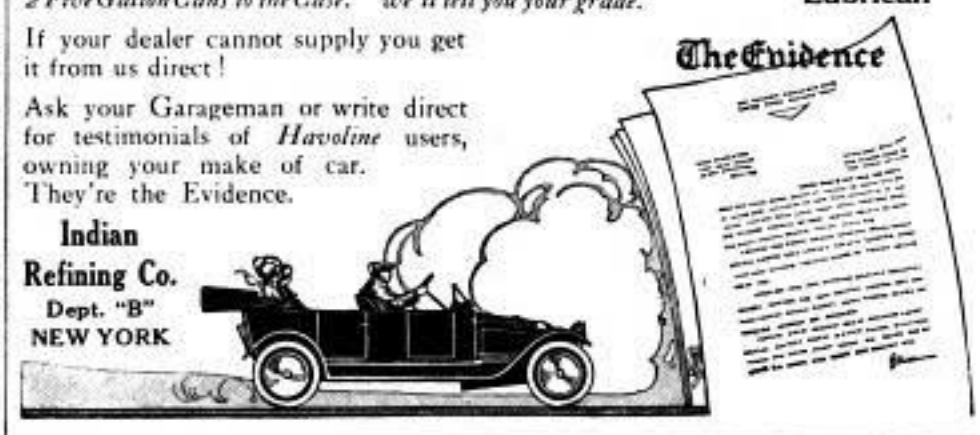
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equipment of the different stations is really marvelous, for everything human ingenuity has been able to devise concerning the dirigible you will find in application. Each station is fully equipped and is an absolutely independent center in itself. Take the base at Helgoland. It is the newest and the one that is always cloaked with secrecy.

Guarding the Dirigibles

AT the extreme eastern corner of the island of Helgoland one sees, amid the sandy dunes, three vast oblong iron-gray structures. At a distance they are not unlike overgrown gasometers. I say at a distance, for it is impossible for any visitor to get within a thousand yards of the station. The solitary approach is guarded by a triple post of the marine guard. If you walk toward the station, before you come within a hundred yards of the guard, you will find large signs setting forth in unmistakable and terse language that dire and swift penalties follow any further exploration in that direction. Not only English but German visitors to Helgoland have found out that even the slightest infringement of the rules of these signs is dangerous. I shall, however, take you a little closer.

Walking on until you are within fifty yards of the great balloon sheds, you pause before a tall fence of barbed wire, this connected with an elaborate alarm-bell system that sounds in the two guardhouses. For instance, if an enterprising secret agent of France were to try and steal up on the station, if he came by night and cut through the barbed wire, a series of bells would immediately sound the general alarm. Having passed through the six strands of barbed wire a tall octagonal tower meets the eye. In this tower are installed two powerful searchlights as well as a complete wireless outfit. All the Zeppelins carry wireless. By means of elaborate reflectors, it is possible with the searchlights to flood the whole place with daylight in the middle of night. Thus ascensions can be made safely at any hour of the twenty-four. The three oblong sheds stand in a row, the middle being the largest, having spaces for two complete dirigibles, while the other sheds house but one each. They are about 800 feet long, 200 feet broad and 120 feet high. The whole structure itself can be shifted to about an angle of forty degrees, this being worked on a plan similar to the railroad engine turntable. The reason for it is that with the veering of the wind the sheds are turned so that the doors will be placed advantageously for the removal of the airship.

Dirigibles Replace Forts

THE whole layout and the vast area of space show that it is the Government's intention still further to increase the plant. In fact, on my last visit to Helgoland—and it was nearly three years ago—I saw the evidence of another shed about to be built. At the station is the most efficient meteorological department of all the stations. The most sensitive and up-to-date instruments connected with this science are there in duplicate and the highest experts such as only Germany can produce are in charge of the department.

When I was at Helgoland I noticed a vast difference in the strength of the fortifications compared to what they had been. They used to be tremendous, but since the addition of the naval base they have become secondary. Half the soldiers on duty there have been transferred elsewhere; so with the big guns. There is no longer any need of them. As I stated, I saw a fourth big balloon shed in the course of construction. I have not been on the island for nearly three years. Nobody has been near the extreme eastern end except those closely identified with the service. Considering that Germany has not built more than one extra shed, that means five dirigibles, and there is nothing on earth that could stand up against them. Helgoland does not need forts any more. The new forts float in the sky and can rain death.

Helgoland has long been a sore spot of British diplomacy. Seized from Denmark in 1807, it was formally ceded to England in 1814; now it is a menace to her. While Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister of England, he conceived what he believed to be a shrewd diplomatic move. He offered Bismarck the island of Helgoland in exchange for some East African concessions, and it became a German possession in 1890. Helgoland is now the key and guard of Germany's main artery of commerce, being the key to Hamburg. With the dirigible station of Helgoland to guard her, Hamburg is impregnable, and on England's northern coast they have a way of looking out across the North Sea with troubled eyes!



"Say! Sammy, you've got to quit bringin' me bokays an' things. First thing you know I'll be gettin' talked about"

Let us consider one of these new war monsters, the latest and most powerful, the *X 15*. The latest Zeppelins, charged with the newly discovered dioxygenous gas, giving these sky battleships triple lifting capacity; the perfecting of the Diesel motor, giving enormous horsepower percentage with light fuel consumption (fifty of these Diesel engines, their workings secret to the German Government, are stored under guard at the big navy yards at Wilhelmshafen and Kiel, ready to be installed at the break of war in submarines and dirigibles), have given the German type of aircraft an importance undreamed of and unsuspected by the rest of the world.

Guns on the Zeppelins

THE operating sphere of the new balloons has extended from 100 to 1,400 kilometers. Secret trial trips of a fully equipped Zeppelin like *X 15*, carrying a crew of twenty-four men, six quick-firing guns, seven tons of explosives, have extended from Stettin, over the Baltic, over the Swedish coast, recrossing the Baltic and landing at Swinemünde, with enough gas, fuel, and provisions left to keep aloft another thirty-six hours. The distance all told covered on one of these trips was 1,180 kilometers. This fact speaks for itself. The return distance from Helgoland to London, or any midland towns in England, corresponds to the mileage covered on recent trips. In the event of hostilities between England and Germany, this statement needs no explanation. That is why I mentioned that the latter-day Zeppelins were a powerful factor in bringing about an amiable understanding between those two powerful countries. For neither the historic wooden walls of Nelson's day nor the steel plates of her modern navy could help England or any other nation against the inroads of the monsters of the air.

The Damage They Can Do

THE capacity of seven tons of explosives does not exhaust the resources of this type of weapon. I have it on good authority that the new Zeppelins can carry double that quantity of explosives if necessary. As the size of these vessels increases, so does the ratio of their carrying capacity.

Picture the havoc a dozen such vultures could create attacking a city like London or Paris. Present-day defense against these ships is totally inadequate. In attacking large places, the Zeppelins would rise to a height of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet, at which distance these huge cigar-shaped engines of death, 700 feet long, would appear the size of a football, and no bigger. I know that Zeppelins have successfully sailed aloft at an altitude of 10,000 feet. Picture them at that elevation, everybody aboard in warm, comfortable quarters, ready to drop explosives to the ground. The half informed man—and there appear to be many such in European cabinets, which recalls the proverb about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing—likes to say that a flock of aeroplanes can put a dirigible out of business. Consider now an aeroplane at an elevation of 6,000 feet and remember that the new Zeppelins have gone thousands of feet higher. An aviator at 6,000 feet is so cold that he is practically useless for anything but guiding his machine. How in the world is he or his seat mate going to do harm to a big craft the size of the Zeppelin that is far above him? Any aviator who has ever gone up, say 8,000 feet, will tell you when he comes down what a harrowing experience he has had. What good can an individual be, exposed to the temperature and the elements at such an altitude, in doing harm to the calm, comfortable gentlemen in the heated compartments of the Zeppelin?—*Quelach!* which is a German army term for piffle!

At 8,000 feet the small target a Zeppelin affords would move at a rate of speed of from thirty-five to sixty miles an hour. The possible chances of being hit by terrestrial gunfire are infinitesimally small. This does not take into account the vast opportunities that a dirigible has for night attacks or the possibility of hiding among the clouds. The *X 15*, sailing over London, could drop explosives down and create terrible havoc. They don't have to aim. They simply dump overboard some of the new explosive of the German Government, this new chemical having the property of setting on fire anything that it hits, and they sail on. And remember that wherever the new German explosive strikes conflagration begins.

Aeroplanes, biplanes, monoplanes, and the other innumerable host of small craft so often quoted as a possible counterdefense against the Zeppelin, are overrated, and are in any case theoretical. The German authorities have made vast and exhaustive trials in these matters. The strenuous efforts on the part of this Empire to increase its dirigible fleet are to my way of thinking answer enough.

This article was written with the collaboration of Edward Lyell Fox

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Idle Thoughts in Busy Times

(Continued from page 20)

Henry might have risen from obscurity but for his life's misfortune which struck him at this point. In office he had taken a firm stand against corporation domination and for reform. During the heat of the battle some one discovered that he had at one time slipped a lead dollar into a church collection plate. The State rose against him with loathing, and he was defeated for reelection by 200,000 votes. To add to his annoyance his fiancée, who had been obtained for him after a costly search by the Eugenics Bureau, broke her neck while dancing the tango, and some one began to sell peanuts, wrapped individually, with full-page magazine advertisements. Ruined and discouraged, Henry lowered himself out of his past life and plunged into the great West, where for some years he led a gray, monotonous existence holding up pedestrians on State Street, Chicago.

"As is always the case, society cannot refrain from kicking a man when he is down. Being accidentally arrested, Henry was treated with great brutality and was kept all night in the Harrison Street jail. This shattered his health and reduced him to a blind fury against all mankind. Back toward the East he moved, leaving ruin and desolation in his wake. He held up trains, shot sheriffs, murdered policemen, and robbed right and left. He also became addicted to liquor and married profusely. Being caught red-handed in New York after a particularly daring exploit, he was tried and sentenced to death. Henry's fortunes were now at low ebb and, as he was still a young man, it looked as if he might some day be hanged. Public sentiment was very bitter against him, and no one could be elected to office without the indorsement of the Widows' Association, a powerful organization formed of those whose husbands had been shot away by Henry.

"We are now nearly through the book. Ten years intervene and there seems to be but little left to do but arrange the details of the execution. Still Henry lingers on, his case wandering from court to court. He is now wealthy again, thanks to the sale of his book, and his cell in the Tombs is furnished in exquisite taste. The public has lost interest in him, and the Widows' Association, which has controlled the city and has gotten enormously rich, is defeated by the reform element. Suddenly a great newspaper publishes the fact that at one time Henry, while robbing a poor boy, returned enough money to him to enable him to buy a sandwich. A wave of praise sweeps over the city. Pity for Henry becomes epidemic. A petition of 4,000,000 names secures his release. He is carried on the shoulders of the mob through the streets and is elected to Congress that fall."

This plot reeks of the present and immediate future, and we hope to read it from the pen of some noted realist before many years.

Bealby

(Continued from page 22)

with the caravan lamp and kettle. Mrs. Geedge would hand it over to her. She broke into song. "A-hunting we will go-ooh," she sang. "A-hunting we will go." . . .

But she could not conquer the churlish underside of the Captain's nature even by such efforts. She threw a glamour of vigor and fun over the adventure, but some cold streak in his composition was insisting all the time that as a boy hunt the attempt failed. Various little delays in her preparations prevented a start before half past seven; he let that weigh with him, and when sometimes she clapped her hands and ran—and she ran like a deer, and sometimes she sang—he said something about going at an even pace.

At a quarter past one Mrs. Geedge observed them returning. They were walking abreast and about six feet apart; they bore themselves grimly after the manner of those who have delivered ultimata, and they conversed no more. . . .

In the afternoon Madeleine kept her own room, exhausted, and Captain Douglas sought opportunities of speaking to her in vain. His face expressed distress and perplexity, with momentary lapses into wrathful resolution, and he evaded Judy and her leading questions and talked about the weather with Geedge. He declined a proposal of the Professor's to go round the links, with especial reference to his neglected putting. "You ought to, you know," said the Professor. About half past three, and without any publication of his intention, Captain Douglas departed upon his motor bicycle. Madeleine did not reappear until dinner time, and then she was clad in lace and gayety that impressed the naturally very good observation of Mrs. Geedge as unreal.

THE Captain, a confusion of motives that was as it were a mind returning to chaos, started upon his motor bicycle. He had seen tears in her eyes. Just for one instant, but certainly they were tears. Tears of vexation. Or sorrow? (Which is the worse thing for a lover to arouse, grief or resentment?) But this boy must be caught, because if he was not caught a perpetually developing story for imbecile practical joking upon eminent and influential persons would eat like a cancer into the Captain's career. And if his career was spoiled, what sort of thing would he be as a lover? Not to mention that he might never get a chance then to try flying for military purposes. . . . So anyhow, anyhow, this boy must be caught. But quickly, for women's hearts are tender, they will not stand exposure to hardship. There is a kind of unreasonableness natural to goddesses. Unhappily this was an expedition needing wariness, deliberation, and one brought to it a feverish hurry to get back. There must be self-control. There must be patience. Such occasions try the soldiering quality of a man. . . . It added nothing to the Captain's self-control that, after he had traveled ten miles, he found he had forgotten his quite indispensable map and had to return for it. Then he was seized again with doubts about his inductions and went over them again, sitting by the roadside. (There must be patience.) . . . He went on at a pace of thirty-five miles an hour to the inn he had marked upon his map as Bealby's limit for the second evening. It was a beastly little inn: it stewed tea for the Captain atrociously and it knew nothing of Bealby. In the adjacent cottages also they had never heard of Bealby. Captain Douglas revised his deductions for the third time and came to the conclusion that he had not made a proper allowance for Wednesday afternoon. Then there was all Thursday, and the longer, lengthening part of Friday. He might have done thirty miles or more already. And he might have crossed this corner — inconspicuously. Suppose he hadn't after all come along this road!

He had a momentary vision of Madeleine with eyes brightly tearful. "You left me for a Wild Goose Chase," he fancied her saying. . . . One must stick to one's job. A soldier more particularly must stick to his job. Consider Balaklava. . . .

He decided to go on along this road and try the incidental cottages that his reasoning led him to suppose were the most likely places at which Bealby would ask for food. It was a business demanding patience and politeness.

SO a number of cottagers—for the greater part they were elderly women past the fiercer rush and hurry of life, grandmothers and ancient dames, or wives at leisure with their children away at the Council schools—had a caller that afternoon. Cottages are such lonely places in the daytime that even district visitors and canvassers are godsends and only tramps ill received. Captain Douglas ranked high in the scale of visitors.

There was something about him, his fairness, a certain handsomeness, his quick color, his active speech, which interested women at all times, and now an indefinable flow of romantic excitement conveyed itself to his interlocutors. There was a kindly disposition to enter into his troubles lengthily and deliberately. They listened attentively to his demands, and before they testified to Bealby's sustained absence from their perception they would for the most part ask numerous questions in return. They wanted to hear the Captain's story, the reason for his research, the relationship between himself and the boy, they wanted to feel something of the sentiment of the thing. After that was the season for negative facts. Perhaps, when everything was stated, they might be able to conjure up what he wanted. He was asked in to

How advertising saved you $40.00 of the purchase price on a camera.

F. C. S. Hamerschlag.

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

There can be no argument as to the benefits to the public through our increased output, which increase in output is due in large measure to our continuous, extensive advertising.

Largely increased output means economies in every direction, but especially in the matter of automatic machinery, which makes it possible to turn out uniform goods at greatly reduced costs. It means a reduction in overhead expenses that more than offsets the advertising expense, which is, of course, a part of such overhead.

Decreased retail prices would have been impossible on the old manufacturing and marketing basis. Increased consumption, due in large measure to the fact that we have taught the people the pleasures that are to be derived from photography, has made possible the present low prices of photographic goods. As a matter of fact, the percentage of advertising cost to the total volume of business is much smaller than most people imagine.

Perhaps the best comparison can be made if we take the 4 x 5 size. In 1892 we were selling a No. 4 Folding Kodak, which made a 4 x 5 picture, at $60. This camera had a rapid rectilinear lens, was equipped with a rising and sliding front and had a very good shutter for those days, providing for both time and instantaneous exposures. It was a handsomely finished box but extremely bulky, was made of mahogany and cherry, and covered with a fine grade of leather. Today we make a 4 x 5 Kodak, using a lens of the same type, but much improved. This Kodak also has a rising and sliding front and shutter vastly superior to that used on the original No. 4 Folding Kodak. This camera is made of aluminum, covered with leather, will go in the pocket and loads in daylight, whereas the old one was a dark-room loader. The price is $20, as against $60 for the original camera in this size.

I can go through our whole line and show marked improvements in the goods at equally marked reductions in price to the consumer. And, by the way, in spite of these reductions in retail selling price, the discount to the dealer is larger than it was in the early days.

By L. B. Jones, Adv. Mgr., Eastman Kodak Company.

—*From Printers' Ink.*



Directory of School Advertisers

The schools listed in this Directory are advertised in Collier's in the second and last issues of the summer months.

In these issues the readers of Collier's will find complete information concerning the schools listed here. A request for a catalog sent to any of these schools will receive prompt attention, or communications addressed to the Educational Bureau of Collier's will be answered immediately.

Boys

Raymond Riordan School	Highland, N. Y.
Randolph Macon Academy	Front Royal, Va.
Peddie Institute	Highstown, N. J.
University School	Chicago, Ill.
Racine College School	Racine, Wis.
St. Paul School	Garden City, L. I.
Kiskiminetas Springs School	Saltsburg, Pa.
University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame, Ind.
Belmont School	Belmont, Cal.
Keewatin Academy	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Morgan Park Academy	Morgan Park, Ill.

Military

Bordentown Military Institute	Bordentown, N. J.
Ohio Military Institute	College Hill, Cin., O.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy	Lake Geneva, Wis.
Wentworth Military Academy	Lexington, Mo.
Culver Military Academy	Culver, Ind.
Tennessee Military Institute	Sweetwater, Tenn.
Western Military Academy	Alton, Ill.
St. John's Military Academy	Delafield, Wis.
New Mexico Military Institute	Roswell, N. M.

Special

Bliss Electrical School	Washington, D. C.
Dana's Musical Institute	Warren, O.
Indiana Dental College	Indianapolis, Ind.
Tri-State College	Angola, Ind.
Louisville College of Dentistry	Louisville, Ky.
N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College	New York City
New York State School of Agr.	Morrisville, N. Y.
Illinois College of Photography	Effingham, Ill.
Michigan College of Mines	Houghton, Mich.
Grand River Institute	Austinburg, O.
Winona College of Agriculture	Winona Lake, Ind.
Detroit College of Law	Detroit, Mich.
University of Illinois	Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso University	Valparaiso, Ind.
New England Conservatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
University of Chicago Press	Chicago, Ill.
Dickson Memory School	Chicago, Ill.
New York Electrical School	New York City

Co-Educational

Thomas Normal Training School	Detroit, Mich.
Defiance College	Defiance, O.
Peirce School	Philadelphia, Pa.
American Col. of Phys. Education	Chicago, Ill.

Girls

Mary Baldwin Seminary	Staunton, Va.

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Butter Educator Wafers as you eat them.

SOLVE BREAD PROBLEM

They make everything else you eat taste better

At your grocer's in tins, packages or by the pound

Johnson Educator Food Co., 37 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.

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THE SHOP WINDOW

Business Opportunities

Intelligent Representatives Wanted: Young Or middle aged men and women who can give satisfactory references as to character can make considerable money weekly introducing our Music Courses. Our successes have brought us to the point where we are now employing representatives in every section of the country. Write today for full particulars. Siegel Myers Correspondence School of Music, Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

Business Men, Salesmen Wanted Every Town to manage Local, Mail Sales and Jobbing agency; finest proposition in America; repeat order product; original sales plan, samples furnished free. Small capital will create steady life income. Manufacturer, 536 Broadway, N. Y.

Stamps, Coins, Post Cards

$1.00 To $1,000.00 Paid For Thousands Of Rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in circulation. Get Posted. Send only 4c and get our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

Motion Picture Plays

Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Window Trimming

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Koester School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Dull Razor Blades

Dull Blades Are Worthless, Therefore You Risk nothing by sending them to us without money. We'll re-edge them—you pay if pleased, after trial. Or, ask for prices and Free Mailing Case. Parker-Warren Co., 1435 B'way, N.Y.

Literary: Manuscripts

Authors, Send 2c For "How To Get Your Book Published." Write us your needs. We advise, revise, illustrate, copyright, print and market. Refer to banks and authors. Shakespeare Press, 114 E. 28th St., New York.

Special Offers

Will Pay College Tuition Of Ambitious Young men and women. References required with first letter. Write for particulars. Washclean Manufacturing Co., Boonville, Missouri.

Patents

Wanted An Idea! Who Can Think Of Some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. Write for Bulletin of Patent Buyers and Needed Inventions. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 151, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune To The Inventor Who Reads And heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c. postage. Write us at once. E. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. C, Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

Real Estate

Profitable Little Farms At Richland Heights In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, selected location, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250.00 and up, easy terms—good fruit, vegetable, poultry and live stock country. Large list of other farms. Send for literature now. F. H. La Baume, Agt'l Agt., N. & W. Ry., 245 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Typewriters, Office Supplies

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. ½ to ⅓ mfrs. prices. $15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $250,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Lake, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

Aquatic Devices

Auto-Pneumatic Swimming Belt—"Pocket" Life preserver. Special high-class material. Waterproof. Inflates automatically. Weighs 1 pound. Self-instructor in swimming. Guaranteed. Price $4 (send chest measure): 500 Broadway, New York.

From Producer to Consumer

Ow! Wow! That's The Stuff! Bayle's Horse-radish Mustard. The finest condiment in the world; 10c a jar at your grocer's or direct from Geo. A. Bayle, St. Louis, Mo.

Duplicating Devices

You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Modern" Duplicator. $3.50 complete. Booklet Free. W. E. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOBS

Agents Wanted

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Sour Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents!! Will You Take A Steady Job Paying regular Weekly Income to start if we give you a chance to work up to Big Yearly Profits? No experience required! Great Crew Manager's proposition! We are big Manufacturers. Middlemen's profits saved! Write quick for Exclusive Territory. Need 150 men at once. E. M. Davis, Pres., B 62 Davis Block, Chicago, Illinois.

We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 57 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

Agents To Handle Exclusively Or As Side Line our Accident and Health Policies, for $6 yearly, which pay $2500 Death and $15 weekly for Injury or Sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. Double amount for $10 Yearly. No Dues or Assessments. Liberal Commissions. Address Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 30,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 588, Chicago.

Magazine Subscription Solicitors Earn Liberal commissions and extra prize money working for Scribner's. It does not interfere with your present occupation. A postcard will bring full particulars. Address Desk 1, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Ave., New York.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavorsin tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-dress we'd show you how to sell more, send you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 208 Warren St., New York.

At Last—A Compressed Air Washing Machine: cleans tub of clothes in 3 min. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. Price to agents 50c in quantities. Wendell Washer Co., 357 Elm St., Leipsic, O.

Agents In Every City To Handle Our Triplex Folding Handbag. Big profits, exclusive territory; write for terms and free catalog; other big-sellers. S. B. Diamond & Bro., 45 West 21st Street, New York City.

Agents: Portraits 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pic-tures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Pillow tops 25c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1408, 917 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell "Eureka Steel Ranges" from wagon or auto or for cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., 107 Chilton, Ill.

Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed Washcake. We help make, and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract to a hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Washclean Mfg. Co., Boonville, Mo.

High-Grade Salesmen

Salesmen Wanted. Exceptional Opportunity for side line Specialty Salesmen, calling on wholesale and Retail Drug, Department, Automobile or Hardware Trade. Patented, nationally advertised, guaranteed specialty. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. Give full particulars, present line, territory, experience and references in first letter. Sanitas Co., 2255 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $8.00 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Income Of $25 Weekly When Injured Or Sick —low priced policy for men or women, ages 16 to 70—pays $2,000 death by accident—costs $10 annually. Policy paying $2000 for accidental death—$25 a week injury or sickness, costs $5 a year. Write for Agency. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

Sideline Salesmen Making Small Towns. Just the premium proposition you are looking for. Something a little Different than other houses are putting out. We guarantee our goods to sell or take back unsold goods. Write today. May Mfg. Co., 212 West Siegel Street, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: Calendar Salesman By One Of The leading manufacturers. Large exclusive copyrighted line. Very liberal commission paid on receipt of orders. Experience desirable but not essential. Best references required. Robert Chapman Company, 1013 Grand St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Salesmen—For High Grade Side Line To Sta-tionery, drug and jewelry trade. Big commissions. Pocket samples. Commission on re-orders. References. State territory. H. W. Haslup, 905 Jefferson Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Wanted Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty, widely advertised. Easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. H. Phelps, 2921 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Agents Wanted

The Fuller Dustless Mop And Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Write for Our Special proposition. Fuller Brush Co., 57 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

Sign Men Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic Letters. Best, cheapest. Be independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. Universal Sign & Letter Co., Inc., 351 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents Hurry—Something New. Sanitary Tele-phone device. Millions will be sold. Steel Corporation bought 1200. Sells itself. Splendid profit. Write today for territory. Phondate Co., 530 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, O.

Manager In Every City To Supply Automobile owners and the trade with "Koo-Ker" Puncture Cure. Large Profits. Most finance orders. Unusual proposition. Puncture Cure Sales Co., 20 Bridge St., Newark, N. J.

Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Proposi-tion in U. S. If you are making less than $30 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

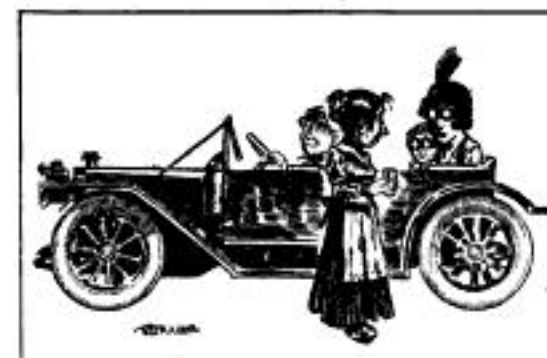
have tea twice, for he looked not only pink and dusty but dry, and one old lady said that years ago she had lost just such a boy as Bealby seemed to be—"Ah! not in the way *you* have lost him"—and she wept, poor old dear! and was only comforted after she had told the Captain three touching but extremely lengthy and detailed anecdotes of Bealby's vanished prototype.

(Fellow cannot rush away, you know; still, all this sort of thing, accumulating, means a confounded lot of delay.)

And then there was a deaf old man. . . . A very, very tiresome, deaf old man who said at first he *had* seen Bealby. . . .

After all the old fellow was deaf. . . .

The sunset found the Captain on a breezy common forty miles away from the Redlake Royal Hotel, and by this time he knew that fugitive boys cannot be trusted to follow the lines even of the soundest inductions. This business meant a search.



The Innkeeper's Wife: *"What a beautiful baby! It has your eyes, ma'am!"*

Should he pelt back to Redlake and start again more thoroughly on the morrow?

A moment of temptation. If he did, he knew she wouldn't let him go.

No!

NO!

He must make a sweeping movement through the country to the left, trying up and down the roads that, roughly speaking, radiated from Redlake between the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth milestone. . . .

It was night and high moonlight when at last the Captain reached Crayminster, that little old town decayed to a village, in the Crays Valley. He was hungry, dispirited, quite unsuccessful, and here he resolved to eat and rest for the night.

He would have a meal, for by this time he was ravenous, and then go and talk in the bar or the tap about Bealby.

Until he had eaten he felt he could not endure the sound of his own voice repeating what had already become a tiresome stereotyped formula: "You haven't, I suppose, seen or heard anything during the last two days of a small boy—little chap of about thirteen—wandering about? He's a sturdy, resolute little fellow with a high color, short, wiry hair, rather dark . . ."

THE White Hart at Crayminster, after some negotiations, produced mutton cutlets and Australian hock. As he sat at his meal in the small, ambiguous, respectable dining room of the inn—adorned with framed and glazed beer advertisements, crinkled paper fringes, and insincere sporting prints—he became aware of a murmurous confabulation going on in the bar parlor. It must certainly, he felt, be the beer parlor. . . .

He could not hear distinctly, and yet it seemed to him that the conversational style of Crayminster was abnormally rich in expletive. And the tone was odd. It had a steadfast quality of commination.

He brushed off a crumb from his jacket, lit a cigarette, and stepped across the passage to put his hopeless questions.

The talk ceased abruptly at his appearance. It was one of those deep-toned bar parlors that are so infinitely more pleasant to the eye than the tawdry decorations of the genteel accommodation. It was brown with a trimming of green paper hops, and it had a mirror, and glass shelves sustaining bottles and tankards. Six or seven individuals were sitting about the room. They had a numerous effect. There was a man in very light floury tweeds, with a floury bloom on his face and hair and an anxious, depressed expression. He was clearly a baker. He sat forward as though he nursed something precious under the table. Next him was a respectable-looking, regular-featured fair man with a large head, and a ruddy-faced butcher-like individual smoked a clay pipe by the side of the fireplace. A further individual with an alert, intrusive look might have been a grocer's assistant associating above himself.

"Evening," said the Captain.

"Evening," said the man with the large head guardedly.

The Captain came to the hearthrug with an affectation of ease.

"I suppose," he began, "that you haven't any of you seen anything of a small boy wandering about. He's a little chap, about thirteen. Sturdy, resolute-looking little fellow with a high color, short, wiry hair, rather dark . . ."

He stopped short, arrested by the excited movements of the butcher's pipe and by the changed expressions of the rest of the company.

"We—we seen 'im," the man with the big head managed to say at last.

"We seen 'im all right," said a voice out of the darkness beyond the range of the lamp.

THE baker with the melancholy expression interjected: "I don't care if I don't ever see 'im again."

"Ah!" said the Captain, astonished to find himself suddenly, beyond hoping, on a fresh scent. "Now all that's very interesting. Where did you see him?"

"Thunderin' vicious little varmint," said the butcher. "Owdacious."

"Mr. Benshaw," said the voice from the shadows, "'e's arter 'im now with a shotgun loaded wi' oats. 'E'll pepper 'im if 'e c[illegible]'im, Bill will, you bet your 'at. And cve 'im jolly well right *ter*."

"I doubt," said the baker—"I doubt if I'll ever get my stummik—not thoroughly proper again. It's a Blaw I've 'ad. 'E gives me a Blaw. Oh! Mr. 'Orrocks, *could* I trouble you for another thimbleful of brandy? Just a thimbleful neat. It eases the ache . . ."

To be Continued Next Week

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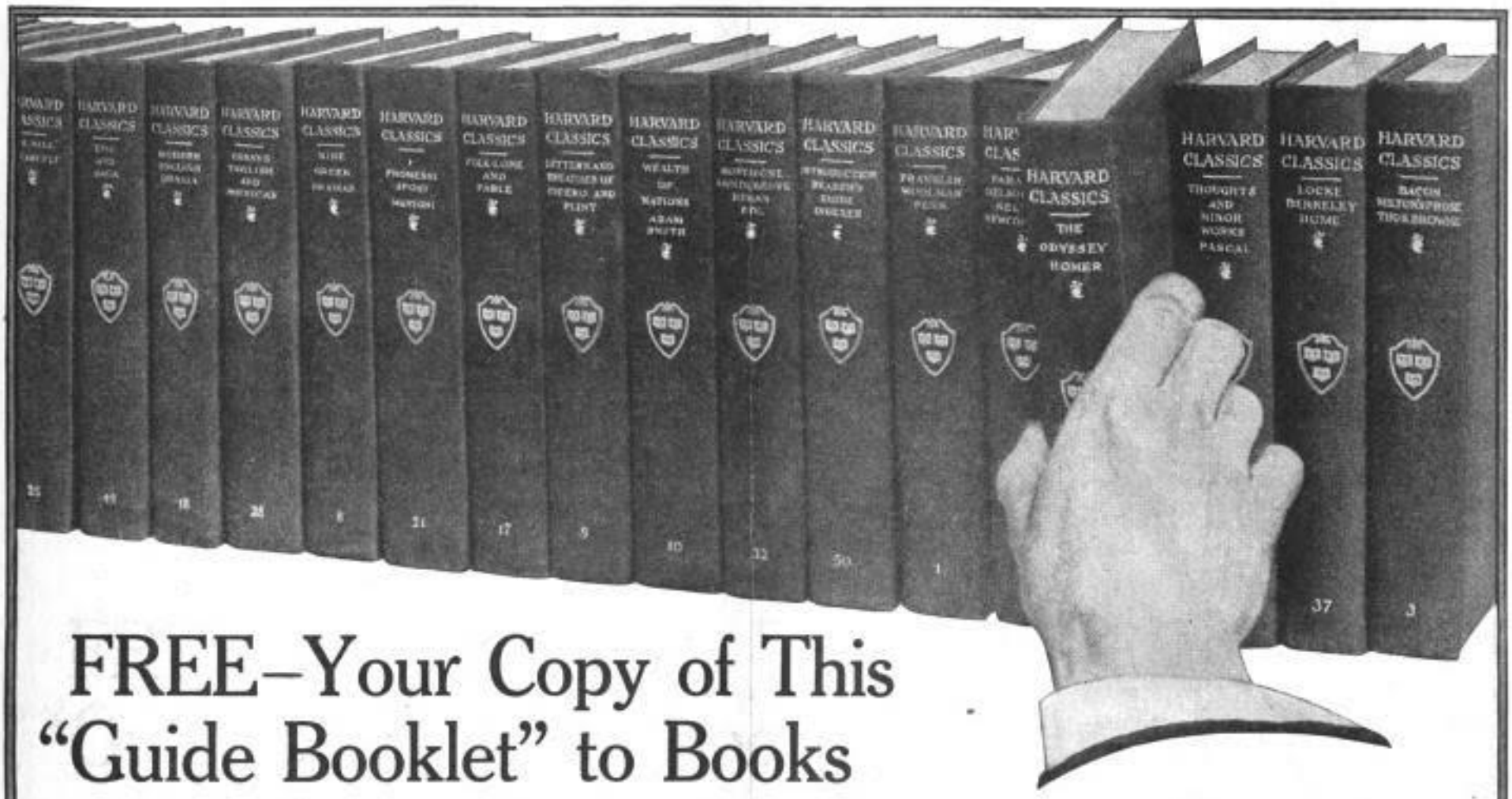
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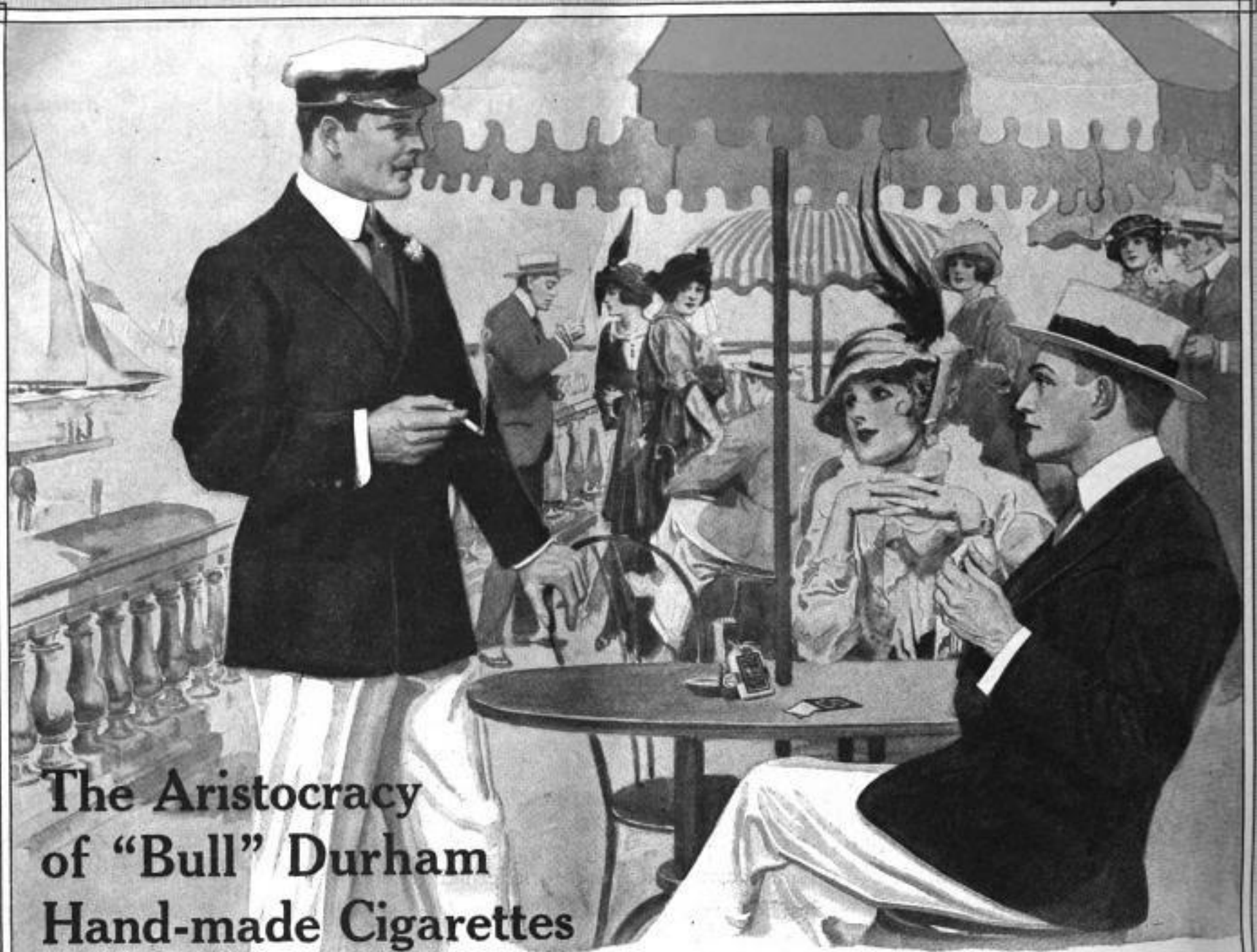
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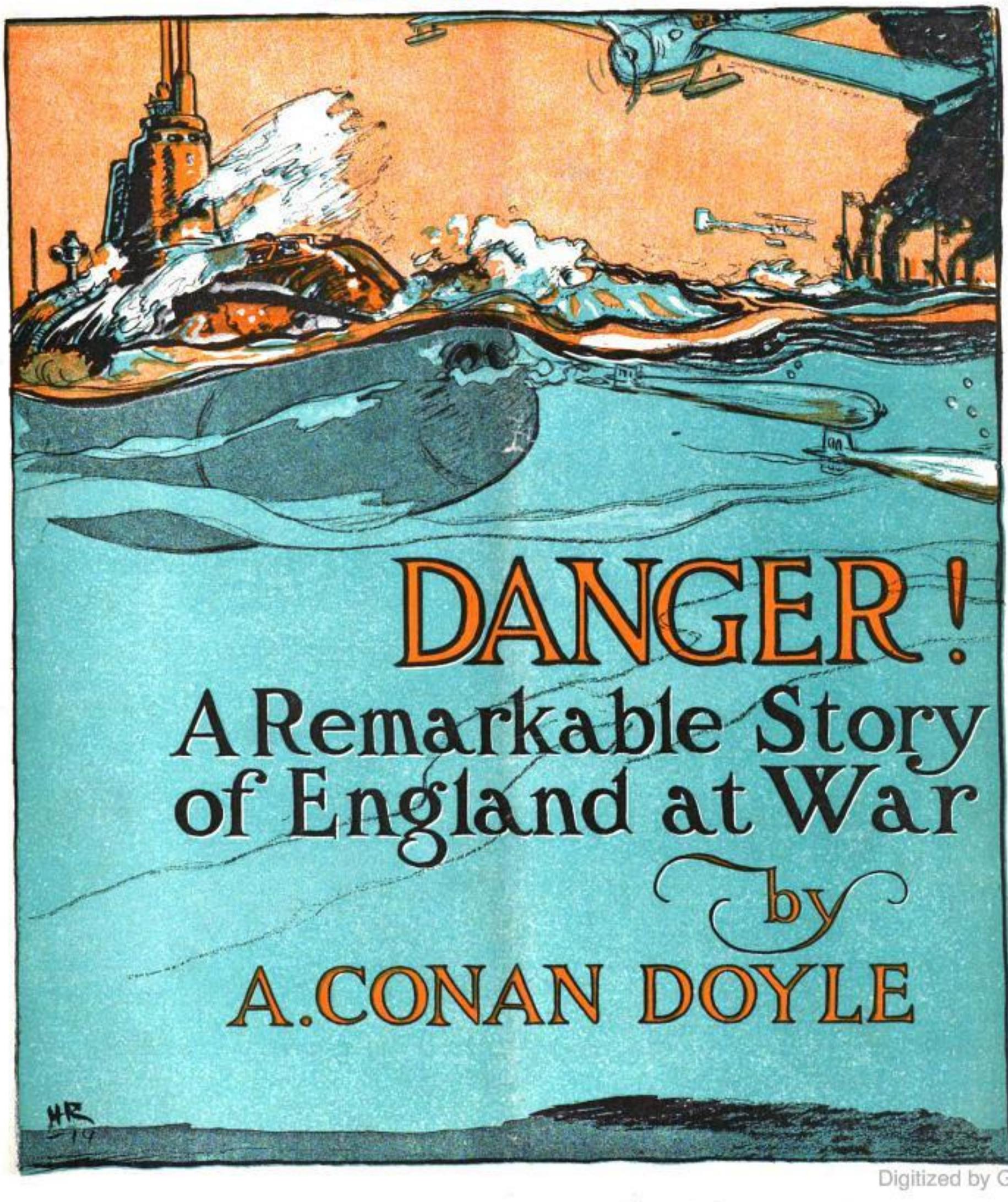
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for August 22, 1914

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DANGER!

A Remarkable Story of England at War

by

A. CONAN DOYLE

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"Joy, Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose–"

and if Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were alive today he would include under the head of Joy and Repose the day-by-day use of Tuxedo in a pipe.

Tuxedo assures real repose: the calm, wrinkle-smoothing, mind-easing repose that comes with a wholesome, helpful pipe of satisfactory tobacco.

Tuxedo is the satisfactory tobacco—in a class by itself for mildness, fragrance and non-irritating qualities.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Tuxedo tobacco has made thousands of men joyful, temperate and comfortable converts to the pipe, because it has made pipe-smoking not only possible but pleasant to them.

Under the famous "Tuxedo Process" the mild, tender leaves of the highest grade Burley tobacco are so skillfully treated that Tuxedo absolutely cannot bite, parch or irritate the tongue or mouth in any way. Tuxedo burns slowly and coolly, with a delicious aroma.

Many other brands have tried to imitate the original "Tuxedo Process"—but the process is still a secret known only to the makers of Tuxedo. Get the original Tuxedo—avoid imitations—and you will get the best tobacco on earth for your money.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



GRANTLAND RICE

Famous Sporting Writer and Authority, says:

"Whenever I go hunting or fishing I slip a curved tin of Tuxedo Tobacco in my hip-pocket and I always keep a supply at home. Ample proof that I like Tuxedo."

Grantland Rice



E. YSAYE

The World-famous Violinist, says:

"Tuxedo is a fine, mild, fragrant smoke — the best ever. The more experience one has had, the more convincing is the superiority of Tuxedo. It is the only tobacco free from bite that I have ever found, and it leads all others in fragrance and flavor—a rare combination."

E. Ysaye



PENRHYN STANLAWS

Celebrated Artist, creator of the famous "Stanlaws Girls," says:

"Some artists draw better than others, but no artist draws better than a good pipe filled with Tuxedo."

Penrhyn Stanlaws



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President Michigan Board of Pardons. Delegate American Prison Congress. Former Secretary to Ex-Gov. Chase S. Osborn. Lecturer, Lawyer and Dramatist, says:

"The man on the lecture platform need not be lonesome if he smokes Tuxedo. A good pipe and book will convert a hotel bedroom into a home if the tobacco is Tuxedo."

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ALLAN H. FRAZER

Former prosecutor and leading attorney of Detroit, says:

"In the heat of many a political campaign, in success and in defeat, Tuxedo has been my faithful ally. It teaches me that while all men may be created equal, all tobaccos are not. There is none like Tuxedo."

Allan H. Frazer



GEO. W. GALVIN, M. D.

Founder of Boston Emergency Hospital and its Surgeon-in-Chief for 18 years, says:

"Nothing like Tuxedo as a pal on a hunting or fishing trip. It's a great all-around outdoors smoke; gives a man that old joy-of-living feeling."

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We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1258, 111 Fifth Avenue New York



Illustration one-third of actual size.

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The Finished Six

Here we've fulfilled—after four years of effort—all that we hoped for in Sixes. In big things and little—down to the last detail—it completely meets our conception of the ideal Six

This HUDSON Six-40 was begun four years ago. Howard E. Coffin, the great HUDSON designer, aimed to make it the perfect Six. All the 48 HUDSON engineers have given their best to it.

It came out last year. The first month's output was sold before men saw it. The season's output was 3,000 cars oversold.

We knew then that we had what men wanted. So all last year we worked on final touches. We added 31 refinements. And we trebled our output for this year, to cope with the car's popularity.

Size and Power

This size—123-inch wheelbase—seems exactly right. There are seats and ample room for seven.

The motor shows 47 horsepower. No requirement calls for more than that in a car of this size and weight.

Costly experience is leading motorists away from excesses in these things.

Lightness—Economy

The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,890 pounds. Built in old ways, a car like this weighed around 4,000. Better materials and better designing have accomplished all this saving. And the car is stauncher than the old-time heavy cars.

This lightness, plus a new-type motor, have reduced operative cost about 30 per cent. To many, that's the best thing we have done.

Beauty and Comfort

Here also is the modern ideal of a handsome car. Every detail shows the artists' touch. Wide seats, high backs, deep cushions. All the new-day conveniences. All the common equipment and much that's rare or exclusive.

Last year's model seemed to offer every possible attraction, but 31 new ones are added in this 1915 model.

HUDSON
Six-40
$1,550 This Year f.o.b. Detroit

The Hoped-for Price

And this year—through trebled output—we've reached the hoped-for price. At $1,550 we are giving the best we know.

Today that price buys the finest type HUDSON ever built. It buys Howard E. Coffin's latest masterpiece. It buys what you will consider as the finest example of the modern type quality car.

Men Will Never Go Back

Note that new-model cars, so far as they can, are adopting these HUDSON standards. Light Sixes are the vogue. The trend is toward modesty in size, toward lower prices and the ending of over-tax.

The HUDSON Six-40 accords with all the time's tendencies. It is not unique. It is simply in advance of others.

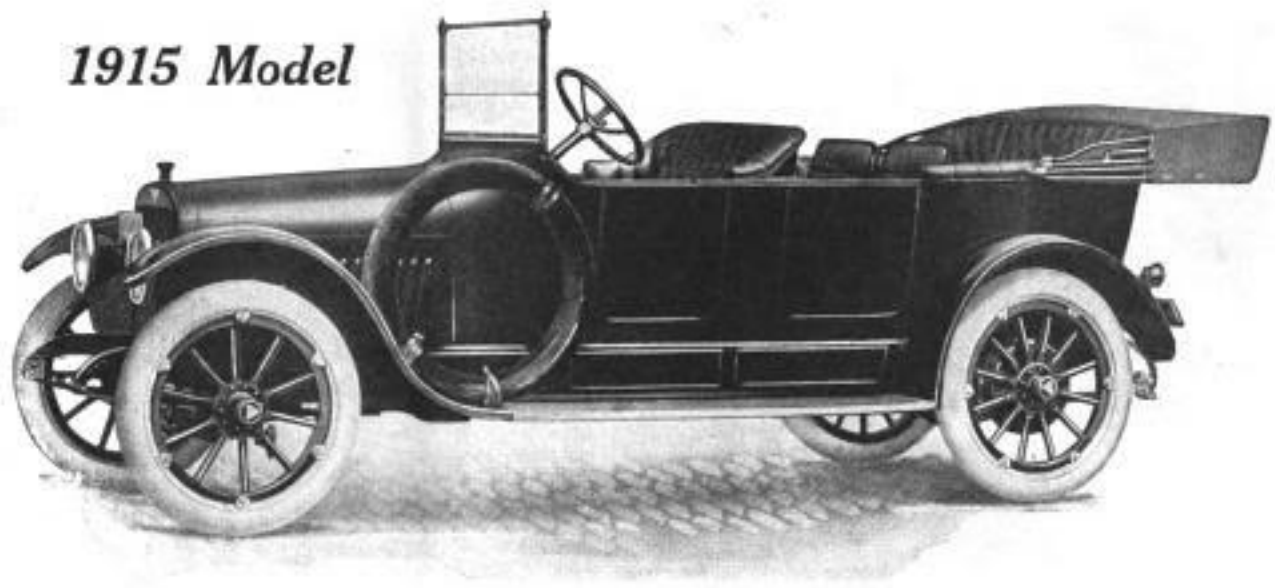
And men will never go back to the old-time excesses. This type is the coming car.

Hudson dealers are everywhere. So see this year's new features. Catalog on request.

Attractions

- A perfect streamline body.
- Seats and room for seven.
- Disappearing tonneau seats.
- Invisible hinges.
- Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
- Gasoline tank in dash.
- Tires carried ahead of front door.
- "One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
- Dimming searchlights.
- Simplified starting, lighting and ignition system.
- Wires in metal conduits.
- Locked ignition and lights.
- New-form speedometer drive.
- Automatic spark advance.
- New-method carburetion.
- Horn button in wheel.
- Trunk rack on back.

1915 Model



Phaeton—or Standard Roadster—$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8122 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

(145)

Aug. 22

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The Style Book

MEN are as fastidious as women about their clothes. Young men are especially particular and all men have become very inquisitive about style.

To enable them to know what is correct, we publish the Style Book. It contains an epitome of the styles of clothes, hats, shoes; in fact, everything for the season.

Three millions of men are receiving the Style Book twice each year. Some of them rely on it for information whether they buy our clothes or not.

Here are some of the things it shows you:

Fifteen attractive style pictures.
What to wear and when.
How much you ought to pay.
How much you can save in ready clothes.
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Send your name now. A copy of the Style Book will be mailed to you shortly after September 1st.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

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Chicago New York

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 23 AUGUST 22 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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Danger!

Being the Log of Captain John Sirius

By Sir A. Conan Doyle—Part I

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THIS remarkable story was finished by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle last May just before his visit to America. He wrote it as a last anxious warning to England before she embarked upon another war. And the war has come sooner than even he had feared



IT IS an amazing thing that the English, who have the reputation of being a practical nation, never saw the danger to which they were exposed. For many years they had been spending nearly a hundred millions a year upon their army and their fleet. Squadrons of dreadnoughts costing two millions each had been launched. They had spent enormous sums upon cruisers, and both their torpedo and their submarine squadrons were exceptionally strong. They were also by no means weak in their aerial power, especially in the matter of hydroplanes. Besides all this, their army was very efficient in spite of its limited numbers, and it was the most expensive in Europe. Yet when the day of trial came, all this imposing force was of no use whatever, and might as well have not existed. Their ruin could not have been more complete or more rapid if they had not possessed an ironclad or a regiment. And all this was accomplished by me, Captain John Sirius, belonging to the navy of one of the smallest powers in Europe, and having under my command a flotilla of eight vessels, the collective cost of which was eighteen hundred thousand pounds. No one has a better right to tell the story than I.

I will not trouble you about the dispute concerning the Colonial frontier, embittered, as it was, by the subsequent death of the two missionaries. A naval officer has nothing to do with politics. I only came upon the scene after the ultimatum had been actually received. Admiral Horli had been summoned to the Presence, and he asked that I should be allowed to accompany him, because he happened to know that I had some clear ideas as to the weak points of England and also some schemes as to how to take advantage of them. There were only four of us present at this meeting—the King, the Foreign Secretary, Admiral Horli, and myself. The time allowed by the ultimatum expired in forty-eight hours.

I am not breaking any confidence when I say that both the King and the Minister were in favor of a surrender. They saw no possibility of standing up against the colossal power of Great Britain. The Minister had drawn up an acceptance of the British terms, and the King sat with it before him on the table. I saw the tears of anger and humiliation run down his cheeks as he looked at it.

"I fear that there is no possible alternative, Sire," said the Minister. "Our envoy in London has just sent this report, which shows that the public and the press are more united than he has ever known them. The feeling is intense, especially since the rash act of Malort in desecrating the flag. We must give way."

THE King looked sadly at Admiral Horli.

"What is your effective fleet, Admiral?" he asked.

"Two battleships, four cruisers, twenty torpedo boats, and eight submarines," said the Admiral.

The King shook his head.

"It would be madness to resist," said he.

"And yet, Sire," said the Admiral, "before you come to a decision I should wish you to hear Captain Sirius, who has a very definite plan of campaign against the English."

"Absurd!" said the King, impatiently. "What is the use? Do you imagine that you could defeat their vast armada?"

"Sire," I answered, "I will stake my life that if you will follow my advice you will, within a month or six weeks at the utmost, bring proud England to her knees." There was an assurance in my voice which arrested the attention of the King.

"You seem self-confident, Captain Sirius."

"I have no doubt at all, Sire."

"What then would you advise?"

"I would advise, Sire, that the whole fleet be gathered under the forts of Blankenberg and be protected from attack by booms and piles. There they can stay till the war is over. The eight submarines, however, you will leave in my charge to use as I think fit."

"Ah, you would attack the English battleships with submarines?"

"Sire, I would never go near an English battleship."

"And why not?"

"Because they might injure me, Sire."

"What, a sailor and afraid?"

"My life belongs to the country, Sire. It is nothing. But these eight ships—everything depends upon them. I could not risk them. Nothing would induce me to fight."

"Then what will you do?"

"I will tell you, Sire."

And I did so. For half an hour I spoke. I was clear and strong and definite, for many an hour on a lonely watch I had spent in thinking out every detail. I held them enthralled. The King never took his eyes from my face. The Minister sat as if turned to stone.

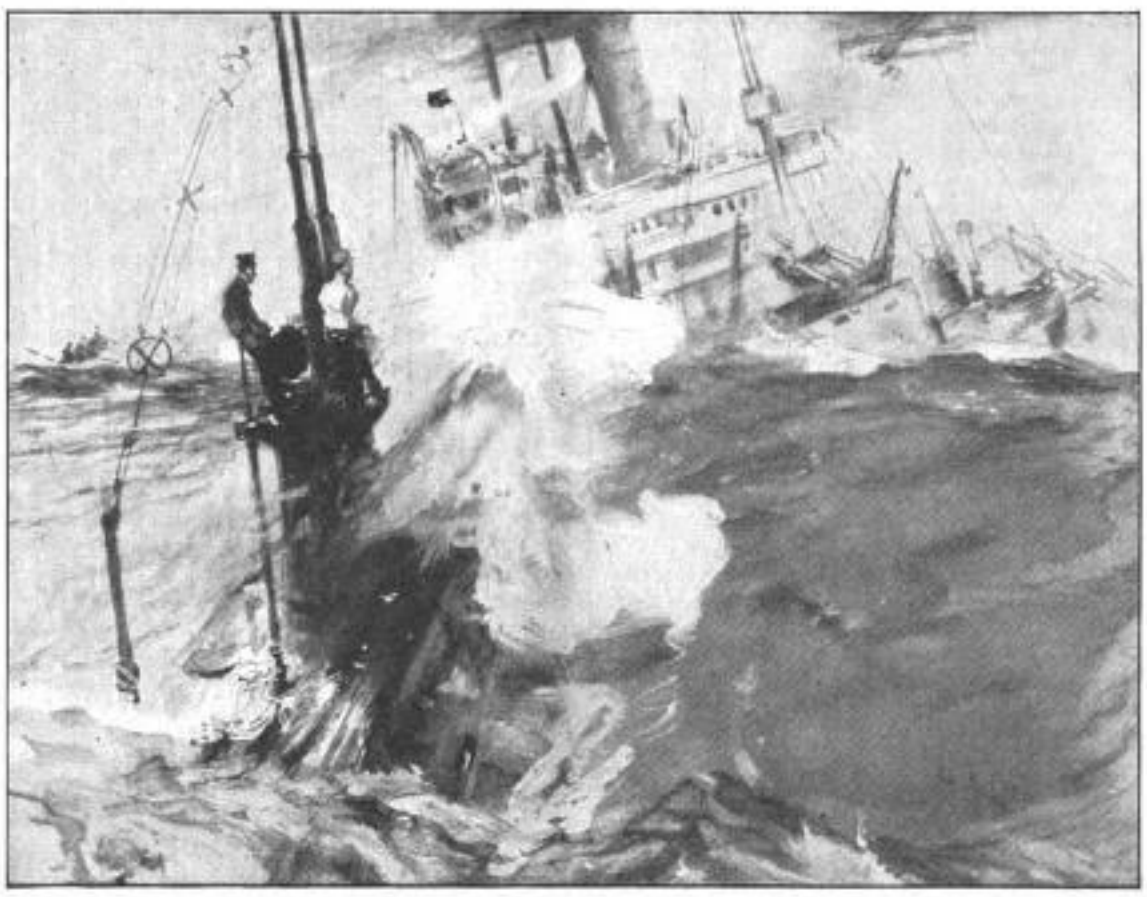
"Are you sure of all this?"

"Perfectly, Sire."

The King rose from the table.

"Send no answer to the ultimatum," said he. "Announce in both Houses that we stand firm in the face of menace. Admiral Horli, you will in all respects carry out that which Captain Sirius may demand in furtherance of his plan. Captain Sirius, the field is clear. Go forth and do as you have said. A grateful King will know how to reward you."

I need not trouble you by telling you the measures which were taken at Blankenberg, since, as you are aware, the fortress and the entire fleet were destroyed by the British within a week of the declaration of war. I will confine myself to my own plans, which had so glorious and final a result.



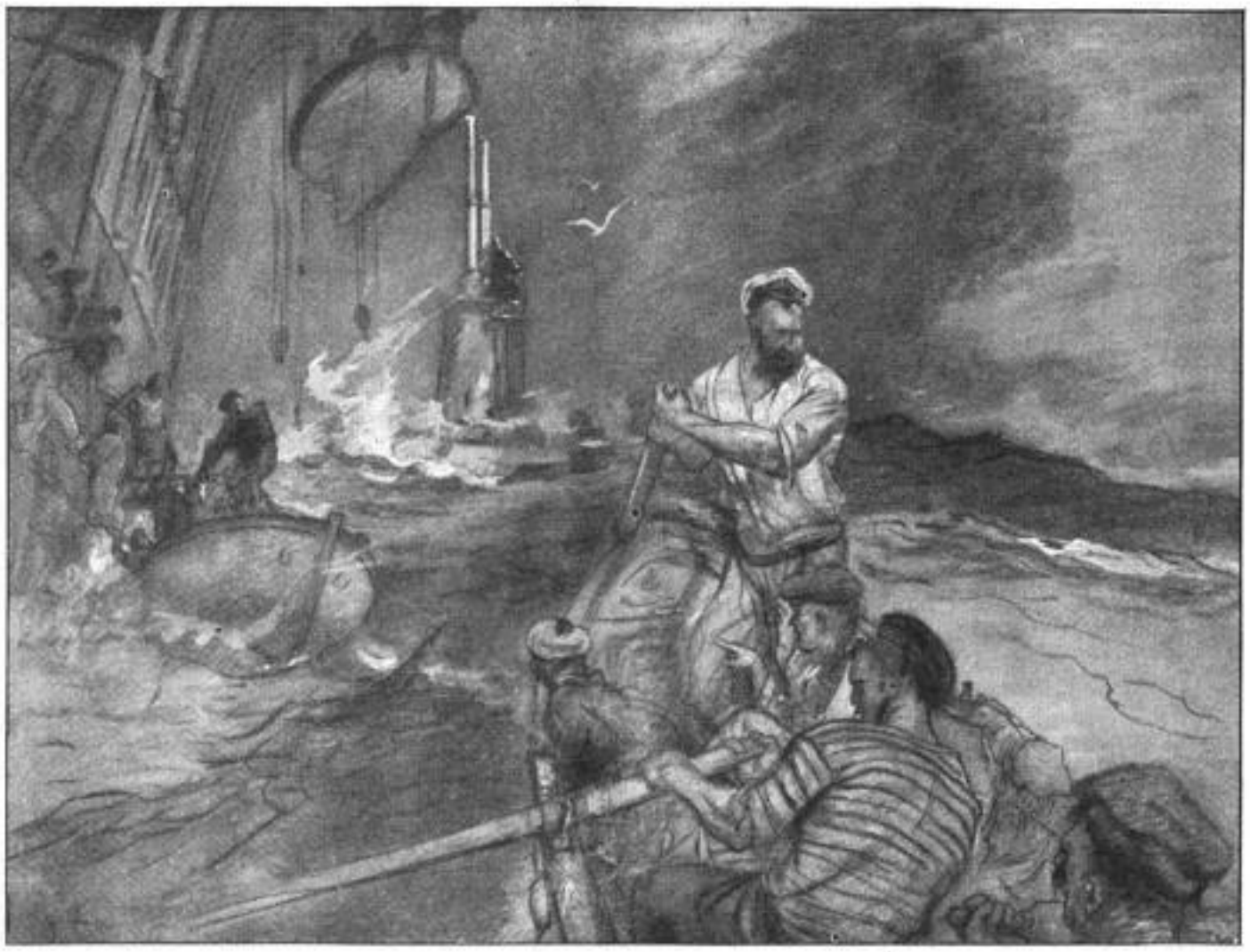
Heavens, what a smash! The whole stern seemed to go aloft. I drew off and watched her sink. She went down in seven minutes, leaving her masts and funnels over the water and a cluster of her people holding on to them

THE fame of my eight submarines, *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, *Theta*, *Delta*, *Epsilon*, *Iota*, and *Kappa*, has spread through the world to such an extent that people

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have begun to think that there was something peculiar in their form and capabilities. This is not so. Four of them, the *Delta*, *Epsilon*, *Iota*, and *Kappa*, were, it is true, of the very latest model, but had their equals (though not their superiors) in the navies of all the great powers. As to *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, and *Theta*, they were by no means modern vessels, and found their prototypes in the old F class of British boats, having a submerged displacement of eight hundred tons, with heavy oil engines of sixteen hundred horsepower, giving them a speed of eighteen knots on the surface and of twelve knots submerged. Their length was one hundred and eighty-six and their breadth twenty-four feet. They had a radius of action of four thousand miles and a submerged endurance of nine hours. These were considered the latest word in 1915, but the four new boats exceeded them in all respects. Without troubling you with precise figures, I may say that they represented roughly a 25 per cent advance upon the older boats, and were fitted with several auxiliary engines which were wanting in the others. At my suggestion instead of carrying eight of the very large Bakdorf torpedoes, which are nineteen feet long, weigh half a ton, and are charged with two hundred pounds of wet gun-cotton, we had tubes designed for eighteen of less than half the size. It was my design to make myself independent of my base.

And yet it was clear that I must have a base, so I made arrangements at once with that object. Blankenberg was the last place I would have chosen. Why should I have a *port* of any kind? Ports would be watched or occupied. Any place would do for me. I finally chose a small villa standing alone nearly five miles from any village and thirty miles from any port. To this I ordered them to convey, secretly by night, oil, spare parts, extra torpedoes, storage batteries, reserve periscopes, and everything that I could need for refitting. The little whitewashed villa of a retired confectioner—that was the base from which I operated against England.



And suddenly, as one of the boats lay off waiting for the others, they caught a glimpse for the first time of my conning tower so close to them. I saw them shouting and pointing

THE boats lay at Blankenberg, and thither I went. They were working frantically at the defenses, and they had only to look seaward to be spurred to fresh exertions. The British fleet was assembling. The ultimatum had not yet expired, but it was evident that a blow would be struck the instant that it did. Four of their aeroplanes, circling at an immense height, were surveying our defenses. From the top of the lighthouse I counted thirty battleships and cruisers in the offing, with a number of the trawlers with which in the British service they break through the mine fields. The approaches were actually sown with two hundred mines, half contact and half observation, but the result showed that they were insufficient to hold off the enemy, since three days later both town and fleet were speedily destroyed.

However, I am not here to tell you the incidents of the war, but to explain my own part in it, which had such a decisive effect upon the result. My first action was to send my four second-class boats away instantly to the point which I had chosen for my base. There they were to wait submerged, lying with negative buoyancy upon the sands in twenty feet of water, and rising only at night. My strict orders were that they were to attempt nothing upon the enemy, however tempting the opportunity. All they had to do was to remain intact and unseen until they received further orders. Having made this clear to Commander Panza, who had charge of this reserve flotilla, I shook him by the hand and bade him farewell, leaving with him a sheet of note paper upon which I had explained the tactics to be used and given him certain general principles which he could apply as circumstances demanded.

My whole attention was now given to my own flotilla, which I divided into two divisions, keeping *Iota* and *Kappa* under my own command, while Captain Miriam had *Delta* and *Epsilon*. He was to operate separately in the British Channel, while my station was the Straits of Dover. I made the whole plan of campaign clear to him. Then I saw that each ship was provided with all it could carry. Each had forty tons of heavy oil for surface propulsion and charging the dynamo which supplied the electric engines under water. Each had also eighteen torpedoes, as explained, and five hundred rounds for the collapsible quick-firing twelve-pounder which we carried on deck, and which, of course, disappeared into a water-tight tank when we were submerged. We carried spare periscopes and a wireless mast, which could be elevated above the conning tower when necessary. There were provisions for sixteen days for the ten men who manned each craft. Such was the equipment of the four boats which were destined to bring to naught all the navies and armies of Britain. At sundown that day—it was April 10—we set forth upon our historic voyage.

Miriam had got away in the afternoon, since he had so much farther to go to reach his station. Stephan of the *Kappa* started with me; but, of course, we realized that we must work independently, and that from that moment when we shut the sliding hatches of our conning towers on the still waters of Blankenberg Harbor it was unlikely that we should ever see each other again, though consorts in the same waters. I waved to Stephan from the side of my conning tower, and he to me. Then I called through the tube to my engineer (our water tanks were already filled and all Kingstons and vents closed) to put her full speed ahead.

Just as we came abreast of the end of the pier and saw the white-capped waves rolling in upon us, I put the horizontal rudder hard down and she slid under water. Through my glass portholes I saw its light green change to a dark blue, while the manometer in front of me indicated twenty feet. I let her go to forty, because I should then be under the warships of the English, though I took the chance of fouling the moorings of our own floating contact mines. Then I brought her on an even keel, and it was music to my ear to hear the gentle, even ticking of my electric engines and to know that I was speeding at twelve miles an hour on my great task.

AT THAT moment, as I stood controlling my levers in my tower, I could have seen, had my cupola been of glass, the vast shadows of the British blockaders hovering above me. I held my course due westward for ninety minutes, and then, by shutting off the electric engine without blowing out the water tanks, I brought her to the surface. There was a rolling sea and the wind was freshening, so I did not think it safe to keep my hatch open long, for so small is the margin of buoyancy that one must run no risks. But from the crests of the rollers I had a look backward at Blankenberg, and saw the black funnels and upper works of the enemy's fleet with the lighthouse and the castle behind them, all flushed with the pink glow of the setting sun. Even as I looked there was the boom of a great gun, and then another. I glanced at my watch. It was six o'clock. The time of the ultimatum had expired. We were at war.

There was no craft near us, and our surface speed is nearly twice that of our submerged, so I blew out the tanks and our whaleback came over the surface. All night we were steering southwest, making an average of eighteen knots. At about five in the morning, as I stood alone upon my tiny bridge, I saw, low down in the west, the scattered lights of the Norfolk coast. "Ah, Johnny, Johnny Bull," I said, as I looked at them, "you are going to have your lesson, and I am to be your master. It is I who have been chosen to teach you that one cannot live under artificial conditions and yet act as if they were natural ones. More foresight, Johnny, and less party politics—that is my lesson to you." And then I had a wave of pity, too, when I thought of those vast droves of helpless people, Yorkshire miners, Lancashire spinners, Birmingham metal workers, the dockers and workers of London, over whose little homes I would bring the shadow of starvation. I seemed to see all those wasted, eager hands held out for food and I, John Sirius, dashing it aside. Ah, well! war is war, and if one is foolish one must pay the price. Just before daybreak I saw the lights of a considerable town, which must have been Yarmouth, bearing about ten miles west-southwest on our starboard bow. I took her farther out, for it is a sandy, dangerous coast, with many shoals. At 5.30 we were abreast of the Lowestoft lightship. A coast guard was sending up flash signals which faded into a pale twinkle as the white dawn crept over the water. There was a good deal of shipping about, mostly fishing boats and small coasting craft, with one large steamer hull down to the west, and a torpedo destroyer between us and the land. It could not harm us, and yet I thought it as well that there should be no word of our presence, so I filled my tanks again and went down to ten feet. I was pleased to find that we got under in one hundred and fifty seconds. The life of one's boat may depend upon this when a swift craft comes suddenly upon you.

We were now within a few hours of our cruising ground, so I determined to snatch a rest, leaving Vornal in charge. When he woke me at ten o'clock we were running on the surface, and had reached the Essex coast off the Maplin Sands. With that charming frankness which is one of their characteristics, our friends of England had informed us by their press that they had put a cordon of torpedo boats across the Straits of Dover to prevent the passage of submarines, which is about as sensible as to lay a wooden plank across a stream to keep the eels from passing. I knew that Stephan, whose station lay at the western end of the Solent, would have no difficulty in reaching it. My own cruising ground was to be the mouth of the Thames, and here I was at the very spot with my tiny *Iota*, my eighteen torpedoes, my quick-firing gun, and, above all, a brain that knew what should be done and how to do it.

WHEN I resumed my place in the conning tower I saw in the periscope (for we had dived) that a lightship was within a few hundred yards of us upon the port bow. Two men were sitting on her bulwarks, but neither of them cast an eye upon the little rod that clove the water so close to them. It was an ideal day for submarine action, with enough ripple upon the surface to make us difficult to detect, and yet smooth enough to give me a clear view. Each of my three periscopes had an angle of sixty degrees, so that between them I commanded a complete semicircle of the horizon. Two British cruisers were steaming north from the Thames within half a mile of me. I could easily have cut them off and attacked them had I allowed myself to be diverted from my great plan. Farther south a destroyer was passing westward to Sheerness. A dozen small steamers were moving about. None of these were worthy of my notice. Great countries are not provisioned by small steamers. I kept the engines running at the lowest pace which would hold our position under water, and, moving slowly across the estuary, I waited for what must assuredly come. I had not long to wait.

Shortly after one o'clock I perceived in the periscope a cloud of smoke to the south. (*Concluded on page 33*)

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Cooperation on a Business Basis

By Frank Chase

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

THE proprietor of two hundred grocery stores, Patrick O'Toole, indicated a chair on the opposite side of his flat-topped desk.

"I'm president of a little cooperative society," announced the visitor, sitting. "Just a bunch of us railroad men, you know. We want to reduce the cost of living and we're thinking of opening a store. I thought you might be willing to give us some practical advice. So many cooperative stores have failed, you know, and—er—"

"You would like to know how to make a go of it, is that it?" asked the merchant. His visitor nodded.

"Here is the secret in a nutshell," said Mr. O'Toole. "Scrape up a hundred thousand dollars, hire the ablest manager you can find, and bid him go to it!"

"But we only want a small store!" exclaimed the railroad man. "Just a little place to take care of our own trade. Really, I think two or three thousand dollars ought to—"

"Sure, I know," interrupted Mr. O'Toole, "and you're doomed to fail before you start. First, you don't know the game. Could I run a railroad? I could not. Neither can you run a grocery store, and make it *pay*, mind. Not until you learn the business anyway. And before you learn it, you'll fail. But supposin' you knew the game—and you'd not be chasin' the cooperative rainbow if you did—how far would you get on two or three thousand dollars?"

"We only want a *little* store," persisted the younger man.

"You'll find them in every corner basement in the suburbs! If it wasn't for the little basement stores, the wholesale grocers would be out of business long ago. I don't patronize the wholesaler. I buy direct from the packer if it's canned goods, direct from the mill if it's flour, and so on. I buy just as low as the wholesaler can. I am my own wholesaler; put it that way. My two hundred stores sell as many goods as the average wholesale house. Sometimes I put the extra profit in my pocket, and sometimes I cut prices with it to drive out competition. That's what I would do to cooperation if it ever got going on a big scale. But it never will. There's too much pulling and hauling. You have one hundred members and as many bosses.

"When you fellows open up a little store on two or three thousand dollars capital, you don't hurt me at all. I can sell many things cheaper than you can buy them. Your members compare prices, and soon they are back trading with O'Toole."

"But you overlook the fact that our cooperators will pledge themselves to trade at their own store, Mr. O'Toole. That's one of the reasons why I think we can succeed on small capital."

"Touch a man's pocketbook," said Mr. O'Toole, "and he'll mighty soon forget his pledges. That's the rock that splits cooperative storekeeping every time. But I see you're not convinced. Well, go ahead and take a crack at it. You'll soon discover that even a cooperative store must pay rent; it must pay for lights, paper, and clerk hire. That's where even the little basement stores will beat you out—clerk hire; because the small storekeeper usually works himself. If he makes a week's pay, he counts himself lucky. That's his profit. But where will your profit come in with hired labor? Your intentions are good, my boy, but you haven't the equipment to reduce the cost of living. The chain-stores system is the last word in low prices, take my word for it."

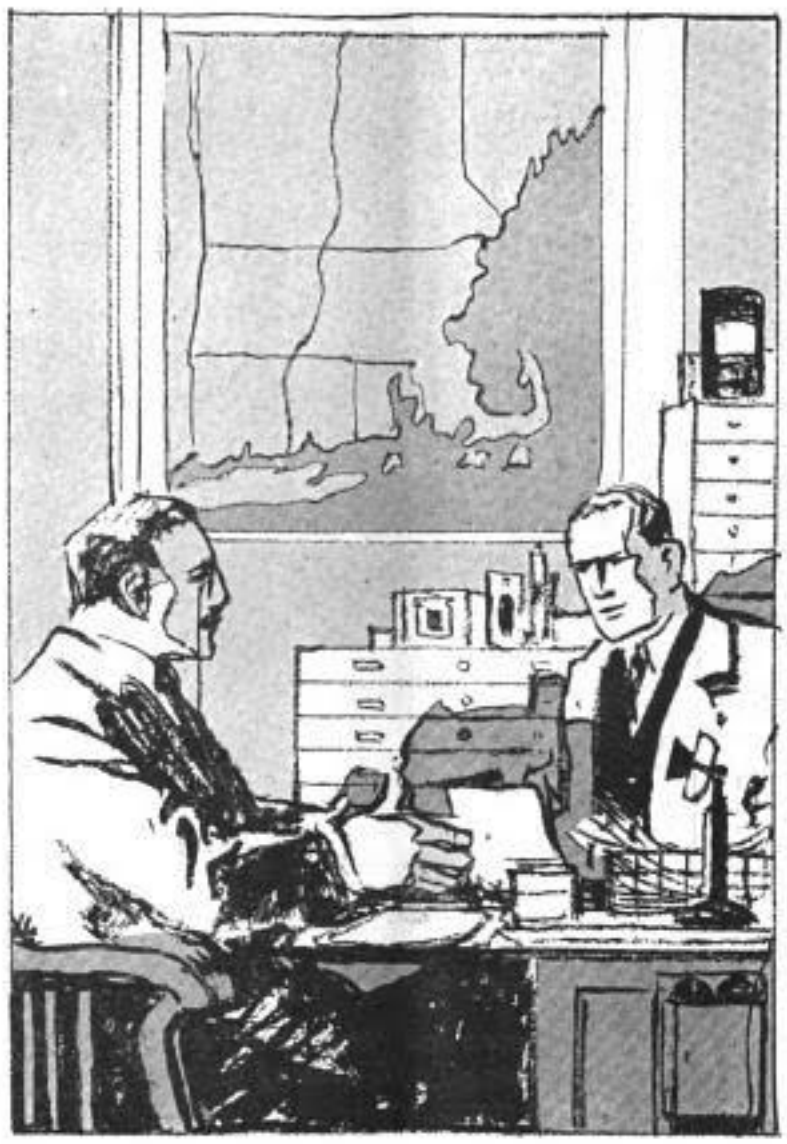
The young railroad clerk went back to his desk, convinced that Mr. O'Toole's viewpoint was wrong. Like the majority of men, the railroad clerk had sought expert advice and then rejected it because it did not jibe with his preconceived opinions. He recruited 700 cooperators, who subscribed $5 each to open a grocery store. In due course the store began business. Fourteen months later a receiver closed its doors. Another cooperative store had failed to meet the test of competition.

The Man Who Made Cooperation Pay

THE foregoing is merely one typical case out of several hundred cooperative ventures in the United States. For a good number of years past cooperation has been regarded by the country at large either as a doubtful experiment or a new sort of charity.

The retail grocer has held up cooperative storekeeping as a joke, a huge joke on the consumer because it proved him to be a poor business man.

Albeit, the cooperative crusade has persisted in spite of failures, and now a change is impending. Cooperative storekeeping, in New England at least, has taken on a new lease of life. A system that has proved successful in England and other European countries has been adapted to American conditions. No longer may those who have levied an annual tax of $7,000,000,000 for *distributing* the products of the soil of this country collect their toll without a challenge.



"Our cooperators will pledge themselves, Mr. O'Toole. . . ." "Touch a man's pocketbook," said Mr. O'Toole, "and he'll mighty soon forget his pledges"

A good share of credit for the new order belongs to a young man who was graduated from Bowdoin College, State of Maine, about ten years ago. Mr. Purington offers this modest explanation of how he became identified with the cooperative movement:

"I traveled for a publishing house for a number of years, and wherever I stopped long enough to get acquainted, I observed that people were talking more and more about the high cost of living. Just to keep up with the procession I began to look into the subject. By degrees I became convinced that the high cost of living could be explained in one word: Waste! Low scale of production, ignorance of markets, unnecessary handling, lack of storage facilities for both producer and consumer, delivery of small parcels—these are just a few of the items that go to make up a staggering total waste under our present system.

"Our friends the Socialists have claimed that triumph of their party at the polls would reduce the cost of living along with many other needed reforms. But it was not clear to me how farmers could be compelled by legislation to grow more corn to the acre, for example, or how Mrs. Jones could be prevented from buying her potatoes by the peck, or how Mrs. Smith could be dissuaded from requesting a ten-cent delivery service on two pounds of sugar on which the grocer's mark-up would be about two cents.

"It seemed to me that these wrong conditions could be corrected by cooperation. But although cooperative societies had accomplished wonders abroad, in this country they had failed very much oftener than they had succeeded. Apparently something was wrong with the way the principle of cooperation had been applied to American conditions. To search out the fault and remedy it looked like a task that would require all of a man's time. So I threw up my traveling job and set to work with the idea of establishing cooperation on a business basis. I am still at it."

Mr. Purington has the type of mind that digs to rock bottom once it tackles a subject. He explores all the little bypaths that lead from the main road and neatly charts them for future reference. In computing freight costs on canned goods, for example, he set apart a column for the water in the cans. Result: 40 per cent of freight cost was for solids, balance water!

What does it cost every time your grocery boy delivers an order? The minimum cost of delivery is 5⅛ cents, according to Mr. Purington; it may run up as high as 15 cents in stores that are not well managed. Two deliveries a day at the latter rate means $100 a year as against $36 for the same service from a well-managed store.

A Basis for the New Scheme

TO APPLY some of his theories and at the same time to conduct his search for waste at closer range, Mr. Purington accepted the managership of a little cooperative store that was about ready to give up the ghost. He knew nothing about the practical end of the grocery business, but one could learn. Soon he was confronted by this problem: How could Mr. O'Toole advertise —— Bros. Extra Peas for 19 cents the can when the little cooperative store was paying $2.25 a dozen for the same brand? Mr. Purington went to Mr. O'Toole and asked him. The master of two hundred stores replied with commendable candor that he bought —— Bros. Extra Peas in carload lots for $1.62 a dozen cans! Mr. O'Toole was a little vainglorious. In substance he talked much as he had to the railroad clerk: A small cooperative store could not compete with Patrick O'Toole, who owned two hundred stores and bought in tremendous quantities. Besides, Mr. O'Toole was selling foodstuffs at rock bottom; nobody could sell lower; so what was the use of a cooperative store anyway?

Mr. Purington thanked the merchant and went back to his desk. Unlike the railroad clerk, however, he accepted Mr. O'Toole's advice as sound—so far as it went. Mr. Purington went further: If a chain of stores could earn $1,000,000 a year for Patrick O'Toole, why could not a chain of cooperative stores—granting they were run as efficiently—save $1,000,000 a year for the stores' customers? There would be the problem, no doubt—to run the cooperative stores as *efficiently* as Mr. O'Toole ran his. It could be done, but, first, cooperation must be put on a business basis. Mr. Purington had confirmed his theories, but he had still to build up an organization before he could try out the plan.

Only a true cooperator could have preserved faith and optimism through the discouraging year that followed. It was not hard to find men interested in cooperation, but Mr. Purington presented new ideas. He held firm for them, and new ideas on any subject must undergo varying stages of ridicule before they are accepted.

After fifteen months of effort conditions seemed favorable for launching a chain of cooperative stores. An article published in COLLIER'S had advocated much the same idea; further, the article had brought to the front prominent local men who were interested in cooperation. And prominent men, practical men, moneyed men were necessary, as will be seen.

Getting the Chain Started

THOSE known to be interested were invited to attend a meeting where the chain-of-cooperative-stores plan was explained in detail. A series of conferences followed, some extending from mid-afternoon until early next morning. This is a fair example of the enthusiasm that is backing cooperative storekeeping in New England to-day.

The conferences served to fuse a number of conflicting opinions into one dominating idea: to establish cooperation on a business basis. The subject was fully summed up by Mr. Purington at a dinner—a round-up party—in about the following words:

"Cooperative storekeeping in New England has failed because of inability, through lack of capital, to buy in large quantities and engage expert management. To buy in large quantities requires a large capital and a large volume of business; a small cooperative store has neither. Efficient managers are attracted by the rewards of big business, which means private business run for gain. To succeed in this country, cooperative business requires some such strong central organiza-

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tion as the English wholesale societies. The plan has been proposed often enough, but it has never got beyond the talking stage, principally for lack of capital.

"Struggling for existence themselves, the small societies which have most needed a central organization have never seen their way to raising the two or three hundred thousand dollars necessary to finance the project. One of the reasons why the English societies have accumulated this fund where we have not is the fact that the English cooperator pays an annual fee for membership, whereas the American cooperator usually pays one fee for a corporate share, and never contributes afterward.

"At $10 each it would require contributions from 20,000 cooperators to supply the capital necessary for a strong central or wholesale society. In the face of past failures it would be next to impossible to round up that number of consumers each willing to contribute $10. Therefore, a cooperative wholesale company must be financed, at the start at least, by contributions from men of means who have the welfare of cooperation at heart and the vision to see what it needs."

Enabling Cooperative Stores to Compete

FOLLOWING the above plea and a resultant discussion, something less than thirty public-spirited citizens of Boston and vicinity subscribed $100,000 for the purpose of placing cooperative business on an equal footing with business run for private gain. These men do not feel that they have endowed a monument to endure after them like a library, or founded a beneficent charity like a hospital, or indulged a patriotic whim like building a cup defender; they are practical business men, and, while wishing to do some good in the world, they look at things from a business point of view. Briefly, this is their position: "Here are fifty cooperative stores in New England. Only three or four of them are financially successful. We will finance a strong cooperative wholesale company which these struggling societies need. We will have one management, the best obtainable, and one buying organization for all cooperative stores who care to join. Then cooperative storekeeping can compete, and when it can compete it will succeed, and when it succeeds we can get our money back—if we want it back."

The New England Cooperative Society was incorporated under Massachusetts laws in 1913. The men who financed it took preferred stock, and—here is proof of their altruism—they have no vote. Control of the central society is vested in the subsidiary societies that have joined, now numbering thirteen, and in a board of nine directors. Each society and each director has one vote; but as the subsidiary societies outnumber the directors the balance of power lies with the beneficiaries of the system rather than with those who administer it. Each subsidiary society has a standard set of by-laws, coordinating with the by-laws of the central society.

The New England Cooperative Society gets in touch with the consumer by three avenues: By taking over cooperative stores already established, by purchasing stores privately owned and converting them into cooperative stores, and by establishing stores in favorable locations. Where a society is already organized it must adopt new by-laws and name a representative to attend meetings of the central organization. Where a privately owned store is purchased or where a new store is established, a cooperative society is recruited from among the store's customers. It is the latter feature which appeals to that large class of Americans who would like the benefits of cooperation, but demand to be *shown* first.

Lessons from Foreign Experience

IN ENGLAND and Continental Europe cooperation is an institution. There also the people have more faith in institutions. Consequently they join a cooperative society and patiently wait for its benefits. On this side of the Atlantic cooperation has been more of an experiment. For reasons already stated, it has failed to meet competition. Therefore your average American buys where prices are lowest and lets the other fellow experiment with cooperation. But exhibit a first-class store that is doing business and meeting competition, and the American proletarian will embrace an opportunity to become a part owner of that store. He will invest in imaginary gold mines, in patent medicines, and even in religion on faith; but when it comes to a cooperative store he wants to see the goods.

It is by making allowances for the American point of view and building an organization to meet it that Mr. Purington has adapted the Rochdale system to New England conditions. Economists may contend that the plan does not make for democratic cooperation, their theory being that a group of consumers ought to associate to buy a chest of tea, we will say, like the pioneers of cooperation; that with the profits of the tea the group of consumers would buy other necessities until at length they owned a small cooperative store; that other groups of consumers in other communities proceed along similar lines; then there would be a number of small cooperatives stores, and when these little stores had each accumulated a surplus they would get together and finance a wholesale society—briefly, that cooperation must start small and grow up as it has done in England.

The foregoing theory is generally held, and it has persisted in spite of the fact that most of the failures in this country have started that same way—and never grown up. In England the cooperative movement grew up with, or ahead of, big private business—the trusts, so called; but in this country private business got started first. To put cooperation on a business basis—which means a competitive basis—it was necessary for some one to bridge the gap.



A Thunderstorm in Town

A Reminiscence

By THOMAS HARDY

SHE wore a new "terra cotta" dress,
And we stayed because of the pelting storm
Within the hansom's dry recess,
Though the horse had stopped; yes, motionless,
We sat on, snug and warm.

Then the downpour ceased, to my lasting pain,
And the glass that had screened our forms before
Flew up, and out she sprang to her door:
I should have kissed her if the rain
Had lasted a minute more.

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By Thomas Hardy

How One Failing Store Was Rescued

THE first cooperative store to affiliate with the central society was the Devonshire Cooperative Market, owned and largely patronized by Boston bank clerks. This store was the subject of an article published in COLLIER'S of December 6, 1913. The president of the bank clerks' society says:

"We were doing as well as any small cooperative store could be expected to do, which means that we were putting in $100 worth of effort for every $10 drawn out in dividends. Our prices were perhaps lower than prices in the suburbs, but considerably higher than prices of the big city markets. Our attempts to deal directly with the producers of foods had not met with success. For the most part, producers seemed to expect us to pay them as much as we would pay the wholesalers—and express charges besides. We tried this for a time, hoping to effect a compromise; but instead of meeting us halfway the producers, as soon as they discovered that we could not handle their entire output, went back to the commission houses. Apparently they preferred to accept lower prices for the sake of an assured market. Inability to buy in large quantities prevented us from selling goods any lower, and unless we could sell lower there seemed to be slight prospect of building up our membership to the numbers necessary to consume a larger output. Our attempts to unite with other cooperative stores on the buying end had failed also. There were a number of reasons for this: perhaps one store sold one brand of canned goods and each of the other stores some other brand. One manager favored New York rumps, while another would handle nothing but Boston hips. One leaned to package goods; another to buying sugar by the barrel and weighing it out as sold. Worst of all, provided we did establish a buying agency, each manager thought he ought to be made the buyer; and each society wanted just a little more to say about things than any other society.

"Starting out with the best of intentions, we found after a year's hard work that we had merely added one more small retail store to a class already too numerous. Instead of reducing the cost of living, we had really increased the consumers' burden by unprofitable competition. We had about decided to give up labors that were bringing so little in return when the New England Cooperative Society came forward with a practical plan for removing cooperation from the list of charities and establishing it on a firm business basis. The directors voted unanimously to place our little store in charge of the central society, believing that it had the equipment to succeed where we had failed.

"Our expectations have been more than fulfilled. The central society is now buying goods on an average of 10 per cent lower than we could buy the same articles. Part of this saving is immediately applied to the retail prices of our table supplies, and the balance comes to us in the form of semiannual dividends. Affiliation with the central society enables our store to carry a larger and better variety of goods than formerly. Expert management has reduced our store's overhead expense, at the same time bettering its service. All of which, of course, has resulted in better business and a return to the cooperative store of members who were trading elsewhere. The central society boosted our sales 50 per cent during the first month, and they are still climbing."

The first privately owned store to be taken over by the New England Cooperative Society was situated in a crowded section of Boston. It was a large store, long established, and making money. The price paid was $20,000, and this for a cost inventory of goods and a fair appraisal of fixtures. Nothing was paid for good will. This is one of the society's irrevocable rules. Still $20,000 is quite a bit of money—to raise in ten-dollar lots. Here was the first practical test of Mr. Purington's theories; results proved that they were sound. Regular customers of the store knew that it was doing a good business and meeting competition. Here was no experiment to fool away their hard-earned money. It was a going concern. To become a part owner of such a store looked like a good business proposition. Sixty per cent of the store's customers became shareholders. Within sixty days from the time the store was listed for cooperative ownership the $20,000 was returned to the central society's treasury wherewith to buy out or establish other stores, and so on.

Testing Each Link in the Chain

HAD the ablest organizer in the country gone into that section of the city to organize a society with nothing to attract members but the promise of a store when sufficient capital had been raised, it is doubtful if he could have convinced one-tenth of two thousand breadwinners that cooperation was a good thing. That is, he could not have convinced them ten dollars' worth.

It should not be thought that the New England Cooperative Society takes over every grocery store that may be offered, on the theory that cooperation alone will make profitable a store that may be handicapped by a poor location, a clientele who demand credit, excessive rent, or other unfavorable conditions. Establishing a chain of cooperative stores on a business basis requires that each link in the chain shall bear the test of cold business logic. Only experts are qualified to judge such matters. The officers of the society are well qualified.

The president of the society is in middle life and his prime. He has the vision of an idealist combined with the irresistible energy of a man who does things. He has been a success in a business way, and has made enough money (*Concluded on page 34*)

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The Colors of Our Battalion

By Donald Francis McGrew

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY H. RIESENBERG

DOWN the march of Time all men who became the men of men have steeled their spines with theories. Upon the things which you cannot hear or see or touch do the destinies of empire hang.

Therefore, upon that perception, the American Powers-That-Be gave prompt and full reward to Captain Brodney Drew when he came through with flying colors at Taliente's Casa. From a captain of constabulary they promoted him to a majorship in the regulars, and sent him down to San Fernal, Samar, to command the Third Battalion of the Ninety-second Infantry.

"Things look bad in San Fernal," observed the General commanding. "The presidente, a Tagalog named Ybarra, is not to be trusted, I am afraid. They are just recovering from too-much-Smith down there; the residentes are all sullen. Captain Allen's constabulary company is trustworthy, but you'd better keep a close eye on affairs, for we don't want another massacre like that of the Ninth."

"Massacre, eh?" sniffed Brodney Drew when he left headquarters. "I guess, from all reports, that if a possible massacre were all I had to worry about I'd have a bed of roses. The Ninety-second Infantry! That blackleg regiment!"

This soulful exclamation indicated the status of the "blackleg regiment," and under ordinary conditions all the officers in the islands might have sent him secret messages of condolence over his assignment. But a constabulary officer who receives promotion over the heads of West Point graduates does not receive condolences from men who have their own opinions on seniority versus selection.

BRODNEY DREW, called Bunga Doo by the little Moro soldiers who could not pronounce his name, was a little man and a chesty man, and a fighting, hearty full bobcat from the tips of his immaculate boots to the scrawny thatch of his partially bald head; and also never in the history of the race had man clung closer to that code which governs Nature's gentlemen. On that account, if for no other in the world, he kept his own opinion of the assignment to himself; but in two hours after he arrived at San Fernal the Ninety-second's Third Battalion knew they had an iron commander.

They found no pleasure in the change, but neither did their commander.

Always, from the beginning, Fate and innocent recruiting sergeants had apparently sworn a solemn oath to send them Nature's worst; two mutinies and one threatening of disbandment lay black against their name; so Bunga had expected very little. But they were even worse than he expected. Just over from the States, they presented a "front," as one old sergeant put it, "made up of the most unsoldierly roughnecks who ever thought to take the wrinkles from their bellies by enlisting with Uncle Sam!"

"Why, curse it!" Bunga thought, watching the companies at their first unwieldy drill; "even the constabulary are laughing at them!" He cast a half-warlike, half-admiring eye at the natty, white-capped native company of veterans which, drilling symmetrically near the whitewashed barracks on the west edge of the plaza, resembled so closely that company of his heart that he had left in Mindanao. "Can't say I blame them much, though," he admitted grudgingly. "But—" here he turned his scarred visage toward the north side of the square, where Señor Ybarra was lounging on his patio—"if you or any of your condemned residentes stand out here and grin at anything American, I'll jerk your bally scalps!"

THE thought was unspoken; but Bunga's face was eloquent. Señor Ybarra retired behind his vines to hide his smiles. White-clad, immaculate, with sinister and sensual mouth hid by a well-trimmed Vandyke, this tall, black-haired Tagalog prided himself on his education and his instinctive judgment of men; he observed in confidence to Father Rial, who held sway in the ivy-grown stone church, that, from the appearance of these troops, the iron was conveniently hot for striking; nevertheless, for his purposes, he admitted he'd much prefer to see some other commandante in the American headquarters.

As the General had said, the town, a typical inland barrio with a surrounding of coco palms, an abundance of nipa huts, and a more than usual number of frame dwellings around the great square plaza, was filled with sullen, chocolate-colored peons, the scum of the Tagalog race; they made their hatred manifest in every word and look, and, till ordered off the plaza by Bunga Doo in person, large groups of them lingered near and laughed disdainfully at the battalion's awkward evolutions. The black looks he could not stop till actions called for bullets; the laughter was a different matter. To the open delight of Captain Allen, the tall, young, brown-eyed Captain of the constabulary, he wheeled about as soon as the taunting crowd was dispersed, marched straight to the president's patio, and told that polished worthy in no uncertain tones that if he did not keep his hoodlums off the plaza during drill he'd clap them all in jail.

THE bitter thing was that the native amusement was justified. Bunga Doo gripped his swagger stick, thrust out his square-cut chin, and started out to whip his men into shape.

From any angle this proved a job for a man with solid jawbones in his skull. His first real order gave the men an inkling of what they might expect from an eccentric theorist who nurses fond ideas about the building of a backbone for an army.

Instead of merely having the companies "fall in at attention" for the usual evening ceremony, he ordered them to "fall in" with their rifles. He also ordered every officer who heretofore had missed retreat with impunity to "stand it" with his company. Then he appeared in person to "take retreat," an act unusual in itself. He stood stiff in the center of the parade, a trig, trim, dapper little fellow of starchy alertness; and, while the blazing tropical sun sank behind the coco palms in the background, the wondering companies facing him watched the battalion color bearer take a stand at his rear. Then, when the crashing echoes of the evening gun ripped out across the plaza and the trumpeters took up "The Colors" in honor of the descending flag, Bunga gripped his saber and barked out that most ringing of commands: "Pre-sent—arms!" Nor was this all. Expecting to be dismissed, the ranks were brought up to a "right shoulder arms"; then they were marched, with their commander at the head, past the colors in columns of fours; and as they passed them they "came down," per the prescribed marching salute, to a snappy "port arms."



"You won't report to your country this time!'"

"Bully!" grinned Captain Allen, watching from his quarters.

THE regular officers did not echo this. "Why, the man is sheer, stark crazy!" said Captain Duncan, commenting on it later at the bachelors' mess. "What does he think he's commanding—a lot of British Life Guards? That's stage stuff, pure and simple!"

"Rights!" declared a cub fresh from the Point. "Wouldn't be surprised, though, if he had us singing the Anthem next. You've heard that story, I suppose, of how he made the constabulary company sing it?"

"Yes, I've heard. But he is not dealing with those quick-stepping little savages now. Entirely different characters. Those sorts of actions will appeal to the men as ridiculously theatrical." And Captain Duncan, a tremendous, bearded man, glared round the board for signs of disapproval.

"Well—er—he *did* show some backbone with these natives," ventured one at last.

"Oh, granted! But did you see those hombres grinning again from the houses to-night? *They* know. If they laugh, what will the *army* say? We'll be the laughing stock of the Philippine Division."

The spirit of these comments may or may not have reached little Bunga Doo; but certain it is Captain Duncan was called upon next evening for a rather unpleasant interview. Just preceding retreat, instead of allowing the company commanders to inspect their companies, Bunga Doo walked down the line himself. What he saw, he saw; when retreat was over, Captain Duncan was ordered to meet the commanding officer at the edge of the plaza.

"Captain," said Bunga, eying the big man impersonally from under his stiff cap brim, "your company was in a most unmilitary condition this evening. Filthy shoes, dirty belts, greasy rifles. They were slovenly, too, in their execution of 'Present—arms.'"

CAPTAIN DUNCAN flushed an angry red to the height of his prominent cheek bones. "I haven't one old soldier in the company, sir," he said in his own defense.

"I know that, Captain, but I want you to lay a great deal of stress on the *spirit* those men put into the movement. By gad, sir, they're saluting the Stars and Stripes and the colors of our battalion; I want to see those guns come up with a *snap!*"

"I'll see that they do in future, sir."

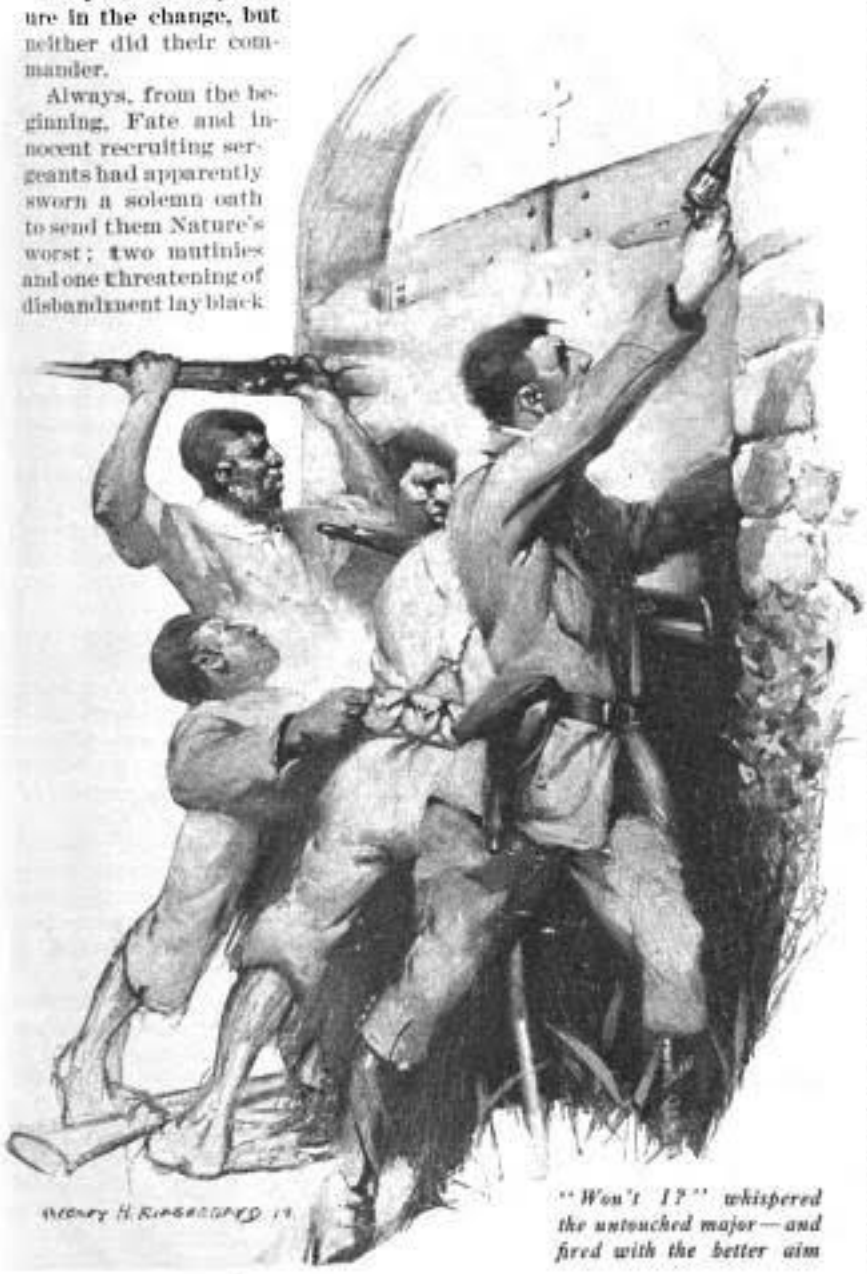
"Very well. I shall always expect you to maintain the strictest sort of discipline in your company. You must appreciate the fact that we have a most unsatisfactory set of recruits to mold over into the form of soldiers; I expect all my officers to help me bring that to pass. If they don't join in with me, then I shall have to take full and complete personal command of our battalion."

"Our battalion?" thought Duncan. "I had an idea the Government owned it." Aloud he said: "Whenever the battalion commander deems that a necessity, it lies within his power, of course."

"Exactly," snapped the little man. "Captain Duncan, I am a man with eyes in my head. I make no apologies whatever for my promotion, though I can see the viewpoint of West Pointers with your service. The fact remains that we are here in the interests of a common work. We are in a decidedly hostile community with a battalion of recruits who have no philosophy, no real theory of soldierdom, no *esprit de corps*. They have no backbone of any description. It's up to us, Captain, to put that backbone into them."

"I fully appreciate that, sir," said Captain Duncan. "Yes, sir. My own theory is, if I might suggest it, that a baptism of fire will do more than all the talk of drill in the world. Lacking that, I—er—don't see how we can effect it by other than the usual methods."

At this juncture soft-footed Señor Ybarra came



"Won't I?" whispered the untouched major—and fired with the better aim

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walking across the parade. Bunga did not hear him until he was well within earshot of the officers; then he straightened to his full height, this midget with the waist of a girl and the breast of a pouter pigeon, and exclaimed:

"Usual methods? Captain, they will not work fast enough to suit me in this case. By gad, sir, call on this outfit for ordinary work, and they work; call on them for something that appeals to them as obvious madness, and see what happens. They hang back because they are still thinking of themselves alone—and that's what is wrong here. I say that the best we can do is to drill or talk or punish into them the idea that they themselves are too damnably insignificant to be considered men until they wrap themselves round in the colors of our battalion."

"I grasp your idea, sir," returned Captain Duncan when Bunga Doo paused. "Still, in view of the task ahead of us, I wouldn't mind having a small go at the natives to help out."

"Neither would I, Captain. By gad," with suddenly snapping eyes, "I'd *welcome* it. Yes, sir. I'd welcome *more* than a small go. If such a thing were possible, I'd like to see a chance to order them into something that struck them as madness, pure and simple. I'd do it if it cost an otherwise unwarranted percentage of lives."

"Oh, surely, sir—"

"By God, I mean it!" blazed Bunga Doo. "What is a soldier, anyway? A questioner? An ordinary citizen? A judge? No! He's a cog in a machine, and, by all the gods, when he enlists to become a cog in that machine which upholds the flag, he'd better be dead than a living blot on the things that flag stands for!"

THE Captain stood nonplussed, while Bunga breathed balefully through quivering nostrils.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "If death is necessary to teach an outfit a theory, then, damn 'em, let 'em die. No outfit is worth a tinker's whoop until they do grasp it. Why, Captain, I'll wager that constabulary company over there has gone further toward grasping—"

Here Señor Ybarra stepped up, bowing politely. Both officers turned.

"Ah, pardon me," said the native aristocrat in perfect English; "I overheard quite unintentionally. It is a most interesting subject. You know"—he showed his white, incisive teeth in what was meant for a smile—"we Filipinos are quite—er—quite—well, dumfounded by your success. In the beginning we had as good men"—one read from his glance of poorly veiled contempt at the barracks that he meant *better*—"and fine trenches and better rifles—yet you beat us. What would you give as the answer?" The man's manner was pleasantry itself. Yet Bunga restrained himself with an effort. The suave Tagalog emanated something that gritted on every nerve.

"I fancy, sir, that we won because we were sent over here to do it and knew that our country would take no excuse for failure," he said. Then he turned abruptly toward Captain Duncan. "Captain, are you going on to dinner?"

Señor Ybarra grew visibly swarthier; his hands clenched; and as the officers deliberately walked away, he stood there for an instant with nostrils distended and quivering and black eyes boring holes in the hollow backs. And that night, while the moon rose above the distant blue-black mountains and covered the barrio with a seeming peace and calm, Señor Ybarra addressed a meeting in his hacienda. "I tell you the officers themselves realize the men are unprepared!" he exclaimed in part. "Now is the time to rush arrangements for the rifles." But his listeners demurred. Since all arms had been taken away, it was madness to think of trying to cope even with raw recruits unless they had arms and ammunition, but, while guns could be bought with ease from Chinese smugglers and landed on the distant coast, they could not be smuggled in past the outposts without a great deal of danger. Oriental

(Continued on page 23)

Initiations at Lockport

By Charles N. Sims—Part II

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER D. GOLDBECK

THE organization of the Knights of Sahara was to be the biggest event Lockport had ever witnessed. And all through that blazing hot July afternoon nothing else was thought of or talked about.

Children prattled it over the sand pile in the playhouse and at the old swimming hole; women gossiped it in the kitchen and over back fences; men "gassed" it in the truck patch, on the street, and in Abe's store. In short, the village reveled up to its armpits in its first real sensation since the war. A man who was not a candidate for initiation lost caste, but one who had talked openly against the lodge was beyond the pale, and Harry Baum's popularity suffered mightily. Abe suddenly became a lion and his roars kept the excitement at the highest pitch.

Long before night lights blinked from every window in the town hall above Abe's store, and long before that the crowd had gathered on the sidewalk below.

To be sure, no one besides prospective members would witness the ceremonies above, but this did not keep the entire population from turning out in a body to see the arrival of the initiating delegation from the county seat.

THE populace stood a little apart from the candidates for initiation and feasted their eyes upon them. A third group, palpably ostracized, consisting of thirteen young men, headed by the big blacksmith, had taken position just across the street opposite the store. Now and then there was laughter among themselves, but they were studiously frowned upon by all the rest. Abe and the Squire kept the waiting crowd in a perfect agony of suspense by their ambiguous remarks, whispered consultations, sudden excursions in and out of the store and mad dashes up and down the hall stairs.

Abe's last piece of dramatic stage business was exhausted with his jack-in-the-box appearance at an open window in the hall. The Squire groaned with jealous mortification because he had not thought of it himself.

"Good people," Abe began in a stringy, nasal voice. "Good people, I'm about to organize a great lodge—the Knights of Sahary, and I haven't had my shoes off for three days on account of it."

This peep into the speaker's private life brought out a feeble cheer from three or four of the deluded candidates.

"We are all in politics," Abe blundered on in a thundering voice, "we've—"

"Three cheers for Abe Day!" one enthusiast called, and they were given in a half-hearted way that should have discouraged their sponsor, but he instantly asked for three more. Abe held up a hand for silence in time to save the situation.

"That's enough for one time," he said, bowing right and left, "wait 'till you hear this. As I was saying," he took up the broken thread of his discourse with a piece lapping, "we're all in politics—we've got the power—let tyrants beware. Why, good people," he continued with whimsical impressiveness, "we could 'lect a yellow dog to office if we wanted to, though privately I hope it won't be done."

"Three cheers for Squire Buck, our next trustee,"



Harry took a quick step, drew the mask aside, and turned a dimpling face to the bright moonlight. "Why, if it ain't Ruth!" he said

sang out a voice that carried a familiar ring. Nothing happened.

"Who called for them cheers?" Abe asked menacingly. The guilty man wisely refrained from a reply. "Show me the man that interrupted them remarks I was about to make," Abe demanded darkly. No one carried out the command and the enraged speaker grew bolder.

"I do believe that's the shameful hound now, lurking behind that telephone pole," Abe discovered, indignantly pointing out a shrinking figure to the crowd.

"Why, if it ain't Squire Buck himself," Harry Baum cried in a shocked voice. A titter ran through the crowd.

"Go on with your chin music, Abe," the Squire said resentfully, "cheers ain't votes."

"Why, good people," Abe began a rather inopportune recapitulation, "we've got the power to 'lect a yellow dog to office if we want to, though privately I hope it won't be done. We will—"

"There they come now—down at the ford," a voice laden with excitement interrupted shrilly. And necks were craned to catch the first glimpse of the initiating delegation's carriage, as it tolled over the crest of the river bank and trotted briskly up the road toward town in the bright moonlight.

Abe left the window as quickly as he had appeared and careered madly down the steps, lest the Squire get the first greeting from their visitors. Willing hands volunteered to tie the weary team to the railing around the town pump and the two self-appointed members of the local reception committee swept everything before them in a sincere spirit of hospitality.

"Keep back here—you," hissed Abe, elbowing one of his own best patrons.

SEVEN loudly dressed, devilish-looking young fellows, a bit wrinkled by their long drive, climbed stiffly out of the four-seated carriage and seized their grips. The eighth member of the party followed; he was obviously the leader—he looked the oldest, was the noisiest dresser, and, if appearances were worth a cracker, was more devilish than the others.

Jim O'Bear had the face of a naughty Irish Valentine, and his very bearing indicated questionable sympathy for the Dutch. Abe was the first to reach his hand. "So you're Irish," Abe was saying observantly.

"What of it?" Jim replied rudely, sniffing for signs of hidden levity.

"That's nothing," Abe said in a manner calculated to put the unfortunate man at his ease. "I had a great uncle on my father's side who married a full-blooded Irish woman."

"Is that so?" Jim yawned, his inordinate racial vanity lulled for once.

"But then," said Abe, feeling that his remote relative's matrimonial recklessness deserved some extenuation, "they didn't think anything of that in those days."

The reception committee made up in speed for all else they lacked, and the visiting delegation was bustled into the hall without ceremony. Harry Baum managed, however, to buttonhole O'Bear at the foot of the steps and flashed a roll of bills tantalizingly under that gentleman's nose. "Will you do it, Jim—like you promised last night?" he asked.

"Sure," said Jim, reaching for the bribe. "Now that I've seen them," he grimaced, "we won't stop at anything. And, Baum," he added quickly in a low voice, "I want to see you in the hall as soon as you can come here. Don't let anyone see you enter," he warned.

HARRY surrendered the money with a nod and dodged back into the crowd to be congratulated by his companions. He led them down to his shop, where to each one of the twelve conspirators was issued a white garment similar to the pattern he had given Ruth in the morning.

"Now fellows," he began his final instructions, "you've got to keep an eye on the hall. When the initiation is over, make a dash for the ford. I'll be there in time to tell you what to do."

With a last appeal for utmost secrecy, Harry

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pocketed a tap wrench and stole quietly out at the back door into the alley. At the head of the alley he paused to reconnoiter the delegation's carriage. The coast was clear. He crossed the street boldly and under the pretense of slacking his thirst at the town pump, made a closer inspection of the visitors' vehicle. With the speed of a skilled machinist, he produced his tap wrench and went to work on the wheel taps in a businesslike manner. A moment later he passed stealthily to the rear of Abe's store, mounted the open stairway softly to the back of the hall and disappeared within. The townspeople stood around for a few minutes after the delegation's arrival and then went quietly home, leaving the lodge candidates in undisputed possession of the empty streets.

O'Bear was inclined to be dictatorial, for as soon as Abe and the Squire had surrendered the hall, he ejected them with a parting injunction to stay away until summoned.

These two worthies were too much mystified to be offended. They rejoined their brother candidates on the street without the slightest inkling of what was going on in the hall.

"This is a great night for Lockport," Abe said for the benefit of anyone who would listen; "Jim O'Bear was just saying to me, 'Abe, says he,' I—"

The wailing notes of a softly played flageolet, accompanied by the faint purring of a kettledrum, vibrated through the humid air. The mysterious throbbing music affected the candidates like a January gust, bringing first aid to their melting collars.

PRESENTLY, a whip cracked and a heavy chain rattled, trailed by a heartbreaking moan that was instantly drowned by the swelling music, then stopped as suddenly as it commenced. The candidates looked into each other's eyes with dilating orbs.

"After next Sunday I'm going to let up fishing on the Sabbath," Uriah Westfall said repentantly. "At least so, till the bass is biting on crawdads," he added provisionally. Nelty Driggs produced a full quart of whisky and fortified himself with a deep pull. "When this here is gone," he said earnestly, returning the bottle to his pocket without spilling a drop, "I guess I'll swear off."

He was scarcely done speaking when a window in the hall grated in its frame and Jim O'Bear looked down on them. "All you candidates come upstairs," he said authoritatively. Abe and the Squire pushed briskly to the head of the line. "Not you two," O'Bear said curtly, "stay where you are. Mr. Buck and Mr. Day have been chosen head sheiks, and their initiation will come later," he explained. This artifice had the desired effect and the prospective head sheiks drew aside, greatly mollified, and watched the others climb the rickety steps.

THE clink of coin that went on at the head of the stairs, as the candidates were passed within the sacred portals, testified to the sound business principles of the visiting delegation and aroused misgivings in the Squire's breast.

"At five apiece, that's a whole hundred," he grumbled as the door above clicked shut. "The home camp ort ter had part of it," he regretted.

"We'll soon make it all back—by 'lection time," Abe advanced confidently.

"Sociables, dances, and all such doings, maybe a lecture," he added tentatively, "there's money in that."

"Lectures cost," objected the Squire; "expenses eat up the profits."

"Say Squire," Abe broke out breathlessly as if voicing a freshly conceived idea, "why can't I give them lectures myself?" The Squire only grunted.

"I never suspicioned I could make a speech till tonight," Abe marveled.

"You're too suspicious," criticised the other. "Entirely too suspicious. A man of your suspicions ort ter be a detective."

"That speech come to me like—like a call for help in the woods," Abe declared.

"That's the way it sounded to me," the Squire said spitefully. At this juncture a piercing scream echoed and reechoed through the lonely streets. It was directly smothered in a chorus of moans that were engulfed in turn by hideous, discordant music.

The next thirty minutes seemed an age in which Abe and the Squire lived over much of the past and more of the immediate future. Finally, when O'Bear's seductive voice summoned them to the trial, a white, silent figure, hooded and gowned like one of Dante's hypocrites, met them at the door and relieved them of a five-dollar bill each, in spite of the Squire's plea to reduce his fee to four-seventy-five. Abe and the Squire gawked about the old familiar room. The two prospective head sheiks sniffed delightedly at the atmosphere which was thick with cheap incense, cheap cigarette smoke, and cheaper whisky.

OTHER white gowns stood ranged along the sides of the long room in the brooding quiet. The room was lighted by huge candles that cast a faint, yellow light on the naked walls, and lent death's



His Majesty emitted a nasty laugh. "If you had confessed to three or four living wives," he said grimly, "I wouldn't be the one to press for embarrassing detail"

hue to the candidates' faces. A blood-red light showed dimly through the cracks in the storeroom at the rear of the hall. Above the door in flaming letters frightened eyes read the ominous superscription: "*Those Who Enter Here Leave Hope Behind.*"

"Look, Squire!" whispered Abe making a painful excursion into the old man's short ribs with a bony elbow. The admonition was entirely superfluous, for the Squire's staring eyes were already glued to the red-bunting throne where his Satanic Majesty in all of his fiery Faustlike finery disported himself with languid grace.

"It's him all right," the Squire returned hoarsely, "I'd know him any place."

"Silence there!" rapped his Majesty, flourishing his fork.

"Abraham Day," he continued magisterially, "advance to the presence for examination." A white gown led Abe forward to the foot of the throne, after which he modestly withdrew leaving his charge face to face with the figure in red.

"Mr. Day," began his Satanic Majesty, bending knit brows on the nervous candidate, "prospective Knights are expected to come to us with a clean conscience. It's only fair to you," he went on civilly, "that you should know I have a complete history of your life and I know it like a book. Beware," he adjured, "you are expected to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, or—" and a stern finger elucidated the unspoken threat by pointing out the fearful legend above the storeroom door.

"NOW, Mr. Day, how old are you?" the examiner began in businesslike tones.

"Forty-five years, four months, and seven days," Abe replied glibly.

"Correct," verified the other, "just as I have it here. Where born?" was the next question.

"Salt Lake City, Utah," Abe answered self-conceitedly.

"No doubt of it," his Majesty observed with a hearty laugh. "Your domestic life out there proves it. Are you still a Mormon?" he yawned.

"No," Abe replied quickly, too astonished to say more.

"Look out," cried his Majesty with playful severity.

"I ain't a Mormon," Abe said loudly—"never was. I'm a deep-water Baptist," he added stoutly.

"I don't know as I blame you for denying it," his Majesty pondered leniently. "If I was tempted like you are," he continued, darting a significant glance in the Squire's direction, "I expect I'd lie, too."

"I ain't a Mormon," Abe said desperately, "never was—"

"That will do," his Majesty said with wintry indifference, "nobody here cares what your religion is as long as you don't insist on practicing it."

Abe felt himself growing hot, cold, and numb by turns, and in his wretched plight, he even dared an appealing look at the Squire, in whose brooding countenance he read neither recognition nor compassion.

"Mr. Day," smiled his Majesty—Abe licked his parched lips foreboadingly—"just tell the gentlemen of the jury how many times you have been married?"

"Never were married," gasped Abe. "Never found a woman I'd have."

HIS Majesty emitted a nasty laugh. "If you had confessed to three or four living wives," he said grimly, "I wouldn't be the one to press for embarrassing detail, though I wouldn't care to be in your place when all the rest of them found it out."

"I ain't married," Abe cried miserably, "I can prove it in—in a minute."

"Don't lie to me again, you procrastinating, pusillanimous polygamist," fumed his Majesty, obviously at the end of his good nature.

"Oh, what a pity!" chorused the white gowns.

"Oh, what a pity! Take him to the torture—take him to the torture."

"Mercy! Mercy!" entreated a voice from the chamber of horrors. The soul-withering call for clemency was lost in a rattle of chains and the biting crack of a well-used whip. Abe's hair stood on end as though it had been combed wet and then frozen.

"Don't let them take me in there," he pleaded; "I'm half sick the way it is."

"Oh, what a pity!" sighed the white gowns. "Oh, what a pity!"

"Away with him to the torture!" frothed his Majesty, beside himself with anger. Two white gowns jumped to obey and Abe was borne swiftly toward the storeroom, amid baleful cries of: "Oh, what a pity! Oh, what a pity!"

AT THE dreaded threshold he found a coherent tongue. "I'll confess," he broke down, "I'll confess anything you want me to."

"How many of your wives are living?" his Majesty asked impatiently.

"I—I don't know," Abe faltered truthfully. His Majesty frowned and signed for his orders to be carried out. Abe wriggled like a gagged eel, but without avail, and the torture-room door closed in the nick of time to hide what happened immediately after his suspenders snapped. However, the door of the torture room could not deaden the awful sounds that issued from the place.

Shivering from head to foot, the Squire watched the grotesque contortions of his Majesty with supreme wonder. "It hurts me almost as bad as it will Mr. Day," his Majesty explained groaningly, as he controlled an imminent paroxysm that seemed to be contagious among the white gowns.

"There it comes again. Te, he!" he choked, doubling up in a shaking knot, and it took some minutes for the spasm to pass. "I hope I don't have to send an old man like you there, Squire," he said at last. "If I did," he went on sorrowfully, "and you were to groan every time I saw them wheeling you about in an invalid chair I'd feel unhappy as long as you were in sight."

"Mr. Buck," he added, in quite another manner, "Come before the tribune." The Squire scarcely felt the floor beneath his dragging feet as his escort of white gowns led him forward.

"Your name?" his Majesty began.

"Squire Buck," the self-assured candidate replied at once.

"Age?"

(*Continued on page 25*)

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The Armies That Menace the Teuton World



One of the Czar's artillery batteries in the field. The Russian artillery is modeled upon the French. It has been thoroughly reorganized since Russia was beaten in the war with Japan and is now in first-class fighting condition



Photograph by J. h. J. Pacter

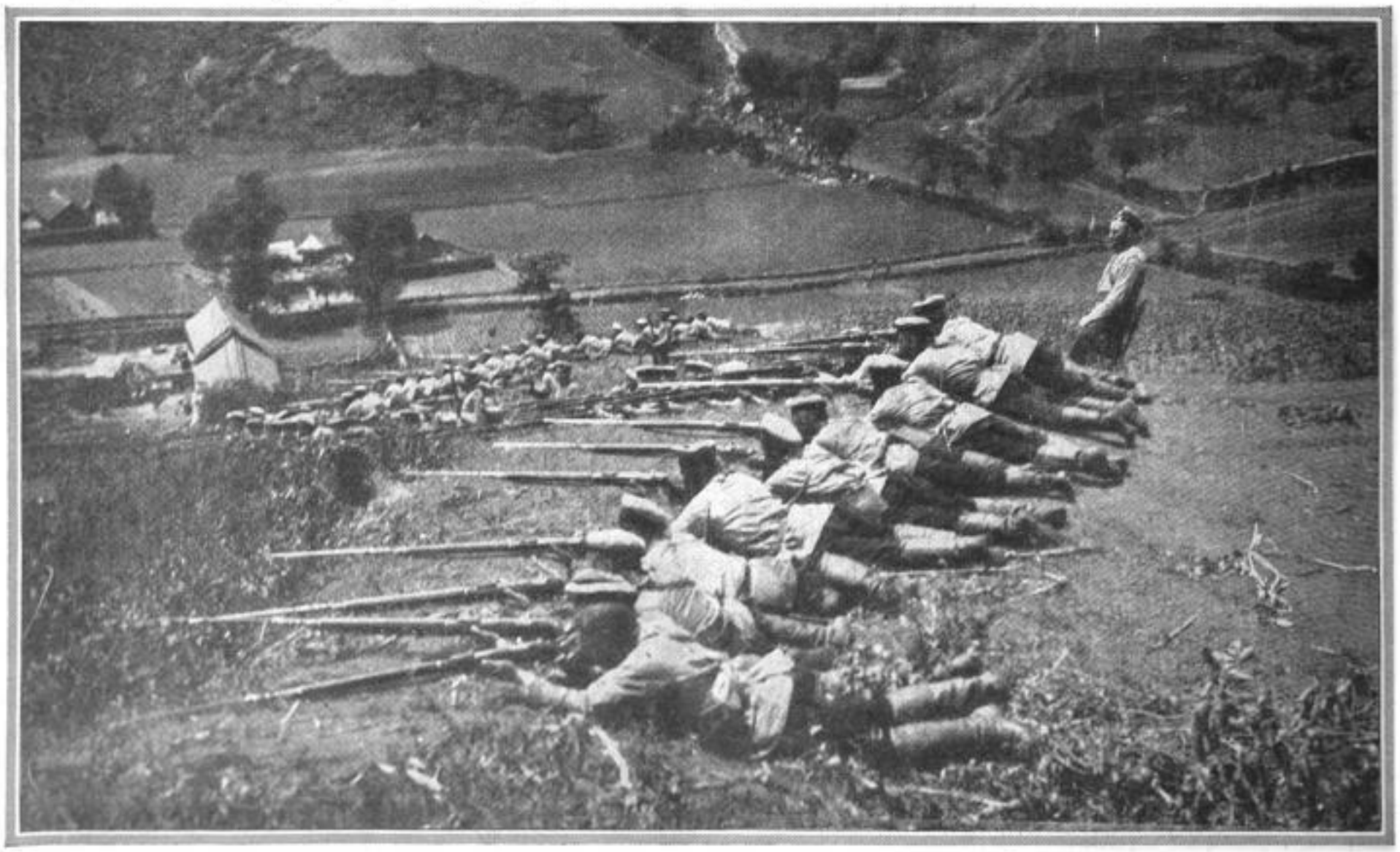
A battery of English field artillery in full equipment. Army experts predict that the larger part of the deadly work in the present war will be done by artillery. England's army strength for immediate use is 693,000 well-trained men

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General Joffre (left), field head of the French, discussing tactics with a subordinate general. The French have 1,300,000 men

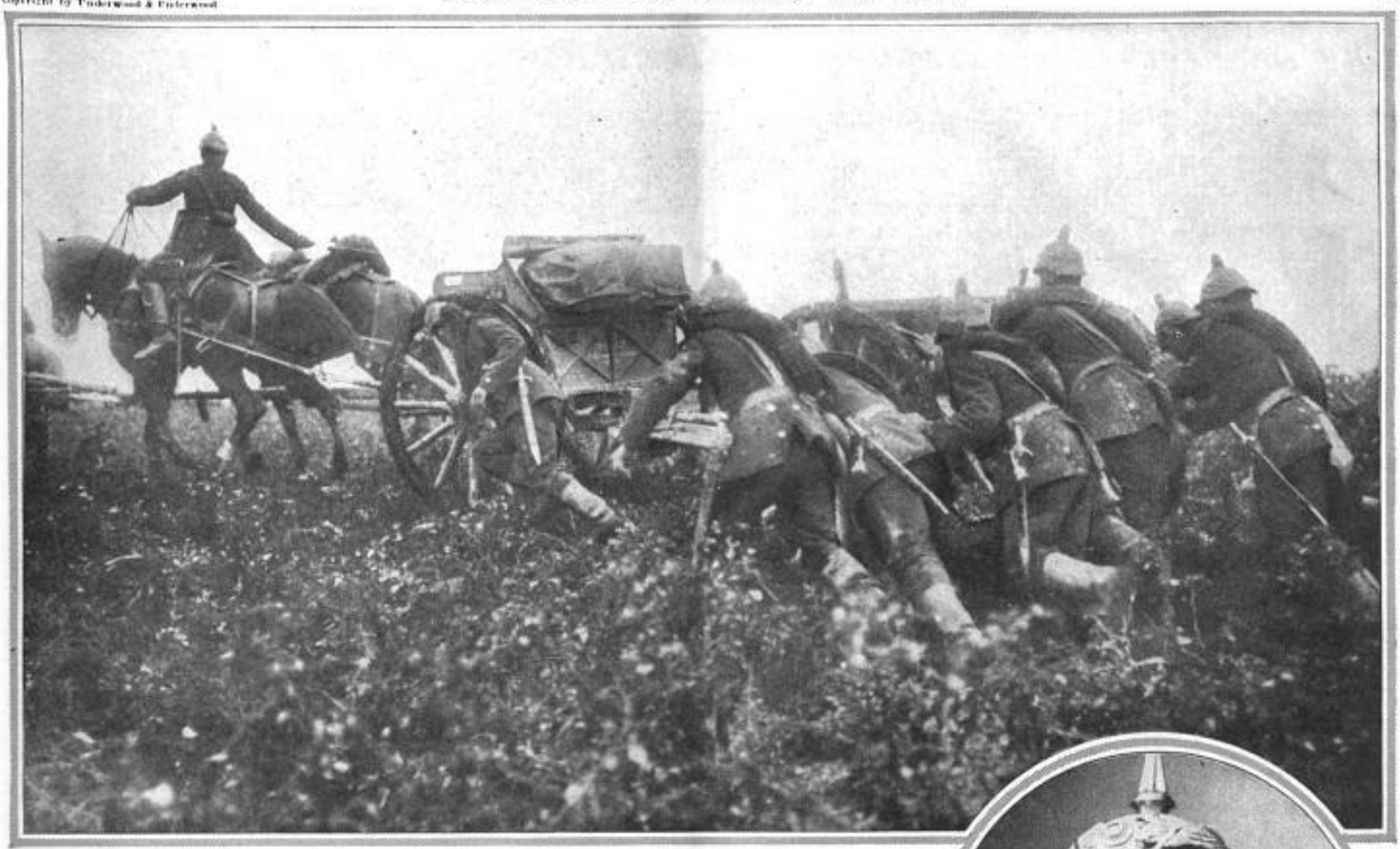
BY comparison the trained field forces involved in the present European war make the armies of the past look like scouting parties. England, Russia, and France, the Triple Entente, have a ready force of 3,843,000 men. The soldiery of these three nations is represented in the photographs on this page. Belgium and Servia furnish approximately 250,000 more men, which runs the total up to 4,093,000. That is the present fighting strength of the allied armies opposed to Germany and Austria at the hour we go to press. Germany's ready force of 1,850,000 men and Austria's 820,000 make a total of 2,670,000. The nations involved can put from 17,000,000 to 20,000,000 men in the field in two or three months.



Russian infantry in shallow trenches. The Czar's navy is weak, but his army is equal to Germany's in size. He has 1,850,000 men immediately available

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Soldiery of Two Nations That Face Great Odds

THE efficiency of the German artillery, members of which are seen on the move in the photograph above, is traditional. The story begins with the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, when the Prussian artillery, with the first rifled, breech-loading guns to be used on a large scale, defeated the Austrians. But there is a difference of expert opinion now as to whether Germany or France has the best artillery in the world. In all probability the question of superiority will be settled soon in the struggle between Germany and Austria, constituting the Dual Alliance, and their numerous powerful foes. The men in fancy uniform in the picture below are a company of Tyroler Guards, who form a part of Austria's army of 500,000 in the field as we go to press. The Austrian land forces are in four divisions, two numbering 150,000 each and two 100,000 each. In efficiency the Austrians are supposed to rank next to the Germans and the French.



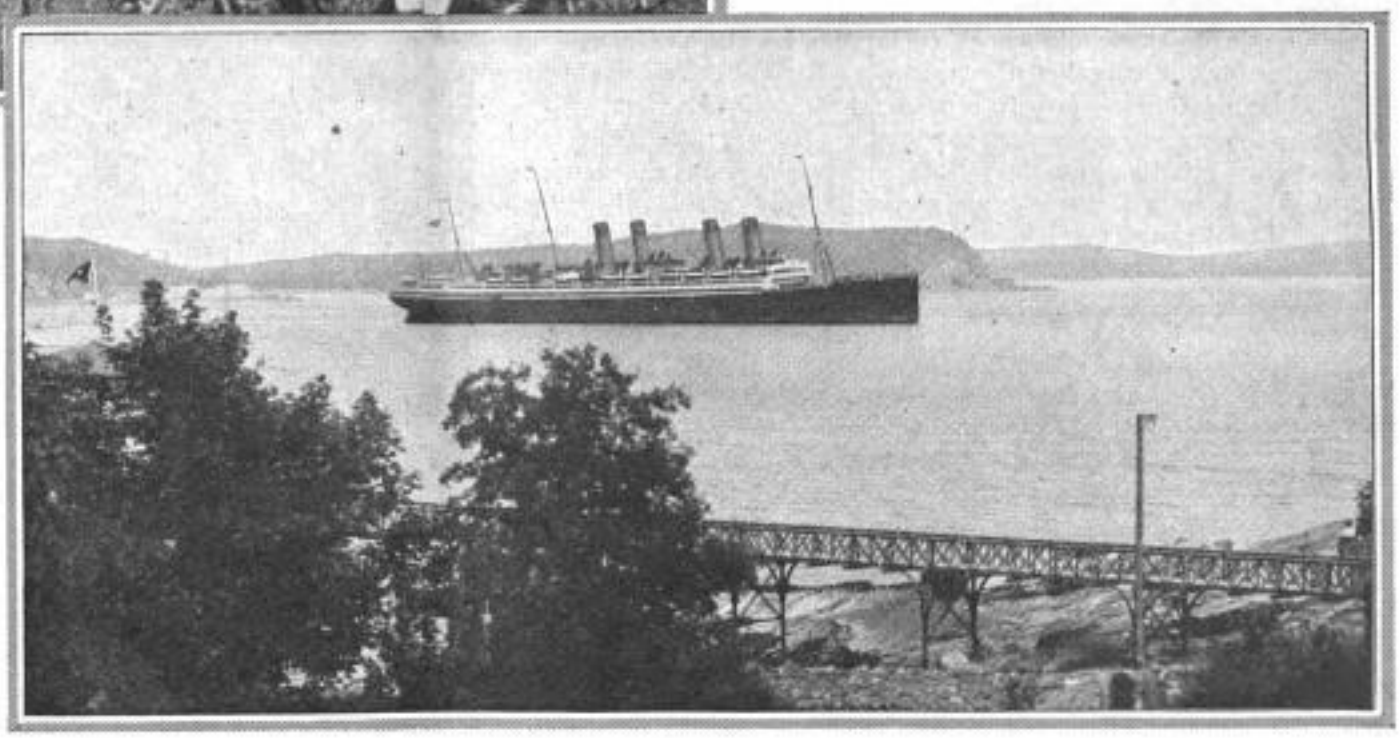
Moltke, the General Who Never Laughs

GENERAL HELMUTH VON MOLTKE, Chief of the General Staff of the German army, is one of the gloomiest men alive. His acquaintances say he seldom smiles and is never known to laugh. Kaiser Wilhelm frequently calls him "the gloomy Helmuth." It is not because of any event of the present European war that Von Moltke finds it impossible to laugh. Studying the business of war since early youth and having to deal constantly with the Kaiser, who is an exacting master in military affairs, explain the General's lack of cheerfulness. Von Moltke has been personally unpopular with the Kaiser nearly ever since his appointment in 1904. He has been kept in the position because of his extraordinary ability.



A Modern Sea Tale That Shelves Captain Kidd

THE tales of treasure ships that fled from Captain Kidd and his like in the romantic days of the Spanish Main cannot be permanently robbed of any of their charms, but they are shelved for a time to make way for the true-as-Gospel story of how the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, carrying $10,700,000 in gold, eluded hostile warships on the high seas. When the good German ship was four days out of New York a radio message told her to turn back. Her funnels were painted to resemble those of a British steamer, her lights were hidden, and she raced back to the American coast at the highest possible speed. She put in at a most unexpected port. Under cover of darkness the *Cecilie*, in our photograph at the right, slipped into Bar Harbor, Me., giving the wealthy vacationists at the resort a big surprise when they awoke next morning.



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COLLIER'S

The Meaning of the War

NOW ARMAGEDDON HAS A REAL MEANING—now we have roaring in our ears the thunder of the captains and the shouting of a continent in conflict. If this be not Armageddon, we shall never suffer that final death grip of the nations. "For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of Gon Almighty."

Civilization itself stands in jeopardy. The nations which are at war are the custodians of enlightenment for the earth, and they are entrapped into treason to their trust. For, after all has been said on the side of the virtues developed by war, we know that these peoples will not be the same peoples after this tornado has swept them. For the destruction of a Galveston, the shaking and burning of a San Francisco, the overwhelming of a Dayton, the wrecking of an Omaha, or the inundating of a Johnstown there is a remedy in mutual help and intensified industry and enterprise. Those calamities come from man's defeat at the hands of Nature; but this infernal thing in Europe is man's defeat of himself. The index number of everything good will stand lower after it is over. The pressure gauge of efficiency will fall when it is over. Indeed, it will never be over. The long climb to the uplands of the soul, toward which mankind struggles, is not gained by sudden leaps; and a long, tragic slip like this must be regained by effort which would otherwise be unnecessary. A thousand years from now the world will be suffering morally and spiritually from the effects of this unthinkable thing which has come upon us. We may have gained heights, but they will be lower than the levels upon which we should have stood if the villain BERCHTOLD had not thought he could bluff the imbecile NICHOLAS.

How will it affect the United States? Morally we shall suffer with the rest of the world. We shall not be so deeply imbrued as we might be if we plunged our own hands in the blood of our fellows as our poor brethren in Europe are doing; but we, too, shall be degraded by the blood lust turned loose upon the world's psychology. No man liveth unto himself alone nor dieth unto himself alone. We are members one of another. More than ever before in the world's history are the nations members one of another. These peoples are our fathers and mothers as well as our brethren. Every drop of blood shed is blood flowing in the veins of Americans. From the breast of every man in arms there run the threads of consanguinity to us. We shall feel thrilling, from man to man and from family to family, the hatreds let loose across the water. This is a part of the spiritual penalty we shall pay as members of the white race for this white man's suicidal war.

The immediate pinch is on us at this writing. At some ports there is an actual embargo against the exportation of our products—an embargo rendered necessary by the lack of ships to carry them. Congress has done what it should have done years ago—opened American registry to all foreign-built ships; but it is too late. Ships will be accounted as under the flags they flew at the opening of hostilities. We cannot take over the ships of the world in a time of war and make them American by allowing them to hoist the American flag. So that avenue of profit from the war is closed to us. And the vessels which would be glad to carry our wheat, cotton, maize, and meats are carrying armies for the invasion of empires, and supplies and material of war. This is the first shock to our commerce and business.

When the war ends, and at some time during the war if it continues many months, this lack will in all probability be supplied. Where the ships will come from we cannot now see, but they will come. When Europe must have food, the transportation will be provided. Already the British Government has to some extent solved the problem by its guaranty of all shipments of grain to British ports. Sooner or later the freight will move.

Then for a while—in fact, as long as the war lasts and for some time after its close—we shall make much money out of it. The grain fields of Russia and the Balkan states, and that garden spot, the Danube Valley, will be ravaged by armies and lie fallow for want of husbandmen. In the meantime railways will be torn up, engines ruined, all sorts of machinery destroyed, motor cars worn out and shot to pieces, mills shut down, production arrested. The factory hands will be in the armies. The demand for manufactured products of many sorts will be enormous—and where else will they come from but the United States? Japan is the only manufacturing nation, save ours, which is not involved—and Japan may be involved before this reaches our readers. The work left undone by these worse-than-idle hands, the replacement of the manufactured articles destroyed, must fall largely to the factories and the workingmen of the United States.

The great grain-producing and meat-producing peoples of Europe are actively engaged in this war. It began in the heart of the food-producing center of Europe, the Danubian provinces and the Balkans. It immediately involved the best fields in the world, those of Germany and France. And when Russia flew to arms the region of the Old World most like our Mississippi Valley was affected. When the reservists of these nations were called to the colors they left the harvests unreaped and the shocks of grain to waste in the rains. The autumn work will go undone save as it can be performed by the old men, the women, and the children. And whole provinces will be wasted with fire and sword. The paralysis of war strikes down agricultural efficiency, and uncertainty deters the husbandman from effort. To the United States, Argentina, and Canada will fall the task of feeding the hundreds of millions who must otherwise be left destitute. No shortage of ships, it would seem, will be long left unsupplied under these conditions—for hunger must be served. The conditions in cereals will exist in meats. The breeding herds of Europe will be sacrificed to supply the sharp needs while transportation is interrupted, and a shortage will be created which will be long in filling up. The United States will be called on for every pound of its surplus meats at high prices.

Horses and mules will be sacrificed in enormous numbers and will increase in value in this country. The temptation to sell them and adopt motor vehicles in their stead will cause a further shifting from draft animals to machines.

Armies wear out enormous quantities of textiles and shoes. It is said that a soldier needs a new pair of shoes every thirty days. We shall have to make the cotton, the woolen goods, and the shoes to supply this enormous and abnormal demand. The cotton clothes and woolen blankets destroyed in retreats, burned in the destruction of supply depots and trains, abandoned in marches, ruined by weather, and worn out in campaigning, we shall be called upon to manufacture in large measure, and we shall not only make the cotton stuffs, but we shall sell the cotton from which they are manufactured.

As the great neutral nation, our securities will no doubt be sought for and our fields for investment favorably passed upon by capitalists. We may not be able with perfect freedom to take over ships, but money has no flag, and with almost every other great nation torn and rent by war, money will come to the United States. Provided at last with a good currency system, we should be able to extend the field for the employment of American capital in foreign trade and to increase the amount of foreign capital enlisted in the stable, prosperous, peace-blessed industries of America. If these things be true, it will be a blessing to the world as well as to us. If we were embroiled in war, too, the world's outlook would be indeed black. The one clear spot in the sky of the world is the United States of America, at peace, ready to do anything in her power to restore peace to others, full of shops, factories, mines, farms, and highways, all of which may be used and will be used to keep the earth from famine.

We must be prepared for friction. Labor will soon be scarce in this country and the cost of living high. Wages will probably rise, and if they do not there will be labor troubles. And after the war is over, and we have made our money out of it, the relapse will come. We shall be a stronger power in the financial, industrial, and agricultural world than ever before. We shall probably be stronger in our influence on the nations. We shall be these things if for no other reason than that our great competitors will be weakened. But after a fever of one or two or three years the reaction will come, and with it troublesome readjustments for us. We cannot have lived through such a storm on a world so small as this without some suffering.

Why They Last

IN THE "OHIO STATE JOURNAL," published at Columbus, there is a column headed: "News Our Fathers Read Thirty-one Years Ago To-day." In a recent issue we find under the heading a familiar passage about books by one FRANCIS BACON: "Some books are to be tasted. . . ." Now that passage wasn't "news" in 1883, when "our fathers" read it in the "Ohio State Journal," and it is not news to-day. Yet it shines out above all the trivial verse and prose that make up the rest of the column, and serves as a reminder that "news" is often our slightest

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

offering, after all. The survival of good books is not due to a conspiracy in their favor on the part of President WILSON and Dr. ELIOT and Colonel ROOSEVELT; they have in them some spark of life that burns as brightly on Friday as on Thursday, and in 1914 as in 1883 or 1597. Form is not all, nor yet mere erudition. Sincerity is one essential. But how can we hope to learn the secret of the life of books while the mystery of human life still baffles us?

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

THE COUNTRY'S HEART, individually and collectively, is still throbbing with profound sympathy for President WILSON and his family in their bereavement, but it must be a high consolation to them that no death like that of Mrs. WILSON is without a glory for humanity. Hers may well be described as a beautiful death. While her husband was pressed and preoccupied with the cares of his own nation and the tragic misfortune of all Europe, during the very days when he was seeking to urge and establish peace in the present unprecedented cataclysm of war, she, his helpmate and beloved companion of thirty years, lay dying, and smiling lest she should too much distract him from his high duties. Her very condition was brought upon her largely by the service to her neighbors and her people. And that is both the price and the privilege of the exalted places in life—sacrifice and service, unremitting service. A clean and wholesome Washington will doubtless be Mrs. WILSON'S peculiar monument, but not her only monument. In the heart of every American will remain glowing the memory of a beautiful, womanly life.

Schoolhouses and Elections

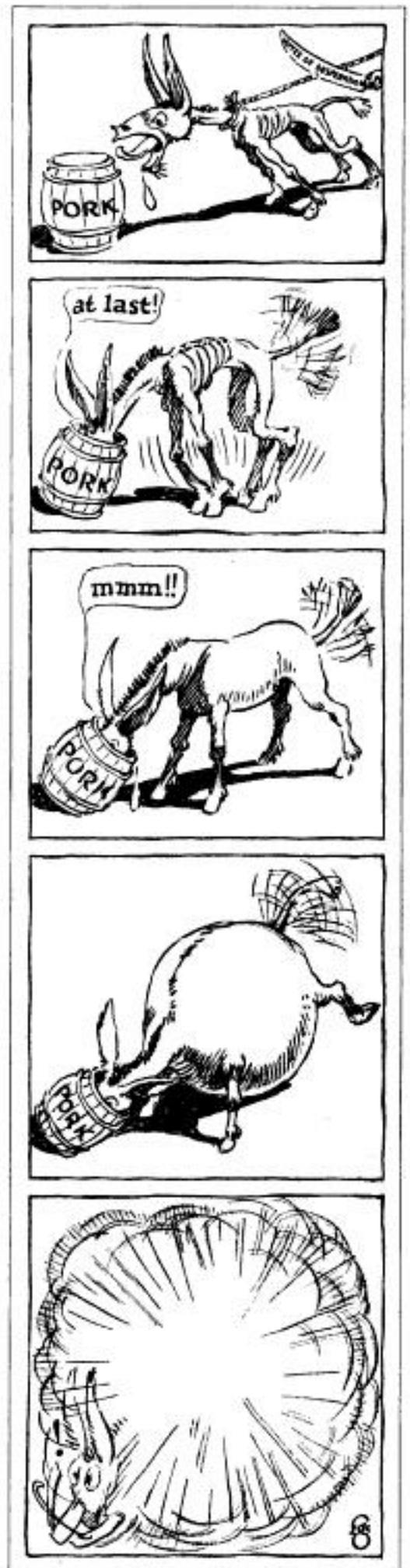
EMERSON WOULD HAVE APPROVED of ROBERT ADAMSON'S remarks on politics and schoolhouses. MR. ADAMSON is the New York newspaper man whom Mayor GAYNOR made his private secretary; after GAYNOR'S death he ran Mayor MITCHEL'S campaign and became his Fire Commissioner. Says MR. ADAMSON:

> A school would be a more suitable building for a polling place than a basement, some dark room, or a corner store. Such places are conducive to fraud. The use of schools for meetings would tend in the direction of progress. There has been more progress in politics in the last ten years than in the fifty years before. In the era coming there will be less of politicians and more of the men who do the work because they are fitted for it. Experts will have charge of municipal work. And there will be much wider activity of women in city government. Schools should be the center of social activity.

Economy is another advantage. In New York City are more than six hundred schoolhouses, an investment of $135,000,000. Though these are public buildings, they are used only six or seven hours in the day for five days in the week—and this only for nine months. But in towns as far apart as Los Angeles, Cal., and Worcester, Mass., schools are the polling places, and it is only a question of time until other communities follow suit. By the way didn't the Knights of Labor declare at least a generation ago for socializing the schoolhouse?

Common Sense

SAFETY FIRST, the saloon second—if at all. THOMAS D. WEST, originally a foundry worker, now manager of the West Steel Foundry Company of Cleveland, Ohio, has started an American Anti-Accident Association. One of the association's proposals is to place a prohibition zone around all industrial plants—such a zone as now surrounds schoolhouses in many towns. The idea is to reduce the number of industrial accidents due to booze by pushing back the saloon. According to the Sick Benefit Society of Leipzig, Germany—the Beer Fatherland—men classed as drinkers had *from 95 to 283 per cent more accidents* than workmen in general. The plan of the American Anti-Accident Association is not a scheme of crazy theorists; the hard-headed "Iron Trade Review" backs the campaign. Unlike some reforms, this strikes us as applied common sense.



The perfectly natural history of a herbivorous animal that thinks itself carnivorous

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

Spoken Like a Man

WE ENJOY GOOD, honest, whole-souled boasting better than the miching modesty which conceals smug self-content. That is why we have taken pleasure in an editorial burst of civic pride in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal":

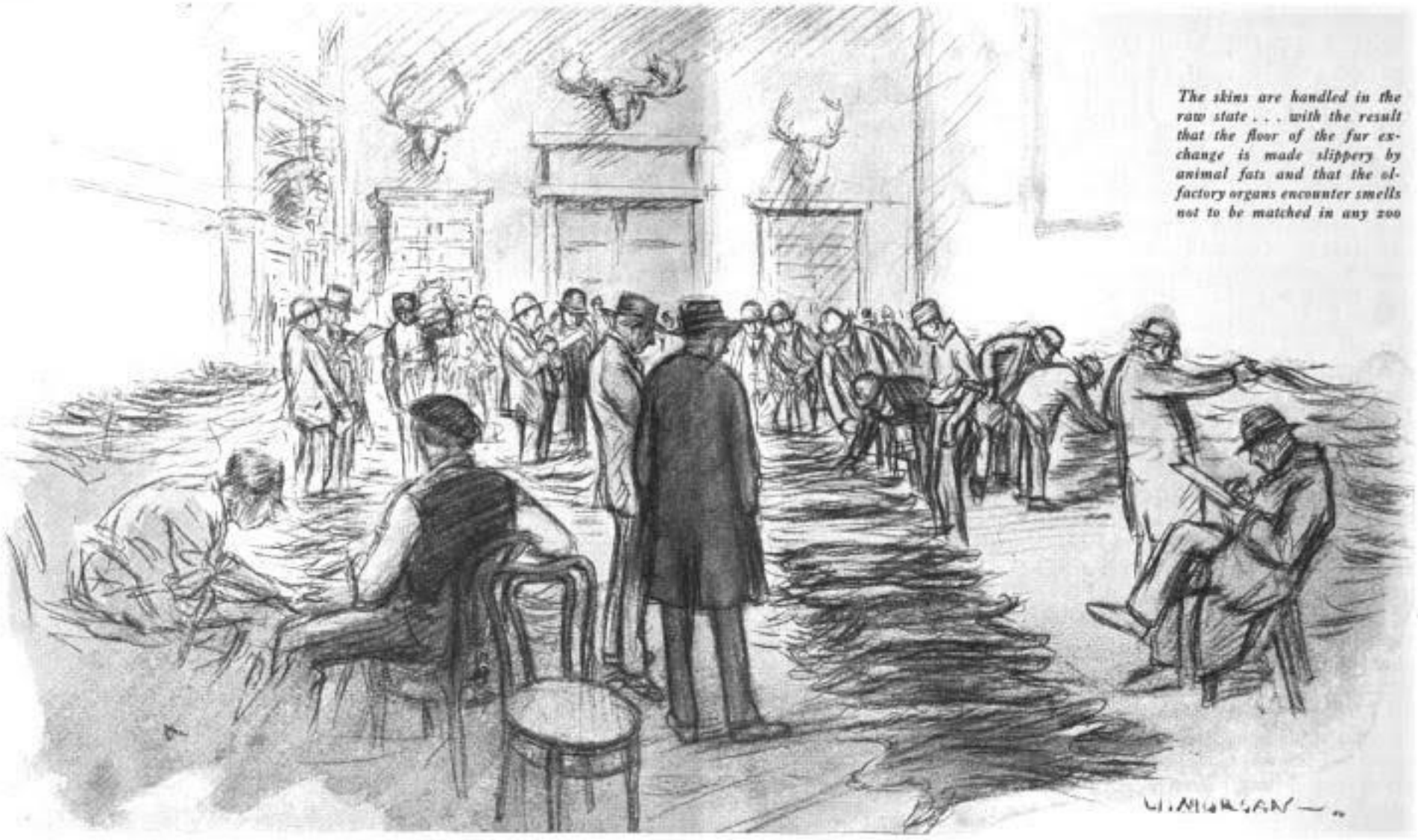
> When PAVLOWA, the dancer, came along, our people turned out and filled the theatre to a comfortable degree of repletion. During the same week WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS came, and our people greeted him in numbers just as great as those which watched the Russian get a wriggle on. All of which goes to show that the people of Memphis are strong for anything that is excellent.
>
> Our churches have large congregations. If our prosperity dinner secured an attendance of 500, our morality dinner got us another audience of 500.
>
> When two eminent exponents of the art virile do disport themselves in an arena in the northern part of the city—purely for educational purposes—our leading citizens are there in great numbers.
>
> When a dancer comes our people go and see. When a poet comes we turn out in multitudes, and if this poet rides to the very pinnacle of metrical rhapsody we travel right along with him. . . .
>
> Memphis patronizes good lecturing, good dancing, and good poetry. It is strong for the uplift, no matter whether the uplifter be a tenor-singing poet or an uppercutting boxer. We are for art for art's sake—ars poetica, Terpsichorean, the manly art—all art except the black art. Memphis is cosmopolitan.

Bully for you, Memphis! So many cities are rotten with provincialism, so rare is catholic breadth of taste, that we're only too anxious to take you at your own valuation.

Youth

YOUTH came into the market place half dazed by the dazzling brilliance of the sun, but with strong hands and a ready spirit. Youth found a master, and was happy even when surcharged with labor and meagerly rewarded and denied sunshine. Youth gave largely of service and of loyalty—for of these things Youth was prodigal, being richer in them than in dollars. Years rolled by, and Youth was less quick, and showed the pallor of working indoors for small recompense. Then one day the master reflected and said to himself: "Which of my handmaids has less to give me in the time to come? For I must keep in my house only those whose backs are strong and feet eager and hands subtle." And she whose name had been Youth passed languidly, and the master marked her without speech that she no longer sang softly at her work as once, and he reflected: "A few years and she will be of much less value to me, and I shall be paying her as much as her labor is worth to me—which would be no bargain. Better dismiss her to-day than to-morrow." And he called to her and said: "My plans are altered, Youth, and I no longer need you here. Take two weeks, look about you, and be sure that I shall give you a letter of recommendation saying that I have found you a fairly faithful servant in such matters as you understand." And tears came into Youth's eyes, knowing that she was Youth no longer, but an empty vessel.

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The skins are handled in the raw state . . . with the result that the floor of the fur exchange is made slippery by animal fats and that the olfactory organs encounter smells not to be matched in any zoo

Somnolent St. Louis

Chapter VII—Abroad at Home—*American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures*

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

SOME years ago, while riding westward through the Alleghenies in an observation car of the Pennsylvania Limited, a friend of mine fell into conversation with an old gentleman who sat in the next chair.

"Evidently he knew a good deal about that region," said my friend, in telling me of the incident later. "We must have sat there together for a couple of hours. He did most of the talking; I could see that he enjoyed talking, and was glad to have a listener. Before he got off he shook hands with me and said he was glad to have had the little chat. Then, when he was gone, the trainman came and asked me if I knew who he was. I didn't. Come to find out, it was Andrew Carnegie."

I asked my friend how Mr. Carnegie impressed him.

"Oh," he replied, "I was much surprised when I found it had been he. He seemed a nice old fellow enough, kindly and affable, but a little commonplace. I should never have called him an 'inspired millionaire.' I've been reconstructing him in my mind ever since."

Has She Style All the While?

I AM reminded of my friend's experience by my own meeting with the city of St. Louis; for it was not until after I had left St. Louis that I found out "who it is." That is, I failed to focus, while there, upon the fact that it is America's fourth city. And now, in looking back, I feel about St. Louis as my friend felt about the ironmaster: I do not think it looks the part.

St. Louis leads the world in shoes, stoves, and tobacco; it is the world's greatest market for hardware, lumber, and raw furs; it is the principal horse and mule market in America; it builds more street and railroad cars than any other city in the country; it distributes more coffee; it makes more woodenware, more native chemicals, more beer. It leads in all these things. But what it does not do is to *look* as though it led. Physically it is a great, overgrown American town, like Buffalo or St. Paul. Its streets are, for the most part, lacking in distinction. There is no center at which a visitor might stop, knowing by instinct that he was at the city's heart. It is a rambling, incoherent place, in which one has to ask which is the principal retail shopping corner. Fancy having to ask a thing like that!

I do not mean by this that St. Louis is much worse, in appearance, than some other American cities. For American cities, as I have said before, have only recently awakened to the need of broadly planned municipal beauty. All I mean is that St. Louis seems to be behind in taking action to improve herself.

Almost every city presents a paradox, if you will but find it. The St. Louis paradox is that she is a stylish city without style. But that is not, in reality, the paradox, it seems. It only means that being an old, aristocratic city, with a wealthy and cosmopolitan population, and an extraordinarily cultivated social life, St. Louis yet lacks municipal style. It is a dowdy city. It needs to be taken by the hand and led around to some municipal-improvement tailor, some civic haberdasher, who will dress it like the gentleman it really is.

I remember a well-to-do old man who used to be like that. His daughters were obliged to drag him down to get new clothes. Always he insisted that the old frock coat was plenty good enough; that he couldn't spare time and the money for a new one. Nevertheless, he could well afford new clothes, and so can St. Louis. The city debt is relatively small, and the tax rate is lower than in any other American city with over 350,000 population, except two. The exceptions are San Francisco and Cleveland. And either one of them can set a good example to St. Louis in the matter of self-improvement. San Francisco, with a population hardly more than half that of St. Louis, is yet an infinitely more important-looking city; while Minneapolis or Denver might impress a casual visitor, roaming their streets, as being equal to St. Louis in commerce and population. Yet the Missouri metropolis is, in reality, considerably greater than the two combined. However, in considering the foibles of an old city we should be lenient, as in considering those of an old man.

Old men and old cities did not enjoy, in their youth, the advantages which are enjoyed to-day by young men and young cities. Life was harder, and precedent, in many lines, was wanting. Excepting in a few rare instances, as, for example, in Detroit and Savannah, the laying out of cities seems to have been taken care of, in the early days, as much by cows as men. Look at Boston, or lower New York, or St. Paul, or St. Louis. How little did the men who founded those cities dream of the proportions to which they would some day attain! But with cities which have begun to develop within the last fifty or sixty years, it has been different, for there has been precedent to show them what is possible when an American city really starts to grow. To-day all American cities, even down to the smallest towns, have a sneaking suspicion that they may some day become great, too—great, that is, by comparison with what they are. And those which are not altogether lacking in energy are prepared, at least in a small way, to encounter greatness when, at last, it comes.

Her Lineage

BAEDEKER says St. Louis was founded as a fur trading station by the French in 1750. "All About St. Louis," a publication compiled by the St. Louis Advertising Men's League, gives the date 1764. Pierre Laclede was the founder, and it is interesting to note that some of his descendants still reside there.

When Louis XV ceded the territory to the east of the Mississippi to the English, he also ceded the west bank to Spain by secret treaty. Spanish authority was established in St. Louis in 1770, but in 1804 the town became a part of the United States, as a portion of the Louisiana Purchase.

In the old days the city had but three streets: the Rue Royale, one block back from the levee (now Main Street); the Rue de l'Eglise, or Church Street (now Second); and the Rue des Granges, or Barn Street (now Third).

Though a few of the old French houses, in a woeful state of dilapidation, may still be seen in this neighborhood, it is now for the most part given over to commission merchants, warehouses, and slums.

As Charles Dickens Saw Her

CHARLES DICKENS, writing of St. Louis in 1842, describes this quarter:

"In the old French portion of the town the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque: being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs or rather ladders from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops and drinking houses, too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and, being lopsided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American improvements.

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"It is hardly necessary to say that these consist of wharves and warehouses and new buildings in all directions; and of a great many vast plans which are still 'progressing.' Already, however, some very good houses, broad streets, and marble-fronted shops have gone so far ahead as to be in a state of completion, and the town bids fair in a few years to improve considerably; though it is not likely ever to vie, in point of elegance or beauty, with Cincinnati. . . . The Roman Catholic religion, introduced here by the early French settlers, prevails extensively. Among the public institutions are a Jesuit college, a convent for 'the Ladies of the Sacred Heart,' and a large chapel attached to the college, which was in course of erection at the time of my visit. . . . The architect of this building is one of the reverend fathers. . . . The organ will be sent from Belgium. . . . In addition to these establishments there is a Roman Catholic cathedral.

"No man ever admits the unhealthiness of the place he dwells in (unless he is going away from it), and I shall therefore, I have no doubt, be at issue with the inhabitants of St. Louis in questioning the perfect salubrity of its climate. . . . It is very hot . . ."

A Sequestered Landmark

THE cathedral of which Dickens wrote remains, perhaps, the most sturdy building in the section which forms the old town. It is a venerable-looking pile of gray granite, built to last forever, and suggesting, with its French inscriptions and its exotic look, a bit of old Quebec. But for the most part the dilapidation of the quarter has continued steadily from Dickens's day to this, and the beauty now to be discovered there is that of decay and ruin—pathetic beauty to charm the etcher, but sadden the lover of improvement, whose battle cry invariably involves the overworked word "civic."

An exception to the general slovenliness of this quarter is to be seen in the old Merchants' Exchange Hall on Main Street. Built nearly sixty years ago, this building, now disused and dilapidated, nevertheless shows the world a façade of a distinction rare in structures of its time. I was surprised to discover that this old hall was not better known in St. Louis, and I cheerfully recommend it to the notice of those who esteem the architecture of the Jefferson Memorial, the bulky new cathedral on Lindell Boulevard, or that residence, suggestive of the hanging gardens of Babylon, at Hortense Place and King's Highway. Take the old Merchants' Exchange Hall away from dirty, cobbled Main Street, set it up, instead, beside the Grand Canal, and watch the tourist from St. Louis stop his gondola to gaze!

Statistics Have Charm

BUT what city has respected its ruins? Rome used her palaces as mines for building material. St. Louis destroyed the wonderful old mound which used to stand at the corner of Mound Street and Broadway, forming one of the most interesting archeological remains in the country and, together with smaller mounds near by, giving St. Louis her title of "Mound City."

With Dickens's statements concerning the St. Louis summer climate, the publication, "All About St. Louis," does not, for one moment, agree. In it I find an article headed: "St. Louis has Better Weather than Other Cities," the preamble to which contains the following solemn truth:

The weather question is purely local and individual. Every person forms his own opinion about the weather by the way it affects him, wherever he happens to be.

Having made that clear, the writer becomes more specific. He informs us that, in St. Louis, "the prevailing winds in summer blow over the Ozark Mountains, insuring cool nights and pleasant days." Also that "during the summer the temperature does not run so high, and warm spells do not last so long as in many cities of the North." The latter statement is supported—as almost every statement in the world, it seems to me, can be supported—by statistics. What wonderful things statistics are! How I should like to have had Charles Dickens see these! How surprised he would be. How surprised I was—for I, too, have visited St. Louis in the middle of the year. Yes, and so has my companion. He went to St. Louis several years ago to attend the Democratic National Convention, but he is all right again now. I showed him the statistics. Clearly he was amazed by them.

"Why!" he cried. "I ought to have been told of this before!"

"What for?" I demanded.

"If I had had this information at the time of the convention," he declared, "I'd have known enough not to have been laid up in bed for six weeks with heat prostration."

A Remediable Oversight

THOUGH the downtown portion of St. Louis is, as I have said, lacking in coherence and distinction, there are, nevertheless, a number of buildings in that section which are, for one reason or another, notable. The old Courthouse, on Chestnut and Market Streets, between Fourth and Fifth, is getting well along toward its centennial, and is interesting, both as a dignified old granite pile and as the scene of the whipping post, and of slave sales which were held upon its steps during the Civil War.

Not far from the old Courthouse stands another building typifying all that is modern—the largest office building in the world, a highly creditable structure, occupying an entire city block, built from designs by St. Louis architects: Mauran, Russell & Crowell. Another building, notable for its beauty, is the Central Public Library, a very simple, well-proportioned building of gray granite, designed by Cass Gilbert.

The St. Louis Union Station is interesting for several reasons. For a long time this station was the largest in the world; for all I know it may still be. At all events, it was important in this country as one of the first great stations of the modern type. It contains, under its roof, five and a half miles of track, and though it has been surpassed, architecturally, by some more recent stations, it is still a spectacular building—or rather it would be, were it not for its setting: among narrow streets, lined with cheap saloons, lunch rooms, and lodging houses. That any city capable of building such a splendid terminal could, at the same time, be capable of leaving it in such environment is a thing baffling to the comprehension. It must, however, be said that efforts have been made to improve this condition. Six or seven years ago the Civic League proposed to buy the property facing the station and turn it into a park. St. Louis somnolence defeated this project. The City Plan Commission now has a more elaborate suggestion which, if accepted by the city, will not only place the station in a proper setting, but also reclaim a large area, in the geographical center of the city, which has suffered a blight, and which is steadily deteriorating, although through it run the chief lines of travel between the business and residence portions of the city.

Like the Champs-Elysées

THIS project, if accepted, will be a fine step toward the creation, in downtown St. Louis, of some outward indication of the real importance of the city. The plan involves the gutting of a strip, one block wide and two miles long; the tearing out of everything between Market and Chestnut Streets, all the way from Twelfth Street, which is the eastern boundary of the City Hall Square, to Grand Avenue on the west. Here it is proposed to construct a Central Traffic Parkway, which will pass directly in front of the station, connecting it with both the business and residence districts, and also pass in front of the Municipal Court Building and the City Hall, located farther downtown. The plan involves an arrangement similar to that of the Champs-Elysées, with a wide central drive, parked on either side, for swift-moving vehicles, and exterior roads for heavy traffic. An expert in such work has said that "city planning has few functions more important than the restoration of impaired property values." American cities are coming to comprehend that investment in intelligently planned improvements, such as this, have to do not only with city dignity and city self-respect, but that they pay for themselves. If St. Louis wants to find that out, she has but to visit her western neighbor, Kansas City, where Paseo Parkway did redeem a blighted district, transforming it into an excellent neighborhood, doubling or trebling the value of adjacent property, and, of course, yielding the city increased revenue from taxes.

The Same Old Civic Indifference

A MATTER more deplorable than the setting of the station is the unparalleled situation which exists with regard to the Free Bridge. Though the echoes of this scandal have been heard, more or less, throughout the country, it is perhaps necessary to give a brief summary of the matter as it stands at present.

The three used bridges which cross the Mississippi River at St. Louis are privately controlled toll bridges. Working people, passing to and fro, are obliged to pay a five-cent toll in excess of car fare. Goods are also taxed. It was with the purpose of defeating this monopoly that the Free Bridge was constructed. But after the body of the bridge was built, factional fights developed as to the placing of approaches, and as a result the approaches have never been built. Thus, the bridge stands to-day, as it has stood for several years, a thing costly, grotesque, and useless, spanning the river, its two ends jutting out, inanely, over the opposing shores. In the meantime the city is paying interest on the bridge bonds at the rate of something over $300 per day. The question of approaches has come before the city at several elections, but the people have so far failed to vote the necessary bonds. The history of the voting on this subject plainly shows indifference. In one election the Twenty-eighth Ward, which is the rich and fashionable ward, cast only 2,325 votes, on the bridge question, out of a possible 6,732. Had the eligible voters of this ward, alone, done their duty, the issue would have been carried at the time, and the bridge would now be in operation.

One becomes accustomed to exhibitions of municipal indifference upon matters involving questions like reform, which, though they are not really abstract, often seem so to the average voter. Reforms are, relatively at least, invisible things. But the Free Bridge is not invisible. Far from it! There it stands above the stream, a grim, gargantuan joke, for every man to see—a tin can tied to a city's tail.

Somewhat Apologetic

IN WRITING of St. Louis I feel, somehow, like a man who has been at a delightful house party where people have been very kind to him, and who, when he goes away, promulgates unpleasant truths about bad plumbing in the house. Yet, of course, St. Louis is a public place, to which I went with the avowed purpose of writing my impressions. The reader may be glad, at this point, to learn that some of my impressions are of a pleasant nature. But before I reach them I must plow on a little further through this substance, which, I am becoming very much afraid, resembles a kind of "muck."

St. Louis is involved in a fight with the United Railways Company, a corporation controlling its street railways. This company, which has been paying dividends on millions of watered stock, was reported by the Public Service Commission (*Continued on page 29*)



The three used bridges which cross the Mississippi River are privately controlled toll bridges. Working people, passing to and fro, are obliged to pay a five-cent toll. This is the Eads Bridge



The cathedral of which Dickens wrote remains, perhaps, the most sturdy building in the section which forms the old town. It is a venerable-looking pile of gray granite, built to last forever

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New Stream Line Body—Electric Starter—Electric Lights—Le

This is the car selected by the Rice Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world.

This announces the latest Overland—Model 80.

This is the handsomest Overland ever built. Up-to-date in every respect, artistically designed and finished, this powerful, larger, roomier and smooth running car establishes a new standard.

The price has not been advanced.

This season we shall build 75,000 cars. This increased production again places us in the enviable and supreme position of being able to give still more value for still less money than any other manufacturer.

Model 80 has a brand-new full stream line body. Its full sweeping lines blend and harmonize perfectly with the balance of the symmetrical design. All visible lines are absolutely clean, unbroken and uninterrupted.

The new crowned moulded fenders, new rounded radiator, new hood slightly sloped, and flush U doors with disappearing hinges, contribute the additional touches of exterior grace and modishness which distinguish costly imported cars.

The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and in depth.

The new cushioned upholstery is also considerably deeper and softer. The new long improved underslung springs supply unusual and easy riding qualities. This model is equipped w
est priced electric s
lighting systems. Al
pact switch box, are
on the steering col
driving position, wit
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drive the car and
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and center control.

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of the high- and electric es, in a com- iently located Thus in the retching for- start the car, the electric ail and dash

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year, being tires can be rims which

are demountable. One extra rim supplied.

Ignition is high tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system. It requires no dry cells.

Fundamentally the chassis remains as before. The front axle is larger; the wheels are larger; the frame is heavier and stouter; gears are made of 3½% nickel steel; there are integral grease cups in spring bolts; and many other mechanical refinements which are described in detail in our new catalogue. Otherwise we could in no possible way improve the splendid Overland chassis that is giving such satisfactory service to 50,000 nineteen fourteen owners.

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This car comes complete. Electric starter, electric lights, rain vision, ventilating built in, windshield, mohair top and boot, demountable rims with extra rim, jeweled magnetic speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest and curtain box. This new model is now ready for your inspection in practically every city and town in the country. Dealers are now taking orders. Make arrangements for your demonstration immediately.

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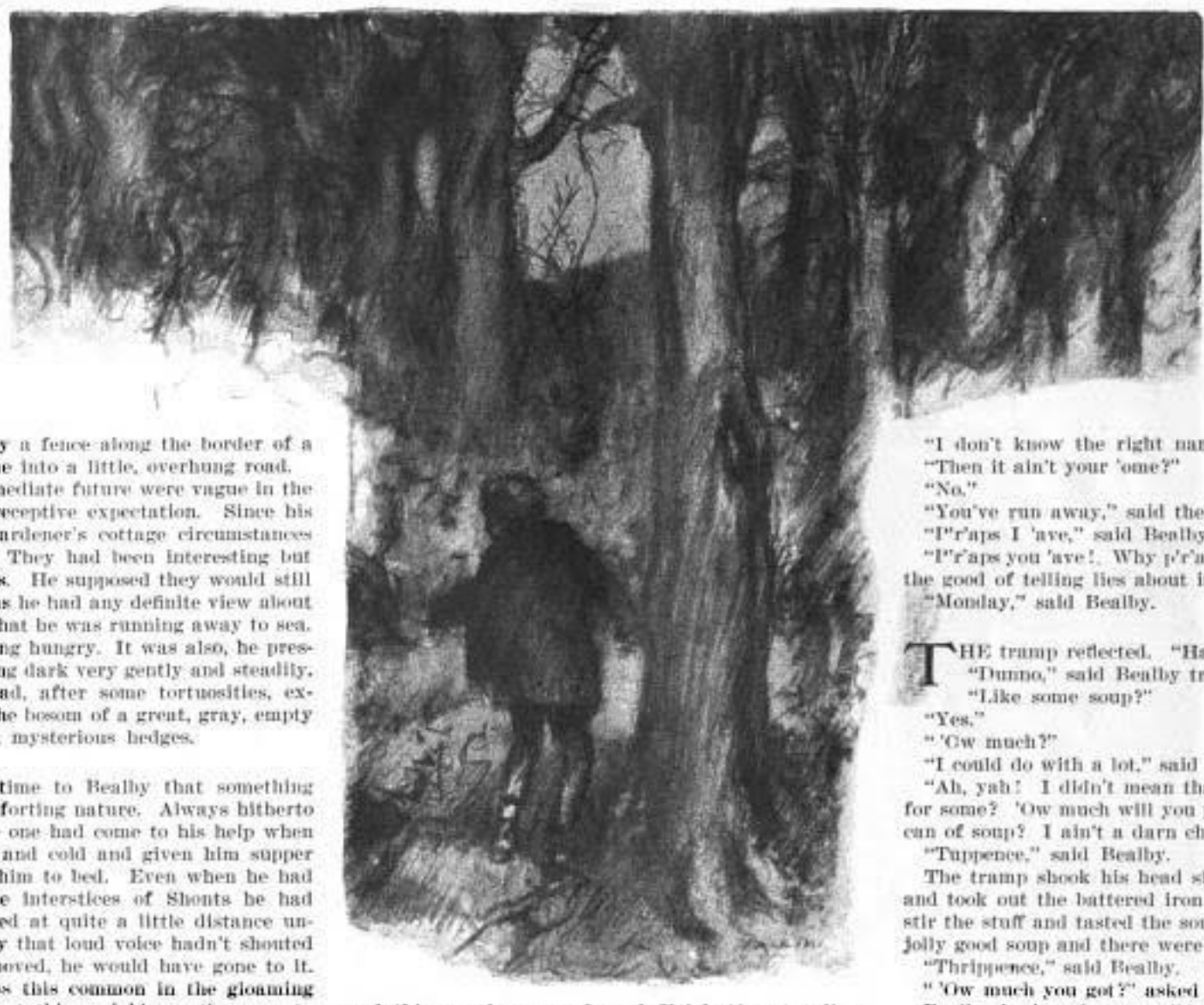
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Bealby

Chapter X
Bealby the Tramp

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



BEALBY was loath to leave the caravan party, even when by his own gross negligence it had ceased to be a caravan party. He made off regretfully along the crest of the hills through bushes of yew and box until the clamor of the disaster was no longer in his ears. Then he halted for a time and stood sorrowing and listening, and then turned up by a fence along the border of a plantation and so came into a little, overhung road.

His ideas of his immediate future were vague in the extreme. He had a receptive expectation. Since his departure from the gardener's cottage circumstances had handed him on. They had been interesting but unstable circumstances. He supposed they would still hand him on. So far as he had any definite view about his intentions it was that he was running away to sea. And that he was getting hungry. It was also, he presently discovered, getting dark very gently and steadily. And the overhung road, after some tortuosities, expired suddenly upon the bosom of a great, gray, empty common with distant, mysterious hedges.

IT SEEMED high time to Bealby that something happened of a comforting nature. Always hitherto something or some one had come to his help when the world grew dark and cold and given him supper and put him or sent him to bed. Even when he had passed a night in the interstices of Shonts he had known there was a bed at quite a little distance under the stairs. If only that loud voice hadn't shouted curses whenever he moved, he would have gone to it. But as he went across this common in the gloaming it became apparent that this amiable routine was to be broken. For the first time he realized the world could be a homeless world.

And it had become very still. Disagreeably still, and full of ambiguous shadows.

That common was not only an unsheltered place, he felt, but an unfriendly place, and he hurried to a gate at the further end. He kept glancing to the right and to the left. It would be pleasanter when he had got through that gate and shut it after him.

In England there are no gray wolves.

Yet at times one thinks of wolves, gray wolves, the color of twilight, and running noiselessly, almost noiselessly, at the side of their prey for quite a long time before they close in on it.

In England, I say, there are no gray wolves.

Wolves were extinguished in the reign of Edward the Third; it was in the histories, and since then no free wolf has trod the soil of England; only menagerie captives. Of course there may be *escaped* wolves!

Now the gate!—sharp through it and slam it behind you, and a little brisk run and so into this plantation that slopes downhill. This is a sort of path, vague, but it must be a path. Let us hope it is a path.

What was that among the trees?

It stopped, surely it stopped, as Bealby stopped. Pump, pump— Of course! that was one's heart.

NOTHING there! Just fancy. Wolves live in the open; they do not come into woods like this. And besides, there are no wolves. And if one shouts—even if it is but a phantom voice one produces, they go away. They are cowardly things—really. Such as there aren't. And there is the power of the human eye.

Which is why they stalk you and watch you and evade you when you look and creep and creep and creep behind you! Turn sharply. Nothing.

How this stuff rustled under the feet! In woods at twilight, with innumerable things darting from trees and eyes watching you everywhere, it would be pleasanter if one could walk without making quite such a row. Presently surely, Bealby told himself, he would come out on a highroad and meet other people and say "Good night" as they passed. Jolly other people they would be, answering "Good night." He was now going at a moistening trot. It was getting darker and he stumbled against things. When you tumble down wolves leap. Not, of course, that there *are* any wolves.

It was stupid to keep thinking of wolves in this way. Think of something else. Think of things beginning with a B. Beautiful things, boys, beads, butterflies, bears. The mind stuck at bears. *Are there such things as long gray bears?* Ugh! Almost endless, noiseless bears? . . . It grew darker until at last the trees were black. The night was swallowing up the flying Bealby and he had a preposterous persuasion that it had teeth and would begin at the back of his legs. . . .

"Hi!" cried Bealby weakly, hailing the glow of the fire out of the darkness of the woods above. The man by the fire peered at the sound; he had been listening to the stumbling footsteps for some time, and he answered nothing.

IN ANOTHER minute Bealby had struggled through the hedge into the visible world and stood regarding the man by the fire. The phantom wolves had fled beyond Sirius. But Bealby's face was pale still from the terrors of the pursuit and altogether he looked a smallish sort of small boy.

"Lost?" said the man by the fire.

"Couldn't find my way," said Bealby.

"Anyone with you?"

"No." The man reflected. "Tired?"

"Bit."

"Come and sit down by the fire and rest yourself. I won't 'urt you," he added as Bealby hesitated.

So far in his limited experience Bealby had never seen a human countenance lit from behind by a flickering fire flame. The effect he found remarkable rather than pleasing. It gave him the most active and unstable countenance Bealby had ever seen. The nose seemed to be in active oscillation between Pug and Roman, the eyes jumped out of black caves and then went back into them, the more permanent features appeared to be a vast triangle of neck and chin. The tramp would have impressed Bealby as altogether inhuman if it had not been for the smell of cooking he diffused. There were onions in it and turnips and pepper—mouth-watering constituents, testimonials to virtue. He was making a stew in an old can that he had slung on a cross stick over a brisk fire of twigs that he was constantly replenishing.

"I won't 'urt you, darn you," he repeated. "Come and sit down on these leaves here for a bit and tell me all about it."

BEALBY did as he was desired. "I got lost," he said, feeling too exhausted to tell a good story.

The tramp, examined more closely, became less pyrotechnic. He had a large, loose mouth, a confused, massive nose, much long, fair hair, a broad chin with a promising beard and spots—a lot of spots. His eyes looked out of deep sockets and they were sharp little eyes. He was a lean man. His hands were large and long and they kept on with the feeding of the fire as he sat and talked to Bealby. Once or twice he leaned forward and smelt the pot judiciously, but all the time the little eyes watched Bealby very closely. "Lose yer collar?" said the tramp.

Bealby felt for his collar. "I took it orf," he said.

"Come far?"

"Over there," said Bealby.

"Where?"

"Over there."

"What place?"

"I don't know the right name of it."

"Then it ain't your 'ome?"

"No."

"You've run away," said the man.

"P'r'aps I 'ave," said Bealby.

"P'r'aps you 'ave!. Why p'r'aps? You *'ave!* What's the good of telling lies about it? When'd you start?"

"Monday," said Bealby.

THE tramp reflected. "Had about enough of it?"

"Dunno," said Bealby truthfully.

"Like some soup?"

"Yes."

"'Ow much?"

"I could do with a lot," said Bealby.

"Ah, yah! I didn't mean that. I meant, 'ow much for some? 'Ow much will you pay for a nice, nice 'arf can of soup? I ain't a darn charity. See?"

"Tuppence," said Bealby.

The tramp shook his head slowly from side to side and took out the battered iron spoon he was using to stir the stuff and tasted the soup lusciously. It was—jolly good soup and there were potatoes in it.

"Thrippence," said Bealby.

"'Ow much you got?" asked the tramp.

Bealby hesitated perceptibly. "Sixpence," he said weakly.

"It's sixpence," said the tramp. "Pay up."

"'Ow big a can?" asked Bealby.

The tramp felt about in the darkness behind him and produced an empty can with a jagged mouth that had once contained, the label witnessed—I quote, I do not justify—"*Deep Sea Salmon.*" "That," he said, "and this chunk of bread. . . . Right enough?"

"You *will* do it?" said Bealby.

"Do I look a swindle?" cried the tramp, and suddenly a lump of the abundant hair fell over one eye in a singularly threatening manner. Bealby handed over the sixpence without further discussion. "I'll treat you fairly, you see," said the tramp, after he had spat on and pocketed the sixpence, and he did as much. He decided that the soup was ready to be served and he served it with care. Bealby began at once. "There's a nextry onion," said the tramp, throwing one over. "It didn't cost me much and I gives it you for nothin'. That's all right, eh? Here's 'ealth!"

BEALBY consumed his soup and bread meekly with one eye upon his host. He would, he decided, eat all he could and then sit a little while and then get this tramp to tell him the way to—anywhere else. And the tramp wiped soup out of his can with gobbets of bread very earnestly and meditated sagely on Bealby.

"You better pal in with me, matey, for a bit," he said at last. "You can't go nowhere else—not to-night."

"Couldn't I walk perhaps to a town or sumpthing?"

"These woods ain't safe."

"'Ow d'you mean?"

"Ever 'eard tell of a gurrillia?—sort of big black monkey thing."

"Yes," said Bealby faintly.

"There's been one loose abäit 'ere—oh, week or more. Fact. And if you wasn't a grown-up man quite and going along in the dark, well—'e might say something *to* you. . . . Of course 'e wouldn't do nothing where there was a fire or a man—but a little chap like you. I wouldn't like to let you do it, 'strewth I wouldn't. It's risky. 'Course I don't want to *keep* you. There it is. You go if you like. But I'd rather you didn't. 'Onest."

"Where'd he come from?" asked Bealby.

"M'nagery," said the tramp. "'E very near bit through the fist of a chap that tried to stop 'im."

Bealby, after weighing tramp and gorilla carefully in his mind, decided he wouldn't and drew closer to the fire—but not too close—and the conversation deepened.

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It was a long and rambling conversation, and the tramp displayed himself at times as quite an amiable person. It was a discourse varied by interrogations, and, as a thread of departure and return, it dealt with the life of the road and with life at large and—life, and with matters of "must" and "may."

Sometimes, and more particularly at first, Bealby felt as though a ferocious beast lurked in the tramp and peeped out through the fallen hank of hair and might leap out upon him, and sometimes he felt the tramp was large and fine and gay and amusing, more particularly when he lifted his voice and his bristling chin. And ever and again the talker became a nasty creature and a disgusting creature, and his red-lit face was an ugly, creeping approach that made Bealby recoil. And then again he was strong and wise. So the unstable needle of a boy's moral compass spins.

THE tramp used strange terms. He spoke of the "deputy" and the "doss house," of the "spike" and "padding the hoof," of "screevers" and "tarts" and "copper's narks." To these words Bealby attached such meanings as he could, and so the things of which the tramp talked floated unsurely into his mind, and again and again he had to readjust and revise his interpretations. And through these dim and fluctuating veils a new side of life dawned upon his consciousness—a side that was strange and lawless and dirty—in every way dirty—and dreadful and—attractive. That was the queer thing about it, that attraction. It had humor. For all its squalor and repulsiveness it was lit by defiance and laughter, bitter laughter perhaps, but laughter. It had a gayety that Mr. Mergleson, for example, did not possess: it had a penetration, like the penetrating quality of onions or acids or asafetida, that made the memory of Mr. Darling insipid.

The tramp assumed from the outset that Bealby had "done something" and run away, and some mysterious etiquette prevented his asking directly what was the nature of his offense. But he made a number of insidious soundings. And he assumed that Bealby was taking to the life of the road, and that, until good cause to the contrary appeared, they were to remain together. "It's a tough life," he said, "but it has its points, and you got a toughish look about you."

HE TALKED of roads and the quality of roads and countryside. This was a good countryside; it wasn't overdone and there was no great hostility to wanderers and sleeping out. Some roads—the London to Brighton, for example, if a chap struck a match somebody came running. But here, unless you went pulling the haystacks about too much, they left you alone. And they weren't such dead nuts on their pheasants, and one had a chance of an empty cowshed. "If I've spotted a shed or anything with a roof to it I stay out," said the tramp, "even if it's raining cats and dogs. Otherwise it's the doss 'ouse or the spike. It's the rain is the worst thing—getting wet. You haven't been wet yet, not if you only started Monday. Wet—with a chilly wind to drive it. Gaw! I been blown out of a holly hedge. You *would* think there'd be protection in a holly hedge. . . .

"Spike's the last thing," said the tramp. "I'd rather go bare-gutted to a doss 'ouse anywhen. Gaw!—you've not 'ad your first taste of the spike yet."

But it wasn't heaven in the doss houses. He spoke of several of the landladies in strange but, it would seem, unflattering terms. "And there's always such a blamed lot of washing going on in a doss 'ouse. Always washing they are! One chap's washing 'is socks and another's washing 'is shirt. Making a steam drying it. Disgustin'. Can't see what they want with it all. Bländ to git dirty again . . ."

HE DISCOURSED of spikes—that is to say, of workhouses and of masters. "An' then," he said with revolting yet alluring adjectives, "there's the bath."

"That's the worst side of it," said the tramp. . . . "'Owever, it doesn't always rain, and if it doesn't rain—well, you can keep yourself dry."

He came back to the pleasanter aspects of the nomadic life. He was all for the outdoor style. "Ain't we comfortable 'ere?" he asked. He sketched out the simple larcenies that had contributed and given zest to the evening's meal. But it seemed there were also doss houses that had the agreeable side. "Never been in one!" he said. "But where you been sleeping since Monday?"

BEALBY described the caravan in phrases that seemed suddenly thin and anemic to his ears.

"You hit it lucky," said the tramp. "If a chap's a kid, he strikes all sorts of luck of that sort. Now ef *I* come up against three ladies travelin' in a van—think they'd arst me in? Not it!"

He dwelt with manifest envy on the situation and the possibilities of the situation for some time. "You ain't dangerous," he said; "that's where you get in." . . .

He consoled himself by anecdotes of remarkable good fortunes of a kindred description. Apparently he sometimes traveled in the company of a lady named Izzy Berners—"a fair scorcher, been a regular, slap-up circus actress." And there was also "good old Susan." It was a little difficult for Bealby to see the point of some of these flashes by a tendency on the part of the tramp while his thoughts turned on these matters to adopt a staccato style of speech, punctuated by brief, darkly significant guffaws. There grew in the mind of Bealby a vision of the doss house as a large, crowded place, lit by a great central fire, with much cooking afoot and much jawing and disputing going on, and then "me and Izzy sailed in." . . .

THE fire sank, the darkness of the woods seemed to creep nearer. The moonlight pierced the trees only in long beams that seemed to point steadfastly at unseen things; it made patches of ashen light that looked like watching faces. Under the tramp's direction Bealby skirmished round and got sticks and fed the fire until the darkness and thoughts of a possible gorilla were driven back for some yards and the tramp pronounced the blaze a "fair treat." He had made a kind of bed of leaves which he now invited Bealby to extend and share, and, lying feet to the fire, he continued his discourse. He talked of stealing and cheating by various endearing names: he made these enterprises seem adventurous and facetious; there was, it seemed, a peculiar sort of happy find one came upon called a "flat," that it was not only entertaining but obligatory to swindle. He made fraud seem so smart and bright at times that Bealby found it difficult to keep a firm grasp on the fact that it was—fraud. . . .

Bealby lay upon the leaves close up to the prone body of the tramp and his mind and his standards became confused. The tramp's body was a dark but protecting ridge on one side of him; he could not see the fire beyond his toes, but its flickerings were reflected by the tree stems about them and made perplexing sudden movements that at times caught his attention and made him raise his head to watch them. . . . Against the terrors of the night the tramp had become humanity, the species, the moral basis. His voice was full of consolation; his topics made one forget the watchful, silent circumambient. Bealby's first distrusts faded. He began to think the tramp a fine, brotherly, generous fellow. He was also growing accustomed to a faint something—shall I call it an olfactory bar?—that had hitherto kept them apart. The monologue ceased to devote itself to the elucidation of Bealby; the tramp was lying on his back with his fingers interlaced beneath his head and talking not so much to his companion as to the stars and the universe at large. His theme was no longer the wandering life simply, but the wandering life as he had led it, and the spiritedness with which he had led it and the real and admirable quality of himself. It was that soliloquy of consolation which is the secret preservative of innumerable lives.



Sometimes . . . Bealby felt as though a ferocious beast lurked in the tramp . . . and might leap out upon him, and sometimes he felt the tramp was large and fine and gay and amusing, more particularly when he lifted his voice

HE WANTED to make it perfectly clear that he was a tramp by choice. He also wanted to make it clear that he was a tramp and no better, because of the wicked folly of those he had trusted and the evil devices of enemies. In the world that contained those figures of spirit, Isabel Berners and Susan, there was also, it seemed, a bad and spiritless person, the tramp's wife, who had done him many passive injuries. It was clear she did not appreciate her blessings. She had been much to blame. "Anybody's opinion is better than 'er 'usband's," said the tramp. "Always 'as been." Bealby had a sudden memory of Mr. Darling saying exactly the same thing of his mother. "She's the sort," said the tramp, "what would rather go to a meetin' than a music 'all. She'd rather drop a shilling down a crack than spend it on anything decent. If there was a choice of jobs going she'd ask which 'ad the lowest pay and the longest hours and she'd choose *that*. She'd feel safer. She was born scared. When there wasn't anything else to do she'd stop at 'ome and scrub the floors. Gaw! It made a chap want to put the darn' pail over 'er 'ead, so's she'd get enough of it. . . . .

"I don't hold with all this crawling through life and saying *Please*," said the tramp. "I say it's *my* world just as much as it's *your* world. You may have your 'orses and carriages, your 'ouses and country places and all that and you may think Gawd sent me to run abart and work for you; but *I* don't. See?"

BEALBY saw.

"I seek my satisfactions just as you seek your satisfactions, and if you want to get me to work, you've jolly well got to make me. I don't choose to work. I choose to keep on my own and a bit loose and take my chance where I find it. You got to take your chances in this world. Sometimes they come bad and sometimes they come good. And very often you can't tell which it is when they 'ave come . . ."

Then he fell to questioning Bealby again and then he talked of the immediate future. He was heating for the seaside. "Always something doing," he said. "You got to keep your eye on for cops; those seaside benches, they're 'ot on tramps—give you a month for begging soon as look at you—but there's flats dropping sixpences thick as flies on a sore 'orse. You're wanted there for all sorts of jobs. You're the chap for it, matey. Saw it soon's ever I set eyes on you . . ." He made projects. . . .

Finally he became more personal and very flattering.

"Now you and me," he said, suddenly shifting himself quite close to Bealby, "we're going to be downright pals. I've took a liking to you. Me and you are going to pal together. See?"

He breathed into Bealby's face and laid a hand on his knee and squeezed it, and Bealby, on the whole, felt honored by his protection. . . .

IN THE unsympathetic light of a bright and pushful morning the tramp was shorn of much of his overnight glamour. It became manifest that he was not merely offensively unshaven but extravagantly dirty. It was not ordinary (*Concluded on page 28*)

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Pickups of Sport

By Grantland Rice



The Art of Getting Around

CHARLEY HERZOG, the Maryland cantaloupe grower who has been using a grappling hook on the Reds this season in an attempt to lift them out of the rut, recently inaugurated an interesting experiment in baseball offense.

Herzog decided in his own mind that with a runner on first the sacrifice was useless and the hit-and-run was worse. He figured that with a runner possessing any sort of speed, the only system was to steal.

Before establishing the system fully Herzog decided to try the plan out.

The next sixteen times that he managed to reach first base the Red leader launched his wiry body into a steal. He reached second safely fifteen times and was thrown out but once. A general order to steal was then issued and for many weeks Herzog kept his team in the first division when much better individual material was well below him. For a system of attack that with a fair runner can register fifteen out of sixteen times is certainly well beyond any other method now known.

Base running as a portion of the game's offense is as important as batting, and yet only three or four leaders have been wise enough to handle this winning art in any but a perfunctory way.

The Giants have led their league in base running for four years and are now on their way to their fourth consecutive pennant. Which is part of the answer, at any rate.

Bringing It Home

EUROPEAN war maneuvers failed to impress Americans deeply one way or another until it was announced that the war scare was "driving the White Hopes back to United States soil."

At which point the gravity of the situation and its tremendous seriousness struck America with stunning force.

In Another War

IT MAY have been Germany who showed the keenest desire for hostilities, but the names of those who have been doing the greatest amount of flag fighting on this side of the world are McGillicuddy, McGraw, Carrigan, and O'Day. Which would indicate that the Teutonic influence in our martial affairs is not exactly at record mark.

Over the Centuries

I remember—I remember—
As Tom Hood used to say—
When Cæsar led the Roman League
And Pompey used to play;
When Homer's paper sent him down
To cover games at Troy,
And Honus Wagner, bare of foot,
Was but a little boy.

I remember—I remember—
(Well, Hood repeated, too)—
When Virgil had a story,
Saying Romulus was through;
When Alexander swept the world
Until his arm went lame,
And Matty, at his father's side,
Had never won a game.

I remember—I remember—
Achilles up at bat;
And how he swung on Hector's speed
And drove him to the mat;
And when poor Hector turned and watched
The drive sail out of reach,
The knot-hole kid who hollered "Cheese!"
Was little Tommy Leach.

Boosting the Game

IF THERE was any touch of dishonesty to baseball, the New York Americans would have a winning team. A winner in New York is a gold mine, with diamond settings.

So while the struggling Yanks have failed to reach out and gather any flags, they should possess themselves of a buoyant soul in the knowledge that they have contributed additional testimony to the innate honesty of their profession.

The Secret of Golf

GOLF has developed through the experts into such a mystery that only psychic souls may grope therein for the answer.

As a matter of fact, there are but two main essentials to the game—and both are out in the open.

1. To keep one's head still when making the swing.

2. The development of a natural swing, through practice, that comes to its climax of power as the club head strikes the ball.

Take these two—plus natural knack—and the answer is simple—ranging anywhere from a 72 to a 128—depending largely upon the naturalness of the aforesaid knack.

Dipping Into the Future

"THEN I dipped into the future far as human eye could see," wrote the late Mr. Tennyson.

He had little on McGraw. Two years ago McGraw landed a young shortstop named Milton Stock. He watched Stock work out some thirty minutes one day at short and then called him in.

"You're not a shortstop," he said; "you're a natural third baseman. Move over to the bag."



Stock, young and inexperienced, was sent back to the minors, where he was promptly moved back to short. He was only an average shortstop even in minor-league competition. This spring McGraw called him back, shifted him again to third, and within two months young Stock was accounted one of the greatest third-base discoveries of the decade. How did McGraw, who saw him play short for thirty minutes, know his natural sphere of endeavor was at third? You can frisk us. That's one of the reasons the Giant leader gets $30,000 a year—and one of the reasons why he earns it.

Cut Shots

The difference between a hero and a coward—between a star and a dub—is too often the matter of one day's digestion.

This good advice to duffers is posted out at Scarsdale: "Remember you are off your game only when you're playing well. Save your alibis for that occasion."

It may be more heroic to play a poor hand well than to hold a good one. But for all that give us a pat king full and we'll tackle a C. J. Cæsar operating a brace of deuces.

The pity of it is that those "left on bases" are generally the ones who have driven in the runs.

For the Good of the Game

SOME time early this winter representative magnates and ball players should hold a session and establish a just working code that will for all time end the constant wranglings and bickerings that have disgraced baseball for some time past.

One suggestion would be to add to the National Commission three ball players to be selected by the Fraternity, the six to vote upon or to select a seventh member who shall round out the board.

There has been a wide and growing breach between the players and the commission, and for the good of the game this breach should be closed. If the club owners decide that Ban Johnson, John K. Tener, and Garry Herrmann shall represent them, why not let the players add three such people as Christy Mathewson, Jake Daubert, and George McBride.

Whether this move is made or not there should most certainly be some general conference after the campaign is over that will lift the game back to its old place and establish a mutual understanding for seasons on beyond. There has been too much of the other, and if the owners and players fail to act, the public that comprises Rooters' Row soon will.

Among Ourselves

AT EKWANOK, located at Manchester, Vt., the next two weeks will develop the most interesting golf competition in American golf history.

This tournament will find, among other stars, our three leading English invaders battling among themselves. It will be more than usually interesting to see how Messrs. Travers, Evans, and Ouimet fare without the unseemly activities of English and Scotch rivals.

And it will be unusually interesting to see just what effect that English breakdown through staleness will have upon the iron nerves of champion Jerry. Whether, having discovered at last that nerves can slip from one's control, he can still regain his old mastery of a fighting nervous force.

There is no record of any tournament that offers so keen a study of golfing psychology.

The Amateur's Wail

The Amateur tore his hair
And wept aloud in dull despair.

"Alas," he cried, "this year has been
The toughest one in all my ken."

"I've only made expenses and
About four thousand safe in hand."

"Some months I've hardly made a cent
Above my grocery bills and rent."

"I've hardly gathered as much dough
As some professionals I know."

"I guess," he murmured with a sob,
"I'll have to go and get a job."

Four Flags in a Row

THOSE who have watched the Giants at work this summer understand at last just why it is that no club in forty years has won four pennants in a row.

Despite the fact that all opposition this season has been well below past standards, the Giants have been fighting desperately over two months to keep their tanned features out in front of the parade. And it has only been their desperate fighting that has held them in front so long. The drive and smash necessary to win three straight flags have shown all year. Normal .300 hitters are batting around .250. Usually steady athletes in the field have shown tendencies to flutter and break at close intervals. There has been a natural let-down all around in Giant play. For the most part it has been a case of McGraw using the whip hand without rest—and the enduring Mathewson keeping at his best despite all laws of gravity and the game.

Mixing 'Em Up

CHRISTY MATHEWSON is a master artist when it comes to mixing up a bewildering assortment of slow balls, speed, curves, and fadeaways.

But Matty's wisdom goes even beyond that. In place of centering his entire attention upon one game from mid-February to mid-October, a stretch of eight months, the Miracle Man of the Mound finally decided to mix up games as well and so relieve the tension and the staleness.



By taking up golf he was able to shift his mind entirely from baseball twice a week. And by pitching a few games of baseball here and there he was able to escape the wild frenzy of the average golfing debutante.

As a result of which he was able to enter August leading both leagues in the box despite his fourteen years of servitude—and was able to average 85 at golf despite only one year's concentration on the game.

Matty has made wonderful strides at golf through his fourteen-year training at making his muscles obey his brain. He rarely foozles. His timing is generally good despite a form that is not yet wholly orthodox. It is even possible that by deeper concentration on the game after he quits baseball he may even skirt the championship ranks. But in the meanwhile he still has one or two good ball games left in his old right flipper. One or two—plus several more.

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The Colors of Our Battalion

(Continued from page 10)

fatalists, they argued that it was best to wait until Chance showed the way.

So they discussed, and so they argued, while Bunga, standing alone on his porch, watched Captain Duncan disappear into the night. He had asked the Captain to dinner; the Captain could not very well refuse; the meal had not been altogether pleasant for either one. Abhorring capitulation, the little man still nursed a secret hope that his officers, among whom Duncan was the leading spirit, would come to accept his view with enthusiasm. But all through the meal Captain Duncan had been put to it to hide his cold dislike. Neither could he agree, as officers usually try to agree with their commanders, when Major Drew again mentioned the constabulary in an effort to exemplify what the Theory will do for an outfit which has it kneaded into their spines.

"Why," he had said, "those little devils over there held Bacolog, they say, when outnumbered eight to one. And not one hope of ever getting out alive. They stuck around their *colors*."

"Ye-e-es," admitted Duncan, choosing his words with care. "They did. Only—I define the word differently. It hardly seems possible to me that those uneducated semisavages have any conception of a theory. It was Allen they stayed with. He was their colors."

"Perhaps so," Bunga had nodded, "at the time. Nevertheless, I maintain that those little fellows have advanced to a point in soldierdom where anyone with the commanding ability of Allen could hold them anywhere. I hate to say it, being an American, but right now any one of those constabulary privates is worth any five of ours in a pinch."

To this Duncan had not replied, making his disapproval manifest by his very silence; hence Bunga's heavy sigh when he watched the big man walk away. Then, with a sudden squaring of his shoulders, Bunga stepped down to the ground and walked over to Captain Allen's quarters.

At their first meeting something mutual had leaped from eye to eye. Watching the tall youth drill his little charges, Bunga sensed at once that here was a man who had labored and sweated and damned his company up and down parade as he himself had done with his own constabulary back in Mindanao, till from the ungodly mass of filthy hill clay there grew a company of reliant, vibrant soldiers. Their first talk verified it; the constabulary captain fully understood and appreciated Bunga Dos's position. "Yes, sir," he said, "we're sitting on a boiling pot. The natives were afraid of the Fifty-second when they were here—the Fifty-second were seasoned men. If anything happens, though, Major, you can count on us."

BUNGA went off with a fresh determination to "buck up" to his work. "I'll drill into them the self-obliterating idea of what that flag embodies or break them, every one!" he gritted. Forthwith, on the next day, when he passed one of the nipa barracks and overheard a group of privates voicing their opinion of the crazy evening parades, he made them march back and forth past the "rag" for four straight steady hours, bringing their right hand up in salute each time they passed.

This incident offset the order he had given the day before. In the United States army each man is allotted so much for food in actual cash. It is credited on the company books and spent according to the company commander's wish. He can "make savings," in army vernacular, or "feed well" at his discretion. Thus one company may be "eating fine," while the one next door is "going on the slim." This Bunga put a stop to. He said he saw no reason why one enlisted man was entitled to more than another of equal merit. Peter must draw as much as Paul.

FOR this the men should have been grateful. But when the undisciplined recruits thought of the fatiguing, six-hour drills in the boiling sun, and the inevitable punishments for having even one button dirty on parade, their hatred killed all gratitude. And the officers resented the order as much as they did the daily battalion drills. It is not well in the eyes of a company commander to reduce him to a cabinet membership where he has been a czar.

THEN before he had a chance to swing the sullen current into the proper channel the cholera broke out at San Fernal.

It came, as cholera does, without any sort of warning. It came; it was; it killed. Apathetic natives died like sheep. The American doctors did their best, which proved but little; the place became a pesthouse in a night.

"My God!" complained the captain doctor to Punga Dos. "If these natives would make any attempt to protect themselves, I could cope with this. They won't, though. They won't boil their water, they won't stop eating fruit, they won't even tell you when one of the family is dead—"

"By gad, I'll take a hand with them!" said Bunga. Forthwith he ordered the first sergeants to detail emergency squads, and, with the officers taking regular turns, set out to "police" the town.

"First man I want to see is that presidente," he told Captain Duncan. So he ordered the man before him.

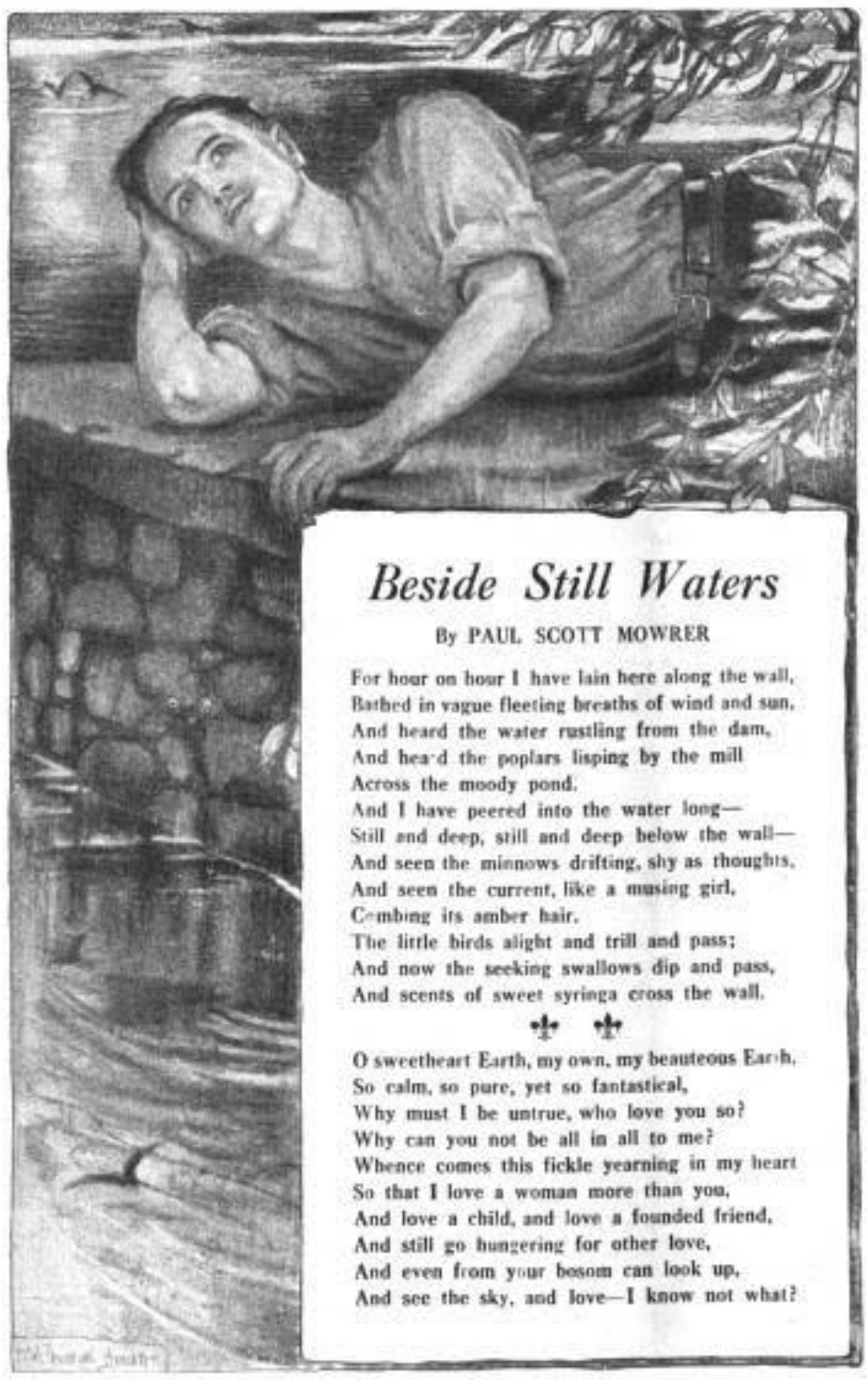
"Señor Ybarra," he said, "I expect you to lend your influence now. We're going to try to save lives whether they want to be saved or not. What is written is not always written. You come with me and act as interpreter."

"But," explained Ybarra, "I find that I must act as a minister giving the last rites. Father Rial left town yesterday."

Bunga scratched his head, then passed a brisk, lean hand over a spot where once an ear had been. "All right," he suddenly decided. "I suppose some one has to say the prayers. You may go back to the church."

Then the parties started on their rounds. They were unsavory rounds, not to be described. In spite of the danger of infection, the natives would not give up their beloved dead till force was used. Bunga was everywhere at once. He ordered that no soldier should touch a mouthful of food or drink a drop of water save that issued out under the doctor's supervision, with a general court-martial as the alternative; the natives were threatened with the water cure. All that night, with Captain Allen and the constabulary assisting, he and his khaki squads patrolled the town, till, at the first streak of approaching dawn, he sought his quarters in utter weariness.

The little Major's eyes were far back in his head. It had been a distressing night. His ears rang with the cries of mourning natives. White-eyed, pain-racked faces trooped past him in ghostly array. He heard again the creak of carabao carts carrying the dead to the churchyard through the darkened lanes. He heard, too, the distant thud of falling dirt as the natives buried the dead in the graveyard, surrounded by the same stone wall that hid the lower part of the cathedral from view. Again the lizards mocked at him, while the soughing of the age-old palms filled him with that indefinable, yet ever-present, sadness of the ancient East; and, suddenly, the lonely little man wished ardently that he, too, could join in at the mess, where all the other officers were washing the night's taste out of their mouths with Scotch and soda. Secretly he regretted having had to speak brusquely to some of them; neither did he recall with pleasure an episode of the night when he sent nine men from C Company to the guard-house for drinking water from a native gourd. "Blankety blank!" he exclaimed, giving his sparse locks a vicious pat with his brushes; "it isn't because I *hate* them. If they could only understand—oh, *hell!*" He moved irresolutely toward a secret drawer, where lay the photograph of his wife who died the year before. Then



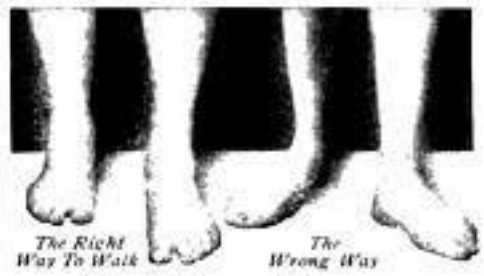
Beside Still Waters

By PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

For hour on hour I have lain here along the wall,
Bathed in vague fleeting breaths of wind and sun,
And heard the water rustling from the dam,
And heard the poplars lisping by the mill
Across the moody pond.
And I have peered into the water long—
Still and deep, still and deep below the wall—
And seen the minnows drifting, shy as thoughts,
And seen the current, like a musing girl,
Combing its amber hair.
The little birds alight and trill and pass;
And now the seeking swallows dip and pass,
And scents of sweet syringa cross the wall.

⚜ ⚜

O sweetheart Earth, my own, my beauteous Earth,
So calm, so pure, yet so fantastical,
Why must I be untrue, who love you so?
Why can you not be all in all to me?
Whence comes this fickle yearning in my heart
So that I love a woman more than you,
And love a child, and love a founded friend,
And still go hungering for other love,
And even from your bosom can look up,
And see the sky, and love—I know not what?



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The car is of standard design throughout. Note these features: sliding gear transmission, beautiful streamline body, automatic spark control, honeycomb radiator, dry plate clutch and wire wheels.

And there's room a-plenty in the seat for two big people. Of all cars the SAXON costs the least to maintain. *Records prove this.*

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he jerked his head back, took off and carefully folded his khaki blouse, and lay down with a beloved copy of Longfellow to lull his jumping brain to sleep. An ingrained sadness lay deep in the tired eyes, for, away from his martial duties, which were his bread and air, the little man was more than ordinarily lonely.

EVENTUALLY he dozed; and while he lay there the dawn came up from Asia in the vanguard of a red-hot, sizzling day. There was no drill that morning. On the west side of the plaza the brown constabulary soldiers lolled about their veranda, while on the southern side, where the American barracks stood, the tired recruits gathered in the shade of their own verandas, discussing incidents of the gruesome night. Few Filipinos were in sight, save those who passed along the street that skirted the east side of the square. These generally turned aside to enter the great gate of the churchyard on the north. Generally these were mourning parties following a carabao cart in which rested a wooden coffin.

"Ugh!" muttered the sergeant of the guard as another funeral came by. "That makes seven this morning." The guardhouse stood in the southeast corner of the square, facing the east calle. Thus he could see all the processions approaching. "Cheerful doings, eh?"

"Cheerful is right!" grunted a corporal. "Here comes another one."

They looked, and it was true; and in ten minutes a ninth procession turned a distant corner. Then something dawned upon the sergeant.

"By criminy, it seems to me these hombres are getting mighty willing to bury their dead with no patrol to chase them along," he muttered.

"Yes," said the corporal. "And how comes it those mourners ain't coming back out of that church?"

HE turned suddenly suspicious eyes toward the silent stone wall, which now took on a forbidding, sinister aspect.

"There's something queer about it," said the sergeant. "I feel it in my skin. But keep mum. Brown, you slip over and call the officer o' the day."

Thus, in twenty minutes, when the next funeral came along, was the sergeant fully prepared for an investigation. At a word from the officer of the day an armed squad stepped out from the shady interior of the guardroom and strode into the white heat of the road. The black carabao stopped, turning his patient head in bovine curiosity toward the six-foot sentry who grabbed his nose rope. A wail arose from the mourners. One protested; another muttered; suddenly one fled. By that time the officer of the day was in the cart with a rifle in his hand, and the bayonet inserted as a pry under the coffin lid.

"They're closing the churchyard gates!" yelled a private.

Almost simultaneously a wild yell sounded behind the gates, and a shot sang overhead. The coffin lid came off, disclosing a box load of ammunition and rifles; in the next breath the officer fell, shot through the head, while from five hundred unsuspected portholes in the church wall there roared a blaze of rifle fire that filled the air with lead.

CONSTERNATION seized the American troops. Here a man fell, screaming; three of the guard pitched on their faces without a sound; men stumbled over one another in vacating the verandas, where thudding lead was tearing the wood to splinters. When Bunga Doo came tearing into sight, there was not a man left in the verandas save the helpless wounded, while only a fourth of those who had left the riddled barracks had stopped to get their rifles.

The little man saw; and, seeing, gave vent to a sound that was both a sob and a yell of savage joy. For—though his battalion had been caught in a hellish jam—here was the chance.

"Form companies there!" he bawled at the officers who came running up. "Form companies and send those men into the barracks after their rifles!"

This was much easier ordered than executed. The officers formed the men after a fashion, and as often as not with the flat of the sword—for even officers, who don't believe in theories, have reasons for liking better to see a soldier with a rifle than without. The men, however, huddled. To return for rifles into barracks that were filled with flying lead was something the recruiting sergeant had not mentioned in Ohio. Some started, but sullenly and falteringly and with pitiable apprehension; and at this Bunga called out in agonized impatience: "Great God! Suppose those Gin-gus charge us now? Here, Captain Duncan, and you, Mr. Turner, come with me." With that he ran on into the nearest barracks, fully expecting his officers to follow.



Hooking Apples
Sketches from Awayback

The officers did follow; they were West Pointers. And Captain Duncan yelled back to the men: "Come on, some of you! Isn't there a man among you? Come on in here and help get these rifles so we can get out of here!"

Above the roar the big voice carried to Bunga Doo. "We're not going to get out of here!" he snapped as he wrestled with an arm load of guns. "Before God, we're going to charge!"

Captain Duncan gasped incredulously; but just then Lieutenant Turner pitched lengthwise across his feet, and the big man hastened on with his work. This consisted in passing out rifles across window sills creased with ugly furrows and bristling with jagged splinters; the belts and boxes of ammunition were thrown out after them. In a few seconds other officers jumped in to help; then some of the men; for a man, individually, does not have to be a soldier to be a man.

But each link of any chain must bear an equal strain; and an army must contain a big percentage of human beings who were not men's men before they came into the army.

THEREFORE, when Bunga tried to form the battalion behind the barracks for an immediate attack, the small number of *men* could not make up for the majority who were neither men nor soldiers.

"My God!" protested Captain Duncan, you don't mean to order those men straight into the face of *that*, do you? Major, can't you reconsider and wait till night, so we can barricade and then starve them out? We'll lose half the battalion."

"We'll lose half the *mob* or *make* a battalion!" barked the commander. "Form your company and move out on the right flank, Captain Duncan."

Captain Duncan obeyed, but his commands were devoid of thrill. And where officers are deadlike on their feet, what can one expect of the ranks? Bunga ran out into the open square, calling on them to come on; they started to follow in an indescribable mass; then they heard the screams of the wounded rather than any commands, and looked at the ripping turf rather than the gun sights and the targets the Government paid them to look at; in less than a minute they were broken, smashed, defeated, and breaking for the comparative protection of the barracks. Bunga was left alone upon the square.

"Oh, you cowards, you cowards!" he sobbed. He sobbed it much as a man

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night sob over the failure of a horse he has just begun to love. "Am I to take that place with the *constabulary?*"

CAPTAIN DUNCAN stood wavering in front of the barracks—wavering between his hatred and his reluctant admiration for this mad theorist who "worked out his examples" with bullet-made dust clouds rising around his feet. "I've carried out your order in so far as I was able, sir," he sullenly replied. "The men won't—"

"You won't, either!" shrieked the little man. "By God, I couldn't have expected much else—but I'll show you something now—" He broke off with a sob, then wheeled and made a trumpet of his hands. On the west side of the parade, firing from prone positions on either side of their barracks, lay the constabulary company, with Allen in command; Bunga raised his voice and called: "Captain Allen, move out your company and advance in line of skirmishers."

Instantly there rose from the ground a body of blue-shirted, barefooted little brown men, all standing at command. Then, at a word, they moved forward by platoons. They advanced, and fell, and rose again with the precision of machinery. A great wet sob filled the little Major's breast at the sight. "God!" he choked. "God!"—and, as the platoons half turned to the northeast, he ran to take a place with these "niggers" who knew the theory. "Fire—at will," gasped Allen, spitting a mouthful of blood. "We're—we're with you—sir," he mumbled as he turned his tired brown eyes toward Bunga and sank to the ground. "Take them, sir. They *know*."

This Bunga could not have heard; nevertheless, he understood the import of that painful smile. "Charge!" he roared; and though not one native behind him had listened to his command, they rose and charged. Where gaps appeared, they closed instinctively; where that saber pointed, they followed. Straight over the pock-marked turf it led, to the great ivy-grown oak doors; and, notwithstanding the redoubled fire from the old stone wall, they reached it and fell upon it with their gun butts as a wolf falls on its prey.

WATCHING, the big American men in uniform sickened; their souls were bared.

"Good God!" one yelled, "are we going to let ourselves be shown up by a lot of Gu-gus? I guess we had *better* be dead."

"You're right you had!" choked a bitter officer. "*He's* shown us up as much as the Gu-gus. Come on, you—"

What else the officers said may well be omitted—though the profanity of grown men with tears streaming down their faces may be a sacred thing. Within the next few minutes, while the oaken doors stubbornly resisted the onslaught, the constabulary would have been shot to pieces but for the "outfit of former recruits" who now came pouring out in a manner befitting a Third Battalion. Theirs were the dead-white faces of men who come again; and the natives, looking, knew that on earth is hell.

In a drunken spirit of frenzy, then, Señor Ybarra leaped high on the wall, leaned down, thrust a pistol in Bunga's sweat-streaked face, and yelled: "You won't report to your country this time!"

"Won't I?" whispered the untouched Major—and fired with the better aim. Then, as Señor Ybarra came tumbling down, and the gates went crashing in, powder-drunk bantam Bunga grinned back at the oncoming Third Battalion with the grin of a man who sees, budding, the flower of an ideal.

THERE marched into San Isidro, a year and a month later, a spick-and-span battalion of tanned and quiet chaps who stepped with the spring of a blooded horse and the tread of a Foreign Legion. It was the Third Battalion, changing stations with the Seventy-second's First. One sensed that here was integrity and the all-desirable undercurrent of amalgamation. At their head was a little man, a man whose step was like a tuning fork to a waiting band.

But his seamed, square, bulldog face was not a handsome sight; so, later, the recruits of the Seventy-second voiced their several opinions:

"Some hard-looking K. O. you fellows got, what?"

"He ain't *much* on looks," conceded Devlin of C Company.

"Some rawhider, too, I'll bet."

"Yes," said Devlin, "he's one of the hardest guys to soldier under in the army."

Emboldened by this, one of the Seventy-second's men went on: "I heard about that go at San Fernal. I never did see a grand-stand officer that wouldn't throw his men away to—"

"That'll be all from you," said Devlin "Lemme tell you that while he was grand-standin' there wasn't any bouquets comin' *his* way that *I* could notice When you guys learn how to take commands from an officer that'll do what *he* did to show us how to do our bit, you can call yourself *soldiers*. When it comes right down to it, that little man's the colors of our battalion!"

Initiations at Lockport

(Continued from page 11)

"Sixty," said the Squire.

"Married?"

"Yes, once," the Squire admitted.

"Precisely as I have it," corroborated his Majesty.

"Any children?" continued the questioner.

"One daughter," the other acknowledged.

"Daughters cause a lot of mischief," his Majesty observed sagely. "Abe would be a well man to-morrow if it hadn't been for her."

"She don't want to marry him," the Squire offered hastily, "and I don't blame her," he added vehemently.

"It's too late now, even if she did," the other said dryly. "It isn't customary for a young woman to marry a corpse."

"Abe brought it all on himself," ventured the Squire with easy familiarity. "Serves him right."

SLOWLY, his Majesty turned his baleful blue eyes full on the forward old man. "Who are you," he boomed, "to pass judgment on others?"

"Oh, what a pity!" chorused the spook-like white gowns. "Oh, what a pity!"

"I didn't mean any h-harm, 'pon my soul I did-n't," stammered the Squire.

"Then confine yourself to answering my questions," his Majesty said curtly. "You have wide business interests, Squire?" he went on, adopting his former friendly attitude.

"That's 'bout the size of it," boasted the relieved old man. Here at last was a safe subject.

"And you carry big sums in cash?" intimated the other.

"So I calculate," assented the faltering Squire. "Banks is safer than second mortgages."

"And much harder to tax?" his Majesty suggested slyly.

"A sight," agreed the other with a knowing wink.

"That's just what the new county tax ferret was saying to me this morning," his Majesty mused aloud. The Squire went deathly pale. "Have you any back taxes?" the other asked suddenly.

"No," said the Squire.

"What!" blazed his Majesty.

"Not a cent," whined the other.

"Did you hear him?" said his Majesty appealing blankly to his silent white gowns. "He says," repeated the amazed monarch, "he has no back taxes."

"Oh, what a pity! Take him to the torture," croaked the white gowns, closing in hungrily about their shivering victim. Once more bedlam broke loose in the room of torment. And the wild tumult shook the whole building to its very foundation. His Majesty commanded silence; it seemed the more gravelike by contrast. Out of the depressing stillness came his voice tremulous with passion.

"Squire Buck," he said harshly, "I give you one more chance. "Have you," he hissed through clenched teeth, "any back taxes?"

THE old man's plight was pitiful to behold. He writhed like a perishing worm, but his lips unmistakably formed a fatal denial, and he gave himself up for lost.

"Oh, what a pity! Oh, what a pity! Take him to the torture," dirged the white gowns.

"Off with him to the torture!" screamed his Majesty, a perfect picture of livid fury. Four white gowns leaped bodily on the still vigorous old man.

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"Help!" bellowed the Squire, putting up an obstinate defense against overwhelming odds.

"Blood! Give me blood!" frothed his Majesty, plunging headlong from his throne into the fray.

A TERRIFIC battle ensued in which the Squire's widely scattered false teeth testified to the art of modern dentistry; outnumbered five to one the torture room yawned before him, when the outside door banged open and Harry Baum bore down on his assailants like an avenging angel.

Striking about him with a perfect hailstorm of lefts and rights—which invariably fell short—the hero at last stood panting beside the rescued Squire.

"Nobody can badger the man who expects to make me his son-in-law in a few days," he said sternly, placing an arm affectionately over the Squire's shoulder.

"We didn't know he was a friend of yours," his Majesty said lamely. "If we had—"

"He wasn't," the Squire cut in. "But he is now," he hastily and manfully added. "I've half a mind to turn him loose on you just to see how you'll net," he threatened triumphantly. The struggle had filled the hall with dust. Judging from the way Harry coughed, he must have inhaled a peck.

"Come on, papa," he choked, "let's get out of here."

At the foot of the stairs they stopped. The streets were alive with people, but the Squire did not notice it then.

"Harry," he began thickly, "you're the best friend I've got. You can marry Ruthie to-morrow if you want to and I'll deed you any hundred and sixty acres in the county you'll pick out."

"I expect you'd better put that on paper right now," the younger man said without emotion.

"It's too dark. I can't see," the Squire objected with chilled ardor. "Wait till morning," he put off optimistically. Harry instantly produced paper, a pencil and a box of pocket matches.

"Eighty acres is a fine start for young married folks," reflected the parsimonious old man, making ready to write it in.

"One hundred and sixty," Harry said uncompromisingly and the grumbling Squire was forced to obey. Harry coolly pocketed the written promise and deserted his future father-in-law on the spot.

THE crowd that had gathered about the delegation's carriage was not exactly a cheerful one. Its nucleus was formed of the twenty grumbling candidates, who, after having been relieved of their money and passed through a very tame initiation, found themselves summarily dismissed down the backstairs as Abe and the Squire entered the hall.

From time to time the throng won new recruits until almost the entire population, scenting excitement, were swelling it. Here, the Squire came face to face with his ex-colleague.

"Abe," he said softly, "can I borrow that there muzzle-loading pistol of your'n?"

"What do you want it for?" the other asked suspiciously.

"You'll know to-morrow," the Squire said mysteriously. "That is," he added significantly, "if I can shoot like I use ter could."

"It's broke," said Abe, backing away.

"Oh, let it go then," the old man said carelessly. "I'll get one of Harry Baum. Abe turned away and hid himself in the thickest part of the muttering crowd, while the Squire declaimed loudly against the outrageous treatment he himself had received at the hands of the initiation delegation. After helping himself to copious libations, Nelty Driggs passed the bottle around and the pervading mutter soon became a growl. Harry Baum met the departing delegation at the foot of the hall stairs, where they crowded around him in high glee.

"Good Lord, Baum," O'Bear greeted the newcomer uproariously, "we've had the time of our young lives. I never could have believed there were twenty-two such sets of long ears in the whole State. It's paid, too," he added in a loud voice. O'Bear's remarks brought out a babble of witticisms from his companions at the expense of the local Knights.

"Shut up, for Heaven's sake," Harry implored in a melodramatic whisper.

"What the devil?" asked O'Bear, staring blankly.

"Look! by your carriage," the other breathed hoarsely.

"I can see a bunch of runnuies," O'Bear grunted in relieved disgust.

"A mob," corrected Harry.

"A mob?" faltered O'Bear.

"A blood-thirsty one," Harry said meaningly.

"They're looking for you."

"What shall we do?" implored the others, and the frightened delegation drew closer about their only ally in a hostile country.

"Get out of town quick, it's your only chance," the blacksmith advised hurriedly.

"But how?" queried O'Bear.

"In the carriage," said Harry; "I'll do what I can to keep them off your throats. Come on!" he shouted, starting off at a run.



Kind Lady: *"Why, you poor man! Come around some day and I will give you some of my husband's old clothes"*

O'BEAR grasped the impetuous smith by the coat tails and brought him up sharp. "Why can't you phone the county seat for help?" he pleaded.

"No use," said Harry. "I've just got through trying to wire the Governor and beg him to send up a regiment of militia and a couple of batteries, but they've cut the wires."

"Send a messenger to Sheriff Pupjoy," suggested O'Bear.

Harry shook his head hopelessly. "You know as well as I do, Jim, he'd never come if he knew what was going on," he said ruefully. "And it wouldn't be fair to let a married man come up here without a hint he'd be going to his death."

A few sharp-sighted members of the mob put a sound interpretation on the delegation's delayed departure and accordingly grew bolder.

"Hang them!" shouted Nelty Driggs, staggering under a mighty burden of "squirrel whisky"; others took up the cry, and to the delegation serious trouble seemed unavoidable.

"Follow me," commanded Harry, catching up O'Bear's grip and making a headlong dash for the carriage. The very suddenness of the unexpected move drew the cowering delegation trotting blindly at his heels. The crowd, as yet, had not the slightest intention of violence and it gave way curiously, even politely, before the well-known form of the sturdy smith.

HE had the nervous team untied and the carriage cramped in a trice. The delegation leaped into the vehicle without urging. "Drive slow till you're across the ford, and keep working down stream," Harry said in low tones to O'Bear, as he passed him the reins. "It will be—be safer," he finished lamely.

O'Bear nodded comprehensively and gave the other's hand a grateful squeeze. "I'll not forget all you have done for us to-night if I live to be a hundred," he threw back emotionally, as the team started.

"I don't expect you will," the grati

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fied hero murmured ambiguously, and modestly fell back into the crowd. The carriage was half a block on its homeward journey, when the thing O'Bear dreaded most happened. "Come on, men, after the scamps—we'll catch them at the ford," yelled a voice that sent a certain white-gowned figure, blending nicely with Squire Buck's whitewashed picket fence into a paroxysm of girlish giggles. All the indignant crowd needed to become a mob was a head. Harry Baum frankly and according to plan supplied that deficiency. The Wabash ford was only four hundred yards from the town pump and the mob followed its new leader enthusiastically. O'Bear discarded Baum's advice and lashed his horses into a run. Seeing their prey about to escape, the most lukewarm and conservative champions of the public cause joined in the chase that soon strung out according to the individual's speed and intention.

THE fleeing carriage gained steadily to the ford, but the steep descent and peculiar nature of the approach required slow, skillful driving that cost them their slight advantage. O'Bear fought for a cool head as he jockeyed his horses carefully into the river.

The racing water whirled under the horses and through the wheels in a dizzy mill stream. O'Bear offered up a silent prayer for moonlight, and shuddered at the approach of many feet.

They were in midstream now and he ventured a backward glance over his shoulder. The foiled mob, like Haley's dogs, had halted at the water's edge. O'Bear reined in his team with a sobbing chuckle of relief. "Hello!" he called. Not a sound came over the surface of the river.

Baum had not been idle. The mob was a mob no longer, for through their leader they now knew something funny was going to happen.

"Hello, you," O'Bear hailed again. An owl hooted weirdly from his perch in an overhanging sycamore, but that was all. O'Bear owned himself puzzled. He could make out people very well, but they were standing so still in the shadows they might have been taken for blackened snags in a burned-over clearing.

"I say, Lockport," he began again in a lazy, drawling, insolent voice, "you are the jayest town, the most pig-headed, asinine set of people ever turned loose in the Wabash Valley to take care of themselves. Delicacy forbids me to say a word against your generous disposition to part with your money. Now there is your new lodge—the Knights of Sahara —" and O'Bear broke off speaking into a loud laugh, to which his companions made a ready chorus.

"Twenty-two candidates at five dollars each," he went on insultingly, "that's one hundred and ten dollars, and another little matter of forty dollars. It was a shame to take the money. But if I should give it all back, you'd just hand it over to the first grafter that hinted he needed funds." Lockport, let the deadly insult pass without comment.

"Good night, dearies," he concluded gallingly. "Put on your nighties and trot to bed like good children before the curfew rings."

EVEN this parting shot brought no reply, but O'Bear didn't mind, his revenge was sweet in his mouth. He called for a bottle. Several appeared from unsuspected places, and the carriage splashed on to the accompaniment of a full-throated song.

"The moonlight's fair to-night along the Wabash—" sobbed the refreshed delegation. "Look where you are driving," angrily warned the bass. O'Bear looked, but he couldn't help what happened. A quick cramping of the upstream wheel over a submerged rock shifted the weight to that side and before anyone could stir a finger, the downstream wheels in response to the current, simultaneously wobbled off their spindles and the crippled carriage dumped its living burden into the water.

THE badly frightened team added to the general confusion by commencing to snort and plunge. The dripping delegation arose sputtering to the surface in time to help O'Bear quiet the team and see their hats and suit cases floating off into deep water. A mournful chant trembled on the midnight air. It drifted out to them from the Lockport side.

"Listen! What's that?" exclaimed O'Bear, his teeth clicking audibly.

"Oh, what a pity!" came the voices—"Oh, what a pity!"

"There," ejaculated one of the late submerged who had a quicker eye than his fellows. Every eye followed his pointing finger to the shore where twelve white gowns stood chanting their requiem of calamity. The crowd entered into the spirit of the thing and the valley quiet was rent by deep-chested shouts of laughter.

The puzzled delegation fished out the lost wheels and put them on in silence. A hasty inspection of the other spindles disclosed the appalling fact that there was not a single tap on the carriage. A long moment of dismay followed the discovery that made their trip home impossible.

"What shall we do?" asked one, speaking for the rest. No one had had the courage or inspiration to offer advice, when a kindly disposed white gown hailed them from ashore. "What's happened, dearies?" said the man.

"The taps came off our rig and threw us out into the water," O'Bear replied in a favor-currying voice.

"Oh, what a pity!" moaned the crowd. "Oh, what a pity!"

"Oh, if that's all," the man went on in a voice that shook, "you'd better come over after you've had your play out and take the rig to the blacksmith shop. You seemed to be having such a whale of a time I didn't like to disturb you."

A SOLEMN consultation was called in the river and O'Bear's violent objections to acting on the man's advice were overruled, seven to one. Accordingly, the team was again headed for Lockport and the chagrined delegation waded ashore.

The jeering crowd fell in behind like a guard of honor, and escorted them back to town, where the bizarre cortège halted before the blacksmith shop.

"Where is the blacksmith?" O'Bear asked curtly now that all danger seemed past.

The one addressed pointed out the figure of a man sitting on the running gear of a wagon near the door.

"That's Baum now," replied the man, "lucky fer you he ain't gone to bed."

"Oh," said O'Bear with a world of meaning. Harry knocked the ashes from his pipe and came forward lazily. "What can I do for you, my good man?" he asked complaisantly.

"You can put new taps on all of the spindles of this old hack," O'Bear said shortly. "Some rogue has stolen them," he concluded heatedly.

"I don't believe anybody in Lockport would do a trick like that to be mean," Harry defended loyally. "More than likely its only a joke. Some feller that's been working hard all day wanted to have a little innocent amusement 'fore he went off to bed."

O'BEAR doubled up his fists and glared like a wildcat. "If I could find him," he said sanguinely, "I'd—"

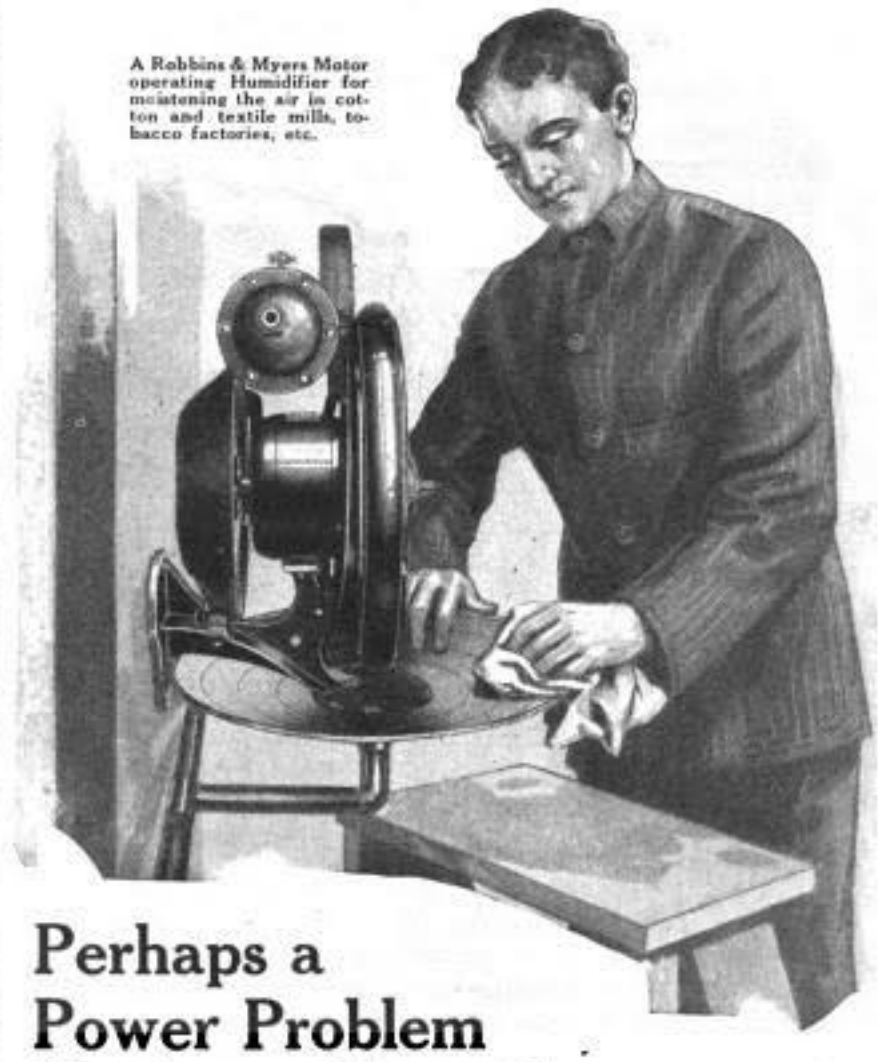
"What would you do?" Harry asked sternly.

"I'd—ask him for the taps," O'Bear finished feebly, to the crowd's delight.

"Why man, you're wet all over," Harry exclaimed at his sudden discovery.



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Directory of School Advertisers

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In these issues the readers of Collier's will find complete information concerning the schools listed here. A request for a catalog sent to any of these schools will receive prompt attention, or communications addressed to the Educational Bureau of Collier's will be answered immediately.

Boys

Hammond Riordan School	Highland, N. Y.
Randolph Macon Academy	Front Royal, Va.
Peddie Institute	Hightstown, N. J.
University School	Chicago, Ill.
Racine College School	Racine, Wis.
St. Paul School	Garden City, L. I.
Kenkiminetas Springs School	Saltsburg, Pa.
University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame, Ind.
Belmont School	Belmont, Cal.
Kenwaltin Academy	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Morgan Park Academy	Morgan Park, Ill.

Military

Bordentown Military Institute	Bordentown, N. J.
Ohio Military Institute	College Hill, Cin., O.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy	Lake Geneva, Wis.
Wentworth Military Academy	Lexington, Mo.
Culver Military Academy	Culver, Ind.
Tennessee Military Institute	Sweetwater, Tenn.
Western Military Academy	Alton, Ill.
St. John's Military Academy	Delafield, Wis.
New Mexico Military Institute	Roswell, N. M.

Special

Bliss Electrical School	Washington, D. C.
Dana's Musical Institute	Warren, O.
Indiana Dental College	Indianapolis, Ind.
Tri-State College	Angola, Ind.
Louisville College of Dentistry	Louisville, Ky.
N. Y. Homoeopathic Medical College	New York City
New York State School of Agr.	Morrisville, N. Y.
Illinois College of Photography	Effingham, Ill.
Michigan College of Mines	Houghton, Mich.
Grand River Institute	Austinburg, O.
Winona College of Agriculture	Winona Lake, Ind.
Detroit College of Law	Detroit, Mich.
University of Illinois	Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso University	Valparaiso, Ind.
New England Conservatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
University of Chicago Press	Chicago, Ill.
Dickson Memory School	Chicago, Ill.
New York Electrical School	New York City

Co-Educational

Thomas Normal Training School	Detroit, Mich.
Defiance College	Defiance, O.
Peirce School	Philadelphia, Pa.
American Col. of Phys. Education	Chicago, Ill.

Girls

Mary Baldwin Seminary	Staunton, Va.

"Oh, what a pity!" sang the crowd.

"That's my affair," O'Bear retorted sullenly. "What I want to know is, how long it will take you to fit on new taps?"

"Not very long," yawned the other.

"How much will it cost?" O'Bear asked cautiously.

"Oh, only about one hundred and fifty dollars," said the other as if mentioning a mere trifle. The delegation groaned and the crowd laughed. O'Bear was the first to find his tongue. "That's highway robbery," he yelled, "the whole blamed rig isn't worth half that. I'll leave the whole outfit by the road first and hire a team at Bill Harness's livery barn."

"I wouldn't," put in a pithy voice from the rear of the crowd.

"Why?" shot out O'Bear, swinging on his heel.

"Because I'm Harness," said the other. Harness's nearest neighbor ventured a scathing remark on O'Bear's personal appearance and still others felt called upon to reveal their prejudiced opinions.

THINGS began to wear an ugly look when Baum gave O'Bear's arm a jerk that won his instant attention. "Look here, Jim," he said peevishly, "I can't put in the whole night saving your life; I'm sleepy."

Once more O'Bear was forced to listen to the earnest pleadings of his friends and reluctantly turned the required one hundred and fifty dollars over to the blacksmith, who pocketed the money without a word of thanks; neither did he show any visible signs of mechanical activity.

"Good heavens, man!" exploded O'Bear, "get those taps—they're paid for. We want to get out of town before daylight." Harry sauntered leisurely over to the carriage and in plain view of everyone took the taps out of his own pockets and deliberately screwed them into place.

"I'll get even," O'Bear raved, as the ill-fated delegation drove away.

"Oh, what a pity!" jeered Harry. "Oh, what a pity!" echoed the crowd.

HARRY held up his hand for attention. "If the Knights of Sahara y will come around to the shop in the morning, I'll give them their initiation fees back."

"Three cheers for Harry Baum!" demanded two voices at once, voices like Abe Day's and Squire Buck's. And the cheers were given with a hearty good will that would have flattered even a man devoid of vanity.

The tired crowd dispersed at once, leaving the hero of the hour and one of their number alone on the field. Harry lit his pipe and bent for a closer examination of the white-gowned figure hugging the shadow.

"Which one of the boys is it?" he chuckled.

"Don't you know me?"

HARRY took a quick step, drew the mask aside, and turned a dimpling face to the bright moonlight.

"Why, if it ain't Ruth!" he said in pleased astonishment.

"Oh, what a pity!" she sighed demurely. "Oh, what a pity!"

THE END.

Bealby

(*Concluded from page 21*)

rural dirt. During the last few days he must have had dealings of an intimate nature with coal. He was taciturn and irritable, he declared that this sleeping out would be the death of him, and the breakfast was only too manifestly wanting in the comforts of a refined home. He seemed a little less embittered after breakfast, he became even faintly genial, but he remained unpleasing. A distaste for the tramp arose in Bealby's mind, and as he walked on behind his guide and friend he revolved schemes of unobtrusive detachment.

FAR be it from me to accuse Bealby of ingratitude. But it is true that that same disinclination which made him a disloyal assistant to Mr. Mergleson was now affecting his comradeship with the tramp. And he was deceitful. He allowed the tramp to build projects in the confidence of his continued adhesion; he did not warn him of the defection he meditated. But, on the other hand, Bealby had acquired from his mother an effective horror of stealing. And one must admit, since the tramp admitted it, that the man stole.

And another little matter had at the same time estranged Bealby from the tramp and linked the two of them together. The attentive reader will know that Bealby had exactly two shillings and twopence-halfpenny when he came down out of the woods to the fireside. He had Mrs. Bowles's half-crown and the balance of Madeleine Phillips's theatre-shilling, minus sixpence-halfpenny for a collar and sixpence he had given the tramp for the soup overnight. But all this balance was now in the pocket of the tramp. Money talks, and the tramp had heard it. He had not taken it away from Bealby, but he had obtained it in this manner: "We two are pals," he said, "and one of us had better be Treasurer. That's Me. I know the ropes better. So hand over what you got there, matey."

And after he had pointed out that a refusal might lead to Bealby's evisceration the transfer occurred. Bealby was searched, kindly but firmly. . . .

It seemed to the tramp that this trouble had now blown over completely.

Little did he suspect the rebellious and treacherous thoughts that seethed in the head of his companion. Little did he suppose that his personal appearance, his manners, his ethical flavor—nay, even his physical flavor—were being judged in a spirit entirely unamiable. It seemed to him that he had obtained youthful and subservient companionship—companionship that would be equally agreeable and useful; he had adopted a course that he imagined would cement the ties between them; he reckoned not with ingratitude. "If anyone arsts you who I am, call me uncle," he said. He walked along, a little in advance, sticking his toes out right and left in a peculiar wide pace that characterized his walk, and revolving schemes for the happiness and profit of the day. To begin with—great drafts of beer. Then tobacco. Later, perhaps, a little bread and cheese for Bealby. "You can't come in 'ere," he said at the first public house. "You're under age, me boy. It ain't my doing, matey; it's 'Erbert Samuel. You blame 'im. 'E don't objec' to you going to work for any other Mr. Samuel there may 'appen to be abart or anything of that sort, that's good for you, that is; but 'e's most particular you shouldn't go into a public 'ouse. So you just wait about outside 'ere. *I'll* 'ave my eye on you."

"You going to spend my money?" asked Bealby.

"I'm going to ration the party," said the tramp.

"You—you got no right to spend my money," said Bealby.

"I— 'Ang it!—I'll get you some acid drops," said the tramp in tones of remonstrance. "I tell you, blame you—it's 'Erbert Samuel. I can't 'elp it! I can't fight against the lor."

"You 'aven't any right to spend my money," said Bealby.

"*Don't* cut up crusty. 'Ow can I 'elp it?"

"I'll tell a policeman. You gimme back my money and lemme go."

The tramp considered the social atmosphere. It did not contain a policeman. It contained nothing but a peaceful, kindly corner public house, a sleeping dog, and the back of an elderly man digging. The tramp approached Bealby in a confidential manner. "'O's going to believe *you*?" he said. "And besides, 'ow did you come by it?"

Moreover: "*I* ain't going to spend *your* money. I got money of my own. *'Ere!* See?" And suddenly before the dazzled eyes of Bealby he held and instantly withdrew three shillings and two coppers that seemed familiar. He had had a shilling of his own. . . .

Bealby waited outside. . . .

THE tramp emerged in a highly genial mood, with acid drops, and a short clay pipe going strong. "'Ere," he said to Bealby with just the faintest flavor of magnificence over the teeth-held pipe, and handed over not only the acid drops but a virgin short clay. "Fill," he said, proffering the tobacco. "It's yours jus' much as it's mine. Be'r not let 'Erbert Samuel see you, though; that's all. 'E's got a lor abart it."

Bealby held his pipe in his clenched hand. He had already smoked—once. He remembered it quite vividly still, although it had happened six months before. Yet he hated not using that tobacco. "No," he said, "I'll smoke later."

The tramp replaced the screw of red Virginia in his pocket with the air of one who has done the gentlemanly thing. . . .

They went on their way, an ill-assorted couple. [*To be continued next week*]

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Somnolent St. Louis

Continued from page 17

as earning more than a million a year in excess of a reasonable return on its investment. The service given the city is as bad as I have ever seen. The tracks are rough and the cars are run down and dirty. But most antediluvian of all is the heating system of these cars: a red-hot stove at one end, giving but small comfort to those far removed from it, and fairly cooking those who sit near.

What Is the Matter with St. Louis?

"WHAT is the matter with St. Louis?" I inquired of a wide-awake citizen I met.

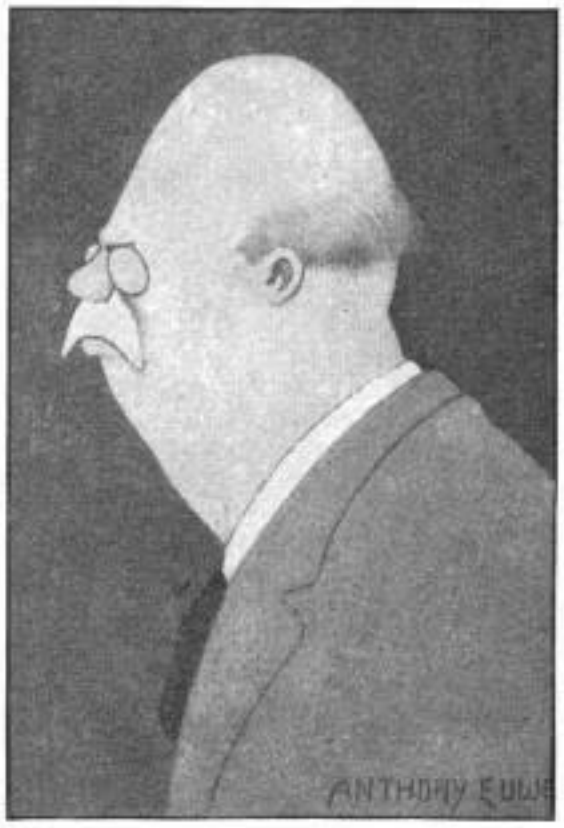
"Oh, the Drew question?" he suggested with a smile.

"The Drew question?" I repeated blankly.

"You don't know about that? Well, the question you asked was put to the city, some years ago, by Alderman Drew, so instead of asking it outright any more, we refer to it as 'the Drew question.' Everyone knows what it means."

The man who asks that question in St. Louis will receive a wide variety of answers.

One exceedingly well-informed gentleman told me that St. Louis had the "most aggressive minority" he had ever seen. "Start any movement here," he declared, "and, whatever it may be, you immediately encounter strong objection."



The Chin

The chin it was made to raise trouble,
Either dimples or pimples or stubble;
Then some have the gall
To not grow at all,
While others come triple and double.

In other quarters I learned of something called "The Big Cinch"—an intangible, reactionary sort of dragon, said to be built of big business men. It is charged that this legendary monster has put the quietus upon various enterprises, including the construction of a new and first-class hotel — something which St. Louis needs. In still other quarters I was informed that the city's long-established wealth had placed it in somewhat the position of Detroit before the days of the automobile, and that much of the money and many of the big business enterprises were controlled by elderly men; in short, that what is needed is young blood, or, as one man put it, "a few important funerals."

"It is conservatism," explained another. "The trouble with St. Louis is that nobody here ever goes crazy." And said still another: "About one-third of the population of St. Louis is German. It is German lethargy that holds the city back."

German Flavor

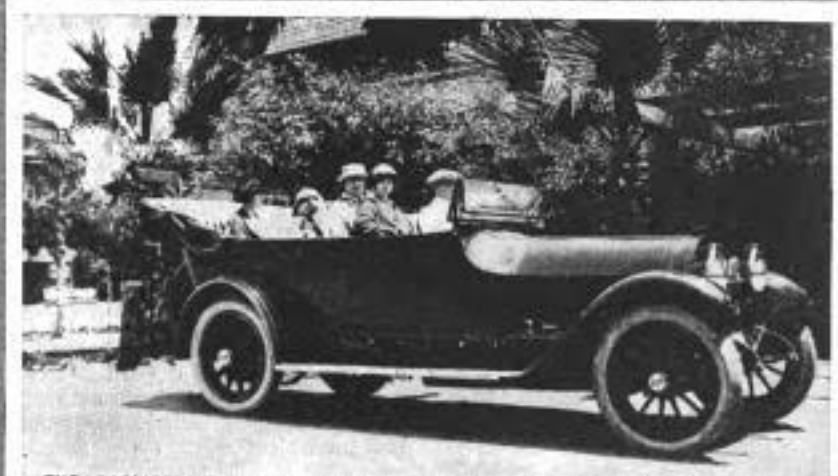
WHATEVER truth may lurk in these several statements, I do not, personally, believe in the last one. If the Germans are sometimes stolid, they are upon the other hand honest, thoughtful, and steady. And when it comes to lethargy—well, Chicago, the most active great city in the country, has a large German population. And, for the matter of that, so has Berlin! Some of the best citizens St. Louis has are Germans, and one of her most public-spirited and nationally distinguished men was born in Prussia—Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann, former Solicitor General of the United States and ex-president of the American Bar Association. Mr. Lehmann (who, as I write, is serving the country as a commissioner in the cause of peace with Mexico at the Niagara Falls conference) drew up a city charter which was recommended by the Board of Freeholders of St. Louis in 1910. This charter was defeated. However, within the last few weeks, another charter, embodying many even more progressive elements than those contained in the charter proposed by Mr. Lehmann, has just been accepted by the city, and there can be little doubt that the earlier proposals paved the way for this one.

German emigration to St. Louis began about 1820 and increased at the time of the rebellion of 1848, so that, like Milwaukee, St. Louis has to-day a very strong German flavor. By the terms of the city charter all ordinances and municipal legal advertising are printed in both English and German, and the "Westliche Post" of St. Louis, a German newspaper founded by the late Emil Pretorius and now conducted by his son, is a powerful organ. The great family beer halls of the city add further Teutonic color, and the Liederkranz is, I believe, the largest club in the city. This organization is not much like a club according to the restricted English idea: it suggests some great, genial public gathering place. The substantial German citizens who arrive here of a Sunday night, when the cook goes out, do not come alone, nor merely with their sons, but bring their entire families for dinner, including the mother, the daughters, and the little children. There is music, of course, and great contentment. The place breathes of substantiality, democracy, and good nature. You feel it even in the manner of the waiters, who, being first of all human beings, second, Germans, and waiters only in the third place, have an air of personal friendliness with those they serve.

Aside from his municipal and national activities, Mr. Lehmann has found time to gather in his home one of the most complete collections of Dickens's first editions and related publications to be found in the whole world. It is, indeed, on this side—the side of cultivation—that St. Louis is most truly charming. She has an old, exclusive, and delightful society, and a widespread and pleasantly unostentatious interest in esthetic things. In fact, I do not know of any American city to which St. Louis may with justice be compared, possessing a larger body of collectors nor collections showing more individual taste. The most important private collections in the city are, I believe, those of Mr. William K. Bixby, who owns a great number of valuable paintings by old masters, and a large collection of rare books and manuscripts. As a book collector, Mr. Bixby is widely known throughout the country, and he has had, if I mistake not, the honor of being president of that Chicago club of bibliolatrists, known as the "Dofobs," or "damned old fools over books."

Art in Missouri

AN exhibition of paintings owned in St. Louis is held annually in the St. Louis Museum of Art, and leaves no doubt as to the genuineness of the



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The Department of Agriculture has a number of very interesting bulletins, written in popular style, available for free distribution. These cover not only the subjects of poultry and cattle raising, the growing of fruits and vegetables, care of bees, construction of farm buildings, the marketing of farm products, and the keeping of accounts, but also cover much that is of interest to those living in cities, such as bulletins on the food values of beans, peas and other legumes, eggs, poultry, cereal breakfast foods, fruit, sugar, corn and corn products, potatoes and other root crops, nuts, milk, cheese, mutton and fish, and bulletins on "Meats, Composition and Cooking," "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," "Bread and Bread Making," and "Canned Fruits, Preserves and Jellies." **A full list of these bulletins (*not the bulletins themselves*) and information on how to obtain them** will be sent to all those who will write to Collier's Washington Bureau, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. Our service is entirely without charge.

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Merely Clip the Coupon

interest of St. Louis citizens in painting. Nor can anyone, considering the groups of canvases loaned to the museum for the annual exhibition, doubt that certain art collectors in St. Louis (Mr. Edward A. Faust, for example) are buying not only names but paintings.

Legacy from the World's Fair

THE Art Museum is less accessible to the general citizen than are museums in some other cities. Having been originally the central hall of the group of buildings devoted to art at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, it stands in that part of Forest Park which was formerly the Fair ground. Posed, as it is, upon a hill, in a commanding and conspicuous position, it reveals, somewhat unfortunately, the fact that it is the isolated fragment of a former group. Nevertheless, it must take a high position among the secondary art museums of the United States. For despite the embarrassment caused by the possession of a good deal of mediocre sculpture, a legacy from the World's Fair, which is packed in its central hall; and despite the inheritance from twenty or twenty-five years since of vapid canvases by Bouguereau, Gabriel Max, and other painters of past popularity, whose works are rapidly coming to be known for what they are—despite these handicaps, the museum is now distinctly in step with the march of modern art. The old collection is being weeded out, and good judgment is being shown in the selection of new canvases. Like the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, the St. Louis Museum of Art is rapidly acquiring works by some of the best American painters of to-day, having purchased within the last four or five years canvases by Redfield, Loeb, Symons, Waugh, Dearth, Dougherty, Foster, and others.

Another building saved from the World's Fair is the superb central hall of Washington University, a red granite structure in the English collegiate style, designed by Cope & Stewardson. The dozen or more buildings of this university are very fine in their harmony, and are pronounced by Baedeker "certainly the most successful and appropriate group of collegiate buildings in the New World."

It is curious to note in this connection that there are eight colleges or universities in the United States in which the name of "Washington" appears; among them Washington University at St. Louis; Washington College at Chestertown, Md.; George Washington University at Washington, D. C.; Washington State College at Pullman, Wash., and the University of Washington at Seattle.

Wallop

BEFORE making my transcontinental pilgrimage I used to wonder sometimes just where the line dividing East from West in the United States might be. When I lived in Chicago, and went out to St. Louis, I felt that I was going, not merely in a westerly direction, but that I was actually going out into the "West." I knew, of course, that there was a vast amount of "West" lying to the westward of St. Louis, but I had no real conception—and no one who has not seen it can have—of what a stupendous, endless, different kind of land it is. St. Louis west? It is not west at all. To be sure, it is the frontier, the jumping-off place, but it is no more western in its characteristics than the city of Boulogne is English because it faces England, just across the way. From every point of view except that of geography, Chicago is more western than St. Louis. For Chicago has more "wallop" than St. Louis, and "wallop" is essentially a western thing. "Wallop" St. Louis has not. What she has is civilization and the eastern spirit of laissez-faire. And that of St. Louis which is not of the east is of the south. Her society has a strong southern flavor, many of her leading families having come originally from Kentucky and Virginia. The Southern "colonel" type is to be found there, too—black, broad-brimmed hat, frock coat, goatee, and all—and there is a negro population big enough to give him his customary background.

Much negro labor is employed for the rougher kind of work; colored waiters serve in the hotels, and many families employ colored servants. As is usual in cities where this is true, the accent of the people inclines somewhat to be Southern. Or, perhaps, it is a blending of the accent of the South with the sharper drawl of the West. Then, too, I encountered there men bearing French names (which are pronounced in the French manner, although the city's name has been anglicized, being pronounced "Saint Louiss") who, if they did not speak with a real French accent, had, at least, slight mannerisms of speech which were unmistakably of French origin. I noted down a number of French family names I heard: Chauvenet, Papin, Vallé, Desloge, De Menil, Lucas, Pettus, Guion, Chopin, Janis, Benoist, Cabanné, and Chouteau—the latter family descended, I was told, from Laclede himself. And again, I heard such names as Busch, Lehmann, Faust, and Niedringhaus; and still again such other names as Kilpatrick, Farrell, and O'Fallon—for St. Louis, though a Southern city, and an Eastern city, and a French city, and a German city, by being also Irish, proves herself American.

St. Louis needs to be taken by the hand and led round to some municipal-improvement tailor, some civic haberdasher



Architecture

IT is in all that has to do with family life, I think, that St. Louis comes off best. She has miles upon miles of prosperous-looking, middle-class residence streets, and the system of residence "places" in her more fashionable districts is highly characteristic. These "places" are in reality long, narrow parkways, with double drives, bordered at their outer margin by houses, and parked down the center. The oldest of them is, I am told, Benton Place, on the South Side, but the more attractive ones are to the westward, near Forest Park. Of these the first was Vandeventer Place, which still contains some of the most pleasant and substantial residences of the city, and it may be added that while some of the newer "places" have more recent and elaborate houses than those on Vandeventer Place, the general average of recent domestic architecture in St. Louis is behind that of many other cities. Portland Place seemed, upon the whole, to have the best group of modern houses. Westmoreland and Kingsbury Places also have agreeable homes. But Washington Terrace is not so fortunate; its houses, though they plainly indicate liberal expenditure of money, are often of that "catch-as-catch-can" kind of architecture which one meets with but too frequently in the Middle West. If St. Louis is western in one thing more than another it is the architecture of her houses. Not that they lack solidity but that on the average they are not to be compared, architecturally, with houses of corresponding modernness in such cities as Chicago or Detroit.

Where Detroit Leads

THE more I see of other cities the more, indeed, I appreciate the new domestic architecture of Detroit. And I cannot help feeling that it is curious that St. Louis should be behind Detroit in this particular when she is, as a city, so far superior in her evident understanding and love of art.

Nevertheless, St. Louis has one architect whom she cannot honor too highly—Mr. William B. Ittner, who, as a designer of schools, stands unsurpassed.

One Perfect School Building

IF ever I have seen a building perfect for its purpose, that building is the Frank Louis Soldan High School, designed by this man. It is the last word in schools; a building not only for the city of St. Louis to be proud of, but for the whole country to rejoice in. It has everything a school can have, including that quality rarest of all in schools—sheer beauty. It is a whole story in itself, from its great auditorium, which is like a very simple opera house, seating two thousand persons, to its tiled lunch rooms with their "cafeteria" service. An architect could build one school like that, it seems to me, and then lie down and die content, feeling that his work was done. But Mr. Ittner apparently is not satisfied so easily as I should be, for he goes gayly on building other schools. If there isn't one to be built in St. Louis at the moment (and the city has an extraordinary number of fine school buildings), he goes off to some other city and puts a school up there. And for every one he builds he ought to have a crown of gold.

Mr. John Rush Powell, the principal of the high school, was so good as to take my companion and me over the building. We envied Mr. Powell the privilege of being housed in such a palace, and Mr. Powell, in his turn, tried to talk temperately about the wonders of his school, and was so polite as to let us do the raving.

Like the Old Red Schoolhouse

DO you remember, when you went to school, the long closet, or dressing room where you used to hang your coat and hat? The boys and girls of the Soldan School have steel lockers in a sunlit locker room. Do you remember the old wooden floors? These boys and girls have wooden floors to walk on, too, but the wood is quarter-sawed oak, and it is laid in asphalt over concrete, which makes the finest kind of floor to walk on. Do you remember the ugly old school building? The front of this one looks like Hampden Court Palace, brought up to date. Do you remember the big classroom that served almost every purpose? This school has separate rooms for everything—a greenhouse for the botanists, great studios, with skylights, for those who study art, a music hall, and private offices, beside the classrooms, for instructors. Oh, you ought to see this school yourself, and learn how schools have changed! You ought to see the domestic science kitchen with its twenty-four gas ranges and the model dining room, where the girls learn to cook and give dinner parties for their parents; the sewing room and fitting rooms, and the laundries, with sanitary equipment and electric irons—for every girl who takes the domestic-science course must know how to do fine laundry work, even to the washing of flannels.

A Few More Points of Difference

YOU should see the manual-training shops, and the business college, and the textile work, and the kilns for pottery, and the very creditable drawings and paintings of the art students (who clearly have a competent teacher—again an unusual thing in schools), and the simple beauty of the corridors, so free from decoration, and the library—like that of a club—and the lavatories, as perfect as those in fine hotels, and the pictures on the classroom walls—good prints of good things, like Whistler's portrait of his mother, instead of the old hideosities of Washington and Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes, which used to hang on classroom walls in our school days. Oh, it is good to merely breathe the air of such a school as that—and why shouldn't it be, since the air is washed

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and screened and warmed and fanned out to the rooms and corridors? Just think of that one thing, and then try to remember how schools used to smell—that rather zoological odor of dirty little boys and dirty little slates. That was one thing which struck me very forcibly about this school: it didn't smell like one. Yet, until I went there, I should have wagered that if I were taken blindfold to a school, led inside, and allowed a single whiff of it, I should immediately detect the place for what it was. Ah, memories of other days! Ah, sacred smells of childhood! Can it be that the school smell has gone forever from the earth—that it has vanished with our youth—that the rising generation may not know it? There is but little sadness in the thought.

St. Louis's Röle in the Fur Trade

HAVING thus dilated upon the old-time smell of schools, I find myself drifting, perhaps through an association of ideas, to another subject—that of furs; raw furs.

The firm of Funsten Brothers & Co. have made St. Louis the largest primary fur market in the world. They operate a fur exchange which, though a private business, is conducted somewhat after the manner of a produce exchange. That is to say, the sales are not open to all buyers, but to about thirty men who are in effect "members," it being required that a member must be a fur dealer with a place of business in St. Louis. These men are jobbers, and they sell in turn to the manufacturers.

Funsten Brothers & Co. work direct with trappers, and are in correspondence, I am informed, with between 700,000 and 800,000 persons, engaged in trapping and shipping furs, in all parts of the world. Their business has been considerably increased of late years by the installation of a trappers' information bureau and supply department for the accommodation of those who send them furs, and also by the marketing of artificial animal baits. In this way, and further by making it a rule to send checks in payment for furs received from trappers, on the same day shipments arrive, this company has built up for itself an enormous good will at the original sources of supply.

An Extraordinary Fur Exchange

THE furs come from every State in the Union, from every Province in Canada, and from Alaska, being shipped in, during the trapping season, at the rate of about 2,000 lots a day, these lots containing anywhere from 5 to 500 pelts each.

The lots are sorted, arranged in batches according to quality, and auctioned off at sales held on three days a week. Even Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Florida, and Texas supply furs, but the furs from the North are in general the most valuable. This is not true, however, of muskrat, the best of which comes from the central and eastern States.

The sales are conducted in the large hall of the exchange, where the lots of furs are displayed in great piles. The skins are handled in the raw state, having been merely removed from the carcass and dried before shipment, with the result that the floor of the exchange is made slippery by animal fats and that the olfactory organs encounter smells not to be matched in any zoo—the blended fragrance of raccoon, mink, opossum, muskrat, ermine, ringtail, house cat, wolf, red fox, gray fox, cross fox, swift fox, silver fox, badger, otter, beaver, lynx, marten, bear, wolverine, fisher—a great orchestra of odors, in which the "air" is carried most competently, most unqualifiedly, by that master virtuoso of mephitic redolence, the skunk.

I was told that about sixty-five per cent of all North American furs pass through this exchange; also I received the rather surprising information that the greatest number of skins furnished by this continent comes from within a radius of 500 miles of St. Louis.

It was in this Fur Exchange that the first auction of government seal and fox skins ever held by the United States on its own territory occurred last year. Before that time it had been the custom of the Government to send Alaskan sealskins to Europe, where they were cured and dyed. Such of these skins as were returned to the United States, after having undergone curing and dyeing, came back under a duty of 20 per cent, or more recently by an increase in the tariff—30 per cent. And all but a very few of the skins did come back. It was by action of Secretary of Commerce Redfield that the seal sale was transferred from London to St. Louis, and a member of the firm of Funsten Brothers & Co. informed me that the ultimate result will be that seal coats now costing, say, $1,200, may be bought for about $400 three years hence, when the seals are no longer protected according to the present law.

Cheaper Sealskins Soon

SOME interesting information with regard to sealing was published in the St. Louis "Republic" at the time of the sale. Quoting Mr. Philip B. Fouke, president of the Funsten Co., the "Republic" says:

"Under the present policy of the Government the United States will get the dyeing, curing, and manufacturing establishments from London, Amsterdam, Nizhni Novgorod, and other great centers. The price of sealskins will be reduced two-thirds to the wearer. Seals have been protected for the past two years, and will be protected for three years more, but during the period of protection it is necessary for the Government hunters to kill some of the 'bachelor seals'—males, without mates, who fight with other male seals for the possession of the females, destroying the young, and causing much trouble. Also a certain amount of seal meat must go to the natives for food.

"Each female produces but one pup a year, and each male demands from twenty to one hundred females. Fights between males for the possession of the females are fearful combats.

"In addition to protecting the seals on the Pribilof Islands, the United States has entered into an agreement with Japan, Russia, and England, that there shall be no sealing in the open seas for fifteen years. This open sea, or pelagic sealing did great harm. Only the females leave the land, where they can be protected, and go down to the open sea. Consequently the poachers got many females, destroying the young seals as well as the mothers, cutting off the source of supply, and leaving a preponderance of 'bachelors,' or useless males."

Why Not a Seal Romance?

WHAT a chance for the writer of sex stories! Why dally with the human race when seals are living such a lurid life? Here is a brand-new field: The heroine a soft-eyed female with a hide like velvet; the hero a dashing, splashing mate. Sweet communions on the rocks at sunset, and long swims side by side. But one night on the cliffs, beneath the moon comes the blond beast of a bachelor, a seal of the lowest animal impulses, absolutely unscrupulous. And then the climax—the Jack London stuff: the fight on the edge of the cliff; the cry, the body hurtling to the rocks below. And, of course, a happy ending—love on a cake of ice.

The First Astor Quits the Trade

OLD John Jacob Astor, founder of the Astor fortune, when engaged in the fur trade, was a partner in the American Fur Company of St. Louis of which Pierre Chouteau was president. A letter written to Chouteau by Astor just before his retirement from the fur business gives us the reason for his withdrawal the following:

> *I very much fear beaver will not sell very well very soon unless very fine. It appears that they make hats of silk in place of beaver.*

Beaver was at that time the most valuable skin, and had been used until then for the making of tall hats; but the French were beginning to make silk hats, and Astor believed that in that fact was presaged the downfall of the beaver trade.

Club Life

CLUB life in St. Louis is very highly developed. There are of course the usual clubs which one expects to find in every large city: The St. Louis Club, a solid old organization; the University Club, and a fine new Country Club, large and well designed. Also there is a Racquet Club, an agreeable and very live institution which now holds the national championship in double racquets, which is vested in the team of Davis and Wear. The Davis of this pair is Dwight F. Davis, an exceedingly active and able young man who, aside from many other interests, is a member of the City Plan Commission, commissioner in charge of the very excellent parks of St. Louis, and giver of the famous Davis Cup, emblematic of the world's team tennis championship.

But the characteristic club note of St. Louis is struck by the very small, exclusive clubs. One is the Florissant Valley Country Club, with a pleasant, simple clubhouse and a very charming membership. But the most famous little club of the city, and one of the most famous in the United States, is the Log Cabin Club. I do not believe that in the entire country there is another like it. The club is on the outskirts of the city, and has its own golf course. It is an utterly unostentatious frame building with a dining room containing one table at which all the members sit together like one large family. The membership limit is twenty-five, and the list has never been completely filled. There were twenty-one members, I was told, at the time we were there, and besides being, perhaps, the most prominent men in the city, these gentlemen are all intimates, so that the club has an air of delightful informality which is hardly equaled in any other club I know. The family spirit is further enhanced by the fact that no checks are signed, the expense of operation being divided equally among the members. Here originated the "Log Cabin game" of poker, which is now known nationally in the most exalted poker circles. I should like to explain this game to you, telling you all the hands, and how to bet on them, but after an evening of practical instruction, I came away quite baffled. Missouri is, you know, a poker State. Ordinary poker, as played in the east, is a game too simple, too childlike for the highly specialized Missouri poker mind. I played poker twice in Missouri—that is, I tried to play—but I might as well have tried to juggle with the lightnings of the gods. No man has the least conception of that game until he goes out to



The dilapidation of the quarter has continued steadily from Dickens's day to this, and the beauty now to be discovered is that of decay and ruin

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Missouri. There it is not merely a casual pastime; it is a rite, a sacrament, a magnificent expression of a people. The Log Cabin game is a thing of "kilters," skip straights, around-the-corner straights, and other complications. Three of a kind is very nearly worthless. Throw it away after the draw if you like, pay a dollar and get a brand-new hand.

But those are some simple little points to be picked up in an evening's play, and a knowledge of the simple little points of such a game is worse than worthless—it's expensive. To really learn the Log Cabin game, you must give up your business, your dancing, and your home life, move out to St. Louis, cultivate Log Cabin members who are the high priests of poker, and play with them until your family fortune has been painlessly extracted. And however great the fortune, it is a small price to pay for such adept instruction. When it is gone you will still fall short of ordinary Missouri poker, and will be as a mere babe in the hands of a Log Cabin member, but you will be absolutely sure of winning, *anywhere outside the State.*

It seems logical that the city, which is beyond doubt the poker center of the universe, should also have attained to eminence in drinks. It was in St. Louis that two great drinks came into being. In the old days of straight whisky, the term for three fingers of red liquor in a whisky glass was a "ball." But there came from Austria a man named Enno Sanders, who established a bottling works in St. Louis, and manufactured seltzer. St. Louis liked the seltzer and presently it became the practice to add a little of the bubbling water to the "ball." This necessitated a taller glass, so men began to call for a "*high* ball."

The weary traveler may be glad to know that the highball has not been discontinued in St. Louis.

Another drink which originated in St. Louis is the gin rickey. Colonel Rickey was born in Hannibal, Mo., of which town I shall write presently. Later he moved to St. Louis and invented the famous rickey, which immortalized his name—preserving it, as it were, in alcohol. The drink was first served in a bar opposite the old Southern Hotel—a hotel which, by the way, I regretted to see standing empty and deserted at the time of my last visit, for, in its prime, it was a hotel among hotels.

Leading to a Climax

I HAVE tried to lead gradually, effectively to a climax. From clubs which are pleasant I progressed to poker, which is pleasanter, and from poker I stepped ahead to highballs and gin rickeys, which are the pleasantest of all.[1] And now I am prepared to reach my highest altitude. I intend to tell the very nicest thing about St. Louis.

I know what it is. It did not take me more than half a day to find it out. And the nicest thing about St. Louis is the nicest thing that there can be about a place.

It discounts a bad street car service, an ill-set railway station, and an unfinished bridge. It sinks the parks, the botanical gardens, the art museum into comparative oblivion. Small wonder that St. Louis seems to ignore her minor weaknesses when she excels in this one thing—as she must know she does.

The Climax Itself

FOR the nicest thing about St. Louis is St. Louis girls.

In the first place, fashionable young women in St. Louis are quite as gratifying to the eye as women anywhere. In the second place, they have unusual poise. This latter quality is very striking, and it springs, I fancy, from the town's conservatism and solidity. The young girls and young men of the St. Louis social group have grown up together, as have their parents and grandparents before them. They give one the feeling that they are somehow rooted to the place, as no New Yorker is rooted to New York. The social fabric of St. Louis changes little. The old families live in the houses they have always lived in, instead of moving from apartment to apartment every year or two. One does not feel the nervous tug of social and financial straining, of that eternal overreaching which one senses always in New York. In St. Louis everything seems settled and assured. One day at luncheon I found myself between two very lovely creatures—neither of them over twenty-two or twenty-three; both of them endowed with the aplomb of older, more experienced, women—who endeared themselves to me by talking critically about the works of Meredith—and Joseph Conrad—and Leonard Merrick. Fancy that! Fancy their being pretty girls yet having worth-while things to say—and about those three men!



Peckham: *"Gee, it musta been great when they could make a woman dry up and stay that way"*

And when the conversation drifted away from books to the topic which my companion and I call "life stuff," and when I found them adept also in this field, my appreciation of St. Louis became boundless.

Is There Unkindness Here?

IT just occurs to me that, in publishing the fact that St. Louis girls have brains I may have unintentionally done them an unkindness.

Once I asked a young English bachelor to my house for a week-end.

"I want you to come this week," I said, "because the prettiest girl I know will be there."

"Delighted," he replied.

"She's a most unusual girl," I went on, "for, besides being a dream of loveliness, she's clever."

"Oh," he said, "if she's clever, let me come some other time. I don't like 'em clever. I like 'em pretty and stupid."

The next article by Julian Street will be entitled
"IN MIZZOURA"

[1] Author's Note: In justice to the editor of Collier's, I wish to say that he is in no way responsible for the expression of certain prejudices on the part of the author.—J. S.]

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Danger!

(Concluded from page 6)

Half an hour later a large steamer raised her hull, making for the mouth of the Thames. I ordered Vornal to stand by the starboard torpedo tube, having the other also loaded in case of a miss. Then I advanced slowly, for though the steamer was going very swiftly we could easily cut her off. Presently I laid the *Iota* in a position near which she must pass, and would very gladly have lain to, but could not for fear of rising to the surface. I therefore steered out in the direction from which she was coming. She was a very large ship, fifteen thousand tons at the least, painted black above and red below, with two cream-colored funnels. She lay so low in the water that it was clear she had a full cargo. At her bows were a cluster of men, some of them looking, I dare say, for the first time at the mother country. How little could they have guessed the welcome that was waiting them!

ON she came with the great plumes of smoke floating from her funnels, and two white waves foaming from her cutwater. She was within a quarter of a mile. My moment had arrived. I signaled full speed ahead and steered straight for her course. My timing was exact. At a hundred yards I gave the signal, and heard the clank and swish of the discharge. At the same instant I put the helm hard down and flew off at an angle. There was a terrific lurch, which came from the distant explosion. For a moment we were almost upon our side. Then, after staggering and trembling, the *Iota* came on an even keel. I stopped the engines, brought her to the surface, and opened the conning tower, while all my excited crew came crowding to the hatch to know what had happened.

The ship lay within two hundred yards of us, and it was easy to see that she had her deathblow. She was already settling down by the stern. There was a sound of shouting and people running wildly about her decks. Her name was visible, the *Adela* of London, bound, as we afterward learned, from New Zealand with frozen mutton. Strange as it may seem to you, the notion of a submarine had never even now occurred to her people, and all were convinced that they had struck a floating mine. The starboard quarter had been blown in by the explosion, and the ship was sinking rapidly. Their discipline was admirable. We saw boat after boat slip down crowded with people as swiftly and quietly as if it were part of their daily drill. And suddenly, as one of the boats lay off waiting for the others, they caught a glimpse for the first time of my conning tower so close to them. I saw them shouting and pointing, while the men in the other boats got up to have a better look at us. For my part, I cared nothing, for I took it for granted that they already knew that a submarine had destroyed them. One of them clambered back into the sinking ship. I was sure that he was about to send a wireless message as to our presence. It mattered nothing, since, in any case, it must be known; otherwise I could easily have brought him down with a rifle. As it was, I waved my hand to them, and they waved back to me. War is too big a thing to leave room for personal ill feeling, but it must be remorseless all the same.

I WAS still looking at the sinking *Adela* when Vornal, who was beside me, gave a sudden cry of warning and surprise, gripping me by the shoulder and turning my head. There behind us, coming up the fairway, was a huge black vessel with black funnels, flying the well-known house flag of the P. and O. Company. She was not a mile distant, and I calculated in an instant that even if she had seen us she would not have time to turn and get away before we could reach her. We went straight for her, therefore, keeping awash just as we were. They saw the sinking vessel in front of them and that little dark speck moving over the surface, and they suddenly understood their danger. I saw a number of men rush to the bows, and there was a rattle of rifle fire. Two bullets were flattened upon our four-inch armor. You might as well try to stop a charging bull with paper pellets as the *Iota* with rifle fire. I had learned my lesson from the *Adela*, and this time I had the torpedo discharged at a safer distance—two hundred and fifty yards. We caught her amidships and the explosion was tremendous, but we were well outside its area. She sank almost instantaneously.

I am sorry for her people, of whom I hear that more than two hundred, including seventy Lascars and forty passengers, were drowned. Yes, I am sorry for them. But when I think of the huge floating granary that went to the bottom, I rejoice as a man does who has carried out that which he plans.

IT was a bad afternoon that for the P. and O. Company. The second ship which we destroyed was, as we have since learned, the *Moldavia*, of fifteen thousand tons, one of their finest vessels; but about half past three we blew up the *Cuzco*, of eight thousand, of the same line, also from Eastern ports, and laden with corn. Why she came on in face of the wireless messages, which must have warned her of danger, I cannot imagine. The other two steamers which we blew up that day, the *Maid of Athens* (Robson Line) and the *Cormorant*, were neither of them provided with apparatus, and came blindly to their destruction. Both were small boats of from five thousand to seven thousand tons. In the case of the second, I had to rise to the surface and fire six twelve-pound shells under her waterline before she would sink. In each case the crew took to the boats, and so far as I know no casualties occurred.

After that no more steamers came along, nor did I expect them. Warnings must by this time have been flying in all directions. But we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our first day. Between the Maplin Sands and the Nore we had sunk five ships of a total tonnage of about fifty thousand tons. Already the London markets would begin to feel the pinch. And Lloyd's—poor old Lloyd's—what a demented state it would be in! I could imagine the London evening papers and the howling in Fleet Street. We saw the result of our actions, for it was quite laughable to see the torpedo boats buzzing like angry wasps out of Sheerness in the evening. They were darting in every direction across the estuary, and the aeroplanes and hydroplanes were like flights of crows, black dots against the red western sky. They quartered the whole river mouth, until they discovered us at last. Some sharp-sighted fellow with a telescope on board of a destroyer got a sight of our periscope, and came for us full speed. No doubt he would very gladly have rammed us, even if it had meant his own destruction, but that was not part of our program at all. I sank her and ran her east-southeast with an occasional rise. Finally we brought her to, not very far from the Kentish coast, and the searchlights of our pursuers were far on the western sky line. There we lay quietly all night, for a submarine at night is nothing more than a very third-rate surface torpedo boat. Besides, we were all weary and needed rest. Do not forget, you captains of men, when you grease and trim your pumps and compressors and rotators, that the human machine needs some tending also.

I had put up the wireless mast above the conning tower, and had no difficulty in calling up Captain Stephan. He was lying, he said, off Ventnor, and had been unable to reach his station on account of engine trouble, which he had now set right. Next morning he proposed to block the Southampton approach. He had destroyed one large Indian boat on his way down Channel. We exchanged good wishes. Like myself, he needed rest. I was up at four in the morning, however, and called all hands to overhaul the boat. She was somewhat up by the head, owing to the forward torpedoes having been used, so we trimmed her by opening the forward compensating tank, admitting as much water as the torpedoes had weighed. We also overhauled the starboard air compressor and one of the periscope motors which had been jarred by the shock of the first explosion. We had hardly got ourselves shipshape when the morning dawned.

To Be Concluded Next Week

Next Week

An Authoritative Article

The Effect of the War on American Business

By I. F. MARCOSSON

How often have you been tempted to enter a store whose glaring announcement of cut prices aroused your bargain sense?

Your common sense would have overruled your bargain sense had you been able to look behind the scenes. The purpose and practice of the proprietors of these pirate enterprises is to advertise well known trade-marked articles at cut prices to attract the attention, the attendance and the money of the public.

Let me cite an example of judicial action recently taken wherein the courts have taken a forward step against unfair merchandising and fake sales.

W. G. Hamerschlag.

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

***FIRST FAKE BARGAIN ADVERTISER GUILTY**

Ordinance Against Misleading Publicity Stops a False Pretense Sale

HARLEM MERCHANTS ACT

Business Associations in Other Parts of City Plan to Take Similar Action

The first conviction under City Ordinance 229, which is directed "against false and misleading advertising," was obtained yesterday in the Harlem Police Court before Magistrate Levy when Jacob Kantrowitz pleaded guilty and was released under a suspended sentence.

The case was the first in a campaign that has been started by the Harlem Board of Commerce, and now that the precedent of a conviction has been established it is planned to drive out of business all "fake" storekeepers and advertisers who use advertising space for untrue announcements of sales.

The case of Jacob Kantrowitz was first brought to the attention of Police Commissioner Woods by Alderman Chorosh of Harlem, who is a member of the Harlem Board of Commerce. The Commissioner, after considering the facts, referred the matter to Second Deputy Police Commissioner Rubin. Commissioner Rubin assigned Detective Sergeant Francis E. Hawkins of the Thirty-sixth Precinct to obtain evidence.

Kantrowitz said that certain standard goods were being sold at prices far below cost owing to their being sold on the "order of a receiver."

Detective Hawkins investigated and found that no receiver had ordered the sale. He made purchases at the Harlem store, and found that the "standard goods" advertised by the circular were of very inferior grade and unknown manufacture. Certain collars that are usually sold at two for a quarter were advertised to be sold at three for the same money. Hawkins found that he could buy the collars sold on this advertisement at six for a quarter. He bought several and also bought a shirt that was advertised as "standard" at a price far below what such a shirt usually costs. Hawkins asked the salesman, Maurice Kaufmann, what guarantee he had that the goods were as represented. Kaufmann told him that he had the guarantee of The Guarantee Clothing Company and called his attention to the signs in the window, all of which bore the name of that company. Hawkins received a slip with his purchases bearing the name of The Guarantee Clothing Company, and this was in court as evidence.

*New York Times, July 23, 1914.

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"To-day I heard my friends discussing the European War—and I sat mute—

"I did not dare to take part in the conversation for fear of exposing my ignorance. Their talk was full of references to the history of Austria and Servia and Russia—

"And I know nothing of history."

The speaker was a business man, unusually successful in his affairs. Perhaps *you*, at some time, have said the same thing. Perhaps you have sat in a company where one man's conversation has held the others spellbound, and have said to yourself "I wish I had his knowledge of history. I wish I could talk as he does."

If you are interested in spending a few minutes a week in mental growth, if you are interested in the success of your boy or girl, we want to send you a copy of the free booklet shown above.

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Cooperation on a Business Basis

(Concluded from page 8)



so that one may accept without prejudice his statement: "I intend to devote the rest of my life to the cooperative movement." One feels that the cooperative movement is most fortunate; that here is a man with the strength and wisdom to build a new industrial system which shall ease the low places and level the high ones.

The practical man of the society has spent half a lifetime in the grocery business. In that time he has built up one of the finest and best equipped markets in the United States. Should the plans of the central society come true—and they are coming true amazingly fast—this man knows that his own business would be absorbed or driven to the wall by cooperative merchandising. And no one would welcome the day more than he. One who doubts this has merely to follow the man through a day's work to be convinced. Twelve, fifteen, even eighteen hours a day he is on the job, seeing that the cooperative stores in the chain are getting the right goods at the right prices, conferring with store managers, laying out delivery routes with detail maps and pegs, revising store plans, and so on through the long list of things necessary to establish cooperation on a business basis.

Explaining the Investment

THE treasurer is a Harvard man—lawyer, bank director, and economist. He is the type of look-you-in-the-eyes aristocrat that one would select to administer a trust. Also, he owns a large farm—gentleman's estate, it might be called. But the treasurer hopes to make his farm profitable. He thinks all farms ought to be profitable and that cooperation will make them so.

The secretary, Mr. Purington, brings to cooperation the keen analytical mind so sorely needed. To him falls the task of separating the practicable from the impracticable in the history of the cooperative movement. To him belongs a good share of the credit for applying the English system to American conditions. To those who see little similarity between the two systems he makes this explanation:

"Our common shares correspond to the English memberships; each carries the voting power. One of our shares costs $10 for perpetuity; membership in the English societies costs, usually, about $5 a year. Our preferred stock corresponds to the English shares. English cooperators invest in these shares much as our people deposit in savings banks. Our cooperators have not done this, therefore cooperation has lacked capital to finance a wholesale society and keep abreast of competition. A small number of public-spirited men have made good the deficiency up to date. From now on we expect that American cooperators will invest an increasing amount of their savings in their own business where it will earn 7 per cent, rather than in enterprises run for the profit of capitalists, where safe investments seldom yield more than 5 per cent."

Why Single Stores Fail

PERHAPS the most prominent member of the board of nine directors is a Harvard professor, who is a well-known lecturer and author on economic subjects and an international authority on cooperation. His attitude is summed up in the following:

"I have been a cooperator all my life. I have investigated the cooperative movement here and in Europe. I have lectured on the subject for years; but I had got to the point where I hesitated to accept an engagement to lecture on cooperation because I knew that after I had told what cooperation has done abroad some one in the audience would be sure to ask: 'How can we start a successful cooperative store in our town?' Whereupon, knowing the history of cooperation in this country, I would feel obliged to discourage them from making the attempt. One can readily see that my apparent inconsistency was apt to arouse suspicion. I found it increasingly difficult to face the issue before an audience. Now, however, I feel that the New England Cooperative Society has solved the problem, and instead of dreading my lectures I look forward to them with pleasure."

There are approximately fifty independent cooperative associations of consumers in New England—or, rather, there were fifty in 1913. During the past few months these associations have united with the central organization at the rate of one each week. Before very long it became necessary to refuse further applications until an overworked force of store draftsmen, systemizers, and accountants caught up with the procession. Now operating in three different States a chain of thirteen cooperative stores doing an aggregate business of more than $30,000 a week, the New England Cooperative Society has only to continue at its present pace, and by the year's end it will be operating fifty cooperative stores and conducting for thousands of consumers, who will be the owners, the largest cooperative enterprise in the United States.

The cooperative stores in this chain are buying goods at prices 10 per cent lower than they could obtain as separate units. This 10 per cent margin between small buying and big buying explains why a chain of cooperative stores will prosper where the same number of independent cooperative stores may fail. This is the first and perhaps the most important result of cooperation on a business basis. But the New England Cooperative Society does not intend to stop there.

What Combination Does

PRODUCERS of food products in this country receive 35 per cent of retail prices. The railroads get 7 per cent; jobbers, commission men, wholesalers, and retailers divide the remaining 58 per



cent. Granting that it has already eliminated the wholesaler's profit, thereby saving 10 per cent of the 58, the New England Cooperative Society has set out to see what happens to 48 per cent still unaccounted for. By forming a more direct connection between producers and consumers, the society aims to divide a good portion of this 48 per cent between the two classes. A start has already been made. The society buys eggs, poultry, butter, and produce from an association of producers, the Bucksport Cooperative Society, which also operates a cooperative store.

The Bucksport Cooperative Market, which is the best equipped store in eastern Maine, is a collection depot for eggs, poultry, and produce. Cooperation gets the farmers better prices for what they have to sell, and it quotes lower prices for what they have to buy. And this, the central society contends, is as it should be. The farmer has had fully as much cause to complain about the low prices he has been compelled to accept



as the consumer has to complain about the high prices he has been compelled to pay.

Linking consumer and producer is a step forward, but the high cost of living may be reduced still further, according to the society's experts. Waste is still a national characteristic, they affirm. Correction is possible, but it will be a slow process. Those who are to point the way must learn all of the facts first. As a preliminary step the society has prepared two syllabuses, one to be circulated among consumers and the other among producers. Copies of the syllabus for consumers are being circulated by young women who are studying household economics at Simmons College. Copies of the syllabus for producers are going the rounds of rural Maine in the hands of Bowdoin students of political economy.

Undergraduates of both institutions regard the labor, which is unpaid, as a practical application of their studies. They are gathering valuable information which the society expects to tabulate and use in a practical way. The society wants to know if Mrs. Jones, who buys potatoes by the peck, would buy them in two-bushel bags, provided she had a cold cellar where potatoes would keep. The society wants to know if Farmer Jones would pack his apples in paraffin paper wrappers, provided he got a dollar more a barrel for them.

How Profits Are Divided

EACH year our lawmakers turn out statutes intended to adjust differences between capital and labor. Labor's complaint usually is insufficient pay for the work performed. Capital's rejoinder usually is insufficient earnings to pay more. Cooperation seems to adjust compensation very simply. Employees of the New England Cooperative Society have a share in the profits. Each man's portion is based on his wages and the dividend paid on purchases at the store where he is employed.

Wages are counted equal to purchases in the apportionment. For example, a store has sold goods amounting to $20,000 and paid $1,000 for clerk hire during a half year. The central society reports that this store's earnings warrant a dividend of 5 per cent. The store's customers, who are the owners as well, would receive dividends amounting to $1,000 and the store's employees would divide $50. If either class, or both, felt dissatisfied, doubtless they would work hard to raise the dividend to 6 per cent for the next half year, the employees by checking small wastes perhaps, and the owners, who are customers, by demanding fewer deliveries possibly, or by interesting new members.

Cooperation Rules Out Cheating

WHEREVER deceit or dishonesty is practiced, even in the least degree, cooperation does not obtain. A man or a store cannot cheat and cooperate at the same time. The New England Cooperative Society is applying this rule to the pure-food question. The laboratory of a leading scientific school has been enlisted in the cause. Students of chemistry must analyze; why not benefit the consumer?

As fast as possible the society is getting analyses of all prepared foods handled in the chain of stores. Injurious preparations or foods that are not what the labels claim are removed from stock. No other course would be consistent. These stores are owned by their customers; a storekeeper does not supply his own table with inferior goods.

The Approaching Conflict

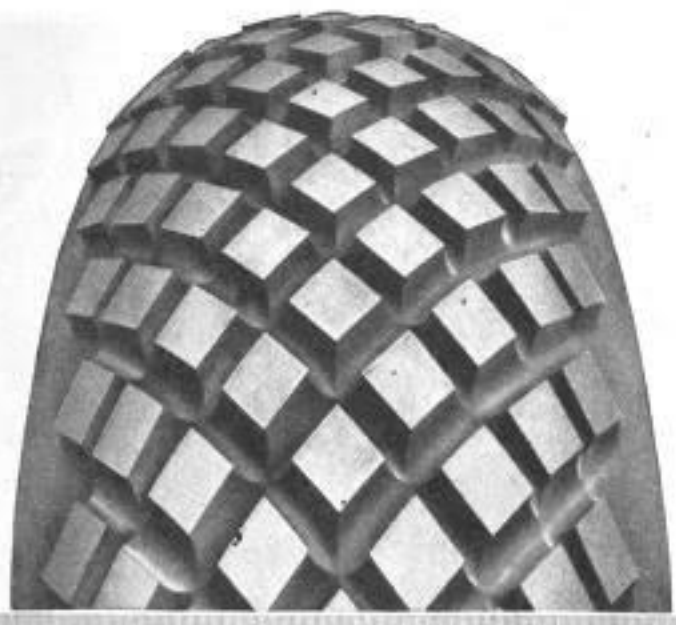
IT may be recalled that Patrick O'Toole threatened to start a price war should cooperation ever grow big enough to menace the profits of his two hundred stores.

There is ample evidence that merchants like Mr. O'Toole see such a menace in the New England Cooperative Society.

One chain-store head, who is less belligerent but more farsighted than Mr. O'Toole, frankly admits that cooperative storekeeping has come to stay. His chain of something over one hundred stores is on the market at a price equaling cost inventory of stock and fixtures. When he becomes willing to throw in the fixtures, the New England Cooperative Society hopes to be in a position to buy.

The conflict between commercialism and cooperation is approaching; it is inevitable. The officers of the New England Cooperative Society say that cooperation will be prepared for the struggle. "Commercialism," says Mr. Purington, "has one big gun—capital. Our financial artillery may be of a little smaller bore, but we have another tool of battle—publicity. The printed word makes people think, and thinkers make good cooperators."

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Note This All-Weather Tread

Note how flat and smooth and regular. It runs like a plain tread. Note what deep projections—they last thousands of miles.

Note the sharp edges and angles. They bite into slippery roads in every direction, giving resistless grip.

The tread is double-thick—long-enduring—difficult to puncture. It is toughened by a secret Goodyear process.

The blocks meet at the base, so strains are not centered. They are spread over the fabric, just as with smooth treads.

On every wheel, in every season, safety and trouble-saving call for this All-Weather tread.

We Spend Millions

On 4 Features Exclusive to No-Rim-Cut Tires

This Costs $450,000

The "On-Air" cure—used by us alone—adds to our tire cost $450,000 yearly.

Each tire is final-cured on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. This to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric.

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In each tire we form, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets to combat tread separation. We paid $50,000 to control this patent.

And the All-Weather tread, described above, is an exclusive Goodyear feature.

This Costs $100,000

Our tests and experiments—seeking ways to better tires—cost us $100,000 yearly. Scores of experts are constantly working to add to Goodyear mileage. They build thousands of tires in thousands of ways for comparison.

You don't think—no man can think—that other men have found some way to build a better tire than we. Not while Goodyears, on sheer merit, outsell any other tire.

Why Extra Prices?

Then why pay extra prices?

At least 16 makes now sell above the Goodyear prices. Some are one-third higher.

All lack the four great Goodyear features. They can't give better quality. Do you know one reason for that extra price?

GOODYEAR AKRON
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

It Might Buy This

That extra third, if paid for Goodyears, would buy a half-inch wider tire. It would buy a 4-inch tire, for instance, where you use 3½-inch. And the 4-inch would fit your rim.

That extra half-inch adds 14 per cent to the tire size. It brings an extra ply of fabric and a thicker tread. It should add, on the average, 35 per cent to the tire service.

Or the price of three extra-price tires would buy you four of Goodyears. In either way you could spend that extra to buy one-third extra service.

The point is this: Tire worth is measured by low cost per mile, and one big factor is the price per tire.

Goodyear prices—due to mammoth output—start you on the bottom basis. And each exclusive Goodyear feature helps to lower mile-cost.

If you believe that, tell your dealer you must have Goodyear tires.

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The biggest automobile value ever offered for less than $1,000. Our production of 60,000 cars makes the new price of $695 fully equipped (with 17 new features) possible.

1—Pure-stream line body.
2—Adjustable front seat.
3—Sims high-tension magneto.
4—Three-quarter elliptic rear springs.
5—Tire brackets on rear.
6—Spring tension fan.
7—Kingston carbureter.
8—Clear Vision Wind Shield.
9—Foot-rest for accelerator pedal.
10—Tail lights, with license bracket attached.
11—Gasoline tank located under dash cowl.
12—Crown fenders with all rivets concealed.
13—Head lights braced by rod running between lamps.
14—Famous make of anti-skid tires on rear.
15—Gracefully rounded, double-shell radiator equipped with shock absorbing device.
16—Instrument board, carrying speedometer, carbureter adjustment and gasoline filler.
17—Improved steering gear; spark and throttle control on quadrant under steering wheel; electric horn button mounted on end of quadrant.

Automobile experts have refused to believe that anyone could produce a full grown five passenger really beautiful fully equipped car—a car with real high tension magneto—a car with sliding gear transmission—left hand drive center control, a car with practically every high priced car feature for less than $1,000.

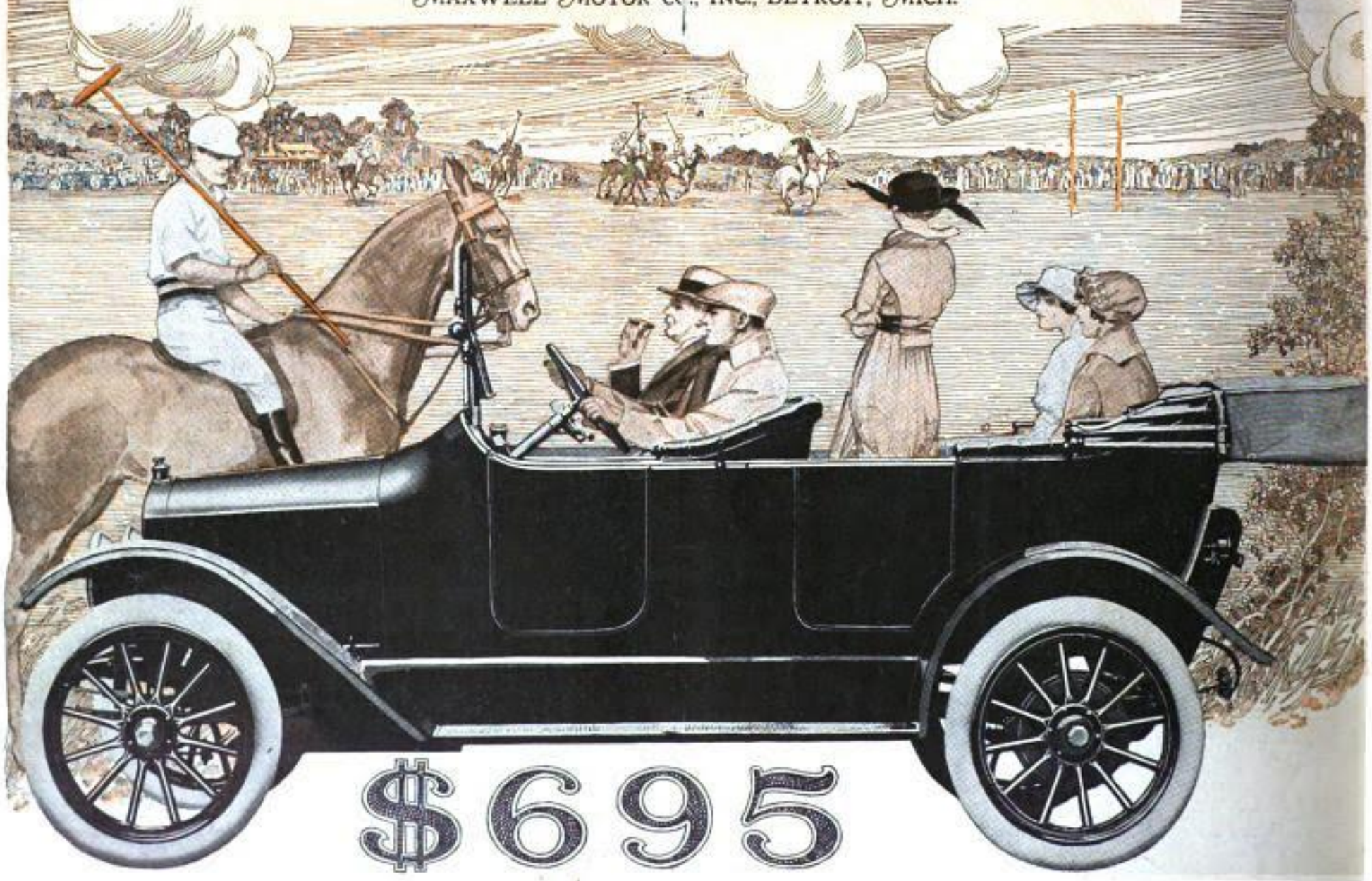
Here it is. Here is a real automobile. Here is the easiest car to drive in the world—here is the greatest all around hill climbing car in the world. Here is an automobile to be really proud of.

With Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights $55 Extra.

See this "Wonder Car" at the Maxwell dealer nearest you. Write at once for the beautiful 1915 Maxwell Catalog

Address Dept. C

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT, MICH.



$695

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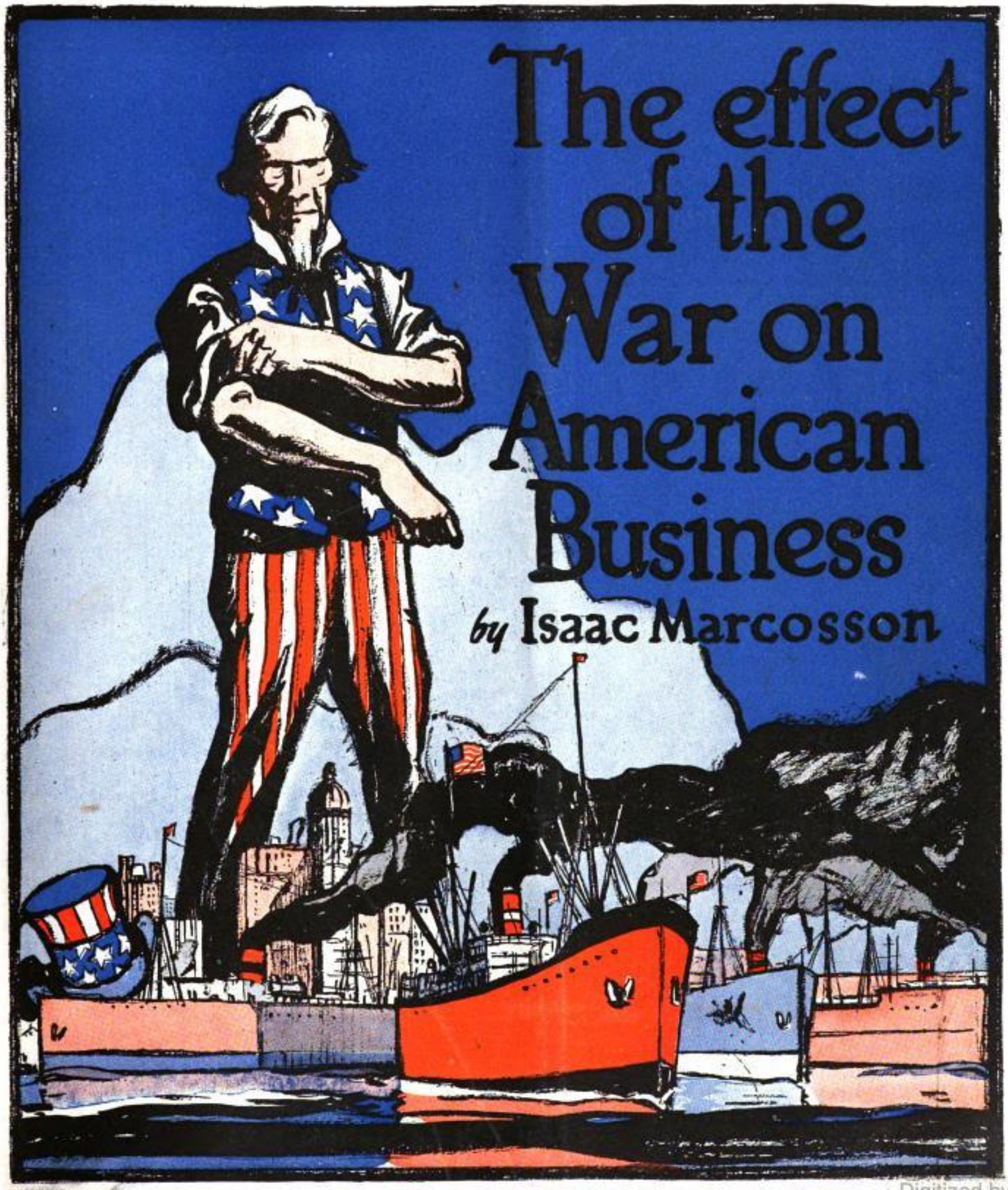
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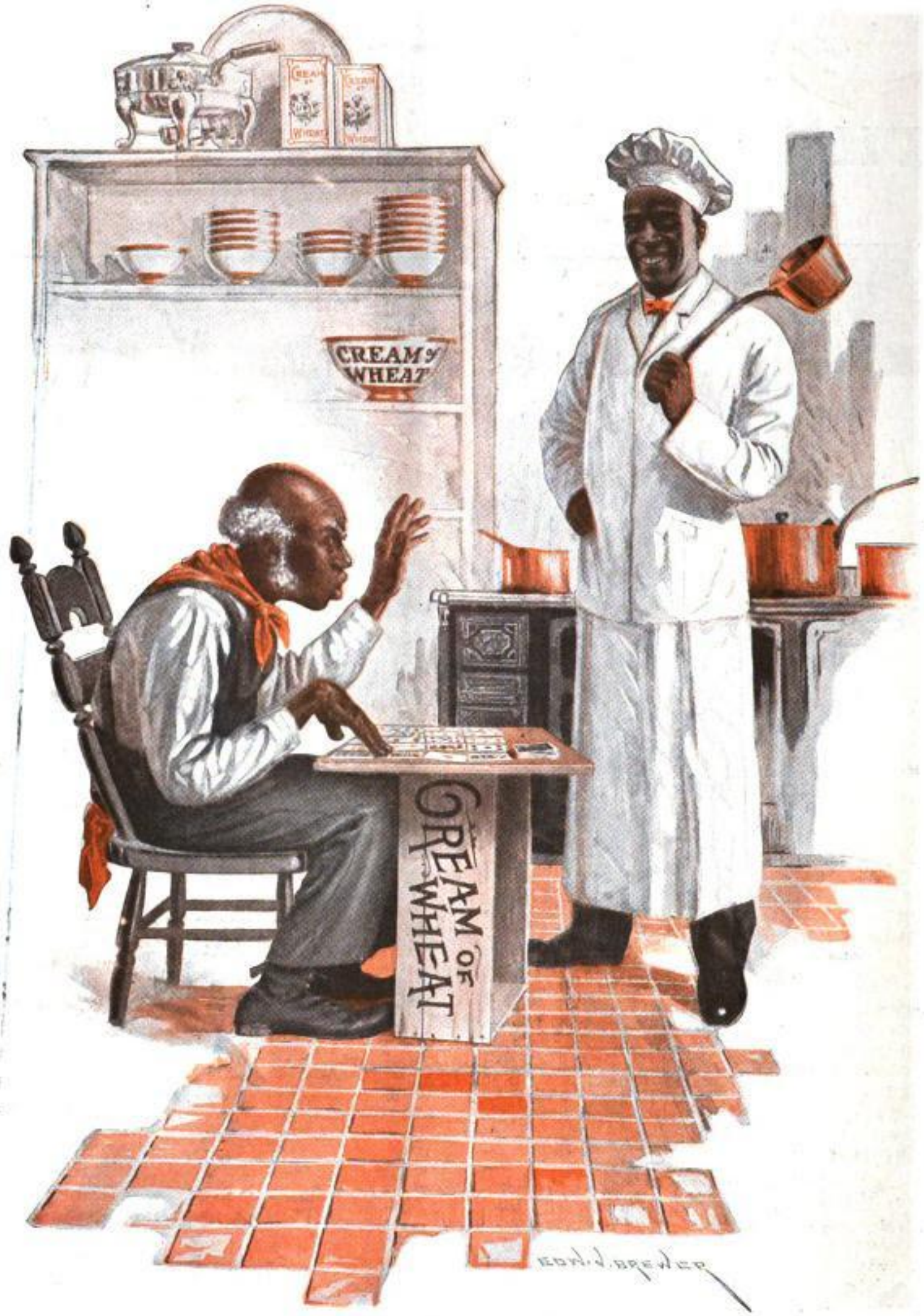
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for August 29, 1914



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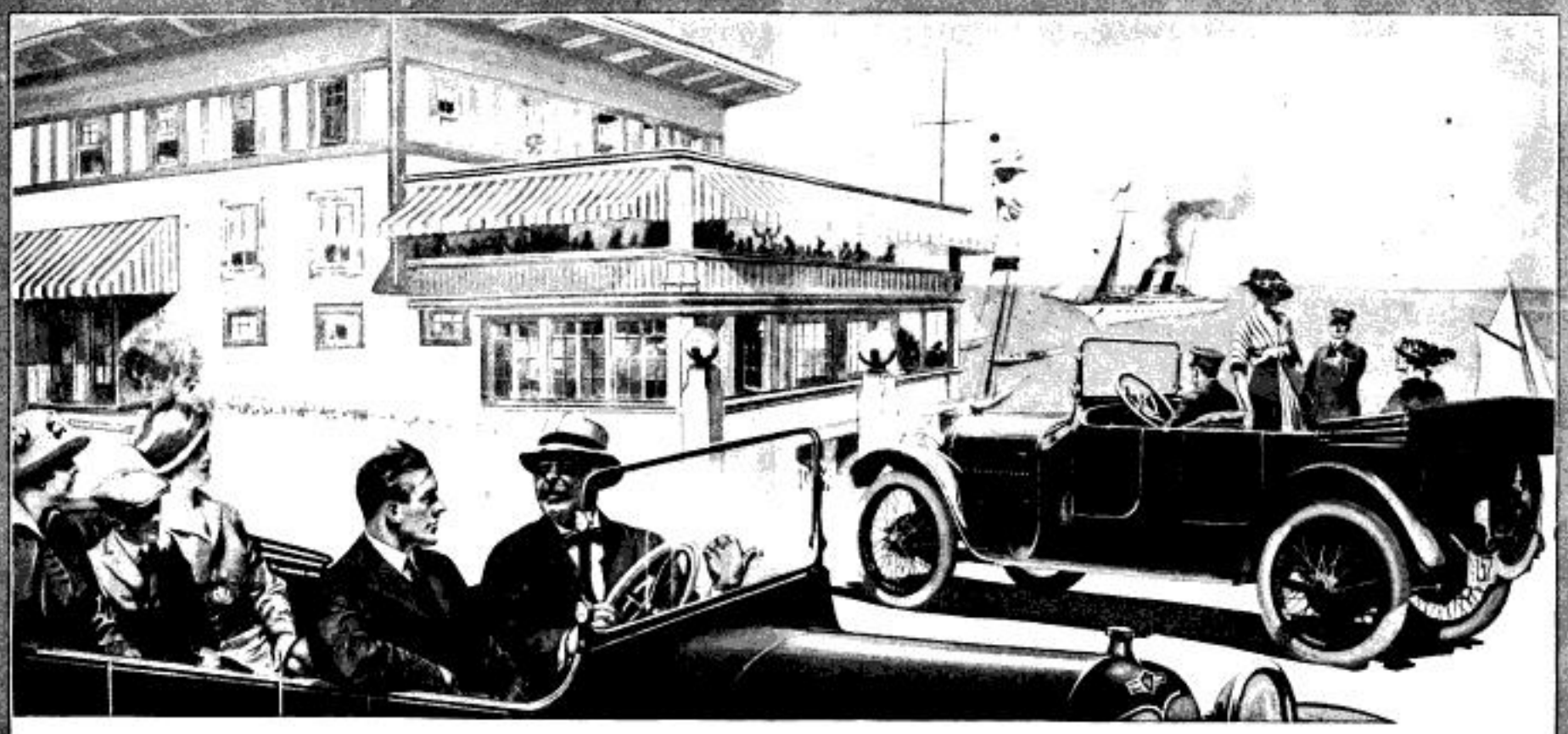
THE FORTUNE TELLER

"YOU—ALL SHO' IS GWINE A BE A GREAT MAN."

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Without penalizing your bank account you can now drive a car of distinctive class

Here is a car that will never be built by the thousands—because it is a special class car for special class men. During the next twelve months we will build and sell 1200 Moline-Knight cars—four cars for each working day—no more, no less—and each car built and finished right.

1200 Moline-Knights for 1200 men of means

This magnificent Moline-Knight sells for $2500—but if you are one of the 1200 men of means to whom we appeal the price will mean nothing, because you know from experience that price does not always determine actual value.

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The Moline-Knight is guaranteed 50 H. P., 128-inch wheelbase, four speed transmission, spiral gear rear axle, 36 x 4½ inch Goodrich or Firestone Tires, Bosch plugs and ignition, Wagner electric starting, lefthand drive, center control, Power tire pump, and other conveniences.

Quality, durability, luxuriousness—not quantity—are the predominating requisites in building Moline-Knight cars.

MOLINE KNIGHT

For those who demand luxurious comfort

The 60-inch semi-elliptic rear springs with Truffault-Hartford shock absorbers insure comfortable riding.

The seats are wide, deep and comfortable—and the distinctive streamline body marks the Moline-Knight as a car of class.

You will appreciate the instantaneous getaway and the smooth even pull of the powerful Moline-Knight engine. The power actually increases with use.

It is the "no-waste and up-keep-reduced-to-the-minimum car"—no carbon—no valves to clog or grind—less consumption of fuel per horsepower—simpler parts, fewer parts, less to get out of order—economy.

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Power—Endurance Economy—Quality

In the Moline-Knight you will get the same motor that ran 337 hours without a stop or adjustment on the testing block of the Automobile Club of America, New York. During this test it made a remarkable record for power, economy and endurance. (Send for Official A. C. A. Report.)

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Effect of the War on American Business

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"WHAT will be the effect of the war on American business?" After the first shock of horror over the conflict that is shaking Europe to its very roots, and aside from the moral and spiritual kinship that we naturally feel as part of the white man's civilization, this is the question uppermost in the mind of the United States to-day. It overshadows legislation, wipes out partisanship, provides the one common basis of concern in which all our people may share. For the warring nations cannot tamper with our territory, jeopardize our human life, blight our progress. Such is the high privilege of freedom from entangling alliances.

Though we may be immune from those diplomatic complications that engender international conflict, yet we are inseparably and intimately a part of the huge world-trade fabric now facing the most serious crisis in all its romantic history.

Countries like England, Germany, France, Austria, and Russia, with whom we do vast business and who, in turn, provide us and many other peoples with needed supplies, have suddenly turned from useful pursuits to ruthless devastation. Their factories are silent, their harvests ungarnered, their commercial ardor abated, their merchant marine inert in friendly ports or already prizes of war. Notwithstanding all this cessation, life pulses on.

Hunger, like gold, knows neither flag nor creed. We alone, of all the great powers, stand at the universal trade counter, ready to do business. We must take up the work of peace that the warrior has laid down.

How, then, shall we fare in this dramatic shifting of the sources and the agencies of supply? What will be our new place in the whole drama of international barter? What will be the ultimate economic advantage—if any—to us?

Many difficulties lie in the way of any attempt to answer these queries. In the first place, this article is written only a week after the actual outbreak of war. No man can tell how long it will last; what havoc will be wrought. On its duration and on the terms of peace will partly depend the extent to which our business will be affected. If the German fleet, for instance, is annihilated or put out of commission at the outset, the high seas will be open to immediate commerce, and this will be a great stimulus to our exports. Everything is uncertain and speculation is the only alternative. A necessarily swift canvass of the situation, however, reveals the predominating opinion that a vast opportunity for trade expansion confronts us.

Behind whatever prospect lies before us in this thrilling emergency is the feeling that we will not willfully seek to capitalize a world tragedy for selfish personal profit as did that wily founder of the English branch of the Rothschilds after the battle of Waterloo. Rather is the opportunity translated into terms of responsibility to the whole world, into a duty to all humanity.



Although this vast region lies at our very feet, it has taken a great and devastating European struggle to give us the adequate commercial opening there that long ago should have been ours

The Paralysis of World Markets

BEFORE we go into any detailed consideration of the questions that face American business men as a result of the war, it is well to consider for a moment the extraordinary and unprecedented conditions that obtain. They have an important bearing on our new commercial destiny.

For the first time in world upheaval, even including that epoch when Napoleon bestrode Europe like a Colossus, all the machinery of exchange was stopped at the beginning of hostilities. As I write these lines every Stock Exchange, including that of London—the heart of finance—is closed. Thus there is no medium for foreign exchange; in fact, no exchange. Without such economic engineery there can be no trading between nations save with an actual interchange of money. Credit is liquid and it cannot flow when the channels are blocked. Drastic as it seems, this shutdown of exchanges was nevertheless a heroic measure of conservation, for it prevented disastrous panic.

In the second place, there is no commanding neutral nation in Europe. For the moment Italy is free from war, but by the time this article appears she may be involved in the Titanic struggle. Japan is the only manufacturing country, save ours, that continues normal; but she, too, will doubtless be drawn into action as an ally of Great Britain.

The net result, therefore, is that the United States presents the amazing spectacle of being the only great power absolutely at peace with all her sisters and able to transact business. If, by the grim circumstance of war, it was necessary for one nation to be so peculiarly isolated, it is indeed fortunate that it happened to be ours. No other land is so rich in resources; none so self-sufficient. We export staples and our imports are mainly luxuries.

This naturally brings us to the situation at home: to our fitness to take up the burdens that war will impose and to meet the losses that a temporary stoppage of revenue from the belligerents automatically brings about.

Despite the depression in our business, due in the main to political activity, and in the face of a long liquidation, we met the shock of the war with a serenity that again proved the fundamental soundness of the country.

America Sustains World Credit

COMBINED with this was a new international financial distinction because the New York Stock Exchange remained open after all its foreign colleagues had yielded to expediency. During that period Yankee shoulders carried the world's financial obligations. To have continued this costly exercise would have courted trouble, because European investors were dumping their securities on the market in a frenzy to realize on them.

The whole country, with characteristic energy, rose to the situation. Coincident with the closing of Stock Exchanges in the East and West came a check on the outflow of gold, the creation of Clearing House certificates, which at once safeguarded the specie supply, the restriction of withdrawals from savings banks, and the issuance by the Government of adequate new emergency currency. Washington and Wall Street, forgetting past grievances and prejudices, worked shoulder to shoulder for the common good.

Instead of depletion and fear, there were credit and confidence. If the war was to mean hardship and loss to us, here were the agencies to resist disaster. If it proved to be an ill wind that blew us good, we were equipped to take advantage. In a word, we were ready for any fate.

Having taken this hurried bird's-eye view of the conspicuous events attending the greatest crisis in the world's affairs, let us now see how American business views the situation and is affected by it.

Of course there are two sides. The immediate effect of the war in those quarters vitally concerned in foreign commerce, especially cotton and wheat—the great international crops—was destructive. The exporter, for example, who saw his consignments piling up on wharves with no means of transporting them, who

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It is absolutely certain that practically all of Germany's expanding export trade will be throttled

visioned his cargoes afloat in ships that were perhaps the prey of hostile fleets, who remembered his shipments in European warehouses menaced by lead, fire, and hate, and who heard all the while the American farmer, back home, clamoring for his money, had good grounds for pessimism. He agreed readily with General Sherman's celebrated definition of war.

But even in this early hour of his deepest gloom came the reassurance that promised good out of what seemed to be impending evil. The case of cotton will illustrate. As these lines are written comes a pledge of nearly half a billion dollars from New York bankers to support this vast staple; the guarantee of united Government aid in warehousing against the time when an American fleet can haul the huge exports, and the growing feeling of confidence in authoritative quarters best expressed by the president of one of New York's largest commercial banks, who had just returned from a trip through the cotton-growing section and who said:

"The new and increased demand for American textiles will use up the crop more quickly than the most optimistic may now expect. The consumption in American mills, due to the inevitable demand from the Latin-American, African, and Asiatic centers, is bound to increase, and I look for an early resumption of spinning in England.

"The great effect of the European war on the cotton trade, as I see it, is that New York will now become the principal cotton market of the world. Liverpool has lost its premiership, never to be regained."

Time for the Larger Vision

LESS gloomy than the grain factors are those manufacturers dependent upon imports from the warring countries for the production of their output. With commendable resource they are already turning to other regions; or, with true American inventiveness, building up native sources of supply.

For every pessimistic view you get a score of optimistic expressions. The dread existing in those quarters where the effect of the war has been felt immediately is offset by a bigger outlook that comprehends a whole new trade conquest of South America, South Africa, Australia, and the Far East. It sees beyond the troubles of to-day far into the benefits of to-morrow, of next year, of coming decades. It beholds an expanding export map on which the sun of our business enterprise will never set. It is, indeed, the time for the larger vision.

What might be called the keynote sentiment of this whole situation is to be found in the kindling slogan flung from the masthead of the "American Exporter" hot on the heels of war. Here it is:

"Tremendous responsibilities and opportunities face the American manufacturer as a result of the European cataclysm. Germany is isolated, her merchant shipping idle, her manufacturers cut off from all the world. France, England, Austria, are but little less crippled. The world to-day looks to the United States not only for food but for all kinds of goods and machinery necessary to civilization. Vast neutral markets of the world, including Latin America, the Orient, Australia, South Africa, are to-day dependent upon this country for all sorts of goods heretofore supplied by Germany and England.

"Every consideration compels the American manufacturer to face the situation calmly, deliberately, and, above all, with inspired courage to give a good account of himself and his country's industrial resources.

"Temporary disorganization of shipping, finance, and insurance is only to be expected, but that is a matter of days, possibly weeks. The increased demand and opportunity for American goods will be matters of months and years. The American flag will be restored to the high seas as the result of the withdrawal of Germany's. A whole new epoch of American business expansion is about to begin."

This sentiment, I might add, merely echoes the disinterested view of Sir George Paish, editor of the "Statist" of London, who is perhaps the foremost economist of our times. While Europe was still gasping at the Kaiser's first defiance, he went on record as saying:

"The great war in Europe will probably bring economic advantages to the United States. Almost every industry should derive more or less advantage. Should the American people take advantage of the golden opportunity afforded them by the outbreak of war, it will mean not diminished but increased prosperity for the United States."

Facts That Support American Optimism

THAT more than mere optimism attaches to these sentiments is attested in various concrete ways. On the day after Germany declared war against France one of the leading American steel producers received an order by cable for an immense shipment of structural bridge work to Australia, and at very advantageous prices. This contract had originally been made with Germany and was canceled on account of the war. The incident is typical of what is expected to follow on a very large scale.

Germany has been our greatest rival in steel output. For years she has been able to lay down steel work on the Pacific Coast cheaper than we could. The Kaiser's foundries have been selling more than $20,000,000 worth of machinery, electrical goods, sewing machines, and hardware in Great Britain. We have been importing more than $8,000,000 worth of machinery and cutlery from them. It is reasonable to expect that the great bulk of this business will now turn to the United States producer.

As a matter of fact, many farsighted American business men believe that we can, for the time at least, get a part of Germany's total export trade, amounting to $1,123,000,000, with the United Kingdom and all other British possessions. As one exporter expressed it: "It is absolutely certain that practically all of Germany's expanding export trade will be throttled. She will even lack the means of transporting such of her products as limited factory facilities during the war may turn out. The drafting of hundreds of thousands of industrial workers into the army will almost annihilate German industrial productiveness. Her trade intercourse with those countries against whom she is warring is at an end for a considerable time, and when peace does come it seems likely that England and France will patronize the United States —all things being equal—in preference to such a hated foe. Germany has really put a commercial price on her head, and the United States is in a fair way to reap an unsolicited trade harvest which she planted. In a word, the trade-mark 'Made in America' is very likely to overshadow the familiar 'Made in Germany' the world over."

Straws That Indicate the Export Wind

ANOTHER straw that shows which way the export winds are blowing is the fact that one large manufacturing firm in New York received eighteen cables from South America one day during the first week in August ordering plumbing supplies. Another establishment received five cables at the same time, ordering paint. All of these orders had been originally placed with German firms.

On the same day, too, the Lloyd-Brazileiro, which operates steamship lines between New York and South America, placed an order for 36,000 tons of American coal. This coal had originally been procured in Wales. The Cardiff loss will be the American gain. What is happening with coal will happen with scores of other commodities everywhere.

One new source of direct export is not to be overlooked. Germany, England, and France for years have imported American goods and then exported them in turn to other countries. We now have the chance to export direct to those quarters—Egypt, Scandinavia, British South and German East Africa—and to reap the larger profit ourselves.



We alone of all the great powers stand at the universal trade center ready to do business

The Rich Prize of South American Trade

WHATEVER conflict of opinion (there is really not very much) may exist about the war's benefit to our business in other directions, there is no difference concerning what will happen to us in South America. The belief is emphatic and unanimous that here is the richest trade prize of the war. Although this vast region lies at our very feet, and is bound to us by geographical and sentimental ties, by a curious irony it has taken a great and devastating European struggle to give us the adequate commercial opening there that long ago should have been ours.

There is no denying the fact that for years Great Britain and Germany have outclassed us commercially in South America. Great Britain, for example, has averaged an annual export business of $273,000,000 to the ten republics; Germany, $180,000,000, while we have rolled up a total of $153,000,000. France's volume was $83,000,000.

One reason for our lagging has been a lack of transportation facilities; the second, our failure to adapt our products to the Latin-American requirements. Here are two concrete examples: The South American, like the Parisian, prefers long, pointed shoes, which are directly the reverse of the American makes. With a full knowledge of this difference, our shoe manufacturers in the main have insisted upon trying to sell him their standard type. The result is that other countries have profited by our omission.

We Shall Adapt Our Products

IN THE second place, Europe and South America use the metric system; we use the inch and the foot system, and sell our goods by it. It stands to reason that South America prefers to buy goods adapted to its own system of measurements. Although this fact has been brought home repeatedly to our mills, they have refused to change their looms.

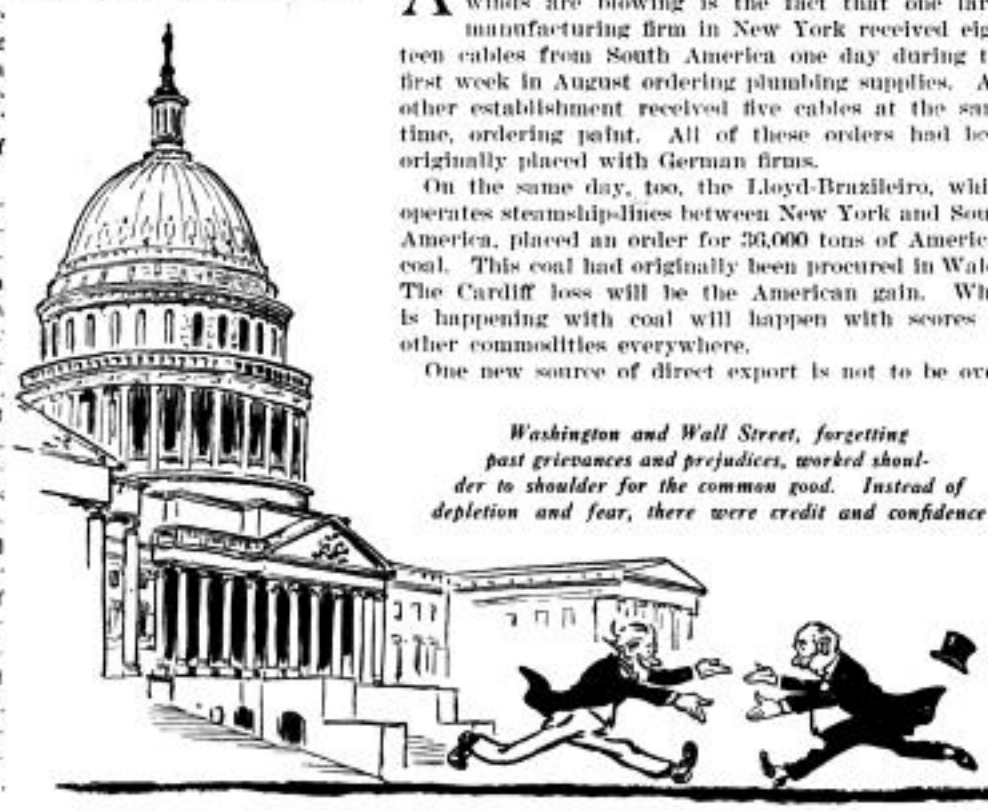
In the natural course of events, Great Britain and Germany, and especially the latter through her extraordinarily thorough system of colonial trade education, which, among other things, requires the humblest clerks in banks to know at least three foreign languages, would have greatly increased their South American trade lead on us.

Now comes a war which undoes (it is impossible to say for how long) all this European business crusading and upbuilding. The South American republics not only look to us for supplies; they actually demand them.

As one eminent Pan-American authority puts it: "The United States has a grave duty as well as a great opportunity in its new relation to South America. Europe's share of her trade is now temporarily cut off, placing the principal ports of South America practically in a condition of absolute blockade. As nearly all the European commerce is carried in British and German bottoms, now suddenly withdrawn from the seas, it can be realized how acute the situation is. Something must be done at once to relieve it.

"Quick and comprehensive action by the commercial and financial interests of the

(Continued on p. 20



Washington and Wall Street, forgetting past grievances and prejudices, worked shoulder to shoulder for the common good. Instead of depletion and fear, there were credit and confidence



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Danger!

Being the Log of Captain John Sirius

By Sir A. Conan Doyle—Part II

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

IN THIS story, written four months before the outbreak of the present European war, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle suggests that England's strength may be shattered in a month; he tells, moreover, how it could be done. Four submarines, belonging to a minor power, are blowing up grain ships as they near the British Isles. England faces starvation. In the first chapter, printed last week, six ships carrying food for Britain are destroyed. The second day of the war dawns and Captain John Sirius, commander of the enemy's undersea flotilla, has come to the surface to find that commerce has all but fled the Channel

I HAVE no doubt that a good many ships which had taken refuge in the French ports at the first alarm had run across and got safely up the river in the night. Of course I could have attacked them, but I do not care to take risks—and there are always risks for a submarine at night. But one had miscalculated his time, and there she was, just abreast of Warden Point, when the daylight disclosed her to us. In an instant we were after her. It was a near thing, for she was a flyer, and could do two miles to our one; but we just reached her as she went swashing by. She saw us at the last moment, for I attacked her awash, since otherwise we could not have had the pace to reach her. She swung away and the first torpedo missed, but the second took her full under the counter. Heavens, what a smash! The whole stern seemed to go aloft. I drew off and watched her sink. She went down in seven minutes, leaving her masts and funnels over the water and a cluster of her people holding on to them. She was the *Virginia* of the Bibby Line—twelve thousand tons—and laden, like the others, with foodstuffs from the East. The whole surface of the sea was covered with the floating grain. "John Bull will have to take up a hole or two of his belt if this goes on," said Vornal, as we watched the scene.

AND it was at that moment that the very worst danger occurred that could befall us. I tremble now when I think how our glorious voyage might have been nipped in the bud. I had freed the hatch of my tower, and was looking at the boats of the *Virginia* with Vornal beside me, when there was a swish and a terrific splash in the water beside us, which covered us both with spray. We looked up, and you can imagine our feelings when we saw an aeroplane hovering a few hundred feet above us like a hawk. With its silencer, it was perfectly noiseless, and had its bomb not fallen into the sea we should never have known what had destroyed us. She was circling round in the hope of dropping a second one, but we shoved on all speed ahead, crammed down the rudders, and vanished into the side of a roller. I kept the deflection indicator falling until I had put fifty good feet of water between the aeroplane and ourselves, for I knew well how deep they can see under the surface. However, we soon threw her off our track, and when we came to the surface near Margate there was no sign of her, unless she was one of several which we saw hovering over Herne Bay.

THERE was not a ship in the offing save a few small coasters and little thousand-ton steamers, which were beneath my notice. For several hours I lay submerged with a blank periscope. Then I had an inspiration. Orders had been Marconied to every foolship to lie in French waters and dash across after dark. I was as sure of it as if they had been recorded in our own receiver. Well, if they were there, that was where I should be also. I blew out the tanks and rose, for there was no sign of any warship near. They had some good system of signaling from the shore, however, for I had not got to the North Foreland before three destroyers came foaming after me, all converging from different directions. They had about as good a chance of catching me as three spaniels would of overtaking a porpoise. Out of pure bravado—I know it was very wrong—I waited until they were actually within gunshot. Then I sank and we saw each other no more.

It is, as I have said, a shallow, sandy coast, and submarine navigation is very difficult. The worst mishap that can befall a boat is to bury its nose in the side of a sand drift and be held there. Such an accident might have been the end of our boat, though with our Fluess cylinders and electric lamps we should have found no difficulty in getting out at the air lock and in walking ashore across the bed of the ocean. As it was, however, I was able, thanks to our excellent charts, to keep the channel and so to gain the open straits. There we rose about midday, but, observing a hydroplane at no great distance, we sank again for half an hour. When we came up for the second time, all was peaceful around us, and the English coast was lining the whole western horizon. We kept outside the Goodwins and straight down Channel until we saw a line of black dots in front of us, which I knew to be the Dover-Calais torpedo-boat cordon. When two miles distant we dived and came up again seven miles to the southwest, without one of them dreaming that we had been within thirty feet of their keels.

When we rose, a large steamer flying the German flag was within half a mile of us. It was the North German Lloyd *Altona*, from New York to Bremen. I raised our whole hull and dipped our flag to her. It was amusing to see the amazement of her people at what they must have regarded as our unparalleled impudence in those English-swept waters. They cheered us heartily, and the tricolor flag was dipped in greeting as they went roaring past us. Then I stood in to the French coast.

It was exactly as I had expected. There were three great British steamers lying at anchor in Boulogne, outer harbor. They were the *Ceawar*, the *King of the East*, and the *Pathfinder*, none less than ten thousand tons. I suppose they thought they were safe in French waters, but what did I care about three-mile limits and international law? The view of my Government was that England was blockaded, food contraband, and vessels carrying it to be destroyed. The lawyers could argue about it afterward. My business was to starve the enemy any way I could. Within an hour the three ships were under the waves and the *Iota* was steaming down the Picardy coast, looking for fresh victims. The Channel was covered with English torpedo boats buzzing and whirling like a cloud of midges. How they thought they could hurt me I cannot imagine, unless by accident I were to come up underneath one of them. More dangerous were the aeroplanes which circled here and there.

THE water being calm, I had several times to descend as deep as a hundred feet before I was sure that I was out of their sight. After I had blown up the three ships at Boulogne I saw two aeroplanes flying down Channel, and I knew that they would head off any vessels which were coming up. There was one very large white steamer lying off Havre, but she steamed west before I could reach her. I dare say Stephan or one of the others would get her before long. But those infernal aeroplanes spoiled our sport for that day. Not another steamer did I see, save the never-ending torpedo boats. I consoled myself with the reflection, however, that no food was passing me on its way to London. That was what I was there for, after all. If I could do it without spending my torpedoes, all the better. Up to date I had fired ten of them and sunk nine steamers, so I had not wasted my weapons. That night I came back to the Kent coast and lay upon the bottom in shallow water near Dungeness.

WE WERE all trimmed and ready at the first break of day, for I expected to catch some ships which had tried to make the Thames in the darkness and had miscalculated their time. Sure enough, there was a great steamer coming up Channel and flying the American flag. It was all the same to me what flag she flew so long as she was engaged in conveying contraband of war to the British Isles. There were no torpedo boats about at the moment, so I ran out on the surface and fired a shot across her bows. She seemed inclined to go on, so I put a second one just above her water line on her port bow. She stopped then and a very angry man began to gesticulate from the bridge. I ran the *Iota* almost alongside. "Are you the captain?" I asked.

"What the——" I won't attempt to reproduce his language.

"You have foodstuffs on board?" I said.

"It's an American ship, you blind beetle!" he cried. "Can't you see the flag? It's the *Vermondia* of Boston."

"Sorry, Captain," I answered. "I have really no time for words. Those shots of mine will bring the torpedo boats, and I dare say at this very moment

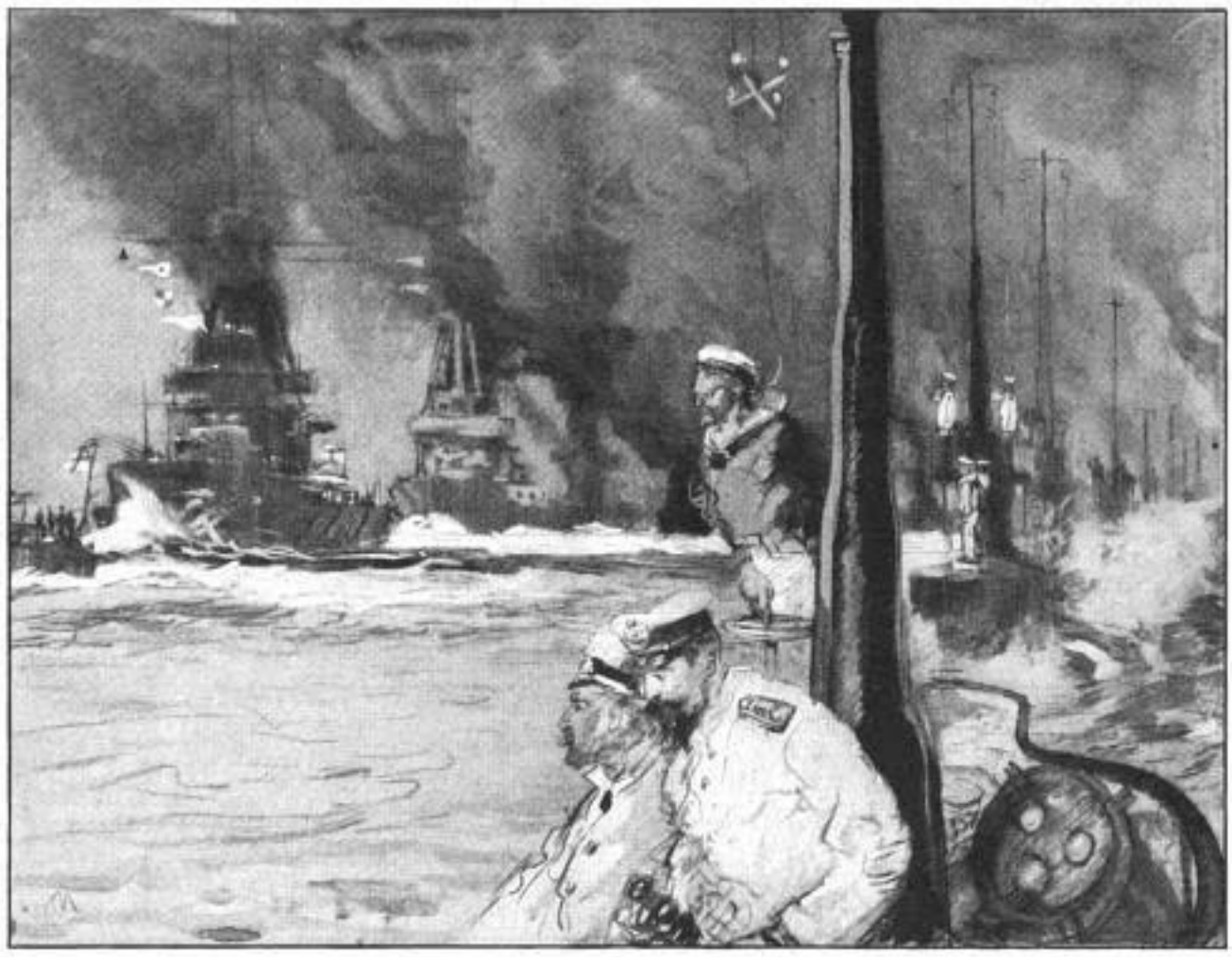


It was the queenly Olympic of the White Star Line . . . and I knew that she had her deathblow. She dived bow foremost, and there was a terrific explosion, which sent one of the funnels into the air

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your wireless is making trouble for me. Get your people into the boats."

I had to show him I was not bluffing, so I drew off and began putting shells into him just on the water line. When I had knocked six holes in his ship he was very busy on his boats. I fired twenty shots altogether, and no torpedo was needed, for she was lying over with a terrible list to port, and presently came right on to her side. There she lay for two or three minutes before she foundered. There were eight boats crammed with people lying round her when she went down. I believe everybody was saved, but I could not wait to inquire. From all quarters the poor old panting, useless war vessels were hurrying. I filled my tanks, ran our bows under, and came up fifteen miles to the south. Of course, I knew there would be a big row afterward—as there was—but that did not help the starving crowds round the London bakers, who only saved their skins, poor devils, by explaining to the mob that they had nothing to bake.



We returned to port upon the surface, steaming through the whole British fleet as we passed up the North Sea. The crews clustered thick along the sides of the vessels to watch us

BY THIS time I was becoming rather anxious, as you can imagine, to know what was going on in the world and what England was thinking about it all. I ran alongside a fishing boat, therefore, and ordered them to give up their papers. Unfortunately, they had none, except a rag of an evening paper, which was full of nothing but betting news. In a second attempt I came alongside a small yachting party from Eastbourne, who were frightened to death at our sudden appearance out of the depths. From them we were lucky enough to get the London "Courier" of that very morning.

It was interesting reading—so interesting that I had to announce it all to the crew. Of course, you know the British style of headline, which gives you all the news at a glance. It seemed to me that the whole paper was headlines, it was in such a state of excitement. Hardly a word about me and my flotilla. We were on the second page. The first one began something like this:

CAPTURE OF BLANKENBERG!

DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY'S FLEET

BURNING OF TOWN

TRAWLERS DESTROY MINE FIELD

LOSS OF TWO BATTLESHIPS

IS IT THE END?

Of course, what I had foreseen had occurred. The town was actually occupied by the British. And they thought it was the end! We would see about that.

On the round-the-corner page, at the back of the glorious resonant leaders, there was a little column which read like this:

"HOSTILE SUBMARINES

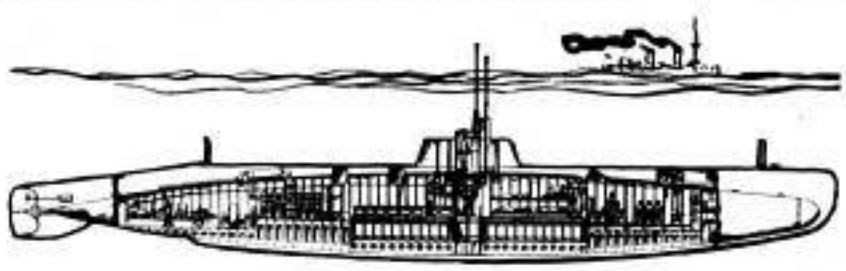
"Several of the enemy's submarines are at sea, and have inflicted some appreciable damage upon our merchant ships. The danger spots upon Monday and the greater part of Tuesday appear to have been the mouth of the Thames and the western entrance to the Solent. On Monday, between the Nore and Margate, there were sunk five large steamers, the *Adela*, *Moldavia*, *Cuso*, *Cormorant*, and *Maid of Athens*, particulars of which will be found below. Near Ventnor on the same day was sunk the *Verulam*, from Bombay. On Tuesday the *Virginia*, *Cæsar*, *King of the East*, and *Pathfinder* were destroyed between the Foreland and Boulogne. The latter three were actually lying in French waters, and the most energetic representations have been made by the Government of the Republic. On the same day *The Queen of Sheba*, *Orontes*, *Diana*, and *Atalanta* were destroyed near the Needles. Wireless messages have stopped all ingoing cargo ships from coming up Channel, but unfortunately there is evidence that at least two of the enemy's submarines are in the west. Four cattle ships from Dublin to Liverpool were sunk yesterday evening, while three Bristol-bound steamers, *The Hilda*, *Mercury*, and *Dacia Tower*, were blown up in the neighborhood of Lundy Island. Commerce has, so far as possible, been diverted into safer channels, but in the meantime, however vexatious these incidents may be, and however grievous the loss both to the owners and to Lloyd's, we may console ourselves by the reflection that since a submarine cannot keep the sea for more than ten days without refitting, and since the base has been captured, there must come a speedy term to these depredations."

So much for the "Courier's" account of our proceedings. Another small paragraph was, however, more eloquent:

"The price of wheat," it said, "which stood at thirty-five shillings a week before the declaration of war, was quoted yesterday on the Baltic at fifty-two. Maize has gone from twenty-one to thirty-seven, barley from nineteen to thirty-five, sugar (foreign granulated) from eleven shillings and threepence to nineteen shillings and sixpence."

"Good, my lads!" said I when I read it to the crew. "I can assure you that those few lines will prove to mean more than the whole page about the fall of Blankenberg. Now let us get down Channel and send those prices up a little higher."

ALL traffic had stopped for London—not so bad for the little *Iota*—and we did not see a steamer that was worth a torpedo between Dungeness and the Isle of Wight. There I called Stephan up by wireless, and by seven o'clock we were actually lying side by side in a smooth, rolling sea—Hengistbury Head bearing N.N.W. and about five miles distant. The two crews clustered on the whalebacks and shouted their joy at seeing friendly faces once more. Stephan had done extraordinarily well. I had, of course, read in the London paper of his four ships on Tuesday, but he had sunk no fewer than seven since, for many of those which should have come to the Thames had tried to make Southampton. Of the seven, one was of twenty thousand tons, a grain ship from America; a second was a grain ship from the Black Sea, and two others were great liners from South Africa. I congratulated Stephan with all my heart upon his splendid achievement. Then, as we had been seen by a destroyer which was approaching at a great pace, we both dived, coming up again off the Needles, where we spent the night in company. We could not visit each other, since we had no boat, but we lay so nearly alongside that we were able, Stephan and I, to talk from hatch to hatch and so make our plans.



He had shot away more than half his torpedoes and so had I, and yet we were very averse from returning to our base so long as our oil held out. I told him of my experience with the Boston steamer, and we mutually agreed to sink the ships by gunfire in future so far as possible. I remember old Horll saying: "What use is a gun aboard a submarine?" We were about to show. I read the English paper to Stephan by the light of my electric torch, and we both agreed that few ships would now come up the Channel. That sentence about diverting commerce to safer routes could only mean that the ships would go round the north of Ireland and unload at Glasgow. Oh, for two more ships to stop that entrance! Heavens, what *would* England have done against a foe with thirty or forty submarines, since we only needed six instead of four to complete her destruction!

AFTER much talk we decided that the best plan would be that I should dispatch a cipher telegram next morning from a French port to tell them to send the four second-rate boats to cruise off the north of Ireland and west of Scotland. Then when I had done this I should move down Channel with Stephan and operate at the mouth, while the other two boats could work in the Irish Sea. Having made these plans, I set off across the Channel in the early morning, reaching the small village of Etretat, in Brittany. There I got off my telegram and then laid my course for Falmouth, passing under the keels of two British cruisers which were making eagerly for Etretat, having heard by wireless that we were there.

Halfway down Channel we had trouble with a short circuit in our electric engines, and were compelled to run on the surface for several hours while we replaced one of the cam shafts and renewed some washers. It was a ticklish time, for had a torpedo boat come upon us we could not have dived. The perfect submarine of the future will surely have some alternative engines for such an emergency. However, by the skill of Engineer Morro we got things going once more. All the time we lay there I saw a hydroplane floating between us and the British coast. I can understand how a mouse feels when it is in a tuft of grass and sees a hawk high up in the heavens. However, all went well; the mouse became a water rat, it wagged its tail in derision at the poor blind old hawk, and it dived down into a nice, safe, green, quiet world where there was nothing to injure it.

It was on Wednesday night that the *Iota* crossed to Etretat. It was Friday afternoon before we had reached our new cruising ground. Only one large steamer did I see upon our way. The terror we had caused had cleared the Channel. This big boat had a clever captain on board. His tactics were excellent and took him in safety to the Thames. He came zigzagging up Channel at twenty-five knots, shooting off from his course at all sorts of unexpected angles. With our slow pace we could not catch him, nor could we calculate his line so as to cut him off. Of course, he had never seen us, but he judged, and judged rightly, that wherever we were those were the tactics by which he had the best chance of getting past. He deserved his success.

BUT, of course, it is only in a wide channel that such things can be done. Had I met him in the mouth of the Thames there would have been a different story to tell. As I approached Falmouth I destroyed a three-thousand-ton boat from Cork, laden with butter and cheese. It was my only success for three days.

That night (Friday, April 16) I called up Stephan, but received no reply. As I was within a few miles of our rendezvous, and as he would not be cruising after dark, I was puzzled to account for his silence. I could only imagine that his wireless was deranged. But, alas! I was soon to find the true reason from a copy of the "Western Morning News," which I obtained from a Brixham trawler. The *Kappa*, with her gallant commander and crew, were at the bottom of the English Channel.

It appeared from this account that after I

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had parted from him he had met and sunk no fewer than five vessels. I gathered this to be his work, since all of them were by gunfire and all were on the south coast of Dorset or Devon. How he met his fate was stated in a short telegram which was headed "Sinking of a Hostile Submarine." It was marked "Falmouth," and ran thus:

"The P. and O. mail steamer *Macedonia* came into this port last night with five shell holes between wind and water. She reports having been attacked by a hostile submarine ten miles to the southeast of the Lizard. Instead of using her torpedoes, the submarine for some reason approached upon the surface and fired five shots from a semiautomatic twelve-pounder gun. She was evidently under the impression that the *Macedonia* was unarmed. As a matter of fact, being warned of the presence of submarines in the Channel, the *Macedonia* had mounted her armament as an auxiliary cruiser. She opened fire with two quick-firers and blew away the conning tower of the submarine. It is probable that the shells went right through her, as she sank at once with her hatches open. The *Macedonia* was only kept afloat by her pumps."

Such was the end of the *Kappa* and my gallant friend, Commander Stephan. His best epitaph was in a corner of the same paper, and was headed "Mark Lane." It ran:

"Wheat (average) 65, maize 48, barley 70."

WELL, if Stephan was gone there was the more need for me to show energy. My plans were quickly taken, but they were comprehensive. All that day (Saturday) I passed down the Cornish coast and round Land's End, getting two steamers on the way. I had learned from Stephan's fate that it was better to torpedo the large craft, but I was aware that the auxiliary cruisers of the British Government were all over ten thousand tons, so that for all ships under that size it was safe to use my gun. Both these craft, the *Yelland* and the *Playboy*—the latter an American ship—were perfectly harmless, so I came up within a hundred yards of them and speedily sank them, after allowing their people to get into the boats. Some other steamers lay farther out, but I was so eager to make my new arrangements that I did not go out of my course to molest them. Just before sunset, however, so magnificent a prey came within my radius of action that I could not possibly refuse her.

No sailor could fail to recognize that glorious monarch of the sea, with her four cream funnels tipped with black, her huge black sides, her red bilges, and her high white top hamper, roaring up channel at twenty-three knots and carrying her forty-five thousand tons as lightly as if she were a five-ton motor boat. It was the queenly *Olympic* of the White Star Line—once the largest and still the comeliest of liners. What a picture she made, with the blue Cornish sea creaming round her giant forefoot, and the pink western sky with one evening star forming the background to her noble lines!

SHE was about five miles off when we dived to cut her off. My calculation was exact. As we came abreast we loosed our torpedo and struck her fair. We swirled round with the concussion of the water. I saw her in my periscope list over on her side, and I knew that she had her deathblow. She settled down slowly, and there was plenty of time to save her people. The sea was dotted with her boats. When I got about three miles off I rose to the surface, and the whole crew clustered up to see the wonderful sight. She dived bow foremost, and there was a terrific explosion, which sent one of the funnels into the air. I suppose we should have cheered—somehow none of us felt like cheering. We were all keen sailors, and it went to our hearts to see such a ship go down like a broken eggshell. I gave a gruff order, and all were at their posts again while we headed northwest. Once round the Land's End I called up my two consorts, and we met next day at Hartland Point, the south end of Bideford Bay. For the moment the Channel was clear, but the English could not know it, and I reckoned that the loss of the *Olympic* would stop all ships for a day or two at least.

HAVING assembled the *Delta* and *Epsilon*, one on each side of me, I received reports from Miriam and Var, the respective commanders. Each had expended twelve torpedoes, and between them they had sunk twenty-two steamers. One man had been killed by the machinery on board of the *Delta*, and two had been burned by the ignition of some oil on the *Epsilon*. I took these injured men on board, and I gave each of the boats one of my crew. I also divided my spare oil, my provisions, and my torpedoes among them, though we had the greatest possible difficulty in those crank vessels in transferring them from one to the other. However, by ten o'clock it was done, and the two vessels were in condition to keep the sea for another ten days. For my part, with only two torpedoes left, I headed north up the Irish Sea. One of my torpedoes I expended that evening upon a cattle ship making for Milford Haven. Late at night, being abreast of Holyhead, I called upon my four northern boats, but without reply. Their Marconi range is very limited. About three in the afternoon of the next day I had a feeble answer. It was a great relief to me to find that my telegraphic instructions had reached them and that they were on their station. Before evening we all assembled in the lee of Sanda Island, in the Mull of Kintyre. I felt an admiral indeed when I saw my five whalebacks all in a row. Panza's report was excellent. They had come round by the Pentland Firth and reached their cruising ground on the fourth day. Already they had destroyed twenty vessels without any mishap. I ordered the *Beta* to divide her oil and torpedoes among the other three, so that they were in good condition to continue their cruise. Then the *Beta* and I headed for home, reaching our base upon Sunday, April 25. Off Cape Wrath I picked up a paper from a small schooner.

"Wheat, 84; maize, 60; barley, 62." What were battles and bombardments compared to that!

The whole coast of Norland was closely blockaded by cordon within cordon, and every port, even the smallest, held by the British. But why should they suspect my modest confectioner's villa more than any other of the ten thousand houses that face the sea? I was glad when I picked up its homely white front in my periscope. That night I landed and found my stores intact. Before morning the *Beta* reported itself, for we had the windows lit as a guide.

It is not for me to recount the messages which I found waiting for me at my humble headquarters. They shall ever remain as the patents of nobility of my family. Among others was that never-to-be-forgotten salutation from my King. He desired me to present myself at Hauptville, but for once I took it upon myself to disobey his commands. It took me two days—or rather two nights, for we sank ourselves during the daylight hours—to get all our stores on board, but my presence was needful every minute of the time. On the third morning, at four o'clock, the *Beta* and my own little flagship were at sea once more, bound for our original station off the mouth of the Thames.

I HAD no time to read our papers while I was refitting, but I gathered the news after we got under way. The British occupied all our ports, but otherwise we had not suffered at all, since we have excellent railway communications with Europe. Prices had altered little, and our industries continued as before. There was talk of a British invasion, but this I knew to be absolute nonsense, for the British must have learned by this time that it would be sheer murder to send transports full of soldiers to sea in the face of submarines. When they have a tunnel they can use their fine expeditionary force upon the Continent, but until then it might just as well not exist so far as Europe is concerned. My own country, therefore, was in good case and had nothing to fear. Great Britain, however, was already feeling my grip upon her throat. As in normal times four-fifths of her food is imported, prices were rising by leaps and bounds. The supplies in the country were beginning to show signs of depletion, while little was coming in to replace them. The insurance at Lloyd's had risen to a figure which made the price of food prohibitive to the mass of the people by the time it had reached the market. The loaf, which under ordinary circumstances stood at fivepence, was already at one and twopence. Beef was three shillings and fourpence a pound, and mutton two shillings and ninepence. Everything else was in proportion. The Government had acted with energy and offered a big bounty for corn to be planted at once. It could only be reaped five months hence, however, and long before then, as the papers pointed out, half the island would be dead from starvation.

STRONG appeals had been made to the patriotism of the people, and they were assured that the interference with trade was temporary, and that with a little patience all would be well. But already there was a marked rise in the death rate, especially among children, (*Continued on page 23*)



Good Morning, Mr. Mocking Bird

By WITTER BYNNER

Good morning, Mr. Mocking Bird.
"Your own good morning, sir, to you!"
There never was, upon my word,
A single song so true.

Yet I am told you pilfer songs,
Yes, any song you chance to hear,
And never doubt if it belongs
To you, you buccaneer.

"But tell me, sir, if I am deft
And add a song to my own store
And yet if that same song is left
Just as it was before,

"And if I fly about and love
Beauty as any bird has lief,
The song of whip-poor-will and dove
And thrush,—am I a thief?

"Of course, dear sir, you never heard
A song, a single *song, so true."*
Good morning, Mr. Mocking Bird.
"Good morning, sir, to you!"

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Love and the Business



By George Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT WAS in the small, stuffy, back end of the "Essex Ten-Cent Store," Rosenhartz Brothers, proprietors on Grand Street, not far from Norfolk; this rear part was railed off to discriminate it as "the restaurant"; at one side there was a rickety balcony; on this balcony was a piano; at the piano during certain hours sat Plexo Makarenka, who most assuredly had the artistic temperament and no small degree of turbulent and fascinating talent.

Just at this particular time, however, the restaurant was receiving small patronage. Plexo Makarenka was across the street giving a lesson to the children of the delicatessen store. The girls behind the counters were only busy chaffing one another, for the customers were few. Rosenhartz Brothers, Nathan and Rudolf, sat at one of the pine tables, making no pretense of eating or drinking. Sam, the third partner, was absent in Peekskill, prospecting the ground with a view to starting a branch up there.

Nathan Rosenhartz was saying: "Sam has gone up that river on a fool job errand. What are we doing with starting up a new venture when we're losing the money on this one every day in the week, eh?"

"Get him back," was Rudolf's laconic answer.

"Get back the rain that washed the streets clean last week, eh? Sure he can't make no bargain for a place without both of us, but it's hard for him to be wasting the dollars going up there."

Rudolf nodded. Then he said slowly: "The other store is crowded. I came by just now, presently, and the women were packed like genuine American sardines in there." He laughed grimly.

NATHAN nodded back. "Yep. I was by there myself just now, too. Jammed like it was Christmas. We're too near to 'em, Rudolf. Ten doors only apart. It's too close."

Rudolf lifted his shoulders. "Competition can't be too close; besides, it was Mo' Shipway & Sons that came after us. We ain't to blame. It was our ground first."

"What are we goin' to do about it, eh?" asked Nathan in an even, lowered tone. "Shut up shop?"

"No."

"All right then; the sheriff'll do it for us. If that Moris, our nephew—"

But Nathan got no further, since his junior broke in with an ironical laugh: "Get out. Moris is in love; he ain't any good. Our brother's son is a dead cipher now. Here we were—we bachelors, all three—thinking to fix him up and make him our partner by and by, and so forth; and a girl jumps in and there you are."

"Ah, hush your talk!" exclaimed Nathan Rosenhartz; "he'll forget her maybe, don't you think?"

Rudolf shook his head. "No young feller's forgetting the girl that won't marry him because his folks don't smile her way."

"I ain't ever seen her even," Nathan remarked carelessly.

"Nor I. Sam seen her."

"Where did he see her?" Nathan raised his heavy eyes to his brother's face in some surprise.

"At the Greenwich Village Theatre."

"She playing there?"

RUDOLF said: "Trying to," then he laughed.

"What did Sam say to her anyhow?"

"'No good.' Sam said she had no first show of an idea of putting it over."

"Ah, no good! No good! These playhouse peoples! Why didn't he take up with that fine girl over there that waits in her papa's delicatessen?"

"Who knows that, brother?" was Rudolf's unbiased rejoinder. "Him going out of us here in a rage and putting all his cash in a pack and starting peddling down on Long Island!" cried Nathan angrily.

"He said he wasn't the first one to start millionairing with a pack, and the boy swore by Moses and Aaron, too, he'd make his pile and win Cecilia Messner all right without any of us or our ten-cent stores either!" Rudolf jingled a tin spoon and plate together as he spoke.

"We won't have no ten-cent store pretty soon at all," ejaculated Nathan Rosenhartz.

"Perhaps Sam'll grip on to a chance in Peekskill after all," Rudolf said testily.

"Perhaps. Them Shipways are the luck! Sometimes I think it's because Shipway married and had them four sons, eh?"

"Bosh!" retorted Rudolf Rosenhartz, throwing down the tin spoon.

"Anyhow, no sheriff'll set foot in here." The older man's lean hand came down hard on the table.

"Say now," the junior responded, "I been going over the books. We can come out clean if we stop *now*."

"Now! Not to-day? You don't mean to-day?"

"No," was the impatient response. "Don't be a fool. I mean next week, Friday night. See?"

"All right." The old man sighed. "It's pretty hard, just when we felt so sure of getting on top; so we would with the young blood in, but with the young blood pouring out on account of a girl—from the West Side, too, and a theatre girl, eh? It's hard." His bearded face sank in his open hands.

"Yes, it's hard. She's so stuck-up, though. If she'd have come over here and acted ladylike and so forth, I'd have gone in for taking her up, see? But not she. Moris said she'd never marry him s'long as he was partnering it with relatives that disapproved of her—so!"

NATHAN Rosenhartz may or may not have heard all this that his younger brother said. Presently he raised his head and looked around the long narrow store, a dull pathos distorting his wrinkled face.

"Well, by and by, Monday, I'll give 'em all notice, eh? The girls and Makarenka. Pshaw! Pshaw!" He got up then and passed his hand across his eyes. "I thought when we hired Makarenka, with those grand eyelashes of his, and that long hair curl, so, on his ear, and his music too, that we had 'em sure."

"Yes," Rudolf allowed. "So did I, brother; but we ain't been much better at putting it over, it seems, than Moris's girl. You might as well give Makarenka his walking ticket to-night, eh?"

"No. That ain't fair. But I guess I'll tell him to-morrow night."

"Yes. That's it. To-morrow night tell him."

"Say, it's tough, now, ain't it, to get broke up by them Shipways and a West Side girl?"

"It's rotten," was Rudolf's reply. "But there's anyways Sam and Peekskill."

"'Peekskill!'" repeated Nathan scornfully. "I'd die out of the hum and scrabble of Grand Street. Ach! don't talk to me no more. Never. I'll shut up here, but, so help me Lord of us all, I'll open again farther down the street, say three blocks or so."

"Come on now, here's some customers. Keep still."

"'Customers!'" echoed Nathan. "They're spies—spies from Shipway's, I know." But he smiled gayly as he walked forward to meet the supposed enemy.

SOME five hours earlier than this conversation between the two Rosenhartz brothers, say at seven o'clock that morning, their nephew, Moris Rosenhartz, stood stretching his neck on the wharf at the foot of Grand Street. The ferryboat *Fulton* was just docking, but although young Rosenhartz, guarding his pack, was posted near the wheel, his eager glances were turned back toward the city streets. Moris was clearly looking for some one—some one who immediately alighted from a cross-town car and walked unhesitatingly straight to him.



This was Cecilia Messner, the girl to whom Moris's uncles objected. She was quite an unnoticeable girl, clad in a brown skirt which clung to her young limbs in reckless outline, yellow waist with a brown bow at the low-cut throat. A sailor hat, set, it is true, at a very deft angle on top of her abundant and remarkable red-brown hair. This last, in loops without straggling ends, was softly blown by the early wind across her brow, eyes, and cheeks. The pale face was unpictorial and provoked no description until she spoke.

Then it was indeed a revelation.

"Ah! you have then come," cried the young peddler, laying one hand upon the girl's slim arm and lifting his heavy pack with the other, guiding her aboard the ferryboat.

"Sure," was her answer. "I promised. Do you want that I should cross over to Williamsburg with you then?"

Moris nodded as he scanned the cabin for a quiet corner, then took her to it, and both sat down.

"There! it's fifteen minutes to the good for us now, dear." His warm, large hand found hers, and held it fast.

CECILIA MESSNER smiled, then she said: "Were the uncles pretty mad when they found out you really meant what you said and were going peddling?" she asked.

"Yes, they were so. Let 'em get over it. I ain't afraid. I'll make good, and if I do, you know, Cecilia, you've promised to have me, no matter for them any more, eh?"

Cecilia inclined her head with a strange, shy blush.

"Say!" exclaimed Moris. "Now look here, I don't want any fooling with that actor fellow while I am away; you hear me good?"

"You mean Leo?" she asked, smiling.

"I mean just him, Leo Benrimo; he's always making love to you in the shows and I'm getting sick of it, I am." Moris's hand hurt Cecilia's then.

"Nonsense," the girl whispered close to his ear. "That's all in the line of business. We're always cast opposite each other: it's most like teamwork with me and Leo." Again she smiled gently.

"Don't care if it's team or tandem. Don't like it. Gee! won't I be happy when I make a little pile and come back and ask you to go out shopping with me to Naumann's and flat hunting, eh, Cecilia?"

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Cecilia looked way down at her white shoes; of course she wore white shoes.

"What are you thinking about?" Moris inquired suspiciously as the girl said nothing.

"Your uncles," she replied. "Perhaps I'm standing in your light by feeling like I do. If it wasn't for me, you'd stay on at the ten-cent and things would brace up and you'd be the young blood and the heir to all three of 'em, I suppose, eh, wouldn't you, now?" She lifted dark, troubled eyes to his.

"Why, yes, I guess it would be so. But, hold on! Cecilia, I'd rather have you have the spirit you've got than have you like a tame kitten ready to lap from any saucer, I would!"

"Perhaps, I've thought, too" (her fingers snuggled tighter in his as she went on), "if the uncles had seen me act, they might have felt differently—might, you know, acknowledge that my talent was something alongside of the delicatessen girl's bookkeeping and all that?"

MORIS looked across the ferryboat and out one of the windows and over the stretch of dancing waters as he answered slowly: "Uncle Sam's seen you act, dear."

"When?" cried the girl excitedly. "What in?"

"Just before he went up to Peekskill a week ago; it was a Monday evening, I think, and—"

"Week before last's bill was that Fulda comedy, and Monday nights we're never up and steady in our parts." She glanced up at his face in unconscious expectation of quick contradiction and certain praise.

"That's so," Moris allowed.

"I'm no good in comedy anyhow," the girl added in a vexed tone.

"That's what I told him." Moris Rosenhartz exclaimed zealously, with an attempted smile.

"Oh!" Cecilia sighed under her breath; then she spoke sharply and quite aloud: "Well, now, what did your Uncle Sam say about me? Tell me, Moris!"

"Say, honest, I forget." He rose. "Come on out forward now, we're most across."

But Cecilia sat still.

"Come!" he urged, but sitting down again beside her. "In about two minutes more we'll be parting, darling; peddling down on Long Island for mine, and you back to old New York on the boat alone. I wish I could kiss you."

Cecilia said: "Moris, what did your Uncle Sam say?"

The young man answered: "Are you sure you want for me to tell you, Cecilia, my dear?"

"I'm sure," was the girl's response.

MORIS ROSENHARTZ floundered a little; and then he spoke out with unreserved distinctness and considerable rancor toward his Uncle Sam.

"Well, then, dear, he said: 'That girl of Moris's that I went way over on the West Side to see act has got no more notion of putting it over than a fly has of how to get out of a dish of molasses.'" The speaker defiantly took the listener's two hands in both his, and in his gray eyes shone as large an admiration as any woman could wish for.

But while it is true that Cecilia saw this and liked it, it is equally a fact that she took no apparent cognizance of it at all, but with lowered lids she made this reply:

"Did he really say that?"

"Yes."

Then Cecilia looked up, stood up, and her luminous brown eyes flashed with the flash of hinted gold somewhere in their depths.

"Come on," she remarked, taking steps forward, then, turning her head to see him pick up his pack, "unless he said anything more, did he?"

Moris nodded. "Hold on, now, Cecilia, it's too rough. I ain't going to repeat any more to you."

"Yes, you are," she ordered in a quiet voice, again coming to a firm standstill. "Go on."

"Oh, pshaw! you know your power over a fellow and you're bound to use it. All right then; the old fool said: 'What helpmate can a girl like that make you, nephew? What good money can she beckon into the drawer, eh?' The old silly."

"Did he say that, too?" Cecilia inquired in a leisurely way now.

"Yes, he did. I hope you're satisfied. Oh, say, dear, come along on to the plank end and forget it all, can't you?"

"Send me a picture postal sometimes," she asked aloud at the wheel, her hand on his shoulder.

"Sure—and here." He pressed a ferry ticket and a nickel into her palm. "You got to! It's only for luck!"

She quickly snatched another nickel from her tarnished mesh bag—of course she carried a mesh bag—and put it in her lover's hand.

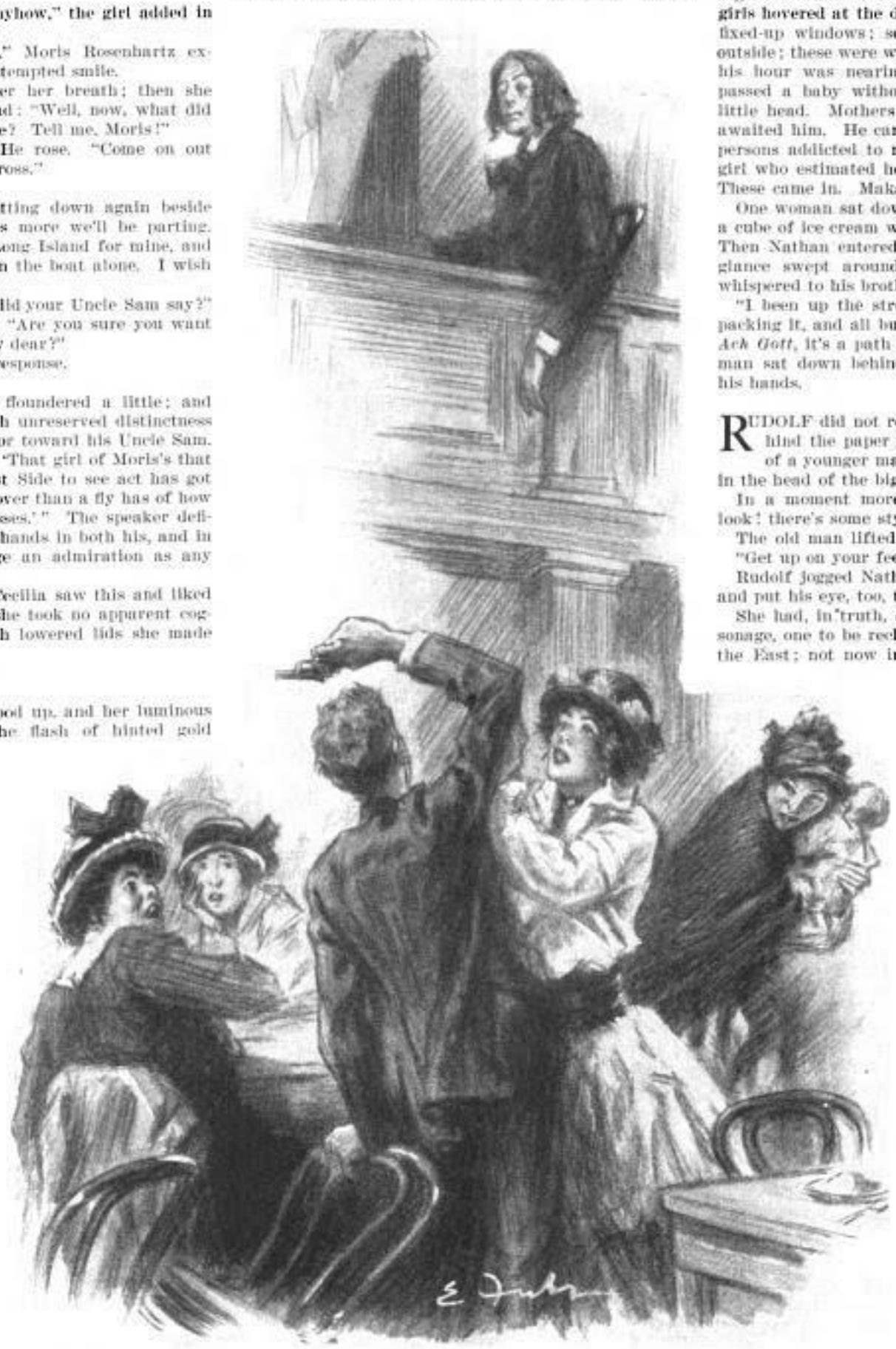
"For luck," she whispered gayly and watched him stamp manfully up the dockway to the street, swinging his pack for her to see his strength of arm, then turning to get a last glimpse of her waving her hand to him from the deck of the *Fulton*.

CECILIA MESSNER got into a trolley that afternoon and rode over to Grand Street as far as Essex. Then she alighted and, setting her sailor hat well over her eyes and tying her white lace veil (of course she wore a white lace veil) tighter over her face so that its large pattern resembled considerable tattooing on her cheeks she proceeded to the "Essex Ten-Cent Store," Rosenhartz Brothers, proprietors, and sauntered in.

Makarenka was playing on the piano. Rudolf and Nathan were behind the paper screen with the green birds on it, and a hole in the topknot of the largest bird for them to peep through, casting up their accounts. There were three customers in, dallying painfully and with much animated gesticulation over the merits and demerits of certain pans and pots.

No one was in the "restaurant" except the lonesome girl, who stood at attention to dip out whatever should be demanded.

Cecilia looked around. No one paid the slightest attention to her. Even the little Miss who was the store detective did not appear to see her. Cecilia



The escort was on his feet; his weapon was in the air; the lady was up; while, in accents of terror and supplication, she cried out: "Don't, don't kill him!"

bought a five-cent powder puff and a five-cent bottle of perfume. She took a good deal of time to find her dime and more still in rewrapping and retying the parcel to suit her own ideas.

All the while she was making a study of Plexo Makarenka; that's why she was so dilatory and why she was so particular as to paper and string.

Plexo Makarenka had instantly appealed to her artistic sense by his weirdly angelic personality, for his was a face of great purity and sweetness: Romaic, romantic, spiritual, demonized by the one dark curl, say, eight inches in length, which he had carefully cultivated over his left ear; this ringlet hung sometimes on his cheek, sometimes behind the ear on the neck; it actually dominated the rest of his physique; it also now dominated Cecilia Messner. She smiled joyfully to herself as she beheld this strange young musician playing delectably for the patrons of the ten-cent store; playing Rubinstein's Melody in *F*. Giving no heed to anyone there; not even seeing Cecilia, whose rapt eyes absorbed him as a virtuoso absorbs the artistic ideal wherever he finds it.

PRESENTLY, however, she went away; got in the car and was whisked back to the Greenwich Village Theatre in good time for her first cue; it did not come until the second act in that week's play.

By and by, when the matinée was finished, Cecilia did not as usual go home to her tiny room in a neighboring flat in Cottage Place, but rather shut herself in the stage dressing room, then deserted.

Not half an hour later Rudolf Rosenhartz was standing in the almost empty ten-cent store. A few little girls hovered at the door and peered in at the gaudily fixed-up windows; several women with babies stood outside; these were watching for Makarenka to arrive; his hour was nearing, and Plexo Makarenka never passed a baby without patting its bald and curious little head. Mothers liked this habit of his, so they awaited him. He came along, and in his wake a few persons addicted to music; one a young rabbi, one a girl who estimated herself as a Tetrazzini in embryo. These came in. Makarenka began to play.

One woman sat down in the restaurant and ordered a cube of ice cream which she fed to her two children. Then Nathan entered pale and slow-gaited. His sad glance swept around the empty-looking place. He whispered to his brother:

"I been up the street. Shipway's is full. They're packing it, and all buying, buying. No one buys here. *Ach Gott*, it's a path of thorns and thistles." The old man sat down behind the paper screen, his head in his hands.

RUDOLF did not reply. He also was, of course, behind the paper screen, but with the hopefulness of a younger man his eye was applied to the hole in the head of the big bird.

In a moment more he whispered excitedly: "Say, look! there's some style for you now."

The old man lifted his eyes, but not his head.

"Get up on your feet. Believe me, she's coming in!"

Rudolf jogged Nathan's arm so that the senior rose and put his eye, too, to the hole in the big bird's head.

She had, in truth, come in. A vivid, arresting personage, one to be reckoned with either in the West or the East; not now in her native element, one would decidedly say, yet by no means offering the remotest criticism on the present self-sought surroundings. She appeared tall and was clad in a gown of sweeping black woolen whose straight folds did not impede her motions, and in their swathing merely accentuated the lines of a slim and exquisite form. She wore no cloak or coat, simply long sleeves to the knuckles with frills from which shone white hands laden with many flashing rings; and around her head, with its plaits of fine tawny hair, there was arranged a scarf of black tissue stuff worked all over with little stars of gilt thread; from this her ears peeped, hung with dangling jeweled drops. She carried a pair of expensive gloves and a gold (or gilded) mesh bag. She sat down in the restaurant beside the mother and children, to whom, however, she paid no sort of notice. She ordered ten cents' worth of ice cream and a five-cent cake, which was a sumptuous repast in the eyes of the miss who served it; and after all, too, she did not eat it. The cake, by and by, was restored to its glass jar and the ice cream returned to its freezer.

The personage merely played with the tin spoon and the viands, her whole

(Continued on page 25)

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"Unto the Least of These"

By Seumas Mac Manus

ILLUSTRATED BY POWER O'MALLEY



With such a pitiful look as hurt the Lord's heart, Conny held up the weeniest, sorriest little wooden goat, tied to the end of a string, and three of its legs gone

OCH! Och! A-nee-O! Och! Och! A-nee-O! But the way is weary and the road is long when all of us come to go the last journey, and 'tis small wonder that the best of us should greet and the worst of us should groan and the lightest heart grow heavy when we set our foot to the lone, lone path.

But *asthore machree*, if any of us—may the good God forbid it!—should have on his soul, as he walks the weary way, all the sins and cruelties of Lord Kildrum, 'tis well he might shiver like the spear grass, and the marra in his bones freeze with fright.

Lord Kildrum in his gran' carriage, which was shinin' so you could see your likeness in it, and its four prancin' black steeds and its silver harness, his driver in livery before and his footmen in livery behind—every one of them lookin' as gran' as the Lord himself—and he lookin' prouder than a prince, rolled out of his gates on one of the beautifulest September mornin's that God ever give the worl', and the great big gates clanged behind him and his gran' equipage rolled down the hill road, with the poor ragged craitures whom he passed upon the way bowin' their necks and bendin' their knees to him—while they cursed him deep in their hearts—and he sittin' as straight and stately and gran' as one of the oaks in his own park. He looked over their heads, never heedin' them nor their curtsies any more than if they were the dirt under his carriage wheels. And sure that's what they were to him, for under his feet he tramped the miserable craitures without a thought whenever it so plazed him—and this pleasure was often. Never a stop nor halt did he, nor notice anything, nor as much as move wan future of his hard, gran' face, till, in the glen, he seen what at first might have been a small bundle of rags, but on nearer comin' showed a chile of ten—no other than little, wee, broken-backed Conny O'Hara perched upon a rock by the riverside, and fishin' the Lord's choicest trout stream. And then Kildrum's countenance darkened with the storm of rage. He snatched the whip from his driver's hand, and rappin' a frightsome oath out of him, jumped from the carriage and torst little crippled Conny. The chile, when he heard the foot near by, looked around, and, seein' the great man in the shinin' goold and silver lacest uniform in which he was goin' to a military meetin', opened his big eyes bigger still, and the smile of wonder and pleasure and admiration that shone out of Conny's big blue eyes put a spell upon Lord Kildrum that instant, that instant. And when little Conny, leanin' over upon the rock, said, "Oh, come here, beautiful man, and let me touch them goold things on your coat," the great Lord, to the dumfoundin' of his footmen and driver, lettin' the whip drop from his hand, drew to the chile, and let the chile run his fingers all over the goold and silver lace that adorned him, while he looked down with a look in his eyes and a feelin' in his heart that had never been there before—down upon the little crippled chile whose crutch, with a few broken toys, lay beside him on the rock.

And the chile, with his big, beautiful blue eyes, smilin' up at Lord Kildrum such a smile as the Lord had before thought was never in all the world, said to him: "Beautiful man, won't you fix me crutch and string me beads and mend me nanny goat for me?" He showed him his crutch with the head loose, and the bull of a burdock leaf of all-colored beads, and, with such a pitiful look in his face as hurt the Lord's heart, held up the weeniest, sorriest little wooden goat, tied to the end of a string, and three of its legs gone.

"Daddy has to go off before break o' day to kill himself earnin' money for the bad Lord in the big house to spend, and doesn't come home till I'm sleepin' at night, so he can't fix me crutch or string me beads or mend me goat for me."

The gran' Lord first strung his beads on a goold and silver thread that he actually raveled from off his beautiful sleeve, an' cut some branches from the thorn tree and wedged the cripple's crutch, and fitted new feet to his nanny goat—tellin' little Conny stories all the time—while the people, creepin' past the road on tippytoes, were as dumfounded as the poker-stiff footmen, and were thrimblin' for little Conny's boldness in sittin' beside Lord Kildrum and lookin' up in his face and smilin' and speakin' to him as if he was no greater than his own daddy!

"Oh, thanky, oh, thanky!" said little Conny, him shinin' with gladness and pride when the Lord had finished stringin' his beads and fixin' his crutch and mendin' his goat, "and now I'm goin' to give you handfuls of blaeberries that I was keepin' for no one but daddy and mammy."

Off the rock the chile dragged himself, and with the beads swingin' from his neck, with his crutch went hirpplesly-hirp! hirpplesly-hirp! boundin' over the ground like a sparrow and disappearin' into the bushes—and comin' out soon again, and hirpplesly-hirp! hirpplesly-hirp! like a sparrow, back to the rock, where he sat down beside Lord Kildrum, his little ragged cap filled with the blaeberries, and, the Lord helpin' him on to the rock again, both of them, one sittin' on each side of the cap, fell to the eatin' of the blaeberries, and campin' to see who'd eat the most, and chattin' and laughin' like they'd been cronies for sixty years, Lord Kildrum tellin' Conny that he thought the blaeberries gran', though they were the first he had ate in his life.

"I'll be searchin' all the dens of the blaeberries from this time out, and I'll always show them to you, and you'll get all you want of them," says Conny.

"Thanky, Conny," says the great Lord, puttin' a shinin' goold piece in his hand and pattin' him on the yellow head and biddin' him good-by.

"Come to see me again soon," Conny said, "and I'll show you all my dens of blaeberries, and I'll show you where all the nice blackthorns that I have marked in the wood are growin', and I'll teach you how to catch the nicest trouts in this pool."

"Don't be afeard, Conny," said the Lord, smilin' and noddin' back to him, "I'll be with you soon again." And the driver had barely the power to say "Gwan!" to his horses. And the great Lord was with Conny again sooner than he thought.

FOR that selfsame evenin', in the awesome stillness of his own gran' chamber, Lord Kildrum lay a corp, and in his father's poor hut, that was filled with heartbroken wailin's, little Conny, the cripple, lay a corp, too: both of them poisoned with the poison berries that Conny mistuk for blaeberries.

And when the word went like wildfire over the country that Lord Kildrum was a dead man, 'twas few and light were the prayers and deep the curses that greeted the news. And the Widow McGruddy fell upon her knees in the middle of the road when she heard the joyful tidings, and thanked the God who spared herself and her seven little children, for Lord Kildrum had promised to turn them out upon the roadside to starve and die next Wednesday.

And when, on the heels of that first word, the next word swept, like moor fire in August, that wee Conny, the cripple, was no more, Och-och-a-nee! you'd think the country far and wide was gone distracted!

Och! Och! A-nee-O! Och! Och! A-nee-O! But the way is weary and the road is long when all of us come to go the last journey, and 'tis small wonder that the best of us should greet and the worst of us should groan and the lightest heart grow heavy when we set our foot to the lone, lone path.

UP THE lone, lone path, where no little bush lifts its head and no blade of grass grows green, among the rocky wild mountains whose heads go through the skies, a big, strong man, bent double with awful burdens, was toilin', toilin', and the sides of the hills were givin' back in echoes the sighs and sobs of him. Up, up he was toilin', toilin'. And deep, deep he was groanin', groanin'. And sore, sore he was sobbin', sobbin'. For his burdens was many and his burdens was great. And when he wanted to lay them down he couldn't drop them, and when he wanted to sit he couldn't sit, and when he wanted for to stand and rest a while he found himself dhowen on.

Och! Och! A-nee-O! Och! Och! A-nee-O! But the way is weary and the road is long when all of us come to go the last journey, and 'tis small wonder that the best of us should greet and the worst of us should groan and the lightest heart grow heavy when we set our foot to the lone, lone path.

Kind gentleman, kind gentleman, won't you wait on me, kind gentleman?" The man on the road heard a voice behind him, and, under his burdens lookin' round, saw hurryin' up the road after him on a bit of a crutch, hirpplesly-hirp! hirpplesly-hirp! Conny, the cripple, his all-colored beads on a goold and silver string swingin' from his neck, a shinin' goold piece in his hand, and drawin' afther him a wee wooden goat upon a string.

"Kind gentleman," says Conny when he come up, "why do you carry all them terrible burdens?"

"Because I can't help it, chile," says the man. "They're the burdens I gave me first life pilin' up. Now I must give me second life to carryin' them forever. Weary's me! Ah! Weary's me!" says he.

"Poor fella, poor fella," says Conny, says he, takin' a gentle hold of his hand with the hand of him that didn't hold the crutch. "Poor fella, me poor, poor fella! What is that big burden that's bendin' low your left shoulder?"

"Weary's me," says the man, "that's the Widow Hanlon's curse and the curse of her three orphan children that I threw upon the road to die seven years ago last Christmas Eve. And the shoulder won't break and the burden won't go. Weary's me!"

"Poor, poor fella," says Conny, "and what is that burden that weighs down the right shoulder of ye?"

"That's the terrible prayer of Bartley Donnellan, whose last cow I seized for the rent when his childer were dyin' of the faiver. And the shoulder won't break and the burden won't go. Weary's me!" (*Continued on page 28*)



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Bealby

Chapter XI
Missing!

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ALL day Bealby chafed at the tie and saw the security in the tramp's pocket vanish. They lunched on bread and cheese and then the tramp had a good sustaining drink of beer for both of them and after that they came to a common where it seemed agreeable to repose. And after a due meed of repose in a secluded hollow among the gorse the tramp produced a pack of exceedingly greasy cards and taught Bealby to play euchre. Apparently the tramp had no distinctive pockets in his tail coat; the whole lining was one capacious pocket. Various knobs and bulges indicated his cooking tin, his feeding tin, a turnip, and other unknown properties. At first they played for love and then they played for the balance in the tramp's pocket. And by the time Bealby had learned euchre thoroughly that balance belonged to the tramp. But he was very generous about it and said they would go on sharing just as they had done. And then he became confidential. He scratched about in the bagginess of his garment and drew out a little dark blade of stuff, like a flint implement, regarded it gravely for a moment and held it out to Bealby. "Guess what this is."

Bealby gave it up.

"Smell it."

It smelt very nasty. One familiar smell indeed there was with a paradoxical sanitary quality that he did not quite identify, but that was a mere basis for a complex reek of acquisitions.

"What is it?" said Bealby.

"*Soap!*"

"But what's it for?"

"I thought you'd ask that. . . . What's soap usually for?"

"Washing," said Bealby, guessing wildly.

THE tramp shook his head. "Making a foam," he corrected. "That's what I has my fits with. See? I shoves a bit in my mouth and down I goes and I rolls about. Making a sort of moaning sound. Why, I been given brandy often—neat brandy. . . . It isn't always a cert—nothing's absolutely a cert. I've 'ad some let-downs. . . . Once I was bit by a nasty little dog—that brought me to pretty quick, and once I 'ad an old gentleman go through my pockets. 'Poor chap!' 'e ses, 'very likely 'e's destitoot; let's see if 'e's *got* anything. . . .' I'd got all sorts of things I didn't want 'im prying about. But I didn't come to sharp enough to stop 'im. Got me into trouble, that did. . . .

"It's an old lay," said the tramp, "but it's astonishing 'ow it'll go in a quiet village. Sort of amuses 'em. Or dropping suddenly in front of a bicycle party. Lot of them old tricks are the best tricks, and there ain't many of 'em Billy Bridget don't know. That's where you're lucky to 'ave met me, matey. Billy Bridget's a 'ard man to starve. And I know the ropes. I know what you *can* do and what you *can't* do. And I got a feeling for a policeman—same as some people 'ave for cats. I'd know if one was 'idden in the room. . . ."

He expanded into anecdotes and the story of various encounters in which he shone. It was amusing and it took Bealby on his weak side. Wasn't he the Champion Dodger of the Chelsome playground?

The tide of talk ebbed. "Well," said the tramp, "time we was up and doing. . . ."

They went along shady lanes and across an open park and they skirted a breezy common from which they could see the sea. And among other things that the tramp said was this: "Time we began to forage a bit."

He turned his large observant nose to the right of him and the left.

THROUGHOUT the afternoon the tramp discoursed upon the rights and wrongs of property, in a way that Bealby found very novel and unsettling. The tramp seemed to have his ideas about owning and stealing arranged quite differently from those of Bealby. Never before had Bealby thought it possible to have them arranged in any other than the way he knew. But the tramp contrived to make most possessions seem unrighteous and honesty a code devised by those who have for those who haven't. "They've just got hold of it," he said. "They want to keep it to themselves. . . . Do I look as though I'd stole much of anybody's? It isn't me got 'old of this land and sticking up my notice boards to keep everybody off. It isn't me spends my days and nights scheming 'ow I can get 'old of more and more of the stuff. . . .

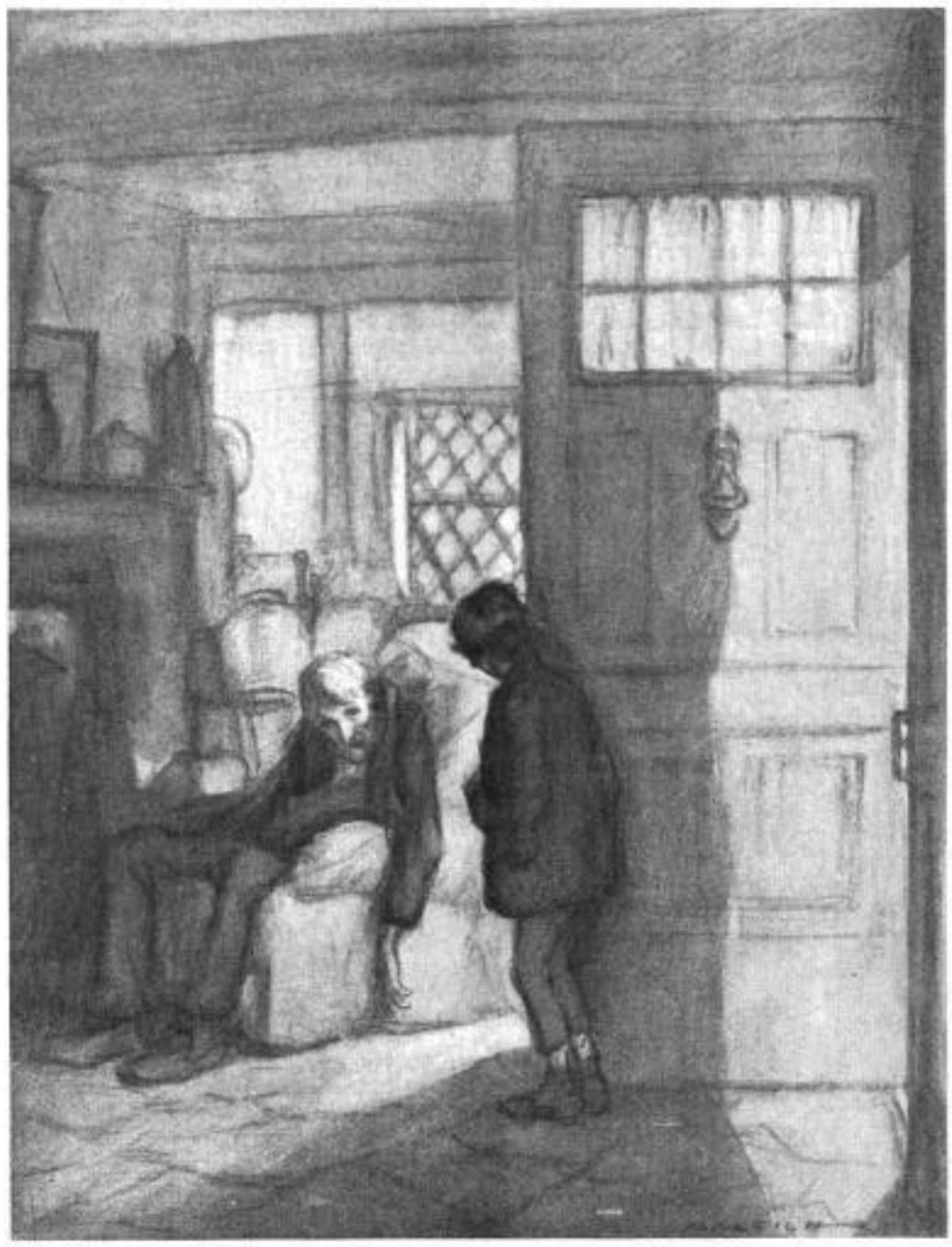
"I don't *carry* it 'em," said the tramp. "Some 'as one taste and some another. But when it comes to making all this fuss because a chap who *isn't* a schemer 'elps 'imself to a mithful—well, it's Rot. . . .

"It's them makes the rules of the game and nobody ever arst me to play it. I don't blame 'em, mind you. Me and you might very well do the same. But brast me if I see where the sense of *my* keeping the rules comes in. This world ought to be a share out. Gawd meant it to be a share out. And me and you—we been done out of our share. That justifies us."

"It isn't right to steal," said Bealby.

"It isn't right to steal—certainly. It isn't right—but it's universal. Here's a chap here over this fence, ask 'im where 'e got 'is land. Stealing! What you call stealing, matey, *I* call restitootion. You ain't probably never even 'eard of socialism."

"I've 'eard of socialists right enough. Don't believe in Gawd and 'aven't no morality."



A very old white man was sitting in a chintz-covered armchair, lost, it would seem, in painful thought. He had a peculiar, gray, shrunken look. . . .

"Don't you believe it. Why!—'arf the socialists are parsons. What I'm saying *is* socialism—practically. *I'm* a socialist. I know all abait socialism. There isn't nothing you can tell me abait socialism. Why!—for three weeks I was one of these here Anti-Socialist speakers. Paid for it. And I tell you there ain't such a thing as property left; it's all a blooming old pinch. Lords, commons, judges, all of them, they're just a crew of brasted old fences and the lawyers getting in the stuff. Then you talk to me of stealing! *Stealing!*"

The tramp's contempt and his long intense way of saying "stealing" were very unsettling to a sensitive mind. They bought some tea and grease in a village shop, and the tramp made tea in his old tin with great dexterity and then they gnawed bread on which two ounces of margarine had been generously distributed. "Live like fighting cocks, we do," said the tramp, wiping out his simple cuisine with the dragged-out end of his shirt sleeve. "And if I'm not very much mistaken we'll sleep to-night on a nice bit of hay. . . ."

But these anticipations were upset by a sudden temptation, and instead of starry summer comfort the two were destined to spend a night of suffering and remorse.

A GREEN lane lured them off the road, and after some windings led them past a field of wire-netted enclosures containing a number of perfect and conceited-looking hens close beside a little cottage, a vegetable garden, and some new elaborate outhouses. It was manifestly a poultry farm, and something about it gave the tramp the conviction that it had been left, that nobody was at home.

These realizations are instinctive, they leap to the mind. He knew it, and an ambition to know further what was in the cottage came with the knowledge. But it seemed to him desirable that the work of exploration should be done by Bealby. He had thought of dogs, and it seemed to him that Bealby might be unembarrassed by that idea. So he put the thing to Bealby. "Let's have a look round 'ere," he said. "You go in and see what's abait. . . ."

There was some difference of opinion. "I don't ask you to take anything," said the tramp. . . . "Nobody won't catch you. . . . I tell you nobody won't catch you. . . . I tell you there ain't nobody here to catch you. . . . Just for the fun of seeing in. I'll go up by them outhouses. And I'll see nobody comes. . . . Ain't afraid to go up a garden path, are you? . . . I tell you, I don't want you to steal. . . . You ain't got much guts to funk a thing like that. . . . I'll be abait too. . . . Thought you'd be the very chap for a bit of scouting. . . . Well, if you ain't afraid you'd do it. . . . Well, why didn't you say you'd do it at the beginning? . . ."

BEALBY went through the hedge and up a grass track between poultry runs, made a cautious inspection of the outhouses, and then approached the cottage. Everything was still. He thought it more plausible to go to the door than peep into the window. He rapped. Then, after an interval of stillness, he lifted the latch, opened the door, and peered into the room. It was a pleasantly furnished room, and before the empty summer fireplace a very old white man was sitting in a chintz-covered armchair, lost, it would seem, in painful thought. He had a peculiar, gray, shrunken look, his eyes were closed, a bony hand with the shiny texture of alabaster gripped the chair arm. . . . There was something about him that held Bealby quite still for a moment.

And this old gentleman behaved very oddly. His body seemed to crumple into his chair, his hands slipped down from the arms, his head nodded forward, and his mouth and eyes seemed to open together. And he made a snoring sound. . . .

For a moment Bealby remained rigidly agape and then a violent desire to rejoin the tramp carried him back through the hen runs. . . .

He tried to describe what he had seen.

"Asleep with his mouth open," said the tramp. "Well, that ain't anything so wonderful. You *got* anything? That's what I want to know. . . . Did anyone ever see such a boy? 'Ere I'll go. . . .

"You keep a look out here," said the tramp.

BUT there was something about the old man in there, something so strange and alien to Bealby, that he could not remain alone in the falling twilight. He followed the cautious advances of the tramp toward the house. From the corner by the outhouses he saw the tramp go and peer in at the open door.

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He remained for some time peering, his head hidden from Bealby. . . .

Then he went in.

Bealby had an extraordinary desire that somebody else would come. His soul cried out for help against some vaguely apprehended terror. And in the very moment of his wish came its fulfillment. He saw advancing up the garden path a tall woman in a blue serge dress, hatless, and hurrying, and carrying a little package—it was medicine—in her hand. And with her came a big black dog. At the sight of Bealby the dog came forward barking, and Bealby after a moment's hesitation turned and fled.



"What is it?" said Bealby. "Soap!". . . . "That's what I has my fits with. See? I shoves a bit in my mouth and down I goes and I rolls about"

THE dog was quick. But Bealby was quicker. He went up the netting of a hen run and gave the dog no more than an ineffectual snap at his heels. And then dashing from the cottage door came the tramp. Under one arm was a brass-bound workbox and in the other was a candlestick and some smaller articles. He did not instantly grasp the situation of his treed companion, he was too anxious to escape the tall woman, and then with a yelp of dismay he discovered himself between woman and dog. All too late he sought to emulate Bealby. The workbox slipped from under his arm, the rest of his plunder fell from him; for an uneasy moment he was clinging to the side of the swaying hen run and then it had caved in and the dog had got him.

The dog bit, desisted and then finding itself confronted by two men retreated. Bealby and the tramp rolled and scrambled over the other side of the collapsed netting into a parallel track and were halfway to the hedge before the dog—but this time in a less vehement fashion—resumed his attack.

He did not close with them again and at the hedge he halted altogether and remained hacking the gloaming with his rage.

The woman it seemed had gone into the house, leaving the tramp's scattered loot upon the field of battle.

"This means mizzle," said the tramp, leading the way at a trot.

Bealby saw no other course but to follow.

He had a feeling as though the world had turned against him. He did not dare to think what he was thinking of the events of these crowded ten minutes. He felt he had touched something dreadful; that the twilight was full of accusations. . . . He feared and hated the tramp now, but he perceived something had linked them as they had not been linked before. Whatever it was they shared it.

THEY fled through the night; it seemed to Bealby for interminable hours. At last when they were worn out and footsore, they crept through a gate and found an uncomfortable cowering place in the corner of a field.

As they went they talked but little, but the tramp kept up a constant muttering to himself. He was troubled by the thought of hydrophobia. "I know I'll 'ave it," he said, "I know I'll get it."

Bealby after a time ceased to listen to his companion. His mind was preoccupied. He could think of nothing but that very white man in the chair, and the strange manner of his movement. "Was 'e awake when you saw 'im?" he asked at last.

"Awake—who?"

"That old man."

For a moment or so the tramp said nothing. "'E wasn't awake, you young silly," he said at last.

"But—wasn't he?"

"Why!—don't you know! 'E'd croaked—popped off the 'ooks—very moment you saw 'im."

For a moment Bealby's voice failed him.

Then he said quite faintly: "You mean—he'd—Was dead?"

"Didn't you know!" said the tramp. "Gaw! What a kid you are!"

IN THAT manner it was Bealby first saw a dead man. Never before had he seen anyone dead. After that for all the night the old white man pursued him with strange, slowly opening eyes, and a head on one side and his mouth suddenly and absurdly agape. . . .

All night long that white figure presided over seas of dark dismay. It seemed always to be there, and yet Bealby thought of a score of other painful things. For the first time in his life he asked himself: "Where am I going? What am I drifting to?" The world beneath the old man's dominance was a world of prisons.

Bealby believed he was a burglar and behind the darkness imagined the outraged law already seeking him. And the terrors of his associate reinforced his own.

He tried to think what he should do in the morning. He dreaded the dawn profoundly. But he could not collect his thoughts because of the tramp's incessant lapses into grumbling lamentation. Bealby knew he had to get away from the tramp, but now he was too weary and alarmed to think of running away as a possible expedient. And besides there was the matter of his money. And beyond the range of the tramp's voice there were darknesses which to-night at least might hold inconceivable forms of lurking evil. But could he not appeal to the law to save him? Repent? Was there not something called turning King's evidence?

The moon was no comfort that night. Across it there passed with incredible slowness a number of jagged little black clouds, blacker than any clouds Bealby had ever seen before. They were like velvet palls, lined with snowy fur. There was no end to them. And one at last most horribly gaped slowly and opened a mouth. . . .

AT INTERVALS there would be uncomfortable movements and the voice of the tramp came out of the darkness beside Bealby lamenting his approaching fate and discoursing—sometimes with violent expressions—on watchdogs.

"I know I shall 'ave 'idrophobia," said the tramp. "I've always 'ad a disposition to 'idrophobia. Always a dread of water—and now it's got me.

"Think of it!—keeping a beast to set at a 'uman being. Where's the brotherhood of it? Where's the law and the humanity? Getting a animal to set at a brother man. And a poisoned animal, a animal with death in his teeth. And a 'orrible death too. Where's the sense and brotherhood?

"Gaw! when I felt 'is teeth coming through my triisers—!

"Dogs oughtn't to be allowed. They're a noosance in the towns and a danger in the country. They oughtn't to be allowed anywhere—not till every blessed 'uman being 'as got three square meals a day. Then, if you like, keep a dog. And see 'e's a clean dog. . . .

"Gaw! if I'd been a bit quicker up that 'en roost—!

"I ought to 'ave landed 'im a kick.

"It's a man's duty to 'urt a dog. When 'e sees a dog 'e ought to 'urt 'im. It's a natural 'atred. If dogs were what they ought to be, if dogs understood 'ow they're situated, there wouldn't be a dog go for a man ever.

"And if one did they'd shoot 'im. . . .

"After this if ever I get a chance to land a dog a oner with a stone I'll land 'im one. I been too sorft with dogs. . . ."

Toward dawn Bealby slept uneasily, to be awakened by the loud snorting curiosity of three lively young horses. He sat up in a blinding sunshine and saw the tramp looking very filthy and contorted, sleeping with his mouth wide open and an expression of dismay and despair on his face.

BEALBY took his chance to steal away next morning while the tramp was engaged in artificial epilepsy.

"I feel like fits this morning," said the tramp. "I could do it well. I want a bit of human kindness again. After that brasted dog.

"I expect soon I'll 'ave the foam all right without any soap."

They marked down a little cottage before which a benevolent-looking spectacled old gentleman in a large straw hat and a thin alpaca jacket was engaged in budding roses. Then they retired to prepare. The tramp handed over to Bealby various compromising possessions, which might embarrass an afflicted person under the searching hands of charity. There was for example the piece of soap after he had taken sufficient for his immediate needs, there was ninepence in money, there were the pack of cards with which they had played euchre, a key or so and some wires, much assorted string, three tins, a large piece of bread, the end of a composite candle, a box of sulphur matches, list slippers, a pair of gloves, a clasp knife, sundry gray rags. They all seemed to have the distinctive flavor of the tramp. . . .

"If you do a bunk with these," said the tramp. "By Gawd—"

He drew his finger across his throat.

(King's Evidence)

Bealby from a safe distance watched the beginnings of the fit and it impressed him as a thoroughly nasty kind of fit. He saw the elderly gentleman hurry out of the cottage and stand for a moment looking over his little green garden gate, surveying the sufferings of the tramp with an expression of intense yet discreet commiseration. Then suddenly he was struck by an idea, he darted in among his rose bushes and reappeared with a big watering can and an enormous syringe. Still keeping the gate between himself and the sufferer he loaded his syringe very carefully and deliberately. . . .

BEALBY would have liked to have seen more but he felt his moment had come. Another instant and it might be gone again. Very softly he dropped from the gate on which he was sitting and made off like a running partridge along the hedge of the field.

Just for a moment did he halt—at a strange sharp yelp that came from the direction of the little cottage. Then his purpose of flight resumed its control of him.

He would strike across country for two or three miles, then make for the nearest police station and give himself up. (Loud voices. Was that the tramp murdering the benevolent old gentleman in the straw hat or was it the benevolent old gentleman in the straw hat murdering the tramp? No time to question. Onward, Onward!) The tramp's cans rattled in his pocket. He drew one out, hesitated a moment and flung it away and then sent its two companions after it. . . .

He found his police station upon the road between Somesort and Crayminster, a little peaceful rural station, a mere sunny cottage with a blue and white label and a notice board covered with belated bills about the stealing of pheasants' eggs. And another bill—

It was headed MISSING and the next most conspicuous words were £5 *Reward* and the next ARTHUR BEALBY.

He was fascinated. So swift, so terribly swift is the law. Already they knew of his burglary, of his callous participation in the robbing of a dead man. Already the sleuths were upon his trail. So surely did his conscience strike to this conclusion that even the carelessly worded offer of a reward that followed his description conveyed no different intimation to his mind. "To whomsoever will bring him back to Lady Laxton at Shonts near Chelsmore," so it ran.

"And out of pocket expenses."

AND even as Bealby read this terrible document, the door of the police station opened and a very big pink young policeman came out and stood regarding the world in a friendly, self-approving manner. He had innocent, happy, blue eyes; thus far he had had much to do with order and little with crime; and his rosebud mouth would have fallen open, had not discipline already closed it and set upon it the beginnings of a resolute expression that accorded ill with the rest of his open freshness. And when he had surveyed the sky and the distant hills and the little rosebushes that occupied the leisure of the force, his eyes fell upon Bealby. . . .

Indecision has ruined more men than wickedness. And when one has slept rough and eaten nothing and one is conscious of a marred unclean appearance, it is hard to face one's situations. What Bealby had intended to do was to go (Concluded on page 34)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

CONGRESS, during the latter part of the summer, is not an encouraging spectacle. At a time when every business man and most of the private citizens of the country were hard hit by a foreign war, and when everyone was anxiously readjusting himself to the conditions threatening us—at this very time it was difficult to keep enough Congressmen in Washington to attend to the public business. There were periods when more than half the members were away attending to their own reelection. For example, on Saturday, August 1, 1914, with Congress in session and practically all Europe becoming involved in war, it was not possible to consider emergency legislation because the Lower House could not get a quorum together. Some one not long ago ventured the assertion that not half the members of Congress understand the antitrust measures which they have passed. The proportion may or may not be accurate. But this belief indicates the common feeling of observers about the Lower House of Congress just at this time. Inefficiency in the Lower House shows itself in obvious ways. The boys' bathing beach in Washington had to be closed because the end of the fiscal year arrived before Congress had got around to renewing the appropriations for this year. In any private business such an episode would be a scandal.

The Senate, of course, is another matter. They have stayed in Washington during the hot weather with an earnest intention to attend to the public business. The Senate debates on the antitrust measures have been entirely informing and creditable.

The People Don't Know

THERE is nothing so hopeless to an observer of Congress as the lack of public information about it. There is literally no periodical in the United States which even attempts to give an account of the work of the Government at Washington. In London the "Times" and one or two other daily papers give daily practically a complete stenographic report of the work of Parliament, and this is read each morning by some hundreds of thousands of the people of England. With us Congress does not meet in our largest city. For the New York newspapers to print an equally complete account of the work of Congress would involve prohibitive telegraph tolls. The same is true of every other large city. Washington is a city of only about three hundred thousand, of whom about a half are colored. It has not enough population to justify the daily papers of that city in printing an extended account of the work of Congress for local consumption only. The result is that daily papers throughout the country, quite naturally, expect their Washington correspondents and their expensive telegraph bills to give them primarily that kind of Washington news which is of local interest—the appointment of postmasters, local river improvements, and the like. There is no weekly paper which even attempts to record as much as one one-hundredth of the important activities of Congress and the Government.



The above photograph of Congressman Charles G. Edwards of Savannah, Ga., was printed in his own campaign booklet, which he circulates among his constituents. Another picture of himself has this description:

"CONGRESSMAN EDWARDS'S FIGHTING FACE
This shows Congressman Edwards as he appeared when he made the fight against the Alaskan Railroad Bill"

To anyone who watches Congress closely, this is all very hopeless. The Congressional Record is, of course, a stenographic report of the debates and acts of Congress. If it stopped there, probably it might serve as a basis of information to the public. But it is cumbered with speeches that never were delivered, newspaper clippings, partisan documents. As it stands, probably not a thousand people throughout the country read the official Record with any regularity. It is a book of reference rather than one to be read.

Buncombe

THE curse of Congress is cheapness, inefficiency, buncombe, devotion to private and local interests, indifference to the general public good of the nation. The intellectual average of the Lower House—and of the Senate also—has become low. The quality of the average Congressman is well illustrated by a booklet used as a campaign document by the one whose picture is on this page. He is Congressman Charles Gordon Edwards of Savannah, Ga. He is serving his eighth year in Congress. As Congressmen go, he is not the poorest specimen. The picture that appears on this page, with the flamboyant words which he puts under it, is only one of the four pictures of himself which he puts in the booklet. One is entitled "Edwards, the Man Who Made It Possible"; another, "Congressman Edwards, Pleading for Harmony." Some of the things he says about himself, in order to get himself reelected, are not calculated to make an American proud of Congress. He says: "It is in humble obedience to this duty which I feel I owe to the people of the First Congressional District of Georgia" that he is running for reelection. Bunk! He is running because he wants the office and the pay! There is this promise in the metaphor of pork and pie: "There will be no 'second table' for any county so far as I am concerned." Mark this appeal to sectional prejudice: "Has advocated and favors fair pensions for worthy Confederate veterans and their widows." But on another page: "Opposed Union pensions by his vote and by a speech on the floor of the House." There are pages and pages of his record in getting pie:

Introduced in the past dozens of Southern war-claim bills.

Secured a public building site for Statesboro.
Secured a public site for Waynesboro.

Has helped to distribute latest and most improved cotton and other seed.

Has furnished nearly every rural school of the district with a large United States wall map, in order that the greatest good from these valuable maps would result to the greatest possible number, instead of sending them to the "favored few."

And so on ad infinitum. He calls himself "The PLOWBOY of TATNALL," and says of his opponent: "He can't OUT-COUNTRY the PLOWBOY." Finally, he enumerates as one of the reasons for reelection that:

He delivered a speech urging that the motto, "In God We Trust," be restored to the coins from which it was stricken under the Republican Administration. The motto was restored.

Do the people of Georgia really swallow this sort of thing? Unhappily, it is necessary to admit that this sort of cheap and shallow demagoguery is more common among the Democratic Congressmen from the South than elsewhere.

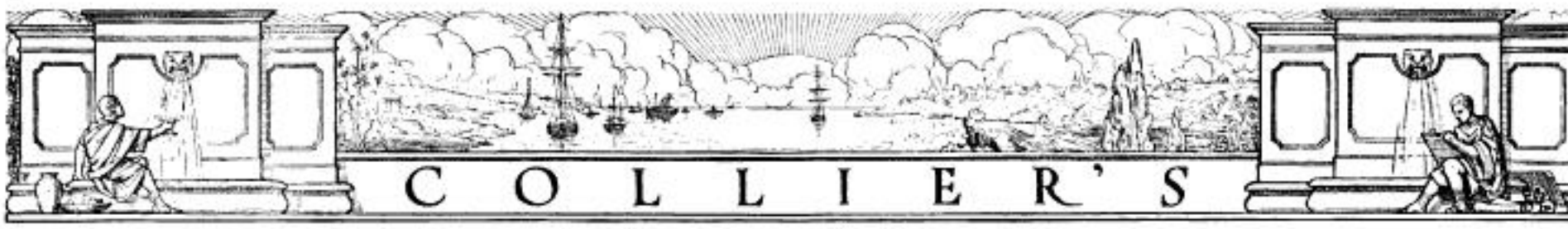
During the present fall, the entire membership of the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, and the following SENATORS come up for reelection (some other Senators whose terms expire have already been defeated.)

BRADY *Idaho*	GORE *Oklahoma*	SHIVELY *Indiana*
BRANDEGEE *Connecticut*	GRONNA *North Dakota*	SMITH *South Carolina*
CHAMBERLAIN *Oregon*	JONES *Washington*	SMITH *Georgia*
CLARKE *Arkansas*	NEWLANDS *Nevada*	SMITH *Maryland*
CUMMINS *Iowa*	OVERMAN *North Carolina*	SMITH *Arizona*
DILLINGHAM *Vermont*	PENROSE *Pennsylvania*	SMOOT *Utah*
FLETCHER *Florida*	ROOT *New York*	STEPHENSON *Wisconsin*
GALLINGER *New Hampshire*	SHERMAN *Illinois*	STONE *Missouri*

THOMAS, *Colorado*

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The Best-Laid Plans

THERE IS A FAINTLY AMUSING IRONY in the situation in which an editor finds himself. Having devoted the summer issues of his periodical more than commonly to entertainment, he looks forward and makes plans for resuming politics and other serious matters at the beginning of September. But just how much interest will Americans take in their own politics this fall? And what direction will that interest take? What is likely to be the trend of the Congressional elections in November? What effect does a war have on neutral thought? Does it tend toward reaction or liberalism? Of course, if it goes far enough, war is likely to result—not here, of course, but in Europe—in a kind of general chaos in which the weak find themselves at the mercy of the strong. That develops a tendency for the weak to seek patrons and leaders, to depend on them and confer power on them. But that is in Europe. If reaction comes there, will it infect America also? Quite apart from the European war, it was already apparent that there were in America the strong beginnings of a swing toward reaction, a fatigue with tumult, a tendency to shut the ears to the din of agitation, a growing distaste for the harsher and noisier leaders of reform, a tolerance, almost a sympathy, for their victims. The sharp defeat of BRISTOW was significant. But the tumult and the shouting have had their effect. Some things are crystallized, never to change. If the people look with almost friendly tolerance on CANNON'S efforts to come back from Danville, it is largely because they know his power for evil is gone. The vote that FORAKER got and that PENROSE will get is founded somewhat on the same spirit—a spirit which would express itself in contemporary American as: "Oh, let 'im up; he's all bloody!"

Bailey

THE PAPERS even say that BAILEY is going to try to come back from Texas. If he does, our interest in his campaign won't be wholly hostile. He is against most of the things in government that we are for, but we know his quality. For such harm as we think he ever did, his teeth are pulled. Standard Oil will never retain him again. All that sort of thing is completely in the past of American politics. Intellectually, BAILEY is needed. In intelligence, in education and experience, in knowledge of the philosophy of government, in personal force, he is incomparably the superior of the man who now holds his seat, or any of the Senators who came in as flotsam on the reform wave. Indeed, when BAILEY was in the Senate he was always among the first five strong men. In any Senate that we can foresee he would probably be among the first ten. The reform of the Senate which came with their direct election, and the agitation of the past few years, resulted, of course, in a higher ideal of the responsiveness of the public servant to the public will, but equally clearly it resulted in a distinct intellectual deterioration. What is needed now in the Senate is intelligence, and devotion to conviction—any sort of conviction—and courage and force. We wish BAILEY well. In reality he is an incorrigible romanticist. He is like an overgrown boy who has been reading Sir WALTER SCOTT and dramatizes himself as IVANHOE, GUY MANNERING, or RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION. We heard a story about BAILEY last winter: Congressman NEELEY of Kansas, discussing a bill on the floor, with an attentive mind upon the rural Kansas ear, spoke of the ex-Senator from Texas as "smeared with the smell of Standard Oil." (The figure of speech is the Congressman's, not ours.) BAILEY heard the quotation and wrote a letter to Congressman NEELEY demanding personal satisfaction, which he sent through the hand of a friendly public man. NEELEY paid no attention to the incident until he received a second visit from the intermediary with a demand for an answer, and was given the idea that Senator BAILEY wanted action and satisfaction of the old-fashioned sort. Thereupon NEELEY, taking the position that custom accorded him the choice of weapons, suggested that each combatant should have a three-foot length of bologna sausage, the combatants to stand twenty feet apart, and heave. We have been told this story under circumstances which urge us to believe it. If by any chance it is not wholly true, we hope the Texas ex-Senator won't call us to account for it. It makes us understand him more clearly and like him better. We think it will have the same effect with the public.

Good Reading

OUR GUESS is that, however much interest there may be in domestic politics this fall, descriptions, well written, of what is going on in Europe will be the form of literature most acceptable in America the coming months. The American writers already there for COLLIER'S include ARTHUR RUHL, WILL IRWIN, GELETT BURGESS, HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM, and STANLEY WASHBURN. Probably the descriptions by these men, written from our home viewpoint, will be the most eagerly read; but in permanent value they will not excel the work of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, H. G. WELLS, and the other English writers.

The Great American Fraud

IN THE MIDST OF WAR'S ALARUMS pause to consider the fact that the Oxyfakers have sued COLLIER'S for $250,000 damages. When we reflect upon the aggregate millions of dollars which divers patent-medicine concerns have named as the amounts we have damaged them, we are almost impressed by ourselves.

Looking Away Ahead

THE LYNCHBURG (VA.) "ADVANCE"—owned, incidentally, by a Democratic Congressman, CARTER GLASS, who voted for a high protective tariff on lumber—says that COLLIER'S will be supporting ROOSEVELT for President in 1916. Prophecy, brother, is a pastime more entertaining than seriously valuable. If we are to spend a few minutes in that amusement, our guess is that the next President may be much nearer the standpat type than ROOSEVELT is. But we don't stand very strongly on that guess. We can't remember a time when the future of politics in this country was so difficult to predict. There was a forecast in the Chicago "Tribune" some weeks ago. The "Tribune" is saying, not what it hopes, but what it fears:

> Undoubtedly the once repudiated chiefs of the Republican party have new confidence and are animated by revived hope. They believe that there is to be a reaction against Democratic administration and legislation, and that this reaction will be impatient, unreasoning, and probably violent.
>
> It may be impatient in that the impulse will urge an attack upon all social reform theories, and thus also unreasoning. It may be that public opinion, provoked and exasperated, will not discriminate, but will turn toward the old masters of political affairs as to men who did not disturb business, did not disturb conditions of employment, and who, whatever else they might do, did not interrupt the orderly processes of the nation's affairs.
>
> There is unquestionably a danger that for the time being there will be a loss of ground in a number of highly important political movements which have little or nothing to do with the responsibility of the Democratic administration.
>
> CANNON, PENROSE, MCKINLEY, BARNES, etc., etc., are confident that this revulsion will be to their benefit, and they are astute observers. It therefore becomes more important than ever that there should be renewed opposition to them.
>
> Unless the voters be blinded by their own impatience they will not permit their distrust and disapproval of the Democratic administration to be turned to the advantage of the men who made the establishment of a Democratic administration inevitable by the disregard of the expressed will of the Republican voters.

If our Virginia brother can find any comfort in this, he's welcome.

Of the Same Opinion Still

TO MR. CHARLES W. LAMBORN, lawyer, of Chicago, and some hundreds of others: No, we have not changed our mind about the President's Mexican policy, nor admit that events have proved us wrong. But we can think of a whole lot of things which it is less profitable to keep quiet about just now.

A Woman Who Died Recently

WE CANNOT let the untimely death of Mrs. WOODROW WILSON pass by without reiterating that it is a national misfortune. She was one of those who know this world for what it really is: a camping ground of the human soul, a place of beginnings. Her eyes saw through our shows of rank and property and power to the everlasting brotherhood in which we all stand before GOD. If success came because of duty well done she was glad, but no sudden elevation could disturb with pride the steadfastness of her gentle spirit. Her friends thought of her habitually as one in whose integrity and loyalty their souls might rest. She believed implicitly in the good in others and they were nobler because she did so. To those busied in the noise and strife of our politics at Washington, wherein men's hearts grow hard and their souls dusty, her presence must have been like cool water to one in fever. Such an influence heals and strengthens like the sunlight itself—no one can guess the power it has. It is a blessing to the nation, for men in high office do not live of themselves, they lean on those near and dear to them. It is by love, after all, that we conquer our days, and this was Mrs. WILSON'S *gift*. And is this the end? When such a spirit leaves us, kindly and free, loving sunshine and friendship, making life itself more dear, shall we not say that all is well?

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

For Efficiency

"TOTAL ABSTINENCE from alcoholic stimulants," runs a cable dispatch from London, "will be strictly observed during Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON'S trip across the South Polar continent. He and his men propose to work long hours, including eight hours' marching every day, but for stimulants they will rely on nothing stronger than tea or cocoa." This is not the freak of an enthusiast, but a common-sense decision, based upon the facts concerning alcohol. For maximum efficiency, the explorer cuts out the booze. The question is: Shall the rest of us be equally efficient in shouldering a share of the world's work?

Is This Best?

ARE WE, after all, doing the right thing with respect to our large units of industry? For ourselves we confess to a feeble-minded indecision. When we talk with LOUIS BRANDEIS or read his books we think he is right. When we read the admirable book of CHARLES R. VAN HISE, president of the University of Wisconsin, we think the encouraging of big units—with regulation—is best. In reading the decision of the court in the International Harvester case we cannot help feeling that no one of the judges had any enthusiasm for what they considered it necessary, under the law as it stands, to do, nor believed in the law they enforced. Judge HOOK stated:

> It may be, as is said, that there is a growing recognition of the need of great concentrated resources for trade and commerce, even though secured by a combination of independent competing concerns. *But that is not the Sherman Act, and a statute must be taken by the courts as a true estimate of the preponderance of public opinion which calls for legislative expression. It is not for the courts to question whether that opinion was rightly weighed or interpreted, whether it is wise or unwise, or whether it has since changed.*

Later on Judge HOOK was still more obvious in letting out the idea that he himself did not believe in what the law compelled him to:

> It is but just, however, to say and make it plain that in the main the business conduct of the company toward its competitors and the public has been honorable, clean, and fair. Some petty dishonesties were tracked in at the start, mostly by subordinates who had been in the service of the old companies, but they were soon gotten rid of. In this connection it should also be said that specific charges of misconduct were made in the Government's petition which found no warrant whatever in the proof. They were of such a character and there was so much of them, apparently without foundation, that the case is exceptional in that particular.

The court said that "in general their treatment of their smaller competitors has been fair and just." Also, it was specifically pointed out that the amount of property turned into the combination was greater than the amount of securities issued, which means that there was no overcapitalization. The statute under which the judges found it necessary to dissolve in this case is even now being made more drastic by Congress. This exactly at a moment when we are under a necessity, universally recognized, for cooperation; to enable us to defend ourselves against the conditions created by foreign war. Does this represent, in Judge HOOK's words, "the preponderance of public opinion"? Is it not a fair question for debate whether this is not a step backward in civilization?

How About This?

THE FOLLOWING WORDS were written by the present writer in COLLIER'S over five years ago:

> *Those who fight consolidation in this era start with a large handicap. Why not accept it and regulate it? In convenience, in economy, in profits, everyone admits the benefits of consolidation. The essential ground for complaint is that too many of these benefits now go to the consolidators.*

These words were printed in COLLIER'S for January 16, 1909. That was some years before the Progressive party was dreamed of. We are free to admit our minds have gone round the compass on this subject several times since then, but the words read well to-day.

The Curse of Small Business

THE ATTENTION of those who believe that big business is necessarily bad and that small units are preferable in the interest of the community is invited to a report recently made to the London (England) County Council on London's electricity supply. Messrs. Merz & McLellan, a famous engineering firm which has built enormous plants at Newcastle and elsewhere, find that England's greatest city is now served by sixty-five companies which operate seventy generating stations using thirty-one different systems of generation, eight different frequencies, twenty-one different distributing voltages, and fifty methods of charging the consumer for what he gets. The waste and vexation caused by this confusion must be incalculable. This planless piecemeal policy has now come to the end of its rope. The engineers propose to arrange for an ultimate supply from one huge generating station and to retire the bric-à-brac as fast as possible. The trouble is that for the next fifteen years the savings thus effected must be spent in retiring the dead capital already invested, so that the consumer will reap no immediate gain. London is far off, but the example is a huge one and easily understood. The difficulty with small-scale business is that it thwarts the future. Business must be regulated, responsive to the public interest and the general conscience, but it must first of all be adequate or it is a failure. Any service fit for our modern communities must be a service of foresight and leadership.

War Costs

THOSE WHO PREDICT A RUINED EUROPE after the war must remember that this depends partly upon whether or not the present struggle settles the armament question. Europe now spends over one thousand million dollars per annum on the war business. If part or all of this can be saved it will go far in the work of restoration. Furthermore, war is a tremendous inspirer of energy, as France proved after 1870 and as we proved after the Civil War. Science and industry will go forward even faster when freed of some of the burden of the military fanatics. Our civilization is not to be overturned.

Much Obliged, Cynthia

IN CINCINNATI the "Post" has a woman star reporter, CYNTHIA GREY. One day recently the managing editor told her to think up a new stunt. She came around to COLLIER'S local office and got a job as agent. From her experiences, as reported in the "Post," we find the first person she called on was ex-Congressman NICHOLAS LONGWORTH. She found Mr. LONGWORTH "all dressed up in a new blue suit—gazing out on the Kentucky hills." (We know what he was thinking about.) NICK subscribed for two years and paid $5 cash. Two years will take us beyond the next National Convention. If the ex-Congressman will read us steadily he may be able to solve the doubt that tears his soul, whether to be Progressive or Republican would best promote his personal political fortunes. WALTER KNIGHT "did not care for the policy of the publication and told me so frankly at once." We don't know WALTER. Has he any distillery connections? Anyhow, if all the persons who don't like the policy of COLLIER'S were assembled on a ten-acre lot, and would then take a look at one another, we think WALTER would quickly get out of the company he would find himself in.

Fatherhood and Motherhood

SOME ONE ought to call the attention of the critics of the modern feminist movement to the fact that our civilization believes in children being born into families. A family consists of a recognized father, a mother, and a child or several children. Every form of legal and social pressure has been exerted for centuries to make this the only accepted mode for carrying on the race. Its success is evident in the fact that the legitimate children are vastly more numerous than the illegitimate—i. e., those born outside the family relation. In spite of all this we are hearing a great deal nowadays about women "shirking motherhood," "refusing motherhood," or "escaping the duty of motherhood," as if a child were a sort of solitary indulgence on the part of the woman concerned. Anyone who knows the facts of modern life knows that there are practically always two people responsible for the childless family—a man and a woman. If any blame is to be assessed, it must be put on both of them. The version which blames the woman only is no more modern than the third chapter of Genesis. If we are to do any clear thinking on this important subject, it is time we began to discuss the phenomenon of men "shirking fatherhood," "refusing fatherhood," and "escaping the duty of fatherhood." This correction is true not only with respect to the institution of marriage, but also with respect to the economic basis of family life. The modern development of means of diversion and indulgence has affected men as well as women. Successful men are quite as apt to be absorbed in business and pleasure as women are in society and pleasure. They avoid and neglect the family with the same selfish facility. Both have made the same tragic mistake of preferring the transient to the durable satisfactions of life. It is doubtful if any women's college has as bad a record from the standpoint of perpetuating the race as has Harvard. Our country will not escape race suicide by talking as if it were sex suicide. The problem is to impress the ideal of family life upon people who have been so educated and trained as to be centered wholly on themselves.

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"In Mizzoura"

Three Mississippi River Towns

Chapter VIII—Abroad at Home—*American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures*

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

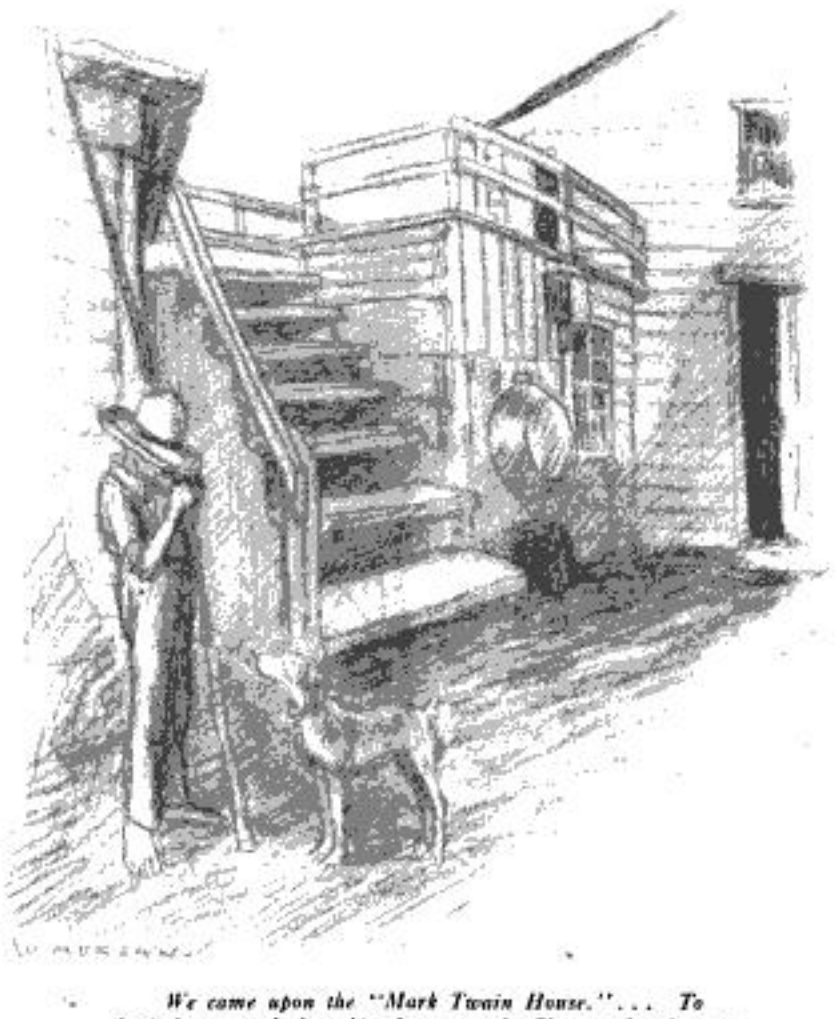
IF BLACK SLAVES are no longer bought and sold there; if the river trade has dwindled; if the railroad and the factory have come, bringing a larger population with them; if the town now has a hundred-thousand-dollar city hall, a country club, and "fifty-six passenger trains daily," it is, at all events, a pleasure to record the fact that Hannibal, Mo., retains to-day that look of soft and shambling picturesqueness suitable to an old river town, and essential to the "St. Petersburg" of fiction—the perpetual dwelling place of those immortal boys, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

Should this characterization of the town fail to meet with the approval of the Hannibal Commercial Club, I regret it, for I honor the Commercial Club because of its action toward the preservation of a thing so uncommercial as the boyhood home of Mark Twain. But, after all, the club must remember that, in its creditable effort to build up a newer and finer Hannibal, a Hannibal of brick and granite, it is running counter to the sentimental interests of innumerable persons who, though most of them have never seen the old town and never will, yet think of it as given to them by Mark Twain, with a peculiar tenderness, as though it were a Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn among the cities—a ragged, happy boy of a town, which ought never, never to grow up.

There is no more charming way of preserving the memory of an artist than through the preservation of the house in which he lived, and that is especially true where the artist is a literary man and where the house has figured in his writings. What memorial to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, for example, could equal the one in Portsmouth, N. H., where the house in which the "Bad Boy" of the "Diary" used to live is preserved, even to the furniture and the bedroom wall paper mentioned in the book? And what monuments to Washington Irving could touch quite the note that is touched by that old house in Tarrytown, N. Y., or that other old house in Irving Place, in the City of New York, where the Authors' League of America now has its headquarters?

With the exception of Stratford-on-Avon, I do not know of a community so completely dominated by the memory of a great man of letters as is the city of Hannibal by the memory of Mark Twain. There is, indeed, a curious resemblance to be traced between the two towns. I don't mean a physical resemblance, for no places could be less alike than the garden town where Shakespeare lived in England and the pathetic wooden village of the early West in which nine years of Mark Twain's boyhood were spent. The resemblance is only in the majestic shadows cast over them by their great men.

Thus, the hotel in Stratford is called The Shakespeare Hotel, while that in Hannibal is The Mark Twain. Stratford has the house in which Shakespeare was born; Hannibal the house in which Mark Twain lived—the house of Tom Sawyer. Stratford has the cottage of Anne Hathaway; Hannibal that of "Becky Thatcher." And Hannibal has, furthermore, one possession which lovers of the delightful Becky will hope may long be spared to it—it possesses, in the person of Mrs. Laura Hawkins Frazer, who is now matron of the Home for the Friendless, the original of Becky.



We came upon the "Mark Twain House." . . . To think that, wretched as this place was, the Clemens family were forced to leave it for a time because they were too poor to live there!

If They Meet They Smile

IT IS said that a memorial tablet, intended to mark the birthplace of Eugene Field in St. Louis, was placed, not only upon the wrong house, but upon a house in the wrong street. Mark Twain unveiled the tablet; one can fancy the spirits of these two Missouri literary men meeting somewhere and smiling together over that. But if the shade of Mark Twain should undertake to chaff that of the poet upon the fact that mortals had erred as to the location of his birthplace, the shade of Field would not be able to retort in kind, for—thanks partly to the fact that Mark Twain was known for a genius while he was yet alive, and partly to the indefatigable labors of his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine—a vast fund of accurate information covering the life of the great Missourian, from the time of his birth in the little hamlet of Florida, Mo., to his death in Reading, Conn., has been preserved. No; if the shade of Field should wish to return the jest, it would probably call the humorist's attention to a certain memorial tablet in the Mark Twain house in Hannibal. But of that presently.

What Is Left of Mark Twain in Hannibal

I HAVE said that the Commercial Club honored Mark Twain's memory. That is true. But the Commercial Club would not be a Commercial Club if it did not also wish the visitor to take into consideration certain other matters. In effect it says to him: "Yes, indeed, Mark Twain spent the most important part of his boyhood here. But we wish you to understand that Hannibal is a busy, growing town. We have the cheapest electric power in the Mississippi Valley. We offer free factory sites. We—"

"Yes," you say, "but where is the Mark Twain house?"

"Oh—" says Hannibal, catching its breath. "Go right on up Main to Hill Street; you'll find it just around the corner. Anyone will point it out to you. There's a bronze tablet in the wall. But put this little pamphlet in your pocket. It tells all about our city. You can read it at your leisure."

You take the pamphlet and move along up Main Street. And if there is a sympathetic native with you he will stop you at the corner of Main and Bird—they call it Wildcat Corner—and point out a little wooden shanty adjoining a near-by alley, where, it is said, Mark Twain's father, John Marshall Clemens, had his office when he was Justice of the Peace—the same office in which Samuel Clemens in his boyhood saw the corpse lying on the floor, by moonlight, as recounted in "The Innocents Abroad."

It was at Wildcat Corner, too, that the boys conducted that famous piece of high finance: trading off the green watermelon, which they had stolen, for a ripe one, on the allegation that the former had been purchased.

Also near the corner stands the building in which Joseph Ament had the office of his newspaper, the "Missouri Courrier," where young Sam Clemens first went to work as an apprentice, doing errands and learning to set type; and there are many other old buildings having some bearing on the history of the Clemens family, including one at the corner of Main and Hill Streets, in the upper story of which the family lived for a time, a building somewhat after the Greek pattern so prevalent throughout the South in the early days. Once, when he revisited Hannibal after he had become famous, Mark Twain stopped before that building and told Mr. George A. Mahan that he remembered when it was erected, and that at the time the fluted columns on the front of it constituted his idea of reckless extravagance—that, indeed, the ostentation of them startled the whole town.

Concerning a Certain Memorial Tablet

TURNING into Bird Street and passing the old Pavey Hotel, we came upon the "Mark Twain House," a tiny little box of a cottage, its sagging front so taken up with five windows and a door that there is barely room for the little bronze plaque which marks the place. At one side is an alley running back to the house of Huckleberry Finn, on the next street (Huck, as Paine tells us, was really a boy named Tom Blankenship), and in that alley stood the historic fence which young Sam Clemens cajoled the other boys into whitewashing for him, as related in "Tom Sawyer."

Inside the house there is little to be seen. It is occupied now by a custodian who sells post cards, and has but few Mark Twain souvenirs to show—some photographs and autographs; nothing of importance. But, despite that, I got a real sensation as I stood in the little parlor, hardly larger than a good-sized closet, and realized that in that miserable shanty grew up the wild, barefoot boy who has since been called "the greatest Missourian" and "America's greatest literary man," and that in and about that place he gathered the impressions and had the adventures which at the time he himself never dreamed would be made by him into books—much less books that would be known as classics.

In the front room of the cottage a memorial tablet is to be seen. It is a curious thing. At the top is the following inscription:

THIS BUILDING PRESENTED TO THE
CITY OF HANNIBAL,
MAY 7, 1912,
BY
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE A. MAHAN
AS A MEMORIAL TO
MARK TWAIN

Beneath the legend is a portrait bust of the author in bas relief. At the bottom of the tablet is another inscription. From across the room I saw that it was set off in quotation marks, and assuming, of course, that it was some particularly suitable extract from the works of the most quotable of all Americans, I stepped across and read it. This is what it said:

"MARK TWAIN'S LIFE TEACHES THAT POVERTY IS AN INCENTIVE RATHER THAN A BAR; AND THAT ANY BOY, HOWEVER HUMBLE HIS BIRTH AND SURROUNDINGS, MAY BY HONESTY AND INDUSTRY ACCOMPLISH GREAT THINGS."
—GEORGE A. MAHAN.

That inscription made me think of many things. It made me think of Napoleon's inscription on the

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statue of Henri IV, and of Judge Thatcher's talk with Tom Sawyer, in the Sunday school, and of Mr. Walters, the Sunday-school superintendent, in the same book, and of certain moral lessons drawn by Andrew Carnegie. And not the least thing of which it made me think was the mischievous, shiftless, troublesome, sandy-haired young rascal who hated school and Sunday school and yet became the more than honest, more than industrious man, commemorated here.

The World That Opened from a Back Yard

IF I did not feel the inspiration of that place while considering the tablet, the back yard gave me real delight. There were the old outhouses, the old back stair, the old back fence, and the little window looking down on them—the window of Tom Sawyer, beneath which, in the gloaming, Huckleberry Finn made catcalls to summon forth his fellow buccaneer. And here, below the window, was the place where Pamela Clemens, Sam's sister, the original of "Cousin Mary" in "Tom Sawyer," had her candy pull on that evening when a boy, in his undershirt, came tumbling from above.

And to think that, wretched as this place was, the Clemens family were forced to leave it for a time because they were too poor to live there! Of a certainty, Mark Twain's early life was as squalid as his later life was rich. However, it was always colorful—he saw to that, straight through from the barefoot days to those of the white suits, the Oxford gown, and the European courts.

Not far back of the house rises the "Cardiff Hill" of the stories; in reality, Holliday's Hill, so called because long ago there lived up at the top old Mrs. Holliday, who burned a lamp in her window every night as a mark for river pilots to run by. It was down that hill that the boys rolled the stones which startled churchgoers, and that final, enormous rock which, by a fortunate freak of chance, hurdled a negro and his wagon instead of striking and destroying them. Ah, how rich in racy memories are those streets! Somewhere among them, in that part of town which has come to be called "Mark Twainville," is the very spot, unmarked and unknown, where young Sam Clemens picked up a scrap of newspaper upon which was printed a portion of the tale of Joan of Arc—a scrap of paper which, Paine says, gave him his first literary stimulus. And somewhere else, not far from the house, is the place where Orion Clemens, Sam's elder brother, ran the ill-starred newspaper on which Sam worked, setting type and doing his first writing. It was, indeed, in Orion's paper that Sam's famous verse, "To Mary in Hannibal," was publisht—the title condensed, because of the narrow column, to read: "To Mary in H—l."

Along the crest of the bluffs, overlooking the river, the city of Hannibal has made for itself a charming park, and at the highest point in this park there is to be unveiled, in a short time, a statue of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, which, from its position, will command a view of many leagues of mile-wide Mississippi. It is peculiarly fitting that the memorial should be stationed in that place. Mark Twain loved the river. Even though it almost "got" him in his boyhood (he had "nine narrow escapes from drowning") he adored it; later, when his youthful ambition to become a river pilot was attained, he still adored it; and finally he wrote his love of it into that masterpiece, "Life on the Mississippi," of which Arnold Bennett has said: "I would sacrifice for it the entire works of Thackeray and George Eliot."

Looking up the river from the spot where the statue will be placed, one may see Turtle Island, where the boys used to go and feast on turtle's eggs—rowing there in that boat which they so "honestly and industriously" stole and painted red, that its former proprietor might not recognize it. Below is Glascox Island, where Nigger Jim hid. Glascox Island is often called Tom Sawyer's Island, or Mark Twain's Island, now. Not far below the island is the "scar on the hillside" which marks the famous cave.

"For Sam Clemens," says Paine in his biography, "the cave had a fascination that never faded. Other localities and diversions might pall, but any mention of the cave found him always eager and ready for the three-mile walk or-pull that brought them to the mystic door."

I suggested to my companion that, for the sake of sentiment, we, too, approach the cave by rowing down the river. And, having suggested this plan, I offered to take upon myself the heaviest responsibility connected with the undertaking—that of piloting the boat in these unfamiliar waters. All I required of him was the mere manual act of working the oars. To my amazement he refused. I fear that he not only lacks sentiment, but that he is becoming lazy.

We drove out to the cave in a Ford car.

Do You Remember This Cave?

DO YOU remember when Tom Sawyer took the boys to the cave at night, in "Huckleberry Finn"?

"We went to a clump of bushes," says Huck, "and Tom made everybody swear to keep the secret, and then showed them a hole in the hill, right in the thickest part of the bushes. Then we lit candles and crawled in on our hands and knees. We went about two hundred yards, and then the cave opened up. Tom poked about among the passages, and pretty soon ducked under a wall where you wouldn't 'a' noticed there was a hole. We went along a narrow place and got into a kind of room, all damp and sweaty and cold, and there we stopped. Tom says: 'Now we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyer's Gang. Everybody that wants to join has got to take an oath and write his name in blood.'"

That is the sort of cave it is—a wonderful, mysterious place, black as India ink; a maze of passageways and vaulted rooms, eaten by the waters of long ago through the limestone cliffs; a seemingly endless cavern full of stalactites and stalagmites, looking like great conical masses of candle grease; a damp, oppressive labyrinth of eerie rock formations, to kindle the most bloodcurdling imaginings.

Adventuring in the Dark

AS WE moved in, away from the daylight, illuminating our way, feebly, with such matches as we happened to have with us, and with newspaper torches, the man who had driven us out there told us about the cave.

"They ain't no one ever explored it," he said, "'S too big. Why, they's a lake in here—quite a big lake, with fish in it. And they's an arm of the cave that goes away down underneath the river. They say they's wells, too—holes with no bottoms to 'em. Prob'ly that's where them people went to that's got lost in the cave."

"Have people gotten lost in here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said cheerfully. "They say there's some that's gone in and never come out agin. She's quite a cave."

I began to walk more gingerly into the blackness.

"I suppose," I said to him presently, "there are toads and snakes and such things here?"

He hastened to set my mind at rest on that.

"Oh, Lord bless you, yes!" he declared. "Rats, too."

"And I suppose some of those holes you speak of are full of snakes?"

"Most likely." His voice reverberated in the darkness. "But I can't be sure. Nobody that's ever been in them holes has lived to tell the tale."

By this time we had reached a point at which no glimmer of light from the mouth of the cave was visible. We were feeling our way along, running our hands over the damp rocks and putting our feet before us with the utmost caution. I knew, of course, that it would add a good deal to my story if one of our party fell into a hole and was never again heard from, but the more I thought about it the more advisable it seemed to me that I should not be that one. I had an engagement for dinner that evening, and besides, if I fell in, who would write the story? Certainly the driver of the auto-hack, for all his good will, could hardly do it justice; whereas, if he fell in I could at a pinch drive the little Ford back to the city.

I dropped behind. But when I did that he stopped.

"I just stopped for breath," I said. "You can keep on and I'll follow in a minute."

"No," he said. "I'll wait for you. I'm out of breath, too. Besides, I don't want you to get lost in here."

A Tragedy That Didn't Happen

AT THIS juncture my companion, who had moved a little way off, gave a frightful yell, which echoed horribly through the cavern.

I could not see him. I did not know what was the matter. Never mind! My one thought was of him. Perhaps he had been attackt by a wildcat or a serpent. Well, he (*Continued on page* 31)



Never outside of Brittany and Normandy have I seen roads so full of animals as in Pike County, Missouri. Cows and pigs and chickens and dogs were there to protest, by various antics, against the invasion of the motor car. Dogs hurled themselves as though to suicide; chickens extended themselves in shrieking dives across our course; pigs arose from the luxurious mud

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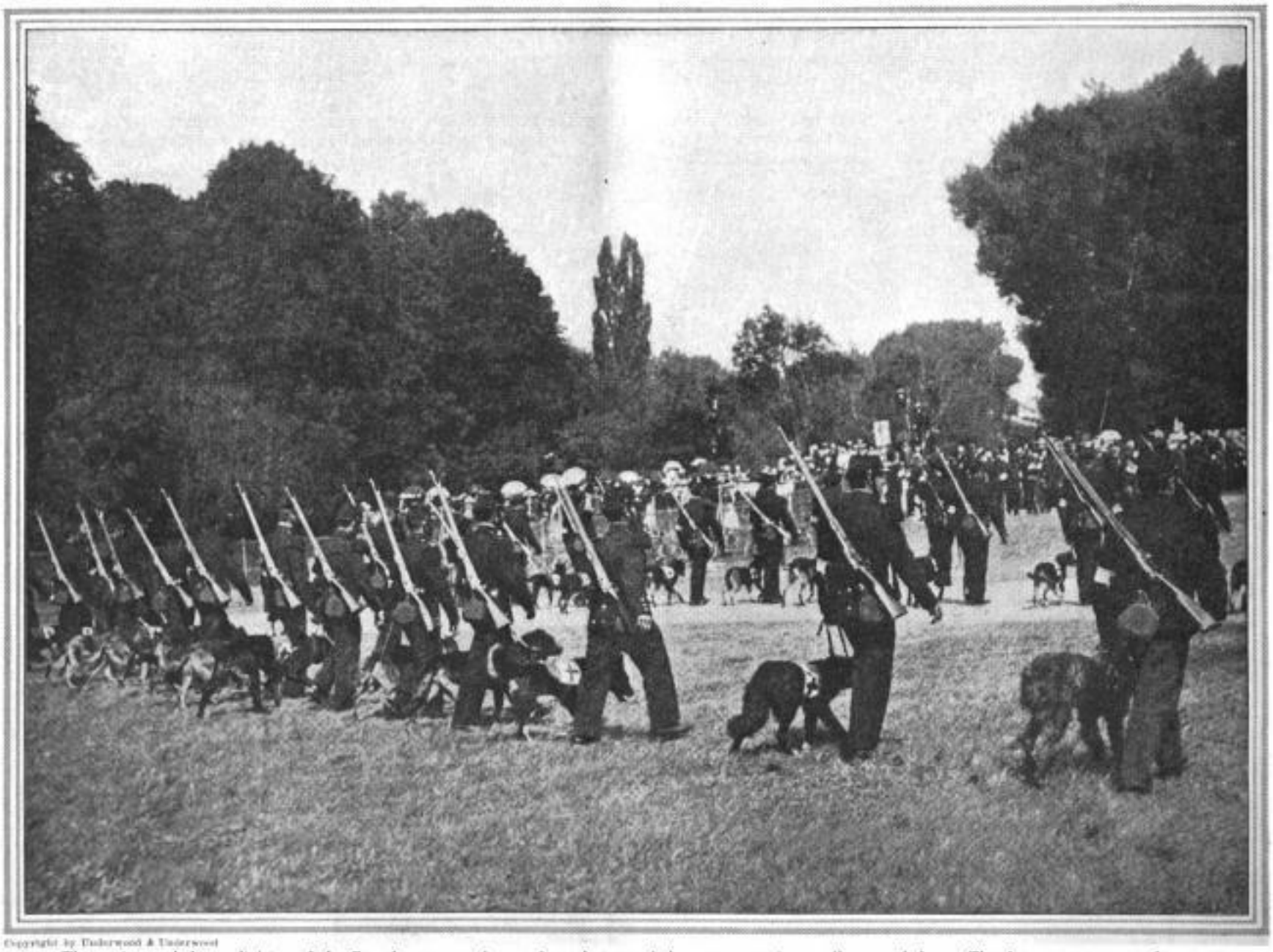
A Parallel of Men and Dogs in the Great European Slaughter



A regiment of Russian infantry on the march to the firing line



AT FIRST glance it may seem that there was a bit of irony in placing these photographs together on a page, but the story the pictures tell is more pathetic than ironical. Above are seen some of France's most highly trained cavalrymen, who represent the flower of the big army fighting side by side with the British and the Belgians along the 200-mile slaughter line from Belfort to Liege. The Russians at the left are some of the million who are in the same great struggle, but who are fighting along another war front at the northeast. Below are some dogs of war, but not in the old sense. These animals are used by ambulance corps when picking up the injured. The dogs are the true noncombatants. Even their masters go armed.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

The canine ambulance division of the French army, made up of regulation ambulance corps and specially trained dogs. The dogs carry messages between their masters on the battlefield and drugs to the wounded. They are fleet of foot and can run many errands that would endanger the lives of men

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The Mowing Down of the Gallant Uhlans

THE men in the photograph above were a part of the three regiments of German Uhlans who were practically annihilated while making a gallant charge against the Belgians during the early fighting at Liege, when General von Emmich started to cross Belgium in his campaign toward Paris. Whether the German general knew that these regiments were going to be cut to pieces, and merely took the slaughter of the men as a matter of course, is problematical. He is accused by the partisans of Germany's enemies of having underestimated the strength of the Belgians. Von Emmich's success later in pushing his men past the Liege fortifications is not convincing proof that he anticipated strong resistance. The loss of a few thousand men during the battle of Liege is like the plucking of a blade of grass in a large pasture field, when we consider the fact that Germany and Austria have three million men in arms and their enemies—Russia, France, England, Belgium, and Servia—are represented in the field by a much larger number, but the story of the desperate charge of the Uhlans will go down in history as a fine example of German courage.

In Germany the word "Uhlan" is applied to the cavalry in general. It originated in eastern Europe, where it is used to describe light cavalry only.

Austrian Artillerie d'Elite

THE artillerymen in the circle are among the best in Austria's army. They compare favorably with the French and German artillery, and are considered equal to the Russians, their most dangerous foes at the present stage of the great European war. The Austrians missed an opportunity to inspire confidence in their fighting ability when they failed to crush Servia in the first few days of their war with that little kingdom. Austria is seriously hampered by a division of her own forces. The Austrian army proper is quite distinct from the Hungarian army. And there is a confusion of tongues used by Francis Joseph's different regiments. Besides, less than half of the Dual Empire's population is of German origin, and naturally its soldiers cannot be counted on to be as loyal in the field as if they were welded together by strong racial ties.





Canada Comes to the Aid of the Motherland

THE Canadians are a peace-loving people, and they could have kept out of the European war as easily as the United States is keeping out of it, but when Britain, the Motherland, went to war they decided to go with her. No sooner had the news reached them that England was going to fight than the Canadian military authorities began to mobilize an expeditionary force of 22,250 men and to prepare for the enrollment of volunteers from their own citizenry and from the large numbers of Frenchmen, Russians, Belgians, and Servians in Canada and in the United States. And one of the first things the Ottawa Government did was to take precautions to prevent the crippling of their rail and water transportation facilities by Germans or Austrians in the Dominion. Troops were stationed at a large number of places to guard against the dynamiting of railroads, bridges, and canal locks. The men in the photograph at the left are guarding the Welland Canal, which connects Lake Ontario with Lake Erie. The St. Lawrence River, the Bay of Fundy, and the Straits of Juan de Fuca at Victoria are well protected by mines and long-range guns. No attack on either coast is contemplated.

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Velvet Joe

The Genial Kentucky Philosopher has a message for the readers of Collier's Weekly

"A HOUN' DAWG'S happiest when he's chasin' a rabbit 'cause then he ain't got time to worry about his fleas.

"A man is happiest when he's chasin' a ideal, an' the business that keeps *its* ideal always on the jump is the business that will grow.

"That's how Liggett & Myers got to be the biggest tobacco manufacturer in the world—by chasin' a ideal like this:

"'Whatever brand appears under our name must be the finest that can be put out for the money.'

"VELVET is one of Liggett & Myers ideals.

"Nature must have started out to make a ideal pipe smoke when she made Kentucky's Burley.

"Whar nature leaves off on Burley, work on VELVET begins—cultivatin', an' pickin' an' choosin', to get the best an' richest leaves.

"Then comes the curin' that lasts mo' than two years an' puts that fine, mellow, aged-in-the-wood smoothness into VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

"Mild, slow-burnin' VELVET will make yo' pipe all that a pipe ought to be—a friend in need and a friend indeed."

Velvet Joe



1/2 Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

Pickups of Sport

By Grantland Rice

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER



The Sisyphusian Cinch

NO one has ever accused the late Mr. Sisyphus of having obtained any sugar-coated assignment. His task, as we remember it, was to roll a bowlder up the hill, and then, just as it reached the top, to stand by and watch it careen to the abyss again.

The drab monotony of this episode must have gotten on his nerves. But in the end we doubt if his assignment was quite as rasping as John J. McGraw's. The Giant leader has been predominating all summer in a battle for his fourth consecutive flag. If he succeeds, it will be a wonderful managerial achievement. But, after all, to what main purpose? Merely to drive his legion once more in October against an attack led by Collins and Baker and a defense led by Bender and Plank. Year by year McGraw pushes his club to the crest of the hill where with greater glory in sight they are met by Mackian bats and the volleyed cunning of two renowned arms, right and left. The Giants this season have fought with admirable courage, but have lacked the steady power of other years. The Mackmen are about the same as ever, or, if anything, a trifle more so. The Giants have in their favor only the uncertainty of the national game. We sometimes wonder if Mr. Sisyphus were around and had the choice between pushing a rock to the top of the hill or pushing a ball club up within reach of Athletic bats, whether he would make the shift? For there is always the outside chance, in his original job, of getting that bowlder over with one more shove.

The Immutables

World maps, they say, will soon be changing,
Where nations rise as others fall;
New dreams and hopes will soon be ranging
Above the warring bugles' call;
But when new drifting hordes are mingled
By vanished thrones from Russ to Rome,
We'll still read: "Eddie Collins singled
And Baker's triple drove him home."

The tumult and the shouting rises,
As Kipling almost said before;
Old systems fade and new surprises
Are furnished in bewildering store;
But when the German dream's untroubled
Or France holds Alsace to her breast,
We'll still read: "Eddie Collins doubled
And Baker's wallop did the rest."

Another Call to Arms

THE European war, in all its mad savagery, had just broken. There was in the air, borne from overseas, the crash of cannon, the roll of drums, and the clamorous echo of conflict.

And then suddenly, above all this, there came another thundering note of strife. Coach Fielding H. Yost of Michigan was summoning his clan to early September mobilization. Europe might be rent with strife, but on a certain late October date in the Harvard Stadium there was another martial program to be faced. And this meant more to the Michigan Mandarin than all the wars that were or will be.

Michigan faces an almost hopeless task, and no one knows it better than Yost. Harvard returns nine-elevenths of a matchless machine—and among these nine are Brickley and Mahan. Yost isn't bothering about the attacking power of his back field with the brilliant Maulbetch added to Hughitt and Galt. But he must find a new protecting wall from tackle to tackle—both as a guard against Harvard's offense and a protection for his own. Hughitt and Galt at quarter and half are proved entries of merit. And Maulbetch gives promise of Hestonian glory. But unless Yost can build in four weeks a line powerful enough to check Harvard's attack and keep Brickley out of constant range he will be up against a day of trouble. Michigan will come with speed and courage—but she is likely to come minus Harvard's additional advantage of power and experience.



The Michigan defense will be assailed from two points—by Brickley through the air and by Mahan on the ground. Fortunately for the Wolverine, there is no waterway to guard against. Yost must be able to develop a line of attack that will call in Harvard's secondary defense before he can introduce his open game. And to do this he must build up a charging line. Which may prove to be a miracle even beyond the genius of Hurry-up Yost, who will turn the trick if said trick is to be turned.

How to Pitch

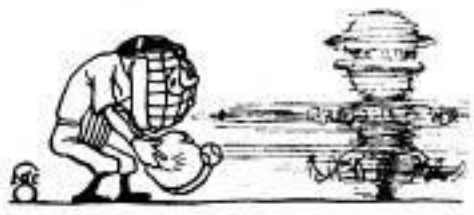
Shoot all the stuff, both lean and fat,
Your pitching arm may have to yield;
Until Ty Cobb comes up to bat—
Then whirl and throw to center field.

Old Stuff

A FEW days ago we ran across the ghost of old Doc Homer, the well-known (among five or six) sport historian of ancient Greece.

"Say," he said in well-modulated ringwlardner accents, "can you slip me a coupon to this next World Series?"

"Sure," we answered, remembering that the fellow once had some talent, even if we never cared a lot for his stuff.



"Who," asked the ancient bard, "will probably work the opening game?"

"It will probably be Matty against Plank," we replied.

"Then never mind the ticket," he came back with a poorly suppressed yawn. "I saw enough of those two guys in a World Series when I was sporting editor of the "Grecian Bugle" 4,000 years ago. I'll drop around about 1960 when there's some new stuff on the program."

Nailing a Rumor

WE are in a position to deny the rumor that Mr. Fielding H. Yost of Michigan will commit suicide in case Mr. C. E. Brickley of Harvard decides to enlist in the Belgian army. Mr. Yost himself says the rumor is entirely unfounded.

Men or Machines?

AT this stage of the proceedings the Athletics have again salted down the victory in their circuit and have proved that they stand alone.

They are waiting now with loaded guns and bayonets fixed for their fourth World Series. By all the laws of the inelastic dope they should win again. But it might be remembered that as great a machine as the old Cubs were, they were not above defeat in one short series. In their four World Series wars they were beaten by both the White Sox and the Athletics against two victories over the Tigers.

On the other paw, not even the Cubs were as relentless a machine as the Mackian line-up has shown itself to be. The Mackmen, in four post-season games against National League clubs, have won sixteen and lost five. If baseball is as uncertain as they say it is, they are now about due to slip back the other way. But it begins to look as if Mack's club is the certain exception that proves the rule of uncertainty. We have a queer, weird season in sport. A season of many shifts and upsets. But Mr. McGillicuddy has left us one ancient landmark to work with.

Meeting the Game's Break

FOR those in this festive game of Existence who may feel oppressed by the ravages of war we recommend Mr. R. W. Emerson's "Self-Reliance" and "Compensation."

The answer is that Trouble, if faced with the proper courage, can bring more lasting contentment to the soul than any peace or prosperity. Also it proves again that for those content to plug on through the shadows, the sunlight is not only just beyond, but that it is waiting with a radiance undreamed of by those who have known nothing else but the light.

But this can only come to those willing to take the break of the game as it comes without caving in at the first onslaught of old Doc Trouble. It is a great little idea to entertain—that of feeling that after all there may be more fun in a good hard fight than in securing the rewards of an easy battle.

Driving Back War

THE mailed flipper of carnage may have left quite a dent in the jubilee of sport—to mix 'em up a bit—but it failed to suppress any thrill when Maurice McLoughlin met Norman Brookes in the second match for the Davis Cup. The battle to death between two millions faded out for the spectators before the battle for glory between two. Brookes brought with him all the brilliancy and steadiness of his great game, but he found that the red-topped Californian to brilliancy and stamina had added steadiness—and had come from those "among the first three" to stand upon the pinnacle alone.

McLoughlin in the past had known two defeats from Brookes, but when one man is standing still and the other is coming forward, it is only a question of time before even the master workman is passed.

Under the Sun

THERE is nothing new, they whisper, under the sun. How, then, would you label the case of the Boston Braves?

Here is a ball club loaded down with the tradition of defeat and disaster. Late in June it was an almost hopeless tailender. It entered August not only in the first division, but making a bold challenge for the top with a fair show of arriving.

If there is a parallel to the Braves' ascent in all baldom we would cherish an immediate reply.

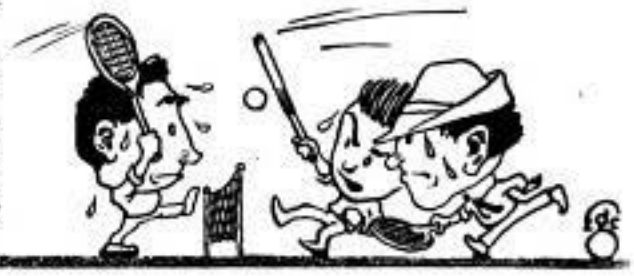
The Lone Survivor

I saw him in the car to-day
Where headlines glimmered, black and large;
And yet he read upon his way
No story of a Uhlan charge.

But skipping swiftly, page by page,
I saw him settle with a sigh
Beyond this battle-bowered age
Where something dearer caught his eye.

One of the old guard, from afar
No cabled bait found him a fish;
It took more than a world-wide war
To drive him from his cherished dish.

Above the battle's vibrant roar,
Beyond mad Europe's gory science,
His eager eye still sought the score,
The dope on Mackmen, Braves, and Giants.



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Brickbats & Bouquets

WHO are the most conspicuous newspaper editors before the country today? Watterson of the old school, and Brisbane and Keeley of the new. When we have named them we must stop to think of some more. Presently we think of Harvey and Hapgood, and Lorimer and Sullivan. But they are not newspaper editors. They are weekly and monthly editors. Is there any significance in that? Why do we turn so quickly to periodical journalism to find notable personality? Is the American newspaper no longer hospitable to personality? Why, with so many newspapers, do we produce noteworthy newspaper men in numbers so astonishingly small?
H. M. NIMMO, Detroit *Saturday Night*.
(From an address before the National Editorial Association at Houston, Tex.)

✚

VERNON, TEX.

I have been reading COLLIER'S since Mr. Wilson's inauguration and have found it to be indeed friendly to the present Administration. . . .

I am progressive enough to agree with you on the subjects of Government control of public resources and woman suffrage. J. R. COCKE.

✚

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am glad that you so heartily use your great influence as a public educator, politically and socially, to make a better country and a happier people.
CHAS. E. OBELL.

✚

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

From to-day COLLIER'S is going to be added to my collection.

Why? Because it is *good* and *cheap*.

Now, any child knows that there are mighty few things in this world that are *cheap* and *good*. L. RUNDALL.

✚

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Were I to write you a commendatory letter on each of the editorials you publish which seem to me to be especially fine, you would receive about a dozen letters a week from me. The editorials on booze hit the hardest of anything along that line that comes to my notice. I venture to say they do more toward killing the liquor traffic than anything else published anywhere. This seems a little strong, but I have thought it all over before setting it down here.
F. E. WESTFALL, M. D.

✚

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Your cartoon, "The Conjurer," sounds like a joke. . . . The G. O. P. is the only friend the workingman has in this country. A. C. NELSON.

✚

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

I admire very much the editorials and the serials. Give us more stories which set as high a moral standard for man as for woman. MRS. A. L. WRIGHT.

✚

CHICAGO, ILL.

I certainly commend your stand on liquor—I find business men every day coming over to our way of thinking. The whole liquor game is simply "efficiency poisoned," as one man put it. Your Sullivan letters from Washington are fine, your editorials excellent, your fiction punk. Fitch we all like. E. R. ARMSTRONG.

✚

Mark Sullivan, who stands in the political conning tower of COLLIER'S WEEKLY scanning the far horizon, sees stormy weather ahead for the triumphant Democracy. . . . Mr. Sullivan finds three counts against the Democrats.—Clinton (Ill.) *Public*.

✚

Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S can hardly be charged with hostility toward the present Administration, yet he has found some points for adverse criticism, notably the Mexican policy and Democratic extravagance.—Salina (Kas.) *Journal*.

✚

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Do I understand that your paper has changed colors again? I notice that you are praising Mr. Wilson very highly of late. I thought your paper was a friend of Mr. Roosevelt and also of the Progressive party. Now, honestly, Mr. Editor, do you really see such marked advancement in that Wilsonian outfit at Washington? Men like Wilson and his outfit at Washington are less progressive than Mr. Taft or anybody that was before him.
ISADORE KASSELBERG.

✚

COLLIER'S has been accused of Wilsonphobia without some sort of justification. It has indorsed most of the policies of the President and has always been friendly to him. So that no charge of partisan prejudice can lie against that publication for what it may say with regard to the situation in Mexico.—Tulsa (Okla.) *Daily World*.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is degenerating.—Johnstown (Pa.) *Democrat*.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, perhaps the most acute observer of national conditions.—Cincinnati (Ohio) *Spokesman*.

✚

TULSA, OKLA.

It is indeed gratifying to see a publication of the breadth and scope of COLLIER'S demonstrating its Americanism and independence in every issue.
EUGENE LORTON, *Editor*
Tulsa (Okla.) *World*.

✚

Again with dire forebodings of what is to come Mark Sullivan spreads his jeremiads upon the pages of COLLIER'S WEEKLY and tells the American public what a vast and profitless fizzle the Democratic Administration under the direction of President Wilson has made of things. He predicts woe and desolation, pestilence and famine, war and disaster. Nothing appears that is bright, optimistic, or even livable, everything is desolate, bleak, and uncompromising.—Lynchburg (Va.) *Advance*.

✚

PULASKI, TENN.

For my part I do not care if you never say anything else so long as you play on the inside of my heart as you have been doing. D. B. EALY, M. D.

"Ever-ready" ideal heating



When the first cold rain, chill winds, fog or frost stops your vacation-outing and drives you hurriedly back to the city, how your home-coming is cheered by the knowledge that you have only to touch a match to a little kindling in the ever-ready IDEAL Boiler and within ten minutes feel the soft, June-like warmth distributed alike in every room and hall through the AMERICAN Radiators that stand like alert sentinels to guard you from every attack of raw or zero weather.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

Why not make yourself care-free by guarding your home against another on-coming season of old-fashioned heating discomforts by putting in at once an outfit of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.
No matter how fiercely bleak winter rages at the doors or howls at the windows, the faster will be the natural flow of warmth to the AMERICAN Radiators to offset the cold. That's the beauty of our way of heating.
IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators *add to the joy of living* because they banish the work and wear by keeping coal-dirt, ashes and soot out of the living rooms, and they *reduce the cost of living* in their great savings in fuel, lessened doctor bills and absence of repairs.
The practical values and every-day economies and conveniences of these heating outfits have been demonstrated in thousands and thousands of homes, stores, schools, churches, hospitals, theaters, notable buildings, etc., in nearly every civilized country, and endorsed by leading health officials, engineers, and architects. That is why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are so *fully guaranteed*. Yet they cost no more than ordinary types made without scientific tests of construction and capacity. *Accept no substitute.*
If you want to make your home a haven of comfort, don't wait until you build but comfort your present house—on farm or in city—with an outfit of IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators. Put outfit in now at present attractive prices and when you can get the services of the most skilled fitters.
Ask for free book: "Ideal Heating," which proves to you why these outfits are an *investment*—not an expense. Write to-day.



A No. 1-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $180, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

$150 Vacuum Cleaner
Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a genuine, practical sets-in-cellar machine with suction pipe running to each floor.



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Showrooms in all large cities
Write Department 31 CHICAGO

who suffered from want of milk, the cattle being slaughtered for food. There was serious rioting in the Lanarkshire coal fields and in the Midlands, together with a Socialistic upheaval in the East of London, which had assumed the proportions of a civil war. Already there were responsible papers which declared that England was in an impossible position, and that an immediate peace was necessary to prevent one of the greatest tragedies in history. It was my task now to prove to them that they were right.



IT was May 2 when I found myself back at the Maplin Sands to the north of the estuary of the Thames. The *Beta* was sent on to the Solent to block it and take the place of the lamented *Kappa*. And now I was throttling Britain indeed—London, Southampton, the Bristol Channel, Liverpool, the North Channel, the Glasgow approaches, each was guarded by my boats. Great liners were, as we learned afterward, pouring their supplies into Galway and the west of Ireland, where provisions were cheaper than has ever been known. Tens of thousands were embarking from Britain for Ireland in order to save themselves from starvation. But you cannot transplant a whole dense population. The main body of the people, by the middle of May, were actually starving. At that date wheat was at a hundred, maize and barley at eighty. Even the most obstinate had begun to see that the situation could not possibly continue.

In the great towns starving crowds clamored for bread before the municipal offices, and public officials everywhere were attacked and often murdered by frantic mobs, composed largely of desperate women who had seen their infants perish before their eyes. In the country, roots, bark, and weeds of every sort were used as food. In London the private mansions of Ministers were guarded by strong pickets of soldiers, while a battalion of Guards was camped permanently round the Houses of Parliament. The lives of the Prime Minister and of the Foreign Secretary were continually threatened and occasionally attempted. Yet the Government had entered upon the war with the full assent of every party in the state. The true culprits were those, be they politicians or journalists, who had not the foresight to understand that unless Britain grew her own supplies, or unless by means of a tunnel she had some way of conveying them into the island, all her mighty expenditure upon her army and her fleet was a mere waste of money so long as her antagonist had a few submarines and men who could use them. England has often been stupid, but has got off scot free.

This time she was stupid and had to pay the price. You can't expect luck to be your saviour always.

IT would be a mere repetition of what I have already described if I were to recount all our proceedings during that first ten days after I resumed my station. During my absence the ships had taken heart and had begun to come up again. In the first day I got four. After that I had to go farther afield, and again I picked up several in French waters. Once I had a narrow escape through one of my Kingston valves getting some grit into it and refusing to act when I was below the surface. Our margin of buoyancy just carried us through. By the end of that week the channel was clear again, and both *Beta* and my own boat were down west once more. There we had encouraging messages from our Bristol consort, who in turn had heard from *Delta* at Liverpool. Our task was completely done. We could not prevent all food from passing into the British Islands, but at least we had raised what did get in to a price which put it far beyond the means of the penniless, workless multitudes. In vain Government commandeered it all and doled it out as a general feeds the garrison of a fortress. The task was too great—the responsibility too horrible. Even the proud and stubborn English could not face it any longer.

Danger!

(Continued from page 9)

I REMEMBER well how the news came to me. I was lying at the time off Selsey Bill when I saw a small war vessel coming down channel. It had never been my policy to attack any vessel coming down. My torpedoes and even my shells were too precious for that. I could not help being attracted, however, by the movements of this ship, which came slowly zigzagging in my direction.

"Looking for me," thought I. "What on earth does the foolish thing hope to do if she could find me?"

I was lying awash at the time and got ready to go below in case she should come for me. But at that moment—she was about half a mile away—she turned her quarter, and there, to my

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How To Make Your Hair Thrive

First, learn how to wash it, and what to wash it with. PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO is more than a mere cleanser, because it is made from Palm and Olive oils. These are used by scalp specialists everywhere in treating hair that is in bad condition.

Their combination, in PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, makes a splendid, rich lather that does not leave the hair dry, brittle, faded and unruly, but soft, tractable and glossy.

It cleanses thoroughly, without robbing the scalp of the natural oils necessary to its health. Rinses out easily and perfectly. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

Palmolive
Shampoo

Palmolive Soap

Combines, in most scientific form, palm and olive oils. The great natural beautifiers for over three thousand years.

Cleanses the skin thoroughly, without irritation or roughening.

Lathers freely in any water. Always hard. Never wastes. Price, 15 cents a cake.

Palmolive Cream

Protects the skin from the ravages of wind and dust. Adds to comfort after the use of Palmolive Soap. A necessary addition to every woman's toilet. Price, 50 cents.

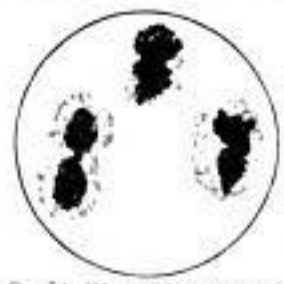


THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.

B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis

Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Limited
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.
(334)

Six consecutive shots at twenty yards



A remarkable score at twenty yards, six *consecutive* shots inside an inch and a quarter circle. *S. & W. accuracy* and *S. & W. mechanical perfection* -- the results of over half a century's experience -- enable even the novice to shoot well with the

Smith & Wesson Automatic

It's doubly safe

Safety first -- For more than fifty years we have made firearms on the *safety first* principle. You can't discharge the S. & W. Automatic *unintentionally*. To release the mechanism requires a *double* motion of the safety device -- made naturally in grasping the stock. And the *non*-automatic safety makes the gun *doubly* safe.

Easiest to cock -- Just press the release catch and you *disconnect* the recoil spring *entirely*. You can cock *this* gun with almost *no effort whatever*.

Easiest to clean -- May be opened up for cleaning *without removing a single part.*

The special caliber protects you from unsuitable ammunition.

No other automatic offers as many *exclusive* and *valuable* features.

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amazement, was the red flag with the blue circle, our own beloved flag, flying from her peak. For a moment I thought that this was some clever dodge of the enemy to tempt me within range. I snatched up my glasses and called on Vornal. Then we both recognized the vessel. It was the *Juno*, the only one left intact of our own cruisers. What could she be doing flying the flag in the enemy's waters? Then I understood it, and, turning to Vornal, we threw ourselves into each other's arms. It could only mean an armistice—or peace!

AND it was peace. We learned the glad news when we had risen alongside the *Juno*, and the ringing cheers which greeted us had at last died away. Our orders were to report ourselves at once at Blankenberg. Then she passed on down channel to collect the others. We returned to port upon the surface, steaming through the whole British fleet as we passed up the North Sea. The crews clustered thick along the sides of the vessels to watch us. I can see now their sullen, angry faces. Many shook their fists and cursed us as we went by. It was not that we had damaged them—I will do them the justice to say that the English, as the old Boer War has proved, bear no resentment against a brave enemy—but that they thought us cowardly to attack merchant ships and avoid the warships. It is like the Arabs, who think that a flank attack is a mean, unmanly device. War is not merely a big game, my English friends. It is a desperate business to gain the upper hand, and one must use one's brain in order to find the weak spot of one's enemy. It is not fair to blame me if I have found yours. It was my duty. Perhaps those officers and sailors who scowled at the little *Iota* that May morning have by this time done me justice when the first bitterness of undeserved defeat was past.

A Remarkable Series of Articles on the Present War by the Ablest of the War Correspondents will begin in Next Week's Issue

Let others describe my entrance into Blankenberg; the mad enthusiasm of the crowds and the magnificent public reception of each successive boat as it arrived. Surely the men deserved the grant made them by the State which has enabled each of them to be independent for life. As a feat of endurance, that long residence in such a state of mental tension in cramped quarters, breathing an unnatural atmosphere, will long remain as a record. The country may well be proud of such sailors.

THE terms of peace were not made onerous, for we were in no condition to make Great Britain our permanent enemy. We knew well that we had won the war by circumstances which would never be allowed to occur again, and that in a few years the island power would be as strong as ever—stronger, perhaps—for the lesson that she had learned. It would be madness to provoke such an antagonist. A mutual salute of flags was arranged, the colonial boundary was adjusted by arbitration, and we claimed no indemnity beyond an undertaking on the part of Britain that she would pay any damages which an international court might award to France or to the United States for injury received through the operations of our submarines. So ended the war.

Of course England will not be caught napping in such a fashion again! Her foolish blindness is partly explained by her delusion that her enemy would not torpedo merchant vessels. Common sense should have told her that her enemy would play the game that suited them best—that they would not inquire what they could do, but they would do it first and talk about it afterward. The opinion of the whole world now is that if a blockade were proclaimed one might do what one could with those who tried to break it, and that it was as reasonable to prevent food from reaching England in war time as it would be for a besieger to prevent the victualing of a beleaguered fortress.

I CANNOT end this account better than by quoting the first few paragraphs of a leader in the "Times," which appeared shortly after the declaration of peace. It may be taken to epitomize the saner public opinion of England upon the meaning and lessons of the episode:

"In all this miserable business," said the writer, "which has cost us the loss of a considerable portion of our merchant fleet, and more than fifty thousand civilian lives, there is just one consolation to be found. It lies in the fact that our temporary conqueror is a power which is not strong enough to reap the fruits of her victory. Had we endured this humiliation at the hands of any of the first-class powers, it would certainly have entailed the loss of all our Crown colonies and tropical possessions, besides the payment of a huge indemnity. We were absolutely at the feet of our conqueror, and had no possible alternative but to submit to her terms, however onerous. Norland has had the good sense to understand that she must not abuse her temporary advantage, and has been generous in her dealings. In the grip of any other power we should have ceased to exist as an empire.

"Even now we are not out of the wood. Some one may maliciously pick a quarrel with us before we get our house in order and use the easy weapon which has been demonstrated. It is to meet such a contingency that the Government has rushed enormous stores of food at the public expense into the country. In a very few months the new harvest will have appeared. On the whole we can face the immediate future without undue depression, though there remain some causes for anxiety. These will no doubt be energetically handled by this new and efficient Government which has taken the place of those discredited politicians who led us into a war without having foreseen how helpless we were against an obvious form of attack.

"Already the lines of our reconstruction are evident. The first and most important is that our party men realize that there is something more vital than their academic disputes about free trade or protection, and that all theory must give way to the fact that a country is in an artificial and dangerous condition if she does not produce within her own borders sufficient food at least to keep life in her population. Whether this should be brought about by a tax upon foreign foodstuffs, or by a bounty upon home products, or by a combination of the two, is now under discussion. But all parties are combined upon the principle, and, though it will undoubtedly entail either a rise in prices or a deterioration in quality in the food of the working classes, they will at least be insured against so terrible a visitation as that which is fresh in our memories. At any rate, we have got past the stage of argument. It *must* be so. The increased prosperity of the farming interest, and, as we will hope, the cessation of agricultural emigration, will be benefits to be counted against the obvious disadvantages.

"THE second lesson is the immediate construction of not one but two double-lined railways under the channel. We stand in a white sheet over the matter, since the project has always been discouraged in these columns, but we are prepared to admit that, had such railway communication been combined with adequate arrangements for forwarding supplies from Marseilles, we should have avoided our recent surrender. We still insist that we cannot trust entirely to a tunnel, since our enemy might have allies in the Mediterranean; but in a single contest with any power of the north of Europe it would certainly be of inestimable benefit. There may be dangers attendant upon the existence of a tunnel, but it must now be admitted that they are trivial compared to those which come from its absence. As to the building of large fleets of merchant submarines for the carriage of food, that is a new departure which will be an additional insurance against the danger which has left so dark a page in the history of our country."

THE END

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Love and the Business

(Continued from page 11)

attention being immediately fixed upon the other personage there: Plexo Makarenka, of course. From him she did not remove her gaze, simply shifting it occasionally as the musician shifted his position back and forth from his piano stool and the repose he took between his pieces leaning against the balcony rail.

Makarenka did not see the personage, or, if he did, his vanity was so overweening as to cause him to ignore her. Later on, having performed the services for which he was hired, he took his rolls of music under his arm and quietly left the ten-cent store. As he passed swiftly near the table at which the personage sat her eyes lifted directly to his, but it was not for Makarenka, who had, he said, played before royal highnesses, to observe any such behavior.

THE artist went away; the personage rose, and it is quite true that every woman in the place and all the children cautiously watched her as she rapidly moved toward the doorway, stood there a second ascertaining which direction Makarenka had taken, and then chose that identical path herself.

It's the truth that the few customers in the Rosenhartz ten-cent store, all as by a common impulse, gathered at the entrance to watch what this tall girl might do.

It was impossible to say. Makarenka had disappeared; so had the personage with the diamond rings.

But the following day, the gossip of her visit to the Rosenhartz store having traveled up and down the street and around the corners as well, as many as fifteen women congregated at the door at the hour for Makarenka to play.

Makarenka was late; he did not come. But the lady of the rings came promptly and sat down in the same seat and ordered in the same reckless profusion; also, she did not eat.

Then Makarenka came, and her eyes, as on the day before, fastened upon and never quitted his face; her whole attitude denoting an infatuation that was as unmistakable as it was unreserved.

WHILE the musician was playing the No. 6 "Rhapsodie Hongroise" the woman with the children got softly up, and, leaving them with a spoonful in each little mouth, she went out, only stopping to whisper to a friend who stood at the comb counter: "I go to fetch Rosie Dublatz; she's the girl, my niece, who's writing for the papers; she'd make a story out of that lady and Makarenka. Sure. Business is business, and I'll get 10 per cent of the price from her."

"Go on," cheered the stout woman who listened; "it's something doing, I tell you, with him and her!" She jerked a fat thumb toward the lady and the pianist.

Certainly, Rosie Dublatz came hurriedly, pad and pencil in her bag, shrewd eyes shining with anticipatory thoughts of honest pelf.

The lady of the rings was just then leaning her beautiful chin in her clasped palms; her round white elbows were on the table; her glorious eyes fixed upon Makarenka; the rose she wore at her breast—to be sure, it was false, though heavily perfumed—dropped to the floor.

Rosie Dublatz poked one of her young cousins energetically into restoring the fallen flower. The lady shook her head as she gave the child a penny, and motioned to it to climb up the balcony steps and hand the rose to the musician.

Which, grasping the treasured penny firmly, it did.

Then it was for the others to nod, to smile, to shrug the shoulders, to gaspingly behold what Makarenka would do.

Rosie Dublatz, who was a fair draftsman, to be sure, sketched the pianist with actual skill and accuracy, seizing upon his points with artistic vision as he turned, put his arm around the little one, took the rose, pressed it to his lips, and as he had not relaxed his right hand upon the keys, caused those five fingers of his to glide from the Hungarian rhapsody into a favorite bit of ragtime, familiar then along Grand Street, named "Kiss Me in the Moonlight."

BUT Makarenka, who had, it is to be recalled, performed for royalty, did not turn his head toward the audience at all; he merely tossed his long, weird ringlet over his shoulder, and then with both hands slipped back to the Hungarian rhapsody, while Rosie Dublatz's small cousin tumbled down the rickety stairs and there was a hubbub, indeed.

Makarenka, being an artist, stopped playing at once. He twirled round on the stool, and then his strange, dark eyes did encounter those of the lady of the rings until the noise subsided.

ROSIE DUBLATZ said to herself: "These two have met before; it is a romance behind to-day. It is luck to find it over here. Good! I will follow it up and I will get good money out of it."

When Makarenka's hour was up he went away. So did the lady, leaving her ice cream and cake untasted as on the day previous.

But Rosie Dublatz, also assisted by the little miss who was the store detective, could not follow up the lady of the rings; she seemed to be swallowed in the ditches just then wide open for mending gas pipes, and Rosie had to rest content that day with her imaginings.

But the next day? And the next? And so on for ten days Makarenka played as usual, and the lady of the rings, always beautiful, always gowned in strange and odd fashions, often sparkling with new jewels, never eating, forever with her wonderful gaze fixed upon the musician, came every day at the same time, never failing in rain or sunshine.

Nathan had said softly to Rudolf on that first evening as they stood behind the screen: "I won't give 'em the notice to-night, now, will I?"

And Rudolf had answered: "No! Holy Moses! Maybe she's a mascot for us. Wait until to-morrow. We had thirteen in this afternoon, and seven of 'em was buyers, eh?"

NATHAN gave no notice. The ten-cent store of Rosenhartz Brothers was looking up. Even by the fourth day it was almost crowded. And when Rosie Dublatz's scoop got into print in the paper—patriarchs of old! but it was a jam from everywhere on the East Side of the town. Even from Harlem and the Bronx folks came down in the trolleys to see "The Mystery of Makarenka's Life"—that's what the paper headlined Rosie's story.

"The best of it is," Rosie told her chief, "there's no end to it in sight. The girl's there every day and no one knows or can find out who she is or where she comes from. Take it from me, though, she's some lady and there's some wonder romance back of her and Makarenka. Oh, yes."

On the eleventh day Nathan said to Rudolf: "I have a letter from our brother; he comes back from up the river in a month more."

"Is it any good up there?" the junior inquired.

"Yes. He has started a store up fine."

"Say now, that girl of the rings is Makarenka's girl, don't you suppose, eh?" Rudolf asked.

"Who knows! All we know is she's raised us out of the quicksands and made us happy men. Shipway's is lonesome!" He rubbed his thin hands together gleefully. "I was by there just now. Nobody in, nothing doing."

"Suppose the lady don't come by us any more?"

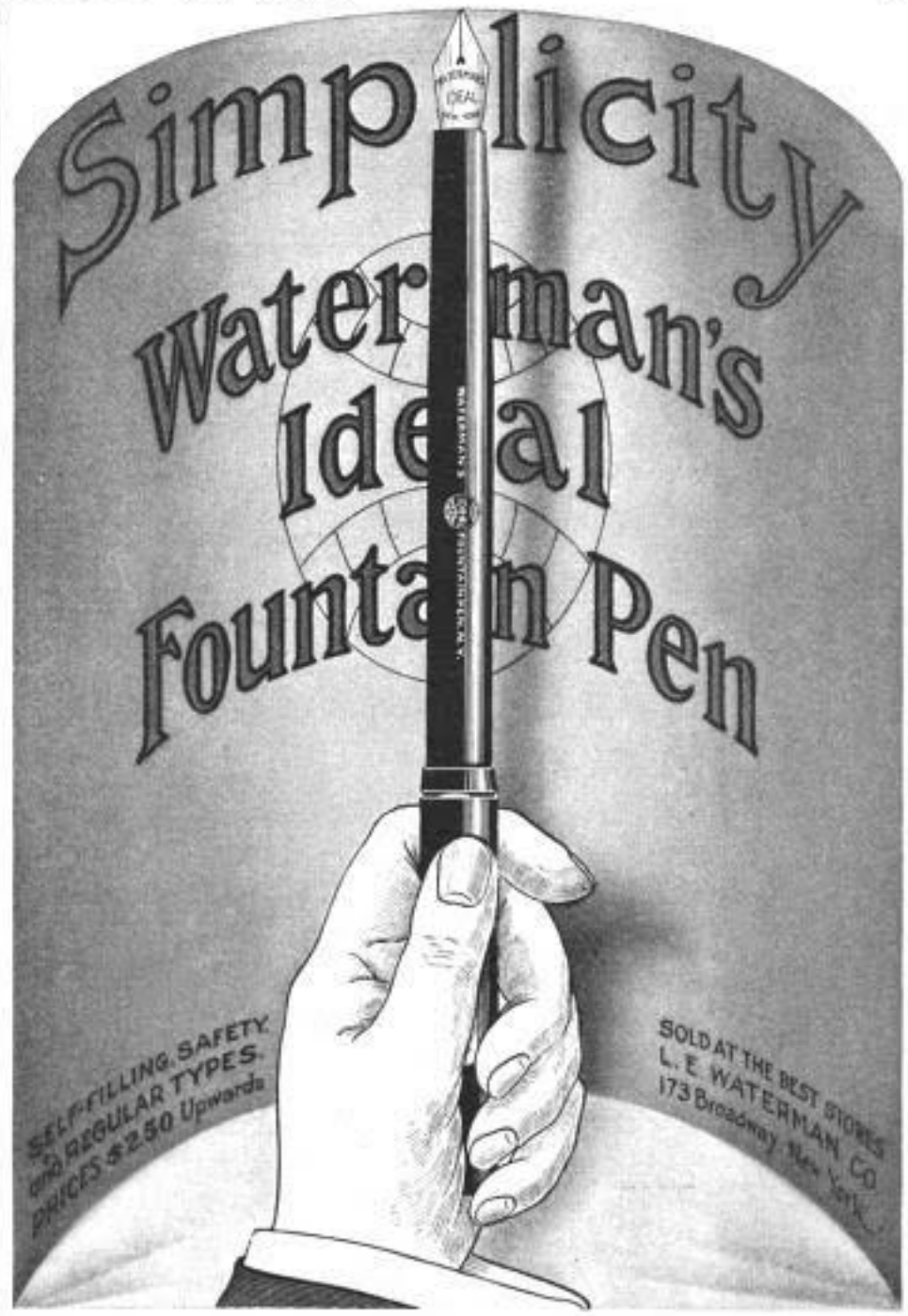
"There she is!" cried Nathan. "Look at her."

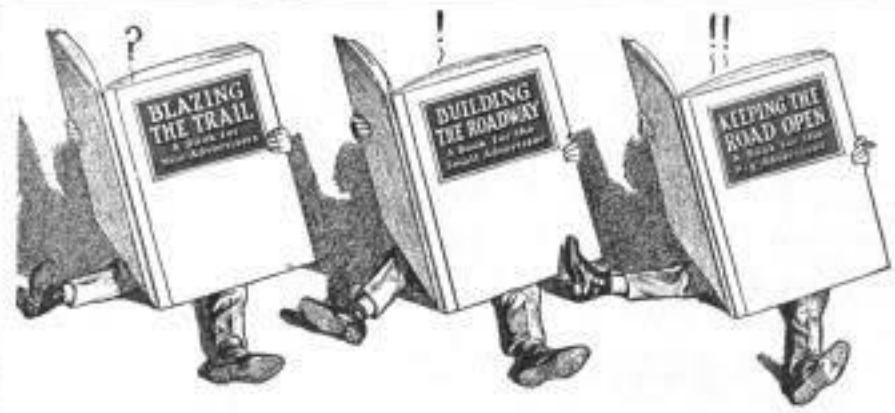
RUDOLF peeped out through the hole. There she was, to be sure; and some one was with her.

All the people in the place had halted in their purchases, their gossip, their laughter as the glass door swung open that day and the lady of the rings walked in; close at her side was a man, a young and handsome man, splendidly dressed, with a seal ring on his finger, a diamond in his scarf, a real Panama hat on his head, and a vigilantly possessive and assertive hand on the lady's slim arm.

Ah, but this was a story! Rosie Dublatz was on hand. She had come up behind the screen, too, and stood with the Rosenhartz brothers taking in this wonderful new development in Makarenka's romance. "Hold on, Mr. Rosenhartz!" The newspaper girl gripped Nathan's wrist tensely. "Take it fresh from me, there's going to be some love scenes on before we're all much older. Say, look at that, will you?"

"What?" whispered Nathan and Rudolf both in a trice, each trying to get an eye at the hole in the big bird's head.





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"Why!" cried Rosie in a hushed tone, "the man that's come with her's got a sure-as-your-life gun a-sticking out of his hip pocket. See it? See it? And the looks of him! Just as if he meant to use it."

"Holy prophets!" muttered Nathan Rosenhartz, "then all our business will be ruined again."

"So! So! I'll put 'em out, I will!" Rudolf was on the move, when Rosie laid a stiff, detaining hand upon him.

"No, you don't, Mr. Rosenhartz. Let 'em alone. Don't you stir, don't interfere. Pshaw—don't you see it's all in the line of business for your store? Supposin' there's shooting, won't folks come fast to see to it?"

"Supposing there's a murder," groaned Nathan. "What then, eh? Rudolf, go on and put 'em out." The old man spoke sternly.

"You can't do it." Rosie's voice was low but clarion-noted and hard as rock. "Supposing it comes to manslaughter or even murder, it'll be the making of your business. Everybody runs to a place where there's been a love tragedy."

"Oh, get out," muttered Rudolf, "with your love tragedies! That guy's no good and I ain't going to see Makarenka made a target of."

"Yes, you are, too." Rosie, of the stronger arm, easily held Rudolf where he was. "I haven't been fooling away my time and brains writing up your store to see you jump in and spoil my best scoops. You just let 'em alone, I tell you, or I'll bust up your place myself in the papers, so there. Business is business." Rosie then loosened her hold. Both Nathan and his brother drew back.

THE handsome young stranger did not take out his weapon. He simply sat on guard over the lady of the rings; not eating, but piercing the beautiful lady with as poignant a pair of eyes as anyone there watching had ever beheld.

And everyone in the packed crowd was watching—watching and buying.

Nothing happened. When Makarenka had finished his hour he left. Then the lady and her escort left, too. At the door she wished to go in Makarenka's direction, but the handsome young man pulled her angrily the other way.

For a month these two came together. Always not eating; always with a pistol in evidence; always with jealousy and hatred depicted on the escort's mobile face; always the eyes of the beautiful lady riveted on the face of Makarenka.

AND the business grew and grew. And Shipway & Sons closed up "for a vacation," they said, at which everybody laughed in his sleeves and outside of them, too.

And Rosie, making money—for she was very clever and had known how to convert her scoop into a real serial—rather crowed over Nathan Rosenhartz and laughed at him for having wanted to "put them out."

One afternoon, though, something like real trouble arrived.

Makarenka had a rose, a genuine flower, in his buttonhole, and he played "Kiss Me in the Moonlight" with all the thrill and expression (a good deal, too) of which he was master; upon its last bar the artist placed a new emphasis, for as he finished with his right hand, with his left he took the fresh rose from his coat and deftly threw it straight between the arms of the lady of the rings.

And it was to stare, to crane the neck, to gasp; for a second only. The escort was on his feet; his weapon, with a gold and pearl handle, it was afterward remembered, was in the air; the lady was up, her arms clasped about the handsome young man, while, in accents of terror and supplication, she cried out: "Don't, don't kill him!"

MAKARENKA, the virtuoso, who had, you recollect, played before royalty, sat perfectly still, apparently a willing target in the cause of Romance.

Then Rosie Dublatz, feeling that the vital moment had actually come, shrieked "Police!" and "Murder!" at the top of her lungs.

Her cry was taken up with an unexampled fervor the length and breadth of the street, so that in three minutes there were police reserves forcing their way through the dense throng, two ambulances before the door, every window on Grand Street choked with human heads, the cars stopped, and the trucks running into one another, while Rosie wrote on her yellow pad.

HOWEVER, when the police and the surgeons and the rest finally had beaten their way into the rear part of the store where the affray had started, of course no one was there of the principals save Makarenka—and he began to play over again "Kiss Me in the Moonlight" with such infinite pathos and composure as assured the officers very quickly that he was alive and not even wounded. Nevertheless, they arrested him and took him off to the station house. Rosie strode beside him all the way.



Pressed for Time

"Well, darling, I suppose we'd better start saying good night; I can only stay two hours longer"

Nothing could be learned from Makarenka. He had no story to tell; he had no enemies; he did not know the name of the lady; he didn't know who she was, nor yet the handsome young man who had started to assault him. He had no complaint to enter. So they let him go perforce.

And the succeeding afternoon?

What occurred?

MAYBE there was not a crowd, a throng, a multitude pushing, scrambling, thrusting to get inside of Rosenhartz Brothers' ten-cent store. They had to send Makarenka up through the next-door building and fetch him down to his balcony on the fire escape; and when the people saw him the reception he got was ear-splitting.

Nathan, behind the screen, said to Rudolf: "We're coining the money—real money, eh?"

"Sure. Ever since that lady with the rings put in an appearance. How she must love Makarenka! And, I size up, the other one's her husband, eh?"

"Who knows!" the old man responded ruefully. "Only I hope they won't do any shooting."

"Bosh! Supposin' they do. Rosie says true, it's all in the line of business for us, ain't it now?"

"Yes. If only Moris hadn't gone peddling," the senior exclaimed. Rudolf lifted his shoulders indifferently as he replied:

"I forgot in the row yesterday to tell you I got a card from him."

"Where is it?" Nathan asked eagerly.

"I left it in my other coat, I guess. He said on it he'd heard from post cards of his girl—that one that can't act, you know on the West Side—how business was looking up, and he was glad we were doing better; he was doing well and would be in New York some time soon to buy goods."

Nathan's old eyes were wistful. He was yearning for youth to be about and around him; he had been fond and proud of his dead brother's son.

"Hello, by gee!" Rudolf whispered. "If there she doesn't come for sure."

Nathan looked out of the hole.

He saw the lady of the rings, attended by the handsome young man; near them loitered not only the little miss who was the store detective, but a plain-clothes man sipping lemonade in the interests of law and order.

Rosie Dublatz was not far off. She was panting for the final outcome, and quite prepared to create it out of whole cloth and brains in case it failed to turn up.

EVERY countenance there was turned toward the personages forming the triangle. Not a movement each made that was not construed as the possible prelude to an attack with more or less intent to kill. Maybe Makarenka would draw out a stiletto and spring down upon his adversary? Perhaps the lady would administer poison to herself!

In fact, the handsome young man did this: he took his pistol from his pocket and laid it in a calm, if threatening, way upon the table near the untouched cubes of pink ice cream.

Then the lady raised wild eyes to Makarenka; then Makarenka, still playing with his right hand only in that marvelous fashion he was master of, drew from the folds of his vest somewhere a dagger. Ah, yes!

Rosie's pencil skated over her yellow pad.

The little store detective straightened up. The plain-clothes man stopped drinking lemonade.

THE crush was momentarily being added to by the pushing throngs from the sidewalk. Not one more, it would seem, could get inside the store. But a stalwart young fellow in a gray suit did get in, slip through, make his struggling way up, in and out, until he reached the paper screen.

He did not reckon in the least with either Makarenka, the lady of the rings, or the handsome young man; he could barely see them for the jam. The "romance of love" was not in his mind, perhaps.

But he slipped behind the paper screen and said: "Hello, uncles; how's everybody? Here I am!"

It was Moris Rosenhartz.

The older man kissed his nephew on the cheeks; the younger one shook both his hands.

"We got your card all right," Rudolf said.

"You done well?" Nathan asked. "That's good."

"Yes. My pack's empty," Moris answered, "and"—he jingled the coins in his trousers pockets—"my purse is pretty full. I say," he added, looking out of the hole in the big bird's head, "some business doing in the old store now, isn't there?" He laughed to himself as he sat down between his uncles on the wooden bench in there.

"I guess so. Shipway's shut up!" Nathan explained.

"I SAW the bill 'For Rent' on the window as I came past," Moris replied.

"We got a masoot," Rudolf whispered.

"So I heard," was the nephew's response. "My girl wrote me about her."

"Look at her!" Rudolf pulled Moris over to the hole again. "Ain't she some, eh? For style! Beats Fifth Avenue, eh?"

"I think so," Moris said, scanning the lady where she leaned on her lovely elbows fastening her lovelier eyes still upon Makarenka.

"We're the talk of the town, my son," Nathan whispered in Moris's ear. "Yesterday there was near a riot; the young man out there beside her—oh, they come together every day without fail—he drew

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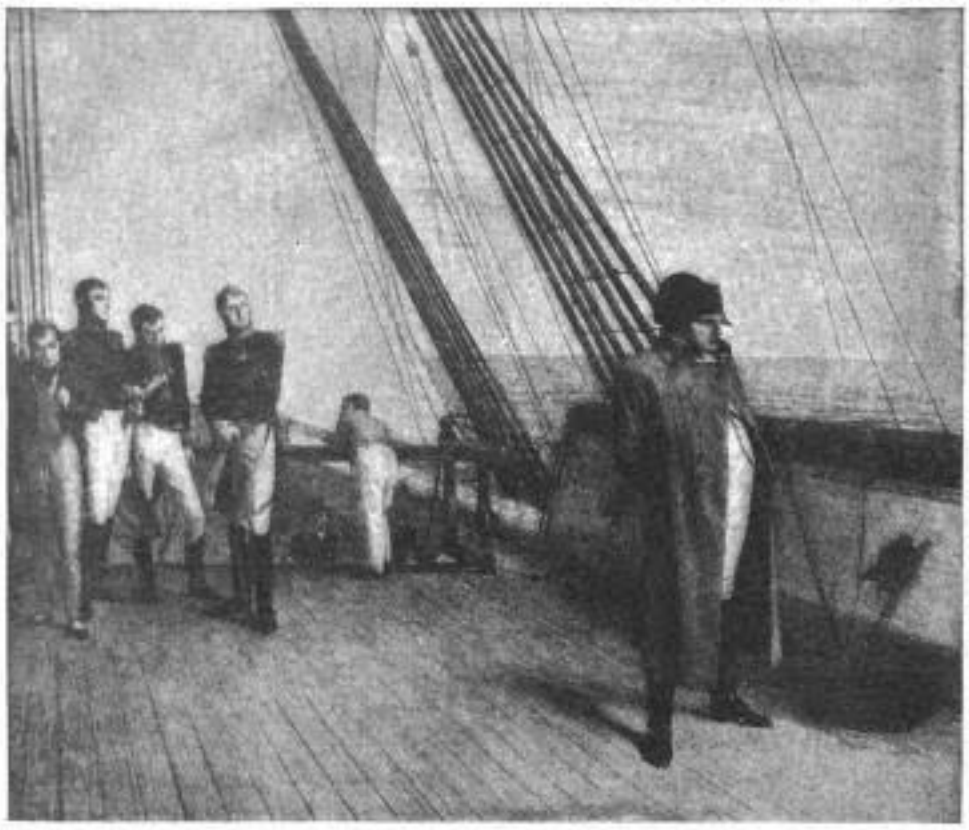
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a pistol on Makarenka, and the police and—"

"I read it in the papers," Moris said succinctly. "Fine, fine, tiptop; all to the good; and Shipway's gone to the wall, and you got it all your own way now, eh?"

"Sure. We're fixed now." The old man eyed his nephew furtively. "What you going to buy goods for, my son? Stop here with us?" Moris shook his head. "You don't like my girl."

Rudolf was peering out; he turned his head just then to say: "I wonder who the devil that lady is anyhow and the escort with her!"

Moris Rosenhartz looked up at his junior uncle. "Why," he said, "if you really want to know, I can tell you."

"You can! Tell us! Tell us!" both brothers cried in low, eager tones while Makarenka played on "Kiss Me in the Moonlight."

"That's my girl, Cecilia Messner, and the man's the young comedian over at the Greenwich Theatre; his name's Leo Benrimo; him and Cecilia are great pals in their work." Both the men swallowed with shut lips, and their eyes grew big and their thin jaws fell open.

Rudolf spoke first. He asked shrewdly: "What is your girl doing making love to Makarenka, eh?"

But Nathan also joined in before Moris could reply: "Come now, my son, what is your girl doing over here like this, you know, when you was absent from the city and her society, eh?" His veinest fingers rested upon the strong hand of the youth beside him.

"Well," Moris laughed a little, "Uncle Nathan, Cecilia and Plexo Makarenka were students together one time in the Settlement House somewhere—"

"Ach! the prophets! Were they!" interrupted Rudolf jocularly.

"And, Uncle Nathan," Moris Rosenhartz continued, "I guess him and Leo Benrimo has done fine helping my girl putting it over for you and the store. See?"

They saw all right.

"Unto the Least of These"

(Concluded from page 12)

"And what is that awful burden," says Conny, says he, "that's breakin' the bench of ye?"

"That," says he, "is the piles and piles of wrong-got goold that, for my squanderin'. I wrung from the poor and the needy and them who ill could spare it. And the bench won't break and the burden won't go. Weary's me!"

"Poor fella," says Conny, says he, "poor fella! And what," says he, "is that awful lookin' thing that is hangin' from the neck of ye and bowin' ye low, so very low?"

"Och, that," says he, "is the body of one of God's ministers that I paid a man to kill because he dared to check and defy me. And the neck won't break and the burden won't go," says he. "Ah, weary's me!"

"Poor fella," says Conny, "poor fella. And what is that burden that is piled high, high on the broad of your back, squeezin' the groans from your heart and threatenin' to sink ye at every step?"

"Ah," says he, "them is the innocent poor girls whose souls were damned for my pleasure. And ah!" says he, "the back won't break and the burden won't go—never goes. Weary's me, weary's me!"

"Poor fella, poor fella," says Conny, says he, "and what," says he, "is the quare little loaf at your heels that is follin' and follin' all the way after ye?"

The man looked round at a little hard, musty loaf that, sure, enough, was follin' and follin' after him at every step. "I didn't notice that before," says the man. "That must be the loaf that one time, twenty-five years ago, I ordered my butler to give to a poor woman with a chile in her arms who come to me door beggin' somethin' for God's sake. I am afeard I wouldn't have given it, only it was hard and musty, past usin' by any soul in my house. Ah, weary's me!"

"No matter," says Conny, says he, pressin' the man's hand gently, "ye gave it when it was asked for God's sake, and now it comes to witness for ye. And," says he, takin' the man's hand tighter and warmer, "I'm goin' to help you in these awesome ills, poor man."

Och! A-nee-O! Och! A-nee-O! But the way is weary and the road is long on that last lone journey. But the chile's hand claspin' his gave the man new heart, and the chile's soft words put in him new strength. And the chile with his crutch and his goat and his beads and his yellow goold piece cheered the way and shortened the road and helpsel the man on and on.

Till at last they saw the great goolden gates, atween pillars of silver, in high walls of the grandest marble. And they went up, and the child tapped the goolden gates with his crutch, and at the top of the cripple's crutch the gates played the most beautiful music that the ear of man ever heard. And as they swung wide open, St. Peter, appearin', said:

"Conny, Conny, *cushore machree*, come in, come in. Cast away that crutch, that now you will never more need, and come in. You're welcome as the flowers of May, and your throne has long been waitin' ye."

"Come on," says Conny, tuggin' at his companion's hand, who was holdin' back, "Come on in with me."

"He cannot come in, Conny," says St. Peter, shakin' his head.

"For why can't he?" says Conny.

"Because," says St. Peter, "Heaven's gate is neither high enough nor wide enough to let his burdens through. And the burdens can never more leave him in this world." The man groaned an awesome groan and wanted to go away. But Conny tightened the grip on his hand and wouldn't let him.

"See to that loaf," says Conny to St. Peter, "that loaf which has followed him for five and twenty years—a loaf that he gave a poor woman who begged it for God's sake. See to that loaf and let him in."

St. Peter looked at the loaf now for the first time. Then he drew his hand across his forehead and said: "Aye, that's true. He has a musty loaf given for God's sake entered in his favor on the books."

Then St. Peter looked from the wee, wee loaf to the big, big burdens on the man's back, and said: "Conny, Conny, I'd like to, but the loaf is a wee bit too wee, and the burdens are a great bit too big. It's impossible, Conny. He never could get through the gates."

"But," says Conny, says he, "see to the yellow goold piece he put in me hand one day, and see to the beads he strung for me on a goold and silver thread from his own beautiful frock, and he fastened me crutch, and fixed for me my wee, wee nanny goat," says Conny, says he, huggin' the wee nanny goat with one hand to his breast, while with the other hand he still gripped the man's hand, who wanted to be goin' away.

St. Peter, lookin' down into Conny's sweet blue eyes which were piteously pleadin' up to him, saw the tears blindin' them. Then he looked at his goold and his beads and his poor wee wooden nanny goat, and the tears then throoped into Peter's own eyes, blindin' himself likewise. And he put his hand upon Conny's head and said: "Conny, me Conny, the man is saved. Go back to the world ye come from," says he then to the man, "and work off them terrible burdens. Till you've done that and come again, we'll leave a throne waitin' you next Conny's own."

"And, kind gentleman," says wee Conny, "I'll mind it for ye till ye come."

THERE was only one burial, after all, from the two deaths that the poison berries brought. For, to the world's astoundment, Lord Kildrum opened his eyes and sat up just as they were coffinin' him, drivin' the women that were coffinin' him, shriekin', disthracted from the room and from the house. And the great doctors, who believe in nothing, gave it out that the man hadn't been really dead, but only in some kind of trance with a long name.

'Twas a new Lord Kildrum entirely, though, that came back to life. His very first order was that the Widow McGruddy and her childer should be kept in their home all their days, rent free, and that in the meantime plenty to ate and plenty to wear should be given them, and the Widow McGruddy and her childer, when they heard it, dropped upon their knees and cried out to God to send his blessin' upon the good Lord.

And everyone that had been unjustly treated was now given justice. And everyone that was poor was helped, and everyone that was distressed had his heart lifted up by the new Lord Kildrum. And he sold his beautiful carriage with its goold and silver mountin's, and he sold his goold and silver uniforms, and his great black horses, and he dismissed his butlers and his footmen, and he used all his money to help them that needed it, and he lived and went among his people like one of themselves, blessin' them and gettin' their blessin's. And a happy man in due time died and went away from a heartstricken, weepin', wailin' people who nigh begrudged so good a man to God.

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Effect of the War on American Business

(Continued from page 6)

United States will earn the lasting gratitude of South America and place them in a position of great permanent advantage with every South American country."

The Markets That Await Us

SOUTH AMERICA'S need, fortunately, is for goods that we can readily supply. Indeed, we can duplicate practically every article exported there by the countries now at war. The case of Brazil will illustrate: Her annual bill of $53,000,000 with Germany includes such items as motor cars, electrical machinery, cutlery, motors and stationary engines, sewing machines, tools, leather goods, paints, paper, photographic apparatus, perfumery, pumps, furniture, and wearing apparel.

Brazil, it is worth while adding, was buying nearly $48,000,000 worth of goods a year from us up to the outbreak of the war. She was also purchasing annually $77,000,000 from the United Kingdom and $27,000,000 from France.

Her neighbor, Argentina, averages $115,000,000 a year from the United Kingdom, $82,000,000 from Germany, $57,000,000 from the United States, and $36,000,000 from France. Now you can get some idea as to the trade possibilities that the two leading South American countries hold out to us.

To offset this bounding prospect, however, there is a far-reaching state of business depression among these South American republics. A huge crop failure has set Argentina back, while the collapse of coffee valorization and the tremendous decline in the price of rubber have hampered Brazil. But in the face of these misfortunes is the more pressing extremity of actually needing many products, and the countries will doubtless find a way to pay for them.

Latin America Needs Our Capital

GREATER even, in one way, than this swelling trade prospect is the opportunity offered by South America to the United States on the financial side. At the outbreak of the war several of the leading republics, notably Brazil, were arranging for large loans. Their need of money will continue. It will be a long time before Europe can resume financial operations abroad; New York, therefore, and the rest of the country will have the chance to consider these South American loan proposals.

This means the creation of financial machinery in South America. By a happy coincidence the National City Bank of New York had already projected branches at Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, and possibly at Valparaiso. In fact, representatives of the bank are now at the first two places, establishing offices.

With the inevitable trade expansion resulting from the war other huge New York financial institutions must do the same thing. Banks belonging to the Federal Reserve system are allowed to maintain foreign branches, and thus the whole country can share in this growth.

The result of this planting of American money in foreign countries cannot fail to give New York and the nation a whole new financial prestige. She will become a vast international clearing house, which may rival the position which London now occupies in the commercial world. With the problem of financing a huge war, and with the European money markets demoralized, the British metropolis will be handicapped indefinitely. Our own condition, on the other hand, is sound, our resources and energy are ample, and we are at peace with the world.

Gains That Flow from Loans

THE profit to be reaped by the United States through financing South American countries will be twofold: First, by the actual gain on the loan; second, by the tendency of at least part of the proceeds of such loans to return to the country that does the lending. If the United States, for example, finances railroads or seaports or municipal construction, it is altogether probable that American engineers and American material will be employed in the operation. We learned this lesson to our cost in China, when the support of American bankers there was withdrawn by the Wilson Administration. A great wave of concessions to European powers and bankers immediately followed. One of the provisions in these loans was that the materials bought with the proceeds should be procured in the lending country.

In this connection it is interesting to reproduce here a telegram just received from the Business Men's League of St. Louis, which has been actively interested in developing our South American trade:

"Manufacturers in the United States should at once send Spanish and Portuguese speaking salesmen of discretion and some knowledge of South American countries through all these countries, keeping them there at least a year and not making fast trips. If these things are done within the coming year, no matter what the outcome of the European war may be, by the time it ends, the United States will be impregnably intrenched in South American trade, and in five years will surpass England, Germany, and France."

American Merchant Marine at Last

THE question now arises, How is the United States meeting this vast opportunity? In the answer lies at least one huge national benefit—an American merchant marine. For, if the war has brought us nothing else, it has emphasized, as no other emergency has emphasized, the crying need of "American bottoms for American cargoes."

If the United States had had a fleet of vessels on the high seas such as the Germans possess, our commerce would have suffered comparatively little interruption. For years we have allowed Europe to do our carrying, and when Europe is engaged in a general war our commerce almost comes to an end.

But, happily, this condition, thanks to the war, is to be remedied. Before this article appears Congress will doubtless have amended the Panama Canal Act, removing many absurd restrictions and bringing the great fleet of American-owned vessels under American registry. Already the ships of the United Fruit Company, the Standard Oil Company, and the United States Steel Corporation—which have flown the British flag—are arranging to come under their natural and proper registry, the Stars and Stripes.

This new merchant marine means moving the congested grain and cotton crops, the prompt relief of the South American and other world markets in their extremities due to the European conflagration, and it is a guarantee for the future of an ever-widening and far-flung prosperity, for we are a great export nation.

Another constructive agency invoked in this emergency is the new Federal Reserve Board, which comes into power at a most opportune moment. Through its operation and through all that it interprets, the country is emancipated from the antiquated inelastic currency system which hampered its progress for years. The board will aid both money and business in facing its fresh world problems. It is very fortunate to include as one of its members the most eminent authority on international finance in the United States, Mr. Paul Warburg.

War Abroad Means Unity at Home

A THIRD and far-reaching benefit growing out of the war is what might be called the aroused and united commercial intelligence of the country—keenly awake to its tremendous opportunities and responsibilities. Already its advance agents are on the way to blaze the path of American goods in new lands. The campaign of this new crusade of peace is: "Open new markets for American goods and keep them open."

Nor can the almost unprecedented cooperation between the Federal Government and Big Business be overlooked. Scarcely a month ago all was hostility between these two great agencies. Business attributed its troubles to Washington's pernicious political activity. Washington, in turn, charged Business with conspiracy to mislead. In a twinkling a terrible crisis in human affairs wiped out etiquette, personal privilege, and grievance.

Significant of this inspiring teamwork is a conference called by Secretary McAdoo at Washington, at which shippers and bankers are to discuss the financial and trade problems growing out of the war, and plan a program for mutual advantage.

Then, too, there will be the increase in our consumption of domestic articles as substitutes for imported goods. This, doubtless, will be especially true of women's wearing apparel. So, too, with



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We have depended almost entirely upon Germany and Austria for dyes and dyestuffs. Here comes the opportunity to create this industry among ourselves and to be independent of foreign aid.

The Price That War Exacts

IN all this stirring prospect of new business the world over let us not blind ourselves to the fact that there are losses. War means waste, and some one must pay. It, therefore, resolves itself into a question as to whether our gains will offset the tremendous shrinkage which must come in our exports to the warring peoples.

Let us take the instance furnished by Germany, to whom we export $331,000,000 worth of products each year, including $160,000,000 for cotton, $45,000,000 for copper, $18,000,000 for lard, and $10,000,000 for oils. Our task will be to find other absorbers of this wealth or hoard it against the time when it will seek its normal European market. At the present outlook we are likely to lose the German business longer than that of England, France, or Austria.

England is our greatest customer, with an annual purchase of $542,554,127, of which $221,000,000 is paid for cotton, $24,000,000 for wheat, $50,000,000 for ham, bacon, and lard, $20,000,000 for tobacco, $17,000,000 for copper, $20,000,000 for oils, and $6,000,000 for "movie" films.

France only buys $146,000,000 worth of goods from us a year, and $65,000,000 of this is for cotton, $24,000,000 for copper, $5,000,000 for tobacco, and $10,000,000 in oils.

Austria is almost a negligible quantity in our exports, her purchases amounting to only $23,000,000, mainly cotton, copper, and agricultural implements. The same is also true of Russia, who buys $7,000,000 worth of our agricultural implements and $5,000,000 worth of cotton.

From these statistics it is quite clear which of our resources will suffer the most as a result of the European war.

The Losses We Must Expect

WHEN you come to consider the loss due to a falling off in our imports from the European belligerents, you find that about the hardest blow—should there be a stoppage over a considerable period—would be delivered to Uncle Sam, who faces the prospect of a shrinkage of from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 in his yearly customs income. Should this misfortune come about, the consumer will have to make up the deficit in a tea and coffee tax. But, war or no war, Europe must have certain of our commodities. The big problem, therefore, will be: "How will Europe pay?" With her treasuries depleted, her industries stifled, and her income almost wiped out, she will be forced to ask long credits or dump her American securities (she has $6,000,000,000 invested in them) on the market. Of these two alternatives the United States prefers the former.

The problem will be to protect and safeguard the security market at the reopening of the exchanges and at the close of the war. It will take much American capital to take care of the immense foreign holdings of our stocks and bonds. But, then again, the income from these very securities will constitute an important revenue to the European investors facing the terrific cost of war. They will hesitate about sacrificing them.

"Goodness in Things Evil"

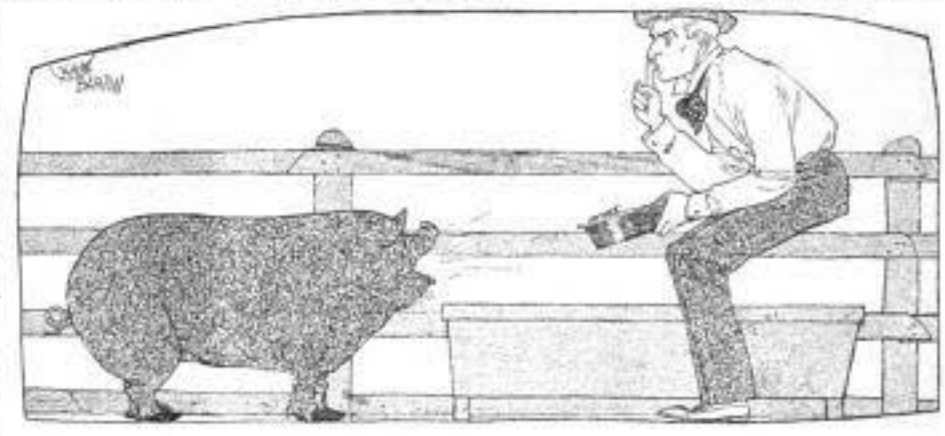
FROM this not altogether pleasant revelation of the immediate cost of the war—especially in our trade with the fighting countries—let us turn to the big look ahead by representative American business men. It dramatizes to a remarkable degree those lines from "Henry V":

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out."

Take the view of one of the greatest of our international bankers, a man trained in foreign service who is a leader in Wall Street. He said:

"The effects of the war on our business almost baffle the imagination. For the first time in history one great nation stands up as the only source of supply, and that nation is equipped to help the whole world. We not only have an opportunity but a duty to mankind. We may have congestion and apprehension at the start, but the ultimate results will be many-sided and far-reaching benefits.

"The nation-wide response to the need of an American merchant marine (by far the biggest service that the war so far has rendered us) is very significant. For years our farmers have despised the sea and done everything possible to curb our shipping growth. Now they find, in a great world emergency, how valuable the ships are, and they are clamoring for a merchant marine."



Refining the Pig

By HOMER CROY

A HARVARD PROFESSOR *has made the discovery that a pig is naturally a gentleman.*

We are loath to say it, but we must differ with the professor. We have met many pigs in our time, but none of them stands out in our mind as having that indescribable something that marks a gentleman. A pig does not know how to treat callers. We can never spend a few minutes in the society of pigs without their coming up and rubbing their noses on our trousers. Even after a hasty call we are soiled to the knee. A pig has a way of complaining about any delay in the service of its meal that grates on our sensitive ear. When a person appears near its pen with provender, it sets up a loud, uncultured clamor without thinking that there may be company present. All gestures on our part are of no avail. It cares nothing for the family sign. To our humble way of thinking a pig can never be a gentleman as long as it insists on dining with its feet in the trough. To us its table manners are inexcusable. Even when a pig has on its company manners, there is always a wish down deep in our heart that it would strive just a bit harder for culture and refinement. We wish that we could blind our eyes to a pig's shortcomings, and join the professor in recommending the pig as a gentleman, but we must be honest by saying that in many respects a pig falls short of some of our cherished ideals.

A prominent New York merchant sized up the situation in this way:

"The war will make our position financially and commercially stronger than ever before. The temporary loss that we will sustain in Europe will be more than offset by the gain in other directions. We will plant our products in new soil, and it will be up to us to keep them there. I firmly believe we will become the leading commercial nation of the world. Nothing will prevent us from maintaining this prestige if we have statesmen at Washington big enough to see the opportunities and wise enough to frame laws that will conserve them."

The president of one of the largest banks in the United States expressed himself thus:

"Of course the benefits will only be relative. I believe our prosperity and development would have been more consistent if made along normal lines. The profits of peace are more permanent than those of war. But in the end great good will come to the United States. If I owned a cotton mill, for instance, I would keep it going day and night to meet the new demands for goods that will come from everywhere, and especially the Far East."

Another banker, whose view is typical of scores of others, said:

"The war has given us a merchant marine, and, even if we lose money for a year, the ultimate good of a restored American shipping will more than make up for it."

That we face whole new avenues of industrial activity is attested by statements like this:

"Now is the time for American enterprise to assert itself. Austria, for example, has exported most of the bent-wood furniture that we use. We can make it just as easily. So, too, with the toys that have come in floods from Germany. During the war we will not have to compete with the handicap of cheap European labor, either."

I talked with half a dozen international traders, and their opinion, boiled down, is this:

"When the present congestion is relieved there will be a tremendous spurt in world trade and we will be the base of supplies. If conditions were reversed and we were at war, Germany would already have her advance agents of commerce scouring the seven seas, leaving nothing undone to reap the benefits that the situation made possible. We will gain immensely in the end."

The Ultimate Gains and Losses

ONE New York financier made this contribution to the symposium: "The war will wipe out the high cost of living because it will eliminate high living."

These views echo the prevailing sentiment both in New York and throughout the country. When you come to sum up the whole situation you find that the principal benefits to us resulting from the war appear to be:

1. A merchant marine which will undoubtedly restore the supremacy of the American shipping flag to the high seas.

2. A notable increase in export trade, especially with South America and with regions hitherto undeveloped by American business.

3. A new and more commanding place in international finance and commerce.

4. An increase in output and use at home of domestic products as substitutes for foreign-made goods.

5. The ultimate ability to pay our debts to Europe at a discount.

6. Our securities will probably have a stronger position abroad than ever before, because we will be about the only war-proof country.

The main drawbacks may be summarized as these:

1. A decline in exports to Europe of high-class goods.

2. Loss of the service of many skilled workers, especially Germans, who have gone back to fight for their fatherland.

3. Advance in money rates, which will mean increased cost of manufacture and possibly higher cost of living.

4. Heavy shrinkage in national revenue, due to a falling off of imports.

5. A probable fomenting of the labor unrest when the fighters come back to America after a war of savage hate.

Though trade in some quarters may look through a glass darkly at the moment, the prospect of our distilling "goodness out of things evil" is the larger and permanent vision.

To the United States, through the misfortune of war, has come a rare and unique distinction. We seem to stand at the outposts of Universal Need as the Nation of Succor and Rehabilitation. The eyes and the desires of that part of civilization remaining at peace are upon us.

The Metamorphosis of a Nation

IN the light of these new and thrilling world responsibilities we may be justified in paraphrasing John Hay's memorable prophecy of our commercial destiny and make it read:

"The debtor nation has become the chief creditor nation. The financial center of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from the Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, has passed to the Hudson between daybreak and dark."

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"In Mizzoura"

Continued from page 19

was my fellow traveler, and I would stand by him! Even the chauffeur of the hack seemed to feel the same way. Together we turned and ran toward the place whence we thought the voice came—that is to say, toward the mouth of the cave. But when we reached the entrance he wasn't there.

"He must be back in the cave," I said to the driver.

"Yes," he agreed.

"Now, I tell you," I said. "We mustn't both go in after him. One of us ought to stay here and call to the others to guide them out. I'll do that. I have a good strong voice. And you go in and find out what's the matter. You know the cave better than I do."

"Oh, no I don't," said the man.

"Why certainly you do!" I said.

"I never was into the cave before," he said. "Leastways not nowhere near as far as we was this time."

"But you live right here in Hannibal," I insisted. "You *must* know more about it than I do. I live in New York. What could I know about this cave away out here in Missouri?"

"Well, you know just as much as I do, anyhow," he said doggedly.

"Look here!" I said sharply. "I hope you aren't a coward? The idea! A great big fellow like you, too!"

However, at that juncture, our argument was stopped by the appearance of the missing man. He strolled into the light in leisurely fashion.

"What happened?" I cried.

"Happened?" he repeated. "Nothing happened. Why?"

"You yelled, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I wanted to hear the echoes."

Obliging an Amiable Gentleman

BEFORE leaving Hannibal that afternoon, we had the pleasure of meeting an old school friend of Samuel Clemens's, Colonel John L. RoBards—the same of whom it is recorded in Paine's work that "he wore almost continually the medal for amiability, while Samuel Clemens had a mortgage on the medal for spelling."

Colonel RoBards is still amiable. He took us to his office, showed us a scrapbook containing clippings in which he was mentioned in connection with Mark Twain, and told us of old days in the log schoolhouse.

Seeing that I was making notes, the Colonel called my attention politely to the spelling of his name, requesting that I get it right. Then he explained to me the reason for the capital B, beginning the second syllable.

"I may say, sir," he explained in his fine Southern manner, "that I inserted that capital B myself. At least I converted the small B into a capital. I am a Kentuckian, sir, and in Kentucky my family name stands for something. It is a name that I am proud to bear, and I do not like to be called out of it. But up here I was continually annoyed by the errors of careless persons. Frequently they would fail to give the accent on the final syllable, where it should be placed, sir—Ro-*Bards;* that is the way it should be pronounced—but even worse, it happened now and then that some one called me by the plebeian appellation, Roberts. That was most distasteful to me, sir. *Most* distasteful. For that reason I use the capital B for emphasis."

I was glad to assure the Colonel that in these pages, his name would be correctly spelled, and I call him to witness that I spoke the truth. I repeat, the name is RoBards. And it is borne by a most amiable gentleman.

Vision of Sam Clemens, the Boy

MR. F. W. HIXSON of St. Louis has in his possession an autograph book which belonged to his mother when she was a young girl (Ann Virginia Ruffner), residing in Hannibal. In this book, Sam Clemens wrote a verse at a time when he was preparing to leave the town where he had spent his boyhood. I reproduce that boyish bit of doggerel here, solely for the value of one word which it contains:

Good-by, good-by,
I bid you now, my friend;
And though 'tis hard to
say the word,
To destiny I bend.

Never, in his most perfect passages, did Samuel Clemens hit more certainly upon the one right word, than when in this verse he wrote the second word in the last line.

And what a destiny it was!

A Celebrated County

IT was before we left St. Louis that I received a letter inviting us to visit in the town of Louisiana, Mo. I quote a portion of it:

"Louisiana is in Pike County, a county famous for its big red apples, miles of rock roads, fine old estates, Rhine scenery, capons, rare old country hams, and poker. Pike County means more to Missouri than Missouri does to Pike.

"Do you remember 'Jim Bludso of the *Prairie Belle'?*

"'He wern't no saint—them engineers
Is pretty much all alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike.'

"We can show you 'the willer-bank on the right,' where Bludso ran the *Prairie Belle* aground and made good with his life his old promise:

"'I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.'

"We can also show you the home of Champ Clark, and the largest nursery in the world, and a meadow where, twenty-five years ago, a young fellow threw down his hayfork and said to his companion: 'Sam, I'm going to town to study law with Champ Clark. Some day I'm going to be Governor of this State.' He was Elliott W. Major, and he is Governor to-day."

The promise held forth by that letter appealed to me. It is always interesting to see whether a man like Champ Clark lives in a house with ornamental iron fences on the roof and iron urns in the front yard: likewise there is a sort of fascination for a man of my extensive ignorance, not merely in hearing how the Governor of Missouri decided to become Governor, but in finding out his name. Then those hams and capons—how many politicians can compare for interest with a tender capon or a fine old country ham? And perhaps more alluring to me than any of these was the idea of going to visit in a strange State, and a strange town, and a strange house—the house of a total stranger.

We accepted.



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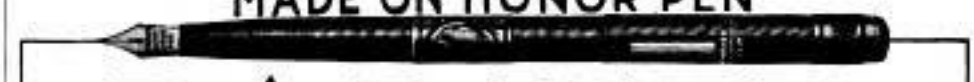
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Our host met us with his touring car and proceeded to make good his promises about the nursery, and the scenery, and the roads, and the estates, and as we bowled along he told us about "Pike." It is indeed a great county. And the fact that it was originally settled by Virginians, Kentuckians, and Carolinians still stamps it strongly with the qualities of the South. Though north of St. Louis on the map, it is south of St. Louis in its spirit. Indeed, Louisiana is the most Southern town in appearance and feeling that we visited upon our travels. The broad black felt hats one sees about the streets, the luxuriant mustaches and goatees—all these things mark the town, and if they are not enough, you should see "Indy" Gordon as she walks along puffing at a bulldog pipe black as her own face.

Never outside of Brittany and Normandy have I seen roads so full of animals as those of Pike County. From the great four-horse teams, drawing produce to and from the beautiful estate called "Falicon," to the mule teams and the saddle horses and the cows and pigs and chickens and dogs, all the quadrupeds and bipeds domesticated by mankind were there upon the roads to meet us and to protest, by various antics, against the invasion of the motor car. Dogs hurled themselves at the car as though to suicide; chickens extended themselves in shrieking dives across our course; pigs arose from the luxurious mud with grunts of frantic disapproval, and cantered heavily into the fields; cows trotted lumberingly before us, their hind legs and their fore legs moving, it seemed, without relation to each other; a goat ran round and round the tree to which he was attached; mules pointed their ears to heaven, and opened their eyes wide in horror and amazement; beautiful saddle horses bearing countrymen, or rosy-cheeked young women from the farms, tried to climb into the boughs of wayside trees for safety, and four-horse teams managed to get themselves involved in a manner only rivaled by a ball of yarn with which a kitten is allowed to work its own sweet will.

Our host took all these matters calmly. When a mule protested at our presence on the road, it would merely serve as a reminder that, "Pike County furnished most of the mules for the Spanish war"; or, when a saddle horse showed signs of homicidal purpose, it would draw the calm observation, "Pike is probably the greatest county in the whole United States for saddle horses. 'Missouri King,' the undefeated champion saddle horse of the world, was raised here."

So we progressed amid the outraged hosts of animals.

Getting Ready for the Party

MY feeling as I alighted at last on the step before our host's front door was one of definite relief. For dinner is the meal that I like best, and man with all his faults is, after all, the animal I most enjoy.

The house was genial like its owner—it was just the sort of house I like: large and open, with wide halls, spacious rooms, comfortable beds and chairs, and ash trays everywhere.

"I've asked some men in for dinner and a little game," our host informed us, as he left us to our dressing.

Presently we heard motors arriving in the drive, beneath our windows. When we descended, the living room was filled with men in dinner suits. (Oh, yes: they wear them in those Mississippi River towns, and they fit as well as yours does!)

When we had been introduced we all moved to the dining room.

Would You Call it a Warning?

AT each place was a printed menu with the heading "At Home Abroad"—a hospitable inversion of the general title of these chapters—and with details as follows:

A COUNTRY DINNER

Old Pike County ham,
Pike County capons
and other Pike County essentials,
with Pike County Colonels.

At the bottom of the card was this—shall I call it warning?

Senator Warner once said to Colonel Roosevelt: "*Pike County babies cut their teeth on poker chips.*"

And Then—Such a Dinner!

I HAVE already said that Pike is a county with a Southern savor, but I had not realized how fully that was true until I dined there. I will not say that I have never tasted such a dinner, for truth I hold even above politeness. All I will say is that if ever before I had met with such a meal the memory of it has departed—and, I may add, my memory for famous meals is considered good to the point of irritation.


Mr. John O. Roberts, president of the Clarksville bank, is a wonder—nothing less. There's a book in him, and I hope that somebody will write it, for I should like to read that book

The Designer of That Dinner

THE dinner (save for the "essentials") was entirely made up of products of the county. More, it was even supervised and cooked by county products, for two particularly sweet young ladies, members of the family, were flying around the kitchen in their pretty evening gowns, helping and directing Molly.

Molly is a pretty mulatto girl. Her skin is like a smooth, light-colored bronze, her eye is dark and gentle, like that of some domesticated animal, her voice drawls in melodious cadences, and she has a sort of shyness which is very fetching.

"Ah cain't cook lak they used to cook in the ole days," she smiled in response to my tribute to the dinner, later. "The Kunnel was askin' jus' th' othah day if ah could make 'im some ash cake, but ah had to tell 'im ah couldn't. Ah've seen ma grun'fahthu make it lots o' times, but folks cain't make it no mo', now-a-days."

Poor benighted Northerner that I am, I had to ask what ash cake was. It is a kind of corn cake, Molly told me, the parent, so to speak, of the corn dodger, and the grandparent of hoecake. It has to be prepared carefully and then cooked in the hot ashes—cooked "jes so," as Molly said.

Having learned about ash cake, I demanded more Pike County culinary lore, whereupon I was told, partly by my host, and partly by Molly, about the old-time wedding cooks.

The Ante-Bellum Wedding Cook

WEDDING cooks were the best cooks in the South, superchefs, with State-wide reputations. When there was a wedding a dinner was given at the home of the bride, for all the wedding guests, and it was in the preparation of this repast that the wedding cook of the bride's family showed what she could do. That dinner was on the day of the wedding. On the next day the entire company repaired to the home of the groom's family, where another dinner was served—a dinner in which the wedding cook belonging to this family tried to outdo that of the day before. This latter feast was known as the "infair." But all these old Southern customs seem to have departed now, along with the wedding cooks themselves. The latter very seldom came to sale, being regarded as the most valuable of all slaves. Once in a while when some leading family was in financial difficulties and was forced to sell its wedding cook she would bring as much as eight or ten times the price of an ordinary female slave.

The Pike County Colonel Crop

AFTER dinner, when we moved out to the living room, we found a large, green table all in place, with the chips arranged in little piles. But let me introduce you to the players.

First, there was Colonel Edgar Stark, our host, genial and warm-hearted over dinner; cold and inscrutable behind his spectacles when poker chips appeared.

Then Colonel Charlie Buffum, heavily built, but with a similar dual personality.

Then Colonel Frank Buffum, State Highway Commissioner; or, as some one called him later in the evening, when the chips began to gather at his place, State "highwayman."

Then Colonel Dick Goodman, banker, raconteur, and connoisseur of edibles and "essentials."

Then Colonel George S. Cake, who, when not a Colonel, is a Commodore; commander of the *Betsy*, flagship of the Louisiana Yacht Club, and the most famous craft to ply the Mississippi since the *Prairie Belle*. (Don't call Colonel Cake when he raises you and at the same time raises his right eyebrow.)

Then Colonel Dick Hawkins, former Collector of the Port of St. Louis, and more recently (since there has been so little in St. Louis to collect), a gentleman farmer. (Colonel Hawkins always wins at poker. The question is not "Will he win?" but "How much?")

Only two men in the game were not, so far as I discovered, Colonels.

One, Major Dave Wald, has been held back in title because of time devoted to the pursuit of literature. Major Wald has written a book. The subject of the book is Poker. As a tactician, he is perhaps unrivaled in Missouri. He will look at a hand and instantly declare the percentage of chance it stands of filling in the draw, according to the law of chance. One hand will be, to Major Wald, a "sixteen-time hand"; another a "thirty-two time hand," and so on—meaning that the player has one chance in sixteen, or in thirty-two, of filling.

A Plain Person Without a Title

THE other player was merely a plain "Mister," like ourselves—Mr. John W. Matson, the corporation lawyer. At first I felt sorry for Mr. Matson. It seemed hard that the rank of Colonel had been denied him. But when I saw him shuffle and deal, I was no longer sorry for him, but for myself. With the possible exception of General Bob Williams (who won't play any more now that he has been appointed postmaster), and Colonel Clarence Buell, who used to play in the big games on the Mississippi boats, Mr. Matson can shuffle and deal more rapidly and more accurately than any man in Missouri.

Colonel Buell was present, as was Colonel Lloyd Stark, but neither played. Colonel Buell had intended to, but on being told that my companion and I were from New York he declined to "take the money." The Colonel—but to say "the Colonel" in Pike County is hardly specific—Colonel Buell, I mean, is the same gentleman who fought the Indians, long ago, with Buffalo Bill, and who later acted as treasurer of the Wild West Show on its first trip to Europe. Some one informed me that the Colonel—Colonel Buell, I mean—was a capitalist, but the information was beside the mark, for I had already seen the diamond ring he wears—a most remarkable piece of landscape gardening.

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During the evening Colonel Buell, who stood for an hour or two and watched the play, spoke of certain things that he had seen and done which, as I estimated it, could not have been seen or done within the last sixty years. "How old is Colonel Buell?" I asked another Colonel.

"Colonel," asked the Colonel, "how old are you?"

"Colonel," replied the Colonel, "I am exactly in my prime."

"I know that, Colonel," said the Colonel, "but what is your age?"

"Colonel," returned the Colonel suavely, "I have forgotten my exact age. But I know that I am somewhere between eighty and one hundred and forty-two."

The Poker Sense in Pike County

IT was Mr. Matson's deal. He dealt. The cards passed through the air and fell, one on the other, in neat piles. (If you prefer it, Mr. Matson can drop a fan-shaped hand before you, all ready to pick up.) And from the time that the first hand was played I knew that here, as in St. Louis, my companion and I were babes among the lions. I do not know how he played, but I do know that I played along as best I could, only trying not to lose too much money at once.

But why rehearse the pathetic story? I spoke in a former chapter of Missouri poker, and Pike County is a county in Missouri. Bet on a good pat hand and some one always holds a better one. Bluff and they call you. Call and they beat you. There is no way of winning from Missouri. Missouri poker players are mahatmas. They have an occult sense of cards. Babes at their mothers' breasts can tell the difference between a straight and a flush long before they have the power of speech. Once, while in Pike County, I asked a little boy how many brothers and sisters he had. "One brother and three sisters," he replied, and added: "A full house."

The Game Takes Precedence

THE Missouri gentlemen, so gay, so genial, at the dinner table, take on a frigid look when the cards and chips appear. They turn from gentle, kindly human beings into relentless, ravening wolves, each intent upon the thought of devouring the other. And when, over a poker game, some player seems to enter into a pleasant conversation, the other players know that even that is a bluff—a blind to cover up some diabolic plot.

Once during the game, for instance, Colonel Hawkins started in to tell me something of his history. And I, bland simpleton, believed we were conversing *sans* ulterior motive.

"I used to be in politics," he said. "Then I was in the banking business. But I've gone back to farming now, because it is the only honest business in the world. In fact—"

But at that juncture the steely voices of half the other players at the table interrupted.

"Ante!" they cried. "Ante, farmer!"

Whereupon Colonel Hawkins, who by that time had to crane his neck to see the table over his pile of chips—a pile of chips like the battlements of some feudal lord—anted suavely.

Advice Gratis

BY midnight Colonel Buell, who had stood behind me for a time and watched my play, showed signs of fatigue and anguish. And a little later, after having seen me try to "put it over" with three sixes, he sighed heavily and went home—a fine, slender, courtly figure, straight as a gun barrel, walking sadly out into the night. Next Major Wald ceased to play for himself, but began to take an interest in my hand. Under his supervision during the last fifteen minutes of the game I made a tiny dent in Colonel Hawkins's stacks of chips. But it is only just to Colonel Hawkins to say that, by that time, the Missourians were so sorry for us that they were making the most desperate efforts not to win from us any more than they could help.

When the game broke up, Major Wald and Colonel Hawkins showed concern about our future.

"How far are you young men going, did you say?" asked Colonel Hawkins.

"To the Pacific Coast," I said.

At that the two veteran poker players looked at each other solemnly, in silence, and shook their heads.

"All the way to the coast, eh?" demanded Major Wald. Then: "Do you expect to play cards much as you go along?"

I wished to uphold the honor of New York as best I could, so I tried to reply gamely.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Whenever anybody wants a game they'll find us ready."

Again I saw them exchange glances.

"You tell him, Major," said Colonel Hawkins, walking away.

"Young man," said Major Wald, placing his hand kindly on my shoulder, "I played poker before you were born. I know a good deal about it. You wouldn't take offense if I gave you a pointer about your game?"

"On the contrary," I said, thinking I was about to hear the inner secrets of Missouri poker, "I shall be most grateful."

"If I advise you," he pursued, "will you agree to follow my advice?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said the Major, "don't you play poker any more while you're in the West. Wait till you get back to New York."

Apples That Melt on the Tongue

SEEING the houses of the players next day as I drove about the county, I suspected that even these had been built around the game of poker, for each house has ample accommodations for the "gang" in case the game lasts until too late to go home. In the winter the games occur at the houses of the different Colonels, and there is always a dinner first. But it is in summer that the greatest games occur, for then it is the immemorial custom for the Colonels (and Major Wald and Mr. Matson, too, of course) to charter a steamer and go out on the river. These excursions sometimes last for the better part of a week. Sometimes they cruise. Sometimes they go ashore upon an island and camp. "We take a tribe of cooks and a few cases of 'essentials,'" one of the Colonels explained to me, "and the game never stops at all."



At one side is an alley running back to the house of Huckleberry Finn, where stood the historic fence which young Sam Clemens cajoled the other boys into whitewashing for him

My companion and I were tired. The mental strain had told upon us. Soon after the Colonels, the Major, and Mr. Matson went, we retired. It seemed to me that I had hardly closed my eyes when I heard a faint rap at my bedroom door. But I must have slept, for there was sunlight streaming through the window.

"What is it?" I called.

The voice of our host replied.

"Breakfast will be ready any time you want it," he declared. "Will you have your toddy now?"

Ah! Pike is a great county! And what do you suppose we had for breakfast?

At the center of the table was a pile of the most beautiful and enormous red apples—fragrant apples, giving a sweet, appetizing scent which filled the room. I had thought before that I knew something about apples, but when I tasted these I became aware that no merely good apple, no merely fine apple, would ever satisfy my taste again. These apples, which are known as the "Delicious," are to all other apples that I know as Missouri poker is to all other poker. They are in a class absolutely alone, and, in case you get some on a lucky day, I want to tell you how to eat them with your breakfast. Don't eat them as you eat an ordinary apple, but either fry them, with a slice of bacon, or cut them up and take them as you do peaches—that is, with cream and sugar. Did you ever see an apple with flesh white and firm, yet tender as a pear at the exact point of perfect ripeness? Did you ever taste an apple that seemed actually to melt upon your tongue? That is the sort of apple which we had for breakfast.

A Town That Forgot to Grow Up

LATER in the day we motored to the town of Clarksville, some miles down the river. Clarksville huddles along the river bank, as St. Louis must have in her early days. Being a small, straggling town which has not, if one may judge from appearances, progressed or even changed in fifty years, Clarksville out-Hannibals Hannibal. Or, perhaps, it is to-day the kind of town that Hannibal was when Mark Twain was a boy. In its decay it is theatrically perfect.

Our motor stopped before the bank, and we were introduced to the editor of the local paper, which is called "The Piker."

The bank is, in appearance, contemporary with the town. The fittings are of the period of the Civil War—walnut, as I recall them. And there are red glass signs over the little window grilles bearing the legends "Cashier" and "President."

In the back room we met the president, Mr. John O. Roberts, a gentleman over eighty years of age, who can sit back, with his feet upon his desk, smoke cigars, and, from a cloud of smoke, exude the most delightful stories of old days on the Mississippi. For Mr. Roberts was clerk on river boats more than sixty years ago, in the golden days of the great stream. There, too, we had the good fortune to meet Professor M. S. Goodman, who was born in Missouri in 1837, and founded the Clarksville High School in 1865. The professor has written the history of Pike County—but that is a story all by itself.

Old Days on the River

IN the old days Pike County embraced many of the other present counties, and, running all the way from the Mississippi to the Missouri River, was as large as a good-sized State. Pike has colonized more Western country than any other county in Missouri; or, as Professor Goodman put it, "The West used to be full of Pike County men who had pushed out there with their guns and bottles."

"Yes," added Mr. Roberts in his dry, crackling tone, "and wherever they went they always wanted office."

I asked Mr. Roberts about the famous poker games on the river boats.

"I antedate poker," he said. "The old river card game was called 'Brag.' It was out of brag that the game of poker developed. A steward on one of the boats once told me that he and the other boys had picked up more than a hundred dollars from the floor of a room in which Henry Clay and some friends had been playing brag."

Golden days indeed!—and for everyone. The steamboat companies made fabulous returns on their investments.

"In '54 and '55," said Mr. Roberts,

Special Educational Institutions



Prospective Freshmen should make reservations immediately in these New Dormitories at

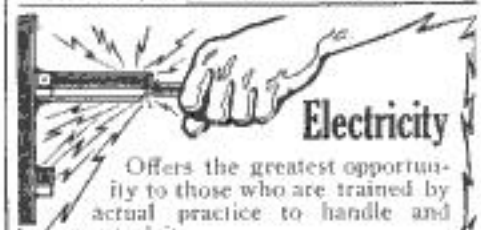
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See America now; you can't go abroad while the war is on.

Read Julian Street's "Abroad at Home" and find out something about the "home lot." The European conflict emphasizes the value of the See America First idea, not only as applied to travel, but to the business aspect of the "home lot."

Enforced concentration on home consumption will show the possibilities of "America first" as a market. American table waters, ginger ales, food products, clothing, drugs and toilet preparations, toys and novelties, candies and confections, all of these and many other products will now find greater consumption by our fellow citizens.

The European workman's abandonment of the machine for the rifle offers Uncle Sam the opportunity to establish an international trade-mark—"Made In America". The American Manufacturer will take this opportunity, and every other which presents itself, not to willfully take advantage of a world tragedy, but to heed a demand which must be supplied.

A. C. Hammesfahr.

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

"I worked for the St. Louis & Keokuk Packet Company, a line owning three boats, which weren't worth over $75,000. That company cleaned up as much as $150,000 clear profit in one season. And, of course, a season wasn't an entire year either. It would open about March 1 and end in December, or, in a mild winter, January.

"But I tell you we used to drive those boats. We'd shoot up to the docks and land our passengers and mail and freight without so much as tying up or even stopping. We'd just scrape along the dock and then be off again.

"The highest fare ever charged between St. Louis and Keokuk was $4 for the 200 miles. That included a berth, wine, and the finest old Southern cooking a man ever tasted. The best cooks I've ever seen in my life were those old steamboat cooks. And we gave 'em good stuff to cook, too. We bought the best of everything. You ought to see the steaks we had for breakfast! The officers used to sit at the ladies' end of the table and serve out of big chafing dishes. I tell you those were *meals!*

"There was lots going on all the time on the river. I remember one trip I made in '52 in the old *Di Vernon*—all the boats in the line were named for characters in Scott's novels. We were coming from New Orleans with 350 German immigrants on deck and 100 Californians in the cabin. The Californians were sports and they had a big game going all the time. We had two gamblers on board, too—John McKenzie and his partner, a man named Wilburn. They used to come on to the boats at different places, and make out to be farmers, and not acquainted with each other, and there was always something doing when they got into the game.

"Well, this time cholera broke out among the immigrants on the deck. They began dying on us. But we had a deckload of lumber, so we were well fixed to handle 'em. We took the lumber and built coffins for 'em, and when they'd die we'd put 'em in the coffins and save 'em until we got enough to make it worth stopping to bury 'em. Then we'd tie up by some woodyard and be loading up with wood for the furnaces while the burying was going on. Some twenty-five or thirty of 'em died on that trip, and we planted 'em at various points along the way. And all the while, up there in the cabin, the big game was going on—each fellow trying to cheat the other.

"After we got to St. Louis there was a report that we'd buried a man with $3,500 sewed into his clothes. Of course we didn't know which was which or where we'd buried this man. Well, sir, that started the greatest bunch of mining operations along the river bank between New Orleans and St. Louis that anybody ever saw! Everyone was digging for that German. Far as I heard, though, they never found a dollar on him."

Some one in Clarksville (in my notes I neglected to set down the origin of this particular item) told me that the term "stateroom" originated on the Mississippi boats, where the various rooms were named after the States of the Union, a legend which, if true, is worth preserving.

Another interesting item relates to the origin of the slang term "piker," which, whatever it may have meant originally, is used to-day to designate a timid, close-fisted gambler, a "tightwad" or "short sport."

When one inquires as to the origin of this term, Pike County, Missouri, begins to remember that there is another Pike County—Pike County, Illinois, just across the river, which is incidentally, I think, the "Pike" referred to in John Hay's poem.

A gentleman in Clarksville explained the origin of the term "piker" to me thus:

"In the early days men from Pike County, Missouri, and Pike County, Illinois, went all through the West. They were all good men. In fact, they were such a fine lot that when any crooks would want to represent themselves as honest men they would say they were from Pike. As a result of this all the bad men in the West claimed to be from our section, and in that way Pike got a bad name. So when the Westerners suspected a man of being crooked, they'd say: 'Look out for him; he's a Piker.'"

In St. Louis I was given another version. There I was told that long ago men would come down from Pike to gamble. They loved cards, but oftentimes hadn't enough money to play a big game. So, it was said, the term "Piker" came to indicate more or less the type it indicates to-day.

No bit of character and color which we met upon our travels remains in my mind more pleasantly than the talk we had with those fine old men around the stove in the back room of the bank of Mr. John O. Roberts, there at Clarksville. Mr. Roberts is a wonder—nothing less. There's a book in him, and I hope that somebody will write it, for I should like to read that book.

The next article by Mr. Street will be entitled "Kansas City"

Bealby

(Concluded from page 14)

right up to a policeman and say to him, simply and frankly: "I want to turn King's Evidence, please. I was in that burglary where there was a dead old man and a workbox and a woman and a dog. I was led astray by a bad character and I did not mean to do it. And really it was him that did it and not me."

BUT now his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, he felt he could not speak, could not go through with it. His heart had gone down into his feet. Perhaps he had caught the tramp's constitutional aversion to the police. He affected not to see the observant figure in the doorway. He assumed a slack careless bearing like one who reads by chance idly. He lifted his eyebrows to express unconcern. He pursed his mouth to whistle, but no whistle came. He stuck his hands into his pockets, pulled up his feet as one pulls up plants by the roots and strolled away.

He quickened his stroll as he supposed by imperceptible degrees. He glanced back and saw that the young policeman had come out of the station and was reading the notice. And as the young policeman read he looked ever and again at Bealby like one who checks off items.

Bealby quickened his pace and then, doing his best to suggest by the movements of his back a more boyish levity quite unconnected with the law, he broke into a trot.

Then presently he dropped back into a walking pace, pretended to see something in the hedge, stopped and took a sidelong look at the young policeman.

He was coming along with earnest strides, every movement of his suggested a stealthy hurry!

Bealby trotted and then, becoming almost frank about it, ran. He took to his heels. From the first it was not really an urgent chase; it was a stalking rather than a hunt, because the young policeman was too young and shy and lacking in confidence really to run after a boy without any definite warrant for doing so. When anyone came along he would drop into a smart walk and pretend not to be looking at Bealby but just going somewhere briskly. And after two miles of it he desisted, and stood for a time watching a heap of mangel-wurzel directly and the disappearance of Bealby obliquely, and then when Bealby was quite out of sight he turned back thoughtfully toward his proper place.

ON the whole, he considered he was well out of it. He might have made a fool of himself. . . .

And yet—five pounds reward!

(To be continued next week)

Volume 53 Number 24

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

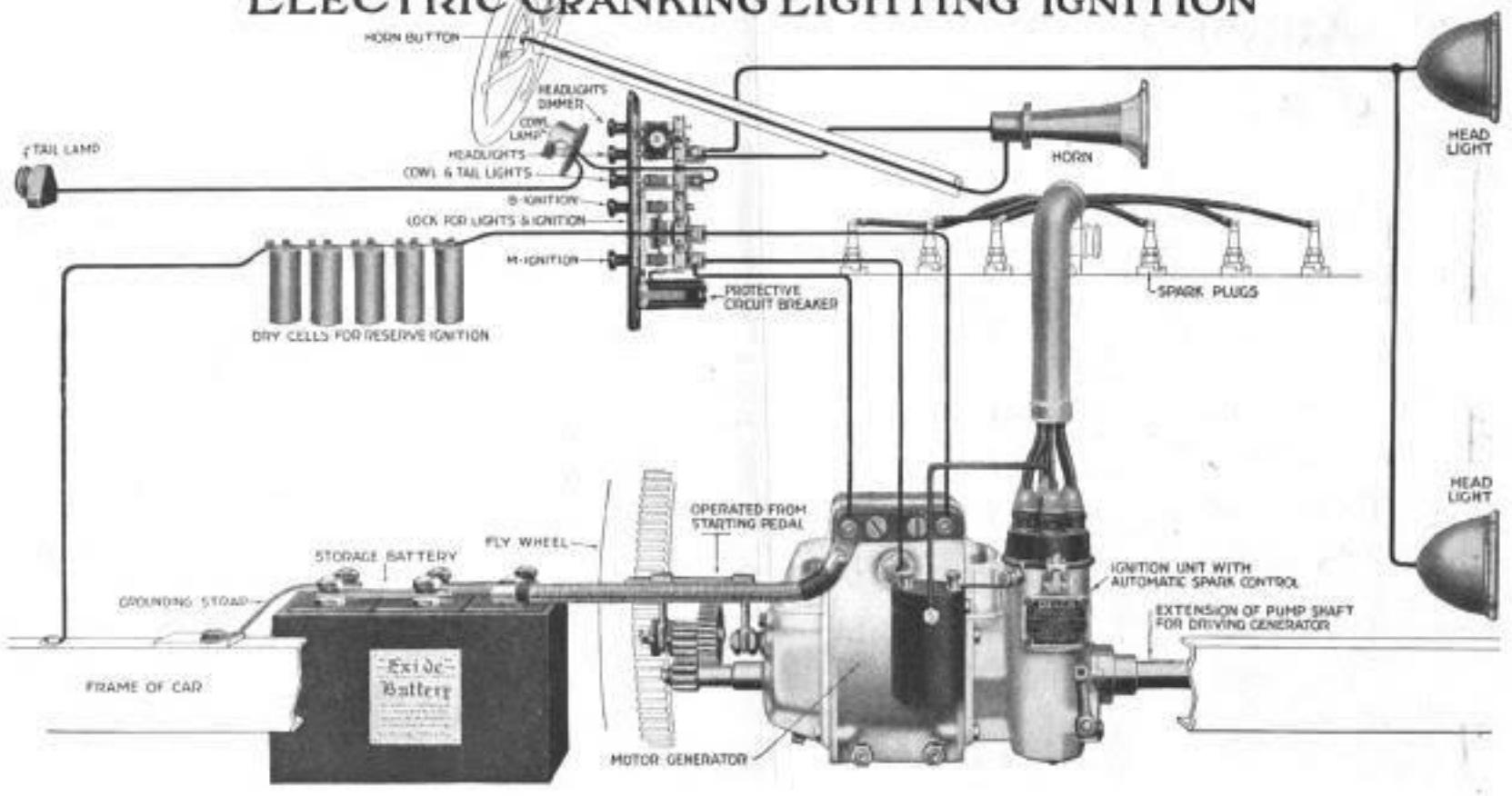
August 29, 1914

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DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION



Simplicity is the Keynote of the Delco System

Study the wiring diagram illustrated above. It shows all the wires there are in a Delco equipped automobile.

Note the simplicity of it—the apparent strength and character indicated.

You will find slight deviations from this diagram to meet the engineering and manufacturing requirements of the various motor car companies. But, in all essential details the diagram is standard.

The Delco system is a complete electric cranking, lighting and ignition system.

It includes also—

A reserve ignition—

A connection for horn and extra lights when desired—

A dimming feature for headlights—

A protective circuit breaker to prevent possible damage from short circuits—

A locking device for both ignition and lights.

The automatically controlled generator provides a high charging rate at low car speed and lower charging rate at high speed thus insuring a well charged battery under ordinary operating conditions, and preventing over-charging at the hands of a fast driver.

The automatically controlled ignition insures a properly timed spark at all engine speeds.

And with all these features the Delco System is remarkably free from complications.

It has less wiring, in fact, than was once used for ignition alone.

This combination of efficiency and simplicity is made possible by the single unit, single wired, grounded system.

The Delco System was the pioneer in the electric cranking field.

Three years ago the first electrically cranked car appeared.

It was Delco equipped—and it revolutionized the automobile industry.

Today 154,000 owners are driving Delco equipped cars

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

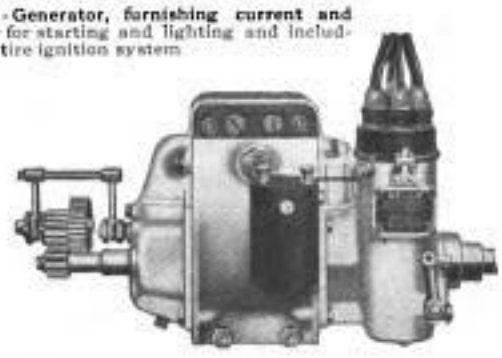
1—Delco-Exide battery made to withstand rough usage and give constant, efficient service



2—Combination Switch—controls entire electrical system. Strong, simple and very compact.



3—Motor-Generator, furnishing current and power for starting and lighting and including entire ignition system



These three units comprise the entire Delco System—cranking, lighting and ignition

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Here *is* the big smoke joy with the real flavor and get-up-and-get in every whiff. Makes no difference, men, *how* you smoke it—jam it into a jimmy pipe, or roll it into a cigarette after breakfast—and you'll get the top-o-the-morning feeling into your system for all day. Yes, sir, P. A. is the one real biteless and stingless tobacco bet and it *keeps* men smoking it once they start.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has the bite taken out by an exclusive, patented process. It never nipped anyone. It *can't* bite. You can smoke P. A. all day and until bedtime, without your tongue being any the wiser. P. A. won't parch your throat. It *is* the heap big smoke joy, for sure. You go and swap the change for a helping and know real tobacco. The cost is only 10c for the tidy red tin or 5c for the toppy red bag—also in pound and half-pound humidors.

Sold everywhere, so buy aplenty where stores are far apart.

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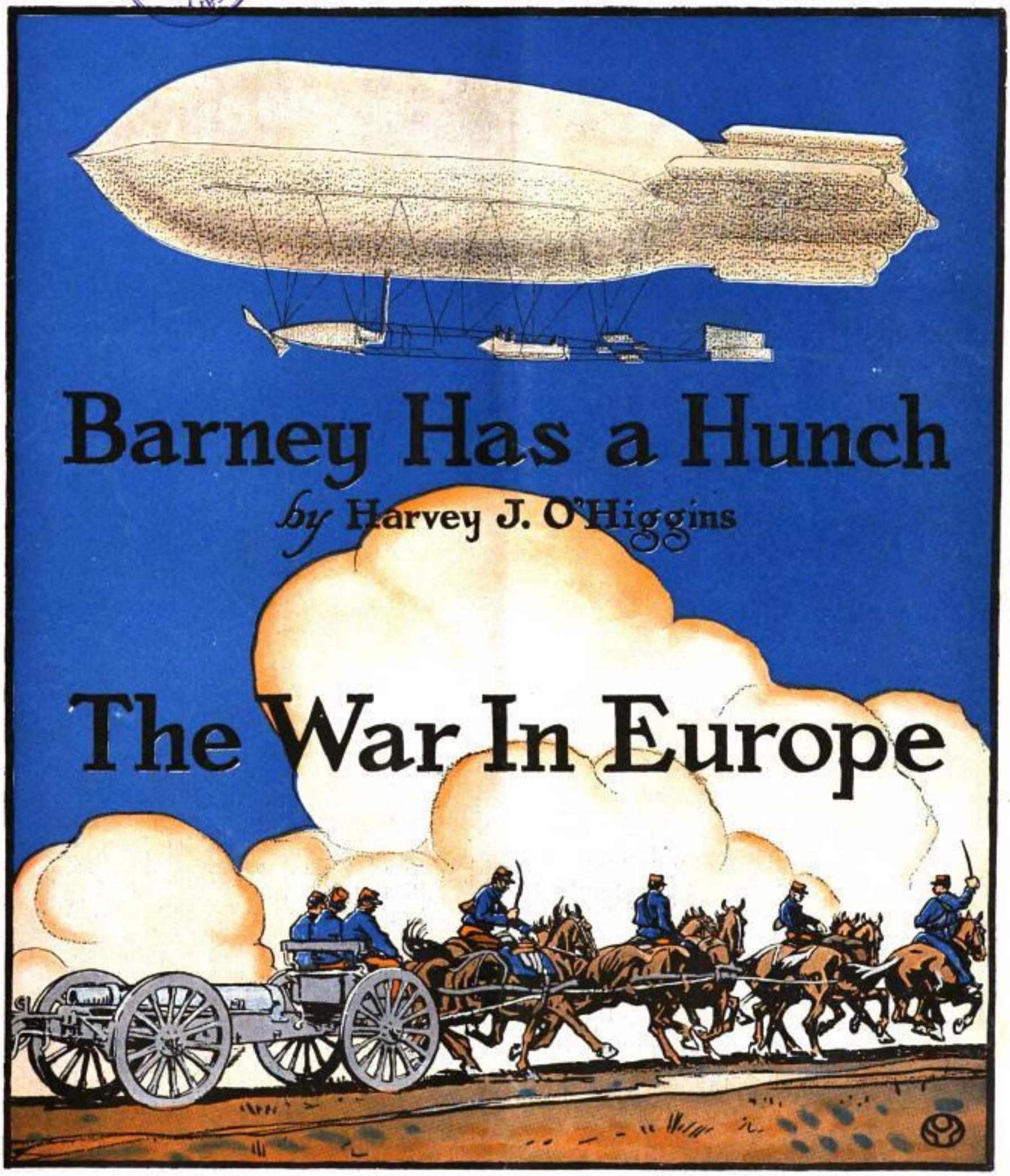
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for September 5, 1914

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Barney Has a Hunch

by Harvey J. O'Higgins

The War In Europe

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HUDSON Six-40 1915 Model $1550 This Year F.O.B. Detroit

Our Level-Best Six

This new HUDSON Six-40, despite its price, marks our level best. Our 48 engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, have devoted four years to the car. In reply to all conflicting claims—defending higher prices—that's the most that we can say.

This car is the climax of HUDSON ambitions. We may do better sometime, but we can't today.

There is hardly a part or detail which we find a wish to better. In fine engineering, in beauty and comfort, in lightness and economy, this car comes near the apex, we believe.

We say this after thousands have been tested on the road. After 12 months' experience with our last year's Six-40. After noting all the new-year models which our rivals have brought out. And we believe that most men will agree with us.

Its 48 Designers

There are 48 men—there have been for years—on the HUDSON corps of engineers. And Howard E. Coffin heads them.

It has never been claimed, so far as we know, that there is an abler corps in the country. And certainly there isn't.

In HUDSON models—constantly progressing—these men have fought over-tax. They have warred with all excesses—in weight and price, in upkeep and operative cost.

And this HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 marks the final result of their efforts.

Do Opinions Differ?

There are arguments, of course, which combat ours. Each maker defends his own. But we doubt if well-informed men seriously differ about this car.

HUDSON advances have always been combated. But the records show that the general trend has followed where we led.

Sixes are almost universal now in the upper grade of cars. Lightness is now demanded. Economy has been studied. Prices have come down. And HUDSON innovations in beauty and equipment are being fast adopted.

The HUDSON Six-40 this year differs from its leading rivals merely in degree of progress. It simply leads the common trend.

Where Hudson Leads

The HUDSON Six-40 leads in lightness among cars of this capacity. It reduces old-time averages about 1,000 pounds.

This lightness, plus a new-type motor, gives it class-lead in low operative cost.

It leads in beauty. In numerous ways it leads all in new styles of equipment.

In the quality field it holds the low-priced record, for cars that compare in size, class and capacity. Since last year, our trebled output has reduced the price $200.

And, in designing, skill—not luck—has given this car amazingly perfect balance.

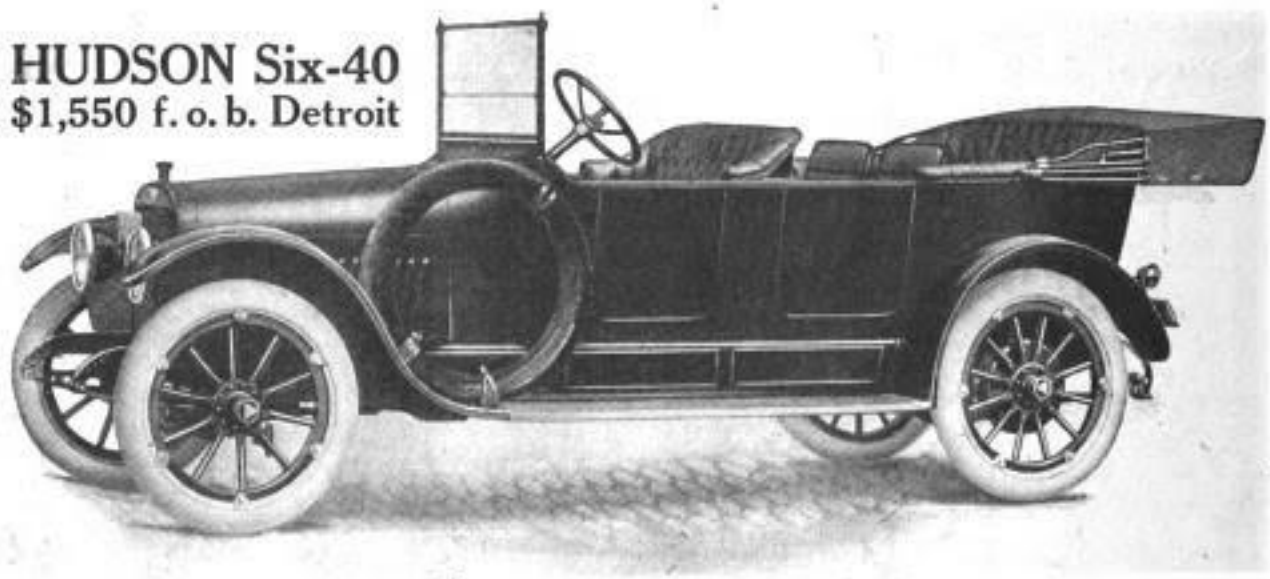
You'll Approve It

The more exacting you are, the better you'll approve this car. It will meet your conceptions in the things you want. In big ways and little ways it will show you today's best standards. We spent all last year on details and refinements.

Go see it, and bear this in mind: We build a larger car for the men who want it. But we could not, with our present knowledge, build a better car.

Hudson dealers are everywhere.
New catalog on request.

HUDSON Six-40
$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit

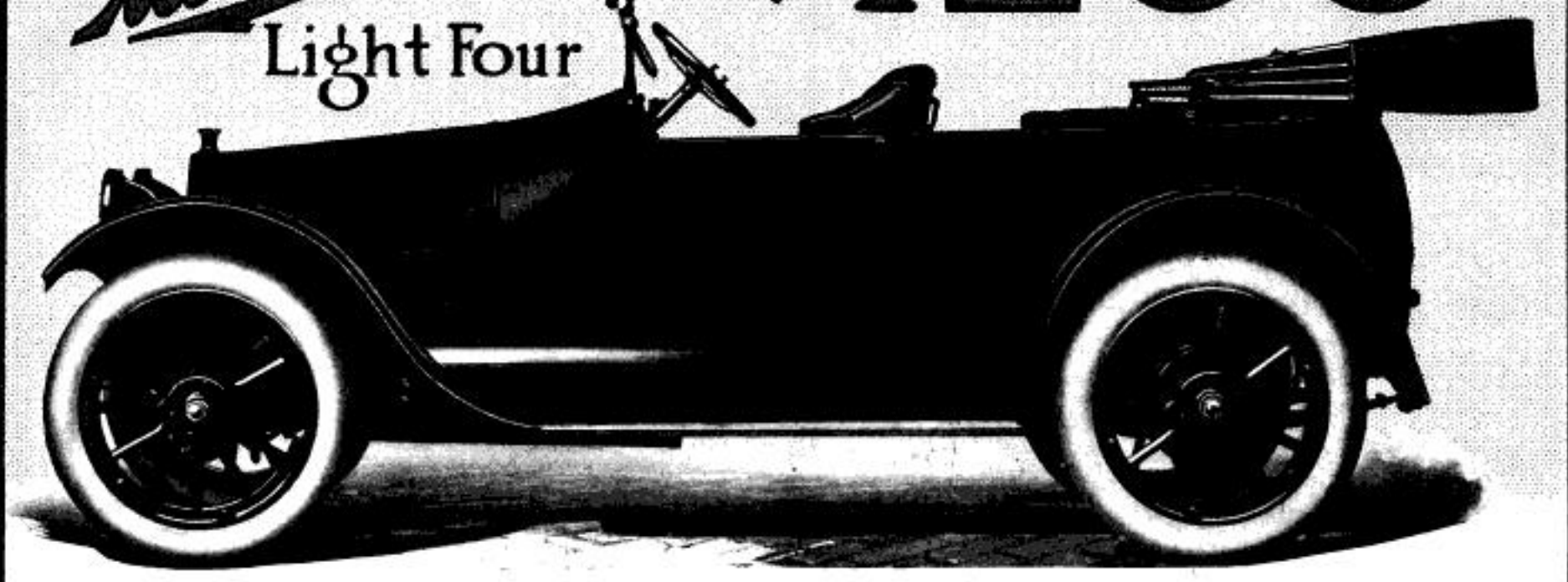


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Seats and room for seven.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
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Wide, high seats.
Gasoline tank in dash. Tires carried ahead of front door.
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Dimming searchlights.
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Wires in metal conduits.
New-form speedometer drive.
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Automatic spark advance.
Horn button in wheel.
Trunk rack on back.
Phaeton seats up to seven.
Also an ideal Roadster.
Also a beautiful Coupe.
Also a Limousine.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8185 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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1915 Mitchell Light Four $1250



A Revelation in 1915 Automobile Values

Never before have such unprecedented values been offered as in the 1915 Mitchell Light Four. Here is a car that is literally crammed with value. It represents, in our opinion, the best "Buy" in Motordom today.

Look where you will—but if you once see this wonderful car you will be compelled to admit that it is the greatest on the market today.

The Mitchell 1915 Light Four is a John W. Bate masterpiece. John W. Bate is the greatest authority in the automobile world—he is responsible for more radical changes—he has achieved more than any other man living. He has built a car that has solved every motor problem—one that is motor simplicity and efficiency *in the highest degree*—

Read These Remarkable Features:

- Light Weight
- Accessibility
- Economy
- Chrome Vanadium Steel Construction
- Long Stroke, High-Speed L-Head Motors
- Three-point Motor Suspension
- Full Floating Rear Axle
- Two-unit—Three-point Construction
- Silent Electric Starter
- Electric Lights
- Silent Chain Drive Shaft to Generator and Distributor
- Positive Helical Gear Drive to Cam Shaft
- Water Pump on Fan Shaft
- Dimming Search Lights—Non-Glare System
- Electric Horn
- Speedometer
- Gasoline Gauge
- Mitchell Power Tire Pump
- One-Man Top
- Integral Rain Vision Two-Piece Windshield
- Quick-Action Side Curtains
- Crowned Fenders
- Portable Exploring Lamp
- Demountable Rims
- Extra Tire Carrier in Rear
- Stream Line Body
- License Brackets

Light Weight But Safety First

Safety and Durability have not been sacrificed in the 1915 Mitchell Light Four.

It's a light weight car—yet one that will ride rough country roads as well as smooth city boulevards and not acquire the expensive "garage habit" either.

Rough every day going is anticipated in the "*Bate two-unit three-point suspension construction*"—twists and jars will not throw essential parts out of order—accidents are also prevented—

An Economical Car

Because the cost of keeping it *on the* road is small—its repair bills are infrequent and gasoline cost moderate—

Fewer parts than used in most cars to get out of order—more drop forgings—more *hand work*—all these help keep the car running and make the Mitchell an economical car.

Saves Gasoline

Because gasoline energy is turned into mileage with less loss than in ordinary cars—

Friction is reduced to a minimum—the offset crank shaft—*prevents friction* and secures *all* the gasoline energy for turning the wheels.

The *perfect* cooling of the motor insures *complete combustion*—no gas is wasted—

The beautiful simplicity of the car insures the maximum of smooth running with a minimum of resistance.

Accessible

Of course all cars are accessible—their makers say so—

But lift the hood of the Mitchell 1915 Light Four and see what accessibility and simplicity really mean—

You can see for yourself even if you're not an expert—compare what you see there with what you see under the hood of other cars.

The *real accessibility* of Mitchell cars enables the adjustment of a part *before* a repair *becomes necessary*—when a repair is required a Mitchell car does not have to be *entirely dismantled*—the 75% of repair time employed in dismantling a car is thus saved. But of prime importance is the longer life of the car this accessibility assures.

Smooth Riding

Like riding on velvet—because the weight is evenly distributed and carried low—and the springs are extra long—extra strong and resilient. The upholstering is *luxuriously comfortable*. Ask your dealer for a demonstration that will tell the real story—

Saves Tires

Because *each wheel* carries its full share of the load—no set of wheels more than another—wheels are properly and perfectly aligned—no side motion to rub the tread off.

Finally

In appearance the 1915 Mitchell Light Four is as snappy a car as you ever saw—long, low, rakish—with all the up-to-the-minute accessories. Finished in rich dark Imperial-French blue—nickel trimmed.

There are 35,000 Mitchells in use today.

Maybe a Mitchell owner lives near you. Write us and we'll tell you—Mitchell owners can tell you more about the Mitchell reliability than we can.

Get the Personal Touch

Ask for a demonstration. If there isn't a Mitchell dealer in your town write us—we'll arrange a demonstration for you without obligation on your part

But, if you're going to buy a car be sure and *see the Mitchell*—ride in one—drive it yourself—Get the Personal Touch. Never before was so much real motor value crammed in any car.

We have a complete set of booklets—literature—interesting and illuminating.

Please write for them.

Address:
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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

France Marches Singing

By Gelett Burgess

THE fourteenth of July I arrived in Paris. It was a national holiday. Singing, dancing on the streets. Little boys with fiddles, girls with skirts slit higher than ever, the crowd on the boulevards jesting, jostling, laughing—and gambling at roulette and rouge-et-noir upon the sidewalks. And not for one night only, either; this year the ever-blithe Parisian gala had lasted for three hilarious days. Never had I seen Paris so gay. Electric lights everywhere, arches, bands, and flags, rollicking soldiers, students, tourists, girls, and beggars! Other cities have their carnival moods, but in Paris gayety is an art. Nowhere in the world are there such enthusiastic demonstrations of youth and song, of love and kisses. That night, along the Seine, laughter exploded with the fire works until the dawn came up. But to-day—there is no dancing on the streets of Paris. Oh, there are still kisses; but they are different now—they are drowned in tears! Yes, there is still youth, but it is ebbing, ebbing away, draining Paris down to the women and old men. Songs? There is but one song left—"La Marseillaise." *C'est la guerre!* It is war—war! War on every corner. "*A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!*" In the café everyone jumps to his feet. Instantly the place is emptied. From queerly bearded students, from girls standing on chairs, from aproned waiters—yes, even from the fat throat of madame, the patronne, at her desk, the yell goes up: "*Vive la France!*" And the blue, white, and red banner, with a thousand boys in its wake, marches, shouting, down the Boulevard San Michel: "*A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!*"—leaving a seething wake of patriotism behind. For fifteen days clouds hung over the city, drizzling a little every day, alternate sunshine and rain, threatening all the time. For fifteen days also the mental tension tightened, tightened, tightened, as if some one were screwing up a spring. "What will Servia answer?" the chasseur of my hotel asked me, as he brought in my paper. Three days later a friendly policeman was asking: "Do you think Russia will stand by the Slavs?" Another week and it was my calm, intelligent laundress: "That German Kaiser, he is truly mad!" Next came the question: "Will France mobilize? Will Germany declare war?" And lastly: "Ah, if England will only keep faith!" There grew less hope for peace. Blacker and blacker grew the chance of escape. At every café the conversation became more and more serious. At every doorway the concierge gossiped, while the cordonnier and the facteur dejectedly shook their heads. Groups formed and grew larger, here, there, everywhere; behind that tree, in front of the bakery, inside the charcuterie, chattering excitedly over the news. Two words jumped out like rifle shots from every discussion; one heard them again and again: "L'Allemagne!" and "La guerre!" Down the streets, racing from the Grands Boulevards, the camelots came running every afternoon, shouting "La Patrie!" and "La Presse!" The papers were snatched and fought for on every corner; the first editions barely lasted to the Pantheon.



It is the men who are weeping now, as well as the women. That's where I caught the sharp, acrid scent of war's first tragedy

"We'll Finish It Up This Time!"

AT THE newspaper kiosks men and women struggled for the sheets, tore them to pieces in their haste, and, devouring the news, bumped into bystanders right and left, as, head down, absorbed, they stalked off.

So the days passed until that fateful Saturday—that black Saturday—the first of August, 1914.

I was sitting with Webster on the terrasse of the Brasserie opposite the corner of the Luxemburg Gardens that noon, watching the passers-by. "Isn't that bare-headed girl with the red waist there the one we saw the other night smoking a cigarette at the D'Harcourt with that same chap?" Webster languidly pointed with his cane. "Darned if she isn't kissing him again, right on the sidewalk, in broad daylight, too, and no one is paying any attention at all. Wait a bit, though—say! Why, the girl's crying for all she's worth! Look at her; now he's kissing *her*!" Webster turned to his beer. "Isn't Paris the limit?"

But I was watching another group, fascinated.

"Why, everybody's kissing!" I said. "Yes, and crying, too! What the devil's the matter? Let's get up and have a look around!"

We left his beer and my coffee cakes and strolled up the street. The little groups we had seen for days had knotted tighter now, but the talk was low and earnest. Over by the post office we saw a noisier set. Could there be an official notice posted? We thought not, and so went on.

But what *was* the matter? Why this appalling gloom that seemed to have settled over the city? There was nothing new in the papers. We were sure of that. We had read them all; we knew all the scareheads: "The European Crisis!" "Europe Drifting to Disaster!" "Before the Cannon!" "The Specter of War!" and all the changes that could be rung on the Austro-Hungarian situation. What new thing had happened? Surely there was still some hope for peace! What was more important to my friend, at any rate, was to have a new pair of boots made to order. So we went into a shoe shop. A tall, fine-looking woman came forward to meet us, erect, but with eyes like glass, without a glance at us. She moved as if hypnotized. "Boots?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Impossible now! My husband has gone!"—"Gone? Where?"—"To the war."—Webster and I stared at each other. Mobilization! *That's* what it was. We found now that the first eight classes of the reserves had been called out by mail that morning—every man under twenty-eight must go. Back to the post office we hurried. Bareheaded, in shirt sleeves and aprons, one man, I remember, with a hunk of bread in his hand, still gnawing, and a woman with her knitting, and a nursing mother with her baby—chauffeurs and coachmen—all hurrying up to gaze at the wall. In silence, mostly, with tense, gray faces, they turned away. "That takes my Pierre!" I heard an old woman say, wiping her eyes. "We'll finish it up this time!" and "Well, we're in for it now!" as I crowded in to see the bulletin. One look at the notice pasted to the wall told us the whole dreadful story. A *general* mobilization! For the first time since 1870 every able-bodied man under forty-five was summoned. At five o'clock the affiche was posted. By six everyone in Paris was buzzing with the news. It was war!

Can you imagine what that means? War had marched down every street, had stopped at every single house, and cried: "Come!" Paris was struck down as if by plague. Fathers, brothers, sons, and lovers were named in every household. Death—mangled bodies—poverty—starvation—and "Who'll pay the rent?" A million arrows transfixed a million hearts that night. We walked back to the hotel in gloom.

My chambermaid brought up my hot water after I had rung four times. "Where are the clean towels?" I demanded. "And there is no drinking glass here, either!" I was irritated. "Why the devil haven't you taken away that tray?"

"Oh, my God!" Clementine broke down.

I looked at her again. Her pretty brown eyes were full. I jumped up, understanding, and fished for a five-franc piece.

"My husband starts to-night!" she moaned. "And my baby—he's in Germany! Think of it, monsieur, nursed by a German!" She turned away. "Oh, my head! My head! Pardon me, monsieur, I don't know what I'm doing. Yes, I'll bring up the towels right away!"

The Nightmare That Is War

BY EIGHT O'CLOCK that evening at every doorway, laundry, milk depot, and pastry shop stood women, staring out blankly into the street, or weeping silently, or whispering, two and two. Leaning against a lamppost I saw a young girl, painted and powdered like a clown, with dyed hair, earrings, and flesh-colored stockings, a creature dressed for musical comedy, crying bitterly, crying and mopping her face till her handkerchief was red and black with melted cosmetics. There was no attempt at privacy anywhere; it was the abandonment of sorrow. Women with month-old babies passed, sobbing; old ladies and school-girls gazed, weeping, out of window after window. It was a nightmare. Paris,

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gay Paris, in tears? It was incongruous, grotesque, impossible. It was like the atmosphere one feels before an earthquake or a tornado. One's flesh fairly crawled, as if one were treading on corpses.

What was the matter with the streets? They began to grow queerly silent. To be sure, occasional nervous, determined yellow taxicabs still flew up and down, barking with a new importance—but the autobuses—where were they? In a single hour everyone in the city had disappeared! Every station was deserted.

Clackety-clack, *clackety-clack!* up the forsaken wooden pavement came a cavalry lieutenant in cuirass and helmet and horsehair plume, galloping with orders. Shop shutters began to go up. And still the weeping women stood haggard in the doorways. Far away came the sound of cadenced shouting on the boulevard, louder and louder: "*A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!*" The reaction had already set in.

"He's a German!"

THAT was a night on the Grands Boulevards! In every café one heard, over and over, "La Marseillaise!" Flags appeared like pansies in a night; the tricolor of France first, last, and all the time—then, more and more frequently, the yellow banner of Russia and the British Union Jack. You were not laughed at now if you spoke English in the cafés. "God Save the King!" became the popular song. Chorus after chorus came—came the Russian national hymn; stand up, there; take off your hat! A girl jumped on a table and led the song, waving a cotton flag—the orchestra could not be heard for the tumult.

Suddenly a scream. "He's a German!" cried the girl. In an instant war had exploded in that café, with shrieks and blows and curses, and before the police could get through the door a mass of ragged clothing and a pompadoured blond head rolled out, kicked by a dozen pointed toes.

One thought that excitement could rise no higher in that café, but this was but the froth of the turmoil, that false patriotism that seeks expression in barbarous vengeance. There was a sneer on Webster's intellectual face as the tumult subsided. Suddenly he grabbed my arm. "Look!" he exclaimed. "Now we'll get the real thing!"

The Lost Province

I TURNED to the commotion at the door; I caught a glimpse of red and white—a gold cross flashed on the red as a flag was carried in. Then there was a roar. There was no doubt about the deep genuineness of the emotion this time—every face reflected a stirred soul. "What flag is that?"

"Alsace-Lorraine!" cried Webster. "You see? The lost province. It isn't for nothing they have decorated the statue of Strasbourg with mourning wreaths for forty years. Well, they'll get their chance now!"

"When do you go?" asked one of another. "The second day." "I on the third day of mobilization."

How can we get to the station? No more autobuses—their seats have been taken out, and, loaded with provisions, they are already on their way to the front. At Soissons the peasants are watching a Clichy-Odéon bus, piled with hams, toiling up a muddy hill. Miles away on the road to Nancy by now the Madeleine-Courbevoie bus has sacks of beans piled up to the tops of its windows, all riding first-class, cheered by soldiers. All of them today are "*Complet.*" What will they bring home? Trophies of war or coffins?

But the trams are still running on half time and quarter time when they can, short-handed, with most of their men mobilizing. The Metro still runs, and you can ride, if you can get on—that is, if you are a prize fighter or a football champion—or a woman. Talk about a New York subway crush at the rush hour! The Brooklyn Bridge Station at five-thirty? That's comparative comfort. This is war in large red letters. Why, in the New York Subway the sliding doors are manned by guards who ram you in, and the train waits till they are locked. On the Metro to-day, bound for the Gare de l'Est, there are no guards at the doors. The passengers themselves shut them—if they can—and the train starts at the whistle with half of them open. Never shall I forget that desperate girl, dragged by one hand till she fell rolling



The Gare de l'Est is surrounded by a high iron fence. At the gates no one but the mobilized may enter. Paris is under martial law

on the platform. Women with children, women with infants even, coming back from seeing father off to the war—men with broken ribs and baskets—why, I saw the clothes stripped almost entirely off one baby, and it was passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd to a place of safety. Yelling ladies were carried one station, two stations, three, past their destinations, unable to get out through the jam. Women near the doors left the train miles this side of their homes rather than endure the grip of that human vise.

Flying up and down the streets go the taxicabs, every one loaded down with trunks, hurrying the timid and the exigent off to the stations. And then was when we got our first laugh. Did I say trunks? Boxes, bags, chests, grips, baby carriages, tubs, and bicycles, and, lost somewhere in the midst of the conglomeration, a little lady, frightened, anxious, hurried to distraction, clutching three large hats and a yowling white collie. Multiply this situation by thousands, and you have Paris that first night.



"Vive la France!" *And the blue, white, and red banner, with a thousand boys in its wake, marches shouting down the boulevard San Michel:* "A Berlin! Hou! Hou! A Berlin! Hou! Hou!"

At the stations the floors are covered with miscellaneous strewn luggage. People coming in from the country, and nowhere and no way to go. No baggage is registered to-night; you must watch it yourself—watch it or drop it, walk over it or leave it to itself while you go in the vain search for a carriage. Boxes split open, pa's best silk hat trodden under foot, milady's Duchesse lace handkerchief black with mud, overturned baskets of fruit and soiled linen, broken glassware and split talcum powder, pasteboard cartons mortally wounded, bleeding crushed cracker crumbs. Desperately on guard, sitting on tin trunks and holdalls, English women with umbrellas and golf clubs stare all night. Everyone is his own expressman. Why, at some hotels near the stations they were sleeping all over the court and corridors—priests and American girls and red-trousered soldiers!

England's Allegiance

ALONG the sidewalks, workmen tramping, tramping home, too excited to miss the autobuses. The cafés are full, but don't ask for Munich beer to-day! The Grands Boulevards are hectic. Charging through the crowd comes something—what are the people cheering at? Here they are, an auto full of buxom Red Cross nurses in white linen, with long, floating headdresses. There was the first thrill of definite, serious endeavor. In the Boulevard Poissonière one can scarcely get past at all. The street is jammed with the crowds opposite the bulletin boards of "Le Matin." On the sidewalks I found a crowd of a hundred singing from penny leaflets "The Vision of War" as earnestly as a Sunday school chanting "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

It is all deadly earnest now for all the froth of marching youths who are "on to Berlin." There is no wild enthusiasm, no manifest abandon of patriotism. The thing is too big; one's imagination cannot handle it. The news, as it comes in, is almost too good to be true. Men are not excited by it, they are staggered. The English fleet is with us! Give a man a dollar and he may wax enthusiastic. But give him a million and he is struck dumb. That's how Paris felt when England declared war.

Woe to the Extortionist!

THE smaller streets are still full of people walking. Not a taxicab is at liberty. The moment it unloads its fare it is taken by assault. The fiacres crawl along, their horses almost asleep, head down, staggering, until at last the driver cries out to all "Je rentre!" and creeps back toward the stable. But poor old Dobbin is not safe yet. A soldier has hailed the cab and will not be denied. In vain the driver disclaims that he has driven a hundred kilometers that day without a drink. His horse is dying. No use, the soldier insists—he must get to his caserne for the mobilization! A few spectators stop; more come; in five minutes a mob has collected. Patriotically they threaten the coachman. At last the soldier drives off to his station, lolling on the cushions, yelling "*à Berlin!*" and puffing a cigarette. Tired taxicab drivers may protest that their motors are broken down, but it is the nags that suffer.

And the prices? No, they are not yet raised, even with all this hasty demand. Woe to the chauffeur who attempts extortion! His fare has only to appeal to the crowd, and the driver is threatened with fists, canes, vile language, and the police. But since there are not motor cabs enough for all, most of the mobilized men must perforce trudge it wearily in their old clothes, with two days' provisions in a bag, clear to the station, there to be packed into trains—first class, second class, third class, there is no distinction now—by freight vans even—for their journey to headquarters.

The Gare de l'Est is a long, low, dingy granite building, surrounded by a high iron fence, a defense that is very necessary to-day. It is guarded by a cordon of police, hobbling back the crowd, pointing to the placards which

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Barney Has a Hunch

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. OBERHARDT

THIS was a warm afternoon in June. It was humid after a morning's rain. And City Hall Square was at once hot and moist and noisy and crowded, so that the very air seemed to be stifled and perspiring, as if it were panting with uproar and exhausted by the persecutions of haste. Barney was standing in the oppressive shade of the World Building, with some limp newspapers under his arm—disguised in an old suit of clothes that he had outgrown and a cap that he had once discarded—perfunctorily making a show of seeking customers and vacantly watching the faces that passed. He was supposed to be on the lookout for a suspect who had escaped the surveillance of the Babbing Bureau, in Brooklyn; and he had been waiting so for several days at the bridge entrance, for the purpose of picking up the man's trail again if he should happen by. But the continuous stream of traffic had put him into the daydream of an idler who lolls on a bridge to watch running water; and whenever he became sensible of his surroundings it was merely to envy the crowd in front of the "World's" score board who could follow the baseball game—as he could not.

A passer-by aroused him by offering him a nickel for a newspaper, and glanced at the front page with a hand still held out for change. Barney yawned as he counted the four cents into the open palm. The fingers closed on the money, but the hand did not move. Barney, surprised, looked up from the hand to the owner of it. The man was reading headlines so intently that he was unconscious of all else, and he was blinking at what he read, with his lips pressed together in some sort of instinctive effort to conceal any betrayal of the excitement that showed in his eyes.

IT DID not take him more than two or three "baits" of the eyelid—as Barney would have said—to gather the meaning of the headlines. Then he hastily folded up the paper, thrust his change into his pocket, and hurried away with the air of having picked up something that he wished to examine in secret. And Barney, after one blank moment of staring hesitation, followed him hypnotically.

Those headlines announced, as Barney knew, that the father of Elizabeth Baxter had offered a reward of five thousand dollars to anyone who could discover what had become of her. And Barney had suddenly found himself with what detectives call "a hunch." He could not have explained it. He could not have defended it. But into his empty brain, on the instant that he had seen the man's expression, there had come a conviction that this respectable-looking stranger had a guilty knowledge of the Baxter case. Of the dozen innocent explanations of the man's manner he could not have combated one. And he did not know enough about the case to judge what possible connection this fellow might have with it. He was not even sufficiently conscious of his mental operations to ask himself whether he ought to leave his post at the bridge to follow such a vague scent. He followed it as unreasoningly as an animal that is carried away by an instinct.

And once having abandoned himself to it, he was possessed by it to the exclusion of everything else. "Here, kid," he said hastily aside to the first newsboy that he met, "take my stock. I'll see you later," and he gave up his papers to the gaping newsie as recklessly as he had given up his post. He went along Nassau Street, looking anywhere except at the Panama hat and blue-serge shoulders that he followed; but he did not see anything except these; the rest was in his eyes, but not in his mind; and he had the large, idle, disinterested stare of an operative who is tailing.

HE TURNED down Broadway in this manner, expecting to see his man enter an office building, and ready to close up on him, so that he might not lose him at an elevator. At Liberty Street he followed across Broadway and saw his quarry making toward the water front. And then he realized that it was after five o'clock and the man was a suburbanite going home. He felt in his pocket to assure himself that he had his twenty-five dollars of expense money given him to use, if he should need it, in following the Brooklyn suspect. He found it and kept his hand on it. With that nothing could stop him. The man had no bag; he could not be going far. Once traced to his home, Babbing could be reached by telephone and the bureau could do the rest.

And even this thought of Babbing did not halt him. It rather drove him on. Instead of stopping to reconsider what he was doing—in the aspect that it would wear if it ended badly—he was so obsessed by the assurance of its ending well that he hastened to meet the conclusion that should vindicate him. And, as if the thought of Babbing were Babbing himself pursuing him, he only glanced behind at it and then hurried the more, to reach the safe end of the adventure before he could be overtaken. He had been too long bored by the routine of subordinate work that had no thrill in it. Here was a bit of scouting on his own responsibility—with the chance of a little distinction if he succeeded. The pursuing doubt of what would happen if he failed only added the excitement of truancy.



The fingers closed on the money, but the hand did not move. Barney, surprised, looked up from the hand to the owner of it. The man was reading headlines

HE CAME to the ferryhouse of the Jersey Central Railroad, so close on the heels of his "subject" that he had to pass him, when he stopped to buy more newspapers at the entrance. But inside the doors Barney dawdled until he was behind again, and only closed up to see the suburbanite show a commutation ticket at the gates.

Barney was ignorant enough to suppose that the ticket was a pass, because the gateman did not punch it; but he was not too ignorant to know that he could get through the gates by paying his fare on the ferry—three cents—which he took from his newspaper pennies in his coat pocket. He was puzzled to know how to discover for what destination he should buy a ticket, for if the man was traveling on a pass he could get off or on the train wherever he pleased, with no questions asked.

A ferryboat was waiting at its slip, and the man entered the woman's cabin, while Barney went in among the smokers. He had had enough experience in tailing to know that he ought not to be visible to his subject when he could cover him from ambush; and he walked confidently to the forward end of the boat, to wait there until his man should come out to disembark. He was worried about his railroad ticket. He foresaw that without one he would not be able to pass the gates in the railroad station, and he might not have time to run back to buy a ticket after he had seen what train he ought to take.

While the ferryboat was threading its way across the traffic of the river he was busy devising strategems to outwit the gatekeeper. He would pretend that his mother was on the train with his ticket. Or he would come running, as an office boy, with a verbal message to his employer, who was a passenger. Or he would say that he had missed a man in a Panama hat and a blue serge suit, who had his ticket; and had such a man passed the gates?

Considering his clothes, he decided that he had better say he was traveling with his mother, who was a cook, newly hired to work in some country place of which he did not know the name. He was to have met her on the station platform. He had missed her. She had his ticket. He wanted to go and look for her.

THAT ought to be convincing. He decided to try it. The ferryboat was nosing and bumping its way into its dock at Jersey City when the Panama hat came out with a crowd of passengers, and Barney maneuvered to get a good look at the wearer of it. The sum of his observation was that the man appeared inoffensive. He was well dressed, but his clothes showed both the wear that they had had and the care that had been taken of them. He carried gloves—though it was so warm—but they were soiled leather gloves that had evidently weathered the winter. He was an oldish young man, an office worker probably, well featured, of the lean type. Barney had often delivered telegrams to his kind, in downtown offices, behind spindle railing, at secretarial desks. The only thing unusual about him was the set look of distant expectancy with which he kept his eyes fixed on nothing ahead of him, uneasily, excitedly, but with no guilty suspicion of anyone around him.

He pushed his way through the stream of passengers that went ashore with him, and Barney had to race to keep up. In the train shed he went directly to his train with the assurance of custom, knowing exactly where to find it. And to Barney's relief there were no gates and no gatekeepers. A board at the track end gave a list of the stations at which the train stopped. The last of these was "Somerville." Barney said to himself: "Me for Somerville"—and followed down the platform.

He was last to the smoking car, which was hardly more than half a car, because the forward part of it had been cut off to make a baggage room. He took the seat nearest the rear door and watched some of the suburbanites getting squares of heavy cardboard from the baggage man to use as card tables on their knees; they sat down in fours, here and there, to play. The Panama hat was invited to join some acquaintance at euchre and declined; he was engaged with his newspapers and brier pipe. A man directly in front of Barney was hailed to make the fourth in the game, and threw aside his paper to accept. Barney leaned over the back of the seat and took the paper. At that moment the train started, and his young imagination—that had been reined in restively while he watched—was set galloping with the forward motion, so that when he opened his paper, to study out the Baxter case, he could no more control his attention than if he were in school with a textbook on a spring day beside an open window that overlooked a baseball game.

He frowned diligently at a portrait of Elizabeth Baxter, smiling, on the front page—a dark girl of twenty, naïvely handsome and self-assured. He gathered from her picture nothing more than a feeling that her smile was incongruous. He did not understand that the photograph had been originally published with the announcement of her engagement to marry a conspicuously wealthy old bachelor named Huntley—an occasion for which a smile was fitting. He stared at the Panama hat. He looked out the window absent-mindedly. He smiled to himself. He came back to his newspaper with a guilty start.

THIS is what he should have been reading: Miss Elizabeth Baxter was the only daughter of D. B. Baxter, who was vaguely described as a "well-known Wall Street man." She had left her father's apartment in the Astoria one morning to go to her dressmaker's, and she had telephoned to her maid, two hours later, that she would not be home for luncheon. She had not returned for dinner either. Nor for the

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night. Next morning private detectives, secretly employed by her father and her fiancé, had started on her trail, and by the end of two weeks they had found that she had been to her dressmaker's at ten o'clock in the morning; that she had bought a novel in a Fifth Avenue bookshop at half past eleven; that she had telephoned at a quarter to twelve from a candy store where she had bought a box of chocolates; that when she left the candy store she disappeared "as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her."

No trace of her hand been found. No word had come from her. At the end of two weeks her frightened parent appealed to the police, and the police counseled secrecy, because it would be easier to discover the criminal if no alarm were raised.

THEY discovered nothing. There was no reason why she should have run away. She had no enemies, no love affairs—except the legitimate one with her fiancé—no trouble either of body or mind, no secrets that the police detectives could so much as raise a suspicion of.

Then her father offered a reward and gave his story to the newspapers. Another "mysterious disappearance"! Lists were printed of the names of girls who had been reported "missing" to the New York police in the year past, and they made an alarming array of victims for "a plague of crime" that threatened "every home." If the "rich and beautiful" Elizabeth Baxter were not safe, whose daughter could be considered beyond danger? She had been destroyed by the white-slave trade and the "poison needle." She had been snatched away from crowded Fifth Avenue, at midday, in broad sunlight, and barred up in some noisome den of abductors. She would be murdered now—to escape detection—if she had not been murdered already.

Her case had been discussed that morning in the operatives' room of the Babbing Bureau, but Barney had heard only one authoritative remark upon it, and that had been repeated as Babbing's diagnosis: "When a girl buys a book and a box of chocolates, she's going on a railroad journey. This poison-needle talk is all bunk! Did you ever try to give a hypodermic injection? Next thing, these newspaper boys will be running stories of girls being followed on Fifth Avenue and tattooed down the back without knowing it!"

BARNEY said "Somerville" to the conductor and gave him five dollars, and did not even count the change. "When a girl buys a book and a box of chocolates, she's going on a railroad journey." He was in a state to find a confirmation of his "hunch" in the fact that he was on a railroad journey himself, and he gazed out the window at Newark Bay as if he expected to discover there some trace of her passage. *She* must have looked out at that water as she went by.

The man in the Panama hat did not disengage himself from his newspapers until the car had almost emptied itself at Plainfield. Then he began to make preparations for his arrival at the next station—which the conductor had announced as "Findellen"—and Barney, watching him, took his own paper up again, to shield himself behind it in case the man should glance at him in passing.

"*Fin-dell'n! Fin-dell'n!*"

Barney spread his sheet and hunched his shoulders. The train had stopped before he dared look around, and when he reached the car platform his man had already disappeared in the station.

"This isn't Somerville," the conductor said.

Barney nodded. "'S all right. Keep the change."

He felt cocky. Not only because he thought he had traced the Baxter mystery to its lair in Findellen, but because Findellen was so small a village to his superior metropolitan eye. It had one "front" street of shops about as imposing as a row of booths on Coney Island, and its old frame station house was little better than a Harlem shack to Barney. He entered the waiting room and found it empty, except for a row of benches around the walls, some country cuspidors, and an old base-burner, cold and rusty, that was still standing where the winter had left it. He screened himself behind the stove to spy through the open doorway, and he saw his man cranking a little touring car in which a woman sat at the steering wheel. An automobile!



An automobile presented such an unexpected difficulty to tailing that he stood gazing at the car as if it were an impassable obstacle that had suddenly blocked his way. It moved from the square of the door frame. He hurried to the door. The machine was already disappearing up the street that led straight from the station into the hills behind Findellen. He pulled down the peak of his cap and started after it desperately.

Crossing the road, he crossed the car's trail in the paste of red Jersey mud that remained from the morning's rain; three of the wheels had left smooth tracks where the car had turned, and the fourth had imprinted the indented pattern of a corrugated shoe designed to prevent skidding. Barney slowed his pace to study it. He glanced at the sky, that showed sunset colors. He drew a dollar watch from his trouser pocket and found it five minutes after six. He put his cap back from his forehead thoughtfully and turned along the main street—away from the trail of the automobile—to find a hardware store. He could not follow a track in the mud after dark. He had to have a lantern.

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, with a little electric lamp in his pocket, he was climbing the hill road behind Findellen, munching crackers and cheese that he had bought from a grocery store, and keeping an occasional eye on the corrugations of the automobile track, to make sure that it was still with him. The road slanted obliquely up the side of a ridge that was too steep to be cleared for farming, and Barney could see nothing but bushes, trees, and undergrowth. He could hear nothing but the twilight song of a wood bird. He neither looked nor listened. In animate or inanimate nature he had, at his most leisurely moments, only sufficient interest to throw a stone at it. Just now he was not in a holiday mood to try his aim on anything. He had natural human instincts even if he did not belong to a gun club.

At the top of the hill the road paused at the turn to show him a panorama of the flats in which Findellen and the railroad lay, under an evening mist. He did not admire the view, although it was admirable. He thought the street lights made a poor showing after New York—as if the place were living by candlelight in a bare world that was too large for it. He turned his back on it and came over the crest of the hill to see the valley to which the road was leading.

IT WAS a charming valley, with the last light softening its pleasant alternations of field and orchard, smooth meadows, and clustered woods. To Barney it was merely "goose pastures," as Hudson Street calls the green suburbs. It was empty of show windows, billboards, moving-picture fronts, newspaper bulletins, hurdy-gurdys, passers-by, street traffic, peddlers, or any of the noise and movement of affairs that make life in the open air interesting. And it was inhabited by poor country boobs who lived in loneliness, with their eyes on the city, growing cabbages to sell in town.

There could be no doubt that the man in the Panama hat was a crook, concealing himself from the police. That was the only reason why he should live in such a place. Well, it was probably "one better than being in jail."

The road descended a more gradual slope than it had climbed, and Barney trudged along doggedly, with his mind on his destination. He expected to be walking all night, because, of course, the man would not have an auto if he lived within easy walking distance of the station.

And Barney intended, when he had located the house, to wait until daylight to reconnoiter before deciding how to make his approach.

He crossed a bridge, that was little larger than a culvert, over a stream that was no more than a liquid note among pebbles. There was a clearing on his left, with a house in it and a barn; the automobile track did not pass it more indifferently than Barney did. The road dipped and rose again, turned through woods, came out on open fields, dropped through a grove of spruce, crossed another little hollow, rose to a sharp hillock, and started down a stony incline toward the broad valley that Barney had seen from the top of the ridge. The auto track did not show on the stones, but on every rise and fall of the road there were water bars that held little pockets of mud, and through these the trail was clear. Barney heeded nothing else—neither the lights of the farmhouses, nor the barking of farm dogs, nor the cool accompaniment of an evening breeze that came ruffling and rustling through the grass and the foliage.

IT WAS growing dark, and he was planning to use his electric lamp, when a dog rushed barking to the roadside from a little bungalow that looked out over the valley from the edge of the final descent. It was an aristocratic collie dog, and Barney growled at it, class consciously. It worked itself into a nervous frenzy of vociferous disapproval of him. He hissed and spat at it like a cat with the purpose of enticing it down the road to a place where some lilac bushes would hide him from the house. There he intended to "give it one in the ribs with a rock"; but as soon as the collie saw him stooping for the stone, it fled growling. He threw his stone at a convenient oak tree—whose air of dignified indifference provoked the insult—and went on.

He was near the bottom of the hill when he crossed the muddy pocket of another water bar and saw no auto trail in it. And his expression of idle mischief changed at once to a look of intent and crafty determination. He glanced behind him, to make sure that he was concealed from the cottage. Then he crawled through an old wire fence, into the woods on the opposite side of the road from the cottage, and disappeared, crouching, in the underbrush.

THE dog, after some distantly defiant barks, fell silent. In a few moments the whole hillside, relieved of Barney's disturbing presence, settled down into dim meditativeness peacefully. The cottage was a simple, shingled bungalow, with a chimney of field stones that sent up a quiet curl of smoke; and it sat there, weather-browned and unpretentious, looking out over the valley, like an old woodsman in a wilderness serenely smoking his pipe. A hermit thrush began to sing its devotional roulades in the distance, and its song gave an interpretative voice to the grave and limpid beauty of the evening; and the scene held that song in its setting as harmoniously as the pale-green sky above the sunset held the sparkle of the first star. Nothing could have looked less like the hiding place of a criminal mystery.

Darkness had settled down on peace, and the moon was rising on it, when Barney issued unexpectedly from the bushes and began to scuffle noisily up the road again to attract the collie. He had his coat over his arm, and when the dog came barking at him he swung the coat at it, and retreated trailing it, and flicked it into the dog's mouth when (*Continued on page 32*)



He was in a little cellar of hanging shelves and larder cupboards. He saw an open door that led into another part of the basement. He had them. It was a man and two women. And the very first words that he heard gave him the solution of the Baxter mystery



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Mandy's Methods

By Nelson Burnham

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIFFORD CARLETON

"SCURIOUS thing!" fumed Mandy, pressing hard to drive a rusty pin through her buttonless basque. "Whenever I'm in right smart of a hurry ever'thing comes up a-missin'. First it was one o' the younguns strayed off 'fore anyone was awake, then it was ever' las' dud I wanted to wear a-travelin' to-day, then it was the pig; and now it's that there coffeepot!" Looking over the kitchen's bewildering disorder, she sighed heavily. "Nothin' I seeanywhereslookin'evenlikeacoffeepot. Where'sthem there younguns?—betcher they could tell where 'tis."

She impatiently jerked from a shelf an old rusty can, and, preparatory to using it for coffee making, was shaking out its contents of nails, fishing tackle, nutmeg, and dust, when she heard a commotion that proclaimed the whirlwind of the coming of her "Happy six."

John-Harkless and Hannah-Melissie came tearing down the dusty road as runaway mules, the coffeepot on a long rope bumping and bouncing between them with continuous tinny rattle. Menorie-Ann, Marg'et-Selener, and Patience-Amandy followed closely in a cloud of yellow dust screaming, "whoa, there, whoa!" Lagging far behind toddled the youngest of the lot, Emmie-Violie, aged two and a half years, stumbling through the hot, suffocating dust, crying, "Ait fo' me? Boo-hoo. Ait—neow—a—ait." And behind Emmie-Violie trotted a lean, brown pig.

THE "mules" were stopped in their mad career as they plunged around the little path leading to the kitchen. John-Harkless was heroically brought to a standstill by a master hand that protruded suddenly from nowhere, while the other master hand overpowered Hannah-Melissie. Some of the mule spirit fled.

"John-Harkless, how many times a day do I git to use this here coffeepot 'thout havin' to ransack the whole town over fer ut?—sa-ay. Hain't I told ju? Say!" John-H found himself sitting on the patch of "pussly" near the lean, brown pig, which was standing prop-legged and scared, uncertain which way to run. Hannah-Melissie was juggled urgently into the kitchen and a splint-bottomed chair.

"Now, my young lady, you just set there till the cow comes home." Marg'et-Selener with the group at the doorway moved to obey, when a rasping voice from within commanded—"Fetch it in here to me." "It" meant what remained of the coffeepot.

"Patience-Amandy!"

Patience-Amandy with the others on the outside peered, guiltily interested, at the proceedings within.

"Patience-Amandy!"

P.-A. stooped to dig her mosquito-bitten leg, threw a telepathic glance over her shoulder at the rest and giggled. She usually did giggle when the rest saw fit to cry. Patience-Amandy was nine years old, a twin to John-Harkless, and by reputation an imp.

"*Patience-Amandy!*"

The mother's head framed itself at the window. "It's about time you was a-answerin', miss. Git along out some'ers and fin' me a stone 'bout half's big as my fist. Hurry now. One fer to go inside, an' another to pound with!"

MANDY held the coffeepot to the light, discovering only one new hole.

"If them pesky younguns don't quit a gettin' my coffeepot to play horse with, tho' won't be no room in it fer the dents to hold any coffee. Oh, my, if all their paws was only alive!"

The children were divided into three sets, Mandy having been wedded three times. Now she was on the alert to scare up a fourth husband. Absently turning over the dilapidated coffeepot, she repeated pathetically with another prolonged sigh, "Law, yes, if their paws only could-a lived!"

The parents referred to were Lige Smith, father of John-Harkless and Patience-Amanda, twins, aged nine years. Jake Smith, father of Hannah-Melissie and Margaret Selene, aged, respectively, seven and six years. And Ezra Smith, father of Menora Ann, and Emma Viola, aged, respectively, four and two and a half years.

JONATHAN CREEK was a settlement of Smiths, but none of Mandy's husbands had borne any relationship to each other.

"Well," concluded Mandy, giving the coffeepot one more rough bang on the table, "betcher the next one'll live, or else git 'im one o' them there life assurances. Next widder I git to be will be soin'p'in worth hein' left without no man fer! Guess'll give 'em pancakes an' 'lasses fer breakfas', John Ha-rk-le-ess, fetch me in some o' them there chips." Breakfast over, Mandy proceeded to pack her "grip."



John-Harkless and Hannah-Melissie came tearing down the dusty road as runaway mules and were stopped in their mad career as they plunged down the little path

"Now what'll I do?" her troubles shifted to the packing. "how in the name o' sense will I stretch this here meal sack to squeeze my good bunnet in ut? Don't that beat all, it won't go in! Oh, well," she impatiently gathered up bonnet, meal sack, and shoes, "more'n one way to kill a cat! I'll jus' wrap the sack round, an' carry my shoes in my han's. Guess'm ready. Say, John-Harkless, don't ye ferget to hunt up the bucket fer Abe Smith to milk in to-night. And lock the house up good'n tight," she cautioned; "and you go over to Mis' Wooley's and git the slop fer the pig to-day. If it rains, shut down the winders 'at has any glass in 'em; and see to ut that you're all abed, and asleep," she emphasized, "by sundown. Goo'by. Now don't ever las' one of ye come a whoopin' and a hollerin' an' a follerin'; goo'by."

IT WAS not the first time Mandy had started to the city afoot, although it was a distance of twenty miles. She "figured on gettin' a lift now an' then" as far as some farmer happened to be driving her way. Sometimes—she made the trip three or four times a year—it chanced to be all the way, for she was not particular whether she perched upon a load of hay, pumpkins, or hoop poles.

"This goin' cross lots beats trackin' 'way 'round by the schoolhouse" and Mandy slowly climbed and sat upon the top of a rail fence, sniffing the delicious perfume from a field of sweet clover on the other side through which she intended following a narrow trail leading to the "big road." Hearing a slight disturbance from behind she looked back quickly. There came Hannah-Melissie. Mandy dismounted the "stake and rider" to advance upon the panting child. She met Mandy's glowering look with one of innocent affection; she wanted to run into her mother's arms, but they were not extended to her. "It's a pity if I can't git away from you tormented younguns in peace! If you come another inch, you'll git the worst lickin' ye ever did git. Why don't ye mind?"

Mandy took another threatening step forward, but stopped short, struck with the overwhelming disappointment and pain that had transformed the little face. "What 'id ye come fer?" the tone and manner mollified.

Hannah-Melissie couldn't tell what she had come for; her lip quivered, and a bare sunburned arm went up over tear-brimmed eyes to shield her hurt feelings.

"Come 'ere, Hannah-Melissie," and with a tremendous sob, Hannah-Melissie stood close to her mother.

"If ye tell me, in the name o' common reason a-why you younguns never want to mind fer, I'll be obligationed," which was Greek to Hannah-Melissie; she only continued to cry softly.

"What is it ut ye want?" Mandy shook her impatiently but not roughly. The little face again sought the mother's with a childish, pathetic yearning.

"Well, I washed my face all—good," she explained, "and I thought meby you'd—kiss me—agin," and Hannah-Melissie sobbed afresh.

"Well, of all things! You alwuz was the funniest critter," and Mandy lifted the famished, unmothered little thing onto the rail fence, took the brown arms from over teary eyes and placed them about her own neck.

"There, don't cry no more, and maybe I'll kiss ye again when I git back."

"Good-by, maw," said the child simply, happily clambering down. Once as she skipped light-heartedly toward home she turned and waved. Mandy waved back and there were tears in her eyes.

"Maybe I don't know how to be no mother—I never was give to pettin' up anything, and like as not they'd be a heap better fer it. But no use, 'cause 'tain't my way."

Coming out of the field of clover into the public road she trudged along a tiny bypath, the rich ozone of the open county stimulating within her an independent happiness.

WHEN she caught a low, hollow rumble of wheels coming through the old covered bridge half a mile back, Mandy swung about abruptly, and, shading her eyes, watched and waited.

"Can't just make out—" She stood on one tiptoe and stretched her neck, although there was no obstruction.

"It's a man," she solved exultantly, "but who on earth—'tain't ole man Bundy, 'tain't Bundy's mare. Now who—" Mandy excitedly drew forth from the meal sack her "good bunnet"; thrusting the improvised paper sunbonnet into the hedge, she replaced it with one trimmed with somebody's old lace shawl and a moth-eaten wing.

The rattle of a dilapidated carriage was becoming louder. Hurriedly Mandy put on her shoes; she usually carried them until the city limits were reached; she was unaccustomed to the general use of shoes and stockings from the time frost came out of the ground in the spring until it was "right nippy" in the fall; and yet, her toilet completed, Mandy walked demurely along apparently unaware of approaching wheels; not until they were dangerously close to passing her did she look up.

"H'are ye," greeted a jaundice-complexioned stranger pulling at the reins.

"Howdy-do, sir," blankly smiled Mandy.

"Be ye goin' far?" questioned the stranger.

"Right smart a ways."

"Git in?" hospitably offered the stranger.

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She clambered in quickly, and the vehicle rattling along had become a veritable golden chariot of rosy romance to Mandy. She loosened somebody's castaway velvet cape at her throat to display a necklace of red wax beads, and brought to light a pair of cotton gloves made into mits; their worn fingers being cut away. Mandy did the talking. She told the man all about herself—and then she had told him all about himself—that is so far as she could offer information applicable to any lonely stranger. Finally at the end of three miles she advised him to get married. Then she, too, fell silent, waiting. She waited half a mile and was becoming disheartened. The next quarter mile she wiped a tear with the back of her made-over mit.

"My ole woman's only bin dead now goin' on to two months," her companion at last volunteered.

"She'll never be deader ten years from now!" argued Mandy, her tears drying with this encouraging confidence.

The stranger shuffled uneasily and pulled at his whiskers, but eying Mandy thoughtfully for the first time, acquiesced, nodding. "'Tis so, 'tis so."

"And life is short," she reminded him.

"Wait not fer another tick—what ye have to do, do quick." He laughed down at the woman by his side, but not derisively.

"Yas," enthusiastically exclaimed Mandy, emphatically in earnest.

Absently dangling the frayed end of the whip over the horse's back he asked abruptly:

"Ken ye spin?"

"Ken I spin?" Mandy's tone not only discouraged further cautious investigation but intimidated him into another siege of golden silence.

"What ye mean, spin?" she asked uneasily, after a too prolonged interval.

"Ye didn't reckon I meant spin the plate, did ye?" he laughed with quiet sarcasm.

"Well—a—that's all I ever had to spin," she admitted vengefully.

AFTER leaning far over the dashboard to whisk off a horsefly he turned his whole attention to Mandy.

"So ye never did do any spinnin'?"

"Sa—ay," Mandy flared, "what's all this here spinnin' argyment fer? Hev ye got a idee that any second woman hain't a-gona see to it that the's been enough spinnin' done spun to last 's long as she lives?"

The man blinked rapidly as she indignantly continued:

"Do you ever stop to think that yer second woman hain't a-gona marry ye to do yer spinnin' and yer corn plantin', and feed hogs, and make soap, and all, besides takin' care o' you?"

"Jes' set round and be company?"

"Yas," happily exclaimed Mandy. "'Stid o' bein' a hired man and a dozen hired wimen a-makin' her look like a fun'ral and a-feelin' like she was dead, she will be a-restin' most o' the time, so's to look pleasant and be comp'ny—*comp'ny for you*," she accented to make her meaning clear, whereupon the man suddenly became interested in Mandy's progressive thought and acknowledged its advantage.

"Well, we shor do need comp'ny," he reflected. "When a feller gets 'long in years, when nothin' strikes him interestin' he had oughter git 'im—" stealing a side glance at Mandy—"a spry young woman to help him live up to the times. Yes, that's jes' it. Mary was too busy to ever think o' lettin' loose o' the hard things. Wisht she'd thunk of it though 'fore she died: lived longer I reckon. Does the—second woman—does she reckon on enough bein' already cooked to last a lifetime too?" he meekly continued.

"Ye mean kin I cook?"

"Why—I."

"Yas, I know. I had three men and the most I recollect of 'em was a-tryin' to fill up their stomachs!"

Mandy tried to recall her specialties.

"If ye could jus' taste some o' my pumpkin butter—or else my vinegar pie!"

Her friend looked boyishly pleased, as if not doubting the merits of Mandy's pumpkin butter and vinegar pie: but still he hesitated.

"You say ye had—how many children ye say ye got?"

"Only six," assured Mandy with an emphasis that defied any comment; but the man ventured sarcasm.

"Is that all?"

"They'll be a comfort to yer ole age," defended Mandy. "When ye're too old to be young yerself they'll be round to show ye how 'tis did."

"Um—ugh," he skeptically replied, but after all the mother should be wholly responsible for her children, and all he would need to do would be to show them who was the master. *(Concluded on page 31)*

From Daybreak to Breakfast

By W. Edson Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY T. DUNN

A JUNE morning, a very young June morning, for midnight was but two hours gone; a romantic time to loiter among the fragrant, dewy blossoms of some old rose garden; a time for vows and kisses. But in the back room of Simon Spry's place—!

There the ivory ball, which Delano sent spinning viciously along the worn outer rim of the whirling, numbered wheel, emitted its usual rancous monotone; the smoky sodden air was reminiscent of the departed crowd, despite the wide open windows at the rear.

Welsh, who presided over the noisy fortunes of the crap table, was dozing in coatless calm in a shadowy corner, placid and rotund, his chair tipped against the wall. Out in front, Brockett, the night bartender, was heavily clearing away after the last of the celebrating and mourning customers: he had already turned out the lights above and around the flaunting pictures, and the slot machines loomed and leered in the obscurity.

Togo-Ito, who did not claim to be of the Samurai, and who accepted resignedly Go-to-it as a revised version of his name—Togo-Ito had piled chairs and stools on most of the tables after draping their green surfaces in somber gray. The roulette wheel alone, with its fascinating tiers of red and black, its glitter of silver and nickel, had not received his attention.

DELANO stood behind the layout, young and charming, cool and immaculate, and a striking contrast to the gentleman seated in state across the table. Doc Benight was a representative citizen, also a private banker, note shaver, real estate dealer: honest occupations all: yet, looking at his weasel face, his furtive eyes, his ingratiating smirk, his nervous, clutching fingers, one would have supposed him outside the law rather than the blue-eyed young man opposite.

Delano disliked the representative citizen and all his works, despised his overbearing, unpleasant condescension, and hated the spirit of cringing, hopeful greed that impelled him—once in a blue moon or so—to seek the game at an hour when he would be unobserved. Usually he insisted on being dealt faro in a private room upstairs. To-night he had slipped in by the rear door and, emboldened by the deserted rooms, had yielded here to the lure of the clattering wheel. Now his face was wrinkling distressedly at continual losses.

"Thirty-four red." The croupier's voice was crisp. He placed two indifferent finger tips in the center of the vacant number, then with both hands gathered chips and currency into a jumbled heap. The ball sped once more on its monotonous course. Delano stacked checks mechanically, staring out the eastward window the while. A splendid star, swinging at its furthest from the sun, had just risen above the edge of the high board fence and looked radiantly in at the open window. The ball dropped noisily into a pocket and his eyes came swiftly back to the lamp-lit table.

"Seventeen black, and nobody there."

"He, he, he!" It was thorny merriment. "I stumbled against a drunk coming in the back gate—must have tripped my luck. Disgusting the way they let them infest every alley. That fellow was almost directly in the path. I'm going to try two hundred on the twenty-two. You should at least have the porter roll him over to one side—"

"May he R. I. P.," said Delano lightly. "I've no doubt he paid good money for Simon's whisky; surely he can choose his own plot in which to slumber. Thirty-six on the high side—oh, so red. You forgot yourself."

Mr. Benight licked his lips in famished fashion as the wheelman swept the board. With a pretense of good fellowship he leaned forward and plucked a cigar from Delano's pocket. That young man's face grew stony.

"I'll just console myself with this," said Mr. Benight. "Give me a couple of stacks of dollar chips. Say, this is a good cigar. What brand?"

"Sargasso," replied Delano politely. "I order them for myself—and friends. No one sells them here since Al Cornell went out of business. He used to keep a box or so on hand for me. They're a bit strong for the average trade."

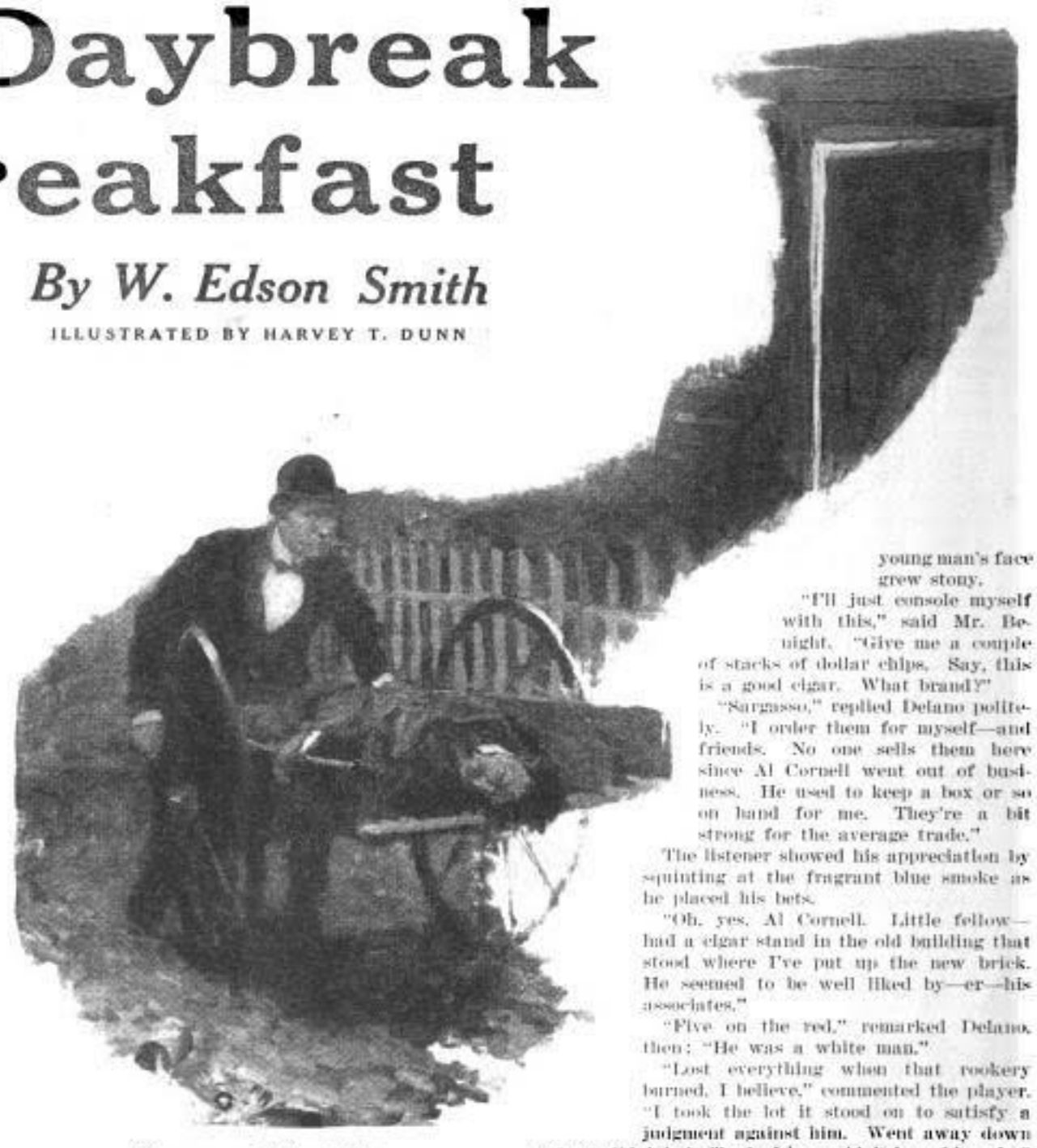
The listener showed his appreciation by squinting at the fragrant blue smoke as he placed his bets.

"Oh, yes, Al Cornell. Little fellow—had a cigar stand in the old building that stood where I've put up the new brick. He seemed to be well liked by—er—his associates."

"Five on the red," remarked Delano, then: "He was a white man."

"Lost everything when that rookery burned, I believe," commented the player. "I took the lot it stood on to satisfy a judgment against him. Went away down and out, didn't he? Too bad he couldn't keep his grip."

"He did keep his grip—on some of us," corrected the wheelman sternly.



They were out of the gate by now and the helpless one safely in his cart. "What's that you said?" gurgled Welsh. "You don't mean that I'm to push this cart up the street?"

MR. BENIGHT regarded him with blank acidity. "I wish I had a tenant like him—as he was then—for the cigar stand in my new building," he said. "A splendid location. I've had a number of applicants who are willing to put up a monthly rental, but I want to lease it for three years cash. Two hundred and fifty dollars a year is moderate for such a place. Don't know of a reputable party, do you?"

"Seven red and empty," interpolated Delano. "Play again, Mister Good Player."

"That's five hundred and fifty I've lost." Mr. Benight's tone was venomous and laden with feverish greed. "I'll get you this time and then some."

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fifty on the first column and a hundred on the red. I'll get it back. Here's where I even up. I must quit anyway. Very foolish of me to start playing downstairs. Of course it's merely pastime with me—merely pastime."

Delano picked the ivory ball deftly from a pocket and sent it scurrying. The representative citizen's eyes clung to it with tense eagerness.

"Togo-Ito," called the wheelman maliciously to the porter, hovering in the background, "we won't keep you waiting—oh, so much longer, I surmise."

The ball slowed, struck against the inner wheel that was racing in the other direction, leaped out to the rim again, hung for a long instant, then chatteringly dropped into its appointed place. Delano carelessly annexed the stakes.

"Thirty-three, black," he bulletined pleasantly, "clear across the fence from you."

"It's a crooked wheel!" erupted Benight crazily. "I haven't won a bet since I came in. I'll swear it's wired. You're a great bunch to brag of your square games—Simon and you and your whole crowd—"

DELANO methodically flattened the newly won bills in the cash drawer. The level look from under the green shade caught Benight—caught and held him. The man back of the look lifted the center of the roulette wheel from its pivoting support, showing the open space beneath.

"Take a peek," he invited frostily; "you're talking rather foolish about this layout, especially when you're in less than a thousand. Don't observe any network of wires, do you? Come behind if you like. Watch me lift the table from the floor—so. You should realize the fact that we're not intelligent enough—out here in the sand hills—to manipulate an electrical apparatus. We let the Easterners do the high-brow work." The smiling mouth hardened and the tone changed.

"The fact is—" he went on, "you're wearisome. If Simon was present he'd surely get a long starter from the bar and rap you a couple for luck; I'll merely bid you a kind good evening, Mr. Good-Loser, Esquire. Game closed."

Doc Benight opened and closed his mouth twice before speech came.

"I'm not through playing yet. Don't I get a chance to break even?" he snarled excitedly. "I'm putting a hundred here on—"

"Oh, yes, you are, and oh, no, you're not," mocked Delano, "red lights make thin skins. We pride ourselves too, on belonging to the Band of Mercy—but you're outside the pale. I said: 'Game closed.' Take your money off the table. What—must you go, really? Seeing it's you, I will give you a chance. I'll bet you ten cents that you're nasty tempered enough to kick that poor drunk 'bo as you go out. Two to one."

DELANO stared after the other as he turned and went. When the rear door jarred shut, the young man walked the width of the room and awakened the sleeper by the simple device of tilting his chair forward. Welsh grunted violently.

"Ugh!" he yawned. "You made me bite my tongue—and woke me when I was dreaming that I had my poultry ranch. I've *always* wanted one!"

"You shall want it no longer. I'll supply you with all the chickens you need on the trifling condition that you let me turn them loose—you to run them down," offered his friend generously.

"Now you don't say!" rejoined the plump one ungratefully—"but you needn't trouble yourself. The fowls you would supply, my master, would undoubtedly shed search warrants instead of feathers."

"Let's get out of here!" Delano's voice was tired and impatient. "We'll walk a ways before we turn in."

"Not far, mind you!" stipulated Welsh. "I remember our last stroll. Miles and miles! Never again. Not having knickerbockers and short socks I can't qualify as a Boy Scout. Only a couple or three blocks—out to the edge of the lone prairie, then back. How much did that old bird leave in your keeping?"

"About nine hundred."

WELSH pursed his lips.

"Phew! Nice bit of overtime. You're certainly a favorite son. No wonder Simon passes over 20 per cent as your private graft. And they all seem afraid to holler in front of you. Now me—if I win a dollar off some guy, he makes me give it back with a drink to boot, and like as not slaps me. What for are you taking that roll with you? Why don't you leave it in the safe with the rest? Can't you trust Simon any more?"

Delano eyed him. "They don't squeal in front of me, eh?" he fumed. "You could have heard old Benight in the next county. I'm taking this along," he continued, "because I may decide to go up to his elegant bachelor quarters and ram it down his throat. Simon told me



"It's a crooked wheel!" erupted Benight crazily. "I haven't won a bet since I came in. I'll swear it's wired!" Delano methodically flattened the newly won bills in the cash drawer

to do as I liked with a bad actor—either give him back his money or give him what for."

"You give Doc Benight back his money," said Welsh, "and it'll be over my dead body. You'd be flying in the face of Providence. It's a kind Fate that makes him buck the Tiger every so often. Though usually he splits and hedges and whipsaws till he can hardly lose. Let's just look up and say the gods are kind and then proceed to revive those dollars. I bet every one of 'em has been squeezed so that we'll have to rub 'em to start their circulation."

Delano grunted. "But I tell you I'm sore at the old coot because he put me in a bad light with *me*. He got my fur up and I sawed him off—closed the game—with him loser and wanting action. It looked cheap, and it was. I know how I'd feel if somebody did it to me. It was a piker trick and I'll have to square it somehow. Oh, I don't care a tinker's dam about him losing the money, but the finish makes it a sad nine hundred to go to bed with. Anyhow, let's be on our way. Here's your coat and here's your hat, and here's your cigar—now a light. Shall we go the back way? Careful with your feet! Don't stumble! It's mighty dark out here with the moon down. Say, look at that whopping morning star, Welsh. It's pretty near as peaceful as a small moon itself. Don't it make you want something different, old man—far from sand hills and shanties and suckers? Something—"

"Yes, yes," murmured Welsh, slanting his long cigar so that the red glowed on a level with one eye. "Be calm. All of us have had those burning thoughts. Maturer years will instill a liking for common daylight. Of course, I realize what a great big thrilling world it seems to one so young. Now, if you'll kindly open the gate we'll wander where there's more fresh night air and less sour beer. These kegs aren't as empty as they might be."

Delano, going forward to fumble with the gate, stepped back suddenly.

"Jove!" he said. "That gave me a start. It's a bum asleep. Benight said he was lying here, but I forgot for the minute."

"Bye-lo-land, eh?" remarked Welsh. "Step high and wish him clear skies for all such naps."

"Wait," Delano stooped, match in hand. Light flared over the prostrate figure, then died. He lit another, close to a grimed, grizzled face. The flame was stirred by a stertorous breath.

"Good Lord!" The match burned Delano's fingers before he dropped it. "Good Lord, Welsh! It's Al Cornell—good old Al."

Welsh verified the statement.

"It sure is!" he assented. "What d'ye know about that! Poor, poor devil!"

Delano straightened up. The two were silent in the summer darkness. Welsh's cigar still glowed redly, but Delano's was dull under the ash.

"It's been five years," mused Welsh retrospectively, "five years. Al never was any good after that building burned and his little old cigar stand in the front end went with it. Poor Uncle Al! He sure thought a heap of his small hole in the wall. Owned the building too, you remember. That was what hit him hard. All he had, and his insurance had pefered out. A hand-picked stock of cigars went, too. He was a good fellow; a mighty good fellow always—if he didn't lay up a cent."

"Why couldn't he have started up again?" queried Delano, sudden fury in his heart at the grim handiwork huddled there by his feet: "Everybody liked him! Anybody would have staked him!"

"UH-HU'H!" rejoined Welsh. "Only they didn't. Cornell was a backward cuss when it come to shoutin' his own troubles, and somehow that sympathy you speak of only resulted in plenty of folks setting up the drinks. Kind of got him going, and he was soon well along. After that there was nothing to it. He wasn't much inclined toward booze naturally, either. He's been gone from town all of four years. Well, he's too far down now. Slip this dollar into his vest, so he can have a drink when he wakes up: that's when the grind comes. Don't reckon he's such an early bird these days. He used to sleep behind the counter of his stand—they snaked him out in a hurry the night of the fire—it had a removable glass front. And, what with that paint store in behind, and a breeze romping along at forty miles an hour, it needed to be removable.

"They used to say Al sold cigars to both the milkmen—he was up that early. Tough world! Here old Benight's just got his new building done, after letting the site stand vacant these years since that same blaze. And he's even got a cigar stand in front—a dead ringer for the old one, only a heap sportier. Wonder who'll have the place?"

"I say," Delano began to laugh softly, merrily in the darkness.

"You're a hard-hearted customer sometimes, my son," commented the other lily.

"I've got an idea. I'm going to try an experiment—" began the wheelman, unheeding.

"Count me out!" interjected Welsh hastily. "I know those experiments. They're too much like work to suit me."

"We have to hustle," Delano had turned business-like. "Get hold of his feet."

"Who—me—?" objected Welsh. "What the—"

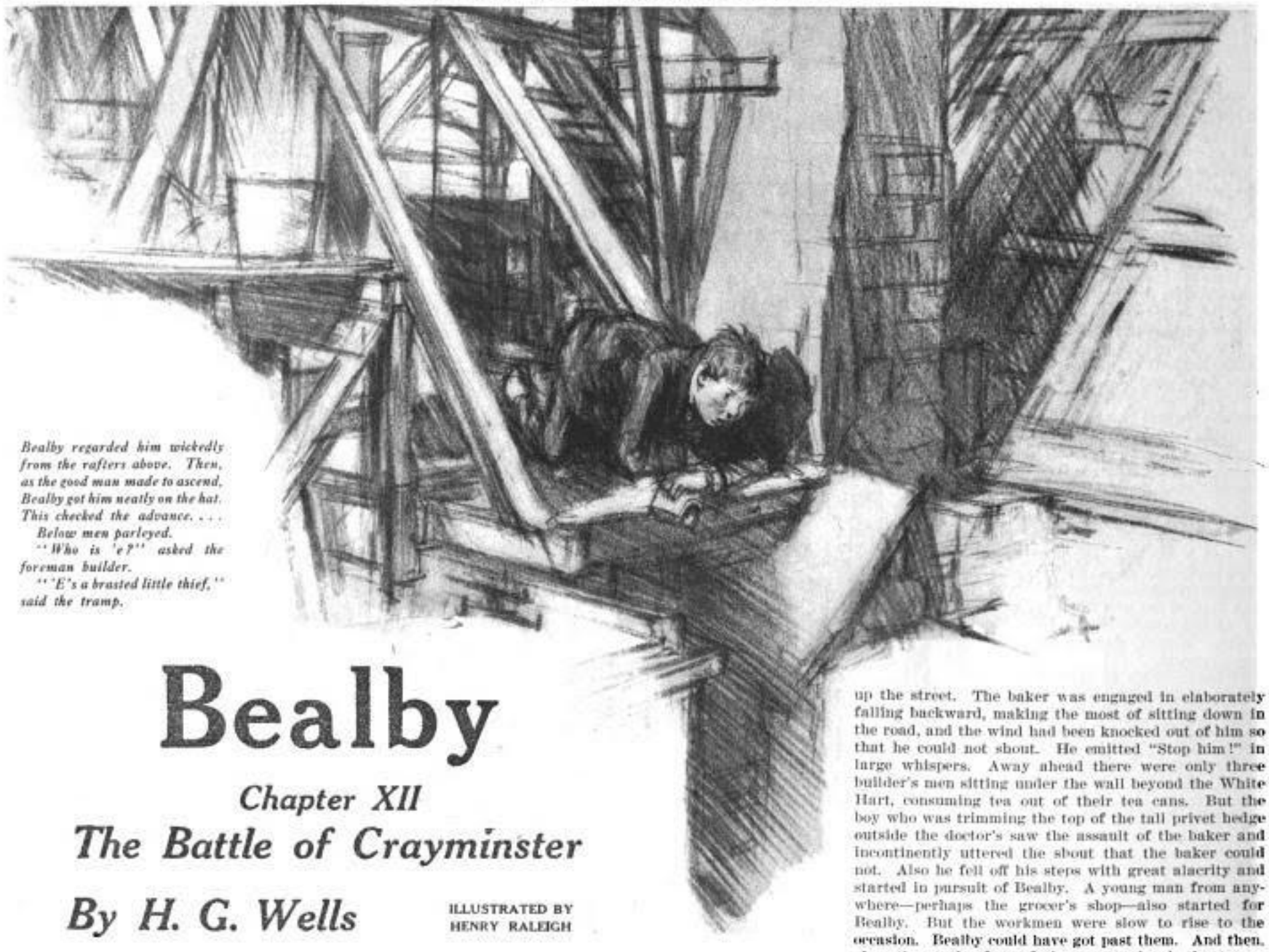
"Yes—you! You slopped over a minute ago. Now grab hold—easy there! I don't want to waken him—not that it seems likely—"

"Togo-Ito," he resumed gravely as, a moment later, they deposited the flabby, unconscious burden close to the wall in the rear room where the Jap was busy: "Togo-Ito, excuse yourself from mop one minute. You know razor where can get? Also you got cot in your bunk room, maybe so?"

THE Jap nodded, eyes twinkling. He liked Delano for many reasons small, and one great. Chief of the minor reasons was the fact that Delano never garbled names any more than he did facts; if a Japanese porter happened to glory in the name of Togo-Ito, why, that was his name and he got the full benefit of every syllable. And when Delano made fun of quaint English, it was the fun making of friend with friend.

"Do thus and so—and before so, get large hand-cart from across-street grocery, so quick, please—very swiftly. Then get razor—all things as gentleman's servant. Go by Honorable Todd's clothing store—rouse him from sleep. Much drink last eve—much rouse. Room up over. Give this money; inform Honorable Todd (*Concluded on page 20*)

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Bealby regarded him wickedly from the rafters above. Then, as the good man made to ascend, Bealby got him neatly on the hat. This checked the advance. . . .

Below men parleyed.

"Who is 'e?" asked the foreman builder.

"'E's a brasted little thief," said the tramp.

Bealby

Chapter XII
The Battle of Crayminster

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BEALBY was beginning to realize that running away from one's situation and setting up for oneself is not so easy and simple a thing as it had appeared during those first days with the caravan. Three things he perceived had arisen to pursue him, two that followed in the daylight, the law and the tramp, and a third that came back at twilight, the terror of the darkness. And within there was a hollow faintness, for the afternoon was far advanced and he was extremely hungry. He had dozed away the early afternoon in the weedy corner of a wood. But for his hunger I think he would have avoided Crayminster.

WITHIN a mile of that place he had come upon the "Missing" notice again stuck to the end of a barn. He had passed it askance, and then with a sudden inspiration returned and torn it down. Somehow with the daylight his idea of turning King's Evidence against the tramp had weakened. He no longer felt sure. Mustn't one wait and be asked first to turn King's Evidence?

Suppose they said he had merely confessed. . . .

The Crayminster Street had a picturesque, nutritious look. Halfway down it was the White Hart with cyclist club signs on its walls and geraniums over a white porch, and beyond a house being built and already at the roofing pitch. To the right was a baker's shop, diffusing a delicious suggestion of buns and cake, and to the left a little comfortable sweet-stuff window and a glimpse of tables and a board: "Teas." Tea! He resolved to break into his ninepence boldly and generously. Very likely they would boil him an egg for a penny or so. Yet, on the other hand, if he just had three or four buns, soft new buns! He hovered toward the baker's shop and stopped short. That bill was in the window!

He wheeled about sharply and went into the sweet-stuff shop and found a table with a white cloth and a motherly little woman in a large cap. Tea? He could have an egg and some thick bread and butter and a cup of tea for fivepence. He sat down respectfully to await her preparations. But he was uneasy.

HE KNEW quite well that she would ask him questions. For that he was prepared. He said he was walking from his home in London to Someport to save the fare. "But you're so dirty!" said the motherly little woman. "I sent my luggage by post, ma'm, and I lost my way and didn't get it. And I don't much mind, ma'm, if you don't. Not washing . . ."

All that he thought he did quite neatly. But he wished there was not that bill in the baker's window opposite and he wished he hadn't quite such a hunted feeling. A faint claustrophobia affected him. He felt the shop might be a trap. He would be glad to get into the open again. Was there a way out behind it, for example, a policeman blocked the door? He hovered to the entrance while his egg was boiling, and then, when he saw a large fat baker surveying the world with an afternoon placidity upon his face, he went back and sat by the table. He wondered if the baker had noted him.

He had finished his egg: he was drinking his tea with appreciative noises, when he discovered that the baker *had* noted him. Bealby's eyes, at first inanely open above the tilting teacup, were suddenly riveted on something that was going on in the baker's window. From where he sat he could see that detestable bill, and then slowly, feeling about for it, he beheld a hand and a floury sleeve. The bill was drawn up and vanished, and then behind a glass shelf of fancy bread and a glass shelf of buns something pink and indistinct began to move jerkily. . . . It was a human face and it was trying to peer into the little refreshment shop that sheltered Bealby. . . .

Bealby's soul went faint.

HE HAD one inadequate idea. "Might I go out," he said, "by your back way?"

"There isn't a back way," said the motherly little woman. "There's a yard . . ."

"If I might," said Bealby, and was out in it.

No way at all! High walls on every side. He was back like a shot in the shop, and now the baker was halfway across the road. "Fivepence," said Bealby and gave the little old woman sixpence. "Here," she cried, "take your penny!"

He did not wait. He darted out of the door.

The baker was all over the way of escape. He extended arms that seemed abnormally long and with a weak cry Bealby found himself trapped. Trapped, but not hopelessly. He knew how to do it. He had done it in milder forms before, but now he did it with all his being. Under the diaphragm of the baker smote Bealby's hard little head, and instantly he was away, running up the quiet, sunny street. Man when he assumed the erect attitude made a hostage of his belly. It is a proverb among the pastoral Berbers of the Atlas Mountains that the man who extends his arms in front of an angry ram is a fool.

It seemed probable to Bealby that he would get away up the street. The baker was engaged in elaborately falling backward, making the most of sitting down in the road, and the wind had been knocked out of him so that he could not shout. He emitted "Stop him!" in large whispers. Away ahead there were only three builder's men sitting under the wall beyond the White Hart, consuming tea out of their tea cans. But the boy who was trimming the top of the tall privet hedge outside the doctor's saw the assault of the baker and incontinently uttered the shout that the baker could not. Also he fell off his steps with great alacrity and started in pursuit of Bealby. A young man from anywhere—perhaps the grocer's shop—also started for Bealby. But the workmen were slow to rise to the occasion. Bealby could have got past them. And then, abruptly at the foot of the street ahead, the tramp came into view, a battered, disconcerting figure. His straw-colored hat, which had recently been wetted and dried in the sun, was a swaying mop. The sight of Bealby seemed to rouse him from some disagreeable meditations. He grasped the situation with a terrible quickness. Regardless of the wisdom of the pastoral Berbers, he extended his arms and stood prepared to intercept.

BEALBY thought at the rate of a hundred thoughts to the minute. He darted sideways and was up the ladder and among the beams and rafters of the unfinished roof before the pursuit had more than begun. "Here, come off that," cried the foreman builder, only now joining in the hunt with any sincerity. He came across the road while Bealby regarded him wickedly from the rafters above. Then, as the good man made to ascend, Bealby got him neatly on the hat—it was a bowler hat, with a tile. This checked the advance. There was a disposition to draw a little off and look up at Bealby. One of the younger builders from the opposite sidewalk got him very neatly in the ribs with a stone. But two other shots went wide and Bealby shifted to a more covered position behind the chimney stack.

From here, however, he had a much less effective command of the ladder, and he perceived that his tenure of the new house was not likely to be a long one.

Below men parleyed. "Who *is* 'e?" asked the foreman builder. "Where'd 'e come from?" "'E's a brasted little thief," said the tramp. "'E's one of the wust characters on the road." The baker was recovering his voice now. "There's a reward out for 'im," he said, "and 'e butted me in the stummick."

"'Ow much reward?" asked the foreman builder.

"Five pound for the man who catches him."

"'Ere!" cried the foreman builder in an arresting voice to the tramp. "Just stand away from that ladder . . ."

WHATEVER else Bealby might or might not be, one thing was very clear about him, and that was that he was a fugitive. And the instinct of humanity is to pursue fugitives. Man is a hunting animal, inquiry into the justice of a case is an altogether later accretion to his complex nature, and that is why, whatever you are or whatever you do, you should never let people get you on the run. There is a joy in the mere fact of hunting, the sight of a scarlet coat and a hound will brighten a whole village and now Crayminster was rousing itself like a sleeper who wakes to sunshine and gay music. People were looking out of windows and coming out of shops, a policeman appeared and

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heard the baker's simple story, a brisk, hatless young man in a white apron and with a pencil behind his ear became prominent. Bealby, peeping over the ridge of the roof, looked a thoroughly dirty and unpleasant little creature to all these people. The only spark of human sympathy for him below was in the heart of the little old woman in the cap who had given him his breakfast. She surveyed the roof of the new house from the door of her shop, she hoped Bealby wouldn't hurt himself up there, and she held his penny change clutched in her hand in her apron pocket with a vague idea that perhaps presently if he ran past she could very quickly give it to him.

CONSIDERABLE delay in delivering the assault on the house was caused by the foreman's insistence that he alone should ascend the ladder to capture Bealby. He was one of those regular-featured men with large heads who seem to have inflexible backbones; he was large and fair and full with a sweetish chest voice, and in all his movement authoritative and deliberate. Whenever he made to ascend he discovered that people were straying into his building, and he had to stop and direct his men how to order them off. Inside his large head he was trying to arrange everybody to cut off Bealby's line of retreat without risking that anybody but himself should capture the fugitive. It was none too easy and it knitted his brows. Meanwhile Bealby was able to reconnoiter the adjacent properties and to conceive plans for a possible line of escape. He also got a few tiles handy against when the rush up the ladder came. At the same time two of the younger workmen were investigating the possibility of getting at him from inside the house. There was still no staircase, but there were ways of clambering. They had heard about the reward and they knew that they must do this before the foreman realized their purpose, and this a little retarded them. In their pockets they had a number of stones, ammunition in reserve, if it came again to throwing.

Bealby was no longer fatigued nor depressed; anxiety for the future was lost in the excitement of the present, and his heart told him that, come what might, getting on to the roof was an extraordinarily good dodge.

And if only he could bring off a certain jump he had in mind, there were other dodges. . . .

IN THE village street an informal assembly of leading citizens, a little recovered now from their first nervousness about flying tiles, discussed the problem of Bealby. There was Mumby, the draper and vegetarian with the bass voice and the big black beard. He advocated the fire engine. He was one of the volunteer fire brigade and never so happy as when he was wearing his helmet. He had come out of his shop at the shouting. Schocks, the butcher, and his boy were also in the street; Schocks's yard, with its heap of manure and fodder, bounded the new house on the left. Rymell, the vet, emerged from the billiard room of the White Hart, and with his head a little on one side was watching Bealby and replying attentively to the baker, who was asking him a number of questions that struck him as irrelevant. All the White Hart people were in the street.

"I suppose, Mr. Rymell," said the baker, "there's a mort of dangerous things in a man's belly round about 'is stummick?"

"Tiles," said Mr. Rymell. "Loose bricks. It wouldn't do if he started dropping those."

"I was saying, Mr. Rymell," said the baker after a pause for digestion, "is a man likely to be injured badly by a blaw in his stummick?"

Mr. Rymell stared at him for a moment with unresponsive eyes. "More likely to get you in the head," he said, and then: "Here! What's that fool of a carpenter going to do?"

The tramp was hovering on the outskirts of the group of besiegers, vindictive but dispirited. He had been brought to from his fit and given a shilling by the old gentleman, but he was dreadfully wet between his shirt—he wore a shirt, under three waistcoats and a coat—and his skin, because the old gentleman's method of revival had been to syringe him suddenly with cold water. It had made him weep with astonishment and misery. Now he saw no advantage in claiming Bealby publicly. His part, he felt, was rather a waiting one. What he had to say to Bealby could be best said without the assistance of a third person. And he wanted to understand more of this talk about a reward. If there was a reward out for Bealby. . . .

"That's not a bad dodge!" said Rymell, changing his opinion of the foreman suddenly as that individual began his ascent of the ladder with a bricklayer's hod carried shieldwise above his head. He went up with difficulty and slowly because of the extreme care he took to keep his head protected. But no tiles came. Bealby had discovered a more dangerous attack developing inside the house and was already in retreat down the other side of the building.

HE DID a leap that might have hurt him badly, taking off from the corner of the house and jumping a good twelve feet on to a big heap of straw in the butcher's yard. He came down on all fours and felt a little jarred for an instant, and then he was up again and had scrambled up by a heap of manure to the top of the butcher's wall. He was over that and into Macculium's yard next door before anyone in the front of the new house had realized that he was in flight. Then one of the two workmen who had been coming up inside the house saw him from the oblong opening that was some day to be the upstairs bedroom window, and gave tongue.

IT WAS thirty seconds later and after Bealby had vanished from the butcher's wall that the foreman, still clinging to his hod, appeared over the ridge of the roof. At the workman's shout the policeman, who with the preventive disposition of his profession, had hitherto been stopping anyone from coming into the unfinished house, turned about and ran out into its brick and plaster and timber-littered backyard, whereupon the crowd in the street, realizing that the quarry had gone away and no longer restrained, came pouring partly through the house and partly round through the butcher's gate into his yard.

Bealby had had a check.

He had relied upon the tarred felt roof of the mushroom shed of Macculium, the tailor and breeches maker, to get him to the wall that gave upon Mr. Benshaw's strawberry fields and he had not seen from his roof above the ramshackle glazed outhouse which Macculium called his workroom and in which four industrious tailors were working in an easy dishabille. The roof of the shed was the merest tarred touchwood; it had perished as felt long ago; it collapsed under Bealby; he went down into a confusion of mushrooms and mushroom bed; he blundered out trailing mushrooms and spawn and rich matter; he had a nine-foot wall to negotiate, and only escaped by a hair's-breadth from the clutch of a little red-slippered man who came dashing out from the workroom. But by a happy use of the top of the dustbin he did just get away over the wall in time, and the red-slippered tailor, who was not good at walls, was left struggling to imitate an ascent that had looked easy enough until he came to try it.

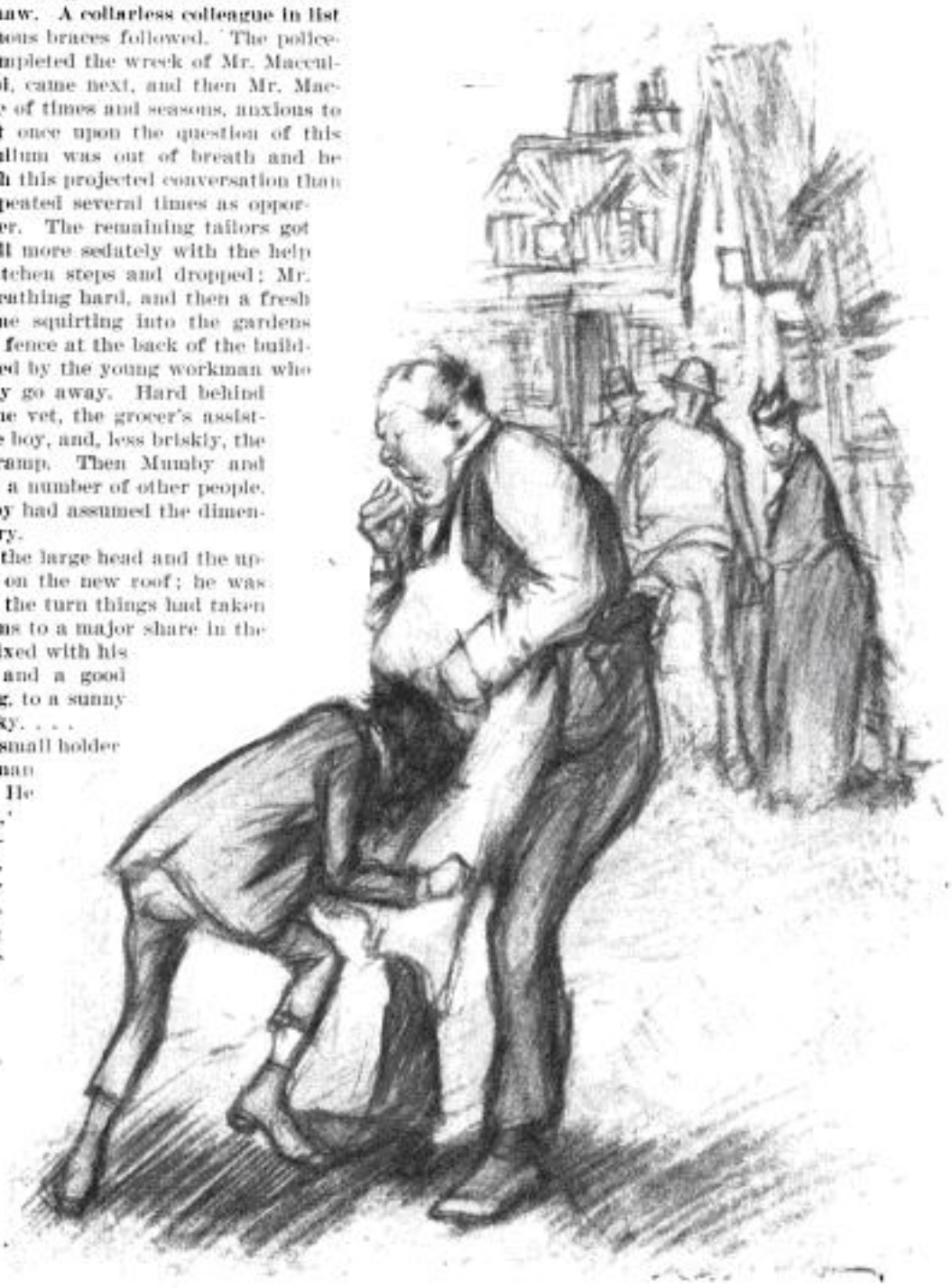
FOR a moment the little tailor struggled alone, and then both Macculium's little domain and the butcher's yard next door and the little patch of space behind the house were violently injected with a crowd of active people, all confusedly on the Bealby trail. Some one, he never knew who, gave the little tailor a leg-up and then his red slippers twinkled over the wall and he was leading the hunt into the market gardens of Mr. Benshaw. A collarless colleague in list slippers and conspicuous braces followed. The policeman, after he had completed the wreck of Mr. Macculium's mushroom shed, came next, and then Mr. Macculium, with no sense of times and seasons, anxious to have a discussion at once upon the question of this damage. Mr. Macculium was out of breath and he never got further with this projected conversation than "Here!" This he repeated several times as opportunity seemed to offer. The remaining tailors got to the top of the wall more sedately with the help of the Macculium kitchen steps and dropped; Mr. Schocks followed, breathing hard, and then a fresh jet of humanity came squirting into the gardens through a gap in the fence at the back of the building site. This was led by the young workman who had first seen Bealby go away. Hard behind him came Rymell, the vet, the grocer's assistant, the doctor's page boy, and, less briskly, the baker. Then the tramp. Then Mumby and Schocks's boy. Then a number of other people. The seeking of Bealby had assumed the dimensions of a Hue and Cry.

The foreman with the large head and the upright back was still on the new roof; he was greatly distressed at the turn things had taken and shouted his claims to a major share in the capture of Bealby, mixed with his opinions of Bealby and a good deal of mere swearing, to a sunny but unsympathetic sky. . . .

Mr. Benshaw was a small holder a sturdy English yeoman of the new school. He was an Anti-Socialist, a self-helper, an independent-spirited man. He had a steadily growing banking account and a plain but sterile wife, and he was dark in complexion and so erect in his bearing as to seem a little to lean forward. Usually he wore a sort of gray gamekeeper's suit with brown gaiters (except on Sundays, when the coat was black), he was addicted to bowler hats that accorded ill with his large, grave, gray-colored face, and he was altogether a very sound, strong man. His bowler hats did but accentuate that. He had no time for vanities, even the vanity of dressing consistently. He went into the nearest shop and just bought the cheapest hat he could, and so he got hats designed for the youthful and giddy, hats with flighty crowns and flippant bows and amorous brims that undulated attractively to set off flushed and foolish young faces. It made his unrelenting face look rather like the Puritans under the Stuart monarchy

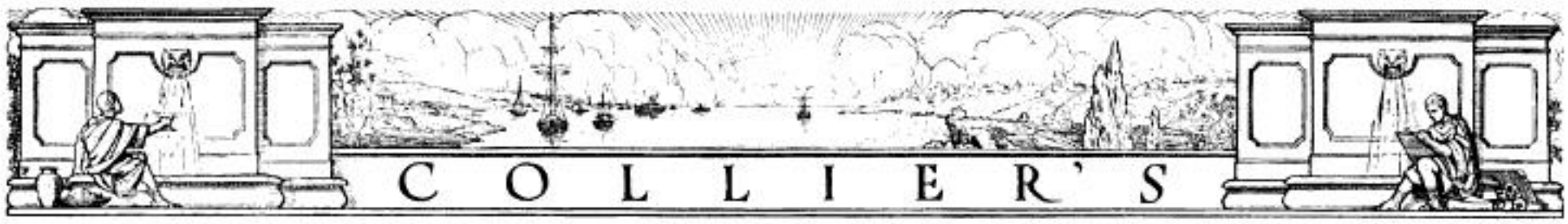
HE WAS a horticulturist rather than a farmer. He had begun his career in cheap lodgings with a field of early potatoes and cabbages, supplemented by employment; but with increased prosperity his area of cultivation had extended and his methods intensified. He now grew considerable quantities of strawberries, raspberries, celery, sea kale, asparagus, early peas, late peas, and onions, and consumed more stable manure than any other cultivator within ten miles of Crayminster. He was beginning to send cut flowers to London. He had half an acre of glass and he was rapidly extending it. He had built himself a cottage on lines of austere economy, and a bony-looking dwelling house for some of his men. He also owned a number of useful sheds of which tar and corrugated iron were conspicuous features. His home was furnished with the utmost respectability, and notably joyless even in a countryside where gayety is regarded as an impossible quality in furniture. He was already in a small local way a mortgagee. Good fortune had not turned the head of Mr. Benshaw nor robbed him of the feeling that he was a particularly deserving person, entitled to a preferential treatment from a country which in his plain, unsparing way he felt that he enriched.

In many ways he thought that the country was careless of his needs. And in none more careless than in the laws relating to trespass (*Concluded on page 28*)



With a weak cry Bealby found himself trapped. Trapped, but not hopelessly. He knew how to do it. He had done it in milder forms before. . . . Under the diaphragm of the baker smote Bealby's hard little head

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The Promise of America's Future

IN THE PAST AND THE IMMEDIATE PRESENT, the war, of course, has caused us as a nation some confusion. This is being effectively remedied and will soon be in the past. For the future it is possible to say, in the words of one of the most thoughtful leaders of American finance and industry, that, if we have wise leadership, the *permanent result upon American industry and commerce of the present European war will be of a beneficence such as to stagger the imagination.*

Guilt Is Personal

WE SHALL OBEY President WILSON's neutrality order faithfully. All the same, we know the man who, stripped of monarchical prerogatives, in any American court, under American law, could be indicted and convicted for incitement to murder.

Do What George Has to Do

THE GOVERNMENT REVENUE is going to be cut down from 10 to 20 per cent by the war. To meet this situation the Democratic party is planning to impose new taxes and raise the revenue to the old figure. A good many private businesses have had their revenues cut more than 10 per cent by the present war. Private business has not the easy recourse of laying more taxes. It has to adjust itself by reducing expenses. Can't the Government do the same? There is plenty of public opinion in the country in favor of economy. The trouble is, it is not organized.

The Only Way

IN ENGLAND the war has brought to poverty a large number of persons who were formerly well to do. Their tragedy is the result of a calamity that no one could foresee. No parent can be certain that his children may not some day come to poverty. There is no guarantee against it. The best insurance is to teach them to work. Probably the best asset any youth can have is the ability to cultivate the soil. That is the most permanent and universal of trades.

The Future in Europe

THE PRESENT WAR is not likely to last long, for the bonfire now raging is bigger than the woodpile. Modern methods of census, of transportation and communication, have made nation and army practically synonymous. When the forces now arrayed are exhausted there will be no great reserves to be brought up. The human powder will have been burned. It is not apt to come to this, for Germany must win at once or face the certainty of slow and complete defeat. Mediation will then be preferable, and seems likely to be inevitable. In the meantime the war will settle the status of international law, whether it is a force binding on all nations or only a pompously worded code of voluntary practices. The future of certain dynasties will also be determined: whether the three Kaisers are to govern in Austria, Germany, and Russia, or whether public opinion is to be organized for effective control of public policy, as in our own country. It is absolutely certain that the future must see constructive action taken to secure lasting peace in Europe. This will not be done by discriminating against races; no one expects to see Slav farm laborers barred out from Germany or German bank directors outlawed in London; but it must be arranged so that no set of power-crazed men can use the strength of a great people for international piracy. This may mean dividing Germany and Austria into a number of smaller countries, about equal to Holland or Switzerland. Perhaps Europe may rise above this, banish all these dynasties and coteries of autocracy, and organize some larger political integration, some great federated government which shall reflect and conserve the essential unity of European civilization. Time will show. Meanwhile, for millions of people, this war means laying aside for an indefinite time the policies that look to the future, and devoting all the power that years of toil have slowly created to achieving poverty, suffering, and death.

A Poor Halfway Measure

THERE HAS NOW BEEN TIME for the thoughtful to look into the long expected freight-rate decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It proves to be a half-baked, shuffling piece of business which settles nothing very much and distinctly unsettles confidence in the commission. The decision is based upon what we believe to be an unsound conception of the commission's powers and of the nature of the railroad business. A regulative body of this sort is useful in proportion as it keeps in touch with facts and acts with quick decision on matters brought before it. (The recent decision was six months overdue.) Regulative bodies are obstructive and inefficient in proportion as they assume to themselves the tardy dignity and stuffy bureaucratic fussiness of the wrong sort of courts. When, in addition, they wait on events and balance up what they want the railroads to do against what they are willing to concede to the railroads, the whole thing tends to become a messy sort of farce. The railroads of this country constitute a great national service and must be treated as such. Rates must be based on what is best for the country's development, not on arbitrary and meaningless apportionments of expenses between freight and passenger traffic. Service is the goal of regulation; cost is a delusion. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in this decision, has shown itself to be, as compared with the Supreme Court, very distinctly on the wrong track and very distinctly employing the wrong methods. The final misfortune would be to have this sort of bureaucracy in full charge of our railroad operations as it would be under Government ownership. We want more and better regulation of the railroad problem.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

FROM the confession of a man who committed a hideous murder: I am twenty-seven years old and live with my mother at 2025 Walnut Street. I'm a salesman, selling pickles. I returned home from work in the afternoon on July 7 and *then went out and visited saloons and had a lot to drink.* Later in the day I met my father, who lives at 1808 Fulton Street, and *we went to more saloons and I had more drinks.* I took a walk over on Madison Street in the evening and about eight o'clock at night I saw the little girl in the passageway between two houses.

We know nothing in our civilization worse than the fact that men who stimulate other men to drink whisky are permitted to enjoy all the prerogatives of civilization in Baltimore, Louisville, Peoria, and other cities where the distiller is the prince of business.

The Heart of It

THE HEART OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM is to be found in this passage which we find in a Chicago paper described as a quotation of a notice on the price list of the Richelieu Wine Company, 9 West Randolph Street:

HINTS ABOUT SERVING

A diner should always have easy access to the wine list and after ordering should be promptly served. This course often results in a second bottle being used.

The occasional drinker is often tempted to order wine when he sees the list lying before him: if it is not in sight, the chances are he will not feel any particular desire to drink wine with his meal.

If wine is ordered do not place ice water on the table.

Keep in mind these suggestions.

There is the great point: If a man is engaged in the selling of booze he is also engaged in *stimulating its consumption*, in persuading and overpersuading people to drink it. We can't think of any way of making money quite so odious as this.

Good Reading

A FRIEND of COLLIER'S who lives in western Canada sends us this:

EDITOR COLLIER'S: EDMONTON, ALBERTA.

You have my hearty congratulations on the series of "SAM ARNOLD" stories by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, now running in COLLIER'S. I may have a wrong point of view, but it seems to me that SAM ARNOLD is the best sort of modern minister. To be sure, he is no expert in Hebrew and would turn up his freckled nose at Greek, but he is a minister of righteousness just the same. Raising a dead town and preaching salvation by progress may not be taught in the average theological seminary, but to my mind they are articles of the modern Christian's creed fully as important as the raising of LAZARUS and the preaching of salvation by grace. COLLIER'S does not pose as a religious weekly, but I get more inspiration out of it than from several publications professedly pious.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES F. POTTER, Pastor First Unitarian Church.

It will be a refreshing novelty to Mr. CHESTER to receive praise from the pulpit, for his inimitable WALLINGFORD suffered a good deal of disapproval from earnest persons who thought it was not a good thing for growing boys to read. They felt that WALLINGFORD's joyous path through a world of victims of his smartness had a tendency to set up false ethical standards. It put a premium on short cuts and led unthinking youths into the delusion that there might be permanent satisfaction in getting rich quick through devious ways. It is probably a valid objection to WALLINGFORD. For our mature selves we distinguish

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

between the characters in fiction that we like and those whose conduct we approve. We, too, like Mr. Chester's Sam with the ginger-colored hair, but we confess to an unregenerate preference for Wallingford.

Incidentally—

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME since we read a good new story of the love of a young man for a girl. Isn't this sort of story written any more? We should like to get hold of some.

The $25,000 Hen—When?

AND RESUMING THE SUBJECT of May Rilma, the $25,000 cow, let us who think of a setting hen's time as the synonym of negligibility contemplate for a moment the possibility of a $25,000 hen. The average hen puts in so much of her time clucking, setting, molting, and otherwise restricting output that she does pretty well if she lays us her ten dozen eggs a year. But turn now to the prize hen of the Oregon Agricultural Experiment Station, which has established a record of 303 a year. What shall we say of her worth? To the uninitiated it might seem obvious that she is worth the difference between 120 eggs a year and 303 eggs a year, or, say, $3.75 per annum for, say, three years—for a hen does not live alway—or, not to put too fine a point upon it, $10 or $11 more than the less efficient biddy. But this would be an abysmal error—for out of their total production the keep of hens must be paid—and all this surplus is profit. And is this all? Nay, nay! Dr. Raymond Pearl of the Maine Experiment Station has proved that, while the ability and disposition to lay a common union-scale output of eggs goes with every hen, supreme talent along this line is inherited in a peculiar sex-linked manner. The Oregon hen's 300-egg capacity would not descend to her daughters, but to her granddaughters through her sons. It is obvious that if one could place one of these sons at the head of a flock of consorts able to keep house and lay eggs as his mother used to do, the chicks would inherit egg genius instead of egg talent from both sides of the house, and, after the heredity had been steadied by line breeding for a few generations, we should have a breed of 300-egg hens. Now the State of Iowa alone has more than 20,000,000 hens. An increase in the profits per hen of $3 a year would mean $60,000,000 more egg money to Iowa than she now receives, and she leads all the States in that respect, we believe, already. And the Oregon hen, if she could be used to establish the 300-egg breed, would do her half at least of the job of giving one State in the Union an increase in annual income of $60,000,000, and all other States and foreign nations in proportion. Wouldn't she be worth $25,000? We pause for a reply, and for our readers to rally—merely observing in conclusion that the real men of the day seem to be these agricultural experts.



More Nature Faking?

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

Keep Our Money at Home

THE REFUSAL TO APPROVE a loan from American bankers to one of the belligerents was indifferent law but sound common sense. It is characteristic of Bryan's homely mind to have arrived at the right result by the wrong method of thinking. He put the disapproval on the ground that it would have violated neutrality. That is nonsense. It is no more wrong to sell credit to a belligerent than to sell wheat. But we ought to keep our money at home. A dollar can't be in two places at the same time. It can't be in Europe paying a soldier to kill and in America paying a laborer to lay ties on a new railroad. The latter is the best place for all the dollars we have.

The New Justice

NEXT TO BEING PRESIDENT, the greatest achievable dignity in the United States is to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. That office is dignified largely because a long line of high-minded men have held it in honor and filled it worthily. Probably the first thought which comes to a newly appointed justice, if he has imagination, is the burden put upon his conscience, not to let his conduct take anything from the accumulated traditions and dignity of the seat in which he is to spend a few brief years before he passes on. Mr. McReynolds has a conscience equal to much more strain than is likely ever to be put upon it. The qualities that have been most apparent in his public career are conscientiousness, devotion to principle, a disposition to stand all the more ruggedly by his convictions in proportion as that stand is likely to cost him discomfort. He comes to his office at a time when just that quality, the willingness to endure unpopularity, may be extremely valuable to the nation. His appointment is a credit to President Wilson.

The Late Pope

A GENTLE AND LOVELY old man whose soul had been washed wholly pure by long years of abstinence, self-restraint, high thinking, and a sort of right living which was not merely a serene freedom from worldliness, but was a determined contest to be more perfect each day than the last. A life that makes the most blameless of worldly careers seem ignoble. Its rewards were what he would most have wished, and were adequate. Many millions of people, of many tongues and many colors, thought of him whenever they reflected upon the better part of themselves, and associated him with all their hopes of a happy and sinless future.

Abolishing the Small Towns

THE ATCHISON (KAS.) "GLOBE" has evolved this principle of classification:

> A small town is one in which a silk hat attracts as much attention as the fire department.

It is just as we thought—there are no small towns in this country. The United States has nothing but cities. Kansas proves it.

Belief

SOME SCHOOL CHILDREN in New York object to singing certain songs because they imply a religious belief. Says a newspaper:

> Half of the older ones insisted that they didn't believe in any religion. "I don't believe in no religion," said one boy. "And if you go down the street you will find lots more who don't either." "That's it," put in a girl. "We don't go in for any religion, for *we don't know where we go when we die.*"

This pathetic childish materialism may perhaps be blamed on New York's cosmopolitanism and the consequent high death rate among traditions. Yet many older persons no doubt use the same logic and explain that they don't believe "because they don't know where they go when they die." In the meantime, however, we are all living. Too much emphasis used to be placed on the part of death in religion: religion as a living faith is what sane men focus on to-day. Call your religion what you like—but believe—and then prove it somehow. Faith in man is good; faith in both man and the Son of Man, better. A life bounded by self is a tragedy for the individual and a curse for the mass. It is bad policy and worse science. Civilization without belief is no more thinkable than lighthouse building without stone or skyscraper construction without steel. The man who does not believe is out of tune internally and externally—in town and country—on the street and in the forest. Happily, the school children who do not believe have plenty of time left. Experience is a good teacher.

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As England Goes to War

By Henry Beach Needham

THE "one bright spot" Sir Edward Grey declared to be Ireland. Therefore a Hibernian paradox is apt. The calmest spot is near the center of the explosion! As I recall the state of things and of minds in New York at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, there was an excitement unending greater than on election night, and a tension more gripping than in the panic of '93. Comparatively, that war was a skirmish. This! No man can foretell.

And yet there is a quiet, dogged calmness unbelievable. But let no one think that the people fail to comprehend what they are up against. For a week before the declaration of war the English papers set forth every possible angle of the impending conflict. It was not yellow journalism—it was unemotionally tragic. "The blackest day the city [the financial district] has known for more than twenty years," wrote a member of Lloyd's on July 30. Failures were numerous. Then, for the first time in its history, came the closing of the London Stock Exchange. Next the bank rate went higher than ever before in the memory of the oldest financiers. The banks closed Saturday noon, intending to open Tuesday after the August bank holiday, but, as it turned out, to remain closed for almost a week. Then—that same day—gold and silver took wings, seemingly. A five-pound Bank of England note, legal tender, was less useful than one's personal check. Up to the hour of the declaration of war against Germany the attitude of the English irritated me. They gave no signs of a proper realization of what was threatening. Their attitude became so exasperating on the morning of the bank holiday that I began to talk. I was vividly reminded of the play, written by an English army officer, and produced not only in London but in the United States, entitled, "An Englishman's Home." It was a call to arm—to make ready; it was a tragic commentary on unpreparedness. And I believe that I saw around me this play—in the life. (As a matter of fact, the English are most excellently prepared.)

The first scene, if you remember, emphasized the Englishman's participation and absorbing interest in sports and games. There was the first-born, a young man in his twenties, talking football, nothing else, and poking fun at his future brother-in-law, who had foolishly joined the Yeomanry. At the close of the scene the John-Bullish father grabs the sticks from his youngest and shows him how to play that silly spool game—Diabolo! Then appear the German soldiers. At the end the Englishman, his family killed or in flight, finally roused to fighting mettle, seizes a gun in defense of his home—and is shot down.

The Steady-Going Englishman

I INTIMATED that I could not help recalling this play. The Englishman and his wife and his cool-headed son took my talk calmly. It didn't annoy them—it didn't influence them in the slightest. They went to the Goodwood races just the same. They played their games. They did as they were accustomed to do, which meant that they exercised as much as they could in the open air. They were fit, and they kept themselves fit. *And they didn't worry.*

With the newspaper headings like, "On the Brink," "War in the Balance," and "Greatest Conflict in History Threatened," staring them in the face, the English remained unexcited. They kept their heads. They didn't run round in circles. They waited until by the King's proclamation they were called out, then they headed for their "depots" soberly but coolly. It was the best lesson in reserve I ever hope to have.

If, ignorant of a state of war, you dropped into London to-day, you would find it practically no different from what it was on your last visit. Around Buckingham Palace and in front of the War Office there are crowds, and cheers are occasionally heard, but otherwise London moves majestically along as usual. Perhaps you would see more soldier men than normally on the sidewalks—stared at with a greater interest; but in other respects it's the same substantial London.

In the vicinity of the big hotels they were repaving one side of the Strand. It was the day after the declaration of war. The smell of the cedar blocks took me back to the first paving of Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, when I was a boy. I had watched that great public work with curiosity, and lo! fringing the walk were Londoners supervising this bit of repaving! Somehow the homely incident typified the universal calm.

France, Germany, Austria, and Russia are under military rule. But democratic England, at this writing, continues under civil authority. The Government, we read in the press, has taken over the railroads. But



"Nothing hysterical, and no grumbling," says Mr. Needham. "The men went willingly, uncomplainingly . . . to perform a service rightly expected of them"

trains run on schedule with surprisingly little delay considering the added burden of military transport. In beautiful Surrey, forty miles from London, in the never-bustling town of Haslemere, the realization of war did not come until the King's proclamation. Before, residents went to the railroad station for the latest news in the afternoon papers, and the intelligence thus gained, after unwonted crowding at the news stand, was discussed among them without temper as they returned to their shops or their homes. But the new interest in public affairs didn't at all ruffle the tranquillity of life in "Peaceful Valley," as Haslemere, nestling among the hills high above sea level, might be called.

But on August 4—the day "our" war began—there was posted on the town hall the King's proclamation. This royal command called out the reservists, also the Territorials—volunteers or militia. It was about six o'clock in the evening when the important notice went up. Everybody in town read it. The proprietress of the White Horse Hotel, where I was domiciled, sent her son Billie, aged nine, to "read every word of it." Because, she told him, "some day you will want to remember you read the King's proclamation."

At the edge of the cluster of Britons who were suddenly called to arms I studied the faces and listened to the talk. From the look of them they might have been reading a notice relating to the payment of the dog tax. And their comment was disappointingly commonplace: nothing the least heroic about it—no "For God, King, and Country."

"That's you, John," or "We'll start for the depot to-night," were average remarks. Nothing hysterical, and no grumbling. The men went willingly, uncomplainingly—more than that—to perform a service rightly expected of them. I wonder if the same spirit generally moves conscripts?

He Sticks to Type, this Britisher

ABOUT nine o'clock a number of Territorials gathered in the "King's Arms," and singing began. What was that familiar air, those stirring American words? "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!" No wonder I was thrilled.

That swinging air will be the popular battle hymn with the volunteers in this great struggle. Over here it is called "The Red, White, and Blue"—not "Columbia"; but the air is the same and the chorus much the same. And the English-speaking people of America, unless their sentiments are swayed by a contrary allegiance, will no doubt be singing the chorus, "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue," to hearten the forces of civilization!

The calm of the Briton is first of all racial. Who are the English? Unrelenting Saxons, who, though conquered in turn by Angles, Danes, and Normans, finally swallowed up all three, and imposed their language, their customs, and their institutions upon the quondam invaders. Or, as Price Collier so admirably answered the question, Who are the English, what are the English? "They are Saxons, who love the land, who love their liberty, and whose sole claim to genius is their common sense."

To this might be added in our vernacular: You can defeat 'em, but you can't lick 'em.

As they fought for their liberty, so they fought in the world for their own brand of civilization, and with one notable exception, which modesty prevents us mentioning, they fought successfully in the long run. They haven't forgotten their victories. Not that they boast of them, for they don't, but they expect you to remember how and when they conquered. This record in battle, if not brilliant altogether, is surely overwhelmingly persistent. Which necessarily imparts calm.

Then the life they lead, and have always led—so much of it in the open air, and with such a consistent measure of hardening exercise, naturally gives them confidence. They have health, they have rare staying qualities, and the possession of this breeds courage and coolness. And in this crisis they are calm, for another and greater reason still, because *they have decided issues for themselves.* No autocracy has hurled the English into international strife. Their truly *representative* and quickly *responsive* Government—of which the world presents no fair equal—has gone to war when every chance for peace failed. There was no "speech from the throne" insisting upon warlike measures and hinting vaguely at obligations which were pressing but which could not be disclosed. There was no "executive session" to consider business of state in secret.

Every step of the way there was indeed "pitiless publicity." Everything was open and aboveboard and wonderfully impressive.

The clear and convincing speech of Sir Edward Grey was instantly received with general approval. There was ungrudging acclaim from all parties for the statesmanly utterance of the Prime Minister—a speech bound to live in history; for Mr. Asquith made it certain to Englishmen and to the enthusiastic colonists everywhere that the sword has been drawn "in defense of principles which are vital to our civilization."

The Spartans of 1914

THEY are answering, the unmarried young Englishmen between eighteen and thirty, enlisting quietly and calmly, without a particle of heroics. If you look for heartbreaking human-interest stories over here, you don't find them. What I am going to tell is—well, it's English.

There is a young man in town, a clerk in a bank, who is in his early twenties. He is an only son, and his mother is a widow. Yesterday she left her home and visited the town, and she and her son had afternoon tea together. In the parlor of the inn, when the "rite" was over, I learned that the lad was trying to get in the cycle corps—at any event was sure to enlist.

"How you must hate to have him go," said Mrs. Reade, the proprietress, to the old lady.

"That's why I came down here to-day—to make sure that he was going," replied the old lady firmly. "He would be no son of mine if he didn't go!" And she added:

"Mrs. Reade, if this hotel is commandeered for a hospital, I want you to send for me at once. I'll come instantly and nurse."

Not Spartan—Saxon! Unrelenting, persistent, consistent purpose; quiet, dogged calmness—that's all.

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The Business Man's Opportunity

By A. W. Shaw

Editor of "System"

IN ESTIMATING the effect of the European war I can speak only in terms of true business activity. I do not know how speculative enterprise will be affected. I speak from the standpoint of the man who buys and sells goods—the man who makes commodities and puts them on the market.

From this point of view the United States is in the position of one of four great competing concerns when the other three have shut down. England, Germany, France, and the United States are the four great competitors for the world's business. They are the four mammoth industrial and commercial units of the world, and three of them have shut down.

The result must be a transference to the fourth unit of most of the demand for goods formerly supplied by the other three, and, in addition, the demand for goods needed by the other three themselves, since they have now become nonproducing consumers.

This is exactly what will happen in this country if the war is prolonged. In spite of all apparent hindrances and difficulties like the interruption of shipping and complexities of finance and trade relations, we can make the safe fundamental generalization that the nations must turn to us to supply their wants.

No country was ever in better shape to meet extraordinary demands. We have bumper crops, insuring an abundant food supply that will command good prices, and this in turn goes far to insure stability for the effective purchasing power of the American people. Another factor insuring our purchasing power is that the demand finds us in a period of contraction. Merchandising and production have been on a hand-to-mouth basis with us lately. There are no large stocks or oversupplies. This guarantees that the wheels will have to keep moving right along: it guarantees steady domestic buying, which in turn guarantees an important basic demand as a foundation for the new demands from abroad.

Getting Along Without Our Imports

NOW to take advantage of this situation the business man, it seems to me, must first analyze the normal American demand for American-made goods, and over against this he must set off for special consideration the American demand for goods that are, in whole or part, foreign made. He must canvass our imports, and then bend all his energy to seeing how much of this latter demand can be diverted (1) to American supply of similar goods and (2) to American supply of substitute goods. Here in a nutshell is the business man's opportunity. Let us see what it means. For instance, in 1913 we imported $5,000,000 worth of macaroni. We make a first-rate line of macaroni here, and by proper effort we can divert that $5,000,000 item to the American supply. We imported a million-dollar item in mineral water which can be easily diverted. We imported nearly $5,000,000 worth of champagne and $6,000,000 of still wines, and there is scarcely an acre in the United States that will not grow grapes. I put down here a very short list of the value in round numbers of our 1913 imports in goods that can be supplied identically by home industry:

Linens	$22,000,000
Laces, lace goods, etc.	31,000,000
Cotton wear	13,000,000
Handkerchiefs	2,000,000
Pig iron	6,000,000
Wire	6,000,000
Cheese	9,000,000
Olive oil	6,000,000
Beet sugar	4,000,000
Rice meal	2,000,000
Buttons	2,000,000
Clocks and watches	3,000,000
Copper	8,000,000
Cotton thread	4,000,000

These are a very few of the immense number of items that can be diverted to the American supply. We even imported half a million dollars' worth of lead pencils in 1913. Every one of these items represents a golden harvest for American business. Within a week of the outbreak of the war John Wanamaker had an advertisement in the New York papers, stating that he was already arranging with *American manufacturers* to supply him with the goods cut off from importation.

There is another immense number of items which can be diverted by substitution. The discovery and promotion of effective substitutes offers a limitless field for the ingenuity of American business. For instance, our finer book paper is made with German sulphite and English clay. It is perfectly possible to find an acceptable substitute. Mr. Edison said yesterday that if the war keeps on, all the moving-picture shows will stop, but they won't. The supply of horsehide



The Opportunist

"I'm very sorry, madam. Here is my card; perhaps I can be of service to you"

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

covers for baseballs is showing signs of running short, but we will not stop playing baseball. American resourcefulness will rise to every occasion, and in many cases the substitute will be so effective that when imports are resumed it will have the market.

It must be remembered that outside the bare necessities of life every commodity is in competition not only with other commodities of the same order, but with *all* gratifications that may be had at about the same price. Thus a bottle of imported champagne, for instance, is in competition with opera tickets and silk stockings. It may be, therefore, that the word "imported" may lose some of its glamour after this war is over and cease to be as great a factor in gratification. The American consumer may decide that he would rather have his homemade substitute plus an extension of his purchasing power. He would rather have a bottle of American champagne plus an opera ticket than foreign champagne plus the satisfaction of looking at the label.

Home-Grown Talent

MANY of the predictions of disaster seem to me to be made without realization that there has never been a pressing demand on American genius and ingenuity in these directions. For instance, a man in the woolen-cloth trade told me last week that there was no chance for his industry because it was impossible to get dyes. We imported in 1913 alizarin dyes to the value of nearly $2,000,000. When I asked him why we could not produce these in America, he said we did not have the chemists. This is absurd. We have as clever chemists as there are anywhere. The truth is that it has never been particularly profitable for them to be busy on this line. It was too cheap and easy to get dyes from abroad. But now our chemists are going to throw real Yankee emergency energy into this and a hundred similar problems, and I, for one, don't worry about the outcome.

To say that we have never done a thing is not the same by any means as saying we cannot do it. This is a very important thing to be borne in mind when we are tempted to be discouraged by reports of trade conditions. In 1913 we imported nearly $13,000,000 worth of coal and tar preparations. It is said that we can't supply this demand. Now, does anybody really believe that American business men are going to fold their hands and watch $13,000,000 worth of any kind of demand go begging? Hardly. Well, then, if we don't believe it, what is the use of talking as though we did?

The Yankee Mind

THERE will be a good many readjustments, but every one of them will react to the permanent advantage of American business. There is nothing about them to cause despondency. Take the trade in novelties, for instance. I read the other day a long piece about the hard luck of the importer and how he will inevitably have to go out of business. Not if he is a real live Yankee. Look at it: We imported $7,000,000 worth of toys in 1913—just the one item of toys. What that importer will do is to get some designs of his own, hustle around and find somebody to make them up for him, and then go out after his slice of that $7,000,000 worth of business. People who see calamity ahead seem to think American business men have no adaptive power and no initiative, whereas we are particularly strong in both. The whole history of American business proves that we are the people who are really trained in emergencies and therefore best qualified to meet the very condition that confronts us now.

We are in the position among the nations now that New England was in among the warring States fifty years ago. The labor market was close; the demand for commodities was heavy. There was an immense stimulation put on ingenuity and inventive genius, largely in the direction of automatic or semiautomatic labor-saving machinery to take the place of the workers who had gone to war. In consequence there were more patents issued at Washington during the Civil War than in all the preceding years of our history.

During the fifteen years of the Napoleonic Wars our foreign trade increased over 450 per cent, forging ahead at the rate of $7,000,000 gain a year. It must be remembered, too, that this business was largely in the mere carrying trade. We exported little foodstuffs and manufactures because we were not equipped for it: whereas our equipment as carriers was exceptional. Now it is the other way round. We have an adequate agricultural and industrial development and very little equipment as export carriers.

Our Lack of a Merchant Marine

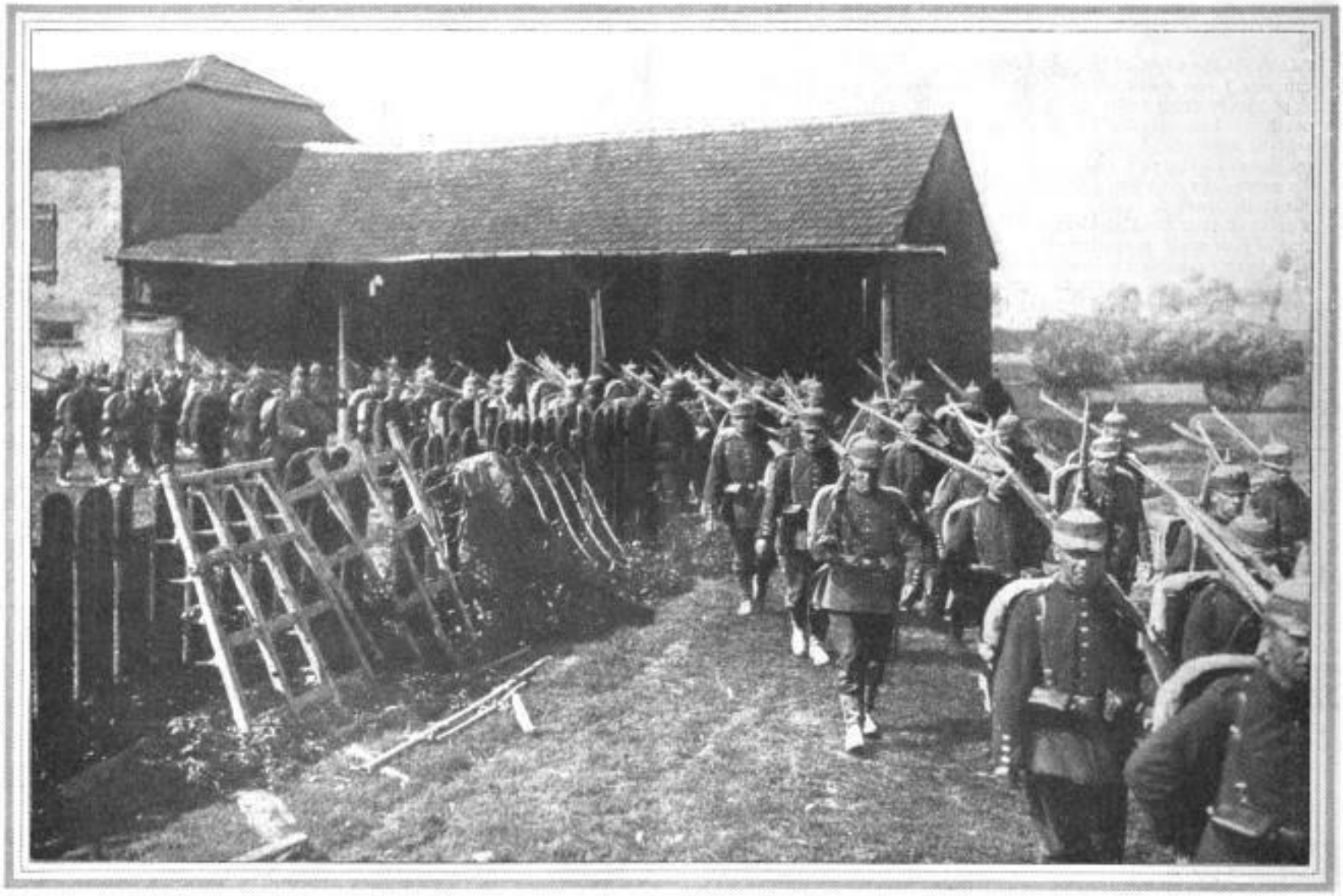
SOME people see in this latter fact an inhibition on prosperity which is not evident to me. How are we going to reap European war prices for our foodstuffs, they ask, if we cannot ship the crops for lack of American carriers?

In my judgment it is even a little better for us if we cannot unload our crops over there too fast. If we do, no doubt we will get fancy prices. But if we cannot ship them and have to keep them here, they will sell at normal prices and keep the cost of our own living well in hand. It is the old story of the two farmers: one sold his corn crop outright, while the other fed his corn to the pigs and then sold the pigs. It is more advantageous, in other words, to dispose of our food products at a cheap rate to feed men who are busy making goods and then sell the goods. Cheap food, plus a tight labor market caused by a big demand, comes pretty near being an economic ideal. So I believe the temporary inhibition on large food-supply shipments will work far more to our advantage than our disadvantage.

Predictions of trouble for certain industries also seem to make the mistake of regarding those industries as set off entirely by themselves and not as affected by a strong derived demand from other industries. An emergency demand for textiles, for instance, of the magnitude that is bound to come from the warring nations' necessities,

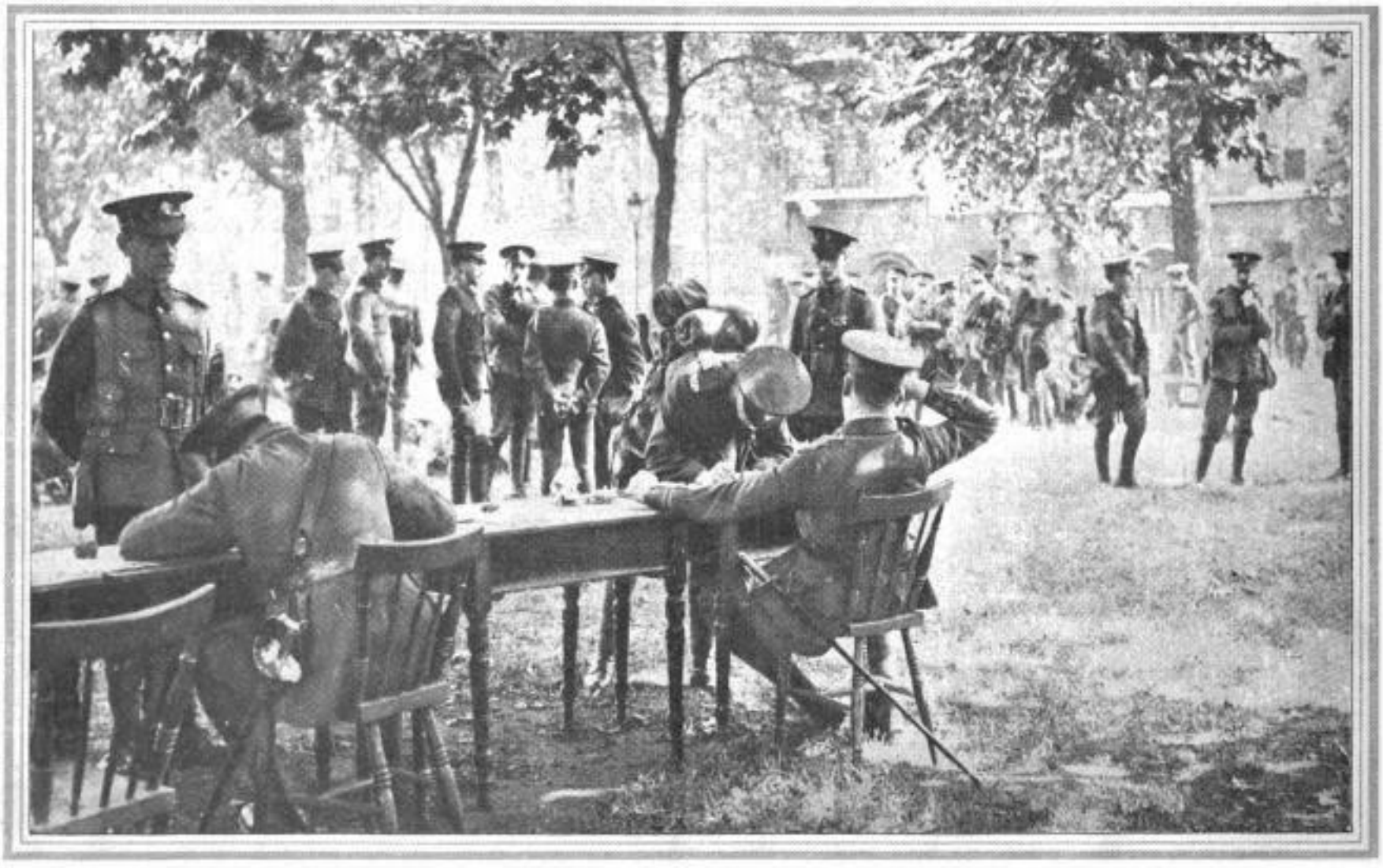
(Continued on page 27)

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Husbandry Lags and Hunger Stalks in the Wake of Europe's War

THE German infantry, in the photograph above, on the march in Alsace, the scene of much of the hardest fighting in the European war, is only a part of the story. The rest is told by the inanimate objects. The farmer has unhitched his team from the wagon in the barnyard and hurried off to join his regiment without taking time to pitch the load of hay into the barn left. And in his absence the farm becomes a highway for an army, which cares not what it tramples under foot. This farm, like hundreds of thousands of others in Germany, Austria, Servia, Russia, Belgium, England, and France, the seven nations involved as we go to press, is left to the care of women and children and old men. Crops are perishing in the fields from lack of laborers, and Europe is already clamoring for American food products.



ON ITS WAY TO JOIN THE FRANCO-BELGIAN FORCES *the British expeditionary army moved with clockwork precision. The snapshot above was taken as some of the English soldiers were waiting at Westminster Abbey, London, for orders to sail for France. They crossed the channel under close guard of warships. Their arrival was the occasion for an enthusiastic demonstration. The French officers and soldiers and the populace greeted them with cheers for England*

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—But They Came Too Late to Protect Belgium

THE photograph above, reproduced by COLLIER'S exclusively, shows a part of the English army under General French as it was marching from Havre, just after landing on French soil, to join the other allies at the front. In the large snapshot below is seen a regiment of French infantry, headed by its brass band, passing through a village on the way to General Joffre's battle line. The swiftness with which the French and English forces mobilized has not been questioned, but many close observers of the war are uncertain as to whether the two larger allies did all they could to protect Belgium. French and British military authorities maintain that their armies were held back for strategical reasons, and that in the long run the Belgian sacrifice will prove to have been better, not only for the larger allies, but for Belgium itself.



England's Nightmare—A German Invasion

ONE of the greatest calamities an Englishman can imagine is a German invasion of his country. It almost makes him shudder to think of the Kaiser's forces marching into London as the Prussians marched into Paris in 1871, because he knows that that would be England's crowning humiliation. And to make sure that the Germans are not going to effect a landing at some out-of-the-way point, the Government has placed an especially large number of lookouts along the coast to watch for possible invaders. The man in the oval is stationed on a promontory overlooking the Channel, not far from London. Germany would have to drive the allies from northern France and cripple the French and English navies before the Kaiser would attempt to throw an army across the Channel in an effort to take London or any other part of the United Kingdom. At the hour we go to press German aircraft are the only immediate menace to life and property in England.



A Belgian heralding the German advance



The enthusiasm of Joffre's army as it marched to the front was like that of the Old Guard as it followed Napoleon

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Pickups

By Grantland Rice

Hinkey's Assignment

WITHIN the next few days Frank Hinkey will inaugurate the Blue mobilization for 1914.

The Silent One in all his historic football career never faced a harder job. It is up to him to revive the old Yale tradition of victory. He takes charge after several lean Yale years. And beyond him wait Harvard, Princeton, and Washington and Jefferson, with three of the best teams they have ever known—three formidable machines. To say nothing of Colgate and Notre Dame who carry possibilities of power and who are coming to strike hard at any vulnerable spot in sight. It will take a first-class machine to escape at least three defeats—and something more than a first-class machine to roll back Nassau and Cambridge. Both have old revenges to establish from the Hinkey barb buried in their systems over twenty years ago.

And if Hinkey, with the war schedule he has to face, can lift Yale back to the crest, he will be a greater coach than he was an end—and no better end ever repulsed an assault.

The Old Cub Shadow

FOR five campaigns, from 1906 through 1910, the shadow of the old Cub machine fell athwart the Giants.

In 1911 it was thought around Manhattan Isle that this once dreaded shadow had been eliminated for good. When Chance, Tinker, and Evers passed from Chicago ranks in turn, the Cub spell was thought to be ended for good and all.



But there is still a sable section of the old Cub shadow above Giant pennant dreams. Through the closing days of August, the one club snarling at Giant heels—with its hot breath blistering the back of Giant necks—was Boston. And in the ranks the main soul of the Boston uprising was Johnny Evers. Batting with deadly timeliness around .300 and fielding with all his pristine brilliancy, the renowned Trojan, who ten years ago declared an eternal vendetta against the Giants, stood again as one of the main obstacles to New York's success. Outside of Stallings there was no greater factor in Boston's miraculous success. In spite of the many crushing blows that he had received from the mailed fist of Fate, Evers was again happy in the thought that he was able to help harass the leaders, even if not to help in actually crushing them again to earth.

The old Cub shadow had drifted away for a while and shifted its position. After long absence it rose again in a new quarter. But it has still been casting gloom over the sweep of Giant dreams—dreams that embraced a fourth successive pennant with the battle over by September.

The International Summing Up

	Games	won	lost	pct.
John Bull	7	5	2	.714
Uncle Sam	7	2	5	.286

HERE at the end of another vanished summer we are able at last to take up the international summary and break the bitter news.

Accustomed as he was to dine upon Lion's flesh year after year, the famished and startled Eagle has flown to his bleak eyrie to think it over—and plan for revenge.

We all knew that sport, at its best, was a bit uncertain—but we thought there might be a limit. Apparently there isn't.

Out of seven starts our Uncle Samuel winds up with a record of two victories and seven defeats for a percentage of .286—a percentage that even Yanks, Browns, Reds, or Dodgers at their worst would have considered raw.

Out of seven starts, John Bull emerges with five victories and two defeats for a mark of .714—estimable figures even for the Mackmen to shoot at.

And only nine months ago, after a surfeit of triumphs, we were extending deep sympathy to our rivals across the sea and hoping they might brace up sufficiently to make it interesting at least. We beat them at court tennis and at rowing—they beat us at relay racing, golf, polo, boxing, and tennis. Young Jay Gould and the Harvard second crew saved us from total annihilation. And all this in a season where we expected to glide gently along with only a check or two here and there to show that a competition was established in a minor way.

On top of which we have no alibis to offer. In each instance our best was beaten—and our best trained to the hour for the battle ahead. It was not through carelessness nor through overconfidence. No one could have made keener preparation than our Messrs. Travers, Ouimet, Evans, McLoughlin, Williams, Ritchie, or the others submerged by an unexpected landslide.

We merely lacked the material to meet such people as Brookes, Wilding, Captain Cheape, Larry Jenkins, Arnold Jackson, and several others that the British Empire was able to put into the field.

Of the seven leading events, four were fought out here and but three across the water, so even this alibi is denied us.

They came to our shores on four occasions and took away three trophies. We invaded their land three times and achieved but one scalp.

In the three leading internationals—polo, golf, and tennis—we failed to hold a cup. Our main solace was that Mr. McLoughlin, by beating Anthony Wilding and Norman Brookes in 6 sets to 1, proved himself to be the greatest tennis player alive. But that wasn't enough to save the Davis Cup a 12,000-mile journey to rest again under the flickering light of the Southern Cross.

In conclusion it might be whispered that if any country could afford an off-year, it was the United States, and that England is deserving of immense congratulation for emerging so suddenly and swiftly from the rut and fighting her way back again to the top.

Beyond the Score

Who shall say when the Game is done
What man lost and what man won?

Who shall say that the victim fought
With smaller courage for his part?
Who shall say that the victor wrought
With braver soul and finer heart?

Who shall say that the gleaming stars,
Radiant on the winner's scroll,
Will shine more brightly than the scars
Of him who fought to a hopeless goal?

Who shall say when the Game is done
What man lost and what man won?

World Series Chatter

LATE August records show that the Mackmen are batting just a trifle more robustly this season than last. That they are just a trifle steadier in the field. That they are getting just a bit surer pitching. And if needed there is a chance that Jack Coombs will be able to render assistance to Bender and Plank—who have averaged 8 wins out of 10 starts. Outside of which there is every reason in the world for Athletic followers to be intensely depressed over the World Series outcome.

The Next Campaign

JUST how deeply the European war will cut into the international program of sportive competition no man can say. It will certainly produce a lull for some time to come. But when "no braying horn nor screaming fife at dawn shall call to arms" and the feast of vulture and wolf is over, this country will be more than ready to start back after some of its captured trophies.



The United States of America has been on top too long to relish a habitat in second place. At polo, tennis, and golf especially, America will make a determined onslaught. By the time the next date is set we will have a new polo arrangement—with the promise of brilliant aid for Maurice McLoughlin in pursuit of the Davis Cup.

There are young stars coming on along all lines and it isn't likely that America will lack material—nor that she will rest content in second place. Too much victory produces a lack of interest—and of energy. The late campaign will add to the keenness of future internationals—and will produce thrills that were never known before when victory was taken for granted in advance.

The Duffer Exclaims

Conversation is vexation;
A stymie brings a frown;
A putt for a three so startles me
That I seldom get it down.

Considerable Corpse

JUST as the Feds were supposed to be disintegrating and ready to blow apart, they step out and annex Fielder Jones at a $50,000 tax for a three-year term.

The old White Sox leader has carried a number of specialties in his day, but none of them was ever closely associated with a corpse.

Either the Feds have come to stay for a while or their Mr. Gilmore could step out to-morrow and trade John D. Rockefeller a toothpick for a lumber yard.

Short Marches

The favorite Biblical quotation in the Boston camp to-day is said to be this—"The last shall be first."

In summing up Matheweson's eight defeats up through August a keen-eyed critic discovered that he had lost one game to the Cardinals, one to the Braves, and six to the Giants.

The game of war knows but one official score keeper. His name is Vulture.

R. Burns vs. G. Stallings

THE late Mr. Burns may have been a greater poet than Mr. George Stallings of the Boston Braves, but we doubt if he would have made as able a baseball leader.

When harassed by a slump, as we recall the lines, Mr. Burns had about the following to say:

"Och—thou art blest compared with me—
The present only toucheth thee—
But backward now I cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
And forward, though I cannot see,
I guess and fear."

On the first day of July Stallings, in casting his e'e backward, could only look upon fourteen seasons of Boston defeat and disaster. His present complications were even worse—for his club was a hopeless last. Yet, in looking forward, he neither "guessed nor feared." He merely kept on fighting—with the result that the main baseball laurel for 1914 will go to him and his stalwart little clan, regardless of who may win a flag or the big October series.

Such stalwart uprisings as the Braves have furnished are not only good for the game—but for humanity as well. They are shining examples to those buried in the rut—and far out of the reach of fame. They prove that for those willing to fight on, regardless of all odds, it is never too late to start back up the hillside for the forest. They keep from fading out the pennant dream of those in the Game of Life who are tailenders and out of the running. They show that for the entry who refuses to quit, the Promised Land is never out of reach.

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France Marches Singing

(Continued from page 6)

guide the "militaires." Reservists bound for Nancy and Bar-le-Duc, this way! For Mézières and Laon, over there! At the gates no one but the mobilized may enter, not even a reporter provided with a "coupe-fil," adequate in ordinary times for a passage through the police lines.

But to-day—NO!!! Paris is under martial law. High atop the station stands the heroic statue of Strasbourg, welcoming the sons of France to her long, long, looked-for deliverance.

In a constant stream the men come up—on foot, in taxicabs and fiacres, in carts and trams and Metro, and all their weeping familles with them. But it is the men who are weeping now as well as the women. That's where I caught the sharp, acrid scent of war's first tragedy.

Paris Is Out of Small Change

I NOTICED Webster pulling out his handkerchief to dry his eyes, and looked. I saw a youth with a purple face and trembling mouth turn at the last moment, tear off a little shoe from his baby, kiss it, kiss it, kiss it, stuff it into his sack—and go. Men were kissing men.

Chocolates were handed over at the last moment, rings plucked off and pressed on lovers' fingers. I saw one stupid-looking bourgeois take out his clasp knife and saw a lock of hair from an old lady's gray head. But there was little time for prolonged adieux: to be late to the rendezvous meant disgrace.

"Send me a pretzel from Berlin!" cried a girl of the streets; she gave a queer laugh, then down her rigid face the tears poured in streams.

Wagonloads of ouvriers drove up with flags, singing. Sharp, bright, spick-and-span officers in blue and red and gold and shapely legs and boots, with coquettish beards and eyeglasses, were very important now; everyone watched them. How languid and elegant they were, how jauntily they tried to conceal their own consplcuousness! Their saber tips clashed on the sidewalk. Was it accidental?

"Have a cigarette?" Webster asked me. I took one. "Got a match?" I looked in my pockets. Not a single one—not even the abominable little sulphur affairs that workmen use. We turned to ask a light of some one—who? No one was smoking. "Funny!" said Webster. So we walked about to find some one from whom to borrow a light.

In all that throng, not one! What did it mean? Simply, that nobody "had the price." Money? Oh, yes. I could have borrowed a hundred francs easily enough? But a sou? Not much. The city was out of small change.

The Wolf Is at the Door

THAT was when we first began to realize what a state of siege meant. Surely, war *is* hell if one cannot buy a package of cigarettes in Paris. But, for most of us, it was virtually true. For days we had begun to feel the stringency. We first heard rumors, then bank notes were refused at the cafés. By the first day of mobilization everyone had become a miser. A fifty-centime piece looked as big as a silver dollar. To have twenty-seven francs was affluence—to have five hundred, but in bills only, was beggary. One hated to buy a paper, much less a drink.

The main question was whether or not we ought to lay in stocks of candles, wine, and sardines.

I met a man from Chicago who had been carrying round twenty one-hundred-franc notes for two days and was still unshaved.

Shutters Go Up

THERE was much talk of the new fractional paper currency, the five and twenty franc notes that have lain so long in the treasury that the blue ink has changed to green. Prepared for such an emergency as this, it was not until the second day of mobilization that its issue was decided upon. We had seen pictures of the bills in the newspapers, but they were still inaccessible. On Monday there was a line of four abreast waiting before the Bank of France, extending all the way round the Palais Royal clear to the Théâtre Français. Men and women spent the night there, holding their places. Well, it is better to go without cigarettes than do that.

It is better even to go without clean collars, to walk across the city, even to go thirsty.

There's little need of money anyway, for the shops are closing rapidly, more and more daily. On the Rue de la Paix the jewelers have removed their precious stones and valuable articles from the windows.

Shutters are going up all over town. Not a restaurant, café, bar, or tobacco shop is open anywhere near the Gare de l'Est even in the daytime.

"A Bas les Allemands!"

BUT it is not only the going away of the men that has caused business to stop. It is not even the scarcity of change. It is also the mobs. No shop with a German sign is now safe during the first days of the reaction against the Teutons.

The crowds that paraded with the tricolor, singing "La Marseillaise" and shouting "To Berlin!" have been augmented by the riffraff of the city, Apaches and hoodlums. More than once they have stopped at a Vienna bakery or a Munich beer saloon and smashed the windows, broken the chairs, upset the tables, and emptied the beer into the street. In the Rue Montmartre a Frenchman named Yarf has reversed the letters and changed his sign to "Fray" to evade the mob.

All over town now, wherever Rhine wines are sold or where Alsatian brands are advertised, one sees on the windows the announcement: "Maison Française," or "The patron is a sergeant of the Territorials and has rejoined his regiment." "Ici, tout, le monde est Française." Indeed, many timid ones are not content with that, nor with the red, white, and blue placards:

"Closed on Account of the Mobilization."

They have even pasted their military papers to the window, in token of loyalty and service; they have pasted up their cer-

(Continued on page 20)



The crowds that paraded with the tricolor, singing "La Marseillaise" and shouting "To Berlin!" have been augmented by the riffraff of the city, Apaches and hoodlums



"Yes, the Campbell reputation certainly counts with me.

"I feel that this reputation and the quality which has made it and the conscience behind them both—are maintained in every can of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

"I know that it is always the same and always good—pure, appetizing, rich and above all thoroughly *wholesome.*

"That is why I specify *Campbell's* in buying tomato soup. And that is why I always buy it by the dozen.

"Why don't you?"

To prepare it as a Cream-of-tomato

Simply heat the contents of the can and an equal quantity of milk separately. Bring them to the boiling-point but do not let them boil. When ready to serve take them from over the fire and *pour the hot soup into the hot milk.* This prevents curdling.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Mutton Broth
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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What will he do?

What will the tense, crazy-nerved, doped weasel of a man do? Baby's cry calls the mother—baby, mother and this cruel, human vermin in a dark room—that's what burglary is.

Are you ready—if the time should come—to do your duty by *your* burglar?

Between you and the burglar there is but one law—a law which was old when the cave man followed it—your right to *defend your home and family*. The

IVER JOHNSON
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is safe—safe even if dropped—safe in nervous hands, for its safety is automatic—part of the revolver—no levers or buttons to press—or forget. The only way it can be fired is by a long pull on the trigger.

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The Traveling Salesman

By William Maxwell



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

It's queer how much better some hotels look on the pages of the Hotel Guide than they do when you pull the pen out of the potato to write your name in the guest book

HOW easy it is to say "I am managing the traveling force of So and So." Easy to say and it sounds good, too; but it isn't an easy thing to do. In fact, I never saw anyone really manage a force of traveling men.

One of the reasons why it is hard to manage traveling men can be found in a little red book called "The Official Hotel Guide." This book contains the names of most of the hotels in the United States, and a majority of them are unconscious foes to efficiency on the part of their guests as well as remarkable examples of inefficiency themselves. The bad cooking, untidy housekeeping, and general squalor of the average commercial hotel make it difficult for a commercial traveler to maintain constantly the fervid enthusiasm about his house, his goods, and his job that the man who is "managing" him counts on when figuring out the "propositions" that are to be "put acrpss" by the traveler.

A traveling man leaves the home office with fresh samples in his sample case, crisp new bank notes in his pocket for expenses, and the instructions and admonitions of the sales manager at least partially remembered and understood. He is filled with determination to make this trip the biggest one on record. He will show everybody what he can do. Yes, sir, he feels just like tearing up the earth this time. He is brimming over with enthusiasm, energy, determination, self-confidence—and anything else you care to name that a traveling man should brim over with when he starts out on a trip.

Handicaps at the Start-Off

"TACKS-EE-KER, sir?" Yes, why not ride down to the station in a taxi? It won't cost much more than that big imported cigar the boss gave him yesterday. So down to the station he goes in a taxi.

"Couldn't get a lower for me, could you? Well, I guess I'll have to take an upper then." An upper berth and a nice bright light right over his head until midnight; the Junction at five in the morning, with a zealous porter waking him at 4.15; connecting train due to leave the Junction at six; saloons just opening up; cold gray morning; little drink wouldn't go so badly; bad habit to drink before breakfast—but then; say, that new cocktail the sales manager ordered at luncheon yesterday was a pretty tasty drink—wonder if the bartender over there could mix one; exit drummer; so much for the first leg of the trip.

The train proves to be late, but not late enough to permit breakfast uptown at the junction. It finally comes along. There is no dining car, for this kind of a train doesn't pamper its passengers. The candy butcher would think you were trying to "kid" him if you attempted to buy a twenty-five-cent cigar. It's just a plain train without any frills on it. Our traveling man arrives at Brownsville in a drizzling rain. The bus bounces him up to the Central Hotel, where breakfast has nearly run its course. The members of "Within the Law, No. 13 Company" are the only guests left in the dining room. The leading woman looks at him disdainfully and remarks to her companion: "These drummer dumps are fierce, ain't they? Did you taste that coffee? And look at the toast, would you—and the butter—that surely must be goat-milk butter."

It's a Fierce Trip All Round

OUR traveling man doesn't hear the leading woman's comment. He only sees her, and, as he slides into his chair, murmurs to Maggie, the head waitress: "I see you've got some show people," to which Maggie replies, wrinkling her nose scornfully: "Yes, and thank heaven they're goin' to leave on the eleven o'clock train. They're something fierce, them show people."

It's fierce all round. The leading woman was right when she said "drummer dumps" are fierce—at least she was right about some of them. On the other hand, Maggie was right about show people. They get pretty fierce when they go against a fierce drummer dump. People who have lived most of their lives at actors' boarding houses and hotels that print "Steam heat in every room. Special rates to the profession" on the hotel stationery will go up in the air a mile when they get a week of fair to medium, pretty much on the average commercial hotels; but the poor old traveling man is expected to take fifty-two weeks of it, if need be, and never make a murmur. In fact, when he asks for a salary raise, the sales manager is mighty apt to say: "And you must not forget that we are paying your expenses. You're living on the fat of the land at our expense." I know sales managers say that and believe it, for I've said it myself. It's queer how much better some towns look on the map than they do when you meet them face to face, and how much better some hotels look on the pages of the Hotel Guide than they do when you pull the pen out of the potato to write your name in the guest book—no, I mean register your name under the vividly colored date slip furnished by the enterprising manufacturer who imagines that these slips are bringing his product into prominence. I know he is enterprising, but I can't remember his name or his product. Can you?

These Discouraging Hotels

ENOUGH of this. Let us get back to our hero, by this time laboriously excavating with a cloudy spoon the interior of a spongy orange. He is feeling rather seedy. If any comparison can be drawn between a small orange full of large seeds and a traveling man who feels decidedly gone to seed, he is the seedier of the two. He feels, and rightly, that the Junction bartender did not make that cocktail exactly as it was made at the sales manager's club. Instead of whetting the appetite, as any well-connected cocktail is supposed to do, this particular cocktail is exciting premonitions of an untimely headache. The lumpy oatmeal seems more lumpy; the leathery beefsteak more leathery; and the muddy coffee more muddy.

Out in the "office" after breakfast, he moodily lights a cigar and momentarily pauses to examine with feigned interest an ammunition manufacturer's familiar lithograph of a sportsman shooting ducks, and a harvester company's equally familiar calendar illustrating a blood broiler down stage in an Old Homestead costume against a back drop that depicts a wheat field and a binder, with the company's name on it in letters of disproportionate size. He then moves over to a shoe manufacturer's map of the United States, and discovers the interesting geographical fact that Brownsville is located on the right eyebrow of the shoe company's salesman for this particular State.

Seeing Smith

AT 9.30 he starts out to see Smith, his Brownsville customer. He doesn't feel quite so brisk or confident or enthusiastic as he did the day before when he left the sales manager's office. Then his territory was a map containing so many towns and so much possible business. To-day it is merely a collection of places with bad hotels and worse railroad connections. Yesterday Brownsville was a dot on the map and a possible thousand-dollar order. To-day it is an ugly country town that he wants to leave behind him as soon as possible. Maybe he can get through with Smith in time to get away on the eleven o'clock train. Smith never was a very live wire, and there's not much use of springing the sales manager's new scheme on him. Of course it's all right to mention the scheme to Smith, but hardly worth while to take up much time with it. "I'll get his order for what he wants and get out at eleven o'clock, I guess."

Avoiding Waste of Time with Smith

WELL, he made the eleven o'clock train and had a game of pitch with three other salesmen. Nice fellows they were, and all four worked the next town in three hours and got out of it together on the 4.15 train. Two of them had intended to spend a little more time with their customers and wait for the 7.30 train, but it did seem a shame to break up the pitch game. That night they had a real sure enough pitch game, and our man lost seven dollars, but he didn't care much about the loss until the next morning when he got up with a slight headache. His orders for the previous day hadn't been sent in, so he sat down before breakfast and, instead of the comprehensive reports he had intended to send the sales manager, wrote briefly, as follows: "Was too busy last night to send in my daily reports. Inclosed find orders from Smith of Brownsville and Jones of Newtown. Best I could do. They wouldn't consider your new scheme, but I will try it on everybody just as you said. Want to get over the territory as rapidly as possible, so as to keep ahead of Blank & Co.'s man. Will be in Summit Sunday. Change route card accordingly. Haven't had time to make up those new reports on Brownsville and Newtown. As you know, a traveling man doesn't have much time to fill out reports, but will do the best I can."

Communicating with the Home Office

THE sales manager reads the letter and says to himself: "That fellow's a hustler. He's not much on making reports, but I suppose he's right: a traveling man doesn't have much time." It's rather funny how sales managers fall for that "too busy to make reports"

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idea, inasmuch as most of them have been traveling men themselves.

Getting back to our hero again. Ten days pass, during which, by sundry economies, most of the seven-dollar loss at pitch has been absorbed by the expense account. Scarcely anything else of great moment has occurred, unless the breaking up of the pitch-playing quartet can be so regarded. In a couple of towns the trains ran in such a way as to give our traveling man a good deal of time in each place. In the first he caught up on his reports. In the second, having nothing better to do and having breakfasted uncommonly well (good hotel there), he tackled his customer on the sales manager's new scheme. It took all morning and then two hours more after luncheon to do it, but he finally put the scheme over—which only goes to show, you know, that some merchants will take hold of a sales manager's schemes and some won't.

What Became of the New Scheme

THE hotels got no better: same way about trains; rotten weather, too. Time passed. Cosmopolis for the third Sunday. Gee, a traveling man leads a pretty hard life. Well, anyway, there's always a good bunch Sundaying at Cosmopolis; wonder if that plump little brown-eyed waitress is still there; she certainly was a good fellow.

The sales manager's new scheme? "Oh, I put that over with one fellow, but most of 'em don't seem to take to it, and I don't press 'em very hard. The fact is, for the last two or three days I haven't mentioned it to the trade at all. I'm trying to get over my territory, you know, and get what business there is in sight. Cosmopolis for Sunday? Betcher life."

After a while the sales manager, back in the home office, takes stock of his pet scheme. He folds up the papers and tucks them away. "The boys have even quit referring to it in their reports," he says to himself. "I suppose they don't want to rub it in on me. That scheme apparently was a lemon. Of course the new fellow out in Iowa is doing pretty well with it, but I guess his territory is different from the rest. I'll let him go along as he's doing now, but as far as the other boys are concerned, I guess I can count on them to get all the business there is in sight without any new schemes."

Problems of a Sales Manager

NO, I'm not trying to be funny, and I don't care how many sales managers and traveling salesmen read the foregoing and say "Not me"—or "I." No sir, I don't care what they say. I know that human nature, country hotels, and local trains have wrecked more good sales plans than you can shake a stick at.

Manage traveling men? Anybody can make a traveling man call his laundry by some other name in his expense account. Anybody can make a traveling man fill out route cards and send them in. Anybody can stick tacks in a map and do the other things that tradition ascribes to the management of traveling men, but who ever really managed a force of traveling men?

I have always liked to try to manage travelers, but, then, there are always men who like to play a hard game. I believe in all the modern frills, including maps and tacks and geographically arranged card files with significant colors for the cards, for a sales manager needs to have before him a graphic picture of his territory, just as a general needs campaign maps and the best obtainable information about the opposing forces. However, as they are generally used, the maps, cards, tacks, etc., of a modern sales department probably do not yield a direct return commensurate with the cost of their maintenance; but unless they are very sadly misused, I believe they have a considerable indirect value. For example, a map system properly kept up is a constant accusation of the sales manager. No sales manager nor sales force ever works a territory the way it should be worked; that is impossible, for perfection is never attained in any sales department; but when business is good, sales managers are prone to become self-satisfied, and the worst thing a sales manager can do is to become satisfied with himself and his department. If the true conditions are kept constantly before him in graphic form, no sales manager can ever get in that state of mind. Furthermore, the geographical point of view must be constantly maintained if a sales manager is really going to manage sales and not let sales manage him. A gratifying volume of business does not necessarily signify selling efficiency, but an accurate knowledge of the weak points in the territory and an intelligent and persistent attack on those points is almost certain to bring about increased sales. Among other arguments in favor of the geographical form of attack is the fact that traveling salesmen are sometimes inclined to avoid the towns where their services are needed most and are much disposed to underestimate the importance of small towns, particularly small towns that have bad hotels or poor train service.

The Geographical Attack

THERE was once a time when a certain reaper company had very decidedly the lion's share of the reaper trade. Their binders and mowers were popular with the farmers. They were lenient in their collection methods. They had the pick of the implement dealers for their agents. They seemed as strongly intrenched as a manufacturer of a competitive article could be. Their branch managers were the overlords of the implement business. Their traveling salesmen were envied by the travelers of all the other reaper concerns. Perhaps a part of this envy was occasioned by the fact that most of this particular reaper company's dealers were located in fair-sized towns—"electric-light towns," as they were known twenty years ago. A man who traveled for this reaper concern could on the average stop at better hotels and ride on better trains than the men who worked for the other reaper companies. Since this company had in most cases the best dealer in each of the best towns, the other companies had to take second choice in those towns. One of the other companies finally decided that it would rather have the best dealer in a poor town than the worst dealer in a good town. So the other company commenced to specialize on the small towns, and ultimately it had the electric-light towns hedged about with crossroads dealers. In a good many ways these crossroads dealers did not compare favorably with the dealers in the electric-light towns, but they covered the territory so thoroughly that their efforts gradually brought results, and when both companies merged some ten or twelve years ago each company was doing about the same amount of business.

The sales problems of a reaper manufacturer are, of course, very different from those of a manufacturer of high-priced confectionery or expensive corsets, but the geographical attack has a suitable adaptation for every selling problem.

What Is Up to a Sales Manager

THE geographical attack requires the routing of traveling men—not necessarily prescribing in what order nor upon what days they shall visit certain towns, but at least instructing them as to what towns they are to visit. Some sales managers refrain from doing this, and say in effect: "Our traveling men know more about their respective territories than we do." This is a damaging admission for a sales manager to make. While a traveling man may know more about some things in his territory than the sales manager can know or needs to know, no sales manager should permit himself to know less than his traveling men about the important territorial facts. One reason why a manufacturer who operates through branch offices is usually able to show a higher degree of sales efficiency than the manufacturer who does not is because a branch manager, without conscious effort, acquires a knowledge of his territory that a general sales manager does not get without the most persistent effort, nor retain and make useful without the painstaking compilation and maintenance of convenient and graphic records.

But why, in an article about managing traveling men, should I talk about geographical attack and the mechanics of sales management when the principal problem is a human problem—a very human problem. The average human mind is not very ready in its grasp of the thoughts that emanate from another mind. Even when I agree with your views and indorse your plans, I probably do not more than half comprehend the underlying reasons that have influenced them. Accordingly, when I attempt to carry out your plans, I fall far short of doing and saying all that you had in mind. I may omit to do or say the very thing that would have made your scheme a great success.

Comprehending the Boss

I AM quite sure that not more than one traveling man in ten fully understands what his house is trying to accomplish. This is partly the fault of the traveling man and partly the fault of the sales manager—mostly the sales manager's fault, I think. Of course the traveling man knows that his house wants him "to go out and get the business," but he rarely has that sympathetic understanding of the sales manager's selling schemes that would enable him to put in those finer touches of salesmanship that correspond, for example, with the suppleness of a champion billiardist's wrists or the delicate sensitiveness of a premier jockey's hands. Speaking of billiards in comparison with salesmanship, the attitude of the average traveling man toward salesmanship is a good deal like my own attitude toward billiards. I know that three balls are used in the game, and that if I make one hit each of the other two I thereby score a point, but I have never taken the trouble to study either angle or stroke, and I play no better game to-day than I did ten years ago. The average traveling salesman takes the same pains to comprehend the true inwardness of his sales manager's plans as I have taken to master the true inwardness of billiards. This is partly because scarcely anybody can exactly understand the ideas of anybody else, but principally because scarcely anybody really cares very much about the ideas of anybody else.

When you explain your ideas to me you must do one of three things to get me to make an intelligent and sincere effort to carry them out. You must



His orders for the previous day hadn't been sent in, so he sat down before breakfast and wrote briefly

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either make me think they are my own ideas or you must intimidate me, or you must be very, very convincing—more convincing than I have ever yet known any sales manager to be.

Now we have arrived at the kernel of the matter, and if there is any value in this article, here it is: Sales managers issue instructions and counsel with the fatuous belief that such instructions and counsel are studied, pondered on, understood, and heartily indorsed by the traveling men who receive them. Not once in ten times is this the case. A traveling man may take any one of a dozen different views when he receives instructions from h's manager. Here are some of them: (1) "I'm always willing to follow instructions from the house, but I know these won't work in my territory, and I'll soon convince the house of that." (2) "What does this fellow know of conditions in my territory; this may be all right in other territories, but not in mine." (3) "I guess this guy thinks I don't know how to handle my trade—wants to tell me just how to do it." (4) "What do you know about that—trying to tell me—me who was in this business before he was out of grammar school." (5) "I'm going to quit—if I can get another job." (6) "That's what I've been doing right along—not just that way, but the same thing; thinks he can tell me something, does he?"

Pointers for Sales Managers

THESE are some of the things traveling men say when they get your letters of instruction, Mr. Sales Manager. Now and then a new man or some chap who has taken a fancy to you will say, "That's a good idea," but you must figure that he probably doesn't more than half understand what your idea is, and if he does, his enthusiasm and interest are not likely to survive a week of bad hotels and bad train service.

When I am managing traveling salesmen I try to remember that I am managing a bunch of the finest fellows in the world, who are up against a mighty tough game. I try to remember that they know a lot about the business—more about some phases of it than I do. I am willing to let them help me form the sales policies of the company. I like to get them all together and "choose up" sides, like an old-fashioned "spell-down" contest. One side represents the customers' side—the buying side; the other side represents our side—the selling side. Then we go to work and collaborate on a complete selling plan. The fellows on the buyers' side try to spike or blow up the guns of the fellows on the selling side. Sometimes we spend a whole day on a single point, but before we finally decide what it is best to do and say on that point, everyone—both the buyers and sellers—must agree that the thing we have decided on is the very best thing to do and say. Point by point we work up a complete sales plan with the exact detail and dialogue of the approach and all of the subsequent steps of a sale. When it is finished, each of the traveling men solemnly subscribes to the fact that it is his plan—not mine—and fares forth to slay the trade with a weapon of his own fashioning. Even so, I have heard that some of the solemn subscribers later went back on their solemn oaths and said it was all—well, you know, what kind of foolishness. However, that doesn't matter, for I have used this method for several years, and, on the whole, it has been successful, although, after an interval, country hotels and local trains will reduce almost to zero the effectiveness of any selling plan that can be devised.

With reference to the second method of getting traveling men to embrace unreservedly a sales manager's schemes, viz., scaring them into it, I must confess that I have never tried that plan. When a traveling man doesn't do what you want him to do, and persists in his obstinacy, he ought to be dismissed, and his dismissal probably has a good effect on his fellows, but I have never been able to bring myself to dismiss anyone in a way to accomplish that effect in the fullest degree, which is one reason why I am not a good sales manager.

As to being convincing with a traveling man—well, if you can be that, you don't need to read this or any other article on the management of traveling men, and probably haven't.



The Hair

By ANTHONY EUWER

Oh, the ways of the Hair they are various,
Its career not a little precarious;
Ofttimes we may note
One alone and remote,
Then again it may be quite gregarious.

Expense Accounts

I AM practically through. I could talk about expense accounts, I suppose, but that is a delicate subject. It is a noteworthy fact that most of the men who now sit at sales managers' desks are men whose expense accounts in their traveling days were extremely moderate. I don't know of any sales manager who was ever an expense-account grafter—or who even tried to "break even" when he was on the road. I know I wasn't smart enough to do it, and when I was called in to the home office to take a position there, I actually didn't know enough to charge up my railroad and sleeping-car fare.

I thought my job ended while I was on the road and that my new job didn't commence until I arrived at the home office. Can you beat it?

A Final Word or Two

I HAVE written quite a lot about the management of traveling men. There is a lot more I should like to write, but it scarcely has a place here. I believe in letters of a certain sort ahead of the travelers and letters of another sort—to which they contribute—behind them, but that again gets into the mechanics of the game, so I shall have to profess that the foregoing is all I know about the broad principles of the very difficult science of really and truly managing traveling men—except one thing: go easy on the "bawl-outs"; if possible, temper with some praise every letter of criticism: if that isn't possible, it's pretty nearly time for something stronger than criticism.

Brickbats & Bouquets

MY private opinion is insignificant, coming from a high-school student. But it is my spontaneous approval of your attitude toward the present Administration. Your viewpoint is broad and generous. That is, to give a man credit for what he does, even though he be a Democrat. Reading your editorial page and your "Comment on Congress" is a profitable pleasure, worth far more than the purchase price. If ever a magazine deserved to earn dividends it is COLLIER'S. EDWARD M. FORD.

✚

Whatever faults it may have, COLLIER'S has done a clean thing in dealing with quackery and kindred evils, and it deserves praise for its support of Woodrow Wilson, even if the support is tinged with bitterness.—Temple (Tex.) *Mirror*.

✚

GLENDIVE, MONT.

Permit a word of commendation from a reader for the last dozen years. In COLLIER'S I have found a correlation of all those processes which go to make American life what it is to-day. In modern life we are constantly living in a "new" era of criticism and experiment. As the years pass the ideas are gradually changed, but all according to some definite plan of the universe. No other magazine that I know of so reaches every stratum of the masses as does COLLIER'S. You can go out into the sheep camps of this State, and there find the lonely herders eagerly scanning their latest copies of your magazine. Similarly, you might drop into the First National Bank of this city and find the president of it deeply engrossed in some story or leading editorial. There seems to be something to interest every phase of humanity. Your pages are indeed a wonderful assortment of the moods of life as we live it.

The editorials are superb. I generally turn to them first and leave the fiction for a later perusal. FOREST GAINES.

✚

RICHMOND, VA.

I want to express to you my high estimate and appreciation of the great work you are doing in all reform measures. You are exposing the terrible curse of strong drink, fake medicine, and other immoral measures from week to week with great power.

I consider your periodical the strongest national support we have, which should be taken and read religiously by all good citizens. We should have it in our homes, in easy access to our children. Such literature is sound, clean, and wholesome.

I greatly enjoy COLLIER'S contents from week to week, and as long as you advocate the principles that you have been and now are advocating, I do not expect to allow my subscription to expire.

May God speed you in this great work.
R. S. BARMOUR.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which prides itself on its etherealized English . . . editorially criticized "An example of poor English composed and printed by students of the University of Oregon." On the same page and in the leading editorial of the current number is this sentence: "Senators and Congressmen who differ from him (President Wilson) and from us, on the Mexican embroglio, have just as good consciences."—Bellingham (Wash.) *Herald*.

✚

AUSTIN, TEX.

Your editorial pages are worth twice the price you ask for the paper.
R. W. DICKARD.

✚

BERKELEY, CAL.

I indict you for circulating through the United States mails some of the most amateurish and puerile fiction that I have ever read in a national magazine of your standing. . . . I should always take COLLIER'S for its splendidly "forward-looking" policies and its magnificent editorials and special features even if it did not have any fiction at all.
T. R. BARRETT.

✚

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I have chuckled over the greater part of Julian Street's Cleveland story and been proud and glad of other portions of it, and have recognized the justice of still other portions. MUNSON HAVENS,
The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

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France Marches Singing

(Continued from page 21)

tificate of qualification as French electors. Some signs are more pathetic. "Henri Raymond and his two sons have joined their regiments and have left for the mobilization. Long live the French Alsace-Lorraine! This café will be used as an auxiliary hospital by the Red Cross."

Of course it is not merely hoodlumism that has wrecked the shops and beaten up occasional blue-eyed, light-haired foreigners. Rumors spread thick and fast. That first week of mobilization even milk depots were wrecked, and milk so scarce, too, that the poor were refused more than three sous worth at a time. By a curious bit of good luck I happened on the real cause of the destruction of the "Maggi" milk depots, numerous all over Paris. The Maggi is, or is supposed to be, a German company: at least, it was first successful in Germany. I was at the Prefecture of Police, trying for a "*compe-fil*," or police pass, and overheard the Division Commissionaire talking excitedly at the telephone to his chief.

"They are saying that Maggi has left France with twenty millions of gold!" was the burden of his communication.

Destructive Mothers

ALREADY the report, true or untrue, had spread over the city. From woman to woman the story went. "What? I have two sick children, and they refuse me milk for them? They shut up their shops just when we are all alone and with little money? Oh, those pigs of Germans!" Down the streets of the quarter the protest ran, growing stronger, more definite, more excited and angry, till the men were aroused and swarmed with the women to the Maggi depots.

There was a big, fat woman, so I was told, a very Amazon, who led the mob. She waved a ferocious club. "*A bas les Allemands!*" (Down with the Germans!) she yelled, and plunged into an inflammatory harangue. With the chorus of bloodthirsty mothers it was like a devil's mass before that door for fifteen minutes before anything happened. Passers-by hardly knew what was the trouble until her club went up. Then, bang! smash! at the windows, and the door was kicked in. The crowd of furies swarmed into the shop and proceeded to smash it up. Slam went the tin cans of milk amid the shouts and curses of the very people who needed it most.

I reached the Maggi station in the Rue de Seine half an hour after it was demolished. Not a scrap of glass as big as a monocle was left in the sashes. Inside, chairs, tables, dishes, topsy-turvy on the floor, and in the street a puddle of white from gutter to gutter, with two cats placidly lapping it up.

All over Paris the official placards begin to bloom—from the President of the Council, from the President of France, from the Prefect of Police, from all officials and sundry, beseeching the citizens to "Keep calm! Keep cool!" "The nation is rallying: your women and children will be taken care of! Let us have no parties, but make one common cause against the enemy. *Vive la France!*" But what are these reassurances compared with the news from the embassies, through the War Office, via the newspapers? Germany is alone against the whole of an outraged Europe!

The Efficient French

THE newspapers were selling like hot cakes now, but it was a queer cent's worth you got for a sou. Already, in view of the famine of paper, they had begun to reduce their size. "La Liberté," "Le Journal," all the more important papers, were down to a single sheet. "La Presse" is but a half sheet, a Lilliputian journal. As good as the rest, however, for what we need—the truth, and so easy to read! All contain the same news. Only one war correspondent is permitted with the army, the Havas Syndicate representative, and his reports are rigidly censored. All other information comes through the Ministry of War. No doubt American correspondents are hurrying over to "do" the war. Why, they will have trouble even in getting into Paris.

For this is a war that is being conducted on strictly business methods. There is a good efficiency engineer directing things. The reprovisionment of Paris is being attended to scientifically. You can buy just so much potatoes, so much meat. Prices are regulated, destitute families are provided for, transportation will soon be in working order again. But at present we are in a state of siege, and it is hard to get out of the city.

So, curiously enough, it is left for the strangers in Paris to suffer the first inconveniences of war: the foreigners, and, as they are furthest away from home, above all, the Americans.

Pity the Tourist

I CAME across two young American school-teachers in the Avenue de l'Opéra. They had saved $500 apiece for their trip and had arranged it so that they would, in normal conditions, arrive in Liverpool for their boat home with about $5 apiece left. They were washing their own underwear and waists and stockings, and ate at the cheapest cafés. That is, they had eaten two days ago. What would become of them? There are thousands in as bad a fix: millionaires who can't get credit, ladies of fashion who have had to walk from one end of the city to the other in slippers, have sat up all night for three days. The bankers have stopped payment. Checks are worth nothing. So, like a storm, burst the wrath of the American tourists that attacked the embassy.

I went over to the banquet room of the Grand Hotel to have a look at my countrymen in a mass meeting of protest. I didn't at all care to get out of the country myself, but, Lord, how *they* did! The original Mr. Pip was there with his daughters, and dozens more like him. Women, women, and women, all worried, all pretty, all perfectly willing to get acquainted with anyone who spoke American. Two committees were drawing up elaborate, long-winded resolutions behind closed doors while the impatient crowd awaited an answer to the prime question: "What are you going to do about ME?" I roamed and listened.

"I shouldn't be surprised if she had got out of Germany, though . . . Yes, my wife's in Switzerland: only safe place; she can stay there forever, for all I . . . No, I get a cable every two hours regular. 'Why no answer from my cable of yesterday? Why no answer to my cable of this morning?' And here I am ruining myself sending message after message. . . . Yes, Cook is charging 25 per cent premium for cashing. . . . Paid more for a passage on the *La France* than a good automobile would have cost. . . . Come down to my hotel, then, they'll trust you. . . . Say, we Americans ought to get together and take care of these women: why, if we only would . . . I say, cable Wilson there's fifty thousand Democrats stranded here, and he'll get busy. . . . Only four francs left, but, well, I've simply *got* to get that hatpin. . . . Say, ain't that Senator Mulkins? Why, *he'll* be able to do something, sure! . . . Well, if that little peach in green can stand it, *I'm* in no hurry!" and so on.

Yes, it's lucky for the American tourist these days if he knows of a good little peach in green! For, apart from such a flirtation, there is little to do. Paris, gay Paris, has dwindled to the status of a little country town. In a Middle-Western town, though, one can at least go to the "depot" to see the train come in. You can't do even that now in Paris.

All the shops are closed except a few of the big stores, which are almost empty, with clerks reading the war news, and those little places that sell provisions. Think of being in Paris and not being able to buy anything! No museums are open, no theatres. The cafés are shut by law at eight o'clock at night. After that one's only entertainment is to go down to some of the bridges over the Seine and watch the searchlights playing about the Eiffel Tower, looking for flying machines from Germany trying to drop a bomb into the wireless establishment.

Dilemma

HOW shall we Americans escape from this drizzling, mournful city? It is hard to find a cab—impossible to get trunks moved. There are no trains leaving anyway, so *that* question is settled. The next question is, How shall we *stay*? For the hotels are closing, too! Cooks and waiters and clerks, yes, and the fat, placid proprietor, too, is gone or is just going to the war. We shall have to stay on the street.

But no, we can't even stay on the

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street without a "permis de séjour." Foreigners are given two days in which to comply with the formalities—get a passport from their consul, a certificate of residence from their hotel or pension, and then have the papers examined and annotated by the police.

How Could They Know?

ALL this, however, is easier said than done. I went to the United States Consul's office—what an office! Up three flights of stairs in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Yes, up three flights of stairs, if you can get up. But you can't. Positively not, unless you walk, climb, crowd, push past the mass of pretty girls and old ladies, fussy gentlemen, young men, aunts, grocers, millionaires, and professors from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and points West and South. The only thing is to sit down on the stairs, as these young ladies do, and talk it over. Every fifteen minutes the crowd moves up another step. Mental arithmetic proves that it will take at least four hours to get inside and find out what in thunder the Consul General, the Vice Consul, and his assistant Consuls are doing to take so interminably long. Suddenly there is a commotion on the landing above. A large black satin-headed lady has fainted! She is handed down to the concierge, and whisky is given her by a man with a cropped mustache whom she will never see again.

On the stairs worldly-wise young girls, traveling alone, discuss the situation in a businesslike manner, and prepare to hold the fort till midnight. But not I.

There are three good rules for the American tourist: 1. Ask three different officials what time your train starts. 2. Don't be afraid to tip anybody if you want favors. 3. Use your common sense in preference to all advice, even this. I acted on Rules Nos. 2 and 3. Descending, I succeeded in bribing the concierge to let her doubting husband take me upstairs on one of the little domesticated hand elevators Paris enjoys. It cost only a franc—and a twinge of conscience as to the actual importance of my errand, about which I had been so very glib in my American-French way.

At any rate, I got in at last and received, not a beautiful engraved passport, but a miserable purple typewritten sheet certifying that I was an American citizen. How they knew I was I don't know. The stenographer who typed my name in the blank was so confused and tired with writing names for twenty hours that he actually spelled mine right for the first time in years!

She Was from Valparaiso, Ind.

AT the Bureau de Police of my quarter such tactics were impossible. You can't fool much with martial law: tips are useless here, too—you must do what you're told. So I waited a while on the sidewalk, receiving gratuitous lessons in every European language. Negroes, Chinamen, Poles, English women, Russians, and Italians stood, massed, on that narrow sidewalk all day long. The Americans did not.

"I'm from Valparaiso, Ind.," a tall young lady with glasses finally announced to her English-speaking friends, "and I'm happy to say that God, in His infinite wisdom, endowed me with a small bunch of common sense. This informs me that when I want anything of anybody I have to work for it and perhaps wait for it. But when anyone wants anything of *me*, *they* have to wait or else give me a decent show to give it to them. I'm in no hurry to leave Paris, and I don't propose to stand like dumb-driven cattle at the pasture gate waiting to be milked. I'll stay till exactly twelve-thirty and then I go to lunch. God save the Commonwealth of Indiana." And at twelve-thirty, go she did.

The rest stayed. They stayed through sun, through shine, and through rain. It rained cats and dogs, too, that day, believe me! At five I walked leisurely to the bureau and obtained my permit to breath the air of Paris.

The Pressure on Food

THE air of Paris! Every day it rains, every day more shops close, every day the food grows poorer. The chocolate grows thinner day by day. At dinner we have steerage steaks. The little pats of butter on your heavy bread (no *petits pains* now) grow fewer and fewer. And yet no soldiers on the streets, no drums, no music, no crowds, for crowds are not permitted. It is a strange, quiet, dull, uncomfortable, mournful place of women and old men.

To-day Clementine came to me—I'm in a pension now, the Foyot has closed. "I must go on the fifteenth," she said. "They can't even pay me my thirty francs a month. What shall I do?"

What shall she do, indeed? What will ten thousand mothers, wives, and sisters do? Not even steerage steaks for them! No need for the police to inspect *their* bags at the market; no danger of *their* buying more than they are allowed, getting up and going for it at five-thirty in the morning, to get there before all is sold. The Department of Public Assistance must soon take care of them.

Will They Return Victorious?

WHAT will happen, no one knows. No one will know until the fourteen days of the mobilization are completed, till the autobuses come back from the front, till the old men of France come into Paris to take the places of the young men gone to the army. Then things will settle down, or there will be a new order. All will be arranged, for the war is being run like a business. And meanwhile it rains, rains, rains, rains, rains.

But of one thing every man and every woman of France is certain. We shall not have to wait a year for another "fourteenth of July" for another more splendid, more glorious Independence Day! The whole civilized world is with us: our fight is the fight for humanity! And when our victorious troops *do* return there will be a greater feast day than Paris has ever seen—a feast of youth and song, of love and kisses. Yes, I have seen kisses wanton and kisses of despair. What will the kisses be when the youth of France come marching back again, to restore the gayety of Paris? May I be here to see! *Vive la France!*

The Business Man's Opportunity

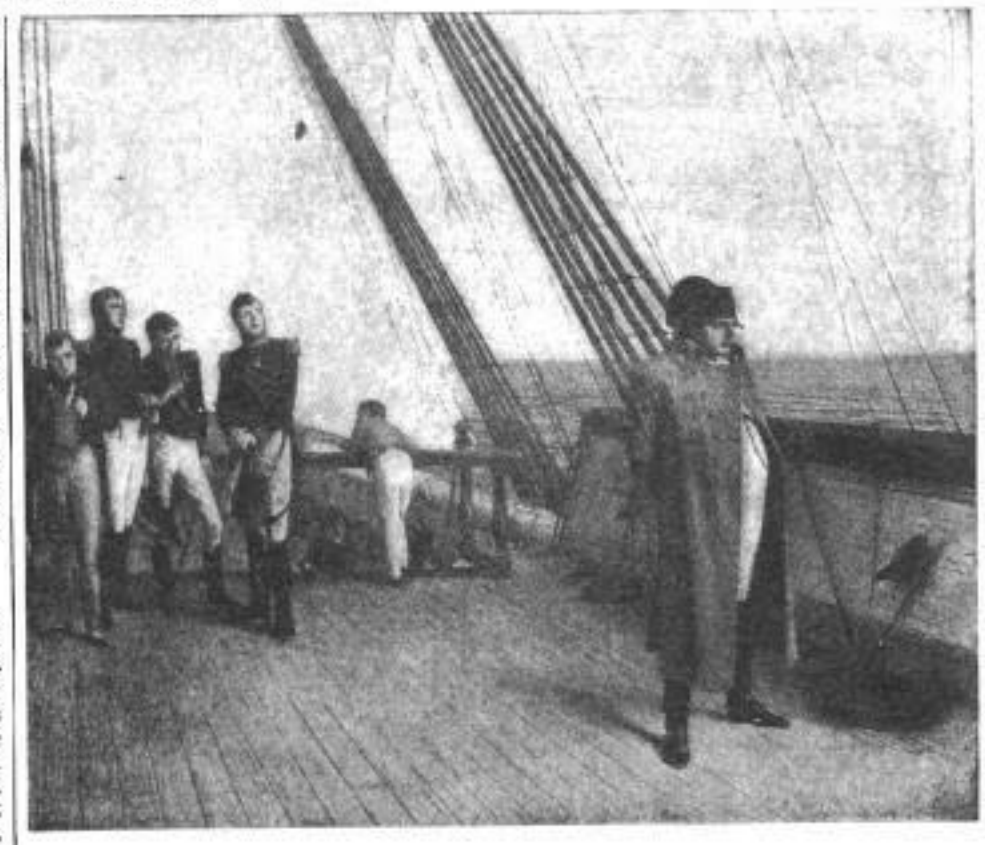
Continued from page 17

plus our own, plus the warring nations' export markets (South America, Oceanica, the Orient), is bound to make a strong normal demand, and more, for belting, for packing, for babbitt, for machinery, for parts—the derived demand in this line alone will be felt powerfully at the end of ramifications into a hundred other established industries. I confess I cannot at this moment think of a manufacturing industry that seems likely to miss enough effect of this derived demand to put it below normal.

In fact, it seems to me that we had better keep an eye on our present equipment. I doubt (this is only an opinion and I do not speak with certainty), I seriously doubt, whether it is adequate. Certainly we have no surplus stocks—we have no spare stuff to dump, and we must do some lively going before we get any. Certainly, also, there has been no pressure on production these past two years. I think it very likely, therefore, that in that period there has been no extraordinary outlay on equipment. We know this is true of the railroads and they are usually a pretty good gauge. If I am right in this conjecture, the machinery manufacturers will realize it in a hurry. In addition to equipment, we ought also to consider the labor market. If America has to care for her European competitors' demands, supply their export market, and look after her own home trade, she will need fully as good a supply of labor, at least, as she is likely to find available.

Changes in Our Labor Market

THERE will be an important cessation of immigration from the war area, and a slight exodus, probably, as well, of aliens with citizenship in the countries involved, going home to join the armies. It seems highly probable to me that as much as 2 per cent of the male working population of the United States, or about 900,000 workers, would be affected by these causes. In this case we will see a great stimulation of the invention and manufacture of automatic machinery. This situation will be helped, too, by the high price of labor. The reason why the United States has always led in the development of labor-saving machinery is because we have always had to deal with



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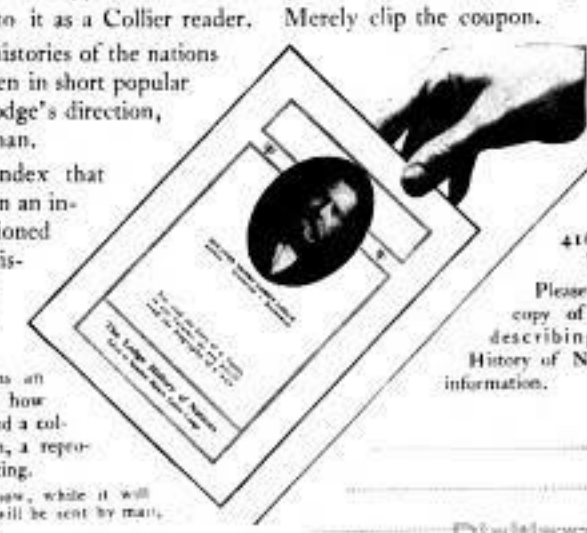
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"He lives down on the river road, in the shabby, weather-beaten house on the left. You can't miss it."

Shabby and weather-beaten! A striking landmark, no doubt. The porter at the railroad station didn't mean to give the place a black eye, but that is what he did. Too bad the owner hadn't used

Dutch Boy White Lead

mixed with Dutch Boy linseed oil and tinting colors. Then the directions might have been, "That fine looking house on the left." There's nothing like timely white-leading to enhance the value of buildings and keep them a credit to the neighborhood.

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high-priced labor. In countries where labor is cheap the stimulation to economize it is absent. But here, as a result of this war, it seems inevitable that there should be a great deal of new business for machinery manufacturers, and particularly for those who handle devices or services for increasing organization efficiency.

Machinery in Place of Men

THIS condition will be heightened, also, in case there is any considerable exportation of foodstuffs with a consequent expansion of agriculture. This is an added reason—this effect on the labor market—for us to be willing to ship foodstuffs slowly. Industrial wages are always regulated by agricultural wages. There is always a large supply of marginal low-grade labor which will swing into agriculture or swing into industry according to the existing rate of wages. If agricultural wages are higher, the manufacturer will find himself with fewer of this class of labor to depend on, so all the more energetically he must seek the aid of automatic machinery and all the higher he must raise his organization efficiency to make up the deficit. And in his ingenuity and long-practiced ability in this line the American business man has an immense reserve power for the task of handling Europe's largest markets on top of a brisk home trade and in the face of the tight labor market.

The Danger of Losing Our Heads

BUT the American business man's situation, wonderfully favorable as it is, has specific dangers, first of which is perhaps the temptation to overexpansion. We must not get inflated ideas of a permanent market from a situation that is abnormal and temporary and be led to tie up too many of our assets in permanent improvements for handling unusual volumes of business. We must do exactly what we would in any opportunity to increase our sales—study the market, study *what* demands are coming to this country, determine what share we are individually to get, what the chances are of making that demand permanent, and then go ahead strongly and conservatively on the basis of that knowledge, bringing ourselves up to a maximum of efficiency in production, distribution, and organization.

Another very serious danger lurking in this situation is the temptation to neglect the good will of normal American customers. It will be very easy for us to be stampeded and lose our heads. As emergency orders come piling in, the pressure of production at temporarily attractive prices may easily lessen our distributing efforts at home. We must remember, first, last, and always, that the long-time market is here, and that the fundamental principle of business wisdom is to serve that market first. Neglect of this policy spells disaster. I can see a $200,000 emergency order breaking up many a business, and the competitors who didn't get the big order swimming on and swimming through because they kept the good will of their long-time market at home.

Our Permanent Foreign Trade

ALL the emergency demand set up by this war is not going to stay with us, but we can keep a good deal of it by proper management. The war offers an excellent chance to build permanent business relationships where we were heretofore unknown. A great many opportunities in foreign trade will come to us—they must do so, for there is no place else for them to go. Very well—let us try to keep them all. If we do we will lose them all. We have the chance to take our pick. Let us do that. Let us pick out among all these opportunities those which may be made permanent to the best advantage, and then stick close to those. Let us do by them just as their former exporters did in terms of credit, style of goods, packing, shipment, and in every way give them the service they have been accustomed to and as much better as they want and we can make it. This is the way to turn the present emergency to permanent advantage, and by so doing—not trying to do too much, but doing what we undertake a little better than it was done by the foreign business men who preceded us in the market—we will get and permanently hold a very large share of the world's business.

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Feed your dog well and it will serve you better. A food that supplies all the necessary elements is

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It is made of clean, sweet meat, cereals and flour perfectly blended—no waste products used, no preservatives—it is a clean, wholesome food that will keep dogs healthy, vigorous and in good coat.



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Directory of School Advertisers

The schools listed in this Directory are advertised in Collier's in the second and last issues of the summer months.

In these issues the readers of Collier's will find complete information concerning the schools listed here. A request for a catalog sent to any of these schools will receive prompt attention, or communications addressed to the Educational Bureau of Collier's will be answered immediately.

Boys

Raymond Riordan School	Highland, N. Y.
Randolph Macon Academy	Front Royal, Va.
Peddie Institute	Hightstown, N. J.
University School	Chicago, Ill.
Racine College School	Racine, Wis.
St. Paul School	Garden City, L. I.
Kiskiminetas Springs School	Saltsburg, Pa.
University of Notre Dame	Notre Dame, Ind.
Belmont School	Belmont, Cal.
Kenwaldin Academy	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Morgan Park Academy	Morgan Park, Ill.

Military

Bordentown Military Institute	Bordentown, N. J.
Ohio Military Institute	College Hill, Cin., O.
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy	Lake Geneva, Wis.
Wentworth Military Academy	Lexington, Mo.
Culver Military Academy	Culver, Ind.
Tennessee Military Institute	Sweetwater, Tenn.
Western Military Academy	Alton, Ill.
Howe Military Academy	Howe, Ind.
Delafield, Wis.	
New Mexico Military Institute	Roswell, N. M.

Special

Bliss Electrical School	Washington, D. C.
Penn's Musical Institute	Warren, O.
Indiana Dental College	Indianapolis, Ind.
Tri-State College	Angola, Ind.
Louisville College of Dentistry	Louisville, Ky.
N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College	New York City
New York State School of Agr.	Morrisville, N. Y.
Illinois College of Photography	Effingham, Ill.
Michigan College of Mines	Houghton, Mich.
Grand River Institute	Austinburg, O.
Winona College of Agriculture	Winona Lake, Ind.
Detroit College of Law	Detroit, Mich.
University of Illinois	Chicago, Ill.
Valparaiso University	Valparaiso, Ind.
New England Conservatory of Music	Boston, Mass.
University of Chicago Press	Chicago, Ill.
Dickson Memory School	Chicago, Ill.
New York Electrical School	New York City

Co-Educational

Thomas Normal Training School	Detroit, Mich.
Defiance College	Defiance, O.
Peirce School	Philadelphia, Pa.
American Col. of Phys. Education	Chicago, Ill.

Girls

Miss Baldwin's

Bealby

[Concluded from page 13]

Across his dominions ran three footpaths, and one of these led to the public elementary school. That he should have to maintain this latter—and if he did not keep it in good order the children spread out and made parallel tracks among his cultivations—seemed to him a thing almost intolerably unjust. He mended it with cinders, acetylene refuse, which he believed and hoped to be thoroughly bad for boots, and a peculiarly slimy, chalky clay, and he put on a board at each end, "Keep to the footpaths. Trespassers will be prosecuted, by Order," which he painted himself to save expense when he was confined indoors by the influenza. Still more unjust it would be, he felt, for him to spend money upon effective fencing, and he could find no fencing cheap enough and ugly enough and painful enough and impossible enough to express his feelings in the matter. Every day the children streamed to and fro, marking how his fruits ripened and his produce became more esculent. And other people pursued these tracks, many. Mr. Benshaw was convinced, went to and fro through his orderly crops who had no business whatever, no honest business, to pass that way. Either, he concluded, they did it to annoy him or they did it to injure him. This continual invasion aroused in Mr. Benshaw all that stern anger against unrighteousness latent in our race which more than any other single force has made America and the Empire what they are to-day. Once already he had been robbed—a raid upon his raspberries—and he felt convinced that at any time he might be robbed again. He had made representations to the local authorities to get the footpath closed, but in vain. They defended themselves with the paltry excuse that the children would then have to go nearly a mile round to the school.

IT was not only the tyranny of these footpaths that offended Mr. Benshaw's highly developed sense of individual liberty. All round his rather straggling dominions his neighbors displayed an ungenerous indisposition to maintain their fences to his satisfaction. In one or two places, in abandonment of his clear rights in the matter, he had at his own expense supplemented these lax defenses with light barbed-wire defenses. But it was not a very satisfactory sort of barbed wire. He wanted barbed wire with extra spurs like a fighting cock; he wanted barbed wire that would start out after nightfall and attack passers-by. This boundary trouble was universal; in a way it was worse than the footpaths which after all only affected the Cage Fields where his strawberries grew. Except for the yard and garden walls of Macculium and Schocks and that side, there was not really a satisfactory foot of inclosure all round Mr. Benshaw. On the one side rats and people's dogs and scratching cats came in, on the other side rabbits. The rabbits were intolerable, and recently there had been a rise of nearly thirty per cent in the price of wire netting.

MR. BENSHAW wanted to hurt rabbits; he did not want simply to kill them; he wanted so to kill them as to put the fear of death into the burrows. He wanted to kill them so that scared little furry survivors, with their tails as white as ghosts, would go lolloping home and say: "I say, you chaps, we'd better shift out of this. We're up against a Strong, Determined Man. . . ."

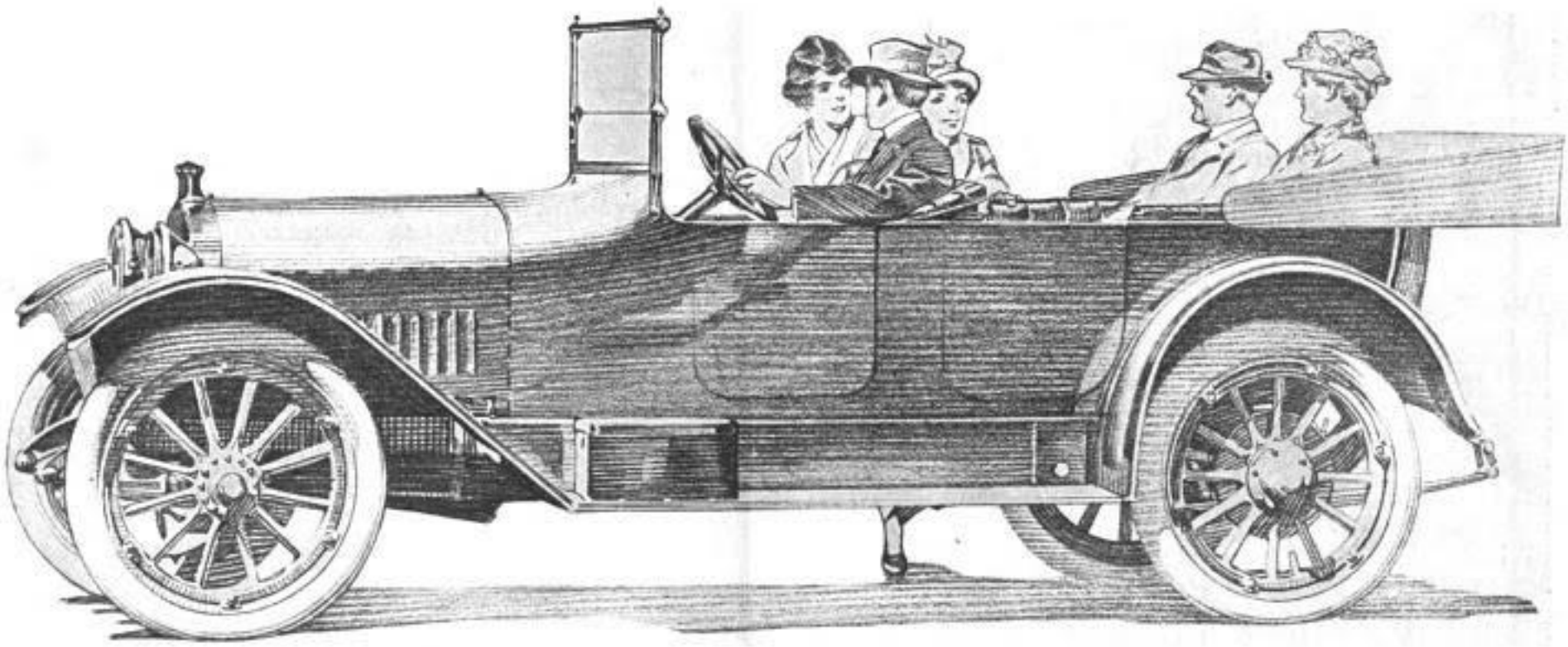
I have made this lengthy statement of Mr. Benshaw's economic and moral difficulties in order that the reader should understand the peculiar tension that already existed upon this side of Caymminster. It has been necessary to do so now because in a few seconds there will be no further opportunity for such preparations. There had been trouble, I may add very lustily, about the shooting of Mr. Benshaw's gun; a shower of small shot had fallen out of the twilight upon the umbrella and basket of old Mrs. Frobisher. And only a week ago an unsympathetic bench, after a hearing of over an hour and in the face of overwhelming evidence, had refused to convict little Lucy Mumby, aged eleven, of stealing fruit from Mr. Benshaw's fields. She had been caught red-handed. . . .

To be Continued Next Week

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1915 Hupmobile

Car of the American Family



$1200

Complete

For the third time the Hupp Motor Car Company has produced a car which will prove immeasurably superior, we believe, to any that assumes to compete with it.

The first Hupmobile 20 made for itself, and held against all rivalry, an immense following, at home and abroad.

The "32" put the Hupmobile into another class, and surpassed the "20" in world-wide popularity.

This new Hupmobile bids fair to eclipse them both, as the very utmost a motorist can desire.

A highly specialized, individualized, Hupmobilized motor car, which gives you, we believe, more service and comfort for your money than you can find if you comb the market a dozen times over.

Listen to the details:

Specifications

More Power

Motor, 3⅛-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke; cylinders cast en bloc, with water jacket space between barrels; valves 1½-inch clear diameter, mushroom tappets, with special shape cams, very quiet; valve spring chamber closed by oil-tight cover, so that contacts are made in an oil bath. New shape combustion chamber, larger valves and larger cylinder bore produce more power. Multiple disc clutch, with thirteen 13-inch plates.

New Type Carburetor

Horizontal type bolted directly to cylinder block. Gas passage between cylinders, so that intake manifold is heated its entire length, assuring complete vaporization of even the heaviest gasoline.

Improved Oiling

A system already highly efficient made still better. Pressure feed from flywheel to main bearings and connecting rod bearings; cylinder walls lubricated by mist from crankshaft.

Modern Ignition

Ignition from storage battery, with automatic spark advance. Type rapidly being adopted by progressive engineers.

Single Unit Electrical System

Generator and starting motor combined, driven by silent chain from front end of crankshaft. Supplies current for starting, ignition and lighting. Makes motor non-stallable. Westinghouse 12-volt system.

Longer Wheelbase; More Room

Wheelbase, 119 inches; tires, 34 by 4 inches. Roomy five-passenger body; 2 inches more leg-room in front, 7 inches more in tonneau; full tufted upholstery; concealed door hinges, flush handles. Front springs, 37 inches long, practically flat; rear springs, semi-elliptic, 52 inches long, swung under axle; springs self-oiling. Brakes, 14 inches in diameter.

Left Steer, Center Control

Steering wheel at left; gear change and hand brake levers at driver's right.

Model 32



Complete with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, oversize tires, 33x4; tire carrier at rear, **$1050**

With regular equipment of top, windshield, gas lamps, etc., but without special equipment noted above, $950. Prices, f.o.b. Detroit.

Price in Canada, $1250, f. o. b. Windsor, including electrical and other special equipment noted above.

Speedometer, starting and lighting switches mounted flush in center of cowl board. Speedometer drive from transmission.

Non-Glare Dimmer Headlights

Hupmobile design. Upper half of headlight glass corrugated. Kills reflector glare, complying with many city ordinances and giving full illumination on road. One bulb in headlights, dimmed at will through resistance in switch. No side-lamps.

Equipment and Other Details

16-gallon gasoline tank in cowl; rain-vision windshield, fixed uprights, lower half adjustable for ventilation. One-man type top, attached to windshield. Crowned fenders, with flat edge and without beading. Tail lamp exclusive Hupmobile design, illuminates license plate and entire width of road for considerable distance behind car. Non-skid tires on rear; demountable rims; carrier at rear for spare rim and tire. Lighting and ignition switches controlled by Yale locks. Speedometer. Robe rail, foot rail and cocoa mat in tonneau. Color: blue-black with maroon running gear.

Price, f. o. b. Detroit, includes complete equipment.

Price in Canada $1400, f. o. b. Windsor, with complete equipment.

Improvements

Longer wheelbase
More room
Improved body
Improved upholstery
More power
Larger bore
Larger valves
Better carburetion
Improved combustion chamber
Special quiet cams
Valve tappets operating in oil
Improved motor lubrication
13 clutch plates
Intake manifold water jacketed
New type radiator
Improved steering
Easier clutch operation
Improved starting and lighting
Non-stallable motor
Improved ignition
Left drive
Larger pedal pads
Rear springs semi-elliptic
Longer front springs
Springs self-lubricating
Larger wheels
Larger gasoline tank
One-man type top
New windshield
Transmission speedometer drive
Lock on ignition and lighting switches
Automatic spark advance
Throttle lever on steering wheel
Ignition and lighting switches on cowl board
Exclusive non-glare dimmer headlights
Exclusive design tail light
Improved axle shaft and hub connection
Non-skid rear tires
Illuminated speedometer
Linoleum-covered running boards
New style top cover
New side curtains to swing open with doors
Crowned fenders
Heavier flywheel
14-inch brakes
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From Daybreak to Breakfast

Concluded from page 11

much thus: Delano say that Honorable Al Cornell has come back—oh, shy, and to pick out some good clothes—*good* clothes—and give you in haste—no time—quick fit guess at—many question some other day. Bring all—shoes, shirt, hat—to new building up street in one half hour. Hustle!" The last word came out by itself—dynamic. "Hey, Brockett!"

Brockett entered the alcove as Togo hurried away. He surveyed the two—then glanced at the prostrate figure.

"Yes, dear Brockett, pray attend," put in Welsh with earnestness, "we don't know exactly what we're doing, my young friend and I, but—" Delano interrupted, indicating the dirty heap of flotsam with his patent-leather toe.

"Brockett," he said, "that's Al Cornell—our Uncle Al!"

In his turn the bartender lowered his bulky figure to make sure. Rising, he scratched his head.

"You're right," he said simply; "say, I'm sorry I didn't recognize him last night. He slipped in when I first came on and I sold him two quarts of booze, I wasn't noticing—took him for an ordinary 'bo. Reckon he got around both quarts. If I'd a spotted him—"

"Just as well," broke in Delano, "he'd 've landed it anyway. As it is, we're probably the only ones who are wise to his being in town. And Al is going to be one of these fellows who come back. You'll see him do it."

"If one might ask details," murmured Welsh; "not expressing doubt, you know—"

Delano turned with sparkling eyes.

"Details!" he cried. "Don't you get the idea yet? There isn't a soul on the street at this hour. Our style of people have just turned in—the other sort aren't up. And Step-and-a-Half always disappears at ten."

"Don't speak lightly of our police force," begged Welsh; "he has the rheumatism and the night air is awful bad for it. He told me so himself."

There came a noise at the door. "Cart at gate," advised Togo, beaming at them.

"Good enough!" approved Delano. "I'm glad you came around that way. Hurry, fellows! Everybody lift a pound and we'll soon have the old scout in his carriage. Hike-O, Togo-Ito, and get your junk together. Twenty minutes to travel on. Brockett, hand me that old horse blanket from behind Simon's desk. We'll put it over him. Gentlemen all—Simon'll be glad! If anybody should meet you, Welsh, you can say that you're moving—cheaper to move in the small hours than to pay rent. Brockett, cheer up. You're no pallbearer. This is a different proposition. Your white is in perfect accord."

THEY were out of the gate by now, and the helpless one safely in his cart. Brockett was wiping a purple face on a snowy apron.

"What's that you said?" gurgled Welsh in a horrified whisper. "You don't mean that I'm to push this cart up the street?"

"Not at all, not at all," soothed Delano. "Straight up this alley—that's two-thirds of the way—then down to the corner and there you are. I'll be on the spot almost as soon as you."

"Quitter!" accused Welsh. "For why don't you lend a hand, you blamed one-man Sunshine Club?"

"Perhaps it is nothing," retorted Delano with justifiable indignation, "perhaps it is nothing to rout out our conservative Real Estate and Loans, old Benight, grouch and sulks and all; and tickle him with his lost treasure until he signs a three year lease to that cigar stand and hands over the key. I bet he spits at me like a cross kitty at first. But, however he hates the sight of me—oh, such beautiful yellow money! He'll succumb, never fear. The quicker in that I'm going to give him the balance of what I took from him as a bonus for swift action. He won't let that get by. On the side, I'll have squared up that joker trick; but that's a detail. This is going to be a fairy tale for true. Uncle Al will wake up just where he left off before the fire. It's too bad he can't have a bath—"

"Oh, I daresay I can attend to that, if you wish," interrupted Welsh bitterly, as he poised the handle of the cart preparatory to starting; "anything in the line of duty."

"Don't get smart," counseled Delano. "After we unload him in his new location and Togo-Ito is at work you can race back and Brockett'll load you up with Simon's extra stock of cigars. There'll be enough to make a showing. We'll put his copy of the lease in his pocket with a small roll to start on and the key to the shebang to keep it company—then pull the door shut. But for Heaven's sake, stow your gab and drive along. See that light beyond the sand hills? Night's about done."

IT was eight in the morning. The sun was glaring hotly on the white alkali of the unpaved street, giving fair warning of greater savagery at noon. Al Cornell was slowly wiping the top of a show case with a new chamois skin. The show case formed part of the front wall of a shallow niche abutting on a street corner. At intervals the little man would pause and peer wonderingly, almost tenderly at the boxes of cigars in the cases, mystification in his kindly, haggard eyes. After a time he left the shining, speckless glass and, sitting upon the edge of a narrow cot behind and almost out of sight, unfolded a crackling paper on his knees, reading it and the attached receipt for the tenth time. While reading, he absently fingered a moist twist of bills with one hand and smoothed the silver gray hair on his temples with the other. A raindrop, miraculous in view of the ceiling overhead, splashed on the paper.

"It couldn't be anyone else," he whispered. "There's not another soul in this whole God's country would take the trouble—but it's just the way he'd go about it. Don't I remember other times—I can't ever tell him—how I feel—he's not that kind— But I can do one thing—I'll always have a box of Sargassos ready and waiting—out of sight—just for him— Maybe he'll know by that—I think he'll know—"

He wiped his eyes hastily on a very new coat sleeve at the sharp metallic rap of a coin on the glass.

"Mornin' friend," said Delano glumly. "What'll you smoke, Welsh?"

"Give me one of them," said Welsh. "Fair looking lady on the box cover, even if she has poor taste as to tints. These cigars are all alike, though—hum."

"You ought to stock up, Al," reproved Delano, as he helped himself liberally; "get some good brands. Why not?"

"I'm—I'm going to—" hesitated the object of criticism. "Delano—Delano—I'll have some Sargassos for you—for you—" He stopped short. Delano eyed him keenly.

"You're looking fagged," he said. "Pull your door shut and come over and have a drink."

The gray-haired man on the other side of the show case looked down the road to where a diminutive whirlwind was scooping a spiral of white dust into the clear air. "No," he said quietly, "I'm on the wagon for good, boys. It's all right I don't know—guess I didn't sleep very well. I—I had—a bad dream."

"So did I," chimed in Welsh: "the darndest dream! Thought I was pushing a handcart up a dark alley!"

"Oh, dry up!" broke in Delano roughly. "Let's go to breakfast. So long, Al."

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(Printers' Ink—Aug. 19, 1914.)

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Mandy's Methods

Concluded from page 10

"I'm—ugh," he repeated more encouragingly, for he clung to the pleasing idea of the "comp'ny" to his declining years. "Well," he concluded as he whipped up "ole Moll," "I 'low we might's well git it over with to-day so we won't have to come to town agin a-purpose. We'll go to a justice o' peace—what say? My name's Tweester."

"Well, I don't know," Mandy reconsidered, carefully touching a red wax head to see if the heat was melting out its color. "I don't know—ye got yer life assured?"

"Why—er—no, madam," Tweester answered with some asperity, suspicion dampening his enthusiasm; he warily asked: "Did yer other man—all them others—did they have their lives insured?"

Mandy returned with a withering look, and innocently exclaimed:

"Their lives insured! Do ye think I'd be so uncommon pilticlar about the next un if they'd amounted to enough to 'a' kep' their remainin's out o' the potter's field and not 'a' left their widders an' children po'pers?"

SHE allowed her indignation a moment's time to cool before explaining:

"You see I'm fair to middlin' young, and you are older. The chanees is that if I marry ye I'll be a widder agin! An' fer jus' that there reason you kin see to ut that ye don't leave me a-crawlin' out o' the little end o' the horn agin."

Tweester nodded his sympathy, but only shuffled his feet and urged "ole Moll" on by a click of the lines across her back. Mandy caught the silent sympathy and pulling at his shabby coat sleeve smiled up at him.

"Will ye do that fer me? Will ye? It's only a-askin' to be kep' out o' the poorhouse when ye're gone. It's that, er ye don't git me?"

"Waal," he drawled at length, "hein's ye're set on havin' it thataway, I promise."

"You'll have it all did 'fore we git married?"

"I'll have it all drawed up 'fore we drive back hum."

"We—el, guess that'll do," consented Mandy, although not quite satisfied with waiting. "You kin drive to the justice o' peace, then."

When they finally reached the city, he bought her a bridal bonnet and white slippers and they were married. They spent one long, sunny summer day sightseeing in the city, and Mandy remarked, as she blew out the gas at the hotel that night:

"Well, John Tweester, this here's bin the splendidest weddin' tower I ever had!" And the bridegroom was so gratified that he did not notice she had blown out the gas.

THE next morning Mandy was miraculously brought to life, but she returned to Jonathan Creek wearing widow's weeds and a crêpe veil draped from the silver blue bridal bonnet with its red roses and wheat trimming. She drove back alone with the shambly horse and rattly carriage. She felt like to burst with a great lump of importance which grew larger and larger as, nearing home, she dwelt upon the sensation which she was about to usher into the dead little town. The bitter pill of being again a "widder" was sweet-coated—"looket what a noted woman it's made o' me," she reflected as she jogged along. "I've brung fame to Jonathan Creek; writ up with big headin's about a fair bride a-blowin' out the light. Wisht I'd knowed it was so dangerous, though, I'd 'a' yanked the hul thing right off an' throwed it out the winder." Her mind again reverted to the advantages she was bringing into her native town. "Fame, yes, an' wealth—fine horse and carriage, an' ten dollars left out o' the price o' the fun'ral. And these" (most important of all), "these cloze; couldn't find a higher priceter bunnet in the country." She urged the horse to a faster trot, impatient to be the object of the town's curiosity—and envy. When she finally sauntered the nag through Jonathan Creek's main thoroughfare, it was with a feeling of triumph, a supercilious pride over those who had always looked down on her.

She felt rich in her newly acquired possessions; the horse, the carriage, the ten dollars, and her mind didn't wander long from the silver blue wedding bonnet with the mourning veil.

Retaliation was sweet; when the blacksmith at the edge of town casually looked up as she passed, Mandy's head tilted upward and she saw him not. But she listened. The musical clang of the anvil ceased and she heard low voices, and out of the tail of her eye glimpsed men gesticulating mysteriously, taking minute inventory of "The wealth" as she paraded slowly. Bill Brown looked absently out of his store door; he stumbled over loose warped boards as he ran to rouse the barkeeper in the next building.

"Abe—by gum—come quick, here comes the widder bride! Call yer ole woman!"

Evidently they had read the city papers and were expecting something unusual. Mandy stolidly moved down the gathering line, her head firmly supported by the thought of that three-columned newspaper article "with my new name, Mis' Tweester, all mixed in and my picter!"

No one ventured the customary condescending "Hello, Mandy," and she passed on confirmed in her own importance. When the six descendants sighted the turnout, they made one mad, screaming, fighting race to reach the "widder bride," Memorie-Ann, gaining on Marg'et-Seleuer—was rudely grabbed after and thrust sprawling into the dust to be stumbled over by Hannah-Melissie. The two scrambled up, Memorie-Ann losing no time, but Hannah-Melissie waited to catch up the crying Emmie-Viollie, and swung her along at a pace so swift that she only touched the ground with her little toes.

JOHN-HARKLESS had reached the horse and sat astride its back. Patience-Amanda had reached the bonnet.

"Say, maw," she breathlessly exclaimed, "who give 'em to ye? They bin talkin' a awful lot 'bout ye, maw. Say, did ye git us a new paw what went an' died? Say them looks jus' like roses. What's this piece o' black stuff on fer? Hain't this here a whackin' fine wagon though! That wheat looks like reel too. Say, maw, wasn't the' nothin' in new paw's pockets what'd bin nice to 'a' brung to us?"

The horse had stopped, its nose to the ground, fatigued and thirsty.

Memorie-Ann was clinging to the wheels, Hannah-Melissie tumbled the baby in, and managed to pull herself in after her.

"Oh—oh, looket maw!"

"Looket maw's white slippers!"

"Whatcher bring us—whatcher bring us?"

"Kin we have this here buggy to play in, huh?"

"Can't we play with the horse, too—no?"

"Oh, maw, there ain't no ghost of a steppin' paw what's gona stan' at our bed in the nighttime, is ther, if we ain't good? That's what Zek Ryan says."

"Say, maw, you look like the circus lady what rid in the chariot with a flyin' thing a-hangin' to her bunnet, only hern wasn't black."

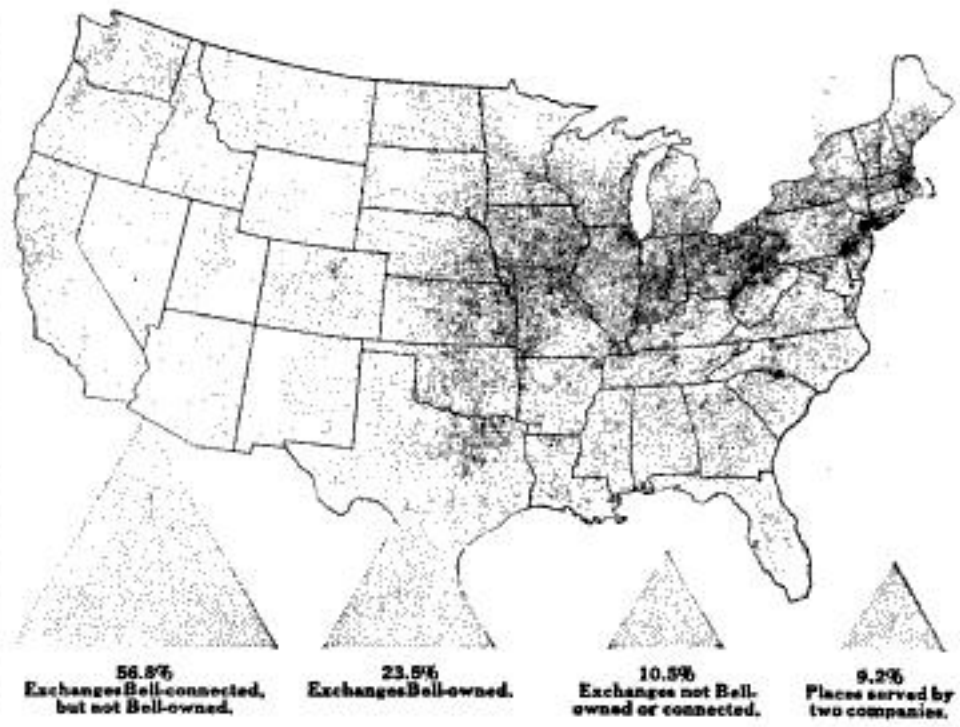
Little seven-year-old Hannah-Melissie saw none of these striking features; crowding close, and closing her little hand around her mother's finger, she searched—and found—the heart of the woman.

"Maw, ye ain't feelin' bad, are ye? Maybe anyhow, 'fore winter comes agin you can find another man. Even if ye don't"—with a heroic gulp—"the neighbors'll keep us an' give us hoods an' thick cloze, maybe. Don't you go feelin' bad, anyways." The little hand stole up under the wonderful bonnet and affectionately smoothed back the straggly locks under its lacy brim.

MANDY'S tears blurred out everything but her children. But Mandy had a courage worthy of a heroine.

"Yas," she answered, patting Hannah-Melissie as she wiped her eyes. "Yas, 'bout six months more 'fore zero time's 'nough. B'lieve I'll kill a chicken fer supper and go over to Bill's and git some o' them there pink frosted ginger cookies fer the younguns. My, won't they think we're rich! Hain't nobody gona ketch me a-squallin' over spilt milk. Six more months 'fore zero, an' that's long 'nough to git a man in if I could only persuade 'em to live. Now, the first thing, I gotta go to work and hunt up that there coffeepot."

What the Telephone Map Shows



EVERY dot on the map marks a town where there is a telephone exchange, the same sized dot being used for a large city as for a small village. Some of these exchanges are owned by the Associated Bell companies and some by independent companies. Where joined together in one system they meet the needs of each community and, with their suburban lines, reach 70,000 places and over 8,000,000 subscribers.

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Barney Has a Hunch

(Continued from page 8)

it pursued him. As soon as the collie had a fighting hold on it, he began to yell shrilly: "Here, you! Lea' me alone! Here! Leggo, will you? Here! you! Call off yer dog!" He pulled, and the dog pulled, backing into the gate; and when a man came running from the house to see what was the matter, the case against the dog needed no telling. "Leggo my coat," Barney was panting. "I'll kick yer head off! Leggo, will you! Leggo!"

THE man was Barney's suspect, without his Panama hat.

"Colin!" he cried. "Colin! Stop it, sir!" He caught the dog by the collar and cuffed it. Barney dropped his end of the coat. The man got it away from the dog as a woman ran out in a kitchen apron, calling: "What has happened, Charles? What is it?"

He replied: "Colin has attacked this boy."

"What for? What was he doing?"

"Search *me*," Barney answered. "He didn't say a word. He just jumped out an' grabbed me, an' I dodged, an' he got the coat."

The dog was barking protestingly, but he could not make himself understood.

"Bad dog!" the woman scolded him. "Go in the house, sir. You bad dog, you. Did he tear it?"

"I guess so," Barney said. "I heard it rip."

"Give it to me. I'll mend it. Oh, you bad dog. How dare you!" She took the coat and turned back to the house with it, driving the crestfallen dog before her.

"I hope he hasn't spoiled your coat," the man apologized. "I never knew him to do such a thing before." He added suspiciously: "I could have sworn he wouldn't attack anyone—unless he was badly provoked."

"That's all right," Barney said. "If I'd seen him first he wouldn't 'a' got me. I didn't notice him in the dark."

"What were you doing?"

"Mindin' my own business."

"Do you live around here?"

"Nope."

THE man was scrutinizing him as well as he could in the faint moonlight, and Barney's manner resented the scrutiny.

"Where are you from?"

Barney did not answer.

"You're not a country boy."

"Never mind about *me*," Barney said. "Gi'me the coat an' I'll get along."

"You're from the city, aren't you?"

"What city?"

"New York."

Barney looked down at his feet, kicked at a tuft of grass in the path, and did not reply.

"What are you doing away out here?"

"Answerin' questions."

The man laughed. "What's the matter? Have you run away from home?"

"That's all right," Barney said. "I can take care o' myself. If you'll gi' me a glass o' milk er somethin', I'll call it square."

"There's a town just over the hill. Got any money?"

"Sure. I'm a millionaire. I'll split some wood fer you, if you'll gi' me some bread and butter."

"All the wood's split." He went down into his pocket and drew out a quarter.

BARNEY took it ungraciously. "What's the matter? Runnin' some sort o' joint in here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, first you got a dog that tries to chew me up, 'cause I come past the gate. An' then you stand me off fer a bite to eat, like you was afraid to—"

"Not at all," the man said hastily. "Come along. We can give you something to eat anyway." He started up the path and Barney followed him grudgingly.

"Sorry if I didn't seem quite hospitable," he said in an attempt at jocularity. "We haven't any servant just at present, and my wife has to do the cooking. Sit down on the veranda here, till I speak to her."

"I only wanted some bread and butter—an' somethin' to drink."

"All right. Make yourself comfortable." He waved his hand at a wicker chair and a hickory rocker on the veranda. Barney chose the wicker chair.

There were no lights in this wing of the house, which overlooked the road. The only light that Barney had seen was shining on a bush from a distant window where some one was evidently busy in the kitchen; he could hear an occasional clatter of plates. Between him and the lighted window, the whole house was dark, but he did not know who might be watching him from that darkness, so he kept his eyes off of it, and settled himself wearily in the easy-chair, and put his head back against the cushioned headrest, and showed no interest in anything.

THEY found him apparently asleep there when they came back—the woman with a tray of food, the man with a green-shaded reading lamp. The light woke Barney. He sat up, rubbing his eyes. They placed a porch table before him and arranged on it the tray and the lamp.

"I'retty tired, eh?" the man said.

Barney nodded, his eyes on the food. He reached a slice of buttered bread before the tray was on the table, and proceeded to "wolf" it. He did not look at his hosts. The lamp on the table shone full on him, and left them in obscurity. He pretended to be hungrily unconscious of their amused scrutiny. When they spoke to him he answered with nods, his mouth full, his eyes scouting eagerly ahead of his appetite.

The man sat down on the edge of the veranda smoking his pipe. The woman cut the top off a boiled egg, poured Barney's tea for him, and put cream and sugar in it. Then she drew up the hickory rocker beside the lamp and applied herself to the sewing of his coat, while the man began to sound and examine him with mildly humorous hints and queries.

BARNEY did not need to invent the story which he allowed them to draw out of him. It was the story of a boy whom he had known in Hudson Street, a motherless newsboy whose drunken father used to beat him regularly to make him give up the money he earned. He ran away and lived on the streets, supporting himself. Then the father put the police after him, and he was arrested and sentenced to the Reform School, but his sentence was suspended on condition that he gave up his "bumming" and remained at home. When he could endure it no longer he fled again, but this time, to escape the New York police, he went tramping, and Hudson Street heard no more of him.

BARNEY'S manner accepted such a father as a natural fact of life, without any emotional embellishment or indignant comment. The woman put down her sewing and poured him another cup of tea and eyed him in silent pity. She was a capable-looking young housewife, of a prettily maternal aspect, and Barney's face and hands needed washing.

The man showed his sympathy by asking: "What do you intend to do? How do you expect to make a living?"

"Search *me*," Barney said. "I'll strike a town somewhere an' sell papers er shine shoes, I guess."

The collie dog sat watching him distrustfully until he shared a slice of bread with it. He did so with the secret thought that he would have to "get next" to that dog if he was to do any sleuthing on the premises; but he was aware of the glance that the couple exchanged when they saw him so forgive his enemy out of a natural kindness of heart. The dog seemed less touched than they.

The man asked: "Where are you going to spend the night?"
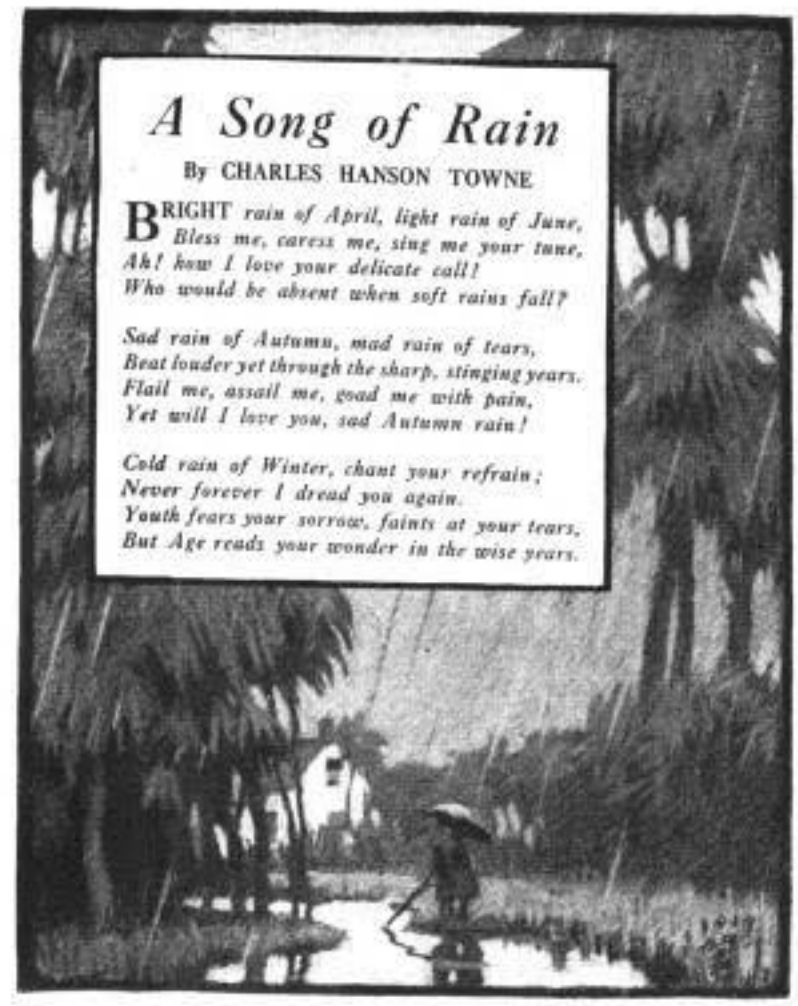
Barney answered: "I thought maybe you'd let me bunk in yer hayloft."

He looked doubtfully at his wife. "We haven't any hayloft," he said.

She put in: "He could have the maid's room—over the kitchen. I'll make it up."

She left them. After a moment's silence the man followed her. And when they were gone Barney turned to make a face, tauntingly, at the dog.

He was sure, from their manner, that there was some concealment of guilt in the house, and he was satisfied that he could find out what it was before morning if they let him spend the night under their roof.



A Song of Rain

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BRIGHT rain of April, light rain of June,
Bless me, caress me, sing me your tune,
Ah! how I love your delicate call!
Who would be absent when soft rains fall?

Sad rain of Autumn, mad rain of tears,
Beat louder yet through the sharp, stinging years.
Flail me, assail me, goad me with pain,
Yet will I love you, sad Autumn rain!

Cold rain of Winter, chant your refrain;
Never forever I dread you again.
Youth fears your sorrow, faints at your tears,
But Age reads your wonder in the wise years.

WHEN they returned he was apparently half asleep again, and he mumbled a prompt acceptance of the woman's proposal that he should go to bed at once. She led him around the front of the house to the kitchen porch, and the kitchen light was still the only one to be seen. Of the kitchen itself he looked only at the doors. One that was closed evidently led to the dining room and the rest of the house; one that was open showed the stairs to the upper floor; a third was the back door to the yard; a fourth, under the staircase, might be the door of a pantry.

She lighted a candle and ushered him upstairs to a tiny room that had a sloping ceiling, a single window in the gable end, and no door except the door to the stairs. At that side of the room in which there should have been a door communicating with the other rooms of the upper floor, there was a blank partition wall of rough plaster. It was a satisfactory arrangement for isolating a servant from the family privacies in a small house, but it did not appeal to Barney. He had counted on being able, from the upper hall, to spy on whatever was being done below stairs.

THE room was bare and clean, with no furniture but an iron cot, a kitchen chair, a sort of camp washstand, and a little dresser. "I'm afraid we haven't any night clothes that will fit you," she said, putting down the candle.

Barney replied ungraciously: "I'd be asleep 'fore I could get into 'em anyway." He did not wish to encourage her in any solicitude concerning him; it might prove embarrassing if she came back to see that he was sleeping comfortably. He sat down on the side of the bed and began to unlace his shoes.

She accepted her dismissal. "Good

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night," she said. "We have breakfast about seven. I'll call you."

He mumbled "G'night." He dropped his shoe heavily on the floor as she descended, and though she closed the door at the foot of the stairs, and he could not hear her in the kitchen, he dropped the other shoe as noisily when he got it off. Then he stripped to his undershirt and trousers, blew out the light, threw himself heavily on the bed in the hope that its creaking would be audible, and lay on his back, listening.

HE listened and listened, but he could hear nothing except the incessant stridulant drone of insect mechanisms out of doors.

He sat up to look out of the window, and there was nothing to be seen but leaves and moonlight.

He crawled to the sill in the hope that there might be the roof of a lean-to below the window. There was none. And the moon was so bright that he could not have climbed out with any safety in any case. And there would be the dog to betray him even if there had been no moon.

He got his little electric lamp from his hip pocket and tiptoed to the stairs. A cautious flash showed him the door below him. He descended in the darkness with infinite precautions, waiting and listening after every movement. There was no sound from the kitchen. And when he had lifted the latch and opened the door an inch or two there was no light to be seen except the moonlight, that came through the kitchen windows. He shut the door behind him, to leave no evidence of his passage in case his retreat was intercepted and he had to hide downstairs. He moved inch by inch toward the closed door of the dining room. He saw a faint crack of light beneath it.

THEY were in there then. If he could get that door open, perhaps he could hear them. He approached it stealthily. He raised his hand to the latch. A low growl checked him.

It was the dog, in the dining room. It had scented him. It began to bark. Some one called to it from the other end of the house, and Barney fled.

But he did not flee upstairs; that would have been a final confession of failure. He made for the pantry door that he had noticed—intending to hide until the alarm had subsided—and when he plucked the door open he found himself at the head of cellar steps. He went down them swiftly by the light of the pocket lamp and stood waiting at the bottom, in the darkness, looking up, listening breathlessly, ready to retreat further if he heard anyone coming. He was enjoying it like a game. In case he was caught he had a story ready, to the effect that he had been too hungry to sleep, so he had sneaked downstairs to smouch something from the pantry.

In the cool underground silence he found that not only could he hear the growling dog as clearly as before, but he could hear much more clearly the distant voice calling: "Be quiet, sir! Be quiet! What has got into that dog to-night?"

HE flashed a furtive light around him; he was in a little food cellar of hanging shelves and larder cupboards. He saw an open door that led through a stone foundation wall into another part of the basement. And it was from this direction that the muffled, angry voice seemed to come.

He sneaked to that door as softly as a cat, barefooted on the cement floor. The dog was quiet again. In the doorway he could hear a distinguishable murmur of several voices sounding through the thin floor above and ahead of him. He stood there, grinning to himself in the darkness, at the end of his hunt.

He had them.

It was a man and two women, and he could hear them distinctly when he had picked his way to the farther end of the cellar, across the clutter of lumber and garden tools and packing cases and discarded furniture—mistering the flashes of his lantern for fear some cellar window might betray a sight of him. And the first words that he heard concretely gave him the solution of the Baxter mystery.

"But, my dear Bessie," the man was arguing, "if your father got your letter, why should he offer this reward? There's no sense in it. He *can't* have got it."

A girlish voice answered: "Yes. He did. I know why he's doing it, but I can't explain without being unfair to dad."

The woman murmured something reproachfully. The man began to move, heavy footed, around the room. "Did you tell him where you were?"

"No. I simply told him not to worry about me—that I'd be all right."

"Well, if he got the letter he's concealing it from the detectives, isn't he?"

"I suppose so. Yes."

THE man sat down with a bump. "I suppose you know what you're doing, but I'll be hanged if I can see any sense in it. I'm not thinking of myself, but if you're found here—"

"Well," she said, "I'll go somewhere else then."

There were confused words of remonstrance, of angrily apologetic explanation and self-defense, of affectionate reassurance. Out of it all the girl's voice rose impatiently: "Well, dad's doing it to deceive Mr. Huntley. That's why he's doing it. He's in a—he's in trouble—money troubles. And he couldn't refuse his consent to our marriage—to Mr. Huntley. And *I* couldn't refuse to marry him either—without making it worse for dad. That's why I got engaged to him in the first place—to get him to help dad. And don't you think dad tried to force me to, either—or even asked me to—for he didn't. And when I saw he wasn't going to help dad till after we'd be married—and he wouldn't help him at all if I backed out of it—I—well, I 'disappeared.' And dad's just pretending he thinks I've been kidnaped, so as to hold Huntley. And Huntley's paying the detectives and all the rest of it. People think we're rich, but dad's lost everything, and we haven't a cent, and unless Mr. Huntley helps him through with this scheme of his I don't know what will become of him."



"Why is it that each prefers
Another's to his own?"—Horace.

SHE had begun to sob, and the conversation became an incoherent jumble of voices, consoling her, sympathizing with her, reassuring her. Barney did not wait to hear it out. He had heard enough to satisfy himself. It was Elizabeth Baxter. She was hiding there. And overcome with a superstitious fear that now, at the very moment of success, something might happen to betray him and spoil it all, he started back to his room on tiptoe, holding his breath.

THAT fear did not leave him till he had regained his room safely. There he allowed himself only an excited chuckle as he slipped off his trousers and hopped into bed in his undershirt. He gave his pillow a jubilant thump and butted his head down into it, hugging himself. Wait till he saw the boss! Then he lay perfectly still, curled up in the cool sheets with his secret, smiling ecstatically. He could go downstairs in the morning and eat his breakfast in all innocence, and say good-by without letting them suspect anything, and slouch off up the road with his coat over his shoulder, on his travels again. And as soon as he was out of their sight he would "beat it" to Findellen, catch the first train to New York, and come dawdling nonchalantly into the Babbing Bureau to report to the boss that he had found Elizabeth Baxter!

He fell asleep while he was dramatizing that scene with Babbing—after he had worked Babbing up to such heights of admiration of his cleverness that the scene was already too heart-tickling to be anything but a dream itself.

IN the morning everything happened very much as he had planned. After breakfasting in the kitchen he got away without betraying himself to anyone but the dog, at whom he winked triumphantly as he departed. He made short work of the road to Findellen, thanks to a passing farm wagon that gave him a lift. He arrived at the railroad station only a few minutes before a train full of commuters returning to New York for their day's work. And when he looked from the bow of the ferryboat at the sky line of the city he found it quite as he had pictured it, except that it showed no excited appreciation of the change that had come, overnight, to the status of the Baxter case.

His interview with Babbing was the only event that did not work out as he had expected. Babbing was walking up and down his private office thoughtfully when Barney entered to see him. He asked at once: "Where have you been?" but without looking at Barney and without stopping in his walk.

Barney closed the door. "I been searchin' fer this Elizabeth Baxter—an' I found her."

Babbing continued with his thoughts. It was some time before he asked, almost absentmindedly: "Where?"

"Out near a place called Findellen, livin' with some folks she knows."

"What took you out there?"

Barney described his expedition from the moment that he had sold a newspaper to the man in the Panama hat, down to the successful issue of his adventure, when he had stood in the cellar of the bungalow and heard Elizabeth Baxter overhead. Babbing seated himself at his desk in his swivel chair, but he turned aside from Barney with his eyes on the window noncommittally. Barney, standing before the desk, with a hand on a chair back, like a boy before his teacher, went from assured eagerness to uneasy apprehension as he talked. He looked anxiously at Babbing's plump, inscrutable profile when he had finished. There seemed to be something wrong.

BABBING asked: "What do you mean by 'a hunch'?"

"Well, gee," Barney said, "the minute I saw that guy readin' the paper I knew he was wise to somethin'—"

"You knew it? How?"

"I—don't know. I guessed he was."

"What were you doing when he came up to you?"

"Watchin' fer the Brooklyn fellah."

"What were you thinking about?"

"I—I dunno."

"As a matter of fact, you weren't thinking of anything, were you? Mind perfectly blank?"

Barney did not answer, and Babbing wheeled around in the chair to face him. As their eyes met, Barney turned pale.

"Got another hunch, have you?" Babbing said fiercely.



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Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $9.00 to $32.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book sent free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Sideline Salesman Attention. This Year's Prop-osition the best yet. Get in touch with us at once for our live premium proposition. We guarantee our goods to sell or take back all unsold goods. Write today for full particulars. Canfield Mfg. Co., 206 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty, widely advertised. Easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. H. Phelps, 2921 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Agents Wanted

Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-ness Cards of Distinction, Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 35-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Wanted—Live Agents To Sell "Eureka Steel Ranges" from wagons, on notes or for cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed Washcake. We help make, and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract to a hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Washclean Mfg. Co., Bonneville, Mo.

They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Har-vest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N. J.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer Selling Direct to consumer, wishes agent in every county. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. C. Parker Mills, 2537 No. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents:—Electric Sign—Flashes Changeable wording in radiant sparkling beams of colored light. Onesselling everything at $10.00. Valuable exclusive territory. Sample free. Flashtric Electric Sign Co., Chicago.

Wanted Traveling Salesmen: Pay $4.00 On every sale of $22.80 calling on furnishing, clothing and general stores. Easy selling proposition. 10 cents for sample. Henry Meech, Box 143, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents Wanted To Sell The Midget Vest Pocket Garment Hanger. Guaranteed quick seller. Patented. No competition. The Silrex Co., 171 Madison Avenue, New York.

Agents:—Our Triangle Polish Mop, Including $1.00 Premium, is the best seller today. Workers make big money. Get particulars and territory. 90c profit on each sale. Duncan Bros., 2000 Grand Ave., Chicago.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 59 to 69 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted—Toilet Preparations, Full Line. We want about 50 more representatives at once. This is an opportunity. Write for full particulars. Venus Co., 21 East Illinois St., Chicago.

Will classified advertising in Collier's pay me?

IF you have a meritorious article, if you have attractive letters and pamphlets describing the article, if you answer inquiries promptly and courteously, and if you allow your agents liberal profits, **THEN**—classified advertising in Collier's will pay you.

BUT if you fail in any of the particulars mentioned it is very probable that no classified advertising can be made to pay you.

Barney stiffened to meet the shock.

"You're fired," Babbing said. "Sit down." Barney stumbled and sat down weakly in the chair.

"You're fired for leaving your post without permission."

Barney pleaded chokingly: "Well, gee, chief—"

"I'm going to see this man Baxter privately. He has concluded a consolidation of water power companies out West and Huntley is president of the new concern. It's in the morning papers. Now, if what you overheard is true, he'll pay the five thousand dollars reward as soon as he understands that we claim the money without making public anything about the case—even to Huntley. Understand?"

BABBING nodded at him grimly. "I'm willing that half of this money should go to you. You're wasting your time here. What you need more than anything else just now is an education. Twenty-five hundred dollars will pay your way for a year or two—"

"I—I don't want it, chief, I want to—"

"It doesn't matter what you want. You're discharged from this office and you can't come back until you've learned to read and write and *speak* English."

Barney's heart began to beat again. "Will you take me *back?*"

"If you want to come—then—yes. Glad to have you."

"Well, gee, chief—" Barney was smiling, almost in tears.

Babbing continued quizzically, settling back in his chair. "You have the making of a detective in you, I'm sorry to say. There's no doubt of it. And if you want to make a living out of it, I can't stop you. It's as good a way as another, I suppose. You either have the aptitude for it, or you haven't. It isn't a science. It's an art. You can't reduce it to rules. It's intuitive. All the science in the business can't take the place of the 'hunch.' If you can get the right hunch, all you need is an education."

"Yes, 'r," Barney beamed.

"Very well, then," Babbing rose. "Go home and tell your mother, I'll be around to see her to-night, after I've settled with Baxter."

"How long'll it be?"

"How long will what be?"

"Before I can come back?"

"That depends on how you apply yourself to your studies."

"Gee!" Barney said, "I'll 'ply myself."

"Good," Babbing held out his hand. "Good-by meanwhile. And good luck."

Barney shook hands shyly. "Thanks, chief. The same to you."

"All right. Run along now."

Barney hurried obediently to the door. "I'll be back," he grinned, "before you miss me—wit' a leather medal."

"If you come back wit' dat Bowery accent," Babbing said to a letter that he had opened, "I'll throw you out the window. Get out of here." And Barney went, giggling, with his very ambiguous past happy behind him, and his equally ambiguous future very promising before.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

Vol. 53 Sept. 5, 1914 Number 25

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A SWEEPING VICTORY!

Marking the End of the Creations of Yester-year —the Styles That Were, and Are No More.



Gone for good are the knobs and angles and patchworks of ancient styles. They are swept away to the limbo of the wheezy "one lunger" and the oil lamps. In their place is a new vogue for America—a new and infinitely finer fashion—the European streamline. *And the Detroiter ushers it in.*

A **genuine** streamline—not a catchphrase. Frame melts into fenders; fenders into hood; hood into body; body into running board. **You cannot say where one part ends and another begins.**

The Detroiter is absolutely the first actual European streamline in America; first high speed, long stroke, ball bearing motor; lightest car of its class; biggest car for the money; with a chassis construction that has always made the Detroiter the criterion of mechanical genius.

The 1915 Detroiter

Other models, without starters, $850 to $925

Just as this new Detroiter made a clean sweep of everything that binds cars to the commonplace in design—

Just as the Detroiter type of long stroke, high speed, ball bearing and fuel saving motor made a clean sweep at the Indianapolis race, driving the first four winners across the line—

Just as this matchless car fairly swept the convention of Detroiter dealers off their feet when it was unveiled for the first time—

So has its instant popularity won a sweeping victory everywhere. It marks the end of the creations of yester-year—the styles that were, and are no more.

Here is the limit of beauty, durability, value. This is the leader.

Thirty-five special features give the last extreme in refinement—**and they all come in the list price they** are not "extras."

Just notice these new conveniences. The recording instruments combined in one unit, every control at your finger tips. Carburetor adjustment on the steering post; carburetor itself raised to an easily accessible point. An emergency light and cigar lighter. A red electric flash that warns against lack of oil.—And these are only half a dozen of the thirty-five.

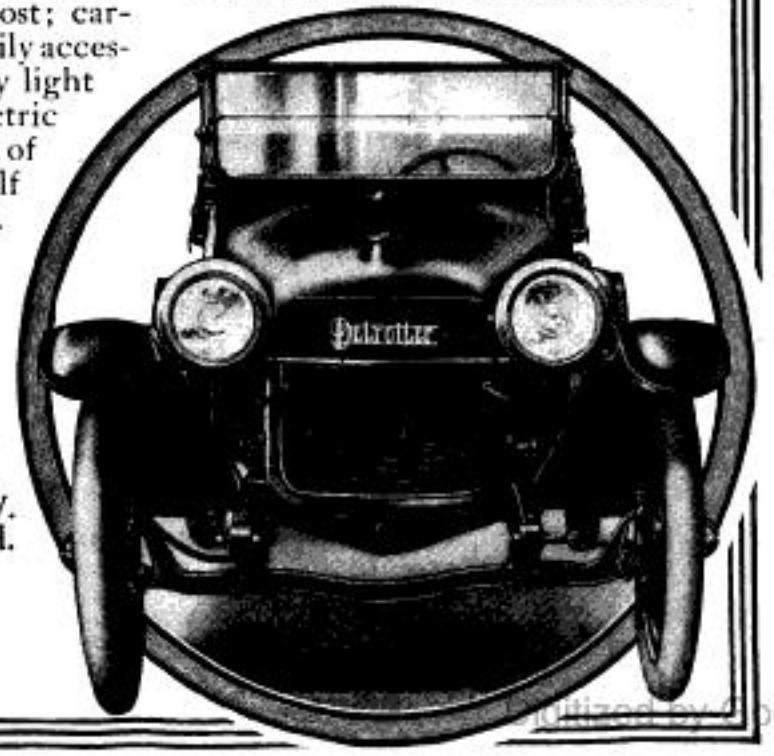
The Detroiter, like the Gold Standard, is the basis for calculating your money's worth. *Send today for our illustrated folder.* See a Detroiter dealer. Put in your order quick.

$1050

Complete with Westinghouse Starting and Lighting Equipment.

35 Special Features

The biggest car at the price.
Lightest car of its class—under 2300 pounds.
First complete streamline. Crowned fenders.
112-inch wheelbase.
32 horsepower.
Worm-driven silent starting motor.
Full-floating rear axle.
3-point platform rear spring suspension.
Actual one-man top.
14-inch service brake; 10 inch emergency.
Four 24-inch doors.
Non-skid rear tires.
Aluminum and linoleum running and floor boards.
20-operation finish. Luxurious upholstery.
5-passengers without crowding.
Fuel tank in cowl.
Ventilating, mist-vision windshield.
Ball-bearings throughout.
Multiple disc clutch in oil.
Duplex tire carrier in rear.
Center one-lever control.
Rounded radiator with radiator mud shield.
Twin searchlights.
Emergency search lamp.
Electric cigar lighter.
Aluminum covered instrument board. All recording instruments combined in one unit.
Positive gasoline gauge.
Electric flash oil gauge.
Carburetor above frame.
Both automatic and manual spark advance.
Both foot accelerator and hand throttle.
Horn button in center of steering wheel.
20 to 25 miles per gallon of fuel.
100 miles to quart of lubricant.
Willard LBA battery.



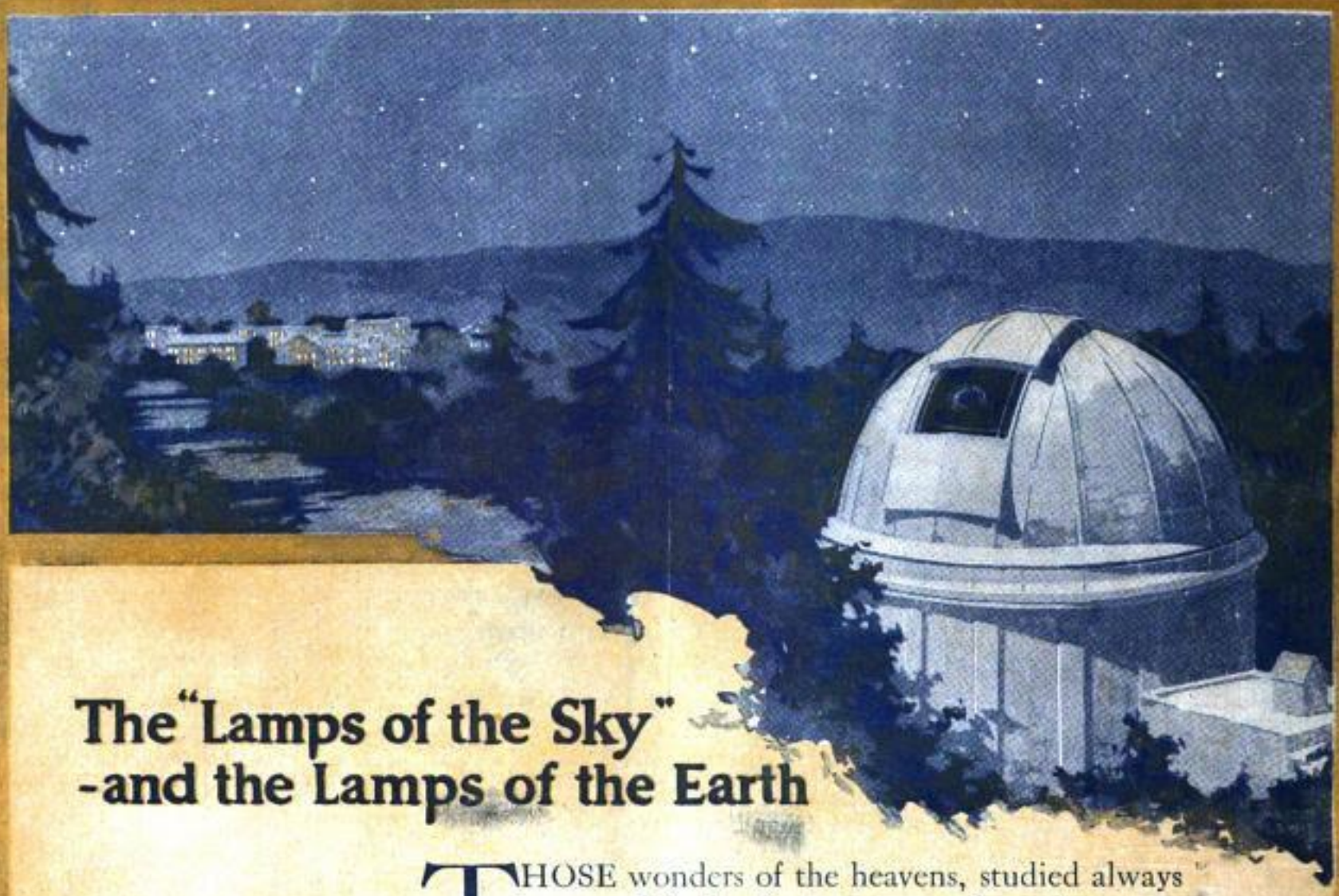
BRIGGS-DETROITER CO. 471 HOLBROOK AV. DETROIT, MICH.

Dealers! *Much new territory will be allotted, but not until every first-class dealer in the country has had an opportunity to apply for our proposition. Write, wire or come.*

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MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a Service"



The "Lamps of the Sky" -and the Lamps of the Earth

THOSE wonders of the heavens, studied always by a multitude of astronomers, have been unfolded more rapidly because the scientists have *worked together*, comparing and sharing their individual discoveries.

In electric lighting the same principle of multiplying brain power is exemplified in MAZDA Service to manufacturers.

The sum of accomplishment in electric lighting science shines today in the MAZDA lamp, which at the present time gives from *three to six times as much light* as old style carbon lamps at the same cost for electricity.

To *carry forward* their work on the great world-problem of the best and cheapest light, the distinguished technical experts in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady are pursuing ceaseless investigation and experiment. In their selective labors they are not only sharing the advantages of individual research and discovery in this country but are keeping in close touch also with great experimental laboratories of Europe.

MAZDA Service means that the Research Laboratories are furnishing the fruits of the sustained investigation at home and abroad to the factories of the General Electric Company and of other Companies entitled to receive this Service and the progressive results of this service to manufacturers are embodied only in lamps that are marked MAZDA.

So that the mark MAZDA on an incandescent lamp means today, *and will always mean*, the operation of this important manufacturing aid —the concentration in this lamp of the latest and best thought of the world's masters of light.



THE mark "MAZDA" is your assurance—whether you buy the lamp today or at any future time—that you have the incandescent lamp that sums up the latest efforts of the broadest lamp service in the world.

4633

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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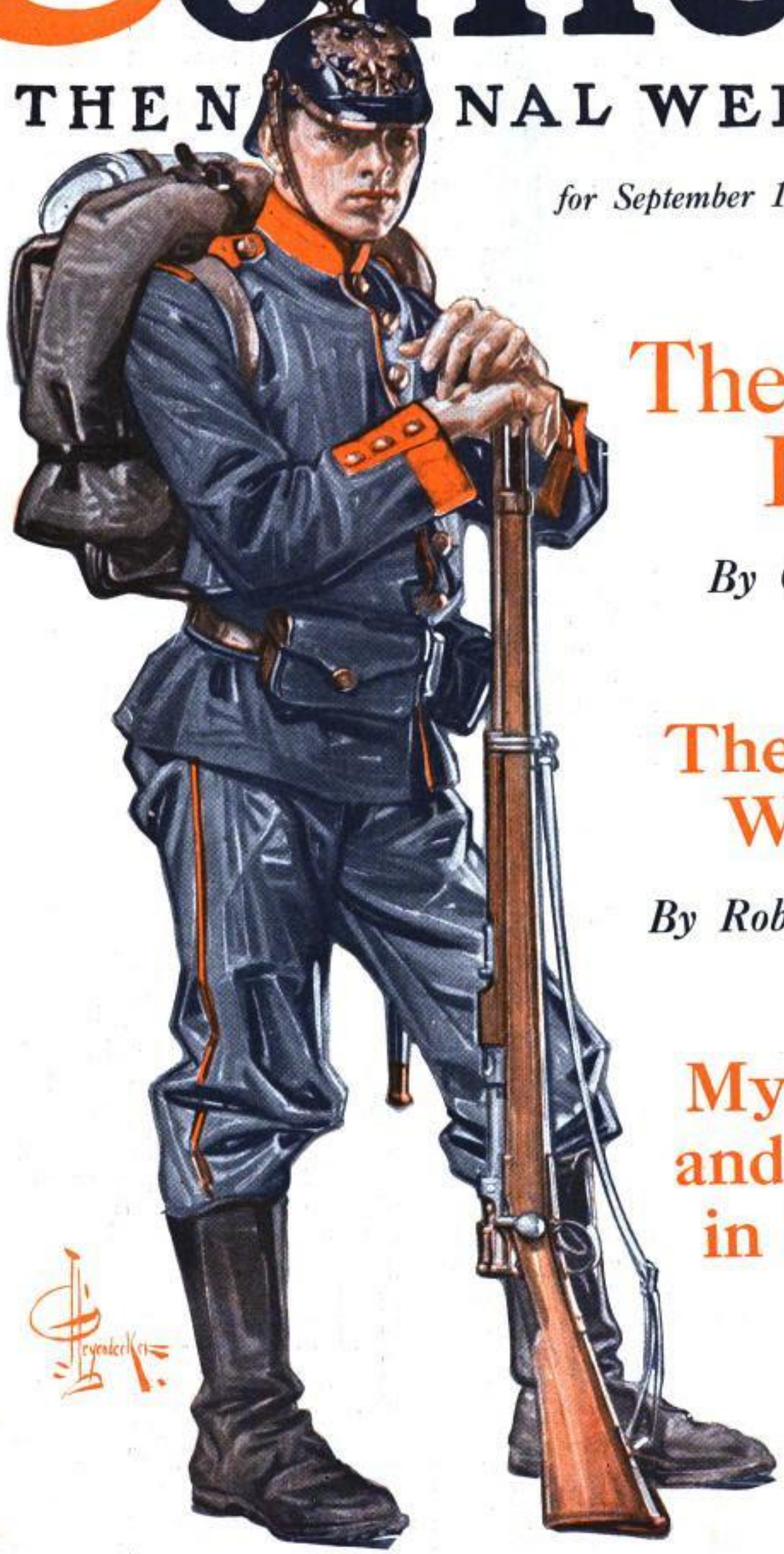
Collier's

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for September 12, 1914

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The Siege of Liege

By George Lynch

The German War Lust

By Robert Crozier Long

My Mission and Betrayal in England

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves

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Howard E. Coffin Says:

"This new HUDSON Six-40 fulfills all my ambitions. In little and big things—in type and detail—it is my conception of the ideal car. And the 47 experts who have worked for four years on this exquisite model with me, all concur in this opinion."

That's Our Answer

That's our answer to all conflicting views. We must expect them in this hard-fought field.

Howard E. Coffin has led for years in motor car designing. He has pioneered the most important motor car advances. If there is in designing one final authority, Mr. Coffin is that man.

But he never works alone. Forty-seven engineers on the HUDSON corps have worked with him four years on this model. This is their composite idea of the apex in car building.

Then last year's model much like this went into thousands of hands. It met every test which a car must meet, without bringing out a fault or shortcoming.

Any owner of a HUDSON Six-40 will say with Mr. Coffin, "This is my ideal car."

Apex Features

The Six, in our opinion, is the apex type. It means continuous power, persistent torque. And that we consider the ultimate.

This new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—seems to bring operative cost to the minimum. It has saved about 30 per cent.

In lightness, no sturdy car of this size and capacity can hope to far excel this. The Six-40 weight—2,890 pounds—is the record today in this class. Built in cruder ways—as cars used to be—this car would weigh 4,000 pounds.

In beauty and equipment, in comfort and convenience, it is quite apparent that no man as yet sees a way to betterment.

In quality, the very lightness shows this car's supremacy. In price, our $1,550 is the lowest yet attained in a car of the HUDSON class.

Hundreds Shipped by Express

We trebled our output this year because of this car's popularity. But the demand for this new model swamped us. In August, every HUDSON dealer outsold his allotment.

To cope with this call, 45 per cent of our shipments so far have gone out by express. We have shipped solid trainloads by express to save delay for buyers. That is unprecedented in the automobile line.

For September, we increased our planned output one-third. Today you can get prompt delivery. We still ship by express, when necessary, rather than keep men waiting.

Go see this car. All things considered, it's the finest example of the new-day car you will find in any showroom now.

Hudson dealers are everywhere.
New catalog on request.

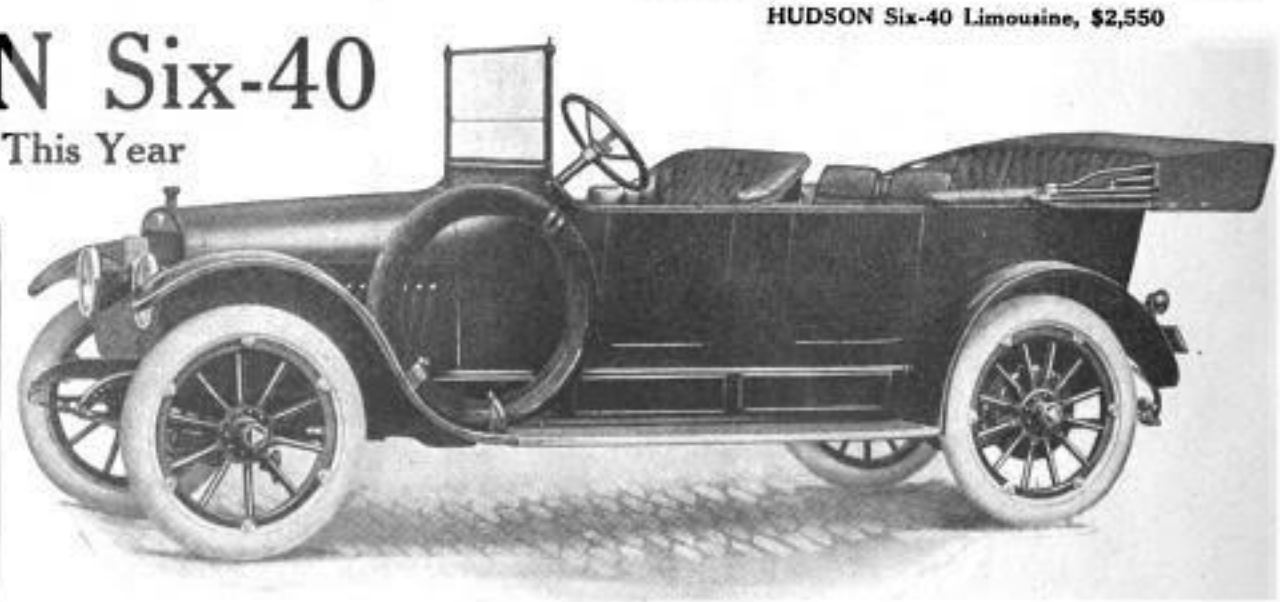


HUDSON Six-40 Limousine, $2,550

HUDSON Six-40

$1,550 This Year

A perfect streamline body.
Disappearing tonneau seats.
Invisible hinges.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
"One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Gasoline tank in dash. Tires carried ahead of front door.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified starting, lighting and ignition system.
Wires in metal conduits.
Locked ignition and lights.
New-form speedometer drive.
New-method carburetion.
Automatic spark advance.
Trunk rack—electric horn.



7-Passenger Phaeton, $1,550. 3-Passenger Roadster, $1,550. 3-Passenger Cabriolet, $1,750. 4-Passenger Coupe, $2,150. All f. o. b. Detroit.

Canadian Prices: Phaeton and Roadster, $2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8198 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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TIMKEN
BEARINGS & AXLES



When Your Motor Car Takes the Curve

With a flash and a roar the limited train sweeps by and takes the curve.

Huge locomotive, heavy steel cars—the embodiment of terrific force!

The train tends to keep on in a straight line—yet it does round the curve. Why?

Little flanges on the wheels press sidewise against the outer rail and force a change of direction.

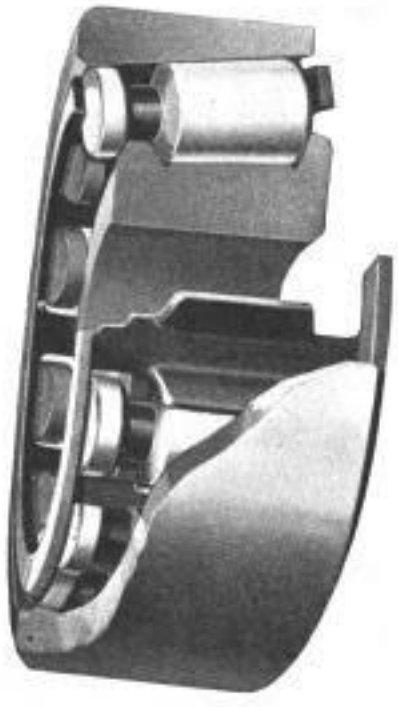
So, when your motor car takes a curve the same force, the same pressure—differing only in degree—is at work.

Rubber tires grip the road, but the heavy chassis struggles to keep on in a straight line.

You feel the force sliding you along the seat. This "end-thrust" concentrates in the centers of the wheels. Axles try to push out through the hubs toward the outside of the curve.

Something must hold the axles back and yet allow the wheels to turn freely. This severe task falls to the wheel bearings. And the bearings must at the same time carry the weight of the car and its load.

It is because of this double duty that it is so important to have good wheel bearings.



A Timken Tapered Roller Bearing partly cut away to show the relations of the parts. Note the taper of cone, rollers and cup. Note also the two ribs on the cone—the "tracks" that keep the rollers in perfect alignment.

The Timken Bearing meets side pressure or "end-thrust" in addition to vertical load because its rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft. The tapered construction also makes the Timken adjustable for continued full efficiency throughout the life of the car.

A Bearing That Meets End-Thrust In Addition to Vertical Load

It is one of the distinctive features of the tapered roller bearing that because its parts are conical instead of cylindrical it sustains immense pressure from the side at the same time that it is supporting the load, from above. A glance at the picture at the left shows why this is so.

All the pressure, both vertical and horizontal, is distributed over lines as long as the rollers instead of being concentrated at mere points. This wide distribution of pressure prevents undue wear.

And It Is Adjustable

The same tapered construction of the Timken Bearing makes it possible—by moving the cone, rollers and cup into a little closer contact—to entirely offset the effects of the slight wear that will come after many thousands of miles of travel. That is, the Timken is adjustable.

Thus the universal satisfaction with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the wheels of hundreds of thousands of high-grade motor cars is due to basic principles of design that are right.

And for the same reason there is the same universal satisfaction with Timken Bearings at the *other severe service points*—in the transmission, in steering knuckle heads, on the pinion shaft, at each side of the differential, on the worm of a worm drive truck.

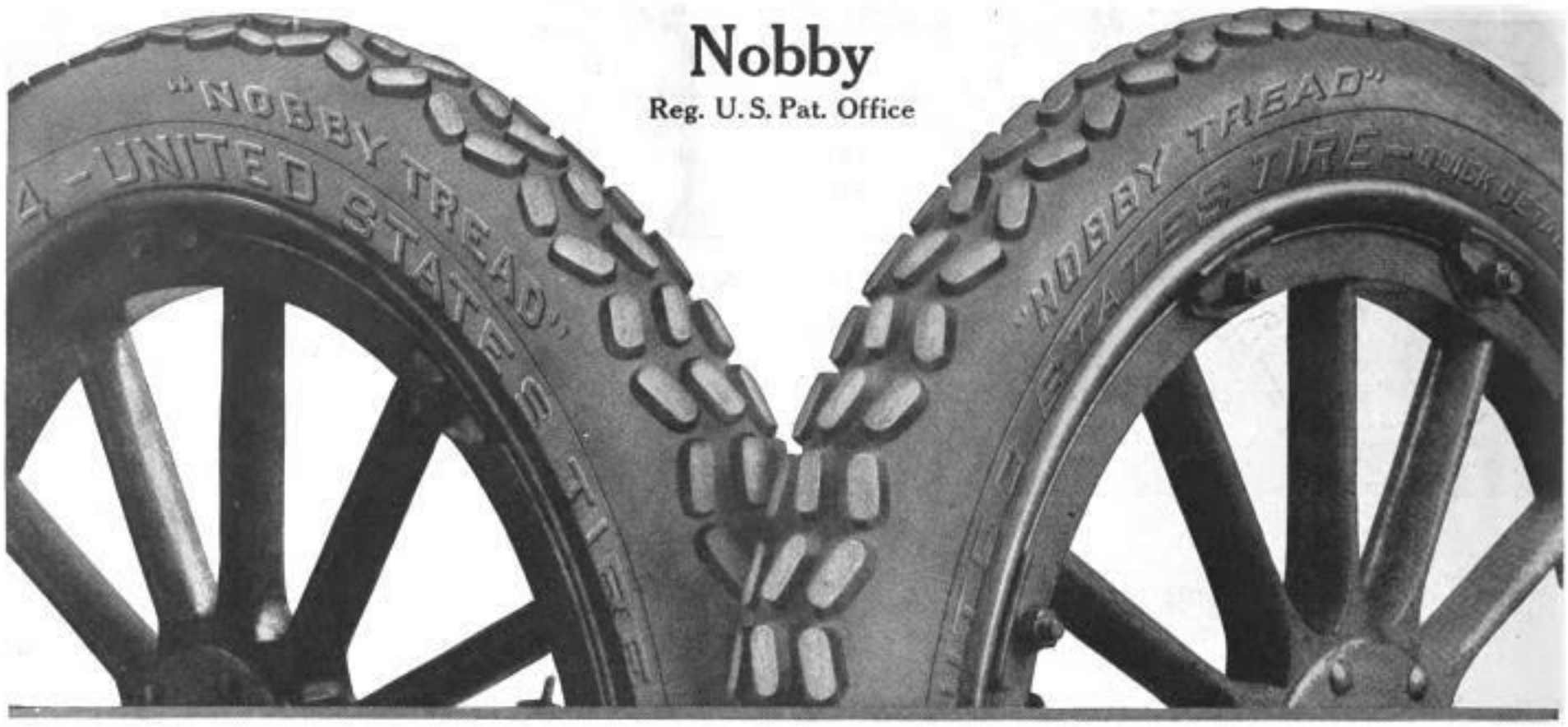
Points where end-thrust piles on radial load, and adjustability enables the owner to keep his car tuned up to full efficiency as it grows old in service.

End-thrust, vertical or radial load, adjustability, line contact vs. point contact and many other things about the Timken and other types of bearings are discussed clearly in an interesting booklet "On Bearings." This and a booklet "On Axles" and a list of "The Companies Timken Keeps" will be sent free, postpaid, on your postcard request for the Three Timken Booklets. No salesman will call. Write Dep't B-5, either Timken Company.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Sept 12

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Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

First Cost "Jokers"

"First cost" saving is an "ostrich way" of figuring tire economy—the only true way is to figure on the ultimate cost of your tire service.

The "bargain price" first cost of a tire is the "joker" in your purchase unless the tire adds up enough actual mileage to make it the cheapest tire in the end.

Veteran car owners know this—serious minded business men know this—that is why "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world today.

"Nobby Tread" Tires "make good." They actually give the

Cheapest Tire Service

Automobile owners everywhere are rapidly learning to buy tires on a real business basis, viz:—the basis of ultimate economy.

And remember this—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

These are the reasons why "Nobby Tread" Tires are today the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

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VOLUME 53 NUMBER 26 SEPTEMBER 12 1914

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

The Siege of Liege

I—Shrapnel

By George Lynch

"DICK DONOVAN," the well-known writer and fellow war correspondent, was a short time ago interesting himself in the development of the island of St. Helena as a health and pleasure resort. I think we all know some one that the place would suit. It was pathetic to watch the people looking out from the Digue here for the ships from England while the sands of their hope and confidence in being able to hold Liege were running out. A week was the utmost, they thought, and they were counting the days. It would have been worth while, from the point of view of the moral effect alone, if we had sent a Margate excursion steamer full on account—or even a penny steamer load.

Ostend is almost deserted, most of the hotels closed, the banks ditto—no people making any money except one little group, the men with telescopes. They were having the time of their lives—sometimes there would be a little queue or a group waiting their turn. After the news of Friday night of the 25,000 killed and twenty-four hours' armistice, however, confidence returned and anxiety for the arrival of "les Anglais" dwindled away. The telescope men joined the great multitude of the unemployed.

When that news arrived, I had gone in to the Kursaal to see the latest telegrams and was talking to a Belgian friend and his wife—a very beautiful woman. She raised her long-lashed gray eyes and said: "Why do you not come—come quickly—when we so want you, Monsieur Lynch?" "Everything comes to him who waits," was the best answer I could make, although it sounded rather cruel.

It was only a few moments after when a door swung open violently and a stout little man, waving a bulletin sheet above his head, called across the room to his wife: "I have good news, my dear, beautiful news," and read the bulletin aloud to a delighted crowd. The Belgians are not as excitable as the French, but the effect was electrical—pent-up, acute anxiety verging on hopeless despondency had possessed them; and in a moment they were transfigured with joy, exultation, and thanksgiving. I turned to madame. The gray eyes were brimming with tears, and her lips were trembling as she whispered: "It's true—everything comes at last." It is extraordinary how this country has been honeycombed and infested with spies. Six were shot this morning. Men in some high positions, like a very rich banker at Antwerp, and men who have lived twenty and thirty years in Belgium. For some time recently their favorite disguise was to get themselves up as priests, but some were caught dressed as women. Arrests are being made every day—a motor car drives up to a house from which three gardes civiles, with rifles and bayonets fixed, emerge; an excited crowd gathers, shouting, shaking their fists and spitting, while execrations and names are being howled out, then probably a pale-faced and cowering figure is hauled out and they drive off. Only a few days before war was declared an attempt was made to blow up the bridge at Zeebrugge. I went there to inspect what is certain to be one of the principal points of debarkation of our troops. It is one of the most extraordinary places I have ever seen in any part of the world. I was stopped and carefully examined in approaching the place, and told on no account whatever to photograph. It consists of an enormous pier 2,800 meters long that took ten years to build, with sufficiently deep water for the largest liners to berth alongside. Then there is an enormous new hotel, two villas and a hotel de ville, big enough for Bruges, which can be seen in the distance. A hotel de ville without the "ville"! The chief industry of the town is selling picture post cards. Up to a few days ago half the town—viz., one of the villas—was the property of a German officer who had bought it three weeks ago. He made such a hurried departure that he left behind him a quantity of detailed plans and drawings, photographs, and other incriminating documents. The only wonder is that he did not blow up the open ironwork section at the mainland end of the bridge.





The defenders of Liege snatch brief moments of sleep between attacks by the Germans. "Our men are almost dying from privation," says a Belgian officer. "Yesterday I counted eight hundred Belgian dead"

Generous Hearts

THERE was not a solitary vessel of any sort alongside the pier; nor, on inquiry from the inhabitants of the hotel, could I learn that they had ever seen one alongside. Pier and hotel were built by the Government at enormous cost, the idea being that Atlantic liners would be induced to call there, but up to the time of going to press they have not called.

A casual remark made by me yesterday was suggestion sufficient to prompt the performance of a very fine and patriotic act. I was talking to Mr. Maurice Harvey, one of those genial, big-hearted men who make the world a sunnier place to live in by simply being in it. Among various commercial interests, he owns the palace of amusements directly behind the royal palace.

"What an ideal hospital for wounded officers it would make!" said I. He agreed. Then, after a few moments' thought, he said, striking the table: "By Jove, I'll give it!" And he is going to.

The building itself, lofty, airy, and well-ventilated, might have been built for the purpose, and within a few yards away are the hotels, villas, and boarding houses where all the wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts can stay until their dear ones completely recover, helped by the glorious air of Ostend, with the slumberous sound of the surf curfewing restlessness at night and calling sleep as no other sound in the world can. There is strenuous activity everywhere around the country, except at Zeebrugge, the city with a future; but that pier will be alive within a few days. There is no "feverish" activity about these Belgians, but strenuous work, carried on with the rapid and smooth effectiveness of perfect organization. All the horses are commandeered, of course. When I asked a brewer friend of mine if he had brewed sufficient for the wants of a hundred thousand thirsty tommies, he assured me he had, but that distribution would be his difficulty. I suggested, on the principle of oil transportation, laying a pipe-line to follow the track of the army. He was rather struck with the idea, but a little consideration made me realize how injurious it might be to the cause of the Triple Entente. Just imagine how the Germans would fight if they knew there was a pipe-line of beer direct from a brewery in the enemy's rear! Why, it might change the course of the war and alter the map of Europe.

II—The Brunt of the Battle

Extracts from Letters I Received from a Belgian Officer at the Front

SATURDAY.—Many of our men are almost dying from privation. Three German regiments lost their way; many were killed, the rest taken prisoners. We have caught Germans dressed in Belgian officers' and soldiers' uniforms, one dressed as a woman and one as a priest, and were inquiring about our movements and giving our men poisoned chocolates. Two will be shot to-night. We will have a big battle to-morrow; Germans

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are massing up. For the first time I have had a good dinner: two hares, bread, wine. Oh! what a dinner! A best for the first time also.

SUNDAY.—There were spies even in our own ranks—they killed officers and men and killed wounded with the butts of their rifles. From certain companies only six and eight were not killed. More officers are killed; for the Germans, who shoot well, pick them out.

Very expert shots have been selected to pick off officers because they think we are like their troops, who get demoralized when their officers are killed. They make a mistake.

With or without a head, our men go on. We are north of Liege, approaching the ford. Where we are there are 12,000 Germans facing 1,200 of ours. When the Germans come on our wounded they hit the life out of them with the butt ends of their rifles. They trample upon our dead and wounded. We have seen no more airships. When we attack the Germans with the bayonet they throw up their hands. We are more afraid of the spies, however, who are everywhere. We do not know whom to trust. When we find them they are shot within a quarter of an hour. The German bayonet is much longer than ours and has a very sharp edge, which makes a gash like a razor.

The Germans are traitors; they despise all the laws of war. We should never have pity on them. It is only now I really know them. To attain what they want they would kill innocent little children. I have two hundred cartridges; I hope to kill two hundred Germans with them. Yesterday I counted eight hundred dead Belgians. Inhabitants of Liege behaved splendidly, fed the soldiers, brought us food while we were fighting. I slept so well that I forgot we were at war. It was the mistress of the school who fed us, at much trouble. All our soldiers are doing their duty splendidly. We kill no more uhlans; when we take up our rifles and cover them they throw up their arms—they are cowards at heart. At night, when all seems quiet, they start sniping.

Once the German soldiers lose their officers they are like lost sheep. Our men fight on intelligently, and everyone becomes more courageous and is then an officer to himself.

Think of it—some of the spies were commanding our artillery! The majority of the Germans, the ordinary lot, waste a lot of ammunition. They all are too high. Ours don't fire until each covers his man.

III—Our Lady of Deliverance

CREDO!

It is a mighty thing to hear and see a people pray. Until to-day what had been graven on my mind as the most impressive prayer scene of my experience was when, at a memorable time, looking down from the gallery of the Mosque of St. Sofia, I saw the Moslems pray on brilliant prayer mats covering the vast space under the wide span of that magic-hung dome; they knelt and bowed as the surface of a ripe cornfield does to the summer breeze, as the cry of "Allah il allah" . . . in passionate wail of supplication rose from that great worshiping multitude of the children of the Prophet.

Though less dramatic or emotional, to-day's scene was to me far more deeply impressive. Undemonstrative and restrained these Belgians are, and all the noblest and best of Brussels were there gathered within the venerable walls of that glorious old cathedral.

Never since it was built could it have been more full, never had the people who built it more reason to gather there to pray! Valiantly as the Belgians had withstood the first German attack, the ominous quietude of these last two days meant only that thousands more were gathering for the next onslaught. Probably there was not a single member of the vast congregation who had not a relative or at least friends under arms. Only a few miles away their David was waiting for the next onslaught of Goliath. Therefore in their sore need they had gathered to supplicate the intercession of Her who had been their help in times past and to carry Her image in procession just as their ancestors had done long years ago. The best and noblest in the land lent their shoulders, many of them bowed by the weight of financial affairs, and under a gorgeous baldachin followed the Cardinal-Archbishop of Brussels, Monseigneur Messier, bearing the monstrance containing the sacred Host. As the procession moved slowly round, the voices of the vast multitude in solemn hymn, blending with the pealing organ, swelled in one great volume of sound until one fancied the clusters of Gothic columns might be organ pipes breathing their booming music on high against the lofty roof.

Impressive! It was a scene I shall never forget. The dim cathedral, specked with countless candles held by the people—the light from the sinking sun streaming through the great rose-stained glass window; the gorgeous vestments, the incense rising from the censers swung by the acolytes in scarlet soutanes, but above all the sense of fervor and belief that emanated from the prayerful throng!

THE image of the Virgin and Child was replaced upon the pedestal; a hush fell, as if from the high altar; the Cardinal raised the sacred Host in benediction. Every head was bowed; a beautiful woman who knelt beside me was bedewing the marble pavement with her tears—a silvery bell rang out on the silence.

Our Lady of Deliverance!

Will their prayer be heard?



Drawn by E. Fuhr from a Sketch by George Lynch

In Brussels, just before the Burgomaster surrendered the keys of the city, an automobile swept through the streets laden with men displaying German helmets that had been captured before Liege. A very little later the capital lay supine under the overwhelming numbers of the invaders

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The German War Lust

By Robert Crozier Long

DRAWING BY C. R. WEED

(Written in the British Ambassador's train between Oldenzaal and the Hook of Holland)

"THE most awful thing in war is the singing." "Im Krieg man singt; das ist der schrecklichste der Schrecken." So wrote the dead novelist, Paul Heyse. Having reached the Dutch frontier, after twenty-five hours' railroad traveling through a tempest of war songs, I say that Heyse is right. I heard how seven Russians of the frontier patrol were burnt to death near Wirballen; and it made no impression on me. Nor will, I believe, the inevitable "five-million battle." But I shall remember to my dying day how Germans sang their war songs while the train of Ambassador Goschen, the leader of their foes, steamed slowly toward the neutral frontier of Holland.

This is the most marvelous thing of the Armageddon. For six hours after leaving Berlin I saw few signs of war. I saw at Docberitz twenty aeroplane frames, without motors or wings, heaped by the depot. They looked like roes' skeletons. I saw trains of ununiformed reservists steaming east. The trains were adorned with green branches and white derisive inscriptions. The soldiers had chalked on the doors their views of France and Russia. "Imagine," said the Belgian Minister Beyens, "a German who chalked anything on a railroad car in peace time!" War brings liberty!

Singing the British Out

I FIRST believed that there was no war when the Germans began to sing. They sang first, I think, at Hanover. Our train drew up at a platform crowded with reservists in civilian clothes. Each man carried a neat cardboard box with his effects and food.

The news spread like fire that here was the British Ambassador. "Der Botschafter Goschen!" the envoy of Germany's latest, greatest, most inexorable foe. Then the reservists, pale-faced shopmen and clerks, began to sing as only Germans sing. A few menaced. They sang "The Watch on the Rhine," the most terrible of war songs, which to France's "Marseillaise" is as a steel bar is to a rapier. After Hanover, Germans sang all the way. At Wunstorf, our next stopping place, we were sung to by Red Cross girls. This was more terrible still. It was pitch dark. Behind the barrier inclosing the platform crowded the whole Wunstorf population. On the platform, so close that they breathed against the windows, were two hundred girls. The car in which I was dining with the "Standard" correspondent stopped opposite the middle of the singing group. At first the girls made no demonstration. Then a whisper passed round. "Der englische Botschafter!" ("The English Ambassador!")

The girls began to sing. For half an hour they sang, "Germany, Germany Over All," to Haydn's heart-searching music. Plain repetition without taking breath. They changed to "The Watch on the Rhine" and sang it thrice. Then our train left. The girls waved their hands ironically. They kept perfect order. But the drilled singing, the spiteful, sardonic faces, and the last contemptuous movement of the hands! I shan't forget it. All that night, whenever we stopped at wayside stations, we heard from disciplined throats that Germany would be "over all in the world," and that "The Watch on the Rhine" was "honest and true." Ehrlich und treu! I began to wish that the crowds would throw stones or raid the train. But every half hour instead rang out the tremendous singing. The exception was the last station we passed before the Dutch frontier. Here there was hardly a soul in sight. Only a sentry, a station master, and a small boy. A little attenuated, spiderlike boy swinging a vast wooden sword, on his head a ridiculous toy Pickelhaube helm. The boy looked at us, asked the sentry a question and began to cry. Then for a moment he straightened himself, held out his sword, and began in the thinnest of squeaky trebles to whine "The Watch on the Rhine." After the martial chanting through the black of the past night, it seemed a whimsical imp's mockery. So we were sung out of Germany.

Overnight the Socialists Become Patriotic

I LEFT Berlin after nearly six years' residence as correspondent of the London "Westminster Gazette," and other journals and reviews. Our train carried off the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, with staff, the Belgian Minister with staff, about ten newspaper correspondents, and a few lucky Britons who managed to get German Foreign Office passes. I had arrived in Berlin from Saarow by the Lake of Scharmuetzel on the day of Franz Ferdinand's assassination. So I witnessed the whole preliminaries of Europe's Armageddon tragedy, the human and social sides of which I shall now describe.



"We shall defend ourselves to the last breath of man and horse. And we shall be victorious in this fight, even against a world of enemies. Forward with God, who will be with us, as He has been with our forefathers"

The war made Germany united, unanimous, and resolute. This momentous fact transcends all controversies as to historic and diplomatic origins. The first effect was the death of Internationalism. Internationalist Social-Democracy with its 2,300,000 registered adherents and its 4,250,000 Reichstag voters vowed to a man to support the Kaiser's policy. In the Reichstag on August 5, the Red Deputy Haase declared that Internationalism admitted the right of every nation to self-defense. The Reds would support no war of conquest. They desired peace whenever the foe wanted it. But they voted as a man the war credit of $1,250,000,000. When Haase, one of the reddest of Social-Democrats, made this historic demonstration, the whole Reichstag applauded. Even the tough Junker-Conservative leader, Heydebrand und der Lase, rose demonstratively from his seat.

The Kaiser Bids the Multitude Pray

NOW to the human factors of the war. I put Wilhelm II first: he has sent to the front six stalwart sons; he goes himself; his nephews, cousins, and remoter relatives go. They go not as shirkers, as ornaments, as inspiration, but as soldiers and sailors. I saw the Kaiser on the day of his arrival from Potsdam. That was on Friday, July 31. A tremendous bass voice bawled from a window of the Kaiser chambers overlooking the Lustgarten: "Quiet, the Kaiser will speak!" Wilhelm II, accompanied by the Kaiserin, by Princes Adalbert and Oscar, walked on to the raised terrace. He looked pale, yellow, old, soldierly, resolute. I saw his lips moving; but knew his words only next day. The speech contained a defense of Germany's efforts for peace, which were in vain. The enemy forced on war! Note the sentence: "Man drückt mir das Schwert in die Hand!" ("They have thrust the sword into my hand!") And he bid the multitude disperse to the churches and pray.

The Kaiser later drove down the Unter den Linden in his yellow motor car, heralded, as ever, by trumpets. I saw him again on Saturday evening after mobilization was proclaimed. Again he appeared before the Schloss. He proclaimed that Germany was as one man, and that he forgave his enemies and all who had spoken ill of him.

Crucial Midnights

THIS was a memorable day. At the preceding midnight Germany had sent Russia the twelve hours' ultimatum and got no answer. If M. Sazanoff gave Count Pourtalès an answer, if Count Pourtalès sent it to Berlin, it never arrived. War was certain. The Kaiser proclaimed the fact by appearing in the dull gray-green field uniform of the Feldjaeger Corps. As he spoke, red mobilization posters began to flame on the pillars. They proclaimed the mobilization arrangements for eight days and ended with "U. S. W." That meant that the further mobilization order would be proclaimed later. Germany did not give away the exact duration of her mobilization. Nobody knows it except the higher staff. I heard officers arguing on the subject.

At 5.45 a Reichstag deputy mounted the top of an automobile about a hundred yards to the east of the Russian Embassy and shouted: "War is declared." I was on my way to the Russian Embassy and I gave this news. The news was wrong. War was not declared in formal fashion. I met in the embassy the Ambassador, M. Sverbeyeff; Prince Vassiltchikoff and M. Catargi, secretaries; Captain Behrens, the naval attaché, and some other old friends. Sverbéyeff knew nothing. He had heard that a Russian reply had been sent off at midnight (immediately on receipt of the ultimatum). This information was apparently wrong. He had not been at the Foreign Office since Friday morning, and had no notion of what was going on. He and his staff feared to go into the streets. I laughed and told them stories of the perfect order prevailing. Events proved them right. When they were leaving Berlin, already seated in their automobiles, a vicious attack was made by the mob. Police President Jagow, who dragooned Berlin successfully during four years of peace, failed miserably to keep order during war.

The disorderly parties were largely disreputable cosmopolitans from the Friedrichstadt district. Most Berliners behaved well. The house porter of my apartment at Berlinerstrasse, Wilmersdorf (himself a Landsturm man already notified that he might be required), behaved toward me after the British declaration of war precisely as he had before. I offered him money and he refused it. From commissions which he had done for me he knew that the newspaper correspondents were short of funds.

War Decimates Every Family

EVERY German rushed to serve his country. Every father and mother rejoiced. I shall give only cases known to me personally. When mobilization was proclaimed, the only son of my friend and house colleague, Herr Herrmann, a talented architect, was sailing a yacht on the Lake of Constance. He was twenty-three years old, had never served, but had been sent straight to the untrained Ersatz-Reserve. He would now be trained for four weeks, then sent to the front. His father, his mother, and his little sister, Antonie Herrmann, wept all day. Not because death had drawn nigh; because they feared young Herrmann would not hear of the mobilization order, would arrive late, and bear the innocent disgrace of involuntary desertion. When he arrived their joy was greater than if he had returned unscathed from a battle. This sentiment compared nobly with the conduct of the ambassador of one of the belligerent powers. In reply to my question to this high diplomat how many of his four sons would serve, he said: "Thank God, only one. This boy"—here he pointed to a good-looking, six-foot lad of twenty-odd—"wants to volunteer. But I won't let him. His mother . . ."

I heard a story of a Landsturm man who offered to personate a Landwehr man to whom for family reasons field service was an exceptionally severe blow. He risked getting himself and his friend shot. From the clerk in my bookseller's store, Hahne of Joachimsthaler-

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strasse, I heard of another striking case. On July 30 a young German arrived from Paris. In 1911 he evaded military service, made for New York, and was last employed as a mechanic by a French auto firm. He was hiding in Berlin. Asked why he deserted, he answered: "I could not stand the thought of service." Asked why he returned, he answered: "To serve, but only if war comes." He was advised to come out of hiding, report to the War Office, and take advantage of the coming amnesty for deserters. He refused, because in that case he must serve whether it came to war or not. This was a weak, puny, timorous man, who dreaded the rude barrack life and the Feldwebel's curses. The army seemed to him the worst of lives. But to serve his country he would put up with the army, perhaps with torture and death as well.

I could fill pages with the greatness and baseness of Germany in her hour of trial. War makes all men whiners or actors. Two years ago at Bogados, near the Chataldja lines, a Greek deputation begged me and my friend, Francis McCullagh, to ask the British fleet to come to their protection. Why? Because their hens had been eaten by famished Turks. Ten days later General Popoff, commander of the First Brigade before Chataldja, told me of a Bulgarian who was court-martialed and shot because he stayed behind to defend a Turkish family against marauders until gendarmes could arrive to protect them. That was the way at Berlin during the momentous days beginning July 30.

Knaves and Fools of War Time

SOME Germans acted basely, filled their houses with provisions, and tried to exploit the universal misery. A small tradesman, whose shop is on the ground floor of my house, boasted that he had bought up $750 worth of flour, and would sell it for $4,000. He reckoned without his host, as next day General von Kessel, commandant in the Mark, declared the maximum price of flour to be not more than 30 pfennigs a pound. Another rascal in our quarter frightened housekeepers into buying flour at 110 pfennigs a pound. A Charlottenburg trader caught in such villainy shot himself. The locksmith Adolf Henckel, also of Charlottenburg, was sent to force the locks in the house of an officer newly arrived in Berlin. He carried off the silver spoons. He was arrested and shot. Order was good; this is the only case I know of shooting for other causes than espionage and treason. War baseness and timidity have their humorous features. A frightened English governess asked the British Embassy to have the war postponed for half a day. She wanted to get to Frankfort on the Oder. I have written elsewhere of the apothecary of Nollendorf Platz. He is historic. General von Kessel's billposters pasted their blood-red mobilization placards over his advertisements of a cosmetic. He implored the general to bid the billposters in future to leave his advertisements in peace.

An Englishman's Praise of Germany

BERLIN army officers behaved well. The war transformed and transfigured the stiff Herr Lieutenant. Often the officer in peace is a bit—well, Zubern says enough. When danger drew nigh, these officers behaved with courage and calm. They were heroes of a war-mad populace, yet unspoiled. In the Bayerischerplatz district where I live are many officers and many Englishmen and Americans. After the automobiles disappeared I traveled daily many times on the underground in trains crowded with officers. There was no pose, no pathos, no advertised heroism. The officers looked well. They were already wearing the new gray-green field uniform, with light-colored straps. The Pickelhaube helmet, including the spike, is covered with a nightcap of uniform material. This is to prevent the glittering metal parts presenting a target to sharpshooters. In some cases the cap did not entirely conceal the spike, and brass nickel parts showed through the openings.

Most persons in these trains knew I was an Englishman. An officer even asked to look at a copy of my paper, the "Westminster Gazette." That was on Wednesday, after England had declared war. He read an article not too friendly to Germany and returned the paper with thanks. The conduct of officers strongly contrasted with that of the police and of some civilians, who roughly arrested and sometimes mishandled British subjects. My conclusion is that Germany in the hour of peril showed the vast national advantage of drill, of discipline, of class codes of honor, even when these codes (as in all militarist states) are perverted or exaggerated.

Human, all too human, were the blunders of suspicious soldiers, policemen, and civilians. On August 1 the War Ministry issued a request that Germans should watch out for spies and take preventive measures against the throwing of bombs from trains on to bridges. An hour later I saw the inside of a train at Friedrichsstrasse station placarded with bright red notices rehearsing this request. The public with ultra-human zeal set to work to help the authorities. They seized or demanded papers from every Russian. Later they arrested Englishmen. Americans who spoke English in public places shared the same fate. The populace seized suspicious-looking Germans and did not stop until several officers in uniform, on the way to



Into the Battle

By GRANTLAND RICE

INTO the battle the Trooper speeds
As the bugles call and the drums respond;
Into the fight as the captain leads
Where the low line waits on the hills beyond;
Waits for the signal — then the crack
Of blue steel rimmed with a crest of flame,
And few ride back on the homeward track
Where many rode when the order came.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds,
Into the line where the rifle rings,
But little the Trooper hears or heeds
The song of hate which the shrapnel sings —
The roar of battle — the curse — the shout —
The crash and clamor of friend and foe —
The riderless horse that wheels about
And gallops past to the plains below.

For out from the smoke wreath, far away,
He hears the patter of little feet;
The dim, far call of a child at play
With babyhood laughter, low and sweet;
The murmur of voices, dream-swept far
From the little path to the cottage gate,
Where eagerly under the evening star
Mother and child in the twilight wait.

Into the battle the Trooper speeds —
But somewhere out from the Far-off Lands
An echo drifts where a soft voice pleads
And the tender pressure of little hands;
A mother's lullaby from the night
And a call to the Great White God in prayer
That one will come from the far-off fight
To those who wait in the darkness there.

fight for their Fatherland, were under arrest as spies. A reserve officer, who appeared in the street in faded trousers and a new tunic, was seized by a mob that asked him if he was "the Frenchman who poisoned the wells at Metz." In peace time the officer would have sliced off the amateur detectives' arms, and a court-martial would have acquitted him. The officer behaved calmly, laughed at the crowd, and allowed himself to be taken to the police station.

Once at least the biter was bit. Among the crowd hunting spies in the Charlottenstrasse was a zealous cashier who was bringing a wad of money to pay laborers on the Tempelhof Field. After patriotically helping to apprehend a "spy" he made off. Five minutes later he himself was arrested. He protested.

"My German accent proves I'm no foreigner!"

"It proves you're a spy. Spies always speak good German."

Here the crowd began a search. No money was found. "He's certainly a spy," shouted the chief amateur detective. "He hasn't got a pfennig on him."

"Not a pfennig!" roared the mob.

Here a searcher unearthed a thousand marks in small notes.

"That proves he's a spy!" bawled the crowd. "He got it from France in small notes so as to bribe our brave soldiers. Who gave you the money?"

And, having with true German punctiliousness counted the money, made a memorandum and given the "spy" a receipt, they proceeded to beat him. A policeman ended the comedy. My old friend, Samuel Beach Conger, Associated Press correspondent, was seized at Gumbinnen as a Russian spy. As he lay in jail, Berlin newspapers reported that "a Russian grand duke had been arrested at Gumbinnen." Only war transfigures mere newspaper men into grand dukes.

Brides Waiting in Line

THE first result of mobilization and war was a rush to the churches. Marriage and death were indissolubly combined and every betrothed soldier set about to wed. A decree proclaimed that for Nottrauungen (immediate marriages of soldiers) banns and other formalities were dispensed with. Between Saturday morning, August 1, and Tuesday at twelve, there were 4,400 such weddings. Half were solemnized on Sunday. I saw some of this. I was driving past the red brick church in Wilhelmsaue where my own child was christened. Outside were twenty-odd couples in a queue, as if waiting for a theatre, not for marriage and death. Some soldier bridegrooms were in uniform; reservists were in mufti. The reservists carried the inevitable cardboard box. I saw two girls in the queue keeping places for bridegrooms who had not yet come, and I saw men keeping places for their brides. The parties were of all classes—rich girls in wedding dress who had come in motor cars, servant girls with red arms straight from their work.

Mars Vanquishes Eros

WITH these "war marriages" the God of War deals grimly. The reserve artillery lieutenant, Nielsen, came from his regiment at Chemnitz to Berlin to marry the niece of General Berndt, commander of the Twelfth Artillery Brigade at Neisse. In Berlin he found that she had got a special permit to travel, and had left by train for Chemnitz, intending to wed him there. The trains crossed. Lieutenant Nielsen, unwedded that evening left for the front. In addition to many Bismarcks, Buelows, Moltkes, and members of other famous families, the Kaiser's two sons, Princes Oscar and Adalbert, were among the bridegrooms—both nice clean-living, patriotic lads. Oscar's marriage to Countess Ina von Bassewitz was solemnized at Schloss Bellevue, in North Berlin. Adalbert married Princess Adelheid of Saxe-Meiningen. I am told that he kissed his bride after the ceremony and immediately left for headquarters on the North Sea. Such partings were illuminated by hope. One of my servants told me a story more terrible. It concerns one of her own cousins. The story I almost shrink from printing, for I believe it is unexampled even in the incalculable tragedy of war. Here is the story:

The Gefreiter (private absolved from sentry duty but not yet with noncom's rank), George Lepsius, was obliged to report himself at barracks at 11.40 a. m. At 11.45 the regiment would march to the Potsdamer Railway depot, en route to Colmar. Lepsius was engaged to an attractive shop girl, Marie Schulze. At 11.15 the soldier decided for a war wedding, made for his sweetheart's house at Teltow, and carried her off to the Teltow Trinity Church. She went in her working clothes.

On the way the pair stopped, and, failing to find orange blossoms, bought a bouquet of lilies. By 11.30 the wedding was almost over. When the soldier bridegroom put the ring on his beloved's finger, she dropped like a stone. Her forehead struck the altar steps. The pastor undid her bodice, put his hand on her heart, and ejaculated:

"Your unhappy bride—"

"Ihre ungluckliche Braut—"

And he stopped. Lepsius for a moment seemed dazed. Then he looked at his watch, put a lily in the dead girl's hand, and, making a military salute to the pastor and clerk, tramped out of the church.

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Marconi *vs.* Hymen

By Frank X. Finnegan

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

SOMEBODY, who ought to know, once observed with an air of authority that all the world loves a lover, since which time the statement has been generally accepted at its face value; but in the case of Peter Weber, dyer and cleaner, of Halsted Street, we note an exception.

The antipathy of Mr. Weber did not run against lovers in general. It was reserved in all of its Teutonic strength for a tall, thin young man who answered to the name of "Bill" when he was behind the counter in Deist's grocery store, but who preferred to be called "Mr. Harding." Halsted Street, not being given to exaggeration in the matter of social forms, compromised by calling him "Billy." And the genesis of Mr. Weber's loathing for the agile young man lay in the fact that Billy aspired to annex Lena, the daughter of the house of Weber, to the name of Harding.

With this object in view, Billy put in most of what waking hours he could spare from the exactions of the grocery business burning incense before the shrine of Miss Weber; the same taking the tangible form of ice-cream sodas, trolley rides to amusement parks, visits to tango temples, lengthy strolls in the park, occasional club sandwiches, and very frequent conferences on benches in shadowy nooks. Herr Weber, having scented from afar the atmosphere of adoration that radiated from Billy when he was within the zone of influence, issued a ukase that was intended to end his hopes summarily.

OF COURSE the command that the grocer's assistant should bask no longer in Lena's smiles, and should squander his wages in some other direction, served to bring about that secrecy and stealth which only feeds the flame of love.

"He is after a wife with money, this fellow," Mr. Weber stormed at his red-eyed daughter after his third and fourth warnings had been ignored. "Why should he have the nerve to hang around after you—such a grocery clerk? You ought to be ashamed—a daughter of mine! You should get a business man when you get a husband—somebody with money in the bank, that amounts to something. A grocery clerk! Humph! If I see him again with you some time I'll break his back! He thinks something should be coming to you if I die; that's what it is!"

Lena was not without a flash of her father's spirit. She dried her tears at that and raised her chin rebelliously.

"He is nothing of the kind—a fortune hunter!" she retorted. "He's an honest, hard-working young fellow that's ready to make his own way. And if he should look ahead a little and figure on his wife bringing him money to start in business for himself," she added, "would you count it against him? That's what you call smart when somebody else around the corner does it. That's the kind of a fellow that gets along, you say. But when it comes into your own family it's different."

HER father removed his pipe to stare open-mouthed at the rebel. The feminist movement had not touched his placid existence. In the scheme of things as he understood it, womenfolks did what they were told.

"Tell me something," he said heavily, "am I the head of my own house?"

Lena did not reply. He took it that his question did not require an answer.

"Then I am telling you this fellow Harding is no good," he declared. "I don't want you should have anything more to do with him. And if you don't do what I say—if you should be such a fool as to marry him—not a dollar of mine do you ever see. I'm through with you. You understand me, Lena? Then that's enough I have said."

Followed a fortnight of secret trysts and stolen meetings and of whispered messages over Mr. Weber's own telephone wire while he played pinochle in Heidelmeier's back room; vows were repeated with a bland disregard for the Weber bank account, upon which Mr. Weber believed all things must hinge. Finally, on a balmy Saturday morning, little Miss Weber, in her jauntiest tailor-made, crowned with a military confection that had graced a Halsted Street window the day before, stood at the rail of the *City of Ludington* and looked anxiously down upon the dwindling crowd that passed in over the gangplank.



"You're Lena Weber," the brisk young man declared. . . .
"Well? Supposing that I am," Miss McMullen returned.
"What's the big idea of you weaving up here and telling me about it?"

HER heart began to beat faster and a puzzled little frown deepened between her blue eyes as the last of the excursionists, basket laden and with umbrellas and raincoats trailing behind them, came hurrying along the pier to be swallowed up in the laughing, chattering crowd aboard the big steamer. The whistle boomed out its warning above her while she still strained her vision along the deserted pier and the deck hands began hauling in the gangplank.

AROUND the corner of a red freight shed beside the pier a stout woman with a heavy suit case suddenly appeared on the run, waving her hand bag frantically at the steamer and squealing for delay. Two freight handlers helped her over the trembling gangplank, to the admiration of a thousand spectators along the rails of three decks, the ropes were cast off, and the *City of Ludington* slowly began to move off.

No one noticed Lena's perturbation. The crowds of holiday seekers, setting out on week-end excursions across the lake, or longer vacation trips, were too much concerned in waving farewells to their friends outside the pier railing or in searching for comfortable seats to observe the scared little girl who stood on deck all alone, a suit case at her feet, watching the great buildings that lined the river slip past the steamer as it rapidly forged on its way toward the shimmering lake.

Somewhere up forward a band suddenly struck up a tango melody. There was a quick hustling away of chairs and camp stools, and then the shuffling of feet and little screams of delight that told the dance was on. Waiters, strident of voice and familiar of manner, began circulating through the crowd bearing loaded trays aloft and crying for room. The excursion was on, and in all the crowd only Lena Weber failed to revel in the spirit of it.

FOR nearly a half hour she stood at the rail until the steamer had passed out into the lake and the sky line of the city was beginning to be shrouded in smoke.

Then she took up the suit case and moved slowly through the noisy crowd to a companionway that led to the ladies' saloon, descended the staircase with a brave effort to keep her white lips from trembling, and made her way to a red plush-covered sofa to think things over. She had not reached the seat when she was hailed by a friendly voice that made her drop the heavy bag in her surprise.

"Hello, Lena! Where to all alone?" it said.

She turned quickly and almost tottered toward the young woman who had called to her.

"Birdie!" she shrieked. "Oh, Birdie, I'm—I'm so glad to see you!"

And, by way of proving it, she immediately burst into the flood of tears that she had been struggling so hard to hold back.

Miss Birdie McMullen, the queen of Halsted Street, elevated her eyebrows a trifle and seized Miss Weber by both hands.

"You seem to be tickled to death to have me horn in on your party," she said. "If you loosen up like this when you're glad, Lena, I'd certainly hate to meet you at a funeral without any rain proof. What's the idea?"

LENA continued to weep for a few moments, while Birdie regarded her curiously. They were by no means close friends, but Miss McMullen knew the Weber girl as she knew pretty much everyone in Halsted Street, and knew something of the loneliness and hard work Lena had known since her mother's death three years before. On her part, the dyer's daughter looked up to Birdie McMullen as to one on a plane many degrees above her own, and to which she would never aspire.

"I look foolish crying when I say I'm glad to see you, don't I?" Lena admitted, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "But I couldn't help it, Birdie. It looked so good to see you when I'm in such trouble."

"In trouble?" Miss McMullen repeated. "There it goes. I knew I couldn't get over to South Haven for a couple of days without bumping into some one who was going down for the third time and yelling to me for a life preserver. Well, come over here and tell me about it," she went on, slipping a motherly arm around the girl's shoulder. "What on earth are you doing in this bunch of week-end highflyers if you're in trouble?"

She led Lena to the red-plush sofa, and they sat down, the younger girl still weepy and shaken. They had the big room to themselves for the moment save for a woman at the farther end who was intent upon caring for her baby.

"Why, that's just it, Birdie," Miss Weber explained. "It was all right when I started out, but—but it's happened since then. I'm eloping," she added, looking up timorously.

"Eloping! Then, believe me, you're right about that trouble stuff," Birdie rejoined. "Where's the other half of the sketch?"

"Who?" Lena asked.

"The provider—the busy Jimmie of the affair—the man, silly! You're not eloping with the suit case, are you?" Miss McMullen rejoined.

"Oh, that's what's the matter!" Lena exclaimed. "He didn't come!"

BIRDIE sat back and looked at her accusingly.

"See here, Lena Weber," she said, "if you're trying to get by with a single-handed elopement, don't spring it on South Haven. They're used to the real article over there in flocks and bunches, but it takes at least two to make an elopement look natural—sometimes three if pa gets on the trail fast enough to grab a train in Chicago and get over there ahead of the steamer. What seems to have happened to your bridegroom?"

Miss Weber clouded up again, and her tears flowed afresh.

"I don't know," she wailed. "He was to meet me here on the boat, and we were going to be married in South Haven this afternoon, and—and here he's missed the boat or been murdered or something, and I'm here all alone. Oh, Birdie, what am I going to do?"

"Don't cry all over this nice red sofa and get it spotted up; there's a nice girl," Birdie advised. "And he could easily miss the boat without being slaughtered—I've known a lot of people to do that. All you've got to do is loll around here in a steamer chair until we get to South Haven, and then take a train back home. You can get there by eight o'clock, and you needn't tell everybody along the road where you've been and

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what's happened. And after you've put your little suit case away in the clothes closet just get your Wandering Willie on the telephone and find out how about it. That's all easy enough, and I don't see any reason for you doing a Brodie over the side of the boat."

"But—but what will I tell my father?" Lena sobbed.

"Say, you're going to have a lot of nice long hours to figure out what you'll tell him," Miss McMullen said. "The less fathers know about elopements the better for all hands round and ladies change. Haven't you got a cousin or an aunt, or something handy like that, where you could have gone for the day? Relations ought to be of some use, you know."

LENA looked up at her tragically through her tears. "How can I?" she wailed. "I left a note telling him I was running away with Will Harding to get married!"

"That does mix things up a whole lot," Birdie admitted. "I never could see why you high-strung young things, that dash to the altar up a sidetrack instead of taking the main line, always have to scatter a lot of literature around for father. He'd find it out fast enough without any inside information in advance. So it's Billy Harding that you've almost eloped with, eh? Well, you might do worse, Lena. If he's really missed the boat and hasn't got cold feet before making the big jump, things ought to straighten themselves out all right when we get across the lake. We might telephone him from over there, or something like that. Cheer up, and don't have a red nose for your wedding," she added, patting the disconsolate fugitive on the shoulder. Miss Weber sniffed into her handkerchief a few times more, wiped her eyes, and tried to smile recognition of this optimistic outlook.

"I should have let him come with me right from our corner, the way he wanted to," she said, "but I thought I was going to be smart. Will had to attend to some business for his boss this morning that couldn't be put off, and I told him to go ahead and do it and meet me on the steamer. He gave me my ticket so I could come aboard, or I would have been waiting for him on the pier. I wish now he hadn't," she added miserably.

"Well, that wouldn't have helped much so long as you dropped that line to papa telling him you were going to grab a new home," Miss McMullen assured her. "You certainly stirred up your dad when you propped that on the pincushion and tiptoed out the back door. You don't expect to find the doormat, with 'Welcome' tattooed on it, laid out for you now unless you come home holding Willie by the hand, do you? Not if I know Pa Weber, and I've met him now and then in the last ten years. No, indeed, fraulein. We've got to frame up some way of putting this thing over now that you've made a flying start."

"But Will won't know where I am!" Lena protested.

"He knows you're on this steamer, and I don't see what's going to keep him from beating it over to South Haven on the railroad and being on the pier over there when you land this afternoon," Birdie said. "If he's as keen for getting you as he ought to be, he'll be there all right. And if he isn't we'll think of something positively unique to do then. You can jog along with me, you know, and I guess pa will have to stand for that if he hears about it. I'm going over to meet Evelyn Maguire at the Sterlingworth and put in a few days of high-class loafing on the hotel porch. You can have a single-handed honeymoon with us if Billy has jumped the track. Come on and check your vanity bag anyhow and let's go up on the deck."

Two hours later the girls were chatting over their luncheon in the dining saloon when a steward passed through the room carrying an envelope and paging Miss Lena Weber. That young woman, listening in frightened disbelief to the sonorous repetition of her name, seized Birdie's hand convulsively. "He's calling my name!" she whispered. "What on earth can it be?"

"Let's ask him," Miss McMullen suggested. "I'm a frost as a mind reader."

"Oh, no! I'm afraid!" Lena gasped. "It's—it's something about Will!"

"I'll take it," Birdie said, signaling to the steward. "Something about Will is what we need to find out just now."

"Miss Lena Weber?" the steward asked.

MISS McMULLEN nodded, and he handed her an envelope.

"Wireless telegram for you," he said. "Sign the book here, please."

Birdie scribbled Lena's name on the line he indicated, and when the boy had passed on ripped open the envelope. Miss Weber was regarding the yellow paper with awe and fascination. It was the nearest she had ever approached to that modern marvel, the marconigram. "Oh, Birdie! What is it?" she whispered nervously.

"You don't mind my reading this?" Miss McMullen asked—the slip being only half withdrawn.

"Go on! Go on! I wouldn't look at it for a million dollars!" Lena assured her. "I was always afraid of telegrams. And a wireless—oh, my good gracious! I think they're terrible!"

BIRDIE had drawn out the message and glanced over it. She elevated her eyebrows as she read, and then looked at her timid companion with a broad smile.

"Well, your friend William is game all right," she said. "He hasn't taken it on the run off the dock nor backed away from the bridal noose, as you have been fearing away down near the paper soles of your Oxfords. Your cruel parent has had him tossed into jail for a few hours, but now that he's been sprung he's fleeing to you on the wings of love, aided in spots by the Pere Marquette Railroad. Listen to this:

"Arrested this morning for abduction, charged by your father. Bailed out too late to catch boat. Coming by train. Be careful. Think he has telegraphed South Haven officers to arrest you on landing. Cheer up. I'll be on the job. WILL."

"He was arrested?" Miss Weber gasped, horror dawning in her eyes.

"Yes, but it didn't take," Birdie said. "That's what you get for scattering good-by notes behind you when you leave home to elope, young woman. Your father probably found your note and went on the warpath—I can see him now tearing up one side of Halsted Street and down the other, yelling for the Fire Department and the Board of Health to come and lend him a helping hand. And then he spotted your handsome hero beating it over the grocery route, making his last collections for Old Man Deist, and called the copper off the corner to drag him to the dungeon.



For nearly a half hour she stood at the railing

Some excitement around those old corners this morning after we left, Lena. And if the newspapers get hold of it you can be in vaudeville before the week is out. I wonder if Bill can do any of these tangerine dances?"

"How can you joke about it?" Lena quavered. "And they're going to put me in jail, too! What's that for? Is it a crime to get married these days?"

"I know people who think it's a lot worse than murder," Miss McMullen asserted, "but they don't count. You needn't fret about getting arrested in South Haven, Lena. I don't propose to have any copper butt in on love's young dream with a night stick while I'm the chaperon of a perfectly good elopement. How old are you?"

"I'm nineteen next October," Miss Weber returned.

"Well, that's good enough at home, but you'll be twenty-one by the time you get to South Haven," Birdie declared. "You've aged terribly crossing the lake. And I'm just waiting to see somebody arrest you for taking a trip to South Haven with me. We could collect a million dollars' damages from the State of Michigan and make the Governor come around and apologize. The police are an awful scream, aren't they?"

"How do you mean?" Lena asked wonderingly.

"Why, that bunch back home lock up Billy Harding for abducting a girl who isn't even in town, and over here the chances are they'd be ready to grab you for eloping without a bridegroom. For a herd of mental mastodons, I'll pick the average police station and take 'em as they come."

"But if pa does telegraph to the police in South Haven," Lena persisted, "would they have any right to arrest me, Birdie?"

"Nothing worries the police less than what they have a right to do," Miss McMullen replied. "I've never known a copper yet to get embarrassed and resign because he'd made some kind of a break about agresting somebody. They're more likely to bounce a two-foot hickory club off the prisoner's skull for showing them up. Just wait until we get ashore and then we'll see what will happen."

But things began to happen some little time before the *City of Ludington* tied up to her South Haven pier. A tug came fussily out to meet the steamer, and from it a lantern-jawed young man leaped aboard as soon as the vessels touched. He made his way direct to the captain, the purser was called into conference, and a few minutes later the wireless operator was summoned. Then a call went out for the steward who had delivered the message addressed to Miss Lena Weber, and after the official heads had been together a while longer, that excited youth came bearing down upon Lena and Birdie, with the newcomer forging along in his wake.



Lena and Billy swarmed into the room without waiting for permission, hand in hand, and smiling happily upon the world. "Well, we're married!" Billy shouted, and then stopped short at sight of his father-in-law

THEY were sitting in a quiet spot on the after-deck under an awning, quite apart from the restless and impatient throng of holiday makers, who had flocked forward to watch the deck hands preparing for the landing. The steward pointed an accusing finger at Miss McMullen.

"That's her," he declared triumphantly, turning to the capable-looking person behind him, who at once stepped to the front. Lena had started to rise, with one hand pressed against her fluttering bosom, but Birdie pushed her down again to the seat.

"Just keep quiet and let me handle this," she murmured. "It's all right."

"You're Lena Weber," the brisk young man declared, aiming another forefinger at Birdie. "No use trying to deny it—I've got witnesses right here that you're her."

"Well? Supposing that I am," Miss McMullen returned. "What's the big idea of you weaving up here and telling me about it? You don't imagine they've been holding out on me about my name all these years, do you?"

He smiled down on her sarcastically and placed his hands on his hips, in the attitude of one appraising a new specimen.

"Fresh, eh?" he said. "I guess they didn't get after you any too soon. Why, say, kiddo, you don't have to ask me what it's all about. You got a wireless today tipping you off that

(Continued on page 31)

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The Turning of Joe

By Frank A. Halverson

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

"MISTEER DRIVER, me gitta car dissa time?"

Joe, the little Italian miner asked the question eagerly as he darted out from under the brushing into the heading. In his voice was quavering entreaty. He leaned his hard, callousel hands on the empty coal car, and gazed appealingly at the trip rider.

"Sure, Joe, take a car!"

"Gooda man!" Joe ejaculated gleefully. Cars were coveted treasures to the miners. Each one filled with coal meant money on pay day.

With animated haste, Joe uncoupled a car and pushed it over the switch. When he had it in the parting, he stopped for breath and removed the oil lamp from his cap and trimmed the wick. Its burst of light revealed the dark-arched tunnel of the heading partly filled with shifting dust and powder smoke. The gleam also played on Joe's face and showed the swarthy features streaked and grimed with coal soot. His eyes were small, but wonderfully bright. With a sweep of his hand he brushed back his curly hair, replaced his cap, and putting his weight on the drawbar of the car he pushed it into his room.

"Hurry up, Joe!" Jack the driver urged, "Mike's coming!"

"Badda man, Mike!" Joe muttered excitedly, "he steala my car. No giva me turn!"

JACK understood the law of the mines. Cars were to be evenly distributed among the men; but little Joe, not being able to defend himself, was continually victimized.

"Get in before Mike comes!" Jack warned. "He'll take your car again. It is his turn to lay off. Hurry!"

Joe was off with his car instantly. He knew that Mike would be after him. His evident fright made Jack smile in pity.

The other miners were coming out on the heading with their cars; the rumbling of wheels stopped at switches and partings; their lamps lit the entryway, looking like electric bulbs on a city street.

"Say, driver, move on!"

The voice was a bellow, hard, rasping, domineering.

"No car for you this time, Mike," the driver replied.

"To —— there ain't!"

Mike crawled past his car and came out on the entryway. He was a giant. With a great intake of breath he straightened up to his full height. On his face was a settled snarl. His shirt was gaping open at the throat and his broad breast was ridged with muscle. With his powerful arms swinging, he walked down to the driver and inquired: "What did you say about my car?"

"None for you," Jack repeated, but he put no grit in the assertion. "You've got more than the other men now. Every man is supposed to receive an equal share."

BIG MIKE laughed gratingly, showing his yellow teeth. "Since when, Jack? Say, what are you going to do about that dago?" Mike's words were a sneer.

"Give him a square deal," Jack reasoned pleadingly. "He's got a wife to support and a home to maintain. He's not earning his salt. You're taking his cars every day."

"He has no business in here!" Mike bellowed angrily, "he should be starved out." He cursed "that dago."

The rumble of Joe's empty car mingled with the malediction. Mike hurried down to Joe's parting and peered into the room. He could see the Italian's lamp moving ahead in the murky shadows.

"Bring that car back!" he shouted with an oath.

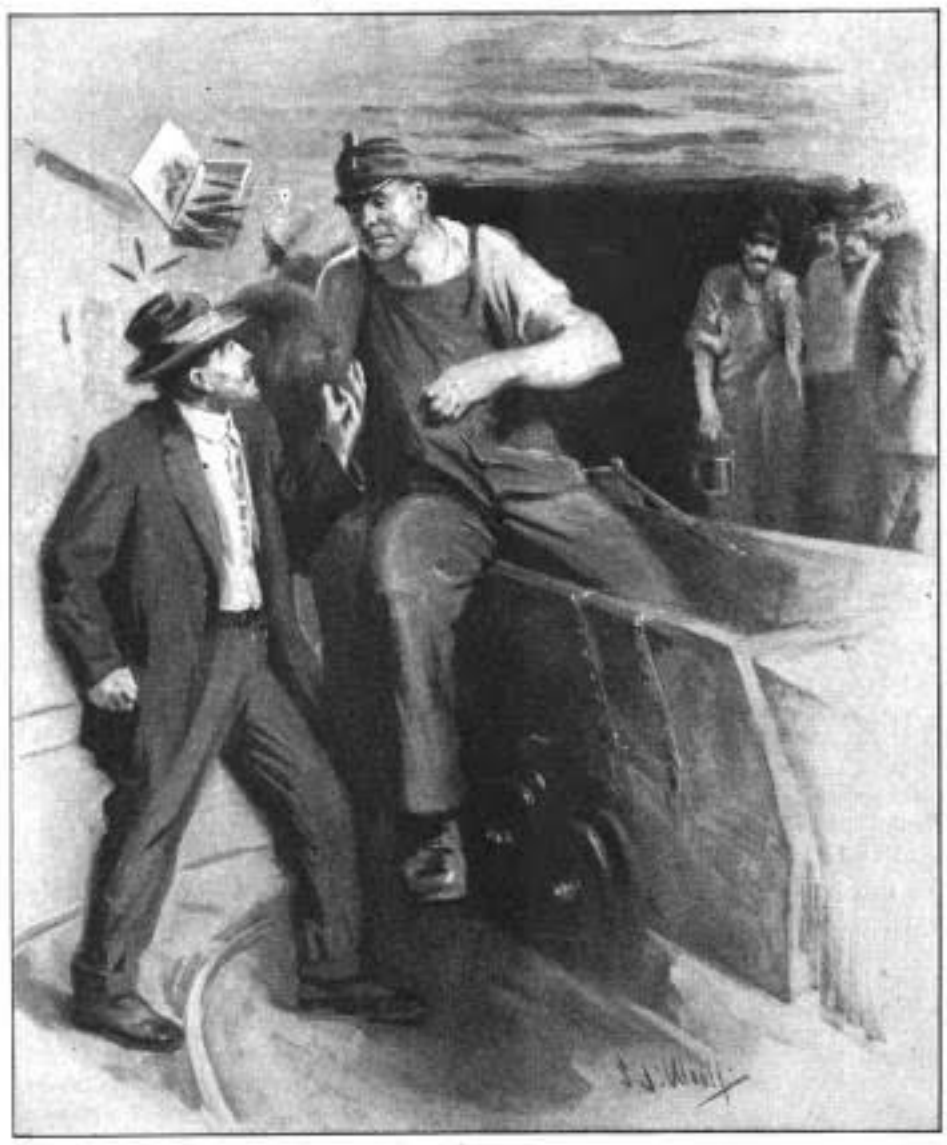
Joe increased his speed, intent on filling the car.

With rapid suppleness, Mike darted under the slate brushing and running a little distance up the road shouted again: "Push that car out! It's mine!"

"Wassa matter dis!" Joe returned, blocking the car and hastily throwing a few shovels of coal into it. "You no gitta dis-a-one! It'sa mine."

"It is? I'll show you!"

Joe shoveled with speed, the glow from Mike's lamp was coming closer; Mike was using all the blasphemous words his limited vocabulary contained in berating the little Italian. When he reached the coupling link he grasped it and gave it a violent pull; it resisted his effort; failing on his knees, Mike reached out his hand and removed the sprag that was holding the car—his head was level with the wheels; so intent was he on taking the car that he did not notice Joe. The latter had raised his shovel and an ugly light burned for a moment in his eyes; a frenzied hiss through his bared teeth gave him away. Mike heard it and looked up. "You would, would you!" he shouted, springing to his feet.



The happy father walked over to Mike. "Misteer Mike, taka a smoke." Mike's answer was a quick, upward blow of his arm. He hit the box and the cigars scattered in many directions.... He roared and cursed Joe's son

"No, no Misteer Mike," Joe pleaded, changing instantly. The spark of manhood was gone, every lineament of Joe's face betrayed fear; he was trembling in uncontrollable fright, he sank on his knees, whining and groveling in front of the tyrannous Mike.

With a raucous laugh, Mike raised his heavy shoe and planted a solid kick in Joe's ribs. "That's good medicine for dagoes!" he gloated leeringly.

Some of the miners had gathered near, but a tense silence, broken only by heavy breathing, bound them. The blackened faces of the men disclosed strong emotions. They were cowed by fear. Mike was the master and none disputed his sway.

A rumbling indicated that Mike was bringing the empty car back. The miners gazed at one another. Some of them swore, but not loud.

"It's a shame!" Jack the driver still protested. "Mike does as he pleases. That car gives him three to-day and Joe has not received any yet. Yesterday Mike had seven and Joe four. Is that justice? God, if I were a little heavier—"

"Cut it out, Jack," a miner interrupted, "don't fly off the handle and get your looks spoiled. Joe's only a dago."

"He's a man," Jack hurled back, tears of anger in his eyes. "We're a cowardly set to let Mike boss us!"

THE men were uncoupling their own cars in passing their switches. All seemed in a hurry to get in to their work. Secretly they resented Mike's abuse of Joe; yet none wished or dared to offend the powerful bully.

When Jack reached the face of the heading, he unhooked the spreader and turning the mule around he connected it on the entryman's car.

"What han wrong?" inquired Lars, coming out from under the brushing and resting his elbow on a lump of coal. "You han long time!"

Jack touched the muscles of the big blond Swede's arm and exclaimed: "Man, if I had your strength, I'd lick the dirtiness out of big Mike. He took the dago's car again. I'd kill him," he burst out in helpless rage.

"Ban dago that little man?" Lars questioned.

"Yes."

Jack told the story hotly. Lars's blue eyes snapped.

"Aye han come down next time," Lars confided with determined finality. "Mike he do that to little man—he do to me the same. He nice man to me." To impress Jack of his ability, he took a lump of coal off the car and crushed it in his powerful hand. "How Mike like that squeeze?" he queried.

The driver's countenance flushed eagerly; if Lars took a hand it would make it easy to give every man his share of cars.

THE miners were in the rooms when Jack came spragging the loaded trip past Joe's parting; stopping the mule and peering into the latter's place, he could discern a feeble flicker from Joe's lamp and Joe lying in a huddled position by the track.

Coming closer to the little man, he heard him moan as if in great pain.

"Are you hurt?"

But Jack could make out no words in the low whining that came from the shaking little miner. His nerve was gone.

Jack said to himself bitterly that he himself was no better, for he would flunk at a show-down with Mike. Game! Fight! What chance had Joe? What chance had he?

"Come on, Joe," Jack advised, "go out and tell the boss."

Jack departed and Joe continued his crying. The big sleek rats came out from their hiding places and hopped from stone to stone, with shrill squeaks. The air was cold, but Joe did not feel it. The sweat was boiling from him. With a painful effort he crawled to where his lamp lay and brushing the coal dust off the wick, still with the lamp in front of him, he bowed his head in his hands, moaning and sighing. How could he cope with Mike—he, the little foreigner, detested, snubbed, and spit upon on all occasions?

On the following morning when the miners were waiting for the trip to pull in, they heard some one coming down the track and whistling lustily. The gay notes came from the Italian quarter of the mining settlement.

Sandy MacPherson, mine foreman, stopped and listened. A smile broke over his dour face. It was such a strange thing for Sandy to smile that the waiting miners took notice, and watched with the more interest the path that led from the settlement up to the mine.

"Well, of all things!" Sandy exclaimed.

COMING briskly up the path was little Joe. His face shone, he was wearing his best suit of clothes, the pride of the company store—several sizes too large for his person, they were; a rubber collar circled his neck; the roomy, baggy trousers hung on a belt, and their sag necessitated several rolls at the bottom; the broad stub shoes had been treated to a liberal coat of polish.

"Gooda mornink!" Joe's military salute was debonair.

"Same to you!" Sandy ejaculated, "but wha' in blazes is the meaning o' this?"

From inside his coat Joe brought forth a box of cigars. "Bigga boy comma my house! Take a cigar-r-r!"

"I'll be blamed!" Sandy burst out vehemently. "Ye'll nae be so happy when ye have two or three or maybe mair. Aye lad, I ken yer feelings the noo. Here's congratulations and lots o' them." He grasped Joe's hand and the muscles of the new-made father's face twitched at the strength of the grip, but—"Taka more smoke, misteer boss." Joe urged gamely.

"Aye, lads," Sandy called, "step up and have a smoke on Joe's boy. It's a proud man he is. I ken weel how it is."

Sitting, unnoticed in the first car of the trip was Mike. He did not come up with the other men to partake of Joe's treat, but sat (*Concluded on page 26*)

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE of Oklahoma is not one of the least desirable of the Democrats in Washington. Indeed, as politicians go, he belongs rather at the better extreme. But so prevalent is the idea abroad of appealing for reelection on the basis of success at the pie counter that he, too, relies on it. He has flooded Oklahoma with letters (under frank, of course), in which he says:

I had hoped to see you personally and to account face to face for my stewardship. I was detained in Washington by the Indian Appropriation Bill. As reported by the Committee to the Senate, this bill carried six or seven millions for Oklahoma. I could not get my consent to leave my post of duty until I had made every effort to *bring this golden tide into our State.*

"Bring this golden tide into our State." Is it too much to say that a politician who talks this way, whose attitude of mind toward the Government is indicated by these words, is hardly deserving of reelection? Senator Gore continues in the unctuous strain of self-sacrifice:

I felt that I ought to sacrifice my own interest rather than sacrifice the interest of my people.

My length of service and committee assignments helped me materially in accomplishing the foregoing results. In the Senate *seniority counts.*

In other words: 1, having been in Washington a long time, and therefore knowing the ropes, can get you more pork than a new man. This circular letter of Senator Gore's, with an odor of cant that hangs round the pork barrel, begins: "My dear Sir and Friend," and closes thus:

With hearty good wishes for your health and good fortune, I am Yours very truly,

Senator Gore has been seen in more worthy rôles than this.

Staying in Washington

WHEN Congress decided to cut off the salaries of absentees, it took belated notice of a scandalous condition. On one roll call last week the entire delegation from Maine was absent. Eight members were absent from Massachusetts, and out of forty-three New York members, twenty-seven were absent. This sort of thing has been going on for a long time. Congress has always artfully avoided adopting any rule which would even permit the public to know when members are present and when they are absent. The only way of knowing is to consult the roll calls on measures which come up, but many days go by without any roll call, and there is really no way of being sure of the percentage of attendance of any one member. An amusing aspect of the present action is that the Republicans claim the Democrats have, in the slang of the day, "put one over on them." Practically all the Democratic members are returned, not at the elections in November, but at the primaries during the preceding spring. This means that all the Democratic members are through with their campaigning, and are perfectly content to stay in Washington. They are enforcing the rule about absentees just at a time when Republican members find it most important to be away from Washington to look after reelection.

A Harassing Menace

THE question of prohibition does not appear much in the dispatches from Washington. But, nevertheless, it is the question which is giving more concern to members of Congress up for reelection than the trust bills or the emergency war measures. The feeling in Washington, even among those who are opposed to the Hobson Bill, is that prohibition is a question which won't stay down. The present movement aims to achieve prohibition on a national scale, by an amendment to the Constitution. This has been indorsed recently by both the Republican and Democratic State Conventions in Kansas. These conventions at the same time instructed their Congressional candidates to pledge themselves in support of the amendment. In Missouri the Progressive State Convention took the same action, and the Democratic State Convention would have taken it but for the strenuous work of Senator Stone. It is safe to say that among the 435 Congressional district elections this fall, in fully three-fourths the liquor question will be right to the front.



"A Little Nervous"

May, in Detroit Times

A Public Service

FEW Congressmen have made themselves more useful in their first terms than James A. Frear of Wisconsin. At the beginning of the present Congress Mr. Frear went to Washington to fight the river and harbor pork barrel, and he has been fighting it ever since. He did all in his power to defeat the 1914 bill in the House, and when it was passed over his protest he followed it to the other end of the Capitol, where he has been furnishing Kenyon, La Follette, and other Senators with information with which to fight the measure. Mr. Frear has a resolution before the House which calls for a thorough investigation of many of the items of the measure. He believes a thorough airing of the bill would make its adoption impossible and lead to the enactment of a law providing for a waterways commission to be appointed by the President, thereby removing the national rivers and harbors problem as far as possible from local influences. Mr. Frear's plucky fight deserves universal commendation, but we think Congress ought to abolish the pork-barrel system without a costly investigation. Another man who is deserving of great credit for his opposition to the pork barrel is Senator Burton of Ohio. Senator Burton is one of the few men in Washington who have fought with sincerity and energy for economy with the public money. He is retiring from the Senate voluntarily; there are fully fifty Senators who would be missed less.

Small But Noisy

THERE can be no doubt that there is a minor section among politicians, conspicuous now among the Democrats only because that party happens to be in power, who have a real antipathy for property and business as such. They make their living by politics, and so have no concern about private property of their own. They are not burdened by the responsibility of making a business keep going. They have no experience of the obligation toward employees and dependents. Their feeling toward property and organized business partakes of a kind of intellectual anarchy. They think that organized business implies a lack of individual freedom, the imposition of one man's will on another's in a way that is distasteful to them as pronounced individualists.

THE RECORDS OF CONGRESSMEN

FOUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelection. The best basis for determining whether they should be reelected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish, and address

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU,
901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

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My Mission and Betrayal in England

By Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS FANCHER

DURING 1911 my diplomatic missions piled one upon the other. Of recent years the German has been the most tempestuous of European cabinets. The drama that began with my mission to Monte Carlo and developed through the swift climaxes of the Moroccan affair, the secret conference between Germany, Austria, and England in the Black Forest, that rushed on through the intrigues that preceded the Balkan War, had now lulled, gathering its forces for the present catastrophe—the most appalling war Europe has ever seen. To be sure the terms that the English, German, and Austrian Ministers had agreed upon in the Black Forest were now awaiting ratification by their respective Governments. Bear this in mind—"were awaiting ratification"—for it explains the mission that I was called upon to undertake on November 18, 1911.

I received the usual summons to report at the Wilhelmsstrasse. Instead of being brought before Count von Wedell, I was taken over to the Königgrätzerstrasse, to the German Admiralty Intelligence Department. Here I was introduced to a Captain Tapkan, the chief of the naval branch of the Intelligence Department. The Captain briefly informed me that it had been deemed advisable to send me to England—unwelcome news, this, as you will see. In the usual curt yet polite manner of German officers, the Captain introduced me to three naval experts. One was a construction officer, another in the Signaling Department, the third an expert on explosives and mines. One at a time they took me in hand, grooming me in the intricacies of their respective fields. I sat for hours over diagrams with a naval officer on each side. They brought me before charts that were as big as the wall of the room. These charts gave the exact dimensions and type of every vessel in the British navy. Not only that, I was made to study the silhouettes of all the different types of English warships—why, you will see.

Eternal Vigilance

OBVIOUSLY this special training was significant. Part of my mission to England was to watch the preparations and maneuvers of British warships at the new naval bases on the Scottish coast.

As you may surmise, the situation between England and Germany was peculiar. The secret treaty of the Black Forest was awaiting ratification by the heads of the two Governments. Of course the mass of subjects—indeed not ten men in each country—knew aught of what had transpired near Schlangenbad. Politicians had worked up a war scare to such a pitch that the people of the two nations were ready to rush into conflict. Only a spark was needed to fire the situation. Realizing that under the menace of existing conditions the unforeseen might happen, the Kaiser was not lessening his secret diplomatic intrigues; rather, he was increasing them. It is a fact that even though two nations have a secret treaty, they each remain suspicious of the other. After all, secret treaties have been ruthlessly torn up. The vigilance of European cabinets must be eternal.

Sent to Scotland

HENCE my mission. It was included in my instructions to watch the movements of British warships off the Scottish coast and promptly cable the German Admiralty Intelligence Department concerning them. This is where a study of the silhouette charts would be invaluable. At night or in fog or early in the morning I would not be able to distinguish the British ships by name. But, knowing the silhouettes of all the naval types—for example, certain kinds of dreadnoughts, powerful cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers—I would be able to tell just what ships were putting to sea. When I had memorized all the charts my tutors covered the names of the battleships thereon and made me repeat the types. For instance, I would say: "That is a *Queen Mary* type of dreadnought. The other is of the *Ajax* type. That destroyer is of the *Viper* type." And so on. There were well-defined architectural lines to every group of ships in the British navy, and these silhouettes I learned to know by heart before I was permitted to leave Berlin.

Moreover, I had to brush myself up in topography and trigonometry. In England—so I learned from my instructions—it would be necessary to calculate distances, to take observations on the exact nature of the two new naval bases at Cromarty, in the north, and at Rosyth on the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh.

I was to watch especially the new Rosyth base and to report progress on armaments, new equipment, anything of use to the German Admiralty. I was to keep tab on all the British fleet maneuvers then in progress on the Scottish coast. It must be understood that that new bases at Rosyth and Cromarty were Great Britain's answer to Germany's powerful naval base at Helgoland. So far as Germany's northern coasts are concerned, the Scottish coast is the most convenient point of attack for Great Britain. Fearing the unforeseen spark firing the hostile minds of the peoples of the two nations, Germany was thus preparing to be instantly informed of any sudden demonstration by the English fleets off Scotland. Not a ship could leave either Rosyth or Cromarty without an immediate cable being sent by me to Berlin, reporting how many war vessels and of what type had put to sea; also, if possible, the reason for the movement.

At the Intelligence Department I was given carte blanche as to how to go about my mission. I am frank to say I did not care at all for it. I had good reason to be wary. The suspicious state of England at the time, and a stringent law just passed, made this mission very dangerous as far as my liberty was concerned. There was no danger of a knife thrust, as in the Balkans, but there was of jail. Contrary to all precepts of British law, there had been rushed through the House of Commons a clause so elastic and convenient for convictions that a judge could charge a jury to find a man guilty on suspicion only. As I recall it, the exact wording was:

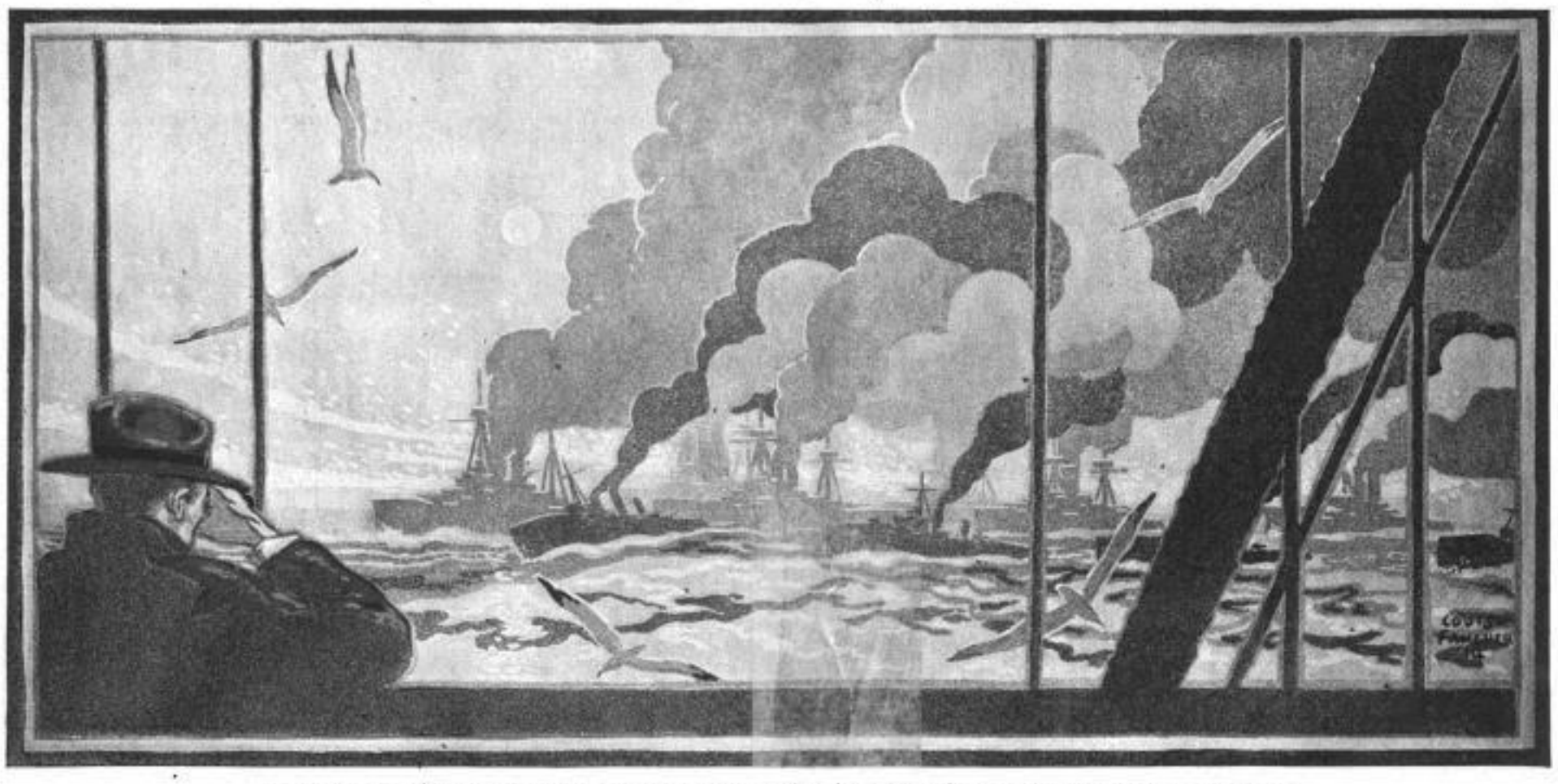
"Any person or persons making or obtaining any document whatsoever, endangering or likely to endanger the safeguards of Great Britain, can be found guilty notwithstanding there being no consequent proof of any actual offense. A sentence of seven years' penal servitude will be given the offender."

A Plague of German Spies

IT DOES not need a lawyer to point out the tremendous power of prosecution that this added clause to the statutes put in the hands of the English Government. As I stated, it was rushed through the House of Commons, but it was necessary. One has to admit that to be fair. Within six months three German spies had been arrested in England. There was a plague of them. Knowing this and also knowing the general efficiency of England's public servants and system, I was rather loath to stick my head into it. That penalty for being caught—seven years penal servitude—loomed ominously, for penal servitude in England is plain hell. I also knew that, although no passports are required in England, they still know pretty well what is going on, especially as regards foreigners. It is easy to get into England, but very hard to get out. Also, knowing the secret understanding between the two Governments, I had an uneasy premonition that everything was not quite right in the state of Denmark. Subsequent events proved to me that this feeling of mine, very seldom at fault, was correct.

Against My Better Judgment

HOWEVER, strong pressure and great inducements were brought to bear on me, and I undertook the mission against my better judgment. When I left Berlin I was thoroughly equipped to carry out instructions. Every war vessel of the British navy, every fortification, naval base, and depot of supplies was coded in Secret Service ciphers. Arrangements had been made with the Intelligence Department to transmit telegrams to an address in Brussels, Belgium. In the event of this secret channel of communication



At five o'clock in the morning — a gray, rainy, foggy morning, through which the ships moved almost ghostlike — I made out sixteen war vessels. From their silhouettes I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels

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with Berlin being closed, there was another address provided, via Copenhagen, and a third, via Paris. The exact names and places I still remember very vividly.

I went to Edinburgh by way of the Hook of Holland and Folkstone. I went by way of March, not passing through London for a reason. The reason is that at any time, and more especially with the air surcharged with war scares, all Continental steamers and expresses entering London are closely watched. The general traveler does not know that every Dover, Calais, and Flushing Express is met and watched, not only by Scotland Yard detectives, but by special Government officers. As a rule, very little escapes them. Anyone not an Englishman is upon landing likely to notice an elderly, gray-haired, high-hatted English gentleman, who looks like a retired army officer or cleric, and who generally carries an umbrella. If this clerical-looking gentleman decides a foreigner is suspicious, he is closely shadowed from the moment he enters London.



I sat for hours over diagrams with a naval officer on each side. They brought me before charts that gave the exact dimensions and type of every vessel in the British navy

Circumventing this by going via March, I arrived in Edinburgh and put up at old Bedford Hotel on Prince's Street, a quiet, select Scottish hostelry. I registered under my quasi correct name of A. K. Graves, M. D., Truro, Australia. My "stunt" was to convey the impression of being an Australian physician taking additional post-graduate courses at the famous Scottish seat of medical learning. After a few days' residence at the Bedford I installed myself in private quarters at a Mrs. McLeod's, in Morningside Road, near Braids Hill. The ordinary expense provided for my residential quarters was $75 a week. This, of course, did not include "extras," such as entertaining, motor trips, special dinners.

Obtaining Information

FOR the first fortnight I quietly took my bearings, creating a suggestion that I was a semi-invalid.

Having by this time familiarized myself with Edinburgh and surroundings, I made frequent trips to the Firth of Forth, upon which was located the Rosyth base. Now, across the Firth there is a long bridge. It is between the Rosyth base and the North Sea. Warships going to and from the naval station pass under it. But more about this bridge later—something for the benefit of the English Admiralty.

Gradually I worked myself into the confidence of one of the bridge keepers. I shall not give the man's name, for to do so would injure him, and quite unwittingly he gave me facilities for studying the naval base and furnished me with scraps of information that I wanted to know. For this he received no money, and he was not a traitor to his country. Through the little acquaintance I struck up with him, I was able to make a thorough study of the bridge and its structure—a strategic point, the bridge. Also, through the offices of my good friend the keeper, I was introduced to some of his "pals" in the water guard. Because of my intimate knowledge of Robbie Burns, Walter Scott, "inside" history of Prince Charlie, and—ahem!—Scottish proclivity for a drop o' whisky, they accepted me as half a Scotchman.

From the water guard I obtained more definite information regarding the Rosyth base. So much for the topographical knowledge, which could only be obtained through personal contact with men who actually knew every inch of the ground. The charts back in Berlin could not give me that exact information. The higher scientific data of the fortifications and the base I obtained by social intercourse with high-priced officials—officers and engineers at Rosyth—whom I entertained at various times. Of these little entertainments I shall have more to say in my forthcoming book.

A Menace to Britain's Navy

THE schooling I had received in the silhouettes presently came in handy. One night my friend, the bridge tender, learned that the fleet was getting up steam. Accordingly, I stood on the bridge that night and waited, and at five o'clock in the morning—a gray, rainy, foggy morning, through which the ships moved almost ghostlike—I made out sixteen war vessels. From their silhouettes I knew them to be dreadnoughts, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers. At once I filed a cable by way of Brussels, informing the Intelligence Department of the German navy that an English fleet, sixteen strong, had put to sea. Subsequently I learned that in describing the sixteen ships I had made only one mistake.

I may here draw attention and, in return for England's fair treatment of me during my trial, give them gratis this information. *The Firth of Forth Bridge constitutes a grave danger to the Rosyth naval base.*

For this reason: Its location between Rosyth and the sea is a decided menace. In the event of hostilities—in fact, before the outbreak of war—it is no-ways impossible to blow up the Firth of Forth Bridge and bottle all war vessels concentrated at the Rosyth base. They could thus be bottled up for several days powerless while a foreign fleet swept the Scottish coasts. The British Foreign Office will understand what I mean by this: *Look to the middle island.*

After about three weeks I began to be suspicious of being followed. Arriving home one night I noticed that my dress suit was arranged in a different way to what I had left it. I called my landlady and casually inquired if my tailor had been there. She said: "No, Doctor."

"Well," I replied, "what reason have you then to rearrange my clothes?" Her face reddened and she seemed flustered. "I wasn't in your room," she faltered. "I remember now. I believe the tailor was here. One of the servants let him in."

I have no reason to shield Mrs. McLeod, for, with true Scottish thrift, she got as much out of me as she could, and then afterward declared in court that she thought I was a German spy after the second day I had been in her house.

I made it my business to go round to my tailor's within an hour's time, and he contradicted her story. He had not been at the house. To verify completely my suspicions that I was being shadowed, I went the next day into the "F and F," a well-known caterer on Prince's Street. In the writing room I wrote some letters, one of which I purposely dropped on the floor. I withdrew to the washroom and, returning in about fifteen minutes, noticed that the letter had disappeared. Making inquiries of "buttons" and of the "desk girl," I learned that a gentleman had quietly picked up the letter and, without reading it, had put it in his pocket and walked away. That settled it. They were after me.

I hope this particular detective or his superior could read Greek. For they or whoever spent their time translating my letter read an ancient Greek version of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Bearding the Police

I RECOGNIZED it as an occasion where I had to make a right royal bluff. I went at once to Police Headquarters in Edinburgh. I asked for Chief Constable Ross, and sent in my card bearing Dr. A. K. Graves, Truro, South Australia. Presently I was shown into the chief's room and was received by a typical Scottish gentleman. I opened fire in this way:

"Have you any reason to believe that I am a German spy?"

I saw that it had knocked him off his pins.

"Why, no!" he said, startled. "I don't know anything at all about it."

"It's not by your orders, then, that I am followed?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Well, Chief, it's hardly likely that anything of such importance would transpire without your notice."

"What reason have you to believe that you were followed?" he asked.

"Reason in plenty," I replied. "Some agent had even the audacity to enter my apartments and search my effects. This, as you know, is absolutely against English law, a warrant being necessary for such procedure. If you have any reason to take me to be a German spy, go right ahead now, or let these rather nonsensical persecutions cease. I have taken this up to now to be rather a good joke, but my sense of humor has its limit."

Chief Constable Ross became serious and very gravely said:

"Well, Doctor, you know we've got to obey orders. I'm quite satisfied, though, that there has been a mistake made and you shall have no further annoyance."

He bowed me out. Of course I knew I still would be shadowed, which I did not mind in the least. I reasoned that my visit to the police might make them slow down a bit. Right along I communicated by cables and letter with Berlin, and went the even tenure of my way. About a week after my experience with Constable Ross I received information that a firm of gun makers in Glasgow were constructing some new fourteen-inch guns for the British Government. That meant a change of base.

A Costly Mistake

I AT once made it my business to go to Glasgow and get particulars. I installed myself in the Great Western Hotel, and in a week gained all the information I wanted. It would take too long to detail how this was done, but you have a very expressive American saying, "money talks." I had the plans, firing systems, everything of interest about the new fourteen-inch turret guns. While in Glasgow I received letters addressed to me as James Stafford. I received two such letters, and upon my calling at a G. P. O. for a third I was informed that there was a letter for A. Stafford.

"Oh, yes, that is my letter," I said.

The clerk demurred and replied:

"You asked for James Stafford. Under those circumstances I cannot hand you this letter. It is against the postal law."

Not being in a position to raise a question, I let it go at that, never for a moment thinking that my employers would be so culpably careless as to put any incriminating evidence in the mail. Events proved that that is just what they did. Moreover, I later came to know why that particular letter was addressed not to James but to A. Stafford. All my previous letters were addressed to me as Dr. A. K. Graves and were inclosed in the business envelope of a well-known chemical firm at Snowhills, London, E. C. Of course they were sent from Germany to London and there reposted. The stationery of this chemical firm was obtained so as to disarm any possible suspicion, for European post offices are taught to be suspicious. It would be perfectly natural for me, a physician in Edinburgh, to receive a letter from a very well-known chemical concern.

Caught with the Evidence

WHEN I left Edinburgh to find out about the fourteen-inch guns I gave our people in London instructions to use plain envelopes and to address them to James Stafford, G. P. O., Glasgow. The first two letters were addressed correctly and plain envelopes were used. *The third was not only misaddressed but was inclosed in one of the chemical firm's envelopes*—this, as I later learned, for a reason.

(Continued on page 21)



The attendant knocked on the door, opened it, and announced: "The gentleman." I was facing Sir Edward Grey . . . . looking small in the big armchair

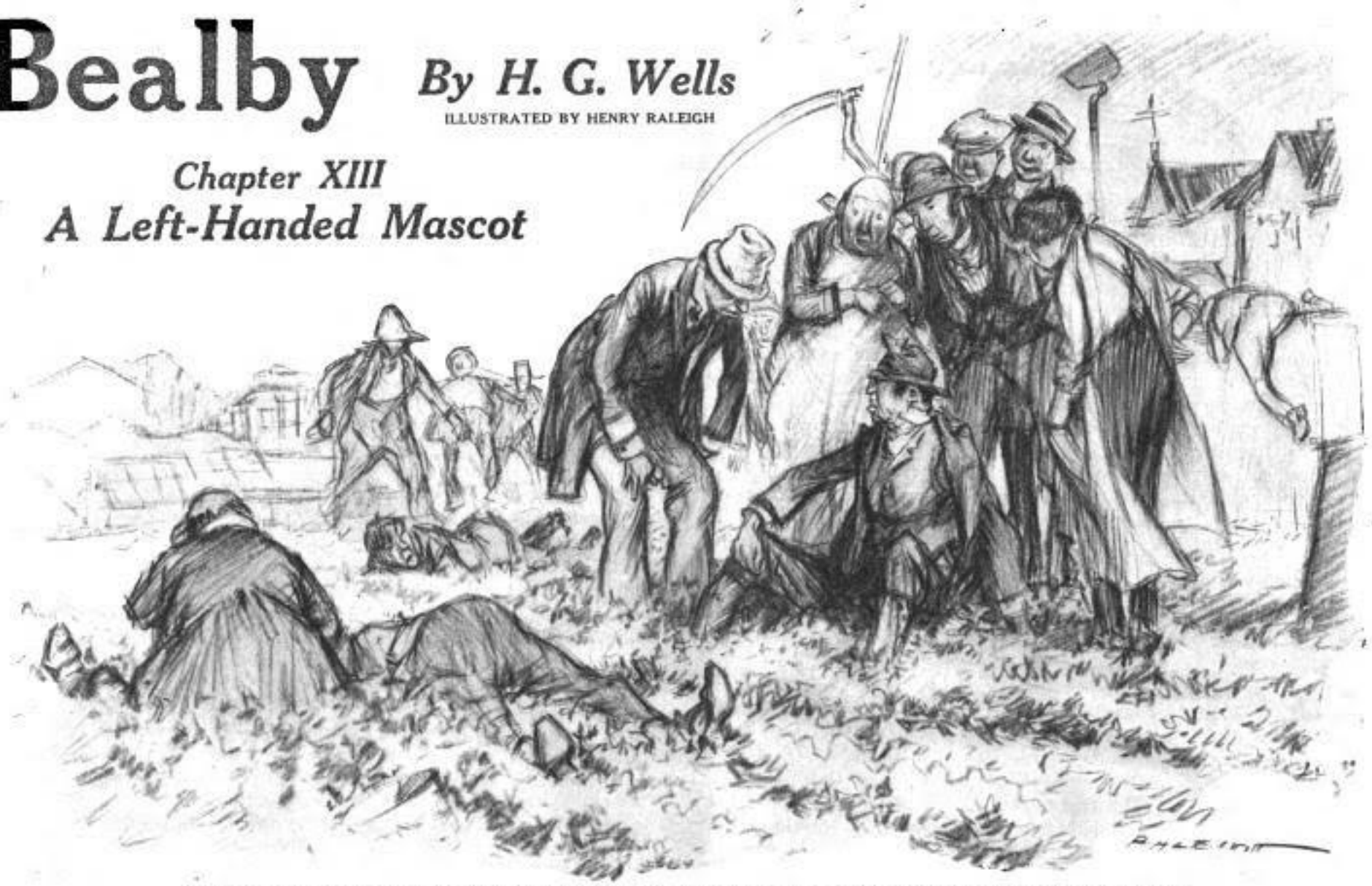
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Bealby

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Chapter XIII
A Left-Handed Mascot



"Look here, Mr. Benshaw," he said, "you seem to be under the impression that we are trespassing." Mr. Benshaw was understood to inquire with some heat what Mr. Rymell called it. "We were not trespassing," said Mr. Rymell. "We were following up that boy. . . ."

AT THE very moment that Bealby was butting the baker in the stomach, Mr. Benshaw was just emerging from his austere cottage after a wholesome but inexpensive high tea in which he had finished up two left-over cold sausages, and he was considering very deeply the financial side of a furious black fence that he had at last decided should pen in the school children from further depredations. It should be of splintery, tarred deal, and high, with well-pointed tops studded with sharp nails, and he believed that by making the path only two feet wide a real saving of ground for cultivation might be made and a very considerable discomfort for the public arranged, to compensate for his initial expense. The thought of a narrow lane which would in winter be characterized by an excessive sliminess, and from which there would be no lateral escape, was pleasing to a mind by no means absolutely restricted to considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence. In his hand, after his custom, he carried a hoe, on the handle of which feet were marked, so that it was available not only for destroying the casual weed but also for purposes of measurement. With this he now checked his estimate and found that here he would reclaim as much as three feet of trodden waste, here a full two.

Absorbed in these calculations, he heeded little the growth of a certain clamor from the backs of the houses bordering on the High Street. It did not appear to concern him, and Mr. Benshaw made it almost ostentatiously his rule to mind his own business. His eyes remained fixed on the lumpy, dusty, sun-baked track, that with an intelligent foresight he saw already transformed into a deterrent slough of despond for the young. . . .

THEN quite suddenly the shouting took on a new note. He glanced over his shoulder almost involuntarily and discovered that, after all, this uproar was his business. Amazingly his business. His mouth assumed a Cromwellian fierceness. His grip tightened on his hoe. That anyone should dare! But it was impossible!

His dominions were being invaded with a peculiar boldness and violence.

Ahead of everyone else and running with wild wavings of the arms across his strawberries was a small and very dirty little boy. He impressed Mr. Benshaw merely as a pioneer. Some thirty yards behind him was a little collarless, short-sleeved man in red slippers, running with great effrontery, and behind him another still more denuded lunatic, also in list slippers and with braces—braces of inconceivable levity. And then Wiggs, the policeman, hotly followed by Mr. Macculium. Then more distraught tailors and Schocks the butcher. But a louder shout heralded the main attack, and Mr. Benshaw turned his eyes—already they were slightly bloodshot eyes—to the right, and saw, pouring through the broken hedge, a disorderly crowd: Rymell, whom he had counted his friend, the grocer's assistant, the doctor's boy, some strangers—Mumby!

At the sight of Mumby, Mr. Benshaw leaped at a conclusion. He saw it all. The whole place was rising against him; they were asserting some infernal new right of way. Mumby—Mumby had got them to do it. All the fruits of fifteen years of toil, all the care and accumulation of Mr. Benshaw's prime, were to be trampled and torn to please a draper's spite! . . .

STURDY yeoman as Mr. Benshaw was, he resolved instantly to fight for his liberties. One moment he paused to blow the powerful police whistle he carried in his pocket and then rushed forward in the direction of the hated Mumby, the leader of trespassers, the parent and abetter and defender of the criminal Lucy. He took the hurrying, panting man almost unawares, and with one wild sweep of the hoe felled him to the earth. Then he staggered about and smote again, but not quite in time to get the head of Mr. Rymell.

This whistle he carried was part of a systematic campaign he had developed against trespassers and fruit stealers. He and each of his assistants carried one, and at the first shrill note—it was his rule—everyone seized on every weapon that was handy and ran to pursue and capture. All his assistants were extraordinarily prompt in responding to these alarms, which were often the only break in long days of strenuous and strenuously directed toil. So now with an astonishing promptitude and animated faces men appeared from sheds and greenhouses and distant patches of culture, hastening to the assistance of their dour employer.

It says much for the amiable relations that existed between employers and employed in those days before Syndicalism became the creed of the younger workers that they did hurry to his assistance.

But many rapid things were to happen before they came into action. For first a strange excitement seized upon the tramp. A fantastic delusive sense of social rehabilitation took possession of his soul. Here he was pitted against a formidable hoe-wielding man, who, for some inscrutable reason, was resolved to cover the retreat of Bealby. And all the world, it seemed, was with the tramp and against this hoe wielder. All the tremendous forces of human society against which the tramp had struggled for so many years, whose power he knew and feared as only the outlaw can, had suddenly come into line with him. Across the strawberries to the right there was even a policeman hastening to join the majority, a policeman closely followed by a tradesman of the blackest, most respectable quality. The tramp had a vision of himself as a respectable man heroically leading respectable people against outcasts. He dashed the lank hair from his eyes, waved his arms laterally, and then with a loud, strange cry flung himself toward Mr. Benshaw. Two pairs of superimposed coat tails flapped behind him. And then the hoe whistled through the air and the tramp fell to the ground like a sack.

But now Schocks's boy had grasped his opportunity. He had been working discreetly round behind Mr. Benshaw, and as the hoe smote he leaped upon that hero's back and seized him about the neck with both arms and bore him staggering to the ground, and Rymell, equally quick, and used to the tackling of formidable creatures, had snatched and twisted away the hoe and grappled Mr. Benshaw almost before he was down. The first of Mr. Benshaw's helpers to reach the fray found the issue decided, his master held down conclusively and a growing circle trampling down a wide area of strawberry plants about the panting group. . . .

MR. MUMBY, more frightened than hurt, was already sitting up, but the tramp, with a glowing wound upon his cheek bone and an expression of astonishment in his face, lay low and pawed the earth.

"What d'you mean," gasped Mr. Rymell, "hitting people about with that hoe?"

"What d'you mean," groaned Mr. Benshaw, "running across my strawberries?"

"We were going after that boy."

"Pounds and pounds' worth of damage. Mischief and wickedness. . . . Mumby!"

Mr. Rymell, suddenly realizing the true value of the situation, released Mr. Benshaw's hands and knelt up. "Look here, Mr. Benshaw," he said, "you seem to be under the impression we are trespassing."

Mr. Benshaw, struggling into a sitting position, was understood to inquire with some heat what Mr. Rymell called it. Shocks's boy picked up the hat with the erotic brim and handed it to the horticulturist silently and respectfully.

"We were not trespassing," said Mr. Rymell. "We were following up that boy. *He* was trespassing if you like. . . . By the bye—where *is* the boy? Has anyone caught him?"

AT THE question attention, which had been focused upon Mr. Benshaw and his hoe, came round. Across the field in the direction of the sunlit half acre of glass the little tailor was visible standing gingerly and picking up his red slippers for the third time—they would come off in that loose, good soil; everybody else had left the trail to concentrate on Mr. Benshaw—and Bealby—Bealby was out of sight. He had escaped, clean got away.

"What boy?" asked Mr. Benshaw.

"Ferocious little beast (*Continued on page 27*)

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COLLIER'S

Are We Neutral?

WE SHALL OBSERVE President WILSON's neutrality order rigidly. And yet suppose Germany should win? Suppose Germany occupied France, wiped out the British army, and swept the British navy from the sea? Suppose all this had happened and we in the United States had a day or two to think it over? What would we think and what would we do? Our own notion is that if we were guided by ordinary prudence we would instantly recognize the necessity of making our navy not less than seven times as strong as it now is and raising our standing army to a half million. Our German-American friends who criticize us as being prejudiced against the Fatherland would then themselves realize the real situation. With a triumph of the military spirit and of absolutism in Europe, we Americans would have to step against our wills into the shoes that France has stood in now for forty years.

Sandbagging Belgium

THE APOLOGISTS for Germany's war policy, including even such scholars as Professors KUNO FRANCKE and HUGO MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard University, find it curiously convenient to omit all mention of Belgium from their dissertations. They prefer long diatribes on race hatred and commercial jealousy, endless hair-splittings as to the intricate diplomatic chess playing that preceded the explosion. But Belgium is the key to the whole miserable tragedy. It is over eighty years now since Germany solemnly guaranteed the neutrality of that little country. BISMARCK, for all his policy of "blood and iron," his harsh readiness to break eggs to make an omelette, respected that promise during the Franco-Prussian War. Not only did the Germans not invade France by the Belgian road in 1870, but they gave up the project of bringing back their wounded by the shorter route through the neutral territory. The present outbreak finds Germany doing her first hard fighting against Belgium, not England or France or Russia. The promises and precedents of over eighty years are thrown to the winds, and the neutral territory feels the harshest rigors of war. The Germans go even further and demand a $40,000,000 ransom from Brussels, which is the same thing as assaulting a peaceful citizen and then robbing him to pay your expenses. The terrible thing is that these measures are taken at the very start of the struggle, and are, therefore, not the result of dire necessity, but of the coolly and carefully laid plans of the German General Staff. These plans must have been known to the Kaiser and must have been approved by him. Germany, therefore, stands before the world as the embodiment of brutal military force, a power to which no promise is sacred. This insane autocracy no more represents German culture than CROKER or MURPHY represents American political life. These power-crazed militarists at Berlin have bet everything on winning, and the future must show whether the modern world can tolerate any such at the head of a great government and a great people. This is why public opinion everywhere is against the Germans and why it is justified. A teacher who sees no moral wrong in what Germany has done to Belgium is not our idea of a good guide for youth. The men we have in mind are Professor FRANCKE and Professor MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard.

The Case of Russia

SOME ONE MAY ASK why the same reasoning does not apply to Russia as to Germany. Perhaps it does, but we do not see it that way. Both countries have medieval forms of government, but the anomaly is twice as striking in Germany's case, the paradox twice as unforgivable. Germany is a modern and progressive country in everything except its headship; Russia remains in many ways as a child of the white plains, in need of fathership. Moreover, in the event of success on the allies' part, we believe a reduction of armament all around will be enforced by the powers of France and Great Britain. This will affect Russia as well as Germany. If Germany conquers, on the other hand, it will not only mean a survival of the military spirit, but the iron heel will crush whatever remains of freedom in Europe—political, economic, moral. Prince KROPOTKIN, perhaps the best known of Russian anarchists, supports his Government in this war precisely because "the Russian military autocracy will not gain, but all progressive and liberalist forces will be immensely strengthened." Already the Russian Government has found it expedient to promise home rule to Poland, and KROPOTKIN looks for concessions to Finland and to the Jews and to the people of the Caucasus. All this is only repeating history. Emancipation of the Russian serfs followed the Crimean War, a grant of representative government followed war with Japan. It is true that Russia, like Germany and Austria, is ruled by an emperor, and that this war was declared without reference to the people on whom it weighs most heavily. We believe the war will, all the same, let in the light in Russia just as it is putting the light out in Germany.

Our German Spy

ONE INCIDENT OF THE WAR that has entertained us is the light it throws on our own experience of the last six months with a writer, Dr. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES. Dr. GRAVES came to the office some six or eight months ago, introduced himself as a former spy in the German service, and submitted several articles giving details of his experiences. The articles outrivaled JULES VERNE. Some of the things seemed incredible. It wasn't easy to believe that Germany could do some of the things he described. The fact that the author was a former spy naturally did not encourage belief in his articles. We made all the investigations possible about Dr. GRAVES's past and verified as many incidents as were humanly verifiable. After all the verification we could accomplish we still had some hesitation about publishing the articles, but after they were published none of his statements as to his own experiences were ever successfully challenged. A good many of our readers have amused themselves at our expense by poking fun at some things Dr. GRAVES has said about the German war machine. Our experience with him has tended to give us confidence in his knowledge. He is now in the theatre of the war, under another name and with such disguises as prudence would suggest. If he survives, we hope to have articles from him which, judging from our experience, we think will be more valuable than most correspondence from the seat of war. But if the Germans ever get their hands on him we won't have any articles from Dr. GRAVES.

Good News

IT IS A CHEERFUL ITEM that the war may deprive the United States of many foreign drugs. Our people take too much dope anyhow. What we need is saner eating and exercise and less medicine. The war may be for many of us a valuable compulsory discipline in personal hygiene, a start toward better living.

Villa Now and Villa Then

PRESIDENT WILSON is described by the Administration press as having "his jaw set hard" as he threatens what he will do to various business interests which he says are encouraging VILLA to stand out against the present government of Mexico. If any business interests, for their own purposes, are giving sympathy and encouragement to VILLA, they are only doing what the President of the United States recently did. Doubtless President WILSON can see a distinction between the two cases, but VILLA, being an illiterate brigand, can't. Our own feeling is that neither a business interest nor a government ought to have any sort of understanding with a bandit. When President WILSON's wish to get rid of HUERTA was baffled by that old renegade's skill and stubbornness, then VILLA was taken to the Administration's bosom. He was not only given encouragement and sympathy, but was permitted to have arms. Here, at home, the Administration press used all its facilities to create a public opinion friendly to him. VILLA could last in any American town where his character and deeds were known about as long as it would take the leading citizens to organize a lynching party. WILSON's backing of VILLA was an abandonment of the most fundamental principle of morality for a hurried expediency. It is too much to expect that he can escape the consequences of it.

The Same Old Story

THE PROCEEDINGS of the late New York Republican State Convention, which met very appropriately in one of the decayed-grandeur hotels at Saratoga, read like a volume of epitaphs. The delegates were hand-picked and everything moved without a hitch, the aforesaid delegates being already hitched. WILLIAM BARNES, JR., State chairman, called the meeting to order. ELIHU ROOT, as temporary chairman, made a long speech. It must have been a fine sight to see BARNES nod his solemn approval as ROOT spoke of "the corruption, the profligacy, and the incompetence which have characterized the government of our State under Democratic control." BARNES

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

knows! CHARLES D. HILLES, who ran the 1912 Taft campaign into the ground, was there and "resoluted" vigorously, as did various other venerable landmarks. The fitness of the Republican party to rule was fearlessly asserted, and the usual vague promises were hashed up into a platform. The times call for new men, not compromised and staled by the old partisan machine politics; for new, clear-cut measures, not for the old patchwork of rhetoric; but these needs found no satisfaction at Saratoga. They are asking New York State to come back to the Republican party. Perhaps New York will, but we doubt it.

The American Spirit

TWO INSTANCES of it came to our attention recently. One was a signed and photographed advertisement: "If you can get better tools than mine, then try them." The other is this incident, related in the "Manufacturers' Record":

> The directors of a large corporation had gathered for a conference. In the midst of the gloom one of the directors turned to another and said: "Can you tell me how far a dog can run into the woods?" The other, somewhat ruffled at such a question in time of depression, remarked severely that he supposed a dog could run into the woods just as far as he wanted to. "No," said the interrogator, "when he has run into the woods halfway, he is then running out of the woods."

It is a temper of this sort that keeps our country going.

Looking Forward

IF A HIGH protective tariff can make business good in this country we ought to have it now. This war gives us all the benefits of a prohibitive tariff—and none of the drawbacks. How any man can see anything else than commercial prosperity ahead for the United States passes all understanding.

One Sort of Unemployment

THE ÆSOP OF OUR DAY (human animals only) is probably Mr. WALT(ER) MASON, whom GEORGE ADE has nominated "high priest of horse sense." The essence of many essays, sermons, investigations, and reports is in this one of the fifteen dozen prose near-poems in his volume "Rippling Waters," entitled "Hunting a Job":

> "I would like a situation: I have hunted for it long," said a youth who looked discouraged: "everything that is is wrong: there is no demand for labor, no respect for willing hands, hence the people who are idle are as frequent as the sands. I have waited in the pool hall through the long and weary day, and no lucrative position seemed to come along that way; I have stood upon the corner, smoking at my trusty cob, but no merchant came to hire me, though all knew I had no job; I have sat on every doorstep that against me wasn't fenced, you could scarcely find a building that I haven't leaned against; I have smoked a thousand stogies, I have chewed a cord of plug, I have shaken dice with dozens, I have touched each cider jug to sustain my drooping spirits while I waited for a berth with some up-to-date employer who'd appreciate my worth. But the world is out of kilter and the country's out of plumb, and the poor downtrodden voter finds that things are on the bum."

The whole book is full of the same sort of Americanism and explains very clearly how the United States looks at things.

One on Brother Van Valkenburgh

MR. A. B. DETWILER of Sunlight, Va., sends this account of extraordinary doings at Mauch Chunk. He cut the passage from the Philadelphia "North American":

> MAUCH CHUNK.—WILLIS SHAFER, son of GEORGE BERTINE SHAFER, who was killed by a lightning bolt on Monday and who crawled a mile to Nesquehoning to tell what happened, is somewhat improved. There are indications that both he and GEORGE YOST, who were struck by the same bolt, will recover.

Pennsylvania air certainly does work marvels!



Ich und Bonaparte

By C. R. Weed in the New York Tribune

War and Booze

IN PARIS the Prefect of Police has prohibited the drinking of absinthe. In Berlin, as reported by an eyewitness of the mobilization,

> the soldiers are presented with gifts of everything except alcoholic drink, for an order has gone forth from the Kaiser that, under no pretext, except for medical purposes, is anyone to offer a soldier an intoxicant. The penalties for breaking this order are severe.

The Prefect was sharper than the Kaiser, in that he was not fooled by the old "medical purposes" fake. Both countries got hold of the truth as to the relation between drink and military efficiency. If this stroke of common sense is lasting, part of the cost of this fearful war may be paid out of the money and strength saved by cutting out the liquor.

The Explanation

IN NEW YORK CITY the janitors of the public schools are still part of the political-gang system which used to control all city jobs there. One of these janitors was arrested recently charged with having committed such a revolting crime against a young girl that he had to be imprisoned separately lest the other criminals lynch him. The explanation, as given in one of New York's most reliable newspapers, is as follows:

> He had been drinking whisky in a saloon in Harlem on Thursday night and early on Friday morning, and he was intoxicated when he went to the school at 6.30 o'clock in the morning.

We would like to show this to some respectable churchgoing distiller of Peoria or Louisville or Baltimore who has a small daughter going to school, and find out what he thinks of his trade and how he estimates his own guilt in the matter.

Business of Blushing

WHAT DO YOU THINK is the best editorial COLLIER'S has published since you have been reading the paper? Some one with a rather exalted idea of the merits of COLLIER'S paragraphs urges the issue of the best of them in a book, and if you have kept a scrap book, or have any decided opinions, why not tell us which ones you like best?

Dedicated to the Cubist Fringe of Reform

WHEN WE HEAR some of these harebrained agitators talking of "property" as if ownership of it in any degree at all were a crime in some higher degree, we are reminded of LINCOLN'S reply to a committee of the Workingmen's Association of New York on March 21, 1864:

> No man living is more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.
>
> Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor, property is desirable, is a positive good to the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

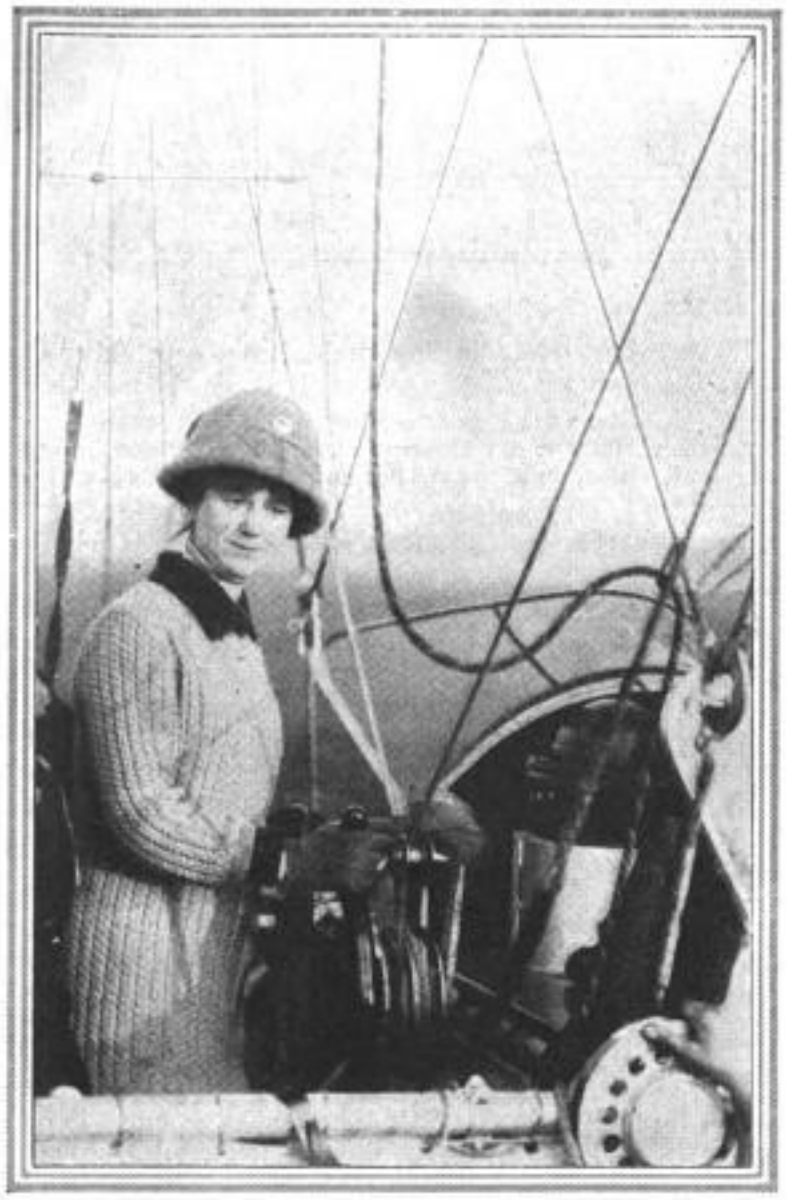
It is sound common sense like this, and the courage to phrase it justly, that helps to distinguish the responsible statesman from the demagogue and that type of idealist whose ideals are wind and rain water.

Such Stuff as Verse Is Made Of

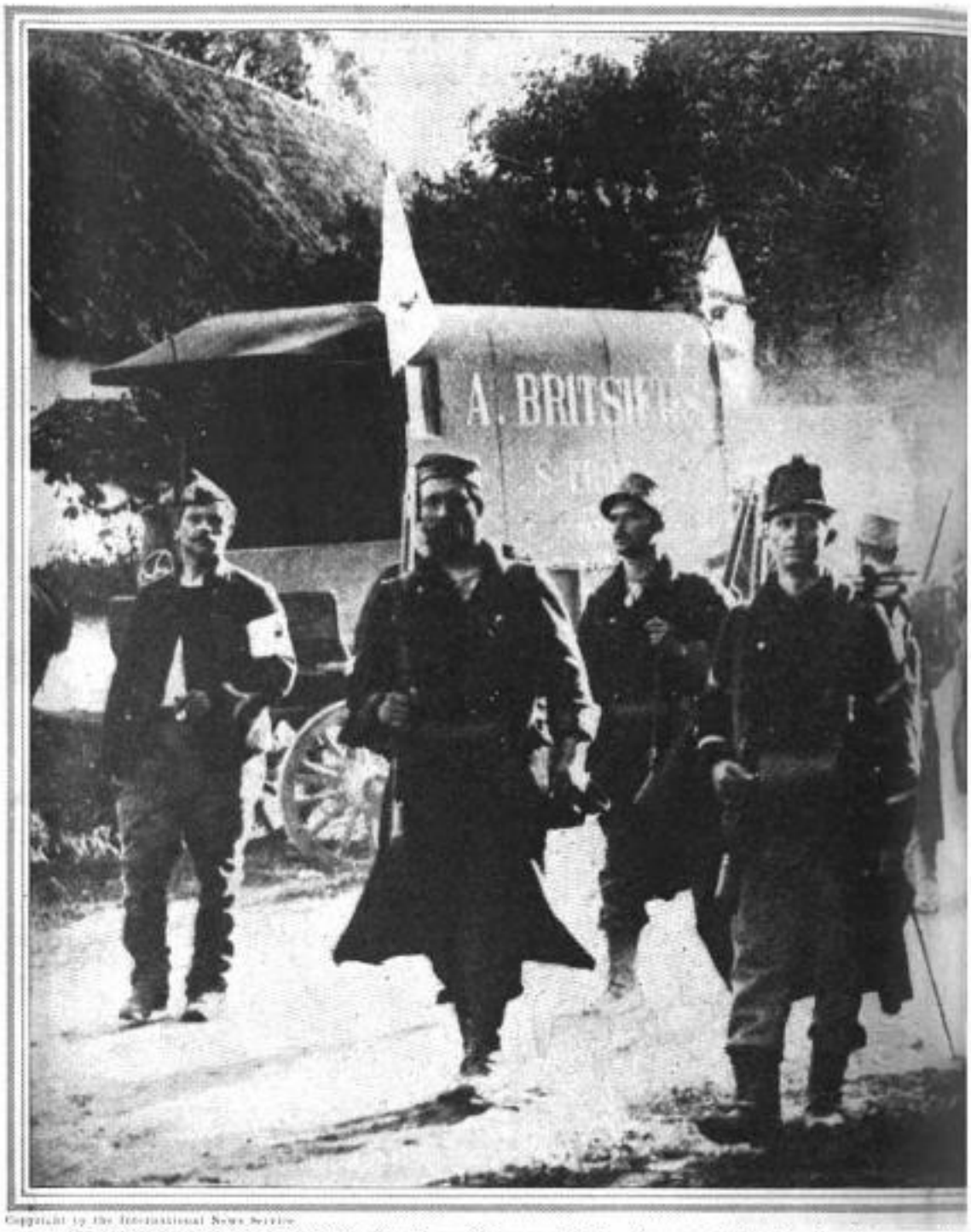
OUR IDEA of a good occasion for emotional thrills is the British soldiers moving by night and silently entraining, crossing the Channel, and marching into France for the first time in one hundred years. If there is any poetry left in KIPLING we ought to have it now.

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The Camera's Story



MISS ELFRIEDE RIOTE *is the only woman military airship pilot in the Kaiser's service. The entire corps of Zeppelin drivers, of which she is a member, is subject to the call to the front in the present war. Up to the time we go to press, aircraft as instruments of destruction have been rather disappointing. The largest number slain in a single instance was when a Zeppelin killed twenty-six non-combatants at Antwerp with a bomb intended for the Belgian royal family. Women and children were among those of the slain, and the incident has been denounced as one of the worst outrages ever committed by civilized men against the rules of warfare*



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BELGIANS HURRYING TO VISE, *a frontier village near Liege, where a desperate attempt was mad hours, annihilating a platoon of Prussian cavalry before reinforcements reached the Kaiser's troops. T*



JAPANESE TROOPS MASSING *in a village preparatory to being sent to the front. It was announced the other day that in the campaign to take Kiaochow, Germany's leased province in China, Japan would economize in human lives. In the war with Russia regiment after regiment of Japanese soldiers, particularly of those under General Nogi, was recklessly hurled into the open to be mowed down by a murderous fire*



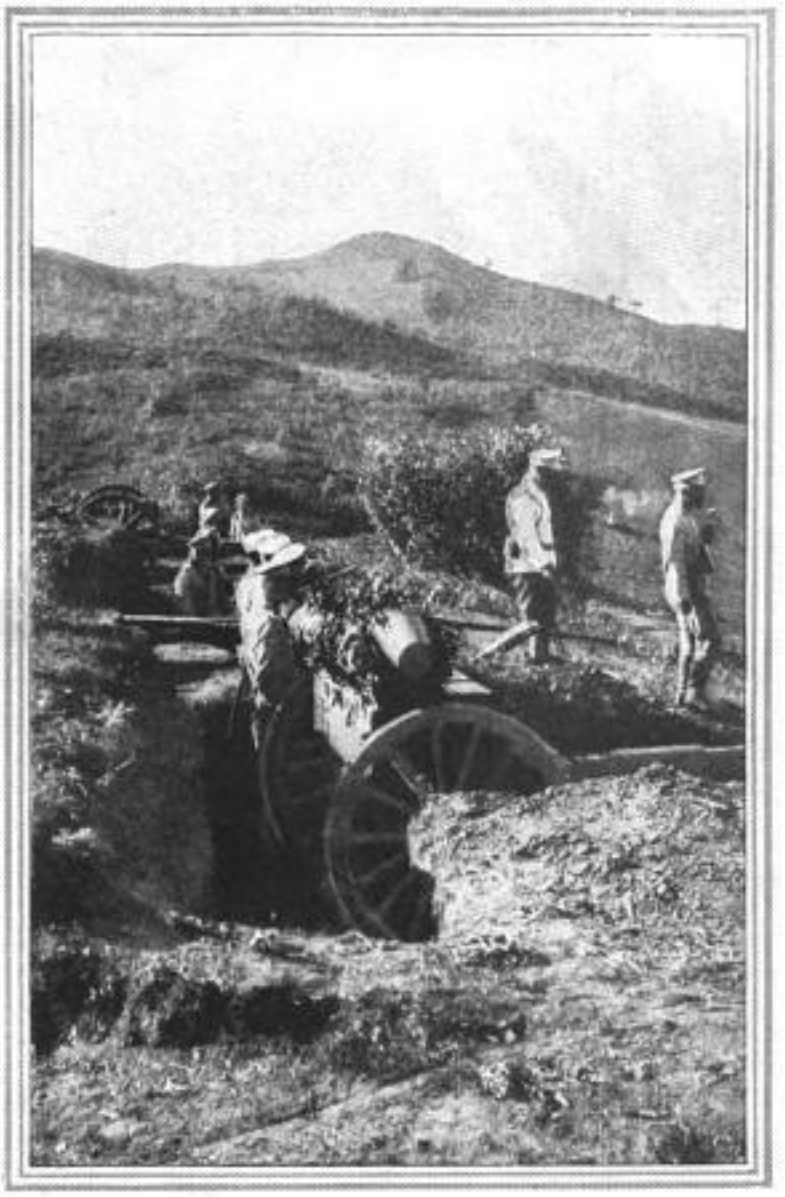
ALPINE GUARDS, *members of a famou Germans. In times of peace they police given them exceptional powers of endur*

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of the World at War



the German advance. These men are typical of the 40,000 who held back 45,000 Germans for several
rmans have expressed admiration of Belgian pluck. Julius Cæsar did the same thing two thousand years ago



THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE, *combined with the French, Belgian and British reverses in the west, has made the Czar's forces the hope of the Allies. Their battle front in East Prussia is seventy-five miles long as we go to press. Our photograph shows a battery of Russian artillery entrenched and ready for action. The St. Petersburg authorities say that they have 3,000,000 immediately available for the campaign against Germany and 2,000,000 opposing the Austrians. Their successes in East Prussia would indicate that the Russians are in much better fighting trim than when they faced the Japanese, who are now their allies*



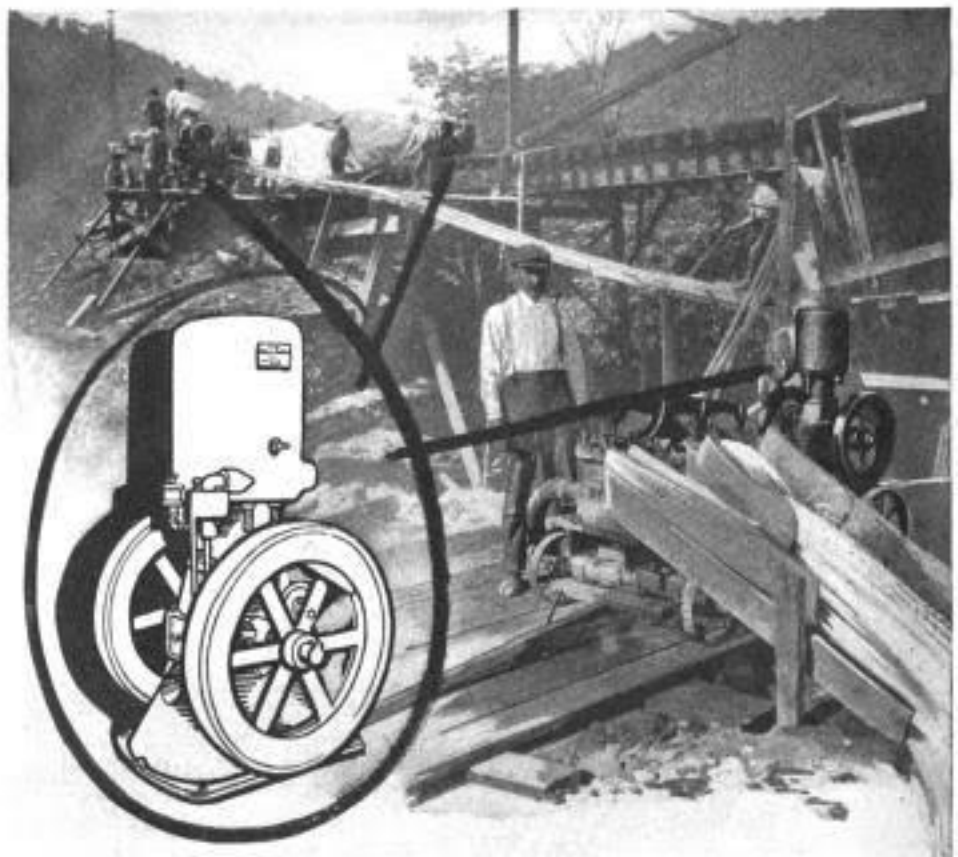
ch regiment now in the Vosges fighting the talian frontier. Life in the mountains has and as marksmen they have no superiors



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GERMANS IN CAMP *after the heavy fighting at Visé and before the main assault upon Liege. The camping outfits of the Kaiser's troops are well-nigh perfect. The men are well fed and in good all-round physical condition. The seasoned regulars are capable of marching forty miles a day, which is probably better than many of their enemies can do. The Germans even provide extra shoes for their cavalry horses*

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The Novo Idea—

"Contracting is profitable in proportion as Power displaces Labor"

A Novo Engine will do a given piece of work at a small fraction of what it would cost to do the work by labor. As one contractor put it, "Bid low—and put Novo on the payroll."

You can do all of your pumping with Novo Diaphragm, Centrifugal, or Suction and Force pumping outfits.

One contractor, instead of wheelbarrowing his concrete up inclines, put a Novo hoist at work and raised the barrow to the proper level by slipping rings over the handles and catching the wheel with a hook.

Novo is the cheapest possible power for concrete mixers. A Novo Hoist, rigged to a scraper, will fill your trenches at half the cost of hand labor.

"Bid low—and put Novo on the payroll"

NOVO REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **ENGINES AND OUTFITS**

NO TANK
NO FAN
NO FREEZING TROUBLE

With a little ingenuity, any contractor can put a battery of tireless, dependable Novos at work and cut down his costs enormously.

Novo never shirks—it works from whistle to whistle and sets a pace your workmen must keep up to.

Reliable Power in All Weather

The whole secret of profitable power is reliability. As long as the engine runs, you are making money—when it stops—you lose.

Novo is unquestionably the most reliable power for construction work. It runs in all kinds of weather. Although watercooled, it cannot be damaged by freezing.

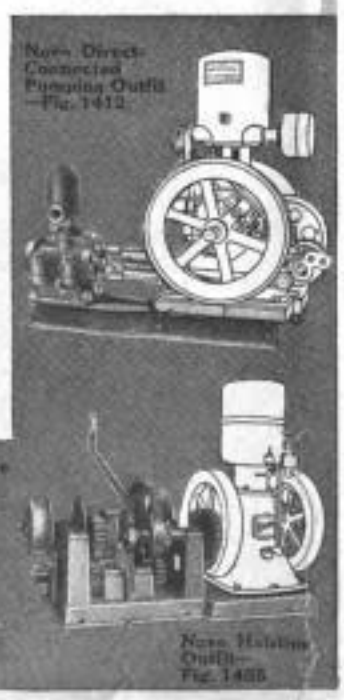
In construction, Novo is compact, simple, solid and fool proof. It is infinitely superior to steam, for licensed engineer and fireman are not needed and there is no question of local ordinances regarding types of boilers.

The Novo is an elastic unit. Most of the Outfits are mounted on trucks. *Novo is "The Engine for Every Purpose."*

NOVO Engines can be furnished for operating on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol, or distillate.

Send for the Free Book

We have published a book, "Reliable Power," which fully explains Novo features and lists seventy-odd Novo Outfits for contractors and other users of portable power. A few of these are shown below. This book contains profit-making suggestions that will prove invaluable to any contractor. In writing, please use your letterhead, for the book is expensive and we want it to get into the right hands only. It is free.





NOVO ENGINE CO. 460 Willow Street, Lansing, Mich.
CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Secy. and Mgr.

DEALERS: This advertisement will bring thousands of inquiries. Many from your own locality. Ask us for our dealer proposition. Novo offers you a permanent and profitable business.

The "Turcos" or African Troops of France

By WALTER S. HIATT

THE use by the French of her fierce African troops in this war, and her reliance on her Algerian colonies for food if the war lasts long, has here passed all but unnoted.

Yet there is more than this in Africa's rôle. She is as much the cause of this war as she was of that between Carthage and Rome in the older days of the world, when the great Hannibal first led black troops into Europe.

If Germany wins, France stands to lose an empire which for a half century she has been silently building up in Africa.

We who live on this side of the water know little of the immense fertility of this African continent and of France's loot held there. We do not realize that France is mistress of nearly 50 per cent of a continent which comprises one-fifth of the land of the globe; that she holds nearly one-half of an area larger than the North American continent by just two million square miles. Her actual holdings in Africa take in a rich area nearly twice that of continental United States. They reach from the banks of the Congo River to the shores of the Mediterranean, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the fertile valley of the Nile.



The newspapers here are raving over the expenses of this European war. The money spent in it is a mere bagatelle to the wealth of empire that may be won or lost by it.

England almost went to war with France sixteen years ago because the latter was too rapidly absorbing the African Continent. When Captain Marchand took the territory covering the water sources of the Nile, with the ultimate possibility of diverting them into the Sahara Desert, the Fashoda incident was created. England demanded his retreat with war as an alternative. France withdrew Marchand, but the incident left a bitter feeling. The truth is that the continent of Africa, some thirty years ago was stolen and divided like a big, luscious pie among various European nations, and Germany came late at the cutting. Worse yet, France having seen the pie first, got the biggest share.

Making the Desert Bloom

WITH all Germany's wonderful commercial expansion, which was accelerated by the billion of dollars she exacted as war indemnity from France in 1870, she has ever felt the need of room for territorial expansion. She has citizens who make excellent colonists, but she has had no place to send them. England, France, Holland, and even little Belgium, with its rich African Congo, had all got the start of her. Often must Germany have regretted that she did not also exact from helpless France African territory as well as Alsace and Lorraine. But in those days African territory was little valued.

Setting foot on this African territory in 1815, in the same year that the United States suppressed the pirates at Tunis, in 1830 France really took Algiers, the city and province, to-day only a two days' journey across the Mediterranean from her port of Marseilles. Under such governors as the first—General Charon—year by year, slowly, in the happy-go-lucky, apparently aimless fashion which is the seeming vice of the French, she made headway in northern Africa. Even her deep defeat at the hands of the Germans in 1870 did not stop her.

And this empire, though founded on a dream, is not fruitless. It is one of solid commerce and prosperity. Soldiers of France, in their advance, have not left a trail of blood and fire. When possible they have used the champagne bottle and a few decorations of the Legion d'Honneur which the natives prize even above the vain French. They have built roads that the Romans might have envied; they have run steel rails through desert and mountain and forest, through far Abyssinia to connect with the Sudan railroads on the Sobat River.

French engineers have drilled wells and drawn water where there was none. The more daring of them propose to tap the Mediteranean and make the Sahara an inland sea of fertile coasts as it once may have been. They are doing with Africa what we have done with our own great American desert, so primitive and dreary only thirty-five years ago.

"When the English occupy a country," runs an international saying, "they build a customhouse; the Germans a fort; the French a road." To-day the French have 6,000 miles of railway, 25,000 miles of telegraph, and 10,000 miles of telephone in Africa. Trees, grass, cattle, oats, wheat, dates, wine, grapes, olives, potatoes, and beans are grown in abundance. The fisheries of the coast country have been made productive.

Doughty Black Soldiers

WHETHER France will be tricked out of her African possessions—to which, incidentally, may be added the huge island of Madagascar on the southeast coast—as France has of so many of her colonial possessions—is yet to be seen. It is well worth Germany's time and money to try it.

But in the present war what Germany has long feared has come to pass. France is using her black army! Two years ago General Friedrich von Bernhardi of the German army wrote: "If the French succeed in making a large African army available for a European theatre, the estimate of the French army as compared to ours will be quite different."

The quality of these troops is excellent. Hardy by nature, the best of training has been given them. The example is set by the regiments of wild white troops known as the *légion étrangère* and the *battalion des joyeux*. These troops, made up for the most part of Frenchmen too wild to serve in home regiments, have the reputation of fearing neither God nor man. Their battle cry is: *"Il y a de la goutte à boire là haut!"* (There's something to drink up there!) The African troops, made up of Arabs, Berbers, and other races, led by French officers, are apt pupils for war. They obey an order even better than white men, and have never been known to shirk their share of a fight.

In the initial mobilization of French troops, an army corps of these troops were thrown across the Mediterranean, protected by the powerful French fleet at Toulon. With war undeclared at the end of July, by August 8 black troops were leading bayonet charges at Altkirch and Muelhausen on German frontiers.

France may yet find that the greatest of her achievements in Africa has been the building up of an army there. In peace times the army is limited to about 75,000 men, with perhaps a half million to draw upon for war. Has France affronted civilization by bringing into action on Christian European soil black and Mohammedan troopers? Has she hazarded the moral superiority of the white man? Perhaps. Still, has not the white man disgraced his moral superiority by his desire for *la goutte à boire là haut!*

Percival Gibbon
whose Short Stories are known to American readers almost as are Kipling's, has left for the front to write
A Series of Graphic Articles for Collier's from the
Theatre of War

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My Mission and Betrayal in England

(Continued from page 14)

No one having called for it, the letter was returned to the chemical company. At their office it was opened and found to contain a typewritten letter in the German language and five ten-pound notes on the Bank of England. The contents of the letter were such as to lead the firm to call in the police.

On a subsequent Sunday afternoon I had just put on my evening clothes, for I was awaiting a party of gentlemen who were coming to dine with me in the hotel at Glasgow. There came a "buttons" who announced: "There's a gentleman downstairs to see you, Doctor."

A premonition stole over me. I knew that my guests would not have sent for me to come down, but would have been announced. I realized that if I was going to be caught there was no avoiding it. Secret Service makes a man a fatalist.

I took the precaution, however, to slip inside my dinner coat, just under the arm, my little bag of chemicals, so often handy in an emergency. Then I went downstairs; one hand was thrust in my pocket, the other folded across my breast, so that I could snatch the little bag of chemicals in case of need.

Arrested as a Spy

I HAD hardly reached the last step of the grand stairway when four six-foot two-hundred-pound plain-clothes men pounced upon me. I had to do some swift thinking. I could have flung the chemicals in their face and escaped, but I knew I could never get outside of the British Isles without being caught—outside of Glasgow for that matter. Such resistance would only aggravate matters still more, so I let my hand fall down to my side. More for the fun of it than anything else, I guess, I got on my high horse and demanded to know what was the matter.

"You'll soon know," the chief of detectives declared.

He then ordered his men to search me, and seemed amazed when they couldn't find any six-shooters, daggers, or bombs. I was taken back to my room and there he began going through my effects and bundling them up. I knew I was up against it, but I wasn't going to make it any easier for them. I requested Mr. Morris, then manager of the Great Western Hotel, and another witness to be called into my room. These gentlemen were kind enough to put down on paper a description of all my effects that were being taken away by the police. I was extremely careful to see that they noted and described all papers and written matter of any kind. There are often produced in court documents that are not found on a Secret Service agent at the time of his arrest. The chief of the detectives, whose name I have forgotten—I recall him as an uncouth, illiterate bungler who subsequently tried to get a lot of publicity out of my arrest, as if he himself had detected the whole concern, instead of having it thrust under his nose by the London chemical company—was preparing to ride over me roughshod. I insisted that he read the warrant for my arrest, and with much grumbling he finally did so. It had been issued under the new spy clause that had been rushed through the House of Commons. I was charged with endangering the safeguards of the British Empire.

I spent the night in the Glasgow City Prison, and was taken the next day before a magistrate and formally committed to a Sheriff's Court. Within a week my case had come up before the Sheriff's Court. Waiving preliminary examination, I was committed for trial to the Edinburgh High Court. It is significant that the extreme length of a committal without trial, under British law, is one hundred calendar days, which hundredth day, up to the last minute, I certainly waited. They were trying to find out my antecedents, but they did not succeed.

A letter from the Lord Provost informed me that all material for my defense should be in his hands a day before the trial. I had no defense. I neither denied nor admitted anything. I replied to his Lordship that I was unaware of any offense—there was no need of any defense. My attitude was a profound puzzle—which was as I wanted.

If you care to look over the back files of the English and Scottish newspapers of the time you will read that my trial was "the most sensational court procedure ever held in a Scottish court of justice."

Now I shall reveal every circumstance of it. For the first time I shall explain how, why, and by whom I was secretly released when even the German Foreign Office thought me in jail.

Against me the Crown had summoned forty-two witnesses. They included admirals, colonels, captains, military and naval experts, post-office officials—I cannot recall what all. The press from all parts of Europe—for all Europe was vitally concerned in this trial—was strongly represented. My memory shows me again the crowds that packed the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on the first day of the proceedings. The imposing names connected with the trial, the strange circumstances, a spy—moreover, a German!—these things brought the excitement to fever heat.

Presiding was the Lord Justice of Scotland, himself no mean expert in military matters. The Solicitor General of Scotland, A. M. Anderson, K. C., who prosecuted for the Crown, was supported by four associates. The Government had indeed an imposing array of bewigged, black-gowned, legal notables marshaled against me. Those familiar with English court procedure know the impressive manner with which justice is dispensed. Punctually at ten on the morning of June 3, 1912, my trial opened. At the time, I am frank to say that I did not think there was a chance of a verdict of guilty being brought in. The evidence against me was too vague.

The Trial a Model of Fairness

EXPRESSING astonishment at my refusal to accept counsel, his Lordship promised to guard my interest on legal points, and guard it he did. Repeatedly he pulled the Solicitor General on more than one point. I am frank in my admiration of British justice. My trial was a model of fairness.

On the first day I waived examination on all witnesses but the naval and military experts. I directed my fire against Admiral Adair, now chief of the Beardmore Gun Works in Glasgow. The Admiral, a typical English gentleman of the naval-officer type, long, lank, with a rather ascetic, clear-cut Roman head, not unlike Chamberlain in general appearance, even to the single eyeglass, did not make much of a showing as an expert witness for the prosecution. The Admiral was called in on testimony concerning the new fourteen-inch gun. The point they were trying to establish was that it was impossible for a man to have my knowledge of these guns unless he had obtained it first-hand from the works in Glasgow. Of course that brought the testimony into technicalities. I managed to involve the Admiral into a heated altercation on the trajectory and penetrating power of the so-much-disputed fourteen-inch gun, when suddenly he checked himself, faced about, and refused to answer in open court.

I maintained that my knowledge of guns was such that I did not need to spy to obtain the things I knew. Subsequently, after being cross-examined by me, another of the Government's naval experts informed the Court:

"It is quite possible for one with a ballistic knowledge, such as the defendant's, to be able, with very little data, to arrive at accurate conclusions regarding our new fourteen-inch gun."

The upshot of it was that the first day of the trial ended with everybody positive that I would not be found guilty on the charge of obtaining secret information about their guns. Of course all this information I had obtained.

On the recess I was pleasantly surprised when a court orderly brought me refreshments from the judge's own table with his Lordship's compliments.

The Text of the Letter

THE second day of the trial brought the chemical firm's letter into the testimony—the letter that had been refused me and had in turn gone back to the chemical company. Very gravely A. M. Anderson, Crown prosecutor, read the contents of this letter aloud. It was:

DEAR SIR: *We are pleased to learn of your successful negotiation of the business at hand. Be pleased to send us an early sample. As regards the other mat-*

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Spirit-Giving Quaker

Every Luscious Flake Holds Vim

Quaker Oats—what a wondrous food!

With the flavor and aroma of a sweetmeat or a dainty, it's a storehouse of virility.

Every dish is a battery of energy, to act on mind and muscle. It tends to change the weak and languid into human dynamos.

Besides that, it's a balanced food. Every element your organism needs is found in Quaker Oats. And some rare ones are there in abundance.

Yet this vim-food is a delicacy—the best-loved of all the grain foods.

What a mistake folks make—especially mothers—who fail to serve enough.

Quaker Oats

All the World Prefers It

This food of foods should be served, we claim, in its most inviting form. That means Quaker Oats.

We leave the little grains for horses. For human food we pick out only the plump and luscious oats. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

You see the result in these big, white flakes. You scent it in the fine aroma. You taste it in the or.

We have made this premier food delightful. Now from all the world over people send to us for it. Its countless lovers in a hundred nations serve it every morning.

Yet Quaker Oats—made of queen-grains only—costs you no extra price. And it costs you no trouble to get it. Say to any grocer that you want Quaker and he'll send you these luscious flakes.

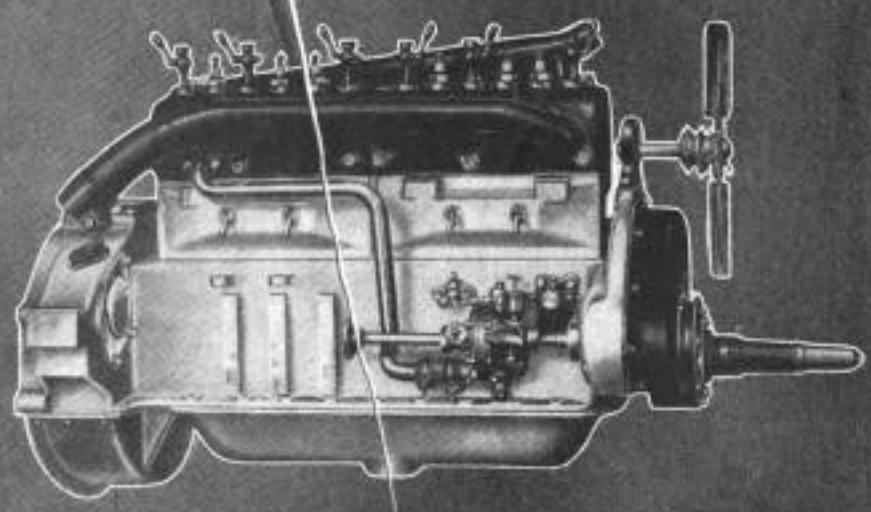
Please remember that.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

The Extra Guarantee



CONTINENTAL MOTORS — AMERICA'S STANDARD



Price is what one gives—Value is what one gets back. The return on an investment in a Continental Motor (representing one-quarter of the total manufacturing cost of a motor vehicle) is fixed and sure. It is a handsome interest—even interest compounded—in the form of year after year of most satisfactory service.

Continental Motors

The Continental Motor Manufacturing Company is the world's greatest buyer of high grade motor material; is backed by a decade of success; possesses the finest equipment for accurate and cost-saving work; has the men who know how.

Solely by the combination of *all* these can be made possible such extra value as distinguishes every Continental Motor.

And only as the months and seasons go by, is the full worth of the extra materials, tests, and scrupulous inspections of a Continental made apparent. On the day of resale—then is the last extra value of a Continental revealed. For a car is as young, or as old, as its motor.

Over one hundred firms are now building into their product the "extra value" of Continental Motors. Tens of thousands of users are benefiting thereby. Choose what type you will, but *insist* on the Continental-powered truck or pleasure car.

CONTINENTAL MOTOR MFG. CO.
Detroit, Michigan
Largest exclusive motor manufacturers in the world.
Factories—Detroit and Muskegon

Extra Experience
Extra Value
Extra Security
Extra Organization

ter in hand, I do not know how useful it will be to us. In any case my firm is not willing to pay you more than £100 in this case.

It was unsigned. While reading, Anderson held the five £10 notes in his hand. Upon finishing he began a vigorous indictment, which in substance he declaimed in this way:

"On the face of it, this letter does not seem suspicious. But if you gentlemen will recall the times of Prince Charles's insurrections—a period when intrigues were going on—you will remember that in communications of this sort a government was always referred to as a 'firm.' If this was an honest business letter, why was it inclosed in the envelope stationery of a company that knew nothing about it? Why was this letter unsigned? Why was cash inclosed with it? What was his firm willing to pay £100 for? Gentlemen, the reasons for all these things are obvious."

Still, the letter puzzled not only the Court, the jury, the newspapers, but all England. For the first time I shall now explain it:

It was from the German Government. By the "business in hand" they meant a new explosive and slow-burning powder that was to be used in the new type of fourteen-inch turret guns being made in Glasgow. Some of that explosive was in my possession. The fact that it was not discovered in my effects, nor that anything else incriminating was found on me, is because the secret agent who knows his business leaves nothing about; rather he "plants" things—that is, leaves them in, say, a safe-deposit vault with the key in the hands of an outside person.

"I Knew They Had Me"

BY the "sample" in the letter was meant a sample of the explosive. The "other matter in hand" was spoken of as of tremendous importance, more vital to the safeguards of Britain than the other points mentioned in the letter, but it is something I cannot divulge at the present time. Later I shall.

I had judged my jurymen right, for they were very little impressed by this letter. It was all too vague, and even the fluent language of a Crown prosecutor does not impress a hard-headed Scotchman. I was feeling in high spirits indeed when I saw one of the attendants approach Mr. Anderson and deliver a document that had been handed into court. I at once recognized it, and my heart dropped into my shoes. The Solicitor General read the document and smiled. He called his colleagues together, showed it to them, and they smiled. Thereupon he made a request that court be adjourned until the next day. I knew they had me.

The Tell-Tale Code Is Produced

ON the following morning, in addressing the court, the Solicitor General produced two pieces of thin paper—the same that had been brought in on the previous afternoon.

"I have got to show the court," he said impressively, "the most deadly code ever prepared against the safeguards of Great Britain."

And it certainly was. It contained the name of every vessel in the British navy, every naval base, fortification, and strategic point in Great Britain. There were over ten thousand names, and opposite each was written a number. For example, the dreadnought *Queen Mary* was No. 813.

As I have confessed, I am superstitious. And have I not reason to be? It was the letter to the chemical company that got me caught in the first place. And my secret code was written in a book issued for the use of physicians. Both times the mark of that firm was upon me.

Using a magnifying glass, I had written in tiny characters my code. There were so many names it was impossible to memorize them all. Two opposite sheets of the little memoradum book were used, then the edges of the pages were pasted together. Whenever I learned the British warships were going to put to sea I slipped the book in my pocket, went to a position of vantage where I could make out the silhouettes of the warships, classified them in my mind, and then writing out a cable, put down the code numbers, say in this way: 214, 69, 700, 910, 24. (Necessary words were filled in by the A. B. C. code.)

This message was sent by way of Brussels or Paris to the Intelligence Department of the German Admiralty in Berlin, and told them what warships were putting to sea or arriving at Rosyth.

The accidental finding of this code, of course, settled all further argument. I called no witness for the defense except two or three personal acquaintances, to each of whom I put this question:

"What is your knowledge of my attitude as regards England?"

They all declared that even if I was a spy in the pay of any foreign government, I certainly had never shown any personal feeling or animosity toward Great Britain.

But Why a Short Sentence?

ALL of which I figured might aid the cause of clemency. The jury was out not more than half an hour. I was found guilty of endangering the safeguards of the British Empire, and under the new law that had been aimed against German spies I was liable to seven years' penal servitude. Even then my spirits were not down. I had what you Americans call "a hunch."

Just before his Lordship, the Chief Justice, summed up, an aristocratic, gray-clad Englishman, who never had been in the court room before, appeared and was courteously, almost impressively, conducted to the bench. I noticed that the Chief Justice bowed to him with unction, and they had about two minutes' whispered conversation. His Lordship was nodding repeatedly. This worried me. I felt I was going to get it hot.

But, in substance, his Lordship's verdict was:

"Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the Court pronounces a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment."

A murmur of astonishment was audible. Everybody in court was surprised. I heard gasps all around me, especially among the foreign newspaper reporters. With everybody expecting seven years of penal servitude, eighteen months of plain imprisonment was a bombshell. Why?

In Prison

I WAS taken first to Calton Hill Jail, Edinburgh, and transferred after two weeks to Barlinney Prison, near Glasgow. Considering the circumstances, I was treated with surprising consideration. The conditions that had characterized my trial prevailed in the prison. I soon perceived that the Barlinney Prison officials were trying to sound me in a canny Scotch way—with no result.

"You're foolish to stay in here. You must have something worth while. Why don't you get out?"

That was the gist of their talks with me, from the warders up. I kept my mouth shut.

Now I shall present information that

Conditions in Paris

From Our Paris Correspondent
GELETT BURGESS

THE mails and telegraph service [he writes us] are so irregular, now, that I have no idea whether or not the Ms. has yet reached you, or whether it will at all. We don't know what's happening. No doubt much of the mail is opened and confiscated, especially that sent to newspapers. Telegrams are, of course, all censored, and delayed through having to go through several offices even before reaching the War Department. We Americans have all obtained our "permis de sejour" [permits to remain] but what will happen later, no one knows. No doubt as soon as the autobuses return from the front the shops will open, and traffic will be nearly normal, but there is always possibility of foreigners being sent away. . . . There are pretty sure reports of lots of wounded being already in Paris. I hear they are preparing churches for their use. Also there is no doubt a great many German spies have been shot—one, I know, Rieman (?) owner of the Astoria Hotel, was shot in his own hotel, after a brief court-martial. A wireless outfit was discovered on the roof, with the wires led down the chimney. . . . We have female car conductors, street sweepers, etc., besides the Red Cross work. . . . The Americans are organizing a series of "American Vaudevilles" for the benefit of Isadora Duncan's home for destitute children of soldiers. I expect some fun there, as there are lots of artists here. . . .

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Road Smoothers

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

¶ It's true you can see the strong, flexible steel spring and the smooth fitting piston, but the K-W trade mark is your assurance that you are getting the best in design, workmanship and material. K-W Road Smoothers are built up to a standard and not down to a price.

¶ They give comfort on the roughest roads because they combine the three essential features necessary for lasting comfort. The helical spring takes up the shock, the air chamber with its smooth working piston checks rebound, and the anti-side motion links prevent side rocking,—make for your safety and save the parts of your car.

¶ Every K-W Road Smoother is thoroughly tested and perfectly built and of the right materials—high grade, heat-treated drop forgings; electric smelted, chrome vanadium steel springs (not ordinary spring steel); and extra heavy phosphor bronze bushings throughout give long, lasting service and make possible our broad guarantee.

¶ Beware of Imitations. The K-W is the **only** Road Smoother. K-W Road Smoothers are sold by dealers who know the difference, everywhere, **at one price.**

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

If your dealer cannot supply you we will direct on receipt of price. Write for booklet "*Taking Out the Bumps.*"

THE K-W IGNITION Co
2859 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the 100,000 K-W Master Vibrators



was denied the House of Commons upon the occasion of an inquiry into my case.

On the fifth week of my imprisonment I was taken to the office of the Governor of the prison. As I entered I saw a slight, soldierly looking English gentleman of the cavalry type. (A cavalry officer has certain mannerisms that invariably give him away to one who knows.) The Governor spoke first:

"Graves, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

An English Proposal

THE stranger nodded to the Governor and said:

"I may be quite a while. You have your instructions."

"That's all right, sir," replied the Governor.

The Governor left and we were alone. The stranger rose.

"My name is Robinson, Doctor; please take a seat."

Of course, being a prisoner, I had remained standing. Robinson began some casual conversation.

"How are they treating you?"

"I have no complaints to make."

"Is the confinement irksome to you?"

"Naturally." I looked him straight in the face. "I am a philosopher—Kismet, Captain."

"Oh—ho," he explained. "You address me as Captain. Wherefore this knowledge? We have never met."

"No," I replied. "But I have associated too long with various types of army officers not to be able to detect a British cavalry officer. Formerly of the Hussars, I take it?"

He laughed for some time. He continued feeling his way in this manner. Then suddenly he changed front. Point blank he asked me:

"Now, old chap, we know that you worked for Germany against us. We also know that you are not a German. Is there any reason why you should not work for us? Any private reason?"

"Captain," I said, "you of all men ought to know that the betrayal of your employers for a monetary reason alone or for merely personal liberty is never entertained by a man who has been in my work. We go into it with our eyes open, well knowing the consequences if we are caught. We do not squeal if we are hurt."

Treachery from Berlin?

FOR a time he looked at me very earnestly.

"H'm," he said. "That just bears out what we have been able to ascertain about you. It puzzled us how a man of your known ability acted the way you did. From the moment you landed in England, all the time you were doing your work, even after your arrest, in prison and in court you showed a sort of listless, almost an indifferent, attitude. If I may put it this way, you seemed in no way keen to go to extremes in any possible mission you might have had." He paused. "We think you could have done more than you did. The mildness of your sentence—has it surprised you?"

I grinned.

"Nothing surprises me, Captain."

His manner became very earnest.

"Supposing," he said, "we show you that it was a *quasi* deliberate intention on the part of your employers to have you caught—what then?"

This did not startle me either. I had an idea of that all along. It is why I played my cards so quietly, why I did not accomplish in England everything I had a chance to accomplish. I did not grin this time.

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I am open to negotiations. But I am rather deaf and my vision is very much obscured as long as I see bars in front of my window."

The Captain smiled.

"Well, Doctor, I may see you again soon."

"Captain, I have not the slightest doubt but that you will. But let it be understood, please, that it's a waste of time so long as I am behind bars."

"Leave that to me," he said, and we shook hands.

The Proofs Are Shown

I WAS taken back to my cell. I am frank to admit that I didn't sleep much for the next two or three nights. All through my trial and in Barlinney I had been playing a part. When the occasion demanded I could be cool as I was with Captain Robinson. But that was a strain, and it took it out of me. During these following days I was nervous; I had insomnia; I paced my cell at nights.



We never fully appreciate a peaceful home 'till th' neighbors next door or over th' way get t' fightin'. Jest now "My Country 'Tis of Thee" hez a kind of a "Home Sweet Home" sound to it.

Velvet Joe

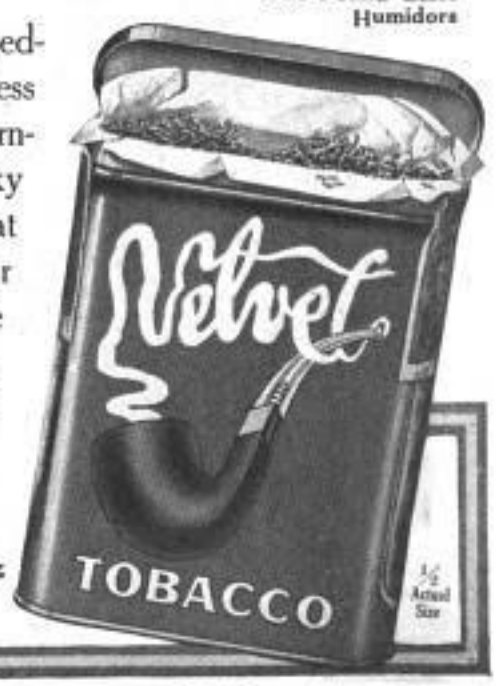
GOOD-WILL is a whole lot more stable basis for peace between men or nations, than peace conferences will ever be.

As a force for peace there's nothing like VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

VELVET, your pipe and yourself will form a Triple Alliance for the preservation of friendship and good-will and the repelling of invading troubles and worries.

5c Bags 10c Tins
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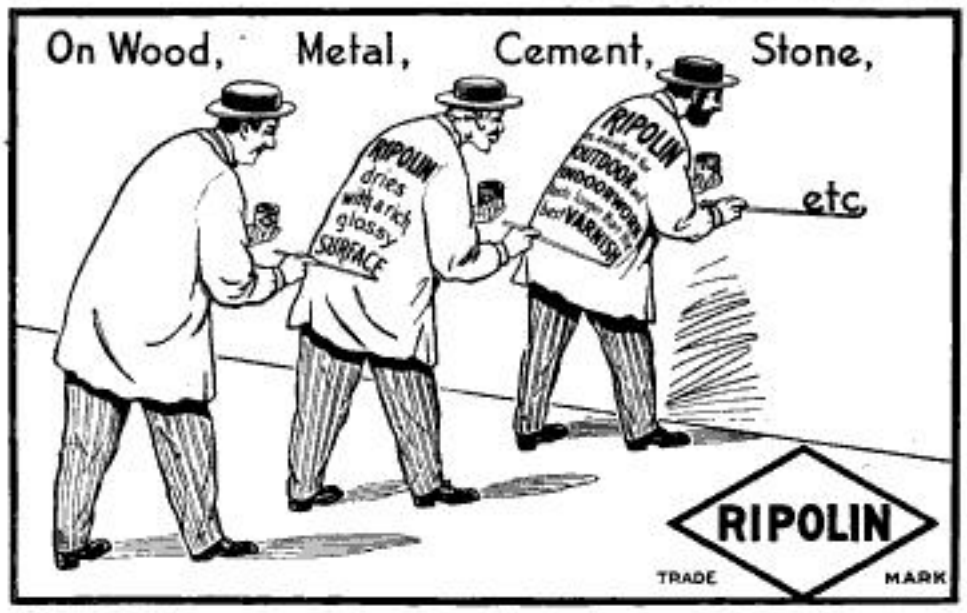
For there's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness about this cool, slow-burning, fragrant Kentucky *Burley de Luxe* that puts peace into your pipe. Start a peace conference *now* by purchasing a tin of VELVET.



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Most famous Trade Mark in all Europe

Every traveler remembers the three Ripolin men, that whimsical trio whose quaint humor is known throughout the entire Continent.

Where Ripolin Enamel Paint is a Household Word

THESE Ripolin men have been cartooned in Punch and the press time and again. So familiar is this **Ripolin Enamel Paint** that a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, famed for his polished appearance, is everywhere known by the nickname of "Ripolin." The name has become such a standard for enamel that it has even crept into the public vocabulary as a synonym for glossy or high finish.

Made in Holland by the old Dutch hand process, Ripolin is the most beautiful and durable enamel paint that has ever been produced. For fourteen years it has been used in America on interior and exterior woodwork and metal, wherever the architect or owner wants to be sure of a beautifully clear, soft tone that will remain pure white, and smooth as fine porcelain. There has never yet been a dissatisfied Ripolin customer. Homes finished with Ripolin have least expense for up-keep. A gallon will cover from 500 to 700 square feet, depending upon the surface. Your painter or decorator will tell you the quantity needed.

That brilliant, high, gloss finish is unexcelled for the kitchen, pantry, or wherever a glass-like surface is desired.

Then again for halls, reception rooms, libraries,—wherever the softer effects are preferred,—Ripolin is obtainable in a beautiful eggshell finish, or even an absolutely flat finish. Any desired tint can be obtained by mixing pure color ground in oil with white Ripolin—a buff or light green shade is excellent for kitchen walls.



SEND FOR THIS TIN



Note Seal on the Can

Send 50 cents today for large trial can, with brush—enough to give a thorough test—try it out in your own home—then you be the judge. With it we will send the coated strip of tin, and the book showing residences, exclusive clubs, and palatial hotels finished with Ripolin. Also name of the Ripolin dealer in your territory.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
Importers and Distributors of Ripolin for the United States and Canada
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¶ Are you holding down the high cost of living by seeing to it that you get what you pay for?

¶ Are you sure that every peck you pay for measures a peck; every pound, a pound; every ton, 2000 pounds; every gallon, 4 quarts?

¶ Almost all household supplies are bought without checking the amount delivered.

¶ Gas is a commodity which does not ask to be bought on faith. It is measured on your premises, as you use it, and all you have to do is to verify the gas meter reading (a simple process which your Gas Company will show you how to do yourself) and you can satisfy yourself that you are getting what you pay for.

¶ Your gas meter is a simple and accurate measuring machine. This is proved by thousands of tests made by City and State authorities whose records are accessible to the public.

¶ Your Gas Company stands ready at all times to aid you in securing the most efficient results from the use of its product, but it cannot, without your co-operation, control the amount or the way it is used after it passes through the meter.

¶ The men who make and sell you gas are MERCHANTS. They have invested a large sum of money in your community. They are there to stay. Possibly, you are a shareholder with them.

¶ Wisdom, as well as common honesty, leads them to strive for public confidence and to see that you get what you pay for. They want to keep on doing business with you.

¶ When you buy GAS, YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

¶ Send for the free booklets: ***"A Thousand Uses for Gas," "The Hygienic Value of Gas Lighting."***



If you haven't read
"The Story of Nancy Gay"
send at once for a free copy that awaits you.

Nancy says: "What! you can't read your gas meter? Why it's as easy as telling time. I read mine every few days just for the satisfaction of knowing what my light and fuel are costing. And I know I'm getting all I pay for. I wish I knew that all the other things I buy were as accurately weighed and measured."

National Commercial Gas Association
29 West 39th Street, New York City

The feeling of a jail is cold and thick. But, as I expected, another week brought Captain Robinson again. This time it was late in the evening, after all the prisoners were shut up tight. The Lieutenant Governor himself took me into the Governor's office. No other warder or prison official observed us.

"Well, Doctor," was the way Robinson greeted me, "I have something definite to propose to you. You can be of use to us. You have still sixteen months of your sentence to serve. Are you willing to give these sixteen months of your time to us—terms later to be agreed upon? I am prepared to supply you with proofs that you were deliberately put away, betrayed by your employers, the German Government."

He did so to my complete satisfaction. As I guessed, I had come to learn so much of Germany's affairs that I was dangerous. To betray me in such a way that I would not suspect and squeal was a clever way to close my mouth for seven years in jail, or until all plans had either matured or failed.

"How would you suggest that we go about it?" he asked.

"To be of the slightest degree of use to you, nobody must know of my release." I added: "Here is my suggestion. I must leave the execution of it to you. The impression I conveyed around Edinburgh was that my health is rather indifferent. So it is also believed here in the prison. On those grounds it should be an easy matter for you to have me ostensibly transferred to another prison, but instead of that have me taken wherever you wish to. I see no necessity that, outside the Lieutenant Governor, the Governor, and yourself, anyone need know of it."

"Yes, yes," said Robinson. "That coincides with my own ideas and plans." Presently he departed and I went back again to my cell.

Release at Last

AT half past five the next morning I was aroused by the Lieutenant Governor. He was alone. There were no warders in sight. In the Governor's office I found all my clothes and effects ready and laid out for me. I dressed and left with the Lieutenant Governor. We took a taxicab for the Caledonian Station in Glasgow. Few people were abroad in Glasgow at that time of day, and there was no danger of recognition. The trip to London was uneventful. At Euston Station we were met by Captain Robinson. We went into a private waiting room, where Captain Robinson signed a paper for the Lieutenant Governor. It was what amounts to a receipt for the prison's delivery of me into his hands. Then the Lieutenant Governor left us; then Robinson, after handing over an envelope containing cash and instructions, left.

I was alone and free. I could then and there have disappeared. Obviously, the English Government trusted me fully.

My first move was to register at the Russel Square Hotel. Opening the envelope in my rooms, I found it contained £10 and the following instructions:

"Telephone at 10.30 to-morrow morning: this number, Mayfair —."

A Trip to Downing Street

I TELEPHONED the Mayfair number and was told to hold the wire. Then Captain Robinson got on the phone and told me to meet him at luncheon at one o'clock at the Imperial Hotel, Trafalgar Square. There another gentleman joined us—a Mr. Morgan, whom I easily judged and afterward knew to be of the English Secret Service. Presently Morgan told me that I was to drive with Captain Robinson to Downing Street that afternoon.

"One of our Ministers wishes to see you," he exclaimed.

We drove to Downing Street, Captain Robinson and I, and stopped before the historic government building. After we had signed the book that all visitors to "Downing Street" must sign, I was ushered into an anteroom, and Robinson took his leave. My name appears on this book as Trenton Snell, and if the English Government challenges a statement that I shall subsequently make, let them produce the "Downing Street" book for the date I shall mention; let them have a handwriting expert compare the name, "Trenton Snell," with my handwriting. I make this statement, because what followed is of great importance.

After a twenty-minute wait, which impressed me as being different from the slam-in and slam-out methods of the Wilhelmsstrasse, I was shown up a flight of stairs. The attendant knocked on the door, opened it, and announced:

"The gentleman."

I was facing Sir Edward Grey.

He was seated behind a big green-covered mahogany desk. I noticed that the room seemed like a private library; books, memoranda, letters, and dispatch cases littered, not only the desk, but the tables and chairs. The eye was struck by a huge piece of furniture—a tall, leather-covered easy chair. I present these details for obvious reasons.



The First Day at School
Sketches from Awayback

The First Diplomat of England

SIR EDWARD, looking small in the big armchair, was seated with his legs crossed. He was reading some document, and without a sign of recognition he kept me standing there, it must have been ten minutes. I noticed that he glanced at me now and then above the top of the paper. Abruptly he told me to have a seat. When I said that I preferred to stand, he nodded and, pulling open a drawer, took from it a folder that, as subsequent events verified, I suspected to be a report on me. There was another period during which he seemed to be unaware of my presence, and I took advantage of it to size up my man. He impressed me as being one of those intolerable, typically English icicles, which only that nation seems able to produce in her public servants. Presumably through a century-long contact with the races of the East, the English diplomat of the Sir Edward Grey type presents the bland, imperturbable, noncommittal, almost inane expression of the Oriental that hardly gives one any criterion of the tremendous power of perception and concentration beneath the mask. After playing with his monocle, he said:

"I presume you are familiar with Germany's naval activity."

"Up to a certain point, sir."

"What point?" he asked quickly.

"I am familiar only with the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty," I replied.

"Their system?" he asked. "Is it so extensive and efficient as we have been led to believe?"

"That cannot be exaggerated."

At this Sir Edward began to throw out innuendos, to which I replied in like vein. The interview was not progressing. Finally he came out with what was in his mind.

"Do you know if any officials or naval officers are selling or negotiating to sell information to foreign intelligence departments?"

Although he had not said English officers or officials, I knew what he meant, but I made up my mind not to tell everything I knew.

"There are such," I replied.

It had the effect of making him look at me in a most startled manner.

"How do you know that? On what

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Reo the Fifth

A Super-Car

$1,175 *Equipped F.O.B. Lansing* — *Fall Series*

5-Passenger Touring Car or Roadster

Better Than It Need Be

By an Average of 50 Per Cent

R. E. Olds took this position when he first brought out Reo the Fifth:

The usual standards are not good enough for men who buy cars to keep.

So he built this super-car—a car of extremes, of vast over-capacity—ultra in its fineness, its exactness, its materials and its costly features.

This car has won men by the legions to a better grade of car.

New Additions

Countless new things have been added since this car came out. Nearly all you see is new—body, finish and equipment. And there are many new chassis features. No car is kept more up-to-date. None has more new-style beauty.

But the standards have not been altered. The car is still built better than it need be, by an average of 50 per cent.

Severe Tests

We send test cars over country roads for 10,000 miles of rough driving. Then take them apart and inspect them. That's to learn how strong parts must be to keep their newness after years of service.

The car has 35 horsepower, but every test is based on requirements of a 50-horsepower motor.

One whole building is devoted to these tests. There steels are analyzed. There gears are tried out in a 50-ton crusher. There vital parts are required to show at least 50 per cent over-capacity.

6 Weeks to Build

We spend six weeks on each car to get utter exactness, to make sure that each part is perfect.

We use 15 roller bearings, 190 drop forgings. We use a very costly clutch to prevent the strain of gear clashing. Every chassis part is built to stand abnormal shocks.

Then we give you here the one-rod control, found in no other car. A simple turn of the wrist does the gear shifting.

In these ways we add about $200 to the necessary cost of each car. But we save the average user twice that in troubles, repairs and upkeep.

Cost Lowered

Reo the Fifth used to cost, with full equipment, $220 more than now. Standardization has brought that cost down. Special machinery, high efficiency and a model plant have helped. This latest model offers a value which two years ago was impossible.

This is the Long-Time Car

Reo the Fifth is built for men who want a long-time car—a car to stay new—to render years of perfect service. With proper care, a car like this should run 100,000 miles.

It is built to save trouble, upkeep and repairs. It is built to stand shocks and strain. The longer you own it the more it will show its supremacy.

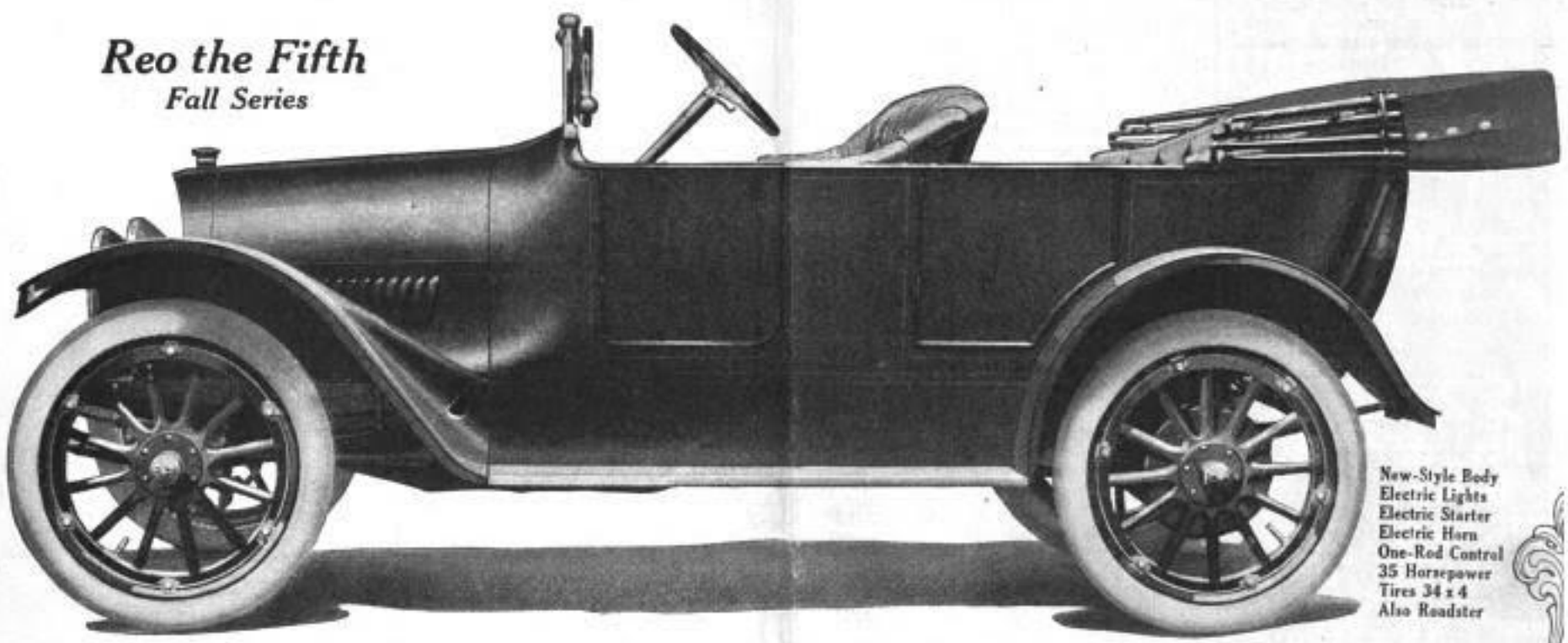
Men are buying this car now faster than we can build it. There are 25,000 of them running today, showing how the car stands up. If you look at the facts or talk with users, you will choose this well-built car.

We have dealers in 1155 towns. Write for Reo Magazine, which tells and pictures how this car is built.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

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Fall Series



New-Style Body
Electric Lights
Electric Starter
Electric Horn
One-Rod Control
35 Horsepower
Tires 34 x 4
Also Roadster

Equipment includes mohair top with full side curtains, mohair slip cover, clear vision ventilating windshield, speedometer, non-skid tires on rear wheels, extra rim and improved tire bracket, pump, jack, complete tool and tire outfit, foot and robe rails.

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Light Up A Wellington

and know what a cool, dry, clean smoke really is. That *weil* principle keeps all moisture away from the tobacco, so it burns ash to the last grain. There's no chance for contact of tobacco and saliva, and your tongue is protected by the upward bore of the bit. Jam your favorite brand into

The Wellington

There's a shape for every taste, made from genuine French briar, guaranteed against burning through or cracking. Smoke a Wellington—25c, 35c, 50c, up, at good dealers'.

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grounds do you make that assertion?" His agitation was ill concealed.

"I have no specific proof," I replied (which I had), "but from information that has been gained, from plans that have been secured—plans like those of your dreadnought *Queen Mary* and the *Ajax*—it is obvious that these things have been done with the cooperation of high officials of your country."

To the United States

HE pressed me for further details, but I withheld them. I could have told him a pretty story about the plans of the *Queen Mary* and the *Ajax*. He fell to studying a rather voluminous report; then he began anew with his innuendos. I guessed what was coming. Although his speech was more prolonged than I shall now present it, this is the gist of what he asked:

"Were you ever present at conferences attended by high officials? Were you, for instance, at the Schlangenbad meeting? Have you any data? Any documentary evidence of having been there?"

I was not a bit startled. I had guessed it would be that. His very question showed that it was useless for me to deny that I had been at the Black Forest conference. Possibly Churchill, recalling my meeting him during the Boer War, had dropped a word about this coincidence to his Lordship. Naturally, I told him I possessed no such data. I deemed it wise to keep my own counsel.

My unsatisfactory answers seemed to displease Sir Edward Grey, for with true British discourtesy he abruptly began working at something on his desk, and, without even saying good day, let a commissary bow me out.

A few days later I received definite instructions from Captain Robinson. I was to go on a mission in the interests of the British Secret Service. And these instructions ultimately resulted in the mission which brought me to the United States.

The Turning of Joe

(Concluded from page 11)

watching the scene, his lips parted in a contemptuous sneer.

"Hae a smoke!" Sandy called to him.

"I buy smokes," he answered.

"As ye please." Sandy gave the box back to Joe.

THE happy father, without a moment's hesitation, walked over to Mike: "Misteer Mike, taka a smoke."

Mike's answer was a quick, upward blow of his arm. He hit the box and the cigars scattered in many directions to fall in the grease and blackstrap of the haulage road. "What's a dago's kid?" he roared, and cursed Joe's son.

For the next five minutes local history was rapidly made at the mine opening. Mike's curse and Joe's embittered cry were the overture to a show we shan't soon forget. The mouse attacked the cat. The miners could hardly realize that Joe had dared to strike his tormentor until Joe and Mike were wrestling on the ground. Not a word was spoken; it was a fight to the death.

"Mike's killing him," some one cried when Mike had Joe underneath his body.

"Separate them!" was shouted from the edge of the crowd.

Big Lars reached down his powerful hands and grasped Mike by the shoulder. With an effort he raised him up.

A wild cry burst from the watchers. Joe's hands were clinging to Mike's throat with the strength of a steel trap.

"It's Mike th..t's done for!" Jack's shout was triumphant.

ONE of the men threw his arms around Joe's body and gave him a violent jerk. The small, wiry fingers released the clutch that had been choking the life out of Mike.

"Me kill! Me kill!" Joe's scream was deadly. "He say hell, my boy!" The foreman must needs help hold the Italian. Mike sank limply to the ground.

When, with dazed eyes, Mike managed to sit up, his hand seeking his throat to caress the bruises made by Joe's fingers, Joe crouched again to make another spring at him. But Big Lars threw him back. "That ban plenty, Joe."

Mike gave a shudder.

"Away to your work!" the foreman ordered, adding, "and I'm thinking, lads, that Joe'll hae na trouble tae get a square deal the noo. The bairn's done that much for him."

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Sir, Madam or Miss:—I have just dug down to the bottom of a one pound can of "Edgeworth" evidently packed by you, and I found the enclosed notice; wherein your boss asks me to notify them in case I found any irregularity in the box in which the notice was packed. As I found no irregularity and as they asked for nothing more I thought I would tell you what else I found; e. g. "The Best Bunch of tobacco I ever smoked." A friend, (I was going to say a true friend, but then I reserve that expression for my old "chaboon" exclusively) gave me this pound box of "Edgeworth"—hence this letter, and now it's me for more as the last smoke was as good as the first, just as moist and held the same quality and flavor—you can tell your "boss" that there was no irregularity—no, it was all regular—yes, a regular find.

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Bealby

Continued from page 15

who's fought us like a rat. Been committing all sorts of crimes about the country. Five pounds reward for him."

"Fruit stealing?" asked Mr. Benshaw.

"Yes," said Mr. Rymell, chancing it.

MR. BENSHAW reflected slowly. His eyes surveyed his trampled crops. "Good Lord!" he cried. "Look at those strawberries!" His voice gathered violence. "And that lout there!" he said. "Why!—he's lying on them. That's the brute who went for me!"

"You got him a pretty tidy one aside the head!" said Macculium.

The tramp rolled over on some fresh strawberries and groaned pitifully.

"He's hurt," said Mr. Mumby.

The tramp flopped and lay still.

"Get some water!" said Rymell, standing up.

At the word water, the tramp started convulsively, rolled over and sat up with a dazed expression.

"No water," he said weakly. "No more water," and then, catching Mr. Benshaw's eye, he got rather quickly to his feet. Everybody who wasn't already standing was getting up, and everyone now was rather carefully getting himself off any strawberry plant he had chanced to find himself smashing in the excitement of the occasion.

"That's the man that started in on me," said Mr. Benshaw. "What's he doing here? Who is he?"

"Who are *you*, my man? What business have you to be careering over this field?" asked Mr. Rymell.

"I was only 'elping," said the tramp.

"Nice help," said Mr. Benshaw.

"I thought that boy was a thief or something."

"And so you made a rush at me."

"I didn't exactly—sir— I thought you was 'elping 'im."

"You be off anyhow," said Mr. Benshaw, "whatever you thought."

"Yes, you be off!" said Mr. Rymell.

"That's the way, my man," said Mr. Benshaw. "We haven't any jobs for you. The sooner we have you out of it the better for everyone. Get right on to the path and keep it." And with a desolating sense of exclusion the tramp withdrew. "There's pounds and pounds' worth of damage here," said Mr. Benshaw. "This job'll cost me a pretty penny. Look at them berries there. Why, they ain't fit for jam! And all done by one confounded boy." An evil light came into Mr. Benshaw's eyes. "You leave him to me and my chaps. If he's gone up among those sheds there—we'll settle with him. Anyhow there's no reason why my fruit should be trampled worse than it has been. Fruit stealer, you say, he is?"

"They live on the country this time of year," said Mr. Mumby.

"And catch them doing a day's work picking!" said Mr. Benshaw. "I know the sort."

"There's a reward of five pounds for 'im already," said the baker. . . .

YOU perceive how humanitarian motives may sometimes defeat their own end, and how little Lady Laxton's well-intentioned handbills were serving to rescue Bealby. Instead they were turning him into a scared and hunted animal. In spite of its manifest impossibility he was convinced that the reward and this pursuit had to do with his burglary of the poultry farm and that his capture would be but the preliminary to prison, trial, and sentence. His one remaining idea was to get away. But his escape across the market gardens had left him so blown and spent that he was obliged to hide up for a time in this perilous neighborhood before going on. He saw a disused-looking shed in the lowest corner of the gardens behind the greenhouses, and by doubling sharply along a hedge he got to it unseen. It was not disused—nothing in Mr. Benshaw's possession ever was absolutely disused—but it was filled with horticultural lumber, with old calcium carbide tins, with broken wheelbarrows and damaged ladders awaiting repair, with some ragged wheeling planks and surplus rolls of roofing felt. At the back were some unhinged shed doors leaning against the wall, and between them Bealby tucked himself neatly and became still, glad of any respite from the chase.

He would wait for twilight and then get away across the meadows at the back and then go— He didn't know whither.

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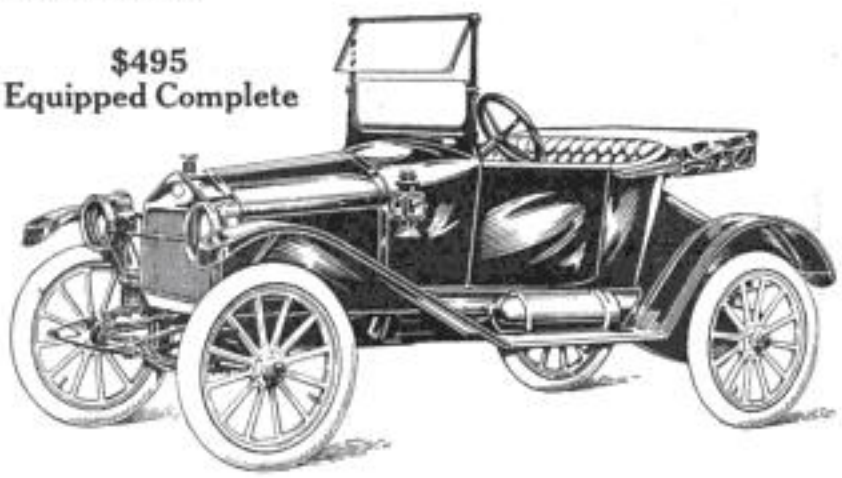
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And now he had no confidence in the wild world any more. A qualm of homesickness for the compact little gardener's cottage at Shonts came to Bealby. Why, as a matter of fact, wasn't he there now?

He ought to have tried more at Shonts.

He ought to have minded what they told him and not have taken up a toasting fork against Thomas. Then he wouldn't now have been a hunted burglar with a reward of five pounds on his head and nothing in his pocket but threepence and a pack of greasy playing cards, a box of sulphur matches, and various objectionable sundries, none of which were properly his own.

If only he could have his time over again!

SUCH wholesome reflections occupied his thoughts until the onset of the dusk stirred him to departure.

He crept out of his hiding place and stretched his limbs, which had got very stiff, and was on the point of reconnoitering from the door of the shed when he became aware of stealthy footsteps outside.

With the quickness of an animal he shot back into his hiding place. The footsteps had halted. For a long time, it seemed, the unseen waited, listening. Had he heard Bealby?

Then some one fumbled with the door of the shed: it opened and there was a long pause of cautious inspection.

Then the unknown had shuffled into the shed and sat down on a heap of matting.

"*Gaw!*" said the voice.

The tramp's!

"If ever I struck a left-handed Mascot it was that boy," said the tramp. "The little *swine!*"

For the better part of two minutes he went on from this mild beginning to a descriptive elaboration of Bealby. For the first time in his life Bealby learned how unfavorable was the impression he might leave on a fellow creature's mind.

"Took even my matches!" cried the tramp, and tried this statement over with variations.

"First that old fool with his syringe!" The tramp's voice rose in angry protest. "Here's a chap dying of epilepsy on your doorstep and all you can do is to squirt cold water at him! Cold water! Why, you might *kill* a man doing that! And then say you'd thought'd bring 'im rlind! Bring 'im riind! You be jolly glad I didn't stash your silly face in. You [misbegotten] old fool! What's a shilling for wetting a man to 'is skin? Wet through I was. Running inside my shirt—dripping. . . . And then the blooming boy clears!

"*I* don't know what boys are coming to!" cried the tramp. "These board schools it is. Gets 'old of everything 'e can and bunks! Gaw! If I get my 'ands on 'im, I'll show 'im. I'll—"

FOR some time the tramp reveled in the details, for the most part crudely surgical, of his vengeance upon Bealby. . . .

"Then there's that dog bite. 'Ow do I know 'ow that's going to turn iit? If I get 'idrophobia, blowed if I don't *bite* some of 'em. 'Idrophobia. Screaming and foaming. Nice death for a man—my time o' life! Bark I shall. Bark and bite.

"And this is your world," said the tramp. "This is the world you put people into and expect 'em to be 'appy. . . .

"I'd like to bite that dough-faced fool with the silly 'at. I'd enjoy biting *'im*. I'd spit it out but I'd bite it right enough. Wiping abät with 'is *'O Gaw!* Get orf my ground! Be orf with you! Slash! 'E ought to be shut up.

"Where's the justice of it?" shouted the tramp. "Where's the right and the sense of it? What 'ave *I* done that I should always get the under side? Why should *I* be stuck on the under side of everything? There's worse men than me in all sorts of positions. . . . Judges there are. *'Orrible Kerecters.* Ministers and people. I've read abät 'em in the papers. . . .

"It's we tramps are the scapegoats. Somebody's got to suffer so as the police can show a face. Gaw! Some of these days I'll do something. . . . I'll do something. You'll drive me too far with it. I tell you—"

HE stopped suddenly and listened. Bealby had creaked.

"Gaw! What can one do?" said the tramp after a long interval. And then, complaining more gently, the tramp began to feel about to make his simple preparations for the night.

"'Unt me out of this, I expect," said the tramp. "And many sleeping in feather beds that ain't fit to 'old a candle to me. Not a *kordinary* farthing candle . . ."

THE subsequent hour or so was an interval of tedious tension for Bealby.

After vast spaces of time he was suddenly aware of three vertical threads of light. He stared at them with mysterious awe, until he realized that they were just the moonshine streaming through the cracks of the shed.

The tramp tossed and muttered in his sleep.

Footsteps?

Yes—footsteps.

Then voices.

They were coming along by the edge of the field, and coming and talking very discreetly.

"Ugh!" said the tramp, and then softly: "What's that?" Then he, too, became noiselessly attentive.

Bealby could hear his own heart beating.

The men were now close outside the shed. "He wouldn't go in there," said Mr. Benshaw's voice. "He wouldn't dare. Anyhow we'll go up by the glass first. I'll let him have the whole barrelful of oats if I get a glimpse of him. If he'd gone away, they'd have caught him in the road . . ."

The footsteps receded. There came a cautious rustling on the part of the tramp and then his feet padded softly to the door of the shed. He struggled to open it, and then with a jerk got it open a few inches; a great bar of moonlight leaped and lay still across the floor of the shed.

Bealby advanced his head cautiously until he could see the black, obscure indications of the tramp's back as he peeped out.

"*Now,*" whispered the tramp, and opened the door wider. Then he ducked his head down and had darted out of sight, leaving the door open behind him.

BEALBY questioned whether he should follow. He came out a few steps, and then went back at a shout from away up the garden. "There he goes," shouted a voice, "in the shadow of the hedge."

"Look out, Jim!" *Bang*—and a yelp.

"Stand away! I've got another barrel!"

Bang. Then silence for a time and then the footsteps coming back.

"That ought to teach him," said Mr. Benshaw. "First time I got him fair and I think I peppered him a bit the second. Couldn't see very well, but I heard him yell. He won't forget that in a hurry. Not him. There's nothing like oats for fruit stealers. Jim, just shut that door, will you? That's where he was hiding . . ."

It seemed a vast time to Bealby before he ventured out into the summer moonlight, and a very pitiful and outcast little Bealby he felt himself to be.

He was beginning to realize what it means to go beyond the narrow securities of human society. He had no friends, no friends at all. . . .

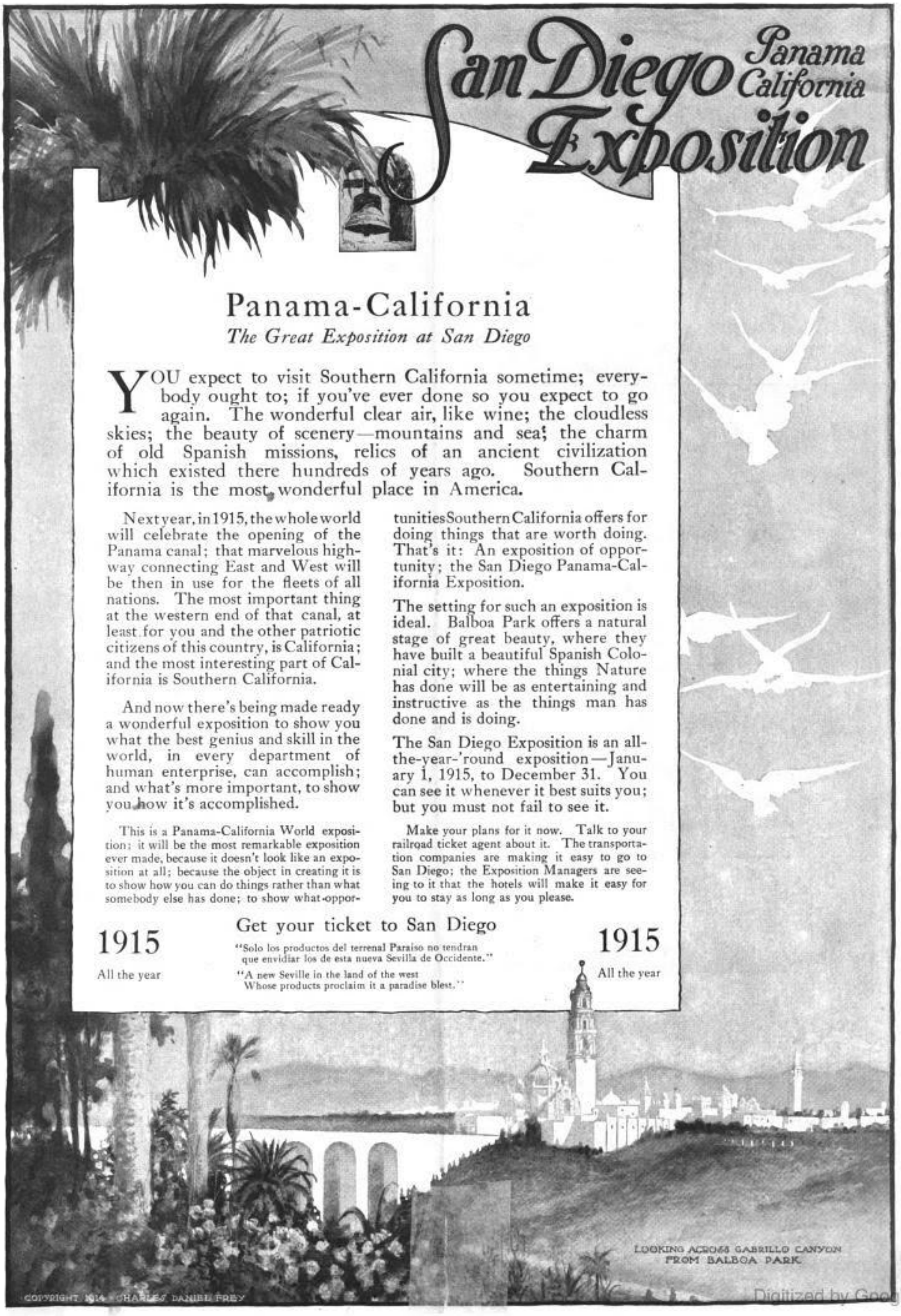
HE caught at and arrested a sob of self-pity.

Perhaps after all it was not so late as Bealby had supposed. There were still lights in some of the houses and he had the privilege of seeing Mr. Benshaw going to bed with pensive deliberation. Mr. Benshaw wore a flannel nightshirt and said quite a lengthy prayer before extinguishing his candle. Then suddenly Bealby turned nervously and made off through the hedge. A dog had barked.

At first there were nearly a dozen lighted windows in Crayminster. They went out one by one. He hung for a long time with a passionate earnestness on the sole surviving one, but that, too, went at last.

He could have wept when at last it winked out. He came down into the marshy flats by the river, but he did not like the way in which the water sucked and swirled in the vague moonlight; also he suddenly discovered a great white horse standing quite still in the misty grass not thirty yards away; so he went up to and crossed the high-road and wandered up the hillside toward the allotments, which attracted him by reason of the sociability of the

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numerous tool sheds. In a hedge near at hand a young rabbit squealed sharply and was stilled. Why?

Then something like a short snake scrabbled by very fast through the grass.

Then he thought he saw the tramp stalking him noiselessly behind some currant bushes. That went on for some time, but came to nothing.

Then nothing pursued him, nothing at all. The gap, the void, came after him. The bodiless, the faceless, the formless; these are evil hunters in the night. . . .

What a cold, still, *watching* thing moonlight can be! . . .

He thought he would like to get his back against something solid, and found near one of the sheds a little heap of litter. He sat down against good tarred boards, assured at least that whatever came must come in front. Whatever he did, he was resolved, he would not shut his eyes.

That would be fatal. . . .

He awoke in broad daylight amid a cheerful uproar of birds.

AND then again flight and pursuit were resumed.

As Bealby went up the hill away from Crayminster he saw a man standing over a spade and watching his retreat, and when he looked back again presently this man was following. It was Lady Laxton's five-pound reward had done the thing for him.

He was half minded to surrender and have done with it, but jail, he knew, was a dreadful thing of stone and darkness. He would make one last effort. So he beat along the edge of a plantation and then crossed it and forced his way through some gorse and came upon a sunken road that crossed the hill in a gorse-lined cutting. He struggled down the steep bank. At its foot, regardless of him, unaware of him, a man sat beside a motor bicycle with his fists gripped tight and his head downward, swearing. A county map was crumpled in his hand. "Damn!" he cried, and flung the map to the ground and kicked it and put his foot on it.

Bealby slipped, came down the bank with a run, and found himself in the road within a couple of yards of the blond features and angry eyes of Captain Douglas. When he saw the Captain and perceived himself recognized, he flopped down—a done and finished Bealby. . . .

HE had arrived just in time to interrupt the Captain in a wild and reprehensible fit of passion.

The Captain imagined it was a secret fit of passion. He thought he was quite alone and that no one could hear him or see him. So he had let himself shout and stamp, to work off the nervous tensions that tormented him beyond endurance.

In the direst sense of the words, the Captain was in love with Madeleine. He was in love quite beyond the bounds set by refined and decorous people to this dangerous passion. The primordial savage that lurks in so many of us was uppermost in him. He was not in love with her prettily or delicately; he was in love with her violently and vehemently. He wanted to be with her, he wanted to be close to her, he wanted to possess her and nobody else to approach her. He was so inflamed now that no other interest in life had any importance except as it aided or interfered with this desire. He had forced himself in spite of this fever in his blood to leave her to pursue Bealby, and now he was regretting this firmness furiously. He had expected to catch Bealby overnight and bring him back to the hotel in triumph. But Bealby had been elusive. There she was, away there, hurt and indignant—neglected!

"A laggard in love," cried the Captain, "a dastard in war! God!—I am away from everything. First I leave the maneuvers, then her. Unstable as water thou shalt not prevail. Water! What does the confounded boy matter? What does he matter?

"And there she is. Alone! She'll flirt—naturally she'll flirt. Don't I deserve it? Haven't I asked for it? Just the one little time we might have had together! I fling it in her face. You fool, you laggard, you dastard! And here's this map!"

A BREATHING moment.

"How the *devil*," cried the Captain, "am I to find the little beast on this map?"

"And twice he's been within reach of my hand!"

"No decision!" cried the Captain. "No instant grip! What good is a soldier without it? What good is any man who will not leap at opportunity? I ought to have chased out last night after that fool and his oats. Then I might have had a chance!

"Chuck it! Chuck the whole thing! Go back to her. Kneel to her, kiss her, compel her!

"And what sort of reception am I likely to get?"

He crumpled the flapping map in his fist.

And then suddenly out of nowhere Bealby came rolling down to his feet, a disheveled and earthy Bealby. But Bealby.

"Good Lord!" cried the Captain, startling to his feet and holding the map like a sword sheath. "What do you want?"

For a second Bealby was a silent spectacle of misery.

"Oooh! I want my *breckfuss*," he burst out at last, reduced to tears.

"Are you young Bealby?" asked the Captain, seizing him by the shoulder.

"They're after me," cried Bealby. "If they catch me, they'll put me in prison, where they don't give you anything. It wasn't me did it—and I 'aven't had anything to eat—not since yesterday."

The Captain came rapidly to a decision. There should be no more faltering. He saw his way clear before him. He would act—like a whistling sword. "Here! Jump up behind," he said . . . "hold on tight to me . . ."

(To be continued next week)

Marconi vs. Hymen

(Continued from page 10)

we'd be waiting for you when this here steamer come in. My name is Davis and I'm a police officer," he added with a surreptitious flash of a nickeled star. "We've got a telegram from the Chicago police to hold you until your father comes to get you, so I guess it's you for police headquarters with me, Miss Weber. Sorry to bust up your little trip this way, but I've got to do it." He turned and took a few steps to the rail.

LENA, dissolved in tears long before the official explanation of Officer Davis was concluded, again sought to interfere.

"You're making a mistake," she began hysterically. "I won't allow this—"

Miss McMullen slipped an arm about her shoulders and drew the weeping girl close to her.

"Keep still!" she whispered. "This is your only chance—don't you see it? Nothing can happen to me. If Billy is waiting for you on the pier, run along and get married. If he isn't, take a train for home. They won't hold me more than an hour or two and in the meantime you can fade away. Keep your nerve and it'll come out all right."

The detective, leaning against the rail on both elbows, smiled at them tolerantly when Birdie looked up.

"I hope I didn't scare your friend," he suggested.

"No, she hasn't had a good look at you so far," she retorted. "What am I supposed to have put over—safe blowing or a train holdup? My little friend here didn't know she was traveling with a famous crook."

"You ought to know," he grinned. "All we got was a wire from headquarters in Chi asking us to meet this boat and take Lena Weber off and hold her until her father comes for her. If you was beating it away from home, you didn't cover your tracks very good, seeing that the old man got next to what steamer you was on the first thing."

"You don't know how smart he is," Birdie rejoined lightly. "He'd have been a copper only he never could wear shoes bigger than nines and that barred him. You don't mind my handing a few farewell messages to my friend here, do you? If I'm going to jail, I've got a lot of things to tell her."

Davis took the hint good-humoredly.

"Go as far as you like," he said, moving still further away from the couple. "Only I'll have to escort you when we get in. And as far as going to jail is concerned, there's nothing doing there," he added. "When we hold you runaways from Chi all you got to do is sit



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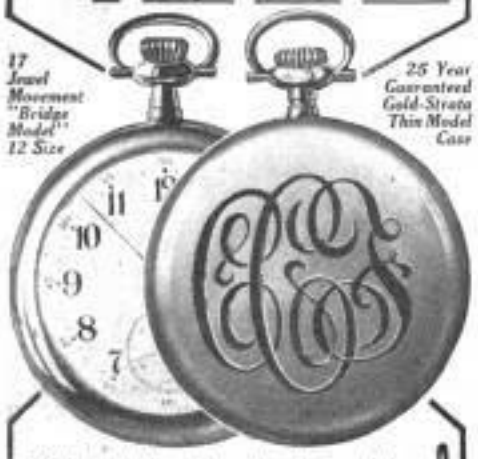
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in a rocker in the matron's room until somebody comes to take you home."

IT required all of Miss McMullen's persuasive powers to make Lena consent to her continuing in the rôle she had undertaken. The runaway insisted that she would not shoulder off her troubles so readily and go blithely on her way to the altar, leaving Birdie in the hands of the law. But before the steamer docked that resourceful young woman had made her realize that the chance happening of the wireless message being delivered to her was the key to the situation: that nothing was to be gained by revealing identities, and that Miss McMullen could save the day by sitting around at police headquarters a few hours while Miss Weber was being wedded to her William.

"If you want him, this is the time to grab him," Birdie advised her. "He might not be so keen for running away again if you get dragged home by your father. If you marry him to-day, the old man's abduction charges go up in smoke; if you don't, he might be able to put something across on your fair-haired boy when the case comes to trial. You see what you've got to lose by getting chatty around here. Don't worry about me for a minute—I'm going to enjoy it, and when your dad comes to take you home, I'll hand him a line of conversation that will make him wish he'd sent for you by parcel post."

SO at length Lena saw things that way and agreed, though with many misgivings, to Miss McMullen's program. In pursuance thereof she went down the gangplank several minutes in advance of Birdie and the lantern-jawed detective, and therefore that eagle-eyed sleuth did not see a tall young man hurtle through the crowd of chattering vacationists and throw his arms about her.

"Lena!" he exclaimed rapturously.

Miss Weber threw a scared glance over her shoulder and tugged at his arm excitedly.

"Don't call me by my name like that, Billy," she whispered. "It ain't safe."

"What do you mean, it ain't safe?" he demanded. "Did you get my message? Has anybody been botherin' you?"

"Come on and I'll tell you about it," she said. "Oh, Billy, I had such a narrow escape! It was something terrible!"

And Miss McMullen, watching from the rail by the grace of Officer Davis while the crowd slowly filed ashore, smiled as she saw them eagerly elbowing their way toward the town.

IN the matron's room at the police station an hour later Peter Weber, the well-known dyer and cleaner, was gloomily listening to Miss McMullen's philosophy, which she expounded for him with a lightness and grace wholly out of keeping with her surroundings. His first wild ravings of rage and disgust had passed; the anathemas he had called down upon the police force of South Haven, upon William Harding, grocer's assistant, and upon society in general, had disturbed nobody in particular, and after a time he had calmed down under Birdie's soothing suggestions.

"You remember the time you married Mrs. Weber, don't you?" she said from the depths of a rocker where she had been reading a magazine until his arrival.

"Sure I do," he returned, facing about in surprise.

"Did anybody wish you on to her?" Birdie demanded. "Did her father pick you out and trot you up to her and say: 'Give this party the once over. You're going to marry him next month?'"

"Who, me?" Weber said, settling his coat lapels complacently. "I should say not! My wife picked me for herself."

"Well, what's the matter with you giving Lena the same chance?" she said. "It's a whole lot better all around. You talk about wanting your daughter to marry a man with money and a business. I'll bet you weren't round-shouldered from carrying your roll when you married."

WEBER waved his hands impatiently. "Oh, that's different!" he said. "I knew I could get along all right. What's this fellow Harding going to do, eh? Come down on me for housekeeping money? Not much he don't, by jiminetty!"

"He hasn't swung on you very hard so far," she suggested. "And he looks to me like a pretty game boy for a son-in-law—one that's more than likely to get by with anything he starts. For instance, you didn't have him bluffed for a minute to-day with all your warrants



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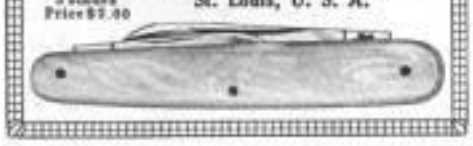
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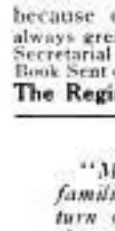


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Found! A powder which answers the three-fold demand made by the nature of beauty—it supplies bloom and fairness with skin protection, and it lasts.

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Velveola Souveraine
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At drug stores or by mail postpaid

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"Made in Germany" has been a familiar phrase, but the lamentable turn of events abroad has largely thrown the producing of the world's commodities on this country, and thus has given American manufacturers the opportunity to emblazon on the world's notice, "Made in America" as Uncle Sam's international trade mark.

Many are planning to take advantage of this opportunity, and great benefits to both manufacturer and consumer will ultimately result.

and police and prosecutions. As soon as he got out of the police station he went right through with his little program—sent a wireless to his girl, grabbed the first train for here, met her at the dock and took her away to a minister's. You can't beat that much for speed and gameness, can you?"

"No, he beat me, all right—with you helping out," the old man admitted, and Miss McMullen saw the shadow of a smile flit around the corners of the grim old mouth. He was seeing Billy Harding in a new light. For the first time he was regarding the young fellow as a possibility and the prospect was not so unpleasing.

"Yes, and if you try to start any more rough work, believe me, he'll go right along with you to the finish," Birdie said. "He's that build, if I'm any judge. And don't forget to remember something else that's very important, Mr. Weber. Lena is still your daughter, but by this time she's Billy's wife. That makes things a whole lot different from what they were at ten o'clock this morning when that steamer started for here."

WEBER was staring out of the window. For a few moments he did not reply, but cleared his throat huskily.

"Yes, she's still my daughter," he said then. "And, by jiminetty, that young Harding ain't such a bad feller, when you come to look at it. Maybe if he got his chance—"

There was a knock at the door and the matron opened it and looked in brightly at Miss McMullen. Birdie's status had long since been established with the police.

"Some folks to see you," she said. "May they come in?"

From behind her Lena and Billy swarmed into the room without waiting for permission, hand in hand and smiling happily upon the world.

"Well, we're married!" Billy shouted, and then stopped short at sight of his father-in-law. Lena advanced a timorous step and Herr Weber relieved the situation by opening his arms.

"It's all right, children," he said. "I'm an old fool, I guess. Miss McMullen thinks so, and what she thinks is pretty near right. Come on—we'll all go home after we've had a wedding supper some place. You'll come along with us, too?" he added, turning to the heroine of the day.

BIRDIE was standing beside the smiling matron, drawing on her gloves.

"No, thanks," she said, "I'll just run along to the Sterlingworth before Evelyn Maguire has a fit, thinking I've done a Kellermann off the steamer. You folks can have your little family party without me, all right. But there's one thing I'm going to ask of you, Mr. Weber."

"Sure! You can have it now!" he declared happily, his arms around the grinning newlyweds. "What is it, Miss McMullen?"

"Next time I'm arrested," Birdie said, "I'll expect you to write me a swell reference."

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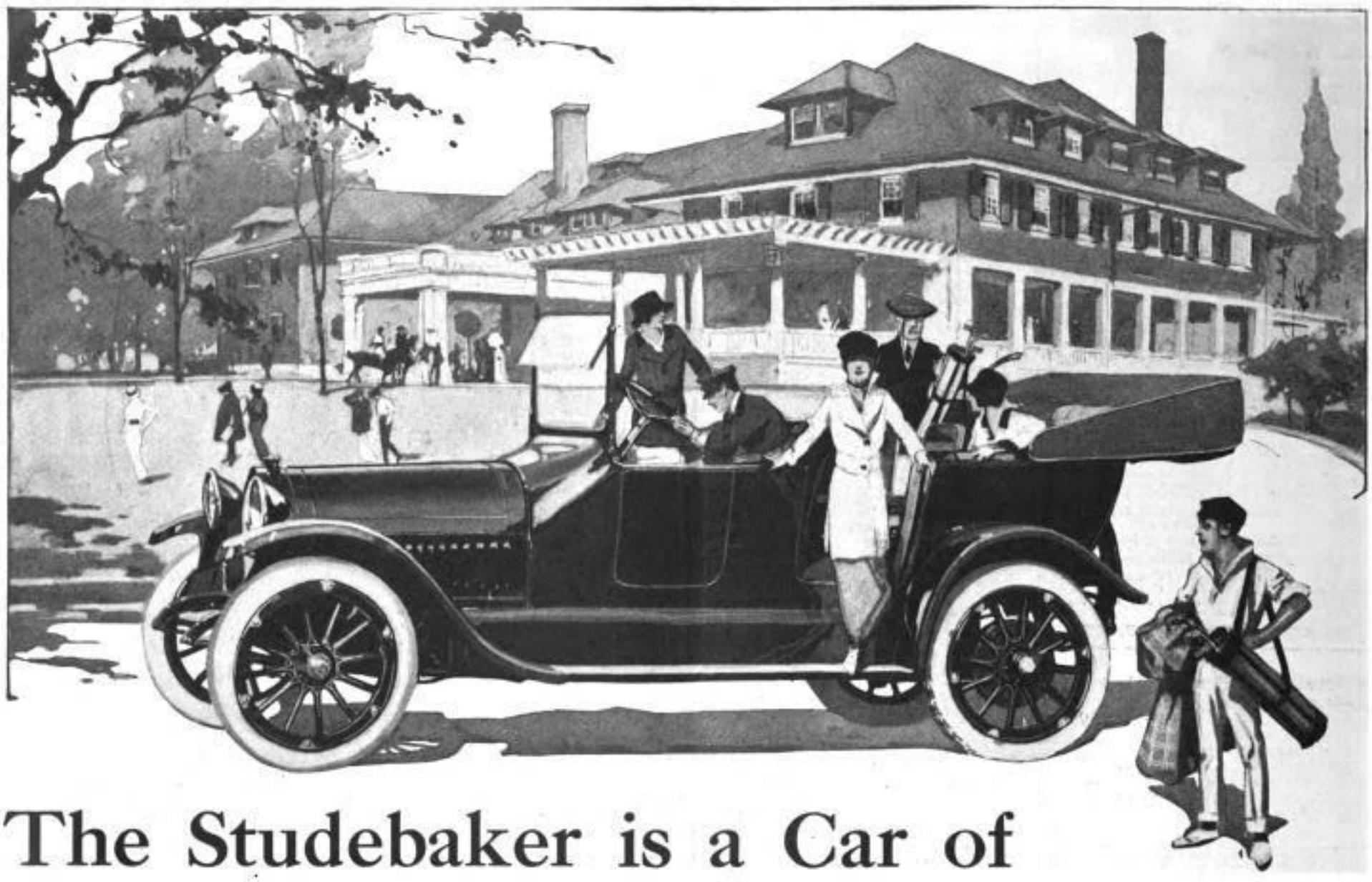
On account of the unsettled condition of Europe, which will prevent many girls from going abroad for study, the Finch School has made arrangements for additional accommodations and offers those girls unusual advantages in Art, Music, Modern Languages, as well as General Courses.

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Term begins Sept. 10th, 1914. Located in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate. Modern appointments. Students the past session from 25 States. Terms moderate. Pupils enter any time. Send for catalogue.
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You instinctively think of the Studebaker as a car of superb quality.

You compare it not with cars in its own price class, but with cars costing $500 to $1000 more.

Often you pause in amazement when you try to reconcile Studebaker quality and Studebaker prices.

$985 for a full sized, roomy, four-cylinder touring-car and $1385 for a big, powerful "Six" are low prices for just "good" cars—They are really phenomenal prices when they have back of them Studebaker quality, and the strength and character of the Studebaker organization.

And there is only one thing that makes them possible—"Studebaker manufacturing methods".

Studebaker cars are the product of a manufacturing organization with 62 years of experience and ample capital back of it.

They are made in what we believe to be the most completely equipped automobile plants in the world.

They are manufactured under the direct supervision of the men who design them—

And they are manufactured practically complete in Studebaker plants.

Now couple with all these things Studebaker quantity production and you will realize immediately what we mean by the Economy of Studebaker Manufacturing Methods.

During the last eighteen months 55,000 Studebaker cars have been manufactured and sold.

This is the largest number of one make selling at or above Studebaker prices ever produced in the same period by any manufacturer.

And this quantity production, together with the completeness of Studebaker plant Equipment, makes possible the elimination of practically all the parts-maker's profit from the Studebaker cars.

Studebaker motors, transmissions, axles, springs, drop forgings, bodies, tops,—are all made in Studebaker plants.

Studebaker steels worked out to special formulae are all specially heat treated in Studebaker plants.

And this completeness of Studebaker manufacture means better, stronger, longer-wearing parts—consequently Studebaker quality.

In addition it means the saving of the parts-maker's profit—and so makes possible Studebaker prices.

The Studebaker Corporation shares its profits not with parts-maker's but with buyers of Studebaker cars.

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$1650

Model J Two-Ton Truck, Including Chassis with Driver's Cab. Body Extra.

















149 Different Lines of Business Find This The Ideal Motor Truck

Be honest with yourself, and your business. Sit down and figure out how much your present wasteful method of hauling is costing you—how much you could save by bringing the Reo Motor Truck to your business.

The actual figures will surprise you.

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The First Cost Your First Saving

Right at the start your investment for a Reo Motor Truck is lower than the first cost of two teams and wagons. It easily does the work of three or more teams.

Only one driver is needed, instead of three or more drivers for horse equipment. The saving in labor is a big item.

You save in the cost of operation. The Reo Motor Truck "eats" only when it is working. It goes just as fast and carries just as big a load the last hour of the day as when it starts out in the morning.

But the saving in time is the big item. Reo Motor Trucks will speed up every department of your business. As you deliver faster, you can build, sell, ship, assemble faster. Your whole business feels the spurt of this new form of energy.

Many Delighted Users

We are constantly receiving letters from Model J owners in all lines of business, expressing their satisfaction, not in general terms, but by facts and figures that are wonderfully convincing.

Jacob G. Shirk & Son, wholesale tobacco merchants of Lancaster, Pa., bought a Reo Motor Truck over a year ago. They write: "We use our truck for hauling freight between our warehouse and the freight station. This service was performed by the local dray company at $15.00 per week. Our REO now does this work for $3.50 per week, which includes the cost of keeping the truck in a public garage. Up to this time we have not spent a cent on repairs."

Features That Mean Unbroken Service

The Reo Motor Truck is carefully designed to keep going day after day for years, without any lost time for repairs. It has exclusive features, found in no other motor trucks, that make this constant service possible.

A radiator built of 24 independent, interchangeable units. One or several units could be injured, instantly repaired or replaced, and the run continued. Or the truck will run until you are ready to repair it later.

Much more power than you will ever need is supplied by the Reo unit power plant, cushioned on a sub-frame away from road shocks or vibration.

Reo hydraulic governor keeps the truck to a safe speed. An irresponsible driver cannot go too fast, or allow the motor to race.

Reo right hand center control and left side drive give the driver quick and easy access to and from the seat. No expert driver needed; no time lost in handling the machine.

Reo impregnable armored frame, built to withstand hard service—even collisions—without showing weakness or flaws of any kind.

Your choice of two lengths of wheel base, 130 or 146 inches.

Set Your Truck to Work

If you are paying for a Reo truck now, in wasted time and money, you should set it to work at once.

Look the facts in the face. Figure your present hauling costs, and write us about them. We will reduce our case to cold figures. Then we will ask you to decide on no other basis than your own profit.

Write us for any information on motor truck hauling that you need. A Reo Motor Truck catalog sent on request.

1155 Reo dealers, scattered from coast to coast, are ready to tell you about the Reo Motor Trucks and explain Reo service. Call on the nearest Reo dealer, and talk the matter over with him.

REO MOTOR TRUCK CO.
Lansing, Michigan

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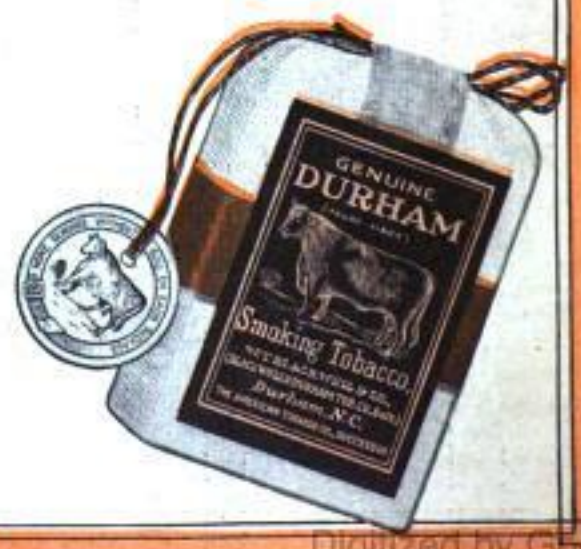
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